

THE HALF-LING

US COPYRIGHT

1. FADE IN:

2. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - EARLY EVENING

From a second floor window, the silhouette of a man looks down at a street.

Quaint lights illuminate A BICYCLIST maneuvering puddles on his way home.

SUPERIMPOSE: SCOTLAND 2024

3. INT. GUEST ROOM - EARLY EVENING

A table beside a bed holds an alarm clock, a digital recorder and a worn leather-bound journal. Lamp light reveals a young but weary face at the window.

This is **AARON FITZPATRICK (22)**. American residing in Scotland. Freckles spatter a pleasant face along with a bent nose. Blinking, returning to the now, he lies on the bed and picks up the recorder.

AARON

August, 27, 2024. My name is Aaron Fitzpatrick and what follows is my interpretation of the events as they unfolded a week ago today. I don't pretend to completely understand any of it...all I can do is tell what I know and let others decide what is to be believed and what isn't.

(beat)

To quote an old saying...I'm not in Kansas any more...

FADE TO PAST:

4. INT. NEWS ROOM - MORNING

A rotund man walks out of an office and into a room filled with busy JOURNALISTS. This is **FINLEY BRODERICK (49)**. Managing editor, The Daily Herald.

Broderick leans down to a woman wearing stenographer gear. This is **RACHEL (59)**, Broderick's assistant.

BRODERICK

(Scottish accent)

Where's airhead?

Rachel pulls the headset from her ears.

RACHEL

What?

BRODERICK

Where's airhead!?

Everyone stops as Rachel jerks a thumb at the water cooler. Aaron, earphones in his ears, is leaning against it, bobbing his head to music and reading a magazine.

Broderick's left eye twitches.

Aaron, lifting his head, stiffens.

5. INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Aaron enters.

BRODERICK

Sit. And for God's sake take notes, will ye? I don't want ye calling me a million times like last time because ye dinnae write anything down!

Broderick watches Aaron pat his pockets.

BRODERICK (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of...here!

Broderick shoves pad and pencil in his direction only to watch him fumble, drop the pad on the floor, stoop to get it, drop the pencil, retrieve that and finally get up again.

Broderick shakes his head.

BRODERICK (CONT'D)

If yer father wasn't the best journalist this newspaper ever had...

(beat)

Are ye ready?

AARON

Yes.

BRODERICK (CONT'D)

Yer sure? 'Cuz I wouldn'a want tae offend yer high fallutin' American sensibilities.

Aaron sighs.

AARON

I'm not ever gonna live that down, am I?

BRODERICK
What? Bein' American?

AARON
Yeah.

BRODERICK
NO! Not likely! Now, write this
down!
(ahem)
The Governor, it seems, is in a
holy war with what he likes tae
call the "hysterical" Society...

Aaron scribbles.

BRODERICK (CONT'D)
...really an historical group dead
set on preserving the St. Mary Home
-- a vast estate in the Southern
Uplands overlookin' Loch Doon.
Naturally, they each have their own
agenda...

CUT TO:

6. INT. GOVERNOR'S HOME - EVENING

A GROUP OF MEN are being waited on by WOMEN in clingy
clothing. A WOMAN lights the GOVERNOR's cigar.

BRODERICK (V.O.)
The governor's interests are in
turning the estate into a private
Golf and Country Club for him and
his rich friends.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. POOLSIDE - SEASIDE MANSION - DAY

A curvaceous WOMAN (her back to us) is in a scant black
bikini lying poolside. Beyond a broad-brimmed hat are storm
clouds and a gray ocean.

BRODERICK (V.O.)
The Historical Society funded by,
and in league with a long lost
heir, want tae restore it and
convert it back into her ancestral
home.

A **SOLICITOR (40)**, clean-shaven, wearing a suit, Rolex and
Louis Vuitton shoes sits to the side. A Power of Attorney
rests on his briefcase. Handing it to her, she signs.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. CARLISLE AUCTION HOUSE - MORNING

Rain sheets a crowded street full of parked cars.

BRODERICK (V.O.)

Not much is known about the woman
except tae say she's very, very
wealthy so, naturally, I want all
ye can dig up on her and the estate
before it's auctioned off tae the
highest bidder.

An umbrella opens and the solicitor, briefcase in hand, exits
a cab. Looking up, he sees a two-story brick auction house.

9. INT. CARLISLE AUCTION HOUSE - MORNING

Entering, he approaches a crowded reception desk.

SOLICITOR

Hello. I'm looking for...
(voices become indistinct)

A RECEPTIONIST, on the phone, points.

Following a hall, he passes an on-going auction. A WOMAN
exits to reveal a crowded room.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

...to my left. That's one million
seven hundred and fifty thousand.
1-7-5-0. Are you in, madame?
Yes?...

The door closes and the voices fade.

10. INT. BROKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

The solicitor enters an office. A BROKER, standing behind a
desk, turns. Reaching, he smiles and extends a hand.

CUT TO:

11. INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

BRODERICK

Ye got that?

Aaron stops scribbling to look up.

AARON

Yes, sir. Name?

BRODERICK

What? Oh, Vanessa. Vanessa Campbell.

Broderick watches him scribble it down.

BRODERICK

Listen kid. I like ye. Yer alright despite always comin' in late and bleedin' the tea maker dry. What I DON'T like is havin' tae tell yer da...

(sarcastic)

Excuse me, yer "father" that yer barely holdin' yer head above water here and yer a screw up!

Aaron stops scribbling to lift eyes.

BRODERICK (CONT'D)

How old are ye now, lad?

AARON

Twenty two.

Broderick studies him then heaves a sigh.

BRODERICK

Look. I know it isn'a easy followin' in someone else's footsteps, especially yer da's. I mean, yer father's...well, ye know what I mean! So...ye do this and, well, I'll give ye a desk, regular assignments and a steady income. Who knows? If ye ever manage tae be any good maybe one day ye can have yer own column.

Aaron's eyes light up.

AARON

Really!?

BRODERICK

Yeah. Really. Ye write fair enough. Hell, better than enough.

(jabs finger)

But this is it, do ye hear? Ye have exactly one week and one week only tae get yer shit together.

(exaggerated)

No more flirtin' with Patrice in Accountin'. No more hangin' out by the water cooler...its gonna require real work!

Aaron's dazed...

BRODERICK (CONT'D)

Well!?

...only to look up.

AARON

I'm sorry. What?

Broderick's face turns beat red.

BRODERICK

Get busy that's what!

Aaron jumps, turns to leave then stops.

AARON (CONT'D)

Yes! Thank you. Um...there IS just one little thing.

BRODERICK

What now!?

AARON

Is it possible I might get a tiny...I mean very tiny advance? You know, for incidentals?

Aaron shrinks.

BRODERICK

What!? What happened tae the advance I just gave ye two days ago?

(beat)

Oh, never mind! Here! Now go on! Get out of here! And don'tcha dare come back without a story!

Aaron, scooping up the bills, backs out in a hurry.

12. EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

A RUSTY, RIDICULOUS OLD CAR bumps down a dirt road then pulls to the side.

13. INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Lost, Aaron looks to the passenger seat and picks up a map. Checking, he crumples it then picks up his phone. Unable to get a signal, he tosses the phone as well.

To his right a goat, grazing, lifts its head over a stone wall to look at him.

AARON
I don't suppose you know where St.
Mary is?

The goat chews and stares. Another joins the first and they both stare.

AARON (CONT'D)
No? Yes?
(beat)
Greaat!

Disgusted, he starts the car and continues up the road.

14. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - NIGHT

Pouring rain, a wiper stuck, he pulls in front of the inn.

15. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

PATRONS talk and laugh. Soft music plays in the background. A grumpy, mean-looking man in an apron wipes down a bar. This is the **INNKEEPER (55)**. He eyes Aaron as he enters, shakes off the rain and looks around.

INNKEEPER
Nasty out there, eh? What can I do
for ye?

AARON
I need a room and I wouldn't mind a
pint of that ale to shake off the
weather.

The Innkeeper grins.

INNKEEPER
Well, yer in the right place! We
have both!

Bringing a guest book and key out from under the bar he gives it to him.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)
Sign here.

Aaron signs while the Innkeeper limps to a keg, pours a draft then limps back to set it in front of him.

AARON
Oh, thank God! I thought I'd NEVER
reach civilization.

Aaron takes a gulp.

INNKEEPER

Yeah?

AARON

Yeah. I've been looking for a place called St. Mary. Ever hear of it?

The bar is suddenly dead silent.

INNKEEPER

Now, what do ye want tae know about that old place for?

AARON

It's getting auctioned off. Trying to get some history on it before it is.

Aaron looks around. Everyone is staring. Leaning in, the Innkeeper narrows his eyes.

INNKEEPER

What do ye mean auctioned off?

AARON

They're trying to make it into a golf course or something. What? Do you know about the place?

INNKEEPER

Yeah. Ye might say that. See the old man at the bar down there?

Aaron peers down at an old man hunched over a mug.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Well, he used tae work there. He isn't right, though, if ye know what I mean.

(taps head)

He'll tell ye a tale or two.

(patrons snicker)

If ye catch him somewhere between drunk and drunker he'll chew yer ear off. Best be quick, though, he's not there long. Isn't that right, Myers?

MYERS (68) gives a sour look, tosses the drink then staggers out without a word. A moment later, music plays and patrons talk in low murmur.

16. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - NIGHT

Myers pulls his coat against the rain as the door slams behind him. Turning, he staggers down the street.

Something - a shadow - flits across a building as Myers turns a corner to continue down the street. A second later, he pulls a full stop, sure he has heard something.

(BEAT OF LEATHERY WINGS)

Panicked, he runs for his front door only to slip then collide into a trashcan. Loud clanging, dogs barking and the beating of wings resound as an ANGRY NEIGHBOR pulls the curtains to look.

Myers scrambles to his feet. Fumbling for his key, hands shaking, he slips inside.

17. INT./EXT. MYER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Soaking wet, he throws the bolt and locks the handle. A second later, he scurries to a desk and opens the top drawer. It's empty. Squeezing his eyes shut, he whispers...

MYERS

No!

CUT TO:

The beat-beat of wings and A CREATURE lands on the doorstep. Scraping, clumsy, it drags hideous, gnarled feet to rake a claw down the door. Paint peels along with it.

CUT TO:

Myers whirls.

MYERS

Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

Myers, terrified, runs only to crash into a table taking a calamity of dishes and glassware with him.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR (O.S)

Holy...do ye hear that shite!?
Every night its somethin'! I cannae
take anymore!

NEIGHBORS WIFE (O.S.)

What in bloody hell is it *THIS*
time!?

CUT TO:

A flap of wings and the creature is gone. "SOON" has been scratched into the door.

18. EXT. ROAD - ST. MARY - MORNING

A birds eye view shows Aaron's car crawling a rutted drive. Also in view are untended grounds, moldy stables, overrun gardens and a stone-walled mansion with bars covering each window.

19. INT. CAR - MORNING

Aaron, trying to avoid potholes, hits one.

AARON
Sixteen! Son of a ...!

Looking up, he sees St. Mary.

AARON (CONT'D)
Well, thank God!

Grabbing a flashlight, he disembarks.

20. EXT. ST. MARY - MORNING

Taking his phone, he snaps a picture then crunches across a gravel drive to two hardwood, iron-bound doors.

21. INT. LOBBY - MORNING

The doors open with a horrendous creak casting light into the interior. A grand staircase looms with forbidding hallways leading to east and west wings.

Unnerved, he flicks on a flashlight and advances.

FIRST FLOOR -

Aaron walks by three offices marked "RUTHERFORD", "MYERS" and "BENSON", an ancient Victorian elevator with a padlock on the door and a small dining area and kitchen. A few more steps reveal a room with a sign reading, "THERAPY". Inside is an old shock therapy table.

Turning around, he returns to the grand stairs.

CUT TO:

SECOND FLOOR -

Aaron walks by rooms each housing a toilet and rotting bed. Placards depict a room number for each -- #1, #2, etc. There are no doors anymore, just twisted hinges as if they've been ripped off.

MONTAGE ENDS:

22. INT. ROOM #3 - DAY

Aaron stands, flashlight in hand, staring up at a large, hand painted mural of a semi-nude, very seductive WOMAN taking up an entire wall. It is almost pornographic. It's signed, Alexander Wermer. The floor reveals bare prints where someone had been going in and out.

A creaking sound makes him spin.

AARON

Hello!?! Anybody there?

But, nothing. Returning to the staircase, he climbs to the third floor. A sign reads, "PRIVATE QUARTERS" with arrows pointing left and right. Turning left, he spies a placard above a door. It reads, "B. Rutherford" and he enters.

23. INT. RUTHERFORD'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Aaron clicks the flashlight off. Covered in dust is a once beautiful mahogany desk. Behind, shards hang precariously between bar and window. A stone rests between.

Further in, an antiquated bathroom and a bedroom with a moldy mattress on a rotting frame.

Returning, he enters back onto the third floor landing, shutting the door behind.

24. INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Aaron's flashlight reveals another door. Beside it is a makeshift placard reading, "R. MYERS".

FLASHBACK:

INNKEEPER (V.O.)

Well, he used tae work there...

(Myers turns to look at
him)

Isn't that right, Myers?

END FLASHBACK:

Pushing the door open, Aaron enters.

25. INT. MYERS QUARTERS - MORNING

A sitting room houses a small desk and two-seater lounge.

Muted sounds of a vehicle can be heard then car doors open and close. Muffled voices drift up from the parking area.

Aaron moves to the window and looks.

26. EXT. ST. MARY - MORNING

Two men have parked their car next to his and are looking around. The first, **BLAKELEY (30)**, is dressed to impress and is small in stature. The other, **CARL (30)**, is a large, burly man in a wife-beater opening the trunk. Pulling out a mallet and "AUCTION" sign, he pounds it into the ground.

Looking up, Blakely spies Aaron and waves.

27. INT. MYERS QUARTERS - MORNING

Aaron returns the wave then, turning toward the door, stops. A grate on the wall has fallen open and there is a rotting, leather journal just inside. Reaching, he pries it from the opening.

AARON

Hello. What are you doing here?

Fingering the cover, he opens it to reveal spidery, handwritten entries. Each of which are endless dates with an abbreviated description by it. "Gen-Mut", "Axe", "Chloramine", "Asphyx", etc.

Voices echo the stairwell and, stuffing the journal into the back of his pants, covers it with his shirt.

28. INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

Aaron peers down the corridor. Clicking the flashlight, he maneuvers the hall until the flashlight stops working.

AARON

Oh, come on!

Tapping it, it continues to fail.

It's then something sweeps by unseen. Frantic, he swings full circle. When it comes at him again, he lets loose a gurgled scream only to watch it flutter into darker shadows. Terrified, he runs for the stairs.

29. INT. ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Blakeley looks up as Aaron leaps the steps.

BLAKELEY

(English/effeminate)

Ah...there you are. I see you found the place. A bit off the beaten track don't you think? Damned hard to find if you ask me! Hi. I'm Blakeley. The auctioneer? We spoke on the phone this morning.

breathless, Aaron reaches to shake hands.

BLAKELEY (CONT'D)
And *THIS* is my man, Carl.

Carl gives Aaron a mean look then leaves.

BLAKELEY (CONT'D)
Oh, don't mind him. He's grumpy.

Blakeley dusts his hands and looks around.

AARON
Yes. Well, glad to meet you finally. Sorry for the trouble. Turns out the place was accessible after all.

BLAKELEY
Oh, that's alright. Tell the truth, I've been meaning to get out here for a while, just didn't dare come alone.

Blakeley leans in conspiratorially.

BLAKELEY (CONT'D)
Hence, why Carl's so grumpy. He absolutely *DESPISES* long drives.

Blakeley turns full circle, rubbing his arms.

BLAKELEY (CONT'D)
I have to admit, it *IS* creepy here. Even in daylight. Ugh!

Aaron eyes the stairs remembering the third floor.

AARON
Yes...it is.

BLAKELEY
Still, we're hoping she fetches a pretty price. I'd say, oh, at least 2.5 to 3 million despite all the needed repairs.

AARON
Really?

BLAKELEY
Oh, yes. These old estates are hard to come by. Of course, all the bars will need to be removed from the windows and the stable roof repaired but overall she's still... you know...do-able. And, don't forget, she sits on over 200 acres.

AARON

Impressive. I, um...noticed there were footprints upstairs.

BLAKELEY

Really? Probably teenagers or someone interested in buying. We placed the advertisement a month ago, so I'm not surprised.

Creeped, Blakeley eyes the interior...

BLAKELEY

Ugh!

...then turns toward the entrance. Aaron's right behind.

AARON

So, what can you tell me about this mysterious heir? Vanessa Campbell?

BLAKELEY

Not much, I'm afraid. The original family lost the estate just after World War II. It was converted into a rehabilitative facility for wounded soldiers then a "home" for the mentally impaired. Although, I wouldn't say "impaired" was the word for it.

AARON

What do you mean?

Blakeley pushes the doors open.

30. EXT. ST. MARY - MORNING

Aaron stands beside Blakeley as he pulls the doors closed.

Carl approaches carrying a lock and chain. He looks like he would like to use them on Aaron. Instead, he threads the chain and secures the lock. Turning, all three crunch the gravel drive.

AARON (CONT'D)

I don't understand. What do you mean "impaired"?

BLAKELEY

Oh! Well, it's why the place was shut down. One of the patients escaped and killed a LOT of people.

(MORE)

BLAKELEY (CONT'D)

I really shouldn't say a word, especially to a reporter, but anyone worth their salt will find out anyway. Full disclosure and all that. Besides, what great estate in Scotland doesn't have ghosts?

AARON

I don't believe in ghosts.

Blakeley stops.

BLAKELEY

Really? I do. You say you're from where, originally? America?

Aaron doesn't answer.

Carl struggles with his seatbelt while Blakeley takes a last look around.

BLAKELEY

Yes. I can see this place turned into a country club, can't you? What do you think, Carl?

Leaning in, he looks to Carl.

CARL

(deep baritone)

Yes, yes! Come on! I hate this place!

Blakeley gives Aaron a grin before climbing behind the wheel. Waving goodbye, Aaron can hear Carl bitching.

CARL (CONT'D)

Were you flirting with him? Don't you dare lie to me!

Aaron stares after them until skies darken and he looks up to impending rain. Remembering the journal, he pulls it out, grins then climbs behind the wheel.

31. INT. CAR - MORNING

Aaron, maneuvering the rutted road, turns the one wiper on to combat the rain. Jouncing around, he hits a massive pothole only to get stuck.

JUMP CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW: AARON'S CAR.

From somewhere below we hear.

AARON
FUUUCK!

32. INT. ENTRYWAY - THE UGLY GOAT - DUSK

Aaron stands drenched just inside the door. Stamping his feet, he slings a coat onto a hook and enters the pub.

33. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - DUSK

Suspicious PATRONS glare. Aaron ignores them only to sit at the bar wherein the Innkeeper sets a beer in front of him. Gulping it down, he lifts a finger and requests another.

LATER: Aaron gets up, tipsy, and makes his way to the stairs. The Innkeeper, watching, shakes his head.

INNKEEPER
Hmmpf! Americans.

A PATRON, sloppy drunk, slugs one back.

PATRON
Ye can say...(hiccup)
...that again.

34. INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes outside Aaron's window.

Towelling off from a shower, he can't help but eye the journal. Lying down, he opens it to the first page.

FADE TO PAST:

SUPERIMPOSE OVER BLACK: **ST. MARY - 1980**

35. INT. 1ST. FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

A man (28), youthful with dark hair and a handsome face, careens down the hall. Halfway, he jumps a janitors bucket. A stitched badge reads, "**DR. RANDALL MYERS**".

The JANITOR turns to look at him then shakes his head as Myers first skids then bursts through a door. A sign outside reads, "Reginald Benson - Physical Therapist"

36. INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Breathing hard, he plops into a chair and grins at his coworker standing on a chair putting a book away.

This is **REGINALD BENSON (30)**. Handsome, light hearted, friendly.

BENSON
(Scottish accent)
Okay. I give. What?

Unable to contain himself, Myers blurts...

MYERS
She spoke!

Benson frowns and jumps off the chair.

BENSON
Who spoke?

Myers bulges his eyes in amazement that his friend doesn't immediately guess.

Benson, thinking about it, drops his jaw.

BENSON (CONT'D)
No!!! The mysterious Vanessa?

Myers grins.

MYERS
Can you believe it!? After all this time! And it was just like that!
(snaps fingers)
She just started talking in this wonderful gypsy-Romanian accent as if she had just stepped from the living room and into the garden.

BENSON
Well? Come on! What did she say!?

Myers thrums his forehead.

MYERS
Wait! I'm trying to remember exactly, because I want to get it...

BENSON
Oh, for God's sake!

MYERS
Okay! Okay! Here it is!

37. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

A woman jolts awake as if from a nightmare. Sitting up, she draws breath. This is **VANESSA (23)**. Long, dark hair, green eyes, hauntingly beautiful.

Getting up, she goes to the window.

38. INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Myers feigns a Romanian accent.

MYERS

"I woke only to remember I had been swimming with elephants. A river pool in which they kept me safe from all manner of creatures. I had been searching for something... some sort of elusive truth in those gentle, knowing eyes."

Benson's jaw drops.

BENSON

Oh. My. God!

MYERS

Right!? Wait. There's more. I said, "Oh?" as if nothing at all strange was happening and *SHE* says...

CUT TO:

39. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Vanessa turns from a full moon to look at him.

LIP SYNC: MYERS VOICE TO VANESSA'S

MYERS (V.O.)/VANESSA

"Well, yes. You see? Because elephants never forget and I had forgotten something. Something important. It is the secret to everything."

40. INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Benson's jaw drops.

BENSON

Yer fuckin' kidding me!

Myers slaps the desk.

MYERS

As God is my witness! After all these years...not one word, and today, 4:07 AM, she speaks!

BENSON

Do ye know what set her off?

MYERS

That's just it. It was business as usual until there was a loud ruckus from one of Rutherford's patients in Room #5. The woman, Amanda Pritchler, went berserk -- tearing up the room, screaming...

Benson doesn't immediately remember.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Ex-home worker? Sadist? Tied up and starved her patients?

BENSON

Oh, okay! I remember now!

MYERS

Well, Rutherford was gone, speaking at some conference, you know... never missing an opportunity to tell everyone how important he is. So, I gave the woman a sedative and was just coming downstairs and, well, I just HAD to see her. Know what I mean? Forbidden fruit and all that?

41. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - 4:07 AM

ORDERLY #2 closes the door to Room #5, locks it and walks away. Myers is standing outside the room with a clipboard. He makes a note then surreptitiously looks around.

42. INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

BENSON

I can't believe Rutherford didn't fire ye. Ye know the rules.

MYERS

Yes, well, for some reason I just couldn't help myself!

43. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - 4:07 AM

Myers, seeing his chance, sneaks down the hall.

44. INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

MYERS

So I stopped in front of her door,
slid the panel to one side and
peeked in.

BENSON

What was she doin'?

MYERS

Gazing out at the moon and, just as
if she knew I was there, started
talking. The best part? When the
old coot found out she spoke...and
to me of all people...he put in for
retirement he was so mad! She's
being transferred to my care along
with the rest of his case load
starting tomorrow. I'm being
promoted!

BENSON

No!

MYERS

Yes! Can you believe it!? I'm
finally going to take this place
out of the dark ages and into the
20th century. I mean this is the
80's for God's sake! Even Gartloch
has better standards! I've said it
before and I'll say it again... he
was only in it for the money. These
family's pay how much to send their
loved one's here?

BENSON

Aye. Then forget about them. Poor
bastards.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Right? I mean, the very LEAST
Rutherford could have done is TRY
to help them. As for THAT
insufferable bastard, he can stuff
it. I thought he'd NEVER leave.

Myers gets up and reaches for the door.

BENSON

Wait! Why you? You told me he hated
you. Even called you a "myopic
prick".

MYERS

True. But she, Vanessa I mean,
won't talk to anyone else...

(grins)

..not even old man Rutherford!

Grinning, Myers opens the door and leaves.

Envious, Benson stares after him, then slowly sits.

BENSON

Son of a...!

45. EXT. ST. MARY - MORNING

AERIAL VIEW: AN IMMACULATE 1967 VOLKSWAGEN FOLLOWS THE
SERPENTINE DRIVE. SERENE MISTS CARESS A VAST, METICULOUS
ESTATE.

Coming to a stop, a pair of white nurses shoes depart the
car. Striding to the iron-bound doors, they swing open as if
by magic to reveal a well-maintained lobby.

46. INT. LOBBY - MORNING

ORDERLY #1 (burly and muscular), leaning against a chair,
flirts with a young NURSE (20) holding a patient file.
Looking up, they see a woman, gray hair cut in a no-nonsense
style, heading straight for them.

This is **EDITH SAGGINS (55)**. Owner of the '67 Volkswagen and
Head Nurse in charge of St. Mary.

Orderly #1 makes himself busy while the young nurse hurries
to hand her a file. Without skipping a beat, Saggins takes
the file only to stop at Myers' office. She sighs heavily
before knocking.

MYERS (O.S.)

Come in!

47. INT. MYERS OFFICE - MORNING

Myers looks up and smiles.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Saggins! I see you are your usual
bright self this morning.

Saggins glares.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Now don't start. You know you how
much I love you.

SAGGINS
(Scottish accent)
I cannae believe he dinnae fire ye!

MYERS
I know, right?

Myers grins then notices the file.

MYERS (CONT'D)
Oh, please, pleeease tell me that's her? Is that her?

Saggins shakes her head and hands him the file.

SAGGINS
Of all people why she chose ye I'll never know. Ye should NEVER have gone near her.

Saggins turns to leave.

MYERS
Yes, well, she obviously recognizes talent when she sees it.

Saggins rolls her eyes then grabs the knob.

SAGGINS
Let's just hope yer not in over yer head.

Turning, she stops.

SAGGINS (CONT'D)
Oh, and Francis will be along tae show ye yer new quarters and collect yer things from town. You'll be housed up on the third floor down the hall from Dr. Rutherford. I imagine it'll be a big step up from havin' tae share a flat with three other mates.

MYERS
I won't miss the commute that's for sure.

SAGGINS
Ha! Tell me about it.

Myers, grinning, watches her leave then looks at the file. It's nearly empty.

MYERS
What the..? Shit!

48. INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Myers, file in hand, knocks on Rutherford's door.

49. INT. RUTHERFORD'S QUARTERS - DAY

A man scribbles furiously at a large mahogany desk. This is **DR. BERTRAND D. RUTHERFORD (63)**. Red hair and blue eyes. Around his neck is a large crucifix. Hearing the knock, he glares at the door.

RUTHERFORD

For Christs' sake! Who is it!?

MYERS (O.S.)

It's Myer's, sir.

Rutherford rolls his eyes. Grabbing the leather bound journal, he puts it in the top drawer and shuts it.

RUTHERFORD

Come!

The door opens and Myers enters.

RUTHERFORD

Oh, goodie! It's you.
Well? What is it you want?

Myers sits opposite his desk. Rutherford narrows his eyes.

MYERS

Well, you see, sir...I notice there's information missing from the Patient Six file. I...I was hoping you could fill me in.

RUTHERFORD

Yes, well, I can't. That's all there is. The original file was burned to ashes along with part of the second floor west wing. So, you see, I'm unable to help you.

MYERS

(dumbfounded)

There was a fire here?

RUTHERFORD

Ahem. Yes. Many years ago.

Rutherford stares, daring Myers to dispute this claim until papers on top of his desk are suddenly lifted.

Myers looks to the window. It is broken. A rock lies amongst shards of glass between the window and the bars.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
Anything else? As you can see I'm
extremely busy.

Myers gets up, confused as to how a rock got all the way to
the third floor.

MYERS
No, sir. Sorry, sir.

Mumbling, Rutherford picks up his pen. Myers turns to leave
then stops.

MYERS (CONT'D)
Actually, there is one thing...

Rutherford slams the pen.

MYERS (CONT'D)
Well, I have to ask...I mean...has
she truly never spoken before?

Rutherford glares.

RUTHERFORD
Not a word! In accordance with the
usual practice, I had her examined
by a physician when she first came
here. I was told she did not
possess any vocal cords. A defect
at birth, apparently. I can only
surmise now that the doctor who
examined her somehow made a
mistake!

MYERS
I see.

RUTHERFORD
Speaking of which, YOU shouldn't
have gone near her! She's extremely
dangerous. That's why there are
rules, Myers. You're lucky I didn't
fire you the moment I found out!

Rutherford snaps his fingers.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
While you're here, though.

Turning, he grabs a stack of files and plops them on the
desk.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
My advice? Study them well!

Retrieving the pen, he points it at Myers.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

And under no circumstances do you begin any sessions with them until you've been briefed on the proper precautions! I'll be on the second floor landing, tomorrow morning, 8:00 am sharp. Don't be late! Do you understand!?

Myers, numb at the sheer volume, stares at the stack. Rutherford purses lips and glares.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

DO YOU UNDERSTAND!?

MYERS

Yes! Yes, sir!

Rutherford shakes his head.

RUTHERFORD

Good lord! You're going to get yourself killed!

Myers picks up the files.

MYERS

Yes, sir...I mean no, sir!

Rutherford seethes.

RUTHERFORD

Well, now that we've cleared THAT up I'd like to finish today's entries. I mean...if you don't mind.

Myers reddens.

MYERS

I understand. On a personal note, though, I'm sorry to hear you're leaving. I didn't know you had plans for retirement.

Rutherford glares, giving a sardonic smile.

RUTHERFORD

I didn't! It just came on me all of a sudden! Now, again, I've got a LOT to do!

MYERS

Sir?

Rutherford looks at Myers then the door.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Oh! Right! Okay! Thank you for putting your trust in me!

Rutherford gives a pained look only rise.

RUTHERFORD

Yes..yes! Thank you...right-o...here you go!

Opening the door, he hustles Myers into the hall.

Myers, struggling to say something, is abruptly cut off when Rutherford holds up a finger.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Tut-tut! There's a good lad...

Grinning, he slams the door.

50. INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Myers stands with the door in his face then turns with the bundle. Half way down the hall he makes a face.

MYERS

Tut-tut! There's a good lad.

Tripping, he catches his files and stumbles forward.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Arsehole!

51. INT. MYERS QUARTERS - DAY

Myers, on his bed, starts sorting through the files.

CUT TO:

52. INT. MYERS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Myers, surrounded by patient files, is passed out on his bed.

PAN: FROM MYERS TO THE WINDOW TO THE GROUNDS BELOW - A THICK LOW-LYING MIST BLANKETS THE ESTATE.

53. INT. PATIENT ROOM #4 - NIGHT

A man, his granite jaw set, stands in front of a window. This is **COLONEL FLOYD H. WILLIAMS (55)**. Military hard ass. Steely eyes scan the perimeter. Something moves and his eyes immediately flick to it.

54. EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An unearthly mist until, suddenly, it lifts like a foot under a blanket. Beneath, a creature, leathery and black, opens coal-red eyes. A second later, they streak toward St. Mary.

55. INT. PATIENT ROOM #5 - NIGHT

A woman stands at the window brushing hair with an imaginary brush. This is **AMANDA PRITCHER (59)**. She has white hair and a crazed, but still beautiful face. Seeing her "knight in shining armor", she claps hands then runs to apply imaginary make-up in front of a make-believe mirror.

56. EXT. ST. MARY - NIGHT

A claw latches onto an exterior wall then another until a hideous form pulls itself from the mist. The ghoulish face, intent, climbs to a second floor window to look in.

57. INT. PATIENT ROOM #3 - NIGHT

A man sits cross legged on a bed, meditating. This is **RUSSELL STOKES (aka JESUS) (32)**. Beautiful, with long brown hair. Sensing something, he slowly opens his eyes. The creature is staring in at him.

Releasing a slow grin, it rakes ruby lips over black gums. Spittle hangs from an incisor caught up by the wind.

Terrified, Stokes propels himself off the bed to cower until, a second later, it moves to the next window.

58. INT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - NIGHT

A young man hides in a corner. This is **PHILIP SWINGLE (20 but looks 12)**. Brown curly hair, beautiful face, innocent. His chest heaves in and out at the creature looking in. When at last it moves on, Philip starts to cry.

59. EXT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

A claw reaches to latch onto Vanessa's bars. Pulling itself up, it stares, almost longingly, as she sleeps. A moment later, it skitters upward...

60. EXT. MYERS QUARTERS - NIGHT

...to pull itself onto Myers' sill. As if sensing the malevolent presence, he tosses and turns in his sleep.

61. INT. MYERS QUARTERS - MORNING

Myers jolts awake. Grabbing an alarm clock, he jumps out of bed.

MYERS

Shit!

62. INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - EARLY MORNING

An antique pocket watch, reading 8:05 is snapped shut. Rutherford looks up to glare at Saggins.

Saggins, distressed, looks up to see Myers with the files descending the stairs.

Orderly #1 and **ORDERLY #2 (20)** (also large and muscular), stand at the ready behind Rutherford.

RUTHERFORD

You're late!

MYERS

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir!

RUTHERFORD

DON'T make me regret my decision, Myers! If you are at all not up to the task tell me now.

MYERS

I AM, sir! I promise!

Rutherford looks first to Saggins then Myers.

RUTHERFORD

Hmmpf! We'll see!

Rutherford takes off followed by Saggins and Myers. The orderlies keep distance so as not to interfere.

63. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Rutherford stops at a steel door. Below, is a slot where food can pass. Sliding the cover to the observation window, he invites Myers to peek in.

64. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - MORNING

Philip sits on a metal bed. Seeing Myers, he winks.

RUTHERFORD

THIS is Philip Swingle. Do not for one moment let his appearance fool you. He came to us six months ago. I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume you read his file. Your assessment?

MYERS

Ahem. Well, his history is indicative of some other psychopathy rather than transvestism or homosexuality despite, when having found him, he was dressed in women's clothing.

Rutherford looks mildly surprised.

RUTHERFORD

Yes. Very astute. And you're right. He's not homosexual. Neither is he a transvestite.

Rutherford looks in. Philip is mindlessly biting his nails.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

His father merely dressed him like that from a very early age in order to procure rent. It did not matter to the man how his son was abused or what happened to little Philip at the hands of others. Therefore, it was no surprise when "adult" Philip, succumbing to all the years of mental and physical abuse, finally broke down. His father, devoid of any sympathy or remorse, tried to simply walk away -- absolve himself of any guilt -- until Philip caught up with him, in heels no less, and stabbed him eleven times. Treatment?

MYERS

Well, given his age, I think he might be a good candidate for a new type of treatment. Trauma therapy with an emphasis on anger and negative self-perception.

Rutherford looks at Saggins and she shrugs.

RUTHERFORD

Well, he's *YOUR* patient now so...next! Come along, come along!

Myers looks at Saggins. She nods in approval.

65. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #2 - MORNING

Myers approaches and looks in.

Stokes rises and splays his hands palm upward in Christ-like fashion.

MYERS

Ah. Russell Stokes, aka, Jesus.

RUTHERFORD

Diagnosis?

MYERS

Messiah complex. Extremely dangerous. Personality traits include self-righteousness, shamelessness, superficial charm and a whopper of a superiority complex.

RUTHERFORD

You can add a complete lack of empathy as well. To coin Erich Fromm, a truer, more malignant narcissist you'll never find. He is the quintessence of evil. Although young, he's been married three times...

Stokes steps closer to the door. Black eyes, devoid of emotion, plead innocence.

STOKES

I helped the poor lambs, that's all...tae end their suffering don'tcha see?

Myers backs away. Rutherford grins.

RUTHERFORD

Yes, well...he helped them alright. They all committed suicide after which he started a cult of similar...and let me quote the Illuminatus on this..."mind-fuckery". His last victim, a 14 year old girl who managed to resist his advances, died in a highly suspicious manner. Poisoning, I think. Shall we move on?

66. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #3 - MORNING

Rutherford looks in then rolls eyes.

RUTHERFORD

As expected! Look for yourself!

Myers looks in, dropping a jaw.

ALEXANDER WERMER (40), completely naked except for a RED AND GOLD CROSS tattooed on his chest, is jacking off to a large mural of a half naked woman. Scraggly hair hides desperate eyes pleading for someone, anyone to help with his fixation.

RUTHERFORD

Alexander Wermer. Devout Catholic with an Oedipus complex no less. He is, from what I understand, a notoriously good forger, though.

MYERS

The mural?

RUTHERFORD

An exact likeness of his mother.

MYERS

And the mother? Is she still alive?

RUTHERFORD

Oh, yes. Quite. In London, I believe. Her boyfriend, Reginald, wasn't as lucky. Wermer, here, strangled him to death with his bare hands.

Myers peaks in again, fascinated.

MYERS

Does he do that often?

SAGGINS

At least twice a day. We try not tae disturb him until he's finished otherwise he can become quite violent.

MYERS

Why continue to allow him the mural at all?

Rutherford and Saggins give each other a look.

RUTHERFORD

We painted it over once...he bit his wrist open and painted this very same mural using his own blood the next day. Pulled his hair out and used it as a brush. By the time we found him he was nearly dead.

(MORE)

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

For his own sake we allow him his freedom rather than have him restrained. Free to do as he pleases he is quite docile. He even cleans up after himself.

SAGGINS

Yes! Thank God!

Rutherford grins.

RUTHERFORD

Shall we continue?

67. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #4 - MORNING

The panel is slid back and Myers' face appears.

RUTHERFORD (O.S.)

Here we have who I refer to as "The Colonel".

The Colonel stands erect in front of a barred window. His feet and legs are spread at "parade rest".

RUTHERFORD

Opinion?

Aaron fumbles for the correct file.

MYERS

Um...somewhat of a hero. A thirty year veteran of the military stationed in India. Oh, yes. Here it is...um...severe breakdown. Apparently he locked up several locals for failing to stand at attention. The government retired him and his family sent him here.

The Colonel speaks, but does not turn around.

THE COLONEL

What is the worth of a dog that barks only to give your position away? Hmm? I say put the mongrel bitch down. To do otherwise makes for a poor commander.

The Colonel peers over his shoulder.

THE COLONEL (CONT'D)

I'm speaking to you, Rutherford!

RUTHERFORD

That's enough, Colonel!

The Colonel, spinning, strides to the door.

THE COLONEL

Your obsession has put us all in danger. The enemy is here...at the gates! Fool!

AMANDA PRITCHER (O.S.)

Ach! Go fuck yerself, Colonel!

MYERS

What's he taking about?

A smile plays at Rutherford's lips as Orderly #1 closes the panel obscuring the Colonel's face.

RUTHERFORD

Let's move on, shall we?

68. EXT. PATIENT ROOM #5 - MORNING

Rutherford slides the panel back and peers in at Amanda. Amanda is on her bed. Puckering her lips, she pretends to apply lipstick in front of her "mirror".

RUTHERFORD

Hello Amanda!

(to Myers)

I believe you two have already met?

Myers nods and looks in.

69. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #5 - MORNING

Amanda waves.

AMANDA

Hello!

RUTHERFORD

It seems she was quite upset the other night, weren't you Amanda?

Amanda is suddenly quiet. Fearful, she covers her face.

RUTHERFORD

It's okay, Amanda. No one is angry with you.

Amanda shakes her head violently.

AMANDA

She is! She is! She is!

MYERS

Who is?

RUTHERFORD
 (to Myers)
 It seems we've upset her. Let's go.

AMANDA
 Vanessa! She's angry with me. She
 thinks I'll take her prince!

Amanda starts to cry.

RUTHERFORD
 It's all right, Amanda.

RUTHERFORD
 (to Myers)
 Come on...let's leave her alone.

Rutherford fairly shoves Myers from the door.

MYERS
 Wait! What about Patient Six? What
 about Vanessa?

Rutherford keeps walking. Saggins shrugs and follows along
 with the orderly.

70. INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - MORNING

Rutherford and Saggins wait for Myers to catch up.

MYERS
 Doctor...

Rutherford holds up a hand.

RUTHERFORD
 There will be plenty of time to
 discuss Patient Six tomorrow,
 doctor. Come to my office in the
 morning, 8 am sharp, IF you can
 manage to get there on time and
 we'll go over what I know.
 Meanwhile, I really must catch up
 on my work. Excuse me.

Rutherford departs along with the orderlies. Saggins punches
 Myers arm before leaving.

SAGGINS
 Ye did good, lad. REAL good.

FADE TO PRESENT:

71. INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron yawns. Closing the journal, he pulls a blanket.

A few minutes later lightning illuminates his sleeping form. The same creature outside Myers' window is looking in at him. Like Myers before, he tosses and turns in his sleep.

72. EXT. ALLEYWAY - UGLY GOAT INN - AFTERNOON

A young woman chewing gum, WEARING A CROSS, swings a door open. In her arms is a bag of empty bottles. Lifting the lid to a bin, she drops the bag in.

This is **SARAH (20)**. Innkeepers daughter. A loner with long blond ponytail that swings while she walks.

Turning, she sees three boys lingering nearby. Seeing her, they close in. The largest gets close. This is **PATRICK O'SHEA (20)**. He has a mean sneer with hair like a punk-rocker.

PATRICK

Lookie, lookie lad's! It's little Sarah the barkeep.

Patrick's friend, **BULLY #1 (20)** blocks any retreat. **BULLY #2(20)** circles as if she's a prize bull at an auction.

SARAH

Best let me pass Patrick O'Shea. My da...

PATRICK

Yer da? Hmm...yer da told me HE thinks ye need tae settle down. Get yer priorities straight. I like yer da. More important...yer da likes me.

Patrick places a finger on her cheek and runs it down her face. The other two, grin.

Sarah pulls back just as the back door opens and her father sticks his head out. Seeing him, the boys step away.

INNKEEPER

There ye are! Hello, lads! Hello Patrick!

Patrick grins and waves after which the boys walk away.

Sarah looks at Patrick's retreating form. Looking back, he points two fingers at his eyes then at her as if to say...I'll be watching you.

73. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - AFTERNOON

Sarah enters. Her father (his lame leg to one side) is trying to retrieve a box. Snatching it, she hands it to him.

SARAH
Thanks da! Patrick O'Shea? *REALLY?*

The innkeeper feigns innocence.

INNKEEPER
What?

SARAH
Ye know what!

Grinning, her father limps away. Glancing up, she sees Patrick outside the window staring in. Pointing to himself then at her, he makes a crude, grinding gesture with his hips while the others laugh.

Sarah holds a middle finger just as a man walks in. Turning, she sees Aaron seating himself at the bar. Appraising him, she blows a bubble and snaps it.

SARAH
Hey.

AARON
Hey.

Sarah hands him a menu.

SARAH
Let me know when yer ready. I'll be right over there.

AARON
That's okay. I'll just take sausage and two eggs.

Sarah grins, leaning in.

SARAH
Tied one on last night, did we? In case ye haven't noticed breakfast was four hours ago.
(taps watch)
It'll be a late lunch yer wantin' now.

Sarah snaps her gum and leans back.

AARON
What!?

Aaron looks at his watch.

AARON (CONT'D)
Damn it!

Taking his phone, he stares at it then squeezes his eyes. A picture of Broderick yelling is displayed along with "3 Missed Calls".

AARON (CONT'D)

Shit!

Aaron punches his phone and it rings.

74. INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ruth pops her head in.

RUTH

Airhead is on line one.

Broderick snatches the phone.

75. INTERCUT: INT. PUB/INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE

BRODERICK

Seriously? Is it too much tae ask
ye pick up the fucking phone?

Broderick is so loud Aaron has to hold the phone away.

Ruth harrumphs and he looks up.

RUTH

(sing-song)
Blood pressure!

BRODERICK

Yes, yes!

Broderick waves at her to leave him alone. Rolling eyes, she does.

AARON (V.O.)

Sorry! Sorry! But, you're gonna
love what I have so far.

Broderick, less belligerent turns sarcastic.

BRODERICK

Well, saints preserve us I can only
hope that's true! I've been
catching heat from the Governor on
down tae make this a propaganda
piece in his favor. Any MORE heat
and I'm gonna catch fire! Need I
say more, airhead? Do I have to
spell it out?

AARON

No, sir! I understand completely. And, don't worry. I already met with the auctioneer, was briefed on the history of the place and I'm about to get more background from one of the locals. That's if I can find him.

Aaron looks up. Sarah is giving a quizzical look.

BRODERICK (O.S.)

Good! Good! Keep me informed. Oh, and one last thing.

AARON

What's that?

BRODERICK

ANSWER THE DAMNED PHONE FROM NOW ON!

Broderick, without any goodbye, slams the phone down.

AARON

Yes! I will. Yes, sir!

END INTERCUT:

76. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - AFTERNOON

Aaron stares at the phone. Sarah returns to mercifully place a pint in front of him.

SARAH

Is he always like that? Cuz, I gotta tell ya, I heard him all the way over there!

Aaron's shoulders sag.

AARON

It's eternal.

Sarah arcs a brow.

SARAH

And I thought MY boss was bad.

Aaron sighs, sips his beer then snaps his fingers.

AARON

Say...there's something you might help me with.

SARAH

Oh, yeah? And what might that be?

AARON
You know the old man that comes in here? Goes by the name of Myers?

SARAH
Ye mean the old lush?

AARON
Yeah. You know where I can find him?

SARAH
Strange, I haven't seen him at all today. Why?

Aaron shrugs.

AARON
Just thought I'd try to catch him between drunk and drunker.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH
I see you've been talkin' with my da. Seriously, though, I haven't seen him which is weird cuz he's almost always skulkin' about. Tell ye what, he only lives a couple blocks from here, give me ten til my da gets back and I'll take ye there myself. Yer buying me a beer after, though, and NOT here! Deal?

AARON
Deal!

Sarah turns.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Now ye got ME worried for the old coot.

77. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - AFTERNOON

Aaron waits for Sarah just outside. Exiting, she grins only to spy Patrick on the corner. He glares at Aaron then her.

SARAH
Ready?

AARON
Let's go.

A short distance down the street, they cut through an alley and emerge in front of a building housing four apartments.

78. EXT. MYER'S FLAT - AFTERNOON

Sarah knocks. When no one answers, Aaron peers through a window.

79. INT. MYER'S FLAT - AFTERNOON

A small living room leads to a kitchen. Laid out on the linoleum floor is a pair of feet.

80. EXT. MYER'S FLAT - AFTERNOON

AARON

I see him!

Sarah and Aaron switch places. Aaron beats at the door then shoulders it.

81. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Flung open, he falls to the floor. Scrambling, they run to the kitchen to find...

82. INT. KITCHEN - MYERS FLAT - AFTERNOON

...an unconscious Myers.

SARAH

Sweet Jesus! Is he alive?

Aaron reaches down and puts two fingers to Myers' lips.

AARON

He's breathing, but look at him.
He's white as a sheet!

Lifting him, they...

83. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

...deposit him onto a sofa. Sarah rouses him until he slowly becomes aware. Squinting, he tries to focus.

AARON

You okay, old man?

Myers' face screws up and he starts to cry.

MYERS

Fuck all...I'm still alive!

AARON

Um...is he always like this?

Sarah blows a bubble and snaps it.

SARAH
It's eternal.

MYERS
And what is it you want, the two of
ye? Can't you leave an old man
alone!?

SARAH
Now-now, calm yourself! We've only
come to check on ye and a good
thing we did all spread out like ye
were! Bump your head, did ye?

Myers scowls, wiping nose with sleeve.

MYERS
And *his* business?

SARAH
Oh, him! Well, he's come to ask a
few questions. Ye don't mind, do
ye?

MYERS
Christ! What kind of questions!?

AARON
I, uh...I've come to ask you about
St. Mary. You did work there,
didn't you?

MYERS
Jesus! *That's* why you're here!?

AARON
Well, yes. You see, I may have
found something that belongs to
you.

Myers stops blubbering to squint.

MYERS
Do tell!

AARON
Yes. Well, it's a journal. I found
it in what used to be your
quarters, I believe.

Alarmed, Myers grabs Aaron's arm.

MYERS
Whatever you do don't read it!

Astonished, Aaron looks at Sarah then back.

AARON

Why not?

Myers falls away, eyes welling with tears.

MYERS

Because once you open Pandora's box there's no turning back. She took it from me to give to you, don't you see!? She WANTED you to find it! She'll come for you...just like she came for me. Run! Get out of here, boy. Oh, God!

Myers covers his face and sobs. Sarah, covering him with a blanket, nods for Aaron to follow.

84. EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT

Sarah and Aaron, surrounded by PATRONS, are drinking.

AARON

Yeah. "Where's airhead!?" is my personal favorite. Oh, and..."If yer father wasn't the best journalist this newspaper ever had!"

Sarah grins.

AARON (CONT'D)

So, yeah. That's me.

SARAH

And yer mum?

Aaron's smile disappears.

AARON

Dead. A long time ago.

(shrugs)

I suspect that's what's the matter with me.

SARAH

I don't understand. What do ye mean that's what's the matter with ye?

AARON

I never got to know her. She died giving birth. I killed her, or, so my father keeps reminding me. I'm cursed, he says. After she died, he left me to my American aunts in Kansas to raise. The only thing he asked before leaving was to teach me to box.

SARAH

And, did they?

AARON

Yeah. Four years. I hated every minute of it. Every time someone popped me a good one I couldn't help think he was over here smiling. Like, somehow, he knew and it made him happy. I learned how to defend myself, though. When I was sixteen both my aunties died. He sent for me after that and now I'm here.

Sarah's smile fades.

SARAH

That's what I call shite, ye know?

AARON

What?

SARAH

Ye dinnae have anything tae do with yer mum's death.

AARON

Yeah, I know, but it doesn't stop the old drunk from getting revenge. He broke my nose once...

Aaron taps the side of his nose.

SARAH

What for?

AARON

He accused me of leaving the gate open to the chicken run. A fox got in and killed them.

SARAH

And did ye? Leave the gate open, I mean?

Aaron reddens. Lifting his beer, he swallows.

AARON (CONT'D)

So? What about you?

SARAH

Well, MY father is tryin' his hardest to keep me here, but I told him come hell or high water I'm off the first of next year. There's got tae be more than this, ye know?

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

So, I take care tae keep tae myself
and avoid havin' a boyfriend
'cause... well, havin' one means
stayin' here. Next thing ye know
I'm pregnant and locked down with
someone just like him. Don't get me
wrong, I love my da, but he's a
hard man tae live with. Most men
around here are.

AARON

And your mom?

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

I don't know how she does it. She's
old before her time, ye know?

Sarah looks up with an expression of guilt and sadness.

SARAH

I've got this overwhelmin' feeling
if I stay I'll end up just like
her. Do ye know what I...

Sarah stiffens.

Patrick, along with Bully #1 and Bully #2 are at a nearby
table, staring.

Aaron follows her gaze only to be met with Patrick's hateful
one. A look that says he would tear Aaron limb from limb.

AARON

Do you know him?

SARAH

Gawd! Will the prick never leave me
be!?

Sarah turns to Aaron.

SARAH (CONT'D)

My father's idea of a permanent
leash.

Sarah picks up her beer.

AARON

Not to be mean, but he looks like
something that got stuck mid-
transformation.

Sarah, sipping her beer, looks. Spitting her beer out, she
laughs.

SARAH
 Ye know...I never noticed it before
 but yer right!

Patrick slides a meaty finger across his neck at Aaron. Sarah rolls her eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Come on. Let's get out of here.

Sarah and Aaron pass Patrick and his buddies. As they do, Patrick reaches to grab her, but she pulls away.

Aaron, seeing the exchange, deliberately takes her hand.

85. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - NIGHT

Aaron and Sarah walk toward the entrance.

SARAH
 Thanks for that. You know...back
 there.

AARON
 Sure. I see now why you don't want
 to stay.

Sarah stops at the entrance to look at him.

SARAH
 They're all like that here. A man
 looks at ye and suddenly yer their
 property. Look. Before we go
 in...can I ask something of ye
 Aaron Fitzpatrick? Will ye laugh?

AARON
 No. I won't laugh.

SARAH
 It's stupid but, with ye going away
 in a few days, will ye be my
 boyfriend til then? Just so I can
 say I have one? Maybe if I do I can
 get the big oaf tae leave me alone.

A smile plays at Aaron's lips.

AARON
 I don't know. You're not some
 psycho, are you? A friend of mine
 has one...she's terrifying.

SARAH
 Ach no! Why? Do ye want me tae be?

Aaron grins. Grabbing his arm, they start walking again.

AARON

I'm gonna get my ass kicked. You know that, right?

SARAH

Eh. I'm worth it. And just think how happy it'll make yer da.
(voices fade)

86. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

Sarah's father sees them and, slamming a beer, weaves through tables to get to the window.

87. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - EVENING

Sarah's father glares at Sarah, happy, dances up the steps. Stopping, she dances back to kiss Aaron on the lips.

Aaron beams until he sees her father. He's glaring through the window along with what appears to be everyone else.

88. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - EVENING

Guilty, Aaron tries sliding in and up the stairs, but the Innkeeper points a finger while Sarah tries her best.

INNKEEPER

Best mind yer P's and Q's while yer here, boy, do ye understand? Don't go doin' anything stupid!

SARAH

Da! Leave him be! Da!

AARON

I will, sir! I mean no, sir!

Aaron, red-faced, runs the steps.

89. INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Aaron, arms behind his head, lies on the bed.

FLASH BACK:

A formidable man, **AARON'S FATHER (50)** stands at a credenza. On top is an array of liquor. Above, trophy's and journalistic awards, gleam.

Lifting a glass, he takes a sip and glares at **YOUNG AARON (16)**, standing before him.

AARON'S FATHER

Well? Did ye leave the gate open or no?

Aaron doesn't answer.

His father's shoulders sag. Weaving, he puts his drink down, rolls up his sleeves and points to a spot directly in front of him.

Head down, young Aaron shuffles forward.

END FLASH BACK:

Aaron blinks, eyes the journal and frowns.

AARON

Pfft! Are you going to let some old drunk scare you?

Grabbing the journal, he opens it and starts reading.

FADE TO PAST:

90. INT./EXT. RUTHERFORD'S QUARTERS - 8:00 AM

Myers checks his watch then knocks. When there's no answer, he knocks again then cautiously opens the door.

MYERS

Dr. Rutherford?

CUT TO:

Myer's pops his head in.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Hello!?

Rutherford's desk stands empty except for a worn, leather bound journal set in the middle. An envelope sits atop with Myers' name on it. Beside the envelope is a key with the number "Six" imprinted on it.

Myers pockets the key then contemplates the envelope. Lifting it, he pulls out a letter. It drips sarcasm.

RUTHERFORD (V.O.)

"To my esteemed colleague, Randall Myers...by now you must realize I've gone...never to return. Forgive the hasty departure but its imperative I put as much ground between me and St. Mary as I can.

Myers slowly drops to the chair.

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

No doubt you're feeling at somewhat of a loss with regard to Patient Six, but I assure you everything you need to know about Vanessa is in the journal. I urge you to read it carefully! Feeding times are to be strictly adhered to!

MYERS

What?

RUTHERFORD (V.O.)

On a personal note, I will miss Vanessa and our time together. Under different circumstances I would conspire to whisk her away with me, but I am too old now to care for her alone. In short, she belongs here, with you, seeing as how against my strict orders you've taken it upon yourself to show such interest. Give her my warmest regards, will you? She is yours now...good luck."

MYERS

What the...feeding times!? Is this a joke?

Myers checks his watch.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Shit!

Tucking the letter into the journal, he departs.

91. INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - EARLY MORNING

Orderly #1 and Orderly #2 stand waiting. Orderly #1 looks at his watch noting the time. Orderly #2 checks a clipboard. Beside them is a folding chair.

Myers, his own clipboard in hand, rounds the third floor landing taking the stairs two at a time.

MYERS

Sorry I'm late! Sorry! Ready?

The orderlies nod and follow Myers.

92. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - MORNING

Philip looks up as a key turns and the door opens. Assuming a sitting position, he allows himself to be cuffed.

The orderlies unfold the chair and leave it for Myers then lock the door behind them.

PHILIP
(effeminate/sly)
Hello handsome.

MYERS
You will, at all times, refer to me as Dr. Myers. Do you understand?

PHILIP
Of course! Of course! Forgive me, doc...I mean, Dr. Myers. I've been here so long I've forgotten my manners.

Myers frowns and checks the clipboard.

MYERS
Let's see. I thought you were a fairly recent arrival.

PHILIP
Hmmpf! All a complete misunderstanding, I assure you. I am innocent.

MYERS
A court of law disagreed with you, Philip. Besides, I'm not here to listen to legal arguments. I'm here to evaluate and treat you accordingly.

Philip, pouting, crosses arms and turns away.

PHILIP
Dr. Rutherford understood.

MYERS
Understood what?

PHILIP
Why, that I'm nothing more than an innocent -- a victim of circumstances beyond my control. That, and I'm too sensitive for my own good.

MYERS
What made him think that?

PHILIP
Because its true, of course! I'm not like the rest around here...ESPECIALLY that awful Stokes.

MYERS

Oh? What's your beef with Stokes?

Philip leans in conspiratorially.

PHILIP

He's not fooling anyone with that Jesus act.

(leans back knowingly)

You'll see.

Myers rubs his nose to hide his amusement.

MYERS

Well, I guess that's all for today, Philip. We'll talk more in a few days, okay? Anything you'd like to add before I go?

Philip holds his chin up with his index finger and gives it some thought.

PHILIP

Yes! Thursday is Tapioca day and they've been shorting me lately.

(directs at orderly outside the door)

Out of sheer hatefulness I can only imagine!

CUT TO:

Orderly #1 gives Orderly #2 a look. Orderly #2 shrugs.

ORDERLY #2

What can I say? I like Tapioca.

CUT TO:

MYERS

Okay. I'll see what I can do. Anything else?

PHILIP

No. But, if you ever want an unscheduled visit doc...you know where to find me.

Philip winks. Myers makes a note.

Suddenly anxious, Philip tries to get up but is stopped by the handcuffs.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

No, really. It gets strange in here at night...I...I don't like to be alone.

Myers gets up and knocks on the door. Keys rattle, a lock turns and the door opens.

Philip stares as the men un-cuff him and retrieve the chair. Rubbing his wrist, he calls out to Myers before leaving.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I don't like it here, Doc! Come see me, okay?

The door closes. Suddenly alone, he licks his lips and calls out hollow-like after they're gone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Okay?

93. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Myers looks between orderlies.

MYERS

Alright. Who's next?

Orderly #2 checks his clipboard.

ORDERLY #2

Wermer then Pritcher.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get to it and...
lay off the Tapioca, will you?

Orderly #1 punches Orderly #2 in the arm behind Myers' back. Orderly #2 rubs his arm and grins but not before Myers, stopping short, turns around.

MYERS

You know what? Change of plans.
Follow me.

Myers, taking off, heads for Room #6. Expecting Orderly #1 and Orderly #2 to follow, he is surprised when they abruptly stop and go no further.

MYERS

What?

Orderly #1 and Orderly #2 look at each other.

ORDERLY #1

We thought ye knew.

MYERS

Knew what?

ORDERLY #1

Well, Rutherford never let us near Patient Six. We were forbidden tae even present ourselves outside her room.

MYERS

What!?

ORDERLY #1

He always took care of her himself. Never let a soul near her.

MYERS

That's impossible. How did she get her meals?

The orderlies look as if unsure how much to say.

ORDERLY #2

HE brought them to her. Cook prepares it and leaves it in the kitchen.

MYERS

ALL her meals!? And bathe? How does she bathe?

The orderlies hang their heads.

ORDERLY #1

We assume HE bathed her, sir.

MYERS

Your kidding me! No one saw her, but him!? I know he had his rules, but not even to assist!?

ORDERLY #1

No, sir.

MYERS

So...you're telling me this woman was kept completely isolated from the outside world -- no contact other than Rutherford, whatsoever!?

Silence.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. I'll go it alone, then. But this is fucked, you know that right?

ORDERLY #1

Rutherford said ye would be confused.

(MORE)

ORDERLY #1 (CONT'D)

He told us tae tell ye tae refer
tae the journal if ye have any
questions.

Orderly #1 and #2 turn and walk away.

MYERS

The journal?

Orderly #1 stops and turns around.

ORDERLY #1

Yes, sir. He said everything ye
need tae know about Six is in
there.

94. INT. 1ST FLOOR - MYERS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Myers slams Rutherford's journal down on a desk. Plopping
into his chair, he stares at it then flips to the first page.

MYERS

What the...1945?

FADE TO PAST:

95. EXT. DECK - RED CROSS VESSEL - SUNSET

A red-haired, blue-eyed MAN (age 24) dressed in a Red Cross
uniform stands at a ships rail. Clutching the leather bound
journal, he turns to find a quiet place away from the others.
Finding a spot, he opens the journal and brings forth a pen.

On the first page, he prints the year, "1945" and below that,
"Confidential journal of ..." then stops. Tssk'ing, rolling
his eyes, he feels for the tag on his uniform. Turning it so
he can read the name, he continues to write, "Dr. Bertrand D.
Rutherford". Flipping the page, he scribbles his first entry.

RUTHERFORD (V.O.)

MAY 20, 1945. My name is Otto
Mueller. Correction, I WAS Otto
Mueller. Now, through a series of
extraordinary events, I am Bertrand
D. Rutherford, Dr. of Psychiatry...

96. EXT. POENARI CASTLE RUINS - PRE-DAWN

High velocity mortar exchange between RUSSIAN and GERMAN
TROOPS force Vanessa and her ROMA (GYPSY) FAMILY to seek
shelter inside the ruins. Once inside, Vanessa's FATHER
crosses himself then taps Vanessa's shoulder.

FATHER
Are you alright?

Vanessa, terrified, nods.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Stay close!

Rubbing arms, she notices her father peering past her. Clutching his crucifix, he pales.

Turning, she and the others see a creature; needled teeth glinting moonlight, as it slips in and around stones. Eyeing the cross, it hisses.

FATHER (CONT'D)
We need to go. It is not safe here.
Come! Quickly...
(disgusted/spits)
..leave this place to the Germans.

Terrified, the gypsies cross themselves, gather belongings and break for it just as German troops, hoping to find shelter, run toward them. The Russians, seeing them all, catch them out in the open.

Explosions all around. Otto falls while Vanessa is propelled backwards against a stone wall. Her body mangled, her face disfigured, she wakes to see the creature slurping and gurgling from one soul to the next. Ears pricking, it looks up to home in on her still, warm, body. She does not scream. She can't as it slowly pulls itself atop her to sink its teeth.

Otto, amongst the dead, opens eyes to find a SCAVENGER patting him down. Struggling, he kills the man then swaps clothing. A DAGGER with a CROSS etched into it drops from a pocket.

Picking it up, he stops when he hears something. Turning, he sees a shadowy form hovering over a woman (Vanessa). Hissing, it retreats when Otto throws the knife. Grazing the creature, the knife clinks to the ground.

Otto, approaching, picks up the knife. Kneeling, he contemplates Vanessa with cold, unsympathetic eyes. Leaning forward, he whispers...

OTTO/RUTHERFORD
Hure!
(Whore)

FLASH BACK:

A beautiful red head, OTTO'S SCOTTISH MOTHER (30) with LITTLE OTTO (8) in tow, opens a door to find OTTO'S FATHER (in German officer's uniform) being ridden by a wild, dark-haired WOMAN. A woman that looks remarkably like Vanessa.

His mother, the picture of elegance and grace, drops his hand. Numb, she leaves Otto to stare. The whore, unashamed, winks.

Unconcerned little Otto watches, his father slaps the girl to get her attention.

OTTO'S FATHER

Eh!

The girl starts riding him again, but does not take her eyes off Otto.

CUT TO:

MAHOGANY DESK: Otto's mother opens a drawer and pulls out a revolver. Placing it under her chin, she pulls the trigger.

END FLASH BACK:

Vanessa's breath, frantic, is stopped short when he stabs her with the knife. A shudder barrels through him and he grins. Leaving the knife embedded, he heads toward a road.

97. EXT. BRITISH RED CROSS CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

Otto stands at the end of a line in the pouring rain. At the other end is a RED CROSS VOLUNTEER (25) under a canopy taking names.

Looking up, he sees an ENGLISH DOCTOR (40) enter a tent. Furtive, he leaves the line to enter behind him.

BERTRAND D. RUTHERFORD (tag-uniform) is standing, back turned, reading a letter. Otto looks to a makeshift desk to see a letter opener; next to it a fine leather journal just unwrapped. Lifting the opener, he advances.

98. EXT. DECK - RED CROSS VESSEL - MORNING

Rutherford (Otto) looks down at the journal with a satisfied look. It's replaced, though, when two nurses exit a hatch. Between them is a dark-haired woman in a gown -- Vanessa.

Appalled, he steps back fearing she'll recognize him only to realize she doesn't.

NURSE #1

(British)

Now, take it slow, honey. Nice and easy.

(to Rutherford)

She's a bit weak still. Poor thing. Doesn't speak a word.

NURSE #2
 (Scottish)
 Och, that's alright. She's goin' to
 the most beautiful place in the
 world. Yer coming home with me
 aren't ye, dear? Be right as rain
 soon enough, you'll see.

Rutherford looks at Nurse #2's name tag. It reads, "M. O'Donnell". Suddenly feigning interest, Rutherford lifts her hand and kisses it.

This is **MARION O'DONNELL (24)**. Blushing, she scans Rutherford's red hair and blue eyes.

RUTHERFORD
 (Mother's Gaelic)
 Tha mi teagmhach gu bheil rud sam
 bith cho breagha riut fhèin!

(SUBTITLE)
 I doubt anything is as beautiful as
 you!

O'Donnell blushes.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
 (English)
 And where exactly is this land of
 yours? Hm? Will I have to travel
 far? Does it have leprechauns?

Nurse #2 giggles as Rutherford seamlessly joins them.

O'DONNELL
 It's called Loch Doon...ever hear
 of it? It's just me now. Everyone
 else is gone...(voices slowly fade)

99. INT. PATIENT WARD - RED CROSS VESSEL - NIGHT

Rutherford opens a hatch. Inside are REFUGEES sleeping on cots. O'Donnell, on duty, looks up from a book and smiles.

Rutherford takes her in his arms, kisses her then, holding a finger to his lips, turns her over a desk, pulls her panties and slides into her. His eyes fixate on Vanessa's sleeping form, willing her with each stroke to open her eyes. Finally, she does. Thrusting harder and harder, he finally shudders; eyes locking onto hers.

Unaware of what transpired, O'Donnell pulls her dress down. Turning, she kisses him passionately.

Rutherford, feigning emotion, looks down.

RUTHERFORD

Marry me?

Beaming, O'Donnell shakes her head yes.

100. EXT. DECK OF SHIP - DAY

The ship's CAPTAIN reads from a bible as Rutherford and O'Donnell hold hands. O'Donnell smiles at Nurse #1. A moment later, she and Rutherford kiss, ONLOOKERS cheer, music is played and rice is thrown.

101. INT. SUPPLY ROOM - RED CROSS VESSEL - NIGHT

Quiet prevails until an orderly opens a door. Arms full of supplies, he's quickly knocked to the floor. A few kicks by Rutherford and he's unconscious.

Finding a box of syringes, he grabs some and fills them with bleach then injects the orderly. He watches as the man convulses then, pocketing the syringes, leaves.

102. INT. PATIENT WARD - RED CROSS VESSEL - NIGHT

Rutherford has O'Donnell doggie-style. Excited, he grabs her hair and pulls her head back to stab her in the neck. He doesn't even stop when she begins to convulse. Covering her mouth he finishes then zips his pants. Pulling panties up and dress down, he rolls her into a chair.

Turning to Vanessa (sleeping), he pulls a syringe and pushes it into her arm. Holding her down, he puts lips to ear.

RUTHERFORD

This time I'm making sure you're
dead!

103. INT. SUPPLY ROOM - RED CROSS VESSEL - NIGHT

The orderly, dead, stares. A moment later, Rutherford presses a note in his hand.

The note reads, "Forgive me...".

104. EXT. RED CROSS VESSEL - DAWN

Orange clouds and a rising sun reveal Rutherford, eyes red and swollen, being comforted by Nurse #1. The same group that accompanied his wedding are nearby.

FRIENDS

I'm so sorry, old man! How could
this happen? I just don't
understand! Why would anyone do
something like this!

CREWMEN rush back and forth. One hands the Captain the note.

CAPTAIN

How many?

CREWMAN

Five, sir.

105. EXT. SHIPS BOW - RED CROSS VESSEL - EARLY EVENING

Rutherford, forlorn, writes in his journal. As he does, a slip paper between two pages catches his eye. It's his marriage certificate.

(SHIPS HORN BLOWS)

Looking, he sees the Port of Edinburgh. Tucking the certificate away, he puts the journal in a bag. Getting up, shoulders slumped pitifully, he heads to the plank.

A WOMAN shakes her head as he slowly makes his way only to then turn to the MAN next to her.

WOMAN

I feel so sorry for him!

MAN

Yeah. I know what you mean. Poor bloke!

106. EXT. BUSTLING STREET - EARLY EVENING

A taxi rolls up and a DRIVER lowers the window.

TAXI DRIVER

Where tae?

Rutherford grins.

RUTHERFORD

A place called Loch Doon...ever hear of it?

FADE TO PRESENT:

107. INT. GUEST ROOM - 3 AM

Aaron tosses the journal. Scrambling out of bed, he stares at it. A second later, something bangs against the window.

AARON
(clutches chest)
Jesus!

Going to the window he looks.

108. INTERCUT: EXT. ALLEYWAY/EXT. ROOFTOP - 3 AM

Aaron's silhouette is visible from the street.

Patrick looks up to see Aaron at the window. Grinning, he tosses a rubber ball only to catch it again.

CUT TO:

The creature, head cocked, watches Patrick. Slipping down the wall, it clings upside down to just above. As Patrick tosses the ball, it bobs its head along with it.

A second later, the ball disappears. Surprised, Patrick looks up to see the creature holding it in its jaw. Saliva drips on his shoes.

Stumbling back, Patrick falls ass over tea kettle just as Bully #1 and Bully #2 turn the corner. Grinning, they look on Patrick lying in a pile of trash.

BULLY #1
What the hell?

Patrick looks, but the creature's gone.

PATRICK
Did...Did ye see that!?

Bully #1 and Bully #2 burst into laughter.

BULLY #1
Ye been rollin' that shite again?

Bully #1 pulls Patrick to his feet.

BULLY #2
It's not shite he's been rollin',
it's that girl!
(laughs)
When ye gonna give up on that, hmm?
She's no even that pretty!

Patrick looks to Aaron's window.

PATRICK

Never!

109. EXT. ROOFTOP - ACROSS FROM THE UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

The creature watches Patrick, Bully #1 and Bully #2 depart then, lumbering to the edge, flaps its wings. Circling, it tucks and rolls, gaining momentum only to backdraft onto Aaron's sill.

110. INT. GUEST ROOM - 3 AM

Driven back and onto the bed, Aaron raises an arm to shield himself. A moment later, the creature releases, suspends itself mid-air, glares malevolently then flies off again.

Heart thumping, Aaron looks to the journal.

MYERS (V.O.)

"...once you open Pandora's box there's no turning back. She took it from me to give to you, don't you see! ? She WANTED you to find it! She'll come for you...just like she came for me."

Horrified, Aaron flees.

111. INT. MYERS FLAT - 3 AM

Myers, drunk and getting drunker, watches late night television. Hearing the beat-beat of wings, he panics.

Rising, spinning willy-nilly, he escapes to the kitchen. But, too late. A window breaks and, peeking through fingers, he sees the creature dragging itself to him.

MYERS

No! You promised me! Haven't I given you what you wanted all these years!? Done everything you asked!? Please! Leave me in peace!

(BANG! BANG! BANG!)

ANGRY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Will ye shut up ye stupid drunk!
Jesus! Every fucking night...!

Rising, it reaches to drag its claw (lover-like) across Myers' lips. Blood oozes and, tantalized, it cocks its head.

DEMON (V.O.)

Shh.

A second later, it exposes teeth.

MYERS
Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!

(GROWLING, LOUD GURGLING
AND SCREAMS.)

FADE TO BLACK:

ANGRY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Christ! Would ye listen tae this!?
(bangs on wall)
WILL. YOU. SHUT. UP!

112. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - MORNING

Sarah bustles into the bar and kisses her father's cheek.

SARAH
Good mornin'!

Her father nods at Aaron dead asleep at a table.

INNKEEPER
Best take care of THAT or I will.

PATRONS, having breakfast, murmur quietly as if too polite to wake him up.

Sarah shakes her head. Grabbing a cup of tea, she approaches the table only to make herself heard.

SARAH
Hmmpf! Would ye look at this!?

A groggy Aaron lifts his head. Patrons stop eating and stare.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My BOYFRIEND here looks like something the cat dragged in. Well, ye won't be shaming me like THAT Aaron Fitzpatrick. Ye go straight upstairs, shower and put on some fresh clothes!

Leaning in, she whispers:

SARAH (CONT'D)
Go on now. I'll be up in a bit.

Standing hand on hip, she watches Aaron maneuver the stairs.

AN ELDERLY LADY next to her HUSBAND nods her approval.

ELDERLY LADY

Good for ye, dear! Hmmpf!

HUSBAND

Ach! Leave the poor lad alone!

ELDERLY LADY

Ye be quiet!

The old man tucks his head as she flashes a denture'd smile.

113. EXT. CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

A WAITER brings Aaron and Sarah a couple of pints.

SARAH

Wow! Fuck all! No wonder ye were freaked out. Ye do know what Poenari Castle is, don't ye?

AARON

No. Never heard of it.

SARAH

Romania? Vlad the Impaler? It's one of Dracula's castles.

Aaron, about to sip his beer, drops his jaw, instead.

SARAH

Right!? On the other hand...it all makes sense.

AARON

What do you mean?

SARAH

Rutherford, I mean Otto, was German, correct?

AARON

Yeah. So?

SARAH

Well, the Germans hated the Roma. Hitler labeled them criminals and thieves and when the piece of shit came tae power in 1933, he passed anti-Gypsy laws. It was a free-for-all of unabashed torture and murder. Rutherford would have felt justified in killin' her, like he was doin' it for the Fatherland, the sick bastard.

Sarah sits back and rubs her face.

SARAH

Jesus. This is goin' tae make a hell of a story.

Aaron looks sheepish.

AARON

I'm not going to tell Broderick about the journal.

SARAH

What!? Why not?

AARON

Because all he wants is an article promoting the Governor. And... that's exactly what he's going to get. Listen, I've GOT to see Myers.

SARAH

Why? Do ye think he sees this thing, too?

Aaron swallows beer then pulls some bills.

AARON

I'm thinking he does. I'm thinking he knows EXACTLY what it is. Come on.

Aaron jumps up then walks away.

SARAH

Well, hold on! Let a girl finish!
(slugs beer/jumps up)
Animal!

114. EXT. MYERS FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

Aaron, journal under one arm, beats on Myers' door.

SARAH

Do ye think he's okay?

Aaron turns the knob as Sarah pushes past.

115. INT. MYERS FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

Flies buzz through the broken window. Sarah pinches her nose.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hello? God! Does it stink in here or what?

Alarmed, each looks at the other. A moment later, Sarah throws up in a corner.

116. EXT. MYER'S FLAT - EVENING

Lights flash as POLICE question the neighbor.

Sarah and Aaron, clasping hands, leave.

117. EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

The creature, atop a building, eyes Sarah then the journal as they stop in front of the Inn.

118. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - EVENING

Seeing them, the Innkeeper throws a towel.

INNKEEPER

That's it!

119. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - EVENING

SARAH

I'll see ye tomorrow?

AARON

You mean if I'm still alive?

SARAH

I can stay, ye know? I don't mind.

Aaron sees Sarah's father wringing a towel as if its his neck. Other PATRONS look through the window as well.

AARON

Um...no. You'd better not.

Sarah looks disappointed. Aaron, distracted, doesn't notice.

SARAH

Oh. Okay. Well, I'll see ye tomorrow then.

AARON

Yeah. Tomorrow.

Aaron watches as she enters until a shadow passes overhead. Flinching, he heads for the door. Before he can open it, though, he hears ghost-like whispers in his head.

VOICE (V.O)

...if I'm still alive? I can stay,
ye know? I don't mind.

Pulling up short, he sees a MAN - 35, leaning against the building reading a paper. Surly, the man cocks a head.

MAN

What?

Aaron shakes it off.

AARON

Nothing. Sorry.

Looking around, not seeing anything, Aaron goes inside.

120. EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

The creature watches Aaron enter then homes in on the man.

121. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - EVENING

The man rattles his paper, shaking his head. He does not notice two leathery claws reaching to drag him up and over the building, screaming. The only evidence he was ever there; the newspaper. Picked up by the wind it floats serenely down the street.

122. INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Aaron stares at the journal.

FADE TO PAST:

123. EXT. ST. MARY - AFTERNOON

Rutherford, bag in hand, stands staring at the outer doors of St. Mary. Knocking politely, he waits then slowly pushes them open.

124. INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Rutherford pops his head in.

RUTHERFORD

Hello? Anybody here?

The place rings hollow. Reaching for a switch, he flips it, but there's no electricity.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Great!

125. INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

A candelabra, atop a desk, illuminates Rutherford's face as he flips through a ledger "in the red". Disgusted, he tosses the book onto a stack of unpaid bills.

Uncorking a bottle of wine, he drinks then, shivering by a dwindling fire, throws his head to laugh. Lifting the bottle, he salutes.

RUTHERFORD

You got me, O'Donnell. You sure did!

A moment later, though, his humor dissipates. Poking the last remaining log, he suddenly gets an idea. Going to the desk, he takes some stationery and starts a letter.

SHOT: LETTER. MENTAL WELFARE COMMISSION. "Dear Sirs,..."

126. INT. LIBRARY - MORNING

Rutherford, in disarray - empty wine bottles everywhere, is snoring on a couch. A second later, a loud knock wakes him.

127. INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Grumbling, he flings the doors open and is met by a POSTMAN holding a letter. The letter is from the Mental Welfare Commission.

Ripping the envelope, he pulls out a check, grins and looks up (as if to God).

RUTHERFORD

Thank you!

ONE WEEK LATER:

Rutherford oversees WORKMEN hammering while MOVERS bring in a large mahogany desk.

WORKMAN

Hey there! Where do ye want this?

RUTHERFORD

Upstairs. Third Floor. First door on your left.

WORKMAN

Alright. Ye heard the man! Let's go!

Turning, Rutherford steps outside.

128. EXT. ST. MARY - DAY

Crossing the lawn, he looks on as TWO WORKMEN (40) tear down a sign bearing the name "O'Donnell" and replace it with another bearing the name, "St. Mary".

One workman grumbles to the other.

WORKMAN

I don't get it. Why St. Mary?

WORKMAN #2

I heard he named it after his mum.

129. INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A clock ticks on the wall. The time is 6:10 PM.

Rutherford, at his desk, hears a knock on the outer doors. Curious, he...

130. INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

...opens the doors to reveal TWO HOODED FIGURES standing in the rain. Behind them is a 1945 British transport.

RUTHERFORD

Yes?

A MAN pulls a hood to reveal his face.

MAN

Sorry to disturb, but I've been lost for hours trying to find this place. This is St. Mary, yeah? The old O'Donnell place?

RUTHERFORD

Yes.

Relieved, the man pulls a clipboard and hands it to him.

SHOT: RED CROSS - LETTER OF TRANSFER FORM

MAN

You'll need to sign right there, there, oh, and there.

The man points then looks around as Rutherford signs. Satisfied, he hands Rutherford a copy before pulling the second figure forward.

MAN #1

She's all yours now, doc.
Night!

Rutherford watches before turning to his new patient and pulling the hood. Vanessa, just as beautiful, stands before him. Horrified, he rears back.

She, however, does not move. Merely lowers her eyes to the urine trickling down Rutherford's leg and onto the floor.

A second later, a young nurse **SAGGINS (20)**, appears.

SAGGINS

Ach...the poor dear! Room Six is available, shall I take her, doctor?

Saggins does not notice the urine. In her haste she simply gathers Vanessa up and turns her toward the stairs.

Rutherford blinks.

RUTHERFORD

Yes...yes! Um...Saggins, is it?

SAGGINS

Yes, sir. I'm sorry for no coming sooner. I dinnae hear the bell.

RUTHERFORD

It's alright. Just take her...I'll tend to her in the morning.

SAGGINS

Thank ye, sir. Good night.

Rutherford, disgusted, looks down at the puddle.

131. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - 3 AM

Vanessa, sleeping, is suddenly jolted awake. Rutherford, hands squeezing her neck, is strangling her.

RUTHERFORD

You bitch! What the fuck are you!?

132. INT. 1ST FLOOR - RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frenzied, Rutherford writes in his journal. He does not look up, rather continues writing as Saggins enters.

SAGGINS

Ye wanted tae see me, sir?

RUTHERFORD

Yes. It seems our new patient has acute schizophrenia. She is to be kept in solitary for the remainder of her stay. She is delusional and exhibits hostile, dangerous behavior. I fear its incurable. In short, I do not want anyone going near her. Not even the orderlies. See to it that everyone understands and that my instructions are strictly adhered to.

SAGGINS
Yes, sir. But...

RUTHERFORD
But what?

Saggins blushes.

SAGGINS
What about...what about bathing,
sir? And who will feed her?

RUTHERFORD
Don't worry about that. I'll take
care of it myself.

SAGGINS
You, sir?

Rutherford throws his pen.

RUTHERFORD
Yes, Saggins. Me. Unless, for some
reason you think me incapable!?

SAGGINS
No, sir!

RUTHERFORD
Good! Now, see that's its done!

Saggins turns to leave.

RUTHERFORD
Oh, and one last thing. I've
prescribed a certain blood-broth
regimen to help with her anemia.

Rutherford hands her a recipe.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
See that cook gets it.

SAGGINS
Yes, sir.

RUTHERFORD
And, Saggins?

SAGGINS
Sir?

Rutherford picks up the pen.

RUTHERFORD
Close the door on your way out.

Rutherford watches her go then returns to his journal.

RUTHERFORD (V.O.)

I have to admit I don't know what Vanessa is. I can only surmise that the creature I found feeding on her changed her somehow. It is absolutely uncanny! Despite her semi-catatonic state and her inability to talk, she has the capacity to regenerate damaged tissue and bone literally overnight. She is, for lack of a better word, indestructible.

(beat)

A fact I fully intend taking advantage of.

Rutherford grins.

133. INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - 3 AM

SUPERIMPOSE PAST TO PRESENT: YOUNG RUTHERFORD OVER OLD RUTHERFORD (63) AS HE WALKS THE CORRIDOR.

Whistling low, wearing a large crucifix and carrying an axe, he heads for Room #6.

MONTAGE: (THEY ALL KNOW)

- * Philip draws breath. Unable to bear it, he covers his face.
- * Wermer hangs his head.
- * Amanda giggles then starts to cry.
- * Stokes, black eyes taking up his entire face, stares.

134. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - 3 AM

Rutherford, holding his cross, forces Vanessa against a wall. Eyes pleading, she holds a defensive hand against the axe. Eyes aglow, he relishes every swing.

135. INT. PATIENT ROOM #4 - 3 AM

The Colonel, staring, grinds his jaw at the sound of the axe and Rutherford's ecstatic breathing.

Clenching fists, he squeezes eyes.

THE COLONEL

Bastard!

136. INT. RUTHERFORD'S QUARTERS - 4 AM

Rutherford, covered in blood, lays a bloody axe on the shower floor. As ruddy water rushes the drain, he grabs shampoo and lathers.

137. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NEAR DAWN

Vanessa, her head cleaved in, is lying dead in a corner.

138. EXT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NEAR DAWN

Leathery claws pull the creature up to look. Seeing Vanessa, it yanks at the bars. A second later, Rutherford's light turns on and, enraged, it flies toward it.

139. INT. RUTHERFORD'S QUARTERS - NEAR DAWN

Glass shatters as a rock rolls to a stop between window and bars.

Rutherford, turning the water off, climbs out of the shower. Wrapped in a towel, he stands staring at it.

140. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NEAR DAWN

Vanessa's body jerks. Spattered blood and bits of brain pool then are absorbed back into her body. As they do, her wounds close and heal. Moments later, she blinks and, drawing breath, becomes animated again.

Lifting herself, she staggers to the bed.

FADE TO PRESENT:

141. EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah sits back in shock.

SARAH

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Are ye sure ye want tae keep on reading that shite!? Ye heard what Myers said. If any of it, even a smidgen is true then ye need tae get out of here. Story, or, no!

Aaron, contemplating his beer, looks up.

AARON

I can't quit, don't you see?

SARAH

No. I don't see! What about the creature outside yer window? What about Myers?

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

For all I know I could have just dreamed it. Besides, I don't believe in that shit.

Stunned, she sits back, crossing her arms.

SARAH

Look. I'm gonna help ye out 'cuz yer clearly no from around here. THIS isn't America. THIS is Scotland. Centuries of stranger shite than this has happened here. And this woman...this Vanessa Campbell, she isn't goin' tae take kindly tae ye writin' an article promoting a country club instead of her! Hmmpf!

(points finger)

Ye better START believin', Fitzpatrick. Before its too late!

Frustrated, Aaron leans forward.

AARON

Listen, it's true I don't have all the answers, but that's all the more reason to stay! I'm not going to be scared off like some little kid. Besides, there's got to be somebody that can verify what happened other than Myers.

SARAH

Ye mean, if they're still alive?

Leaning back, he rubs a chin.

AARON (CONT'D)

You're right, though. It sure will make for a hell of a story. We could BOTH get what we want...maybe write it together...you and me?

Surprised, she arcs a brow. Aaron's phone rings and he jumps.

142. INTERCUT: EXT. CAFE/INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE

AARON

Hello?

CUT TO:

BRODERICK

Enjoying yourself are we? Where's
my story!? Where are ye?

CUT TO:

AARON (O.S.)

At the Inn. I'm typing it up as we
speak.

CUT TO:

BRODERICK

Really? At the Inn, huh?

Broderick turns his chair to look at a map on his PC. A GPS
tracker is blinking.

AARON (O.S.)

Yes, sir! I wouldn't lie to you.

His face looks like a cook pot ready to boil.

BRODERICK

Is that so!? Then do ye mind
telling me why yer at...

(squints at map)

...Paddy's Cafe and Pub on Church
street!

CUT TO:

Aaron looks around, puzzled.

AARON

How...how could you possibly know
that!?

CUT TO:

BRODERICK (O.S.)

Ye carry a company phone, don'tcha?

(starts yelling)

Now listen here, airhead!

CUT TO:

Aaron holds the phone away from his ear.

BRODERICK (O.S.)

You'd better have that story on my
desk by tomorrow or yer fired! Do
ye hear?

Aaron rubs a temple.

AARON

Yes, sir. You can count on it.

CUT TO:

Broderick screams into the receiver.

BRODERICK

I better!

Slamming the phone, he stares at a bottle of bicarbonate then twists the cap and chugs.

Ruth enters, sees he's crazy pissed and turns around.

END INTERCUT:

143. EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

Okay.

AARON

Okay, what?

SARAH

Okay. Let's do it. But ye have tae promise me something.

Aaron looks.

AARON

What?

Reaching, she removes a crucifix.

SARAH

That you'll at least wear protection.

Reaching, she puts it over his head. Fingering the cross, she looks him in the eye.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Swear tae me you'll never take it off. No matter what, do ye hear?

Blushing, he rests his hand on hers.

AARON

Thanks. I still don't believe, though.

SARAH

Yeah? Well, I do! So you'll be wearing it, do ye hear? And don't go back out tae that place. Stick close tae town where I can keep an eye on ye.

Sarah jumps up.

AARON

Wait. What about you?

SARAH

Hmmpf! I'm not the one with the book. 'Sides, a good Scottish girl has at least two crucifix's. One for every day wear and two for Sundays. Now promise!

Aaron grins.

AARON

I promise!

SARAH

Good! Now let's go. I don't want another lecture on why I'm late!

FADE TO PAST:

144. INT. LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Orderly #1 waves goodbye to Benson and the nurse then closes and locks the doors. Checking they're secure he sits "on duty" in a chair at the bottom of the stairs. Adjusting a WALKMAN and then the headphones on his ears, he picks up a magazine.

CUT TO PRESENT:

145. INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron, a blank expression on his face, stares at the journal.

CLOSE UP: A BEDSIDE CLOCK READS 10:10 PM.

SUPERIMPOSE PAST TO PRESENT: AARON'S CLOCK OVER MYERS'S CLOCK.

146. INT. MYERS OFFICE - EVENING

Myers clock reads 10:10 PM.

Myers, unshaven, sits at his desk staring at the journal.

SAGGINS (O.S.)

Are ye okay?

Looking up, he sees Saggins entered unnoticed. Glancing at the journal, she gives a pitying look.

MYERS

Tell me, Saggins. How long have you known?

Shoulders slumping, she slides into a chair.

SAGGINS

I think...I think somehow I've always known.

Saggins lifts her eyes.

SAGGINS (CONT'D)

I saw her once, just a glimpse, mind ye, and couldn't believe my eyes...

CUT TO PAST:

147. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: SAGGINS (37) GLIMPSES VANESSA JUST AS RUTHERFORD CLOSES THE DOOR. VANESSA STARES; GIVING A PLEADING LOOK.

CUT TO PRESENT:

148. INT. MYERS OFFICE - EVENING

SAGGINS (CONT'D)

Seventeen years had passed. Seventeen! And in all that time she hadnae aged a day. She was just as young and beautiful as the first time I saw her. I knew then THAT was why he kept her hidden. He always told me she was special... Nobel prize and all that...but he never elaborated and tae my undying shame...needin' my job more...I dinnae ever ask.

MYERS

And him? Did you know about him?

Saggins cocks her head. Myers pushes the journal.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Rutherford tortured her and, according to this, kept meticulous notes. He maimed, tortured and killed her over and over for 35 years.

Face pale, she starts to cry.

SAGGINS

Oh, dear God! I dinnae know!

MYERS

He was a monster. Nobel prize my ass! No wonder he left. He was afraid once she began to speak she would expose him for what he really is...a sadist and serial murderer.

Myers looks up, accusing.

MYERS (CONT'D)

You should read the journal, Saggins, you really should because you are just as complicit! If you had even an inkling of what was going on you should have told the authorities!

SAGGINS

And tell them what exactly? Hmm? That she dinnae age? Or die? That she's somehow immortal? Ha! It would'a been his word over mine. Why...he would'a had me locked up in here with the rest of 'em!

Wringing hands, she gets up to look out the window.

SAGGINS (CONT'D)

So? What will ye do now? Will ye talk with her? Dear God! After everything...after what he did... what could ye possibly say or do tae make it all right again?

She looks over at Myers. Numb, he seems lost.

MYERS

I don't know. Honestly? I just don't know.

149. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

A key clanks, Myers enters, leaving Saggins to guard the door.

150. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Saggins looks at her watch. A 1980 Timex.

CLOSEUP: 10:30 PM

151. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Vanessa scurries to cower by the window; head down, shoulder pressed to stone, as Myers takes a seat.

MYERS

My name is Dr. Myers. You spoke to
me the other night...will you...
will you speak with me once more?

Vanessa shakes her head; the slightest of affirmations. Myers closes his eyes, relieved.

MYERS (CONT'D)

It seems you are my patient now.
Dr. Rutherford is...well...gone.

Vanessa looks up, the expression quizzical.

VANESSA

(Roma/gypsy accent)
Are you...are you like him?

Myers vehemently shakes his head.

MYERS

No! God, no!

CUT TO:

152. INT. PATIENT ROOMS - NIGHT

MONTAGE: SLEEPING PATIENTS (1-5) ALL OPEN THEIR EYES.

CUT TO:

153. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Vanessa shudders with relief.

VANESSA

When I first saw your face it was
filled with such kindness. Was I
wrong?

Giving a hopeful smile, he looks up.

MYERS

No! You're not wrong!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

- * Amanda pulls crazily at her hair.
- * The Colonel stands, hands clenched.
- * Wermer whispers for his mother then slowly takes off his clothes.
- * Stokes bangs his head against a wall.
- * Philip lifts his head, face wet with tears.

PHILIP
Don't do it, doc. *Please!*

154. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Saggins, hearing Philip, makes her way down the hall.

155. INT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Sliding the cover back, she looks in. Philip, beside himself, rushes the window.

PHILIP
You've got to get him out of there!

SAGGINS
Who?

PHILIP
The doc! He's in there with her
isn't he!?

SAGGINS
And what business is that of yer's?
Now be quiet!

Saggins goes to slide the cover...

PHILIP
Wait!

...only to give a pained look.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
You don't understand. She's
dangerous!

SAGGINS
Oh? And yer Mary Poppins I suppose?
Go tae sleep now Philip, before I
get REALLY mad.

156. INT./EXT. ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Saggins closes the cover and makes her way past Room #2. As if rethinking, she backtracks to pull the cover back.

Stokes stands facing the corner. What she does not see are eyes filled with rage. Blood trickles his forehead. He smiles crazily.

157. INT./EXT PATIENT ROOM #3

Saggins stops to pull the cover back.

Wermer, naked, is at the window imploring his mother to come for him. Tears stream his face.

WERMER

Please! Please, I'm sorry! I
promise to be a good boy!
Just...please...come get me!

CUT TO:

158. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Myers holds out a hand. Vanessa, hesitant, slides a delicate hand in his only to be drawn up.

The full of her before him, he is immediately drawn in. Her beauty, her torment, all fill a need in him to fix this...fix HER. Without warning, her head rolls back and she cascades.

Catching her, he carries her to the bed. As he does, her lashes flutter and she opens her eyes. Taking her wrist, he checks her pulse against his watch.

CLOSE UP: 10:30 PM

Vanessa's voice, barely a murmur, breaks his concentration.

VANESSA

Is it true?

Myers lowers the wrist only to be caught up in her eyes.

MYERS

Is what true?

VANESSA

Could it be...you are my savior?

Blushing, he doesn't know what to say.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Forgive my weakness. I haven't eaten. Please? Please may I have something to eat?

Stunned by his own ineptitude, Myers' jaw drops.

MYERS

My God! You must not have eaten for days! With all the confusion... wait...I'll be right back!

Going to the door, he bangs until a key turns and it opens.

159. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Saggins locks the door as Myers hurries down the hall.

SAGGINS

Where are ye goin'?

MYERS

Stay here! I'll be right back!

MONTAGE:

* Myers careens down the stairs to the 1st floor hall.

* Bursting through doors, he enters the kitchen.

* A clock on the wall behind him reads, "10:30".

* On the counter is a tray holding a covered bowl. A note on top reads, "Room #6".

MYERS

Jesus! How could I be so stupid!?

160. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Balancing a tray, he sees Saggins wringing her hands. As he approaches, she peers in at Vanessa, turns the lock and opens the door. Myers passes through and she locks it again.

CUT TO:

Vanessa lies eyes closed. Myers can't help but admire how beautiful she is before sitting. A second later, her eyes flutter open.

MYERS

Can you sit up?

Putting the tray aside, he helps her upright. Grabbing the tray again, he dips into the "bloody" broth and ladles some in her mouth. Color immediately flushes her cheeks.

MYERS (CONT'D)

Better?

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA

Thank you.

Myers ladles more. She takes it hungrily.

MYERS

Perhaps when you feel better, you can tell me how you came to be?

VANESSA

Be?

Myers, embarrassed, lowers the spoon. Hungry eyes follow it.

MYERS

Well, Rutherford kept a journal, you see. It explains some, but not all, of what happened. How you came to be -- who you are now? Is it... is it true?

Vanessa searches his face.

VANESSA

Is what true?

MYERS

That you are...God, I can't believe I'm going to ask this, but...is it true that you are...immortal?

Vanessa turns her head.

VANESSA

If by that you mean can I regenerate, then yes. It wasn't always so, though.

(beat)

The night I first saw you I told you I dreamt of elephants?

MYERS

I remember.

VANESSA

I told you I had been searching for something...something I had forgotten.

MYERS

Yes! Yes, you said it was something important. You said...

MYERS/VANESSA (IN SYNC)
 ...it is the key to everything.

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA
 So you remember?

Myers takes her hand.

MYERS
 How could I forget?

The smile slips as she looks to the window.

VANESSA
 Forgetting is easy. It's the
 remembering that's difficult.

Myers studies her profile.

MYERS
 More soup?

She turns back, shaking her head no.

VANESSA
 I feel much better now, thank you.
 Dr. Rutherford liked to starve
 me...keep me weak...unable to
 defend myself. He was a cruel
 man...
 (covers face to sob)
 ...who did cruel things!

CUT TO:

Saggins, anxious, lights a cigarette. Taking a drag, she
 cocks her head at muffled shouts down the hall. Rolling eyes,
 she takes a last puff before dropping the cigarette, crushing
 it with her foot.

161. INT./EXT. PATIENT ROOM #4 - NIGHT

The Colonel bangs on the door. Saggins slides the cover.

SAGGINS
 What?

THE COLONEL
 What's going on!?

SAGGINS
 Ach...I don't know what yer talking
 about!

THE COLONEL
 Yes, you do! He's with her, isn't
 he!?

Saggins doesn't answer.

THE COLONEL (CONT'D)
 Answer me, soldier!

Saggins slowly pushes the cover back.

SAGGINS
 Nii-ight!

THE COLONEL
 You fucking bitch! Get back here!
 Do you hear? You've got to let us
 out of here before its too late!

Saggins turns, passing Room #5 with barely a look.

162. INT. PATIENT ROOM #5 - NIGHT

Amanda, visibly shaking, is donning "lipstick".

163. INT./EXT. ROOM #6

Saggins approaches only to glance at her watch.

CLOSE UP: 10:30

More than a little confused, she stops.

SAGGINS
 What!?

CUT TO:

Myers takes Vanessa's hand.

MYERS
 It will never happen again...I
 swear it. I'll fix this. Look at
 me, Vanessa.

Her eyes lift to reveal green, mesmerizing eyes.

MYERS (CONT'D)
 No one will ever hurt you again...

Myers face is suddenly blank, the jaw slack.

MYERS (CONT'D)
 (echoing)
 Do you believe me?
 Do you believe me....

CUT TO:

Saggins taps the watch. The hands, stuck on "10:30" do not move until, as if pushed, it ticks to the next second. A blink and the time now reads, "11:47".

Alarmed, she shakes her head and looks to Room #6. Stark, fear rampages her face.

SAGGINS

Jesus! Oh, my God! Jesus!

Sliding the cover back, she looks in.

CUT TO:

Myers lies eyes wide and unblinking on the bed. Vanessa is spoon-feeding bloody broth into his gurgling mouth.

MYERS

...do you believe me? Do you believe me?

Cocking her head (the way a maniac does) she leans in. Her lips do not move, yet Myers hears her and *always has* in his head.

VANESSA (V.O.)

I believe you.

FLASH BACK:

MYERS (O.S.)

She spoke.

RUTHERFORD (O.S.)

I had her examined by a physician when she first came here. I was told she did not possess any vocal cords. A defect at birth...

MYERS (O.S.)

So I stopped in front of her door, slid the observation panel to one side and peeked in.

Myers slides the panel back.

BENSON (O.S.)

What was she doing?

MYERS (O.S.)

Gazing at the moon.

Only, Vanessa is NOT gazing at the moon. She is right in Myer's face at the door. She has hypnotized him. She had him at "hello".

Orderly #2, further down the hall, sees Myers outside Room #6. Frowning, he calls out.

ORDERLY #2

Hey doc!

Myers doesn't respond.

ORDERLY #2

HEY DOC! YER NOT SUPPOSED TO BE
THERE! HEY DOC!

The observation panel is slammed shut. Orderly #2 is shaking Myers' shoulder.

Confused, Myers blinks himself back to reality.

ORDERLY #2

Yer not supposed to be here, doc!

Myers looks up.

MYERS

Huh?

END FLASHBACK:

CUT TO:

Saggins screams.

SAGGINS

No! No! Get away from him!

Scrambling for the key, she inserts it then bolts into the room.

Rushing to Vanessa, she pulls her off.

SAGGINS

What have ye done! Get...Get off of
him!

Vanessa, lightning fast, snatches her by the neck. Lifting her, feet dangling, she snaps Saggins' neck then throws her against a wall.

An unearthly quiet descends as she watches Saggins twitch then lie still. Expressionless, Vanessa turns to the door.

MONTAGE:

* Wermer whirls.

* The Colonel glares.

* Amanda bites her nails.

* Philip crawls backward.

* Stokes, on the toilet-underwear at his ankles, lifts black eyes to stare.

164. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vanessa rounds the corner and into the hall.

MONTAGE:

* Wermer crosses himself.

* The Colonel pounds his chest.

* Amanda claws her face.

* Philip sucks his thumb.

* Stokes rises from the toilet, palms spread.

165. INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Vanessa, fixed, looks down on Orderly #1 - oblivious, still reading, headphones in his ears. Shouts from rooms 1-6 emanate, but he cannot hear.

166. INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The gong from AC/DC's "HELLS BELLS" plays on the headphones as Vanessa descends the stairs. It is only when she is almost upon him that he looks up.

ORDERLY #1

Oh, fuck!

AC/DC

*I'm a rolling thunder, pouring rain
I'm coming on like a hurricane...*

Lunging, she sends him skidding.

AC/DC (CONT'D)

*White lightning's flashing across
the sky...You're only young, but
you're gonna die...*

Scrambling, she comes after him.

AC/DC (CONT'D)

*I won't take no prisoners, won't
spare no lives...Nobody's putting
up a fight...*

Landing on his back, she wraps arms about his head.

AC/DC (CONT'D)
*I got my bell, I'm gonna take you
 to hell...I'm gonna get you, Satan
 get you...*

Desperate, he crushes her between him and stone. Slamming
 once...twice...

AC/DC
Hells Bells...Yeah, hell's bells...

SSSNAAP!

Orderly #1 lies still. Pushing him off, she takes his keys.

167. EXT. ST. MARY - NIGHT

Doors creak to reveal Vanessa, head back, breathing the night
 air; her first taste of freedom in 35 years.

Opening her eyes, she sees the creature crawl from the mist.
 Hideous mouth agape, it rises just in front to reach for her
 face. But, instead of leathery claws tearing her delicate
 skin, fingers suddenly caress. It is **DRACULA (30)** --
 transformed into a rugged, handsome man. His dress and manner
 are more than lore suggests -- modern, even -- and yet, there
 is a menacing certainty about him brimming below the surface.
 Perhaps, the long nails.

A breeze whips Vanessa's hair; eyes expressing longing and
 gratitude that he is there.

DRACULA AND VANESSA'S LIPS DO NOT MOVE.

VANESSA
 You found me.
 (subtitle)

Hypnotic eyes bore into hers.

DRACULA
 Yes. You woke...after all these
 years.
 (beat/smile)
 You called to me.
 (subtitle)

She lowers luxurious eyes.

VANESSA
 I remember everything now.
 (subtitle)

Seductive, she rolls her head back exposing her neck.
 Overcome, he inhales, reaching...desirous.

DRACULA

What would you have me do, my
little half-ling? My gypsy warrior?
(subtitle)

Leaning in, his lips caress her jugular.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You have endured so much. The
pain...the suffering...we are not
meant to live in both worlds.
(subtitle)

Fangs visible, they nuzzle her ear.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

It is...unbearably cruel, no?
(subtitle)

Drawing back, he uses one long nail to lift her chin.

DRACULA

I can give you vengeance if you
wish, or, everlasting peace.
(subtitle)

Vanessa casts her eyes downward. Surprised, he draws back.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You wish to remain the way you are?
(subtitle)

Reaching, she strokes his face, hoping he will understand.

VANESSA

I've grown...accustomed to it.
(subtitle)

Dracula sighs, if only to look up at the moon.

DRACULA

You will be alone...always. Not
vampire...not human.
(subtitle)

Turning she, too, looks to the moon.

VANESSA

I know.
(subtitle)

END SUBTITLES:

Nodding, as if accepting her decision, he leads her to the doors. He stops at the threshold, though, unable to go further.

DRACULA

May I? It's been a long journey.

Vanessa nods, granting him entry. Turning, he stops.

DRACULA

Are you sure this is what you want?

Grabbing his hand, she kisses it. Dracula drops eyes, resigned.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

So be it, then. Before I go,
though, I would give you a gift.

Leaning in, he kisses her forehead. Dizzy, she falls to the threshold, surrounded by mist.

Dracula contemplates her for a moment then turns; doors closing on their own behind him.

168. INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Dracula stands inside the door, all senses at play. Lifting his nose, he breathes the air then snaps eyes right. Orderly #1 is where Vanessa left him -- headphones still on his ears.

Curious, he leans down then, removing them, places them over his ears, making sure they are situated just as Orderly #1 had down. A blast of loud music fills his ears.

AC/DC

Back in black...I hit the sack
I've been too long, I'm glad to be
back...

Snatching them off, he looks curiously at them before setting them down.

Rising, all-out predator now, he lifts his eyes to the stairs.

169. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

BLACKNESS. SCREAMS FILL THE AIR THEN...flickering lights reveal the carnage. Doors are ripped from twisted hinges. Stokes, lying in a corner, is a bloody tangle.

As the Colonel engages in die-hard battle, Wermer, naked, bolts for the stairs. Tripping over Philip's lifeless body, he cracks his skull losing consciousness. A moment later, both face and the cross on his chest are spattered.

Colonel's head in hand, Dracula stands victorious. Tossing it, he contemplates Wermer then, as if remembering, heads for Amanda.

INT. DIFFERENT ROOM #5

170. INT. PATIENT ROOM #5

Amanda preens like a mad woman, cackling stupidly as he advances. A second later, she is catapulted through her mirror; head splitting in two on the other side.

Contemplating her for a moment, he then spins.

171. INT. PATIENT ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Myers, exactly where Vanessa left him, lies helpless as Dracula enters. Eyes wide, he wants to scream, but can't.

FADE TO PRESENT:

172. INT. GUEST ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Aaron, exhausted, lies on the bed (Scene 2). Stopping the recorder he rubs weary, bloodshot eyes.

173. INT. LOBBY/PUB - EARLY MORNING

Sarah enters, unnoticed, to see her father's leg sticking to one side. He's struggling to put a glass away only to have it fall to the floor. Reaching, he tries grabbing it, but can't. The leg won't bend that far.

Heart breaking, she grabs the glass and hands it to him. Grateful, he takes it from her, but before he can say a word, she surprises him with a hug.

174. INT. GUEST ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Exhaling, Aaron pushes "RECORD".

AARON

So, there it is. The end of this bizarre tale. Of course, there's no way of verifying any of it. All the witnesses are either gone or dead.

MONTAGE: SAGGINS, RUTHERFORD, SWINGLE, STOKES, WERMER, THE COLONEL AND AMANDA.

AARON (CONT'D)

But, if it turns out any of this IS true and not just the ramblings of a promising young doctor gone mad, well...I hope Myers at least found peace...

FLASHBACK (SCENE 35): YOUNG MYERS SMILING IN BENSON'S OFFICE.

AARON (CONT'D)

...or, who knows? Maybe St. Mary has a new ghost after all. I'll let you decide. I'm just a kid who doesn't believe in these things.

(beat)

As for Vanessa...one has to wonder what she was like before all this happened.

MONTAGE: VANESSA SMILING/BEAUTIFUL

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

Was she kind? Did she want what every girl dreams of...love and family of her own?

Aaron rests a hand on the journal.

AARON (CONT'D)

I can only imagine she did.

Clicking the recorder off, he lets the hand fall away. A moment later, he packs the journal along with his things.

175. EXT. CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah, stifling a yawn, takes a sip of beer. Looking up, she sees Aaron wading through tables to get to her. Pulling a chair, he sits.

SARAH

Well? Did ye finish?

Grabbing her beer, he drinks.

AARON

You look tired. Are you okay?

SARAH

I am. I dinnae sleep so well last night. All this craziness, ye know? Any more of yer demon?

AARON

No. Thank God!

SARAH

So, yer done? Finished?

Aaron doesn't answer.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What? It went out, yeah?

AARON

Yeah. It went out...expounding all the virtues a golf and country club could bring to a local economy.

A WAITER brings Aaron a beer then departs.

SARAH

But?

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

I don't know. I've got this feeling. Its hard to explain.

SARAH

What feeling?

Aaron straightens.

AARON

Okay. Like, the Governor's happy, Broderick's happy, my father's happy, and me? Well, I've gained permanent employment. No more advances, no more eating noodle soup. You'd think I'd be happy, right? Instead, I feel like some profound shift has occurred. Like everything is somehow different. I don't know...it's weird.

Sarah rolls her eyes.

SARAH

It's called growing up, Fitzpatrick.

Aaron laughs, picking up his beer.

AARON

Maybe.

Sipping, his expression turns serious.

AARON (CONT'D)

Still, I can't help but feel bad for Myers.

SARAH

Yeah?

AARON

Yeah. See, the way I figure it, he was some sort of pet just so she wouldn't be alone.

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

All those years it was Myers who watched over St. Mary. Probably her as well.

SARAH

But, if he was her pet, why kill him?

Aaron shrugs.

AARON

More than likely, he was just a god-awful drunk that outlived his usefulness. He was what? Nearly seventy? Definitely time for a replacement.

SARAH

And the journal? Will ye still write the book? Will you tell the truth of it?

AARON

Don't you mean we? Will *WE* still write the book?

Aaron sets his beer down to put a hand over hers.

AARON (CONT'D)

I...I leave in the morning. Will you come?

Sad, she shakes her head.

SARAH

I...I cannae.

Curious, Aaron cocks his head.

AARON

What made you change your mind?

Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

I thought I could...

AARON

Is it Patrick?

Aaron shadow boxes then grins.

AARON (CONT'D)

You want me to go kick big bad wolf's ass?

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

No. It's just I cannae leave my da.
He's got no one here tae run the
Inn. Tell the truth, I'd miss him
somethin' fierce. I dinnae think I
would, but...

Aaron hides his disappointment.

AARON

I...I understand. Will you spend
one last night with me at least?
You know, as your one and only?

Wiping tears, she smiles and shakes her head.

176. EXT. ALLEYWAY - UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

A lone dog barks in the distance. Inside the Inn, voices sing
and making merry.

Patrick, in the shadows, looks up. Aaron and Sarah are at the
window.

177. INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron and Sarah stand face to face. Reaching, he touches her
cheek and she pulls him to her. The kisses are sweet at first
then, in a flash, a frenzied race to take off their clothes.

Hopping, trying to remove his pants, Aaron falls on his ass.

178. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

Music plays. The Innkeeper, singing with the crowd, hears a
heavy *THWUMP* overhead. Frowning, he looks up only to get
caught up singing again.

179. INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, giggling, falls backward onto the bed. Aaron, joining
her, brushes hair from her face and kisses her.

180. EXT. ALLEYWAY - UGLY GOAT - NIGHT

Patrick flicks open a blade.

PATRICK

I am SO gonna fuck ye!

Enraged, he doesn't notice Dracula (in human form) leaning
casually against a wall. He's tossing Patrick's ball.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Best be off, mate. Before somethin
bad happens, yeah?

Dracula looks over. A smile plays at his lips.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I see! Ye want some of this, do ye?

Patrick holds up the knife.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well, come on then! Come on and get
it!

Dracula pushes away from the wall.

181. EXT. THE UGLY GOAT INN - EARLY MORNING

Light rain falls only to be wiped away by Aaron's only wiper. Setting a bag in the back, he looks up to see Sarah, wrapped in a sheet, looking through the window. Lifting a hand, she places a palm on the glass.

182. INT. GUEST ROOM - DAWN

Sarah watches as Aaron's car lurches onto the street. In her hand is a note. It reads, "If you ever change your mind..." along with an address and phone number. "P.S. I love you...pretty sure it's eternal".

Turning the corner, the car disappears. Slipping to the bed, she lays her head to cry.

183. EXT. ALLEYWAY - THE UGLY GOAT INN - MORNING

The Innkeeper, carrying bottles, exits the pub. He stops short at the sight of Patrick, though. He's inside a garbage can, missing his head. The head, cradled atop the can next to it, has a ball pinned to the top of it with a knife.

184. INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Sarah wakes to police lights flashing the window. Groggy, she sits at the edge of the bed only to feel something beneath. Lifting her hand, she frowns. The crucifix dangles her fingers.

185. EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - MORNING

Goats stand in the rain. Lifting their heads over a stone wall, they chew and stare at Aaron's overturned vehicle; wiper still going -- door ripped from its hinges.

Aaron's phone, in the middle of the road, rings/vibrates Broderick's face along with "6 Missed Calls".

186. INT. CHAMBER - SEASIDE MANSION - DAY

Candles flicker illuminating Aaron's bare neck and chest. He is staring, mesmerized, as Vanessa descends steps; black bikini draping her body. Sweeping a hat off, she holds it out.

Aaron takes it automatically. He can do no other as she stands admiring her new-found catch. Dropping her hand, she rubs his crotch only to watch a tear run his cheek. His eyes plead for her to stop, but she does not -- the strength of her will incalculable.

Leaving him, she turns to a podium holding Rutherford's leather bound journal. Aaron watches as, long hair caressing perfect breasts, high heels accentuating buttocks, she licks a finger to turn a page.

Running a finger down a list, she stops then follows the entry..."Gen-Mut".

SUPERIMPOSE: "GENITAL MUTILATION"

Aaron looks to Rutherford (Dracula's "gift"), naked, tied to a table then to his new found mistress picking through an assortment of medieval devices. Cocking her head, eyeing Rutherford, she lifts a serrated knife.

Eyes bulging, Rutherford screams as Vanessa slices and dices.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: EPILOGUE

187. EXT. ST. MARY HOME - MORNING

Mist surrounds a "SOLD" sign where an auction sign used to be.

Vanessa's solicitor stands with a SET OF KEYS facing the doors. Unlocking them, he pushes them open.

188. INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Louis Vuitton shoes echo as he makes his way to the stairs.

(PHONE RINGS - O.S.)

As he climbs, he sheds his clothing. First the shoes, then the shirt then the pants until...

(PHONE RINGS - O.S.)

189. INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MORNING

...bare buttocks, he arrives completely naked. Turning...

(PHONE RINGS - O.S.)

190. INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

...he walks the hall. It is Alexander Wermer (un-aged); red and gold cross still on his chest.

191. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - LATE MORNING

Sarah, landline to her ear (RINGING), paces behind the bar.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Good Morning, Daily Herald. How can I direct yer call?

SARAH

Hi. I'm lookin' fer Aaron Fitzpatrick...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hold please!

192. INT. PATIENT ROOM #3 - LATE MORNING

Entering, Wermer's feet track new prints over old.

193. INT. BRODERICK'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Rachel sticks her head in to see Broderick pacing his office.

RACHEL

It's about Aaron. Line three.

Broderick snatches the phone.

BRODERICK

WHERE IS HE!?

194. INT. PUB - UGLY GOAT - LATE MORNING

The phone, echoing Broderick's voice, dangles from its cord as Sarah exits the Ugly Goat in search of Aaron.

195. INT. PATIENT ROOM #3 - LATE MORNING

PAN: FROM WERMER'S BARE FEET TO THE DEPICTION OF HIS MOTHER.

Leaning in, he plasters himself, grateful to be with her once more.

FADE OUT:

SUPERIMPOSE CREDITS OVER...

196. EXT. POENARI CASTLE RUINS - NIGHT

Dracula -- hideous, gnarled feet, clings to a wooden beam.

Muted strains can be heard from an ancient pair of 1980 headphones hanging from his ears.

Fiery eyes snap open and he slowly begins to swing...

AC/DC "BACK IN BLACK"

Back in black...I hit the sack
I've been too long, I'm glad to be
back...Yes, I'm let loose
From the noose...That's kept me
hanging about...I've been looking
at the sky...'Cause it's gettin' me
high...Forget the hearse '**cause I
never die...**

THE END.