

THE HALL

Written by

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Adapted from

The Hall

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MEMPHIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY

A black Sedan Limo is parked at the curb. RICHARD, the driver, is a tall, thin, black man holding a sign with the name: MARCUS BISHOP. It's a cold and miserable winter day.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - DAY

MARCUS BISHOP, dragging a suitcases behind. He stops a few feet from Richard. Marcus stands about 6', has dark brown hair, and is dressed in a suit and heavy long wool coat.

MARCUS

Don't you think that's a little absurd, Richard?

RICHARD

Been a long time, boss.

MARCUS

Only two years. I haven't changed that much...I'm happy to be home. No more globetrotting for me.

RICHARD

I'm just glad you're home; I'm tired of runnin' the show.

MARCUS

Oh, come on, don't tell me you didn't like begin' the acting CEO of a multi-million dollar publishing company?

Richard opens the door for Marcus, then loads the baggage into the trunk.

RICHARD

No, it wasn't fun. You can keep it! I think I like my job just fine, thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

Marcus sits in the backseat, Richard driving.

MARCUS

So how is the ol' town?

RICHARD  
More depressing than you left it.

MARCUS  
Damn...Come on, let's head home.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY. - DAY

Limo driving. Freezing rain coming down, wind blowing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

RICHARD glances at the GPS.

RICHARD  
I think we're gonna take a detour;  
GPS says there's an accident on the  
I-55/I-240 interchange.

MARCUS  
That's fine. I'm in no hurry to get  
home.

RICHARD  
I figure you'd be, since you've  
been gone all this time. I'm sure  
you missed home.

MARCUS  
Yeah, I missed home, but business  
calls.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO. - DAY

Runs into another traffic jam on LAMAR AVE.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, boss, there seems to be  
an accident on this road as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO. - DAY

Stuck in traffic. To the RIGHT is ASHLAR HALL.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

Marcus looking out the window. He's drawn to the creepy  
building.

MARCUS  
Richard?

RICHARD  
Yes, boss?

MARCUS  
Can you do me a favor? Can you pull  
over into one of the apartment  
building parking lots?

RICHARD  
What for?

MARCUS  
Well, traffic's at a standstill,  
and I wanted check out that old  
building.

RICHARD  
Ashlar Hall? Are you crazy?!

MARCUS  
What? It's just a dilapidated  
mansion.

RICHARD  
Some say the place is haunted.

MARCUS  
Nonsense! You say that 'cause they  
used to hold a haunted house there.

RICHARD  
No, I've heard a few local folk say  
they've seen and heard things.

MARCUS  
Oh? Like what?

Richard pulls the car into a parking lot.

RICHARD  
Like the gargoyles screaming.

MARCUS  
Come on, that's silly.

Marcus gets out.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Are you coming?

RICHARD  
Oh no, not on your life!

Marcus laughs and closes the door.

MARCUS  
Fine, I'll go by myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Various shots of Marcus walking around the building. He stops on the WEST PORCH and looks in the window.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Beautiful.

A loud shrieking reaches his ears. He steps off porch and looks up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Water dribbles from the mouth of a gargoyle. Wind and rain lash the Hall. More shrieking comes from a different part of the house. Marcus quickly retreats to the Limo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

Marcus climbs in and shuts the door.

MARCUS  
Wow!

RICHARD  
Is that place scary, or what?

MARCUS  
Beautiful, in a decidedly haunting  
fashion.

RICHARD  
Okay, boss, have you had enough  
spookin' for the day?

MARCUS  
Yes, I think so.

Marcus takes off his jacket. Looks out window at Ashlar Hall  
as it disappears behind the apartment buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. - MORNING

Marcus sits up in bed.

CLOSE UP:

Marcus's bloodshot eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN. - DAY

There is knocking on the door. Marcus goes to it and opens.

MARCUS  
Morning.

RICHARD  
You okay, boss?

Marcus rubs his face. He forgot to shave.

MARCUS  
Mmm, didn't sleep well last night.

RICHARD  
That ol' place give you a scare?  
You come out awful quick.

MARCUS  
No, I came out quick 'cause it  
started raining harder.

RICHARD  
Not the way I saw it.

MARCUS

Shut up...

He goes into the kitchen.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You want some breakfast?

RICHARD

Naw, I'm fine.

Marcus has cereal and milk for breakfast.

MARCUS

I wanna take a walk on South Main today...What's been going on down there?

RICHARD

Not much, just a lotta boarded-up warehouses in between a few businesses that managed to make it through the recession.

MARCUS

Such a shame. This city has so much to offer.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS SOUTH MAIN STREET. - DAY

Marcus and Richard stand on a street corner.

MARCUS

Hey, Rich?

RICHARD

Yes, boss?

MARCUS

When we get back, can you bring the car around?

RICHARD

Sure. You wanna make a run to the factory?

MARCUS

Yes, and I also wanna go by Ashlar Hall again.

RICHARD

You're crazy! What is it about that place?

MARCUS  
 I dunno. The architecture's  
 downright amazing. I kinda hate  
 seein' it go to waste. And the  
 location's horrible.

Marcus holds out his hands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 A building like that should be  
 placed on a gently sloping, grassy  
 hill with lots of mature trees  
 around it...Yes, that's what'd do  
 the place justice.

RICHARD  
 (Aghast)  
 Don't tell me you're thinkin' of  
 makin' that a pet project?

MARCUS  
 Maybe.

Crosswalk changes and Marcus and Richard cross the street.

RICHARD  
 Don't you go gettin' me involved in  
 that place, I intend on stayin' as  
 far away as I can. I still says  
 it's haunted.

MARCUS  
 Come on, quit saying that. Yes,  
 it's an imposing looking house, but  
 I hardly think it's haunted.

RICHARD  
 I swear, boss, on my Pappy's grave,  
 you buy that house, I ain't never  
 steppin' one foot in it. No way!

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Marcus's limo pulls up into the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

MARCUS  
 So, I guess you're gonna stay in  
 the car, huh?



RICHARD  
Damn straight!

MARCUS  
Wuss!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO. - DAY

Marcus gets out and goes to the old iron fence in front of Ashlar Hall. He sees a real estate sign, takes out his cell phone, and dials.

MARCUS  
Hello? Yes, my name is Marcus Bishop...Uh, yeah, that Marcus Bishop. You've heard of me? Oh, yes, books, right...Hey, I'm standing here in front of Ashlar Hall, and I'd like to see more of it...You can? Fantastic! Forty-five minutes? Okay, we'll hang out until you get here. Thanks, good-bye.

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

A car pulls up, and PHILLIP BOND gets out. He is an older man in his late 50s with gray hair ringing his head and a short-cropped beard. He finds Marcus on the North Porch steps.

PHILLIP  
Howdy.

Phillip offers his hand. Marcus gets up and takes it.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
Phillip Bond.

MARCUS  
Marcus Bishop.

PHILLIP  
Nice ta meet ya. I've heard lots about your generosity.

MARCUS  
This city's always been kind to me; I wanna give back.

PHILLIP  
Well, we certainly appreciate it...Shall we go take a look inside?

MARCUS  
 Yes, I've been around the outside a few times, so I'm ready to see what the inside has to offer.

Phillip unlocks the door and pushes it open.

PHILLIP  
 Supposedly, nearly everything has been kept as close to original as possible. But I think that's a stretch considering the last use of the building had been a nightclub.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, CENTRAL HALL. - DAY

Marcus walks through the entryway and into the central hall. He stops and gazes up through the upstairs opening.

MARCUS  
 (softly)  
 Wow.

PHILLIP  
 Where would you like to start?

MARCUS  
 Uh, please, lead on.

PHILLIP  
 How about we start to our left and work our way around?

MARCUS  
 Sounds good.

As Marcus follows Phillip into the first room, he feels something brush against the back of his neck (SARA). He glances over his shoulder and finds nothing.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Showing Marcus and Phillip meandering through the house.

MARCUS  
 My God, I never thought the place would look like this!

PHILLIP  
 A rare beauty, huh?

MARCUS  
Definitely. Quite rough, though.  
Being a nightclub didn't do it  
justice.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

More of Marcus and Phillip going through the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Marcus and Phillip are standing in the parking lot.

PHILLIP  
Well, what do you think?

MARCUS  
I like it.

He looks up at the building.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I have to make a few phone calls  
and I'll let you know my decision.

PHILLIP  
It was a pleasure meetin' you, Mr.  
Bishop. I hope we can do business.

Marcus turns to leave.

MARCUS  
I'm sure we can...By the way, I've  
had numerous people say Ashlar Hall  
is haunted. Do you know if there's  
any truth to that?

PHILLIP  
Well, Sir, I can tell you, I've  
been in there quite a few times  
showing it to folks, and I've never  
seen or heard anything strange.

MARCUS  
Right, thanks. I'll be in contact.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ASH BEDROOM. - DAY

SARA is a ghost. She is a nearly translucent skeleton clothed in a cream-colored Victorian dress. Standing next to her is KHYRIPZHUS, a demon who has taken on the form of a gray lion-like gargoyle. It has glowing red eyes, and is about medium dog sized.

They look out the window at Marcus below in the parking lot.

SARA  
Marcus Bishop. Handsome...I want.

She turns to Khyripzhus.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Kill him.

KHYRIPZHUS  
Yes, Sara.

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus is asleep in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus is having a dream. He sees a ghostly woman in a cream-colored Victorian dress (SARA). She is holding a small black and white purse. She stops in front of Marcus and opens it. A demon, (KHYRIPZHUS) shrieks and leaps out.

Marcus turns to run, the demon chases him. He looks over his shoulder and realizes there are seven demons chasing him. He runs through some trees and tries to hide. The demons converge on him, attacking. He falls down a black hole.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus crashes to the floor as he falls out of bed. He is covered with sweat, gasping for air. He looks around wildly.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. - MORNING

Marcus is face down in bed. He sniffs a few time, raises his head, and realizes Richard is holding a cup of coffee near his face.

RICHARD  
Rise and shine, beautiful.

Marcus pulls the covers over his head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Come on, you got work today. The plans for the paper mill are sittin' on your desk.

MARCUS  
Leave me alone. I had a horrible nightmare last night.

RICHARD  
See, I told you, that ol' place is gonna haunt you.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

The office is small, cramped, cluttered, dark, and decorated in furniture left over from the 80s. There is one small window on a side wall. Marcus is at the desk. Richard is sitting on the old leather sofa.

MARCUS  
Hey, Rich?

RICHARD  
Yeah, boss?

MARCUS  
I wanna take a drive north today.

RICHARD  
Why? I thought you were gonna situate the paper mill on President's Island?

MARCUS  
Yes, that's my intention...I wanna go north to see where some green space is.

RICHARD  
Green space?

MARCUS  
You know, trees, grass, fields,  
flowers--green space.

RICHARD  
What on earth for?

MARCUS  
If I buy Ashlar Hall, and move it,  
I need somewhere to put an eleven  
thousand square-foot mansion. I  
want a nice few acres of green in  
which to put it.

Richard rolls his eyes.

RICHARD  
You're not gonna leave well enough  
alone, are you?

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS  
Nope.

Richard leaves. Marcus picks up the phone.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Amelia, would you come in here  
please?

A few moments later, AMELIA walks in.

AMELIA  
You rang?

MARCUS  
Can you get on the internet, or  
maybe even the phone book and find  
me a building mover?

AMELIA  
A what?

MARCUS  
A building mover. Some company that  
can pick up a big ol' building and  
move it to another location. You  
know, like those house movers.

AMELIA  
Oh, right. Yes, I see...But why do  
you want it?

MARCUS  
You've spent your whole life in  
Memphis, right?

AMELIA  
Yes, haven't found any reason to  
leave.

MARCUS  
Well, then I'm sure you know about  
Ashlar Hall.

AMELIA  
Of course I do. My mother used to  
take to me garden parties there  
when I was little...It's a shame  
that Ashlar Hall lost all its  
property and those hideous  
highrises are there now.

MARCUS  
What would you think if I bought  
Ashlar Hall and moved it to  
someplace more befitting?

AMELIA  
Oh, I don't know. I'm not sure if  
the ghosts would be very happy.

Marcus puts his hands on his face.

MARCUS  
Please, not you too!

AMELIA  
Marcus, honey, everyone knows that  
Ashlar Hall is haunted.

MARCUS  
Come on, Amelia, it's just stories.  
People make 'em up because the  
building's spooky looking.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENT'S ISLAND. - DAY

Marcus is concluding some business. Richard holds the limo  
door open for him.

RICHARD  
You gettin' hungry?

MARCUS  
Actually I am.

RICHARD  
I'm so hungry my stomach's touchin'  
my spine.

MARCUS  
 Good, we'll grab lunch and head  
 north.

Marcus's cell phone rings. He answers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Hello? Oh, hi Amelia...I what? I  
 do? Why didn't you tell me about  
 this earlier? You forgot...And I  
 thought I hired you to keep me from  
 forgetting things...Yes, yes, I'll  
 be there...Thanks...Bye.

He hangs up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Wonderful.

RICHARD  
 What?

MARCUS  
 She called to remind me that I have  
 a black-tie function at the  
 convention center tonight...Some  
 charity event I agreed to be part  
 of.

RICHARD  
 Is that the bachelor auction?

MARCUS  
 (frowning)  
 Dear God, I hope not.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMPHIS CONVENTION CENTER, STEAMBOAT ROOM. - NIGHT

The room is packed with 400+ women, cheering and screaming as  
 a bachelor is being auctioned on stage. Marcus enters the  
 room and stops. He is dressed in a tux, unshaven.

Marcus makes his way down the side of the room and finds  
 JILLIAN PATE. She is in her mid to late 40s, blonde,  
 beautiful, and very rich.

JILLIAN  
 Oh, Marcus, I'm so glad you made  
 it. I was getting worried.

MARCUS  
 (sheepishly)  
 Well, I'm here.



Jillian plays with his hair.

JILLIAN  
Ah, and looking handsome as always.

MARCUS  
Uh, yeah, I was goin' for the rugged look.

JILLIAN  
You certainly nailed it.

The bidding for the bachelor on stage reaches \$5,000, and he is sold.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, cutie, you're up next.

MARCUS  
Aw, shit.

As Marcus walks up the steps to the stage, Jillian gives him a pat on the behind. Marcus looks over his shoulder at her. He goes on stage and squints in the bright lights.

ANNOUNCER  
And now, ladies, our last and final bachelor for the night.

Marcus tries to see into the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Marcus is a thirty-five-year-old native Memphian. He's the owner of Bishop Publishing Company, a multi-million dollar corporation that employs over one thousand local residents...He's just over six feet tall, and weighs one hundred ninety pounds...Marcus enjoys foreign travel to exotic locations, quiet walks around downtown, and a good glass of wine. How much to start for an opening bid?

WOMAN 1  
One thousand!

WOMAN 2 (JENI)  
Two thousand!

The bidding war goes on until Marcus's price is \$9,000.

ANNOUNCER  
I have a high bid of nine thousand, any more bids?

WOMAN 1  
Nine-five!

WOMAN 2 (JENI)  
Ten thousand!

Silence falls on the crowd.

ANNOUNCER  
Ten thousand going once, twice,  
sold!

There is wild cheering from the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Thank you ladies for your  
generosity. The proceeds from the  
auction tonight will benefit St.  
Jude's Children's Hospital.

Marcus walks off the stage. Jillian meets him.

JILLIAN  
Fabulous, dear, you were the  
highest bid of the evening.

MARCUS  
Where do I meet the lady who won  
me?

JILLIAN  
There's a payment table in the back  
of the room.

MARCUS  
Oh, right...Good seeing you again,  
Jillian.

Marcus hurries off. He goes to the payment table and waits in  
line. The bachelor ahead of him leaves with his buyer. There  
is no woman waiting for Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Hello. Where's the lady that bought  
me?

AUCTION CASHIER  
She had to take an important call;  
she said she'd be right back.

MARCUS  
If I may ask, who was it that  
purchased me?

AUCTION CASHIER  
Jeni Turner.

MARCUS

Oh, is she kin to Ted Turner or something?

AUCTION CASHIER

Nope, sorry. I don't have much info on her.

JENI TURNER rounds the corner and stops at the table. She has shoulder length rusty auburn hair and green eyes. She is wearing a tan dress that resembles a business suit. Marcus is taken by her beauty.

JENI

Hello.

MARCUS

Evenin'.

Jeni opens her little purse and nervously dumps everything out on the table. Finding her checkbook, she writes the check and hands it over.

JENI

Well, that's done.

She thrusts her hand out at Marcus.

JENI (CONT'D)

Jeni Turner.

MARCUS

Nice to meet you.

He shakes hands gently.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I suppose I need no introduction.

JENI

No, not at all.

MARCUS

I don't believe I've ever seen you at one of these events before.

JENI

No, this is my first, last, and only charity event.

MARCUS

Oh, pity to hear that...Well, I'll endeavor to make our evening out a nice one.

JENI  
Thanks, because it just cost me  
three years of savings.

MARCUS  
You saved up three years to go on a  
date with me?

JENI  
(squeaking)  
Yes.

MARCUS  
May I ask why?

Jeni looks down at her feet.

JENI  
I love your books.

MARCUS  
My books? Uh, I don't write books,  
I just publish 'em.

JENI  
Yes, I know...Uh, let me start  
over...My name is Jeni Turner, and  
I write a book blog for the  
Commercial Appeal.

Marcus folds his arms, smiling.

MARCUS  
Now I get it.

JENI  
I've read stories about what you've  
done for Memphis, and after I saw a  
picture of you on your website,  
well...I've kinda had a major crush  
on you.

She cringes.

JENI (CONT'D)  
God that was really awkward!

MARCUS  
(chuckles)  
I'm flattered.

JENI  
I feel like a school girl that's  
now face to face with the cutest  
guy in class.

MARCUS

Well, you get this cute guy all to yourself for a night...Speaking of, when would you like to have our date?

JENI

Gee, I've got such a busy social calendar.

MARCUS

That sounds like bullshit to me.

JENI

Yeah, completely...In truth, I haven't been out with a guy in probably four years.

MARCUS

Why not?

JENI

I guess lack of effort on my part. Geez, I almost chickened out coming here tonight.

MARCUS

I'm glad you didn't.

He points over his shoulder.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You saved me from the likes of them.

JENI

(giggles)

Well, is guess in this book, the heroine saves the day.

They laugh.

MARCUS

So do I publish good books?

JENI

Yes, don't you read any of them?

MARCUS

Oh, hell, I'm usually so busy I hardly get time to read...Hey, you never did tell me when you want our date?

JENI  
 Umm, well, this Friday I'm covering  
 a reading by a local author, but  
 Saturday, I'm available.

MARCUS  
 You're gonna make this bachelor  
 wait a whole week?

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a business card.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 There's my phone number. When you  
 call, my secretary, Amelia, will  
 get the details of where I should  
 pick you up...And if there's  
 someplace in particular you'd like  
 to go, let her know...Money is no  
 object.

He steps close, leans down, and gives her a gentle kiss on  
 the cheek.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Until then, Jeni Turner.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMPHIS CONVENTION CENTER, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus walks out of the room, Richard is waiting for him.

RICHARD  
 So, you like your date?

MARCUS  
 I think I was the luckiest guy in  
 there tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus comes out of his office, tying his tie. Amelia is at  
 her desk.

MARCUS  
 Amelia, any messages for me?

AMELIA  
 Oh, actually you've got three.

She hands him the slips of paper.

MARCUS

Ah, good, a message from the owner of the parcel of land up north. One from a building mover...And, most important, one from Jeni...She didn't say where she wanted to eat?

AMELIA

No, she only gave me the address and about what time she wanted to be picked up.

MARCUS

Hmm, maybe she's leaving that up to me?

Amelia gets up and fusses with Marcus's tie.

AMELIA

I don't know. She sounded like a lovely girl.

She finishes fussing with his tie, then runs her hands down the lapels of his coat. Marcus leans over and gives her a peck on the cheek.

MARCUS

Thanks, Mom...And yes, she's a lovely girl.

He returns to his office.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus sits down at his desk, slips of paper in hand. He picks up the phone and dials.

MARCUS

Good afternoon, my name is Marcus Bishop, and I live in Memphis. There's an old building that I'm interested in buying, but it sits in a terrible location...I'd like to have it moved.

He opens a drawer and takes out a flyer of the building.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's over eleven thousand square feet, and has a full basement...Uh, stone exterior with heavy timber framing...Age of the building?

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Uh, let's see...Built in  
 1896...Yes, I have more information  
 on it. Would you like me to email  
 that?

He grabs a pen and writes down the email address.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 I'll get everything I have and send  
 it to you shortly...No, I'm not  
 particularly pressed for time. I  
 still have to purchase the land  
 it's going on...All right, thank  
 you...Good-bye.

Marcus hangs up. He takes the building flyer and compares it  
 to the message from Jeni.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Jeni is at 1387 Central Avenue.  
 Ashlar Hall is at 1397 Central  
 Avenue. Is she right next-door to  
 it?

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT

Jeni is panicking as she tries to get ready for her date with  
 Marcus. There is knocking on the door.

JENI  
 Oh, God, that's got to be him!

She goes to the door and opens it. Marcus is dressed in a  
 black suit and holding a white rose.

MARCUS  
 Good evening.

JENI  
 Hi.

He presents the rose to her.

MARCUS  
 For a lovely lady.

JENI  
 Thank you, it's beautiful.

MARCUS  
 Uh, in the message you left, you  
 didn't say where you wanted to eat.

Jeni grabs her purse and closes the door.



JENI  
I really wasn't sure.

MARCUS  
Well, there's lots of great places  
to eat...Money is no object, I'm  
yours for the evening.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENI'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT

Richard waits at the curb. He holds the door open to the  
limo.

JENI  
Wow, a limo.

MARCUS  
Yeah, Richard is my babysitter. I  
don't tend to be a very good  
driver.

They climb into the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are in the back.

MARCUS  
Hey, you still haven't said where  
you wanna go for dinner.

JENI  
Where do you like to go?

MARCUS  
Me?

JENI  
Yes. I'm sure you have a favorite  
haunt.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS  
Yes, I do.

He leans through the glass partition window to the front  
seat. After a moment, he sits back, and yanks his tie off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Okay, on our way.

JENI  
Downtown?

MARCUS  
Of course! And on more than one occasion after a crazy night, I've staggered back to my apartment...Not sure how I didn't get run over or mugged, but I always made it home.

JENI  
So you live in downtown?

MARCUS  
Yeah, 67 Madison.

JENI  
I've heard that's quite a nice place.

MARCUS  
It's okay. Actually, I'm in the process of seeking another, more interesting abode.

JENI  
Downtown?

MARCUS  
Nope. In fact I think you know the place.

JENI  
I do?

MARCUS  
Yes, it's quite close to you.

JENI  
Snowden House?

MARCUS  
Uh, not exactly. And even closer.

JENI  
I'm afraid I don't have a clue.

MARCUS  
What's right next-door to your building?

JENI  
Ashlar Hall? Oh, God, that place is creepy! You're gonna buy it?

MARCUS  
It interests me.

JENI  
You're gonna trade your upscale  
downtown living for an old, creepy  
castle in a bad part of town? Are  
you crazy?

MARCUS  
Richard seems to think I am.

JENI  
I've heard it's haunted.

MARCUS  
Everyone says that! Besides, I'm  
looking to relocate the hall to  
another, more suitable tract of  
land to the north of here.

JENI  
How the hell are you going to move  
a building that big?

MARCUS  
They have companies that can come  
in and move the building. Although  
I reckon they'll have to  
disassemble it to move it to the  
new location.

JENI  
So you're gonna pick up the  
building and move it just like  
that?

MARCUS  
Yeah!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEALE STREET. - NIGHT

Marcus's limo pulls up in front of the BLUES CITY CAFE.  
Richard gets out and opens the back door. Marcus gets out and  
helps Jeni.

JENI  
Blues City Cafe?

MARCUS  
Yup, does that suit you?

JENI  
I love that place!

RICHARD

What time do you want me to pick you up?

MARCUS

How about I just give you a call?

CUT TO:

INT. BLUES CITY CAFE. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are at a table tucked away in a corner. Blues music plays from a band, the place is noisy. They are partway through dinner. Marcus chomps on a rib, then licks the BBQ sauce off his fingers. Jeni laughs.

MARCUS

What? Never seen a millionaire lick his fingers? It's good stuff!

JENI

You're not at all what I expected.

MARCUS

I'm not?

JENI

Oh, I don't mean it in a bad way-- sorry. What I meant was, when I read your bio on the website, you seemed like a rather stiff and starched individual who's generous but aloof.

MARCUS

Well, what do you expect? It was written by someone paid to do the website for the company.

JENI

Why didn't you have them change it?

MARCUS

Hmm, in a way, it's kinda close. Maybe more eccentric than aloof, but then again, I don't seem to have much of a life, so maybe I come across like that.

He finishes the last rib and gives his fingers a thorough licking.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Are you up for dessert?

JENI  
Dessert? I'm stuffed!

MARCUS  
A walk on Beale Street?

CUT TO:

INT. BLUES CITY CAFE. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are leaving. Just as Marcus goes to open the door, it is opened from the outside. PRINCE MONGO peers in at them.

PRINCE MONGO  
Good evening, Spirits.

MARCUS  
Evening.

He guides Jeni out the door past Mongo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEALE STREET. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni walk along the street. There is a storm brewing.

MARCUS  
Interesting person.

JENI  
Yeah, that's Prince Mongo. He owns Ashlar Hall.

MARCUS  
Oh? You know, I've lived here all my life, and that's the first time I've actually seen him.

JENI  
How can you not have seen the Prince?

MARCUS  
Dunno, just never have.

JENI  
Well, now you have. From what I've heard, he claims to hail from the planet Zambodia, and is 333 years old.

MARCUS  
 (chuckling)  
 Uh, okay.

JENI  
 Don't get him wrong, he's evidently  
 a shrewd businessman. He owns lots  
 of properties in downtown,  
 especially near the  
 waterfront...He's run for mayor a  
 few times and always loses...Some  
 say he's got millions.

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus walks Jeni to her door.

JENI  
 I had a great time.

MARCUS  
 So did I.

He leans down and gently kisses her, lingering slightly. As he draws back, he smiles.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Uh, so, um, when can I see you  
 again?

JENI  
 What? You wanna go out again?

MARCUS  
 I'd like to very much. Really, I  
 had a wonderful time.

He takes out another business card and writes down a  
 different number.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Here, this is my cell number--I  
 promise I'll either answer it, or  
 call you back.

JENI  
 Um, thanks. Wow, a second date?

MARCUS  
 Second, third, forth...Who know?

He turns to leave.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Until we meet again, Miss Turner.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus slides between the sheets.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus begins to dream. He sees Ashlar Hall, dark sky, twisted black trees. He looks to an upstairs bedroom and sees glowing red eyes. The eyes transform into the goggles of Prince Mongo.

PRINCE MONGO (V.O.)  
Do not trifle with the spirits...Do  
not trifle with the spirits.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus opens his eyes and sits up abruptly. He looks around for a moment, then goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus sees the woman in the Victorian dress. He turns to run, but green vines capture his legs. He tries to flee. The woman approaches and opens her purse. Glowing red eyes peer from it. Slowly the demon crawls out and circles Marcus. It shrieks.

MARCUS  
No! What do you want from me?

Marcus struggles more, the vines release, he stands. The demon rises up until it is eye-level with Marcus. It wears Mongo's gold goggles.

KHYRIPZHUS  
Do not trifle with the spirits.

The lenses of the goggles burn bright red.

CUT TO:

INT. AMELIA'S OFFICE, PRINTING FACTORY. - EVENING

Marcus comes from his office. Amelia looks up and sees him.

AMELIA

How was your date with Jeni?

MARCUS

Mmm, she's wonderful. I can't wait to see her again. I'm gonna head home, see you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT

Marcus trudges through the door, tossing keys on the kitchen counter. He gets a beer and then plops down in his chair in the living room. He takes a few drinks. His cell phone rings.

MARCUS

Hello? Jeni! Nice to hear from you...No, no, you're not interrupting anything, I just got home from work...Ugh, what a day! I don't even wanna talk about it. Uh, me? No, nothin' right now, just drinkin' a beer...Get together? Us? Oh, uh, yeah, I'd like to...I'll see you shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus stops at Jeni's door and knocks. She opens.

MARCUS

Evenin'. Have you had dinner?

JENI

Um, no, actually I haven't.

MARCUS

Good, let's go find something to eat.

JENI

You like pizza?

MARCUS

Sure.

CUT TO:



EXT. COLETTA'S PIZZA. - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and Marcus gets out. He helps Jeni.

MARCUS  
Coletta's, eh?

JENI  
Yeah, good food, comfy atmosphere,  
and nice people.

MARCUS  
I'm game.

CUT TO:

INT. COLETTA'S PIZZA. - NIGHT

An empty pizza pan and several carafes of wine litter the table where Marcus and Jeni sit.

MARCUS  
When I was in China, I was taken  
out to dinner by some publishing  
big wigs; there was one dish I  
think still had the hair on the  
skin of whatever animal it used to  
be.

JENI  
Ew! How revolting! Did you eat it?

MARCUS  
Uh, no. I found some barbecued  
duck; more my style.

JENI  
Ah, spoken like a true Memphian.

Marcus puts his hand over his heart.

MARCUS  
I'm just a simple Southern gent.

Jeni reaches over and takes his hand.

JENI  
You? Simple? I don't think so.

MARCUS  
No, really, I am. Just 'cause I was  
born into a rich family doesn't  
mean I'm some deep, complex person.  
Hardly!

JENI  
Your parents--

MARCUS  
What about 'em? They're gone.

JENI  
I'm sorry.

MARCUS  
Killed by a drunk driver on the way  
home from a charity event.

JENI  
Oh my God!

MARCUS  
I was twenty, living at home, going  
to college...With a year left in  
school, having to bury my parents,  
and run a publishing  
company...Small wonder I didn't  
have a mental breakdown.

He drinks the last of his wine.

JENI  
How come after all this time you're  
not married?

MARCUS  
Mmm, it's a combination of lack of  
time and lack of availability.

JENI  
What about all the high-society  
women?

Marcus shrugs his shoulders.

MARCUS  
What about 'em?

JENI  
Don't you go out with them? I mean,  
for all I've ever seen, money tends  
to stick with money.

MARCUS  
I want a relationship, not a  
business partnership. I want  
someone to love me just the way I  
am: plain, simple, uncomplicated  
me.

He puts both hands onto Jeni's hand. Rising up, he leans across the table and kisses her. Jeni cups her hand to the side of his face, feeling his stubble. Their lips part.

JENI  
Oh.

MARCUS  
Are you okay?

JENI  
More than okay.

MARCUS  
Once in a while I like to do something impetuous.

Jeni blinks a couple of times.

JENI  
I'd say!

CUT TO:

INT. COLETTA'S PIZZA. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are getting ready to leave. Marcus helps Jeni into her coat, then puts on his.

MARCUS  
Oh, I had too much to drink!

JENI  
Yeah, so did I.

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni stand in front of her door. Jeni works the lock, opening the door.

JENI  
I had a wonderful time tonight.

MARCUS  
Me too.

He leans forward and catches her lips; although it's more of a controlled fall. He crashes through the doorway into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S APARTMENT. - MORNING

The ringing of Marcus's cell phone wakes him. He's in Jeni's bed with her. He struggles to answer the phone, realizing it's not where it's supposed to be.

MARCUS  
Hello? Oh, Richard, hi. Umm, no,  
I'm not home.

He rolls over and sees Jeni. She is smiling.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I'm at Jeni's...Meeting with Prince  
Mongo? What time? Crap. Come get  
me...Bye.

He looks at Jeni.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Uh, hi.

Jeni giggles.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Is there something I need to know?

JENI  
Uh, last night, you were so drunk,  
you kinda fell in my door.

MARCUS  
I did?

JENI  
Yeah, you passed out.

MARCUS  
I didn't make an ass out of myself  
or do anything un-gentlemanly, did  
I?

JENI  
No, no, you were so blitzed, I  
helped get you undressed, and put  
you to bed.

Marcus lifts the covers to see what state of undress he is in.

MARCUS  
I do apologize for being so drunk.

He pulls the covers off and swings his legs around.

JENI  
Are you okay?

MARCUS  
Don't suppose you have a couple of  
aspirin?

JENI  
Do you want that with a coffee  
chaser?

Marcus collects his clothes from the floor.

MARCUS  
That would be lovely.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus is sitting at his desk. He's a bit hungover from his  
night with Jeni. The desk phone rings. He answers.

MARCUS  
Yes? Please show them in.

He stands, brushing his hands down his coat. The door opens,  
and Marcus's lawyer, BRENT GIBSON, enters, followed by Prince  
Mongo, and his lawyer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Good morning, gentlemen.

BRENT  
Marcus.

Prince Mongo steps forward and offers his hand.

PRINCE MONGO  
Spirit Marcus.

MARCUS  
Pleasure to meet you. Please, have  
a seat.

Everyone sits down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I appreciate you meeting with me  
today, as I'm very interested in  
purchasing Ashlar Hall.

PRINCE MONGO  
Why do you wanna buy my castle?

MARCUS  
It fascinates me. I like the  
architecture.

PRINCE MONGO  
Mmm, it is a unique building.

MARCUS  
The asking price is a million and a half...I'm interested in hearing what you think is a fair price.

PRINCE MONGO  
I believe my asking price is quite fair. You know, you're not the only offer on the table.

MARCUS  
If you're interested in selling, I'm sure you have an agreeable figure in mind.

Prince Mongo gets up and walks around. His bare feet scuffing on the floor.

PRINCE MONGO  
How much do you know about me?

MARCUS  
You're a businessman like me...A tad curious, but a businessman.

PRINCE MONGO  
Yes, and on top of that, I'm quite fond of charity work. I did a little reading up on you, and that seems to be an interest of yours as well.

MARCUS  
My father taught me to take care of those who are less fortunate. I do my best to provide jobs in this town.

Prince Mongo stops his circling.

PRINCE MONGO  
A noble undertaking...My proposal: the price is one and a half million.

He holds his finger up to stop Marcus from saying anything.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
I shall discount the price to one and a quarter--provided you donate the rest to a homeless shelter.

MARCUS  
That's it?

PRINCE MONGO  
I believe that's fair enough.

MARCUS  
(chuckles)  
Amusing.

PRINCE MONGO  
Amusing?

MARCUS  
You haven't read enough about me.  
I've been trying to purchase an old  
warehouse on South Main for over a  
year. Plans were to turn it into a  
shelter and work rehabilitation  
center.

PRINCE MONGO  
Well, I'll be. How come I've never  
heard of it?

MARCUS  
The mayor's been giving me hell  
about it; says it'll run down the  
value of businesses there.

PRINCE MONGO  
He's not at all a politician, rat  
turd more like.

They laugh.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Perhaps with our combined interest,  
finances, and power, we can make  
Mr. Mayor see it differently...I  
own a group of warehouses on South  
Main. Maybe we can discuss this at  
greater length.

Marcus stands.

MARCUS  
I agree to your proposal. An  
alliance between us, however  
unusual, might help both of us  
attain our goals.

He offers his hand to Mongo. They shake.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I guess this settles it. We'll let  
our lawyers figure out the details.

Mongo turns to leave.

PRINCE MONGO  
I hope, Spirit Marcus, we can work  
together to turn this town back  
into something. It's a sad state,  
what it's become.

MARCUS  
Gonna be an uphill battle...Oh,  
Prince, I have a question?

PRINCE MONGO  
What?

MARCUS  
Folks have told me your castle is  
haunted.

Mongo opens the door. The two lawyers file out ahead of him.

PRINCE MONGO  
If I may offer advice--don't trifle  
with the spirits.

Mongo exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP RESTAURANT. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are having dinner. A bottle of champagne sits  
by the table. Marcus picks up his glass.

MARCUS  
Here's to the new bachelor pad.

JENI  
I can't believe you bought that  
place. It's so creepy.

MARCUS  
It's not creepy, just imposing.  
Have you ever been inside?

JENI  
No.

MARCUS  
It's beautiful. Once restored,  
it'll be quite cozy.

JENI  
You gotta get it moved first.

MARCUS  
I'm not looking forward to that  
part.



He takes a bite of steak.

JENI

Marcus? How did you meet Richard?

MARCUS

I found him about six years ago wanderin' around South Main. He'd lost his job, his wife divorced him, and he was days away from being homeless. There was something about him...I pulled over and asked if he needed help. He broke down and cried.

JENI

That's so sad.

MARCUS

He's a terribly proud man. Wouldn't take a handout. So I offered him a job. He started on the floor, moving paper. He showed me he was a hard worker...When I was having some problems with the business, and had a series of car accidents, I asked him to be my driver.

JENI

You picked him up from destitution and made him into something.

MARCUS

No I didn't.

JENI

But you just said--

MARCUS

I said I offered him a job. Richard took it upon himself to do the best he could.

He takes a drink.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Why do you think I'm building the new paper mill here? There're cheaper places to put it. No, I'm building it here so I can offer jobs to people who need them.

JENI

You're the knight in the shiny black business suit.

There is an uneasy silence for a few moments.

MARCUS

Umm, hey. I was wondering if you'd like to join me back at my place for drinks?

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT

Marcus approaches Jeni with a glass of brandy. She takes it and sets it down on a table. Putting her arms around him, she kisses him.

JENI

I'll have that later...But for now, I want you to make love to me, Marcus Bishop.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Series of shots as Marcus and Jeni make love.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are curled up together. Marcus drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

He is walking up the driveway to Ashlar Hall. The building now sits on a beautiful, grassy hill with fields and trees around it. He stops at the North Porch. Jeni is seated under a tree reading a book. The door opens, and he sees a pair of red eyes peering from the blackness.

Marcus turns to run, but is captured by black, snake-like tendrils. He cannot move. The woman in the Victorian dress comes out. She waves to him, beckoning him inside. The gargoyles climb from their places on the roof and circle him. They snap and snarl.

Marcus is dragged into the house by the tendrils. They stop in the middle of the central hall. The gargoyles group around him. Marcus sees Mongo standing on the grand staircase.

MARCUS

Please help me!

Mongo shakes his head slowly.

PRINCE MONGO  
I told you not to trifle with the  
spirits.

A column of black smoke engulfs Mongo. He disappears. Marcus  
tries to fight the demons.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus thrashes about in bed. He wakes Jeni.

JENI  
Marcus? Marcus?

Marcus sits up, opening his eyes.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus, are you okay?

MARCUS  
Yeah, just a bad dream.

He snuggles up with her and goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONGO'S WAREHOUSES ON MAIN. - DAY

Marcus, Richard, and Mongo come out one of the doors.

MARCUS  
I think the place shows real  
promise. We'll have to set up some  
time to devise a game plan.

PRINCE MONGO  
Good. It'll be nice to see these  
ol' buildings used for somethin'  
positive.

MARCUS  
Well, you got me for a quarter  
million, probably more.

PRINCE MONGO  
So you're gonna donate that to our  
charity?

MARCUS

Why not? Only makes sense. I guess  
our next fight will be with city  
council.

PRINCE MONGO

Then I shall gird up my loins with  
Zambodian armor and prepare for  
battle!

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus is in bed. He slowly opens his eyes and sees a pair of red ones staring back. Khyripzhus is clinging to the ceiling. Marcus looks around and realizes his bed is surrounded by demon gargoyles.

MARCUS

What do you want?

The gargoyles close in. Marcus springs from bed and runs out of the room. He is dressed only in a pair of boxer shorts.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT. - NIGHT

Marcus runs to the living room and finds more gargoyles. They shriek and scream. He is desperate to get away. The ones from the bedroom follow.

MARCUS

Go away! Get out of here! You're  
not gonna scare me!

Khyripzhus moves in closer. Marcus backs away.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's my house...You should be happy  
I bought it. I'm gonna move it, and  
bring it back to what it used to  
be...I don't want any ill feelings.  
Can't you understand?

Khyripzhus stands up and lets out a loud shriek. Marcus hurriedly gets the front door open and escapes.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus finds the stairs and hurries toward the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT, ROOFTOP. - NIGHT

Marcus bursts out the door and slips on the gravel roof, falling. He gets up. The gargoyles force him back to the wall at the edge of the roof.

MARCUS

Please, please go away, spirits. I don't mean to upset you.

The demons snarl and move closer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Can't you understand, I mean you no harm.

Khyripzhus shrieks and snaps at Marcus, forcing him onto the wall. Marcus slowly climbs up, turning away from the attackers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No, I don't wanna die!

As he is looking out over the Mississippi river and some of the Memphis landmarks, a cold breeze hits Marcus, waking him up. He blinks a few times, getting coherent.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh!

He looks over his shoulder to find no gargoyles. Gripped in fear, Marcus lurches backward and falls heavily to the roof landing on his back and side. The sharp gravel pierces him like razorblades.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. - DAY

Marcus and Brent Gibson, his lawyer, walk into the building. They find Mongo with his lawyer waiting. Mongo is dressed in a white fuzzy loin cloth, t-shirt, green top coat, and an assortment of beaded jewelry. His goggles cover his eyes, and he carries a large bone in one hand.

PRINCE MONGO

Good morning, Spirit Marcus. Are you okay?

MARCUS  
 Didn't sleep well last night.

PRINCE MONGO  
 Are the spirits haunting you?

MARCUS  
 No.

He looks at Mongo's attire.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Nice loincloth. I thought you'd be wearing your Zambodian armor.

PRINCE MONGO  
 Oh, I am, but it's invisible.

He waves his arms around his body.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
 Zambodian armor is spiritual armor. It's designed to protect the wearer from the evil spirits of city council.

Marcus tugs at his coat cuff.

MARCUS  
 Gotcha. Mmm, I guess that means I'm wearin' my Armani armor.

They chuckle.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 From lookin' at the folks I saw headin' into the meeting room, we're gonna need all the help we can get.

PRINCE MONGO  
 How about I give you some Zambodian armor?

He waves his hands around Marcus.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
 There, now you got some too.

MARCUS  
 Uh, thanks.

Mongo wags his finger at Marcus.

PRINCE MONGO  
 You have to be special to get that. I don't hand it out to everyone.

MARCUS

The gesture is appreciated, I assure you.

They walk toward the meeting room doors.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING. - DAY

Marcus and Mongo walk out of the meeting room. Both are smiling.

PRINCE MONGO

Ah, I think we need to celebrate.

MARCUS

Now?

PRINCE MONGO

Yes, I have a nice stash of vintage champagne in the cellar of The Butcher Shop.

MARCUS

I have a meeting shortly. Can we postpone the festivities until this evening?

PRINCE MONGO

Oh, I don't see why not.

MARCUS

Good. And hopefully by then we'll have more good news to celebrate.

PRINCE MONGO

Another business deal?

MARCUS

You'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP RESTAURANT. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni come in. They find Mongo waiting for them.

PRINCE MONGO

Evenin' Spirit Marcus, Spirit Jeni. I got us a nice table. The owner's bringin' up a couple bottles of the good stuff.

MARCUS

Very nice.

PRINCE MONGO

Where's Spirit Richard? Is he not joining us?

MARCUS

Umm, well, normally he doesn't dine with me when it's business.

PRINCE MONGO

Spirit Marcus! This is not business, this is a celebration!

MARCUS

Okay, okay, I'll get him. Would you please see to Jeni for me?

PRINCE MONGO

Certainly!

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP RESTAURANT. - NIGHT

Marcus, Jeni, and Richard sit at the table. Mongo is standing, easing a cork out of a champagne bottle. He pours glasses for all, returns the bottle to the bucket, and picks up his glass.

PRINCE MONGO

A toast, to victory over the city council, and the beginning of the shelter.

MARCUS

Here, here.

They clink glasses. Marcus takes a sip and sets his down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

My turn.

He gets up, goes around to Jeni, and drops to one knee. Reaching into his coat pocket, he produces a small box. Jeni gasps.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Miss Jeni Turner, would you do me the honor of marrying me?

He opens the box. Jeni puts her hands to her face in shock.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Jeni?



PRINCE MONGO  
Well, come on, girl!

Jeni looks at Mongo, Richard, and then Marcus.

JENI  
Yes.

Mongo jumps up and lets out a loud whoop.

PRINCE MONGO  
May the spirits of Zambodia bless  
this marriage!

Marcus slides the ring on her finger. There is applause from all over the restaurant.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Spirit Marcus?

MARCUS  
Yes, Prince?

PRINCE MONGO  
I'm ordained by the High Priest on  
Zambodia to perform marriages here  
on earth, would you like me to  
marry you?

MARCUS  
(chuckling)  
Uh, not just yet. I think Jeni and  
I wanna have some time to think  
this through.

PRINCE MONGO  
Well, should you desire my  
services, I work cheap.

Mongo winks at Marcus.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT. - DAY

Marcus sits in a chair, reading a book.

MARCUS  
Hmm, earthbound spirits. I wonder  
if that's what's living in the  
hall?

He reads a little more.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Maybe I should try talking to them.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL. - EVENING

Marcus sits in a chair in the center of the central hall. It is getting dark outside. He closes his eyes and tries to meditate. Sara moves around him, disturbing the air.

MARCUS  
Hello?

He looks around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
My name is Marcus...I know you're not happy with me because I bought Ashlar Hall.

He sees Sara on the landing of the grand staircase. Light filters in, making it hard to see her.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
And I'm sure you know I want to relocate the building.

Sara comes down the stairs and approaches Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I understand you're angry with me, but I only want the best for this old house.

Sara stops in front of Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
If no one takes care of the place, it'll fall apart and you'll have no home...I only seek to return Ashlar Hall to its former glory. When the building is moved, you're welcome to live there with me.

Sara opens her mouth to speak, but no words come out.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Please, talk to me.

Sara waves her arms in frustration. He gets up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I don't wish ill will between us. I want you to know I love this house, and I wanna take care of it.

Sara goes back up to the landing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Can you please help me?

Sara stops.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I don't want you to be mad at me.  
Almost every night you haunt me in  
dreams, or you send the gargoyles  
to terrorize me. Please, can we be  
friends? Can you call off the  
demons?

Sara continues up the stairs out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT SQUARE PARK. - DAY

Prince Mongo sits on a park bench feeding squirrels and pigeons. Marcus approaches from behind. He is still at distance and stops. He watches as three men in suits approach Mongo. They offer their lunch leftovers to Mongo and walk off. Marcus approaches.

MARCUS  
Confusing you for a homeless man?

PRINCE MONGO  
Yeah, I get that a lot.

MARCUS  
Gee, I wonder why?

He gestures to Mongo's bare feet.

PRINCE MONGO  
Not working today?

MARCUS  
Not in the mood.

PRINCE MONGO  
That doesn't sound like you.  
Somethin' wrong?

Marcus sits down next to Mongo.

MARCUS  
Oh, I guess feeling like I'm losin'  
my mind is a start.

PRINCE MONGO  
How so? The spirits bothering you?

MARCUS  
Would I sound completely off my  
rocker if I said yes?

PRINCE MONGO  
No, not in the slightest.

MARCUS  
What am I to do?

PRINCE MONGO  
Have you tried talkin' to 'em?

MARCUS  
Actually, yes. I was reading a book  
on haunted buildings, and it said  
to start by talking to them...So I  
went there Saturday, and God's  
truth, I saw her.

PRINCE MONGO  
Who?

MARCUS  
The woman in my dreams--well,  
nightmares. The woman in the  
Victorian dress.

PRINCE MONGO  
Oh. That might be Sara. She used to  
live there.

MARCUS  
You know her name?

PRINCE MONGO  
Mmm, I know of her.

MARCUS  
What about?

PRINCE MONGO  
Not much, I was told she lived  
there, that's all.

MARCUS  
Mongo. Come on, can't you tell me?

PRINCE MONGO  
You're high falutin', go look it up  
on the internet.

MARCUS  
Why won't you tell me? Is it bad  
form to talk about ghosts by name?

PRINCE MONGO

Maybe.

MARCUS

Well, can you at least tell me about the gargoyles?

PRINCE MONGO

They're decorative statues that drain water off the roof.

MARCUS

No! Not those--well, they're one in the same.

PRINCE MONGO

Spirit Marcus, now I'm beginning to wonder if you've lost your mind.

MARCUS

I've been trying to tell you that...The...the gargoyles...they haunt me, they chased me through my apartment building!

PRINCE MONGO

Fascinating.

MARCUS

No, downright frightening.

Marcus pulls up his shirt sleeve, showing abrasions from his fall.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They chased me onto the roof and wanted me to jump.

PRINCE MONGO

Are you sure that's what they wanted?

Marcus gets up and paces back and forth.

MARCUS

It was either jump, or get torn apart by them!

PRINCE MONGO

So how did you escape?

MARCUS

I woke up...Mongo, I woke up standing on the edge of the wall, fifteen stories up!

He points into the air.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I could've died!

PRINCE MONGO  
Your body would have died, but your  
spirit would continue on.

Mongo crumples up the bag.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Why do you think I call everyone  
'Spirit'? I'm reminding those I  
have contact with that we're all  
spirits in this life.

MARCUS  
With all due respect, Prince, I'd  
like to stay on this earth a little  
longer!

PRINCE MONGO  
I'm sorry, Spirit Marcus, I'm not  
meanin' to upset you...But it  
appears you've awoken something far  
more sinister in that old building.

MARCUS  
So what can I do?

Mongo gets up and throws the bag away.

PRINCE MONGO  
I'm not sure, my spirit friend.  
I'll have to meditate on that  
awhile.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Several large trucks are in the parking lot. Prince Mongo stands outside the fence. A limo pulls up, Marcus gets out. He is on his cell phone, his voice stern and unyielding. Richard gets out and heads to Jeni's apartment. Marcus concludes his call.

PRINCE MONGO  
Something wrong, Spirit Marcus?

MARCUS  
Problems with my factory in  
Illinois.

PRINCE MONGO  
What sort?

MARCUS  
It appears my manager has been  
skimming profits.

PRINCE MONGO  
That doesn't sound good.

MARCUS  
Might have to take a trip up there  
and do some firing.

PRINCE MONGO  
I always hate that part of  
business.

He gives Marcus a friendly pat on the shoulder.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
So, today's the day, huh?

MARCUS  
Yup, they're gonna start taking the  
interior apart. I have a warehouse  
a few miles away where they'll take  
the decorative items for  
restoration and storage.

Richard brings Jeni.

JENI  
Hi!

She grabs Marcus and kisses him. He is still upset from his  
phone call.

MARCUS  
Hello, sweetheart.

JENI  
Aren't you happy to see me?

MARCUS  
Yes, I am. Apologies, I just got a  
bad phone call, and I'm a bit  
ticked off.

JENI  
Business?

Marcus kisses her on the top of her head.

MARCUS  
Yes. So please forgive me if I'm a  
little cranky.

Jeni runs her hands over the lapels of his suit.

JENI  
Maybe later I can make your mood  
better.

MARCUS  
I might be heading to Illinois.

JENI  
Tonight?

MARCUS  
Business calls, sweetheart.

ROGER DOWNING approaches Marcus. Roger is in his mid 60s, has brown hair with a lot of gray, and wears a tattered baseball cap with the company logo on it.

ROGER  
Mornin' is there a Marcus Bishop  
here?

MARCUS  
That would be me.

Marcus forces a smile and shakes hands with Roger.

ROGER  
Nice to meet you, Sir. I'm Roger  
Downing; I'll be the man in charge  
of this whole process.

MARCUS  
Ah, I suppose you want the keys so  
you can get to work?

ROGER  
That would make it easier.

Marcus takes out a small key ring.

MARCUS  
Here's the key for the house. The  
other two are for the warehouse.

ROGER  
We'll take good care of it.

Roger takes the keys and heads to the house.

MARCUS  
Oh, wait!

He runs to Roger.

ROGER  
What?



MARCUS  
 Uh, can you give me a few minutes  
 alone?

ROGER  
 In the house?

MARCUS  
 Yes.

Roger hands the keys back.

ROGER  
 Okay, let us know when you're  
 ready, Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, CENTRAL HALL. - DAY

The door opens and Marcus walks in. The house is quiet. He sits down in the chair and closes his eyes. It doesn't take long before Sara moves past him in a cold gust of air. Marcus shivers slightly.

MARCUS  
 Sara? Sara? I need you to listen to  
 me. There are men outside. They're  
 here to start moving the  
 hall...Please, can you be nice to  
 them? They mean you no harm.

Sara goes by.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Please, Sara, please don't get  
 upset. Remember, I promised you  
 that when the house was moved,  
 you'd be welcome to share it with  
 me. Don't you trust me?

Sara moves behind Marcus, caressing him on the neck.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 All right, my spirit friend, I'm  
 gonna leave you in their capable  
 hands.

Marcus get up and walks out. Mongo meets him at the door.

PRINCE MONGO  
 Smooth things out with Sara?

MARCUS  
Yeah, I hope she's happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Marcus walks out and hands the keys back to Roger.

MARCUS  
Please take utmost care with  
everything. I'm not the only one  
living there.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, METROPOLIS, ILLINOIS. - NIGHT

Marcus dials his cell phone and puts it on speaker.

JENI (O.S.)  
Hi, handsome.

MARCUS  
Hello, sweetheart. I'm so sorry I  
haven't called. I've been extremely  
busy.

JENI (O.S.)  
Where are you?

MARCUS  
Metropolis.

JENI (O.S.)  
What? Are you joking? Hanging out  
with Superman?

MARCUS  
No, I'm not joking. I'm in  
Metropolis, Illinois...It's right  
on the Ohio river. Look it up.

JENI (O.S.)  
When will you be home?

MARCUS  
A couple more days.

Marcus shuffles some papers. He is dressed only in a silly  
pair of red boxer shorts with big pink hearts.

JENI (O.S.)  
Do you need to go?

MARCUS

Mmm, I suppose so. I just called to hear your lovely voice, and to tell you I love you.

JENI (O.S.)

I love you too.

MARCUS

I'll call you tomorrow...Bye, sweetheart.

JENI

Bye, handsome.

Marcus hangs up and looks down at his shorts.

MARCUS

Gotta love Valentine's Day.

He chuckles, climbs into bed, and turns off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus dreams he is standing outside Ashlar Hall. Jeni is there, working in a flower bed, picking roses.

The front door opens and Sara comes out. She raises her arm and waves in a friendly manner.

As Marcus starts to walk toward Jeni, he hears the shrieks of the gargoyles. They tear from the house heading straight for Marcus. He can see Sara gesturing, trying to call them back.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, METROPOLIS, ILLINOIS. - NIGHT

Marcus springs from bed and crashes around the room, frantically trying to get away from the attacking gargoyles.

He makes it to the door, opens it, and runs down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Marcus runs down the hall, turns a corner, slips, and slams into a wall. He looks behind to see the gargoyles closing the distance.

Scrambling to his feet, he continues to run, stopping at Richard's door.

MARCUS  
(softly)  
Richard.

Marcus is backed against the door by half a dozen snarling, shrieking gargoyles. They close in on him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Go away! Go away, demons!

Khyripzhus rears up and hits Marcus, knocking him against the door. Marcus covers his face in attempt to protect it. The demons converge, tearing at Marcus.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, RICHARD'S ROOM. - NIGHT

Richard jumps out of bed when he hears Marcus's cries. He opens the door, Marcus falls in, pale and shaking violently.

RICHARD  
Boss? Boss? What the hell's goin'  
on?

He grabs Marcus, drags him in, and closes the door. He pats Marcus on the face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Boss? Are you okay? Come on, talk  
to me.

He wrestles Marcus to his feet and guides him to the sofa, sitting him down. Then Richard gets the comforter off the bed and drapes it around Marcus.

Marcus is catatonic appearing: eyes open, staring into space. He is still shaking.

Richard pours a whiskey and offers it to Marcus.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Boss? Here, have a drink.

After a few moments, Marcus blinks several times and starts to look around.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Marcus takes the cup and has a sip.

MARCUS  
They were gonna kill me.

RICHARD  
Who? Who's they? Talk to me, boss.

Marcus looks at Richard.

MARCUS  
Richard?

RICHARD  
Yes, boss?

MARCUS  
How'd I get here?

RICHARD  
I was hopin' you'd explain that.

MARCUS  
Uh...You were right...Ashlar Hall  
is haunted. All these months  
they've been after me.

RICHARD  
Was it them chasin' you down the  
hall?

MARCUS  
They chase me through my dreams, no  
matter where I am.

RICHARD  
Boss, you need help.

MARCUS  
Help?! Who the hell is gonna help  
me?

Marcus senses Sara moving about.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Sara?

RICHARD  
Boss?

MARCUS  
Sara? Is that you?

RICHARD  
Boss?

MARCUS  
Shhhh!! Go away!

Marcus waves his hand at Richard, then pulls the comforter over his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Sara? Sara?

SARA (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
Marcus. Marcus.

MARCUS  
Why did you turn them loose? I  
thought we had a deal?

SARA (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to.

MARCUS  
How can I get rid of them?

SARA (V.O.)  
There is one, the leader--

MARCUS  
Yes, I know.

SARA (V.O.)  
Uttering its name may control the  
demon.

MARCUS  
The demon has a name? What is it?

SARA (V.O.)  
It is written in the dust. You will  
find it there.

MARCUS  
Dust? What do you mean? Why can't  
you tell me?

SARA (V.O.)  
A spirit cannot utter the name of  
evil.

Sara's presence drifts away. Marcus pulls back the comforter and regards Richard.

MARCUS  
We have to go!

RICHARD  
What? Who were you taking to?

MARCUS  
Sara.

He tips down the last of the whiskey and stands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
We need to get home.

RICHARD  
Home? We still have things to do here.

MARCUS  
We'll come back.

He goes to the door.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
She left me a message--I need to get to Ashlar Hall.

RICHARD  
Boss, it's the middle of the night.

MARCUS  
We need to go now.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - MORNING

The limo pulls into the parking lot, and Marcus leaps out. He runs to the door, unlocking it.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, CENTRAL HALL. - DAY

There is dust everywhere from the work crews.

MARCUS  
Sara? Where is it?

He walks around the perimeter of the room, searching.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Come on, Sara, where is it? Help me out here.

He goes to the space under the grand staircase. Kneeling down, he sees a faint name written in the dust.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Khy...Khy...rip...zhus?

He looks around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Khyripzhus? That's its name?

Sara moves behind Marcus, touching him on the back of his neck. Marcus takes out a business card and writes the name on it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Okay, now that I know its name,  
what do I do?

There is no response from Sara.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Well, thanks, honey for the info.  
I'm sure I'll figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - MORNING

Marcus returns to the car. Richard is leaning against it.

RICHARD  
Did you get the name?

MARCUS  
Yeah, I got it. Let's get back to  
Metropolis. I wanna finish up  
there. Mongo and I have some  
demolition work to do this weekend.

CUT TO:

INT. MONGO'S WAREHOUSES ON MAIN. - DAY

Mongo and Marcus are demolishing a wall. Marcus is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. The Prince wears his usual adornments and no shoes.

MARCUS  
Hey, Prince?

PRINCE MONGO  
Mmm?

MARCUS  
You said you knew all the names of  
the ghosts in the castle.

PRINCE MONGO  
Yes.

Marcus takes out the business card and hands it to Mongo.



MARCUS

Have you ever heard of one with  
this name?

PRINCE MONGO

Kyhripzhus?

MARCUS

Shhhhhhh! Sara said spirits  
shouldn't say its name.

PRINCE MONGO

She did, huh?

MARCUS

It's pure evil. She couldn't even  
tell me, she had to write it in the  
dust.

Mongo leans against the wall.

PRINCE MONGO

Interesting. Why'd she tell you?

MARCUS

When I was in Illinois, I had a  
nightmare...Sara and I had come to  
terms about moving the castle...But  
she accidentally let the demons  
loose, and they chased me through  
the hotel. If it weren't for  
Richard, I'd be a dead man.

PRINCE MONGO

She accidentally let them out?

MARCUS

She said she was sorry.

PRINCE MONGO

Mmm, that name...No, I don't recall  
hearing it.

MARCUS

From what I've read, that thing's a  
demon. Have you ever had dealings  
with 'em?

PRINCE MONGO

I've dealt with some troubled  
spirits, but never a demon. That's  
pretty hard-core.

MARCUS

The book I was readin' said I  
should call a priest.

PRINCE MONGO  
I have one, a friend, if you need.

MARCUS  
This just sounds so outlandish to me.

Mongo folds his arms.

PRINCE MONGO  
Didn't you ever stop to think being haunted by demons, talking to ghosts, and asking advice from someone most people consider a freak, is a bit outlandish?

MARCUS  
Mmm, point taken.

PRINCE MONGO  
You're a good spirit, Marcus, and I'd hate to have anything happen to you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO. - DAY

Marcus and Jeni are in the back, Richard is driving. They are approaching her apartment building.

RICHARD  
Boss? You gonna go next door and talk to Sara?

JENI  
Sara?

RICHARD  
Oops!

MARCUS  
A friend.

JENI  
A friend?

MARCUS  
Trust me, you have no reason to be jealous.

JENI  
Marcus, I never said I was jealous. Who is Sara?

There is a long pause before Marcus answers.

MARCUS

A ghost.

JENI

A ghost? You expect me to believe that?

Marcus takes her hand.

MARCUS

Yeah. I know, it's hard to believe.

JENI

Hard to believe you're saying it.

MARCUS

And I didn't wanna worry you.

JENI

Why would I be worried? If it's just a ghost?

MARCUS

Mmm, she's not bad...But the demons-

JENI

And there's demons? What's next Marcus Bishop? Huh? Mummies? Vampires? Zombies?

MARCUS

Jeni, please.

RICHARD

Miss Jeni, he's not playin'. The other night, when we was in the hotel, the demons chased him down the hall to my room. I heard him hollerin', and when I opened the door, he was lyin' there shakin' like a leaf, and as pale as death...I'm sorry, boss, I didn't know you hadn't told her.

MARCUS

It's okay. I guess it was gonna come out in due time.

Jeni puts her hands on the side of his face.

JENI

I love you--a lot, but you can't live like this. You need some help.

MARCUS  
I did some reading, talked to the  
Prince, and it looks like I may  
need an exorcism.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus has his head down on the desk, asleep. Amelia opens  
the door and creeps in.

AMELIA  
Marcus?

MARCUS  
Huh?

He lifts his head up. A piece of paper is stuck to his face.  
He swats it off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
What?

AMELIA  
Oh, you look horrible. When was the  
last time you got some sleep?

MARCUS  
Uh, not counting the nap I just  
had, probably three weeks or so.

AMELIA  
Prince Mongo's here, should I have  
him come back another day? You  
really need rest.

MARCUS  
No, no, I need to see him.

AMELIA  
All right...Promise me you'll go  
home early.

She leaves and Mongo enters and sits down.

PRINCE MONGO  
Oh, my dear spirit, you look mighty  
rough.

MARCUS  
Thanks, Prince.

PRINCE MONGO  
Are the demons haunting you that  
bad?

MARCUS  
I'm afraid to close my eyes at  
night.

PRINCE MONGO  
Have you given any more thought to  
having an exorcism?

MARCUS  
I've been doing a lot of thinking  
and reading. They say it's not easy  
to get rid of a demon...And you  
can't kill 'em.

PRINCE MONGO  
No, true, you can't kill what isn't  
alive.

MARCUS  
Sara told me I have to send it back  
to hell.

Mongo leans forward and rests his elbows on the desk.

PRINCE MONGO  
Of course she didn't tell you how  
to perform said task.

MARCUS  
Of course not. And I'm not sure  
where she is either. I've been by  
the hall every day, and tried to  
communicate with her, but she's not  
answering.

PRINCE MONGO  
How much is left of the building to  
move?

MARCUS  
Roger says there's a little less  
than half. But it's the most  
difficult parts. He figures another  
couple of months.

PRINCE MONGO  
Maybe she moved already.

MARCUS  
I dunno. I need her help, and she's  
left me hanging.

He rests his chin on his hands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I can't fight the demon if I don't  
know how.

PRINCE MONGO

I see you have a great battle ahead. If it were in my power, I'd stand and fight with you...I can only try and help safeguard you with Zambodian prayers and blessings.

MARCUS

Thanks...What's up with the shelter?

PRINCE MONGO

I have construction crews arriving tomorrow.

MARCUS

Good. I'll stop by.

Mongo gets up to leave.

PRINCE MONGO

Until then, my spirit friend. May you be blessed with a peaceful night's sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus and Jeni are in bed, curled up, asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus slips into a dream. He sees Jeni in the KITCHEN of Ashlar Hall. She is baking cookies. As she turns toward him, Marcus sees her heavy with child. She brings him a plate of chocolate chip cookies.

As Marcus reaches to take one, he hears shrieking. He runs into the central hall just in time to see the gargoyles come down the grand staircase. They stop at the bottom and line up.

MARCUS

You think you can scare me? This is my house. You go back to hell!

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Jeni wakes up and sees Marcus leaping out of bed.

JENI  
Marcus! Marcus!

MARCUS  
(screaming)  
You go to Hell, Khyripzhus!

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S MIND.

Marcus is face to face with Khyripzhus. The demon shrieks so loud that Marcus has to cover his ears.

MARCUS  
Khyripzhus!

The demon gets even closer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You're not gonna win this battle. I  
said go to hell!

Marcus locks eyes with the demon.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
It's my soul, and it belongs to me!

The other gargoyles circle around him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I said, you can't have me, and you  
can't have my house. I own it, and  
I own you. You're not gonna take  
what I have.

Khyripzhus snarls and leaps into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Jeni watches in horror as Marcus screams and falls backwards, right toward the bedroom window. She lurches and grabs his hand, but Marcus crashes through the glass and almost falls to his death.

JENI  
Marcus!

She desperately tries to pull him inside.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Wake up, Marcus! Please!

Marcus is screaming and in total panic.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus!

She finally gets him inside. His body hits the floor face first. Blood is pouring from wounds on his neck and back. Marcus continues to thrash about.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus, stop it!

She looks around and sees the cell phone on the nightstand.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus, wake up!

Marcus continues to struggle. Jeni smacks him across the face as hard as she can. His head snaps around, and he flops to the floor, unmoving.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus?

Blood pours from Marcus's body. Jeni gets up and grabs the cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM. - NIGHT

Jeni, Richard, and Prince Mongo sit in chairs. A DOCTOR comes out.

DOCTOR  
Are you with Mr. Bishop?

All three stand.

RICHARD  
Yes.

DOCTOR  
You can come see him. He's very lucky to be alive.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus is lying almost face down. An I.V. Line runs to his arm. His back, neck, and head are covered in bandages.



DOCTOR  
I have him heavily sedated. It seems he's had a very traumatic psychological experience.

RICHARD  
Understatement.

DOCTOR  
Anyone care to explain?

PRINCE MONGO  
Spirit Marcus is doing battle with a demon that haunts him.

DOCTOR  
Excuse me?

PRINCE MONGO  
He bought my castle, decided to move it, and awakened a demon that lives there. It didn't like the idea of being moved, and now it's after him.

DOCTOR  
(aghast)  
You expect me to believe that?

Mongo nods.

PRINCE MONGO  
It's the truth.

The doctor looks at Mongo, who is wearing his usual trappings.

DOCTOR  
And who are you?

PRINCE MONGO  
Prince Mongo from the planet  
Zambodia.

DOCTOR  
Huh? Yeah, right.

Richard turns to the doctor.

RICHARD  
He's also one of the wealthiest businessmen in Memphis. It's best to just roll with it.

The doctor studies Mongo for a moment.

DOCTOR

I see.

JENI

How long are you going to keep  
Marcus?

DOCTOR

At least a couple of days.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM. - DAY

Marcus is in bed, he opens his eyes, and finds Jeni, Richard,  
and Mongo around him. Bandages still cover parts of his body.

PRINCE MONGO

Ah, Spirit Marcus, you're coherent.

MARCUS

Finally. I don't want any more of  
those drugs.

Jeni caresses Marcus's arm.

JENI

Some of them you have to take,  
they're antibiotics so you don't  
get an infection.

MARCUS

That's fine. But the others, get  
rid of 'em.

Mongo sits down on the end of the bed.

PRINCE MONGO

I just spoke to my friend, Father  
Dennis. And I told him about what's  
been going on. He said he'd prefer  
to wait until your wounds have  
healed before doing an  
exorcism...But he's coming over to  
speak with you.

MARCUS

Why do I have to wait? I'm fine.

PRINCE MONGO

Sometimes it can be a rather  
violent undertaking.

MARCUS

Oh, this sounds like so much fun.

Mongo gets up and walks around.

PRINCE MONGO  
I feel bad, Spirit Marcus. I knew  
the castle was haunted; I never  
knew it'd be like this.

He looks out the window.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
The spirits have never been evil--a  
little malicious maybe, but not  
evil.

The doorbell rings. Richard goes to answer. He returns with  
FATHER DENNIS. The father is about six feet tall, has blue  
eyes, short-cropped salt-and-pepper hair, and a matching  
beard.

FATHER DENNIS  
Hello, everyone. I'm Father Dennis  
Minicus from the Catholic Diocese  
of Memphis.

Mongo returns to his seat at the foot of the bed.

PRINCE MONGO  
I've known Father Dennis probably  
fifteen years. He helps a lot with  
finding the homeless places to  
stay.

Marcus offers his hand.

MARCUS  
Nice to meet you. Marcus Bishop.

FATHER DENNIS  
I think we should pass on the  
handshake. If you are indeed  
possessed by a demon, it won't take  
kindly to that.

Marcus withdraws his hand.

MARCUS  
Oh, right.

FATHER DENNIS  
So, tell me about this demon.

MARCUS  
It all started when I wanted to buy  
Prince Mongo's castle.  
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I began having nightmares, and they got worse and worse to the point I have a bunch of gargoyles trying to kill me.

FATHER DENNIS

And you have no history of mental or psychological problems?

MARCUS

None.

FATHER DENNIS

Is there a leader you can identify?

MARCUS

Sure, I even know its name.

He takes his wallet from the nightstand and produces the card. He gives it to the father.

FATHER DENNIS

Mmm, not a familiar name, but there are many. You say it takes the form of a gargoyle?

MARCUS

Yeah, about the size of a medium dog with glowing red eyes. And it has friends, usually eight or nine other gargoyles.

FATHER DENNIS

Those aren't my concern. But the leader will have to be dealt with.

MARCUS

Why only the leader?

FATHER DENNIS

Because the others are sub-manifestations from the lead demon; you get rid of the leader, the others will disappear.

MARCUS

So, you're trained to do exorcisms?

FATHER DENNIS

I attended the Athenaeum Pontificium Regina in Rome. There, I learned the basics of exorcism. Be assured, I don't take this lightly. I'll consult with my peers.

(MORE)

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 If we feel it's not some sort of  
 psychological illness, we'll begin  
 preparations for the rite.

JENI  
 How long will that take?

FATHER DENNIS  
 Maybe a couple of weeks...I think  
 Marcus needs to heal from his  
 wounds.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus sits at his desk. All the bandages have come off, and  
 he's once again himself. The phone rings.

MARCUS  
 Amelia?

The phone continues to ring. Marcus answers, poking the  
 button for speaker phone.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Hello? Bishop Publishing.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Hello, may I please speak to Marcus  
 Bishop?

MARCUS  
 Speaking.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Ah, good, it's Father Dennis. How  
 are you feeling?

MARCUS  
 Fine, fine. The stitches came out  
 yesterday.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Good to hear. I've consulted with  
 my peers, and we feel an exorcism  
 may benefit you.

MARCUS  
 Great, thank you.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 I did some research on your demon.

MARCUS  
 And?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Son, you got yourself tangled up  
 with something mighty nasty.

MARCUS  
 Coulda told you that, Father.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 I must warn you, going up against a  
 demon like that'll be a serious  
 fight...I need to make sure you're  
 healthy enough.

MARCUS  
 Is there anything else I need to do  
 besides being healthy?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Are you a man of faith?

MARCUS  
 Not really.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Well, my best suggestion would be  
 to practice meditation and some  
 sort of prayer...Have your mind and  
 spirit as prepared as possible.

MARCUS  
 I think I can manage that.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 When do you want to do this?

Marcus looks at his desk calendar.

MARCUS  
 Would next Monday, say four  
 o'clock, be good?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 Yes, that's fine. You've got us  
 worried.

MARCUS  
 How so?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
 It's an offspring of Baal, a very,  
 very powerful demon who rules sixty-  
 six legions in hell.

MARCUS  
 Oh, great, I got a real winner,  
 huh?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
I can promise we'll do our best.

MARCUS  
Where are we gonna do this?

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
The best place would be where the demon sprang from.

MARCUS  
Ashlar Hall? There's not a whole lot left, but I suppose we can be close to it.

FATHER DENNIS (O.S.)  
Okay, see you then.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

The sun is out after a brief rain shower. The limo pulls up, and Marcus gets out. He is wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He is met by Mongo, Jeni, Father Dennis, FATHER TONY, and FATHER CHARLES. Richard parks the car and joins them.

MARCUS  
Hello, Father.

FATHER DENNIS  
Well, son, are you ready to do this?

MARCUS  
About as ready as I can be.

FATHER DENNIS  
Let me introduce you to my colleagues. This is Father Tony and Father Charles. They'll be assisting me today.

MARCUS  
(awkwardly)  
Fathers.

FATHER TONY  
Let's get to work.

They lead Marcus over to the WEST PORCH. Jeni, Mongo, and Richard retreat to a safe distance in the yard.

FATHER CHARLES  
Please, Mr. Bishop, remove your shoes.

Father Charles holds a hank of rope.

MARCUS  
What's the rope for?

FATHER CHARLES  
Restraint. Sorry, but none of us  
wanna be attacked by an angry demon  
that's being dispelled from its  
host.

MARCUS  
Oh, I see.

He sits down and removes his shoes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Where do you want me?

FATHER TONY  
There.

He points to the middle of the tile porch. Marcus gets on his  
knees, and Father Charles binds his hands and feet. Marcus  
looks over at Jeni.

MARCUS  
I love you, Jeni.

The three priests begin to pray. Then Father Dennis goes  
forward and touches Marcus on the forehead, making the sign  
of the cross. Marcus growls deeply.

After a few more prayers, Father Tony comes forward. He makes  
the sign of the cross on Marcus's forehead. Marcus growls  
louder. The priest then sprinkles some holy water on Marcus.  
Marcus cries out and shakes violently as the water touches  
his skin.

Father Dennis comes forward again.

FATHER DENNIS  
I call you out, demon. I call you  
out by the name Khyripzhus.

Marcus bares his teeth and roars.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I call you Khyripzhus, and banish  
you back to hell.

He manages to make the sign of the cross on Marcus as he is  
fighting violently.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I command you to leave this man!



Marcus growls and starts speaking gibberish.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I cast you out in the name of the  
Father, Son, and Holy  
Spirit...Silence your tongue,  
Khyripizhus.

Father Dennis touches Marcus with a scared relic. Marcus continues to fight.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Khyripzhus, your soul is mine to  
command. I command you to return to  
hell. Your spirit is not wanted  
here.

Marcus thrashes violently.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
By the grace of our Lord, Jesus  
Christ, I command you to leave!

He puts both hands on Marcus's forehead. Marcus fights even harder.

FATHER DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Tony, Charles, help!

The two fathers join in, grabbing Marcus by the shoulders. Marcus coughs. He opens his mouth wide. The shriek of Khyripzhus can be heard. The demon leaves its host.

Marcus collapses to the floor, unconscious. A trickle of blood runs out his nose.

JENI  
Marcus!

Jeni runs to him. In her haste, she stumbles up the stairs and falls next to him. She places his head in her lap and cradles him.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus?

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

The hall is now situated in the NEW LOCATION. It is WINTER. Marcus pushes open the front door. He has one hand over Jeni's eyes.

MARCUS  
Keep your eyes closed.

JENI  
Marcus, come on.

MARCUS  
Just a moment, sweetheart, I  
promise this'll be good.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, CENTRAL HALL. - DAY

He stops her right in the middle of the central hall and  
removes his hand.

MARCUS  
Ta-da!

JENI  
Oh my God, this is amazing!

She turns around, taking in the beauty.

JENI (CONT'D)  
I never dreamed this spooky old  
place would look like this inside.

MARCUS  
Ah, ah, don't judge a book by its  
cover.

Jeni throws her arms around Marcus.

JENI  
It's beautiful!

MARCUS  
There's still some things needin'  
to be done, so it won't be ready to  
live in for another few weeks.

He leads her upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. - DAY

JENI  
Will Richard stay living in 67  
Madison?

MARCUS  
 If he wants. He makes his own  
 money. I think he's been eyeing the  
 pool house out back, however.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - DAY

Marcus brings Jeni in.

MARCUS  
 He'll never step foot in this house  
 after what he saw of the exorcism.

JENI  
 I can't blame him. This place still  
 scares me.

MARCUS  
 Don't let it. I haven't even seen  
 or heard from Sara.

JENI  
 Maybe the priests scared her off.

MARCUS  
 I dunno. She'll come out if she's  
 still here.

JENI  
 I can't see how we'll be  
 comfortable living here with a  
 ghost.

MARCUS  
 She's not around all the time.

JENI  
 Marcus, I'm not sure I want a ghost  
 around watching us. This is gonna  
 be our house.

MARCUS  
 It won't be so bad. Think of the  
 history this place has.

He takes her in his arms.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Or the history we'll make in it.

He kisses her passionately.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Make love to me.

JENI  
Here?

MARCUS  
Yes.

JENI  
We don't have a bed.

MARCUS  
That's never stopped us before.

He begins to undress her.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Come on, it's okay.

Jeni gives in and begins to undress Marcus. She gets his jeans down to his knees, and Marcus loses his balance. He falls loudly onto the hardwood floor.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Shit!

JENI  
Oh, sorry! Are you okay?

MARCUS  
Yes, I'm fine. How about joining me so we can finish what we started?

Jeni slides her panties off and straddles Marcus. They make love.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. - DAY

Sara hovers just outside the master bedroom door. She watches Marcus and Jeni make love. She balls her fists up and flies off in a rage.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPER MILL. - MORNING

There is a crowd of media, employees, and city officials. A stage has been set up near a warehouse door. Marcus stands near the stage. Mongo appears at his side.

PRINCE MONGO  
Good morning, Spirit Marcus.

Marcus looks at him.

MARCUS  
 What, not wearing your good  
 loincloth for the occasion?

PRINCE MONGO  
 It's in the dry cleaners.

They laugh. They mayor steps on stage to the podium.

MAYOR  
 Today we open a new industrial  
 venture here on President's Island.  
 It's owned by a man who has long  
 been a champion of those less  
 fortunate. A man who goes the extra  
 mile to help make Memphis a great  
 city...Marcus Bishop!

There is a round of applause. Marcus walks up on stage.

MAYOR (CONT'D)  
 Please, let's cut the ribbon on  
 this beautiful factory and let  
 these folks standing over here get  
 to work.

He grabs a few pairs of scissors and hands them out. Marcus  
 takes his pair and gives them to Mongo.

PRINCE MONGO  
 It's your factory, Spirit Marcus,  
 you should have the honors.

He tries to give the scissors back, Marcus refuses.

MARCUS  
 I've opened plenty of factories.

He leans close to Mongo.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Besides, I thought you'd love to  
 piss off all the politicians by  
 being a part of the ceremony.

PRINCE MONGO  
 Any chance I get to rub their rat  
 turd noses in it!

He laughs loudly.

MARCUS  
 Shhhh! Some diplomacy, please.

Mongo smiles devilishly.

PRINCE MONGO  
I shant say a thing, my spirit  
friend.

MARCUS  
Actions speak louder than words in  
this case.

He goes up and cuts the ribbon with the others. Then Mongo  
hoots and hollers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
The Bishop Paper Mill is now open!

He throws up his arms and has a holler as well.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

There is a reception for the paper mill opening. Guests  
mingle about the house. Marcus sits on the landing of the  
grand staircase, his back to the sun. Mongo approaches.

PRINCE MONGO  
Playing politics doesn't agree with  
you, Spirit Marcus.

MARCUS  
Most certainly not.

PRINCE MONGO  
Nowadays if you wanna get  
somewhere, you have to play the  
games.

MARCUS  
Why? You don't.

PRINCE MONGO  
True. And if I did, I'd probably be  
mayor.

MARCUS  
I can see it now. The headlines  
would read: Memphis elects first  
mayor in loincloth!

They laugh. Marcus looks at Mongo. His goggles are resting  
just above the hairline on his head. The sun reflects off the  
shiny mirrored surface.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Mongo, lemme see your goggles.

PRINCE MONGO  
What? Why?

MARCUS  
Lemme see 'em, please.

Mongo removes them, handing them to Marcus. Marcus holds them up to his eyes for a few moments, then he looks back at the windows on the landing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Windows.

PRINCE MONGO  
Uh, no, goggles.

He points to the window.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Those are windows.

MARCUS  
No, these are windows.

He stands.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Hear me out--and tell me if this makes sense. When I first wanted to buy the castle, I had nightmares.

PRINCE MONGO  
Yes, and you know what they became.

MARCUS  
How did they know how to get to me?

PRINCE MONGO  
I dunno.

MARCUS  
These. I kept seeing them in my nightmares...The demon was using 'em to spy on me.

PRINCE MONGO  
How?

MARCUS  
Through these, they could see everything you saw. And they got a good look at me when I toured the house.

He gives the goggles back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

In my nightmares, I'd see the goggles and not understand their meaning. It was watching me through you all this time.

PRINCE MONGO

I've inadvertently betrayed you, my spirit friend.

MARCUS

It's okay, you didn't know, and neither did I.

PRINCE MONGO

Then I won't wear them around you.

He shoves them in his pocket.

MARCUS

Don't worry about it; what's done is done. I've beaten the demon, and so far it hasn't tried to come back.

PRINCE MONGO

And I hope it doesn't...So what's next on the list for Spirit Marcus Bishop?

MARCUS

That would be gettin' married.

PRINCE MONGO

When's that gonna be?

MARCUS

The tenth of May. I figure on having you and Father Dennis officiate; that way our marriage is legal on both planets.

Mongo puts his hand on his chest.

PRINCE MONGO

I'd be honored! My dear spirit friend, you are now a true Zambodian--you understand spirits united as one are beyond the limits of just planet earth.

CUT TO:



INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - DAY

Marcus sits on the bench at the foot of the bed. He is dressed in a tux. There is knocking on the door.

MARCUS

Come in.

Prince Mongo enters. He is dressed in his best white fur loincloth, bare feet, white shirt, and tux coat and tie. Marcus looks at him and starts to laugh.

PRINCE MONGO

What's so funny?

MARCUS

(laughing)

Now that's a sight you don't see everyday!

PRINCE MONGO

Spirit Marcus!

MARCUS

Sorry, but you, my friend, are a study in contrasts.

PRINCE MONGO

I did this for you. I know you're still hesitant over the whole Zambodian wedding thing, so I toned it down a little. Normally I wouldn't be wearing a shirt, but I figured your guests might not appreciate the whole spectacle.

Marcus stands and gives Mongo a hug.

MARCUS

You're a true friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

The lawn outside the mansion is decked out in rows white chairs filled with guests. There is a small stage at the front, a piano player off to one side. Flowers are everywhere.

Marcus, Jeni, Father Dennis, Richard, and Prince Mongo are on the stage. Father Dennis is just finishing his part of the ceremony. He raises his arms.

FATHER DENNIS

May Almighty God bless you all, in  
the name of the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Spirit. Amen...You may  
kiss the bride.

Marcus and Jeni kiss, the crowd applauds. Mongo steps in,  
giving Father Dennis a little elbowing.

PRINCE MONGO

Hey, you stole my line!

FATHER DENNIS

Sorry, force of habit. I'm sure  
they won't mind kissing again!

As Jeni and Marcus part lips, Mongo lets out a loud whoop.

PRINCE MONGO

My spirit friends. Standing before  
me are Marcus and Jeni, who have  
fully consented to be married in  
the ancient Zambodian rite.

He hold his hands high.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

Marriage is a beautiful, sacred vow  
a man and woman freely exchange.  
It's a joining of more than just  
two bodies. Each has started life  
as their own spirit, now they wish  
to become one.

He holds his hands out to them.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

May I have the bags?

Marcus and Jeni each hand over a small leather bag. Mongo  
takes them and holds them up.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

I have asked each spirit to place  
something meaningful in their bag.  
Notice the bags are separate, the  
contents not mixed; this denotes  
their individuality.

He places the two bags in a larger leather bag.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

This symbolizes the joining of  
their spirits into one. At such  
time, when you feel your spirits  
have truly become one, you may open  
the bag and examine the contents.

He puts his hands on Marcus's and Jeni's.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
I now channel your souls together.  
You must promise that you will  
love, respect, and always put each  
other first above all else. Do you  
promise?

MARCUS AND JENI  
Yes.

PRINCE MONGO  
I pronounce you one spirit. You may  
kiss the bride.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, NORTHEAST BEDROOM. - DAY

Sara is having a temper tantrum as she watches the wedding.  
She knocks over a lamp in the process.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, DINING ROOM. - NIGHT

The massive table shows the remnants of Thanksgiving dinner.  
Marcus, Mongo, JOE, and TODD sit around the table. Jeni comes  
from the kitchen.

PRINCE MONGO  
Spirit Jeni, I can't remember when  
I had such a wonderful  
Thanksgiving.

JENI  
You're welcome, Prince.

She stands behind Marcus's chair. She gives him a nudge.

MARCUS  
Now?

Jeni nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
All right, everyone, we have an  
announcement to make.

JENI  
Well, it looks like there'll be a  
little Bishop on the way.

Mongo bolts from his chair, dashes over, and hugs Jeni.

PRINCE MONGO  
 May all of Earth and Zambodia  
 rejoice!

He gets Marcus in the hug.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
 This is truly a day to give thanks!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Showing the progressing on Jeni's pregnancy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. - DAY

Jeni is getting her 20 week ultrasound. Marcus is with her.

MARCUS  
 How on earth can you make anything  
 out? It's just a bunch of black,  
 gray, and white fuzz.

ULTRASOUND TECH  
 You get to know all the anatomy...  
 Oh!

MARCUS  
 What? What?

ULTRASOUND TECH  
 Umm, well, did you wanna know the  
 sex of the baby?

MARCUS  
 You can see that?

ULTRASOUND TECH  
 (giggling)  
 Of course you can.

Marcus looks at Jeni.

MARCUS  
 Well, sweetheart?

JENI  
 All right.

ULTRASOUND TECH  
 See this, right here? That is a  
 little boy if I've ever seen one!

MARCUS  
A boy? We're gonna have a boy!

ULTRASOUND TECH  
Congratulations.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY. - DAY

Marcus and Jeni are leaving the hospital.

JENI  
Marcus?

MARCUS  
Yes, sweetheart?

JENI  
Now you get to think of a name.

MARCUS  
Me?

JENI  
He's your son. And I know you have a proud family heritage. So I want you to think of a name.

MARCUS  
I'm gonna need some time to think about that.

JENI  
Well, you got about nineteen weeks or so to think of one.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Showing further progression of Jeni's pregnancy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER, KITCHEN. - DAY

Marcus is flipping pancakes, SISTER EMILY is pouring batter. Outside, is the noise of dozens of homeless eating breakfast.

SISTER EMILY  
How's Jeni doing?

MARCUS  
Miserable. This summer's been so  
hot and humid.

SISTER EMILY  
Soon it'll be over and you'll have  
a beautiful gift from God.

MARCUS  
Pretty much any day. Richard is  
staying back with her and I have my  
trusty cell phone.

Just as Marcus goes to flip a pancake, his phone rings.  
Instead of flipping, he flings it across the room.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Shit! Oh, sorry, Sister!

He drops the spatula and grabs the phone.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Jeni? Is it time? It is? Crap!  
Okay, sweetheart, get Richard and  
I'll meet you at the hospital. I  
love you!

Marcus hangs up. Mongo walks into the kitchen.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
That was Jeni. Baby coming!

PRINCE MONGO  
Come, on, let's go have a baby!

He grabs Marcus and hurries him out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WAITING ROOM. - DAY

Marcus and Mongo await Jeni's arrival. Jeni is being pushed  
in a wheelchair by a nurse.

MARCUS  
Sweetheart!

Richard jogs in.

RICHARD  
Oh, boss, you're here.

PRINCE MONGO  
We wouldn't miss this for the  
world!

(MORE)

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
 Let the universe celebrate, another  
 little spirit will be joining us  
 shortly.

JENI  
 Marcus?

MARCUS  
 Yes?

JENI  
 I know you've been keeping your  
 son's name a secret, but isn't it  
 time to share it with me?

PRINCE MONGO  
 Yes, yes, Spirit Marcus, what are  
 you going to call young Master  
 Bishop?

MARCUS  
 Well, after many hours of thought  
 and meditation, I believe I've come  
 up with the perfect name.

PRINCE MONGO  
 Mongo!

MARCUS  
 No! I've chosen his first name in  
 consideration of my two closest  
 friends.

He gestures to Richard and Mongo.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Neither of you may realize it, but  
 you have something in common...So  
 I've decided to call him Robert  
 Cecil Bishop.

There is silence.

JENI  
 Honey? I don't get it.

MARCUS  
 Robert is Mongo's earthly first  
 name, and it's also Richard's  
 middle name.

JENI  
 Ohhhhh!

PRINCE MONGO  
 Three cheers for Spirit Robert! May  
 he wear his name proudly!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ROBERT'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Sara looks into the crib of little Robert.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, BASEMENT. - NIGHT

Sara squeezes through a vent in the furnace door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PURGATORY. - DAY

Sara hurries toward a mountain. Purgatory is bare, lifeless, and has a few black, twisted small trees around black pools of stagnant water. Sara is transformed into the image of her living self.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELL'S MOUNTAIN. - DAY

Sara reaches the top of the mountain. There are hundreds of thousands of cages stacked one upon the other as far as the eye can see. The sky is reddish and dark, despite being daytime.

CUT TO:

EXT. KHYRIPZHUS'S CAGE. - DAY

Sara runs over to the cage. The demon is frantically trying to get out.

SARA  
 I'm here!

She tries to get the lock open, and pulls on the bars.

KHYRIPZHUS  
 Key.

SARA  
 What?



Khyripzhus points down the row of cages.

KHYRIPZHUS  
Key.

SARA  
There's a key? Where?

KHYRIPZHUS  
Pa-ras.

SARA  
Paras? Paris?

Khyripzhus points again.

KHYRIPZHUS  
Pa-ras. Go!

SARA  
Okay, okay.

Sara hurries off in the direction Khyripzhus indicates.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Paras?

She comes over a small hill. There is a beautiful palace ahead.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Oh, palace.

As she gets closer, she sees a guard on duty. It is an ogre-looking beast. Sara spies a key ring on its belt, a key with a golden skeleton skull. Sara hides behind a rock.

SARA (CONT'D)  
That must be it.

She observes the guard for a few moments, then she picks up a rock and throws it. The guard rushes out to see what the noise was. Sara darts out, grabs the key ring, and hurries away. The guard sees her, gives chase, but quickly tires.

CUT TO:

EXT. KHYRIPZHUS'S CAGE. - DAY

Sara returns with the key. She opens the lock, Khyripzhus bursts out.

SARA  
Come on!

Sara and Khyripzhus run toward the edge of the cliff. Guards chase them. Sara reaches the edge and finds more guards. Khyripzhus attacks, allowing her to jump. Sara tumbles down the hillside.

CUT TO:

EXT. PURGATORY. - DAY

Sara anxiously awaits Khyripzhus. After several tense moments, the demon shrieks and runs down the hill toward her.

SARA

Oh, you made it! Come on, we have work to do.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, LIBRARY. - NIGHT

Marcus is sitting in a chair reading a book. Sara appears.

MARCUS

Hello, Sara. I haven't seen you much.

SARA

You've been busy.

MARCUS

Busy, yes, but that doesn't mean I don't look for you...Sara, just like Jeni, Robbie, and my friends, you've become a part of my life too-part of my family.

SARA

Do you love me?

MARCUS

Love you? Like in what sense?

SARA

Do you feel for me?

MARCUS

Sara, you're a ghost. I mean, I'm sure sometimes you don't consider yourself one, but I'm afraid you're not of my world anymore...I like you, care about you, and that's the extent of the feelings I can have.

SARA

Oh.

Sara leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Jeni is packing a suitcase. Marcus watches.

JENI

I'll only be gone the weekend. Are you sure you can handle everything?

MARCUS

Piece of cake.

JENI

All right, if you think you can handle it.

MARCUS

Sweetheart, I got it. Come on, I run a multi-million dollar publishing company. One baby, one weekend, how hard can it be?

Jeni wags a finger at him.

JENI

Harder than you think.

MARCUS

We'll be fine. Mongo's gonna come over too.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, DINING ROOM. - NIGHT

Mongo has baby ROBBIE tucked in the crook of his arm, feeding him with a bottle.

PRINCE MONGO

Such a sweet little spirit.

MARCUS

Nothing sweet at two in the morning.

PRINCE MONGO

He still keepin' you up?

MARCUS

Nearly four months old now. He's not as bad as before.

PRINCE MONGO  
Ah, he'll probably grow out of it.

MARCUS  
Prince?

PRINCE MONGO  
What?

MARCUS  
Are any of your other properties  
haunted?

PRINCE MONGO  
Yeah, got one in a warehouse down  
on Front St. He's not malicious,  
more mischievous.

MARCUS  
What did he do?

PRINCE MONGO  
Used to snatch things from me. I  
got so tired of it, I had a  
conversation with him and told him  
he better knock it off--or else.

MARCUS  
Or else what?

PRINCE MONGO  
I'da told him to leave.

MARCUS  
(chuckling)  
And you think he would?

PRINCE MONGO  
He knows better than to mess with  
me.

Mongo gets up and hands Robbie over to Marcus.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'd better hit the road. I  
promised Spirit Joe I'd help him  
out on some crazy project for the  
shelter.

MARCUS  
Crazy? I find that funny.

PRINCE MONGO  
What?

MARCUS  
You, considering something crazy.

PRINCE MONGO  
(chuckles)  
Mmm, you're right--it's some sort  
of normal project!

He puts on his coat.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
I'll see you tomorrow, Spirits!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ROBERT'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus tucks Robbie into his crib.

MARCUS  
Now to bed with you, young Master  
Bishop. And can you please be quiet  
tonight? Daddy really needs to get  
some sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus climbs into bed and turns off the light. The house is  
silent.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. - NIGHT

Sara and Khyripzhus come down the hall. They pause before  
going into the master bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Sara and Khyripzhus stop at the edge of the bed.

SARA  
Go ahead.

Khyripzhus opens his mouth and lets its breath out into  
Marcus's face. Marcus stirs once, but does not wake.

SARA (CONT'D)  
 Too bad you can't make enough to  
 finish him. That's good, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ROBERT'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Sara and Khyripzhus stop at Robbie's crib.

SARA  
 Up!

Khyripzhus jumps into the crib.

SARA (CONT'D)  
 Kill this one.

Khyripzhus puts its face down to the infant and sucks the  
 life out of the child.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - MORNING

Marcus wakes up, stretches, and gets out of bed. He trudges  
 across to Robbie's room.

MARCUS (O.C.)  
 Robbie? Robbie? NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, PARLOR. - DAY

Marcus sits on a sofa, sobbing. Prince Mongo is with him.  
 Paramedic crews are in the house tending to the corpse.

MARCUS  
 I don't know what happened. He was  
 fine when I put him to bed.

PRINCE MONGO  
 My dear spirit friend, I don't know  
 what to say. I'm at a loss for  
 explanation. I loved that little  
 spirit too.

Marcus continues to cry.

MARCUS  
 It's all my fault. It's all my  
 fault! Jeni's gonna hate me.  
 (MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

She entrusted me to care for him  
and I couldn't even do that.

PRINCE MONGO

It could've happened while she was  
here, too.

MARCUS

Yeah, but it didn't! It happened  
while she was gone.

One of the ambulance crew approaches.

PARAMEDIC

Mr. Bishop?

Mongo gets up.

PRINCE MONGO

I'm a friend of Mr. Bishop; he's  
too distraught right now to talk.  
Can I help you?

PARAMEDIC

I was gonna tell him we're taking  
the body to the coroner's for an  
autopsy.

PRINCE MONGO

All right. I'll let him know.

PARAMEDIC

We examined the infant and couldn't  
see anything physically wrong. I  
suspect a SIDS death.

PRINCE MONGO

I was here last night and I can  
tell you, Robbie was as lively as  
any baby I've ever seen. He drank  
his bottle, I burped him, and then  
Marcus put him to bed.

PARAMEDIC

It'll probably take a couple of  
days to get the autopsy results  
back.

PRINCE MONGO

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. - DAY (RAINING)

The graveside service for little Robbie is concluding. Father Dennis performs the ceremony. Marcus and Mongo are walking toward the cars.

MARCUS

Can I ask you something?

PRINCE MONGO

Sure, ask away.

MARCUS

I don't think Robbie died of SIDS.

PRINCE MONGO

The demon?

MARCUS

That night I had a strange dream, I could hear it shrieking. And then I saw it walking around a golden basket on a table...The whole dream didn't make sense until the other day.

PRINCE MONGO

You think Sara had the demon kill him?

MARCUS

I dunno, but something isn't right.

PRINCE MONGO

Why would she want that? She seems like a pretty nice ghost.

MARCUS

I'm beginning to wonder. One night, she asked me if I loved her.

PRINCE MONGO

She what?!

MARCUS

You said you knew how to get rid of a ghost? I can't let her ruin my life. If she was behind my demonic possession, and Robbie's death, I can't let her do it again.

PRINCE MONGO

Sara won't go down without a fight. And if the demon is back, it's gonna be an ugly fight.



MARCUS

Do I need to call the Fathers  
again?

PRINCE MONGO

I don't think they can help. You're  
the master of your castle; you have  
to fight this one.

MARCUS

And should I lose?

PRINCE MONGO

You die.

MARCUS

I can't tell Jeni about any of  
this. She was against having Sara  
in the house from the start.

PRINCE MONGO

My good spirit friend, you had no  
idea you'd be dealing with a  
jealous, love-struck ghost. For all  
you knew, Sara was a lonely  
apparition who just wanted a friend  
to acknowledge her existence.

MARCUS

God, I was so stupid! What have I  
done?

CUT TO:

INT. MARCUS'S OFFICE AT THE PRINTING FACTORY. - DAY

Marcus is sitting at his desk, Richard is on the sofa.

MARCUS

She's still mad at me.

RICHARD

I'm sure Miss Jeni will get over  
it.

The door opens and Mongo pokes his head in.

PRINCE MONGO

Not interrupting anything, am I?

MARCUS

No, come in.

Mongo enters and sits down.

PRINCE MONGO  
Do you have much on your schedule  
today?

MARCUS  
No, my head's not in the game.

PRINCE MONGO  
Perhaps you can join me on a little  
outing?

MARCUS  
Prince, I'm really not in the mood.

PRINCE MONGO  
You'll find it helpful, trust me.

CUT TO:

INT. MONGO'S WAREHOUSE ON FRONT ST. - DAY

The warehouse is dimly lit. Mongo and Marcus enter.

PRINCE MONGO  
Okay, time for you to do some ghost  
busting!

MARCUS  
You're joking.

PRINCE MONGO  
Sit in that chair over there. I'm  
gonna go wrestle up your ghost.

MARCUS  
This is absurd.

PRINCE MONGO  
Sit!

Marcus sits down. Mongo disappears. A few moments later,  
Marcus startles as he feels a presence around him. Mongo  
returns.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
His name is Chappy. He's a slave  
that was murdered here back in the  
day.

MARCUS  
What do you want me to do?

PRINCE MONGO  
Control him.

MARCUS

How?

PRINCE MONGO

Watch.

Mongo holds his hands up, palms out. Closing his eyes, he engages the spirit, pushing it back.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

Now you try.

Marcus gets up. The ghost approaches. Marcus closes his eyes and tries to duplicate what Mongo did. The ghost hits Marcus.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)

You use your energy, channel it, and then you'll force the ghost into a portal.

MARCUS

Portal?

PRINCE MONGO

Most buildings have one or more portals to the underworld.

MARCUS

And when I find this portal, are Sara and Khyrpizhus gonna go, just like that?

PRINCE MONGO

Oh, hell no! You're gonna have a war on your hands. The demon's not gonna go without a serious fight. And if you make it really mad, it might materialize and take you on.

MARCUS

Wonderful. How do I find these portals?

PRINCE MONGO

Sometimes they're easy to find, like a fireplace or stove burner.

MARCUS

How do you know they're a portal?

PRINCE MONGO

Sometimes there's a little draft you feel.

MARCUS

How do you know about these portals?

PRINCE MONGO  
Chappy told me.

MARCUS  
So I have to go through that huge  
house and find the portals?

PRINCE MONGO  
You got it!

MARCUS  
That could take weeks!

PRINCE MONGO  
Start with the obvious. I suggest  
you get a few cigarette lighters  
and use those.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, KITCHEN. - NIGHT

Jeni is standing at the sink washing dishes. Sara hovers near the ceiling, and Khyripzhus is hiding in the butler's pantry.

Jeni accidentally drops a spoon into the garbage disposal. As she reaches in to retrieve it, Khyripzhus springs from the pantry, hitting Jeni in the back, driving her hand into the disposal. Sara darts down and turns on the switch.

JENI  
Ahhhhhhhh! Marcus!

Sara and Khyripzhus quickly disappear. Blood splatters from the disposal. Jeni gets her hand out, blood pours into the sink.

JENI (CONT'D)  
Marcus!

Marcus runs in. He sees Jeni with blood all over. She is crying.

MARCUS  
Sweetheart, what happened?

He grabs a towel and wraps her hand.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Oh God, what happened?

JENI  
It had to be Sara!

MARCUS  
Why do you say that?

JENI

There's no way I can reach the switch from here. It came on when I stuck my hand down to get a spoon...And something hit me from behind and held me.

MARCUS

Come on, let's get you to a hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM. - NIGHT

Marcus sits in a chair, his head in his hands. Mongo arrives.

PRINCE MONGO

How is she?

MARCUS

I dunno. It was bad, really bad, Prince.

He wipes a tear from his cheek.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Damn Sara.

PRINCE MONGO

Sounds like the war's beginnin'. Are you ready?

MARCUS

I'm ready.

PRINCE MONGO

I've done everything I can to help you out.

MARCUS

I appreciate it. You're the only one who understands.

PRINCE MONGO

You mean I'm the only one crazy enough to understand.

MARCUS

All the normal folk would probably wanna lock me up for reasons of insanity. If it weren't for you, I'd probably be in a rubber room.

PRINCE MONGO

You and me both.

The DOCTOR comes out.

DOCTOR  
Marcus Bishop?

MARCUS  
Here!

DOCTOR  
You may see your wife, briefly. We  
need to get her to surgery.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. - NIGHT

Jeni is in a bed, her right hand heavily bandaged. Marcus comes in and approaches.

MARCUS  
Sweetheart!

JENI  
I'm not going back into that house.

MARCUS  
But--

JENI  
Once I'm out of the hospital, I'm  
going to my brother's house to  
stay.

MARCUS  
But--

JENI  
No buts. I'm staying there until I  
can think this through.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, MASTER BEDROOM. - MORNING

Marcus is alone in bed, dozing. He feels something moving under the sheets between his legs.

MARCUS  
Sara!

He throws back the covers. Sara retreats to the corner of the room.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

SARA  
Marcus, love me.

MARCUS  
No!

SARA  
Love me, please.

MARCUS  
No, if anything, I hate you!

SARA  
Please don't hate me.

MARCUS  
You killed Robbie, didn't you?

Sara flees from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, LIBRARY. - DAY

Marcus kneels in front of the fireplace, cigarette lighter in hand. He flicks it and moves his hand toward the back fire bricks. The flame is nearly sucked into a crack.

MARCUS  
Bingo! A portal! Now to the basement.

Marcus sighs heavily. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Hey, Prince, what mischief are you up to? Nothing? Can we get together for dinner? Mmm, I'm thinkin' The Butcher Shop. Great, see you in half an hour? I have some things to tell you.

He hangs up and heads to the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, BASEMENT. - NIGHT

Marcus turns the lights on. The basement is relatively empty, but he is cautious. He moves around the outer wall with the lighter. Then he goes to the furnace and shuts it off.

He flicks the lighter near the grate in the door. The flame is nearly sucked out. He kneels down to listen.

Sara comes out of nowhere and hits Marcus. He crashes against the furnace, throwing his head back to keep from being burned.

MARCUS  
Sara, you bitch!

Sara makes another attack. Marcus throws up his hands and stops her.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
No, I don't think so!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ENTRY WAY. - NIGHT

Prince Mongo opens the door.

PRINCE MONGO  
Marcus?

MARCUS (O.C.)  
Coming!

Marcus clambers up the stairs.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit, that was close!

PRINCE MONGO  
What happened?

Marcus grabs his coat.

MARCUS  
I'll explain later.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP RESTAURANT. - NIGHT

Marcus and Mongo are at a table, eating dinner.

MARCUS  
I found two portals: one in the library, the other, the basement furnace.

PRINCE MONGO  
Furnace! Good one. Yes, furnace, close to the fires of hell.



He takes several small filled paper bags out of his pocket.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
I almost forgot, these are for you.

MARCUS  
What is it?

PRINCE MONGO  
Sea salt, very pure. You sprinkle it in every room before you do battle; it's supposed to keep the spirits from coming back into it.

He pulls a small piece of paper from another pocket.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
And you gotta memorize this.

MARCUS  
What is it?

PRINCE MONGO  
The Order of Expulsion. The words to send Sara and the demon away for good.

Marcus takes the paper and looks at it.

MARCUS  
Damn, that's a lotta words to be sayin' when the shit's hittin' the fan.

PRINCE MONGO  
And you have to do it for each, and you must call them by name. Otherwise, it won't work.

MARCUS  
If I say it right, they can never come back?

PRINCE MONGO  
From everything I've read, no, they can't.

Marcus tucks the paper in his pocket.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
When are you doing battle?

MARCUS  
Tomorrow morning.

PRINCE MONGO  
Do you want me there?

MARCUS

I'll either live or die. Having someone there won't change anything. Prince, you've been a wonderful friend. But this is my fight. It's my house, and I want it, and my life back.

CUT TO:

INT. YELLOW CAB. - MORNING

Marcus is in the back. He takes out his phone and dials. Jeni's voicemail picks up.

MARCUS

Jeni, it's Marcus. I know you don't wanna talk to me, and if things don't go right, this'll be the last time you'll hear my voice...I'm going back to the hall today; I'm gonna do battle with Sara and the demon...I don't know if I'll live to tell the story, but please know that I've always loved you...Amelia has a copy of my will, it gives you sole ownership of Bishop Publishing. That's the least I could do for the woman who's brought me so much happiness. I remain always yours, in life, or death...Good-bye, sweetheart.

Marcus hangs up and wipes the tears from his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JENI'S BROTHER'S HOUSE. - MORNING

Jeni picks up her phone and gets the voicemail.

JENI

Mike? Mike?

MIKE

What Jeni?

JENI

You need to take me back home--now!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, ENTRY WAY. - MORNING

Marcus has a bag of salt. He sprinkles a trail to the stairway to the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, BASEMENT. - MORNING

Marcus comes down the stairs, sprinkling salt. When he reaches the basement floor, Sara swoops down and hits him, knocking him to the floor, and spilling the last of the salt. He scrambles to his feet.

MARCUS

All right, Sara, it's time to play.  
Show yourself.

Sara attacks him again. She smashes Marcus in the head. He staggers slightly.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

My house is my home, is my castle.  
I am the lord and master of this  
dwelling.

Sara shrieks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You have trespassed into my home,  
taken residence, and caused  
nuisance...Your presence is no  
longer wanted.

Sara attacks, bringing Khyripzhus with her. The demon bites Marcus on the leg. Marcus screams and tries to shake it off. He is in severe pain.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I command you, Sara, to be banished  
to the underworld of hell. Your  
time on earth is over; your  
privilege to live among the living  
is gone.

Marcus holds up his hands and forces Sara toward the furnace. Khyripzhus hangs on, biting Marcus on the other leg, and then the abdomen. Blood runs from his wounds.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your time here is done, I command  
you to hell!

Sara tries to fight, Khyripzhus leaps into the air, trying to get Marcus's face. Marcus blocks him with one arm.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Get off!

He pushes Sara to the furnace.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I command you to hell!

The portal opens up and catches Sara, pulling her in. Marcus turns around just in time to see the demon make an attack. It hits Marcus, knocking him down, and slashing his back with its claws.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Dear God, help me!

Marcus gets up. The demon slashes Marcus across the face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
My house is my home, is my castle.

He tries to get away from the demon.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I am lord and master of this dwelling.

Khyripzhus sinks its teeth into Marcus's leg and growls as it shakes him violently. Marcus cries out in agony.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
You have trespassed into my house, taken residence, and caused nuisance.

He reaches down and hits the demon with all his might. Khyripzhus disengages for a moment.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Your presence here is no longer wanted. I command you, Khyripzhus, to be banished to the underworld of hell.

He takes a step toward the demon, it shrieks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Your time on earth is over; your privilege to live among the living is gone.

Khyripzhus shrieks again and launches into the air. It grabs Marcus by the hand.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Your time here is done, I command  
you to hell!

He holds onto the demon and limps over to the furnace.

KHYRIPZHUS  
No!

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - MORNING

Richard gets out of the car. He hears screaming coming from the house. He runs toward the house, bursting through the door.

RICHARD  
Boss? Boss? Where are you?

MARCUS (O.C.)  
Help!

CUT TO:

INT. ASHLAR HALL, BASEMENT. - MORNING

Richard hurries into the basement and finds Marcus and Khyripzhus locked in battle. The demon is halfway in the furnace. Marcus's face is mere inches from the hot surface.

RICHARD  
Boss!

He joins the battle, using his fists to strike the demon.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Let go!

He hits it again and Khyripzhus shrieks as the portal envelopes him. Marcus slumps to the floor. Blood is everywhere.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Come on, we need to get you  
upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHLAR HALL. - DAY

Richard brings Marcus out and sits him down on the grass.

RICHARD  
Stay here, I'm gonna call an  
ambulance and get some stuff to try  
and stop the bleeding.

He hurries off. Marcus lays back in the grass and closes his eyes. A car pulls by and stops. Jeni gets out and rushes to Marcus, falling to her knees.

JENI  
Marcus! Marcus! Oh, God!

Marcus reaches a bloodied hand to her.

MARCUS  
Sweetheart.

JENI  
I was so afraid when I got your  
message.

MARCUS  
I love you.

JENI  
Shhhh, rest.

Richard returns with some towels. They do their best to hold them against Marcus's wounds.

RICHARD  
Boss, the ambulance is comin'.

Another car pulls up, and Prince Mongo gets out. He stops at Marcus's feet.

PRINCE MONGO  
Oh, God, the poor Spirit.

He kneels down.

PRINCE MONGO (CONT'D)  
Spirit Marcus? Spirit Marcus? Come  
back to us, please.

JENI  
Marcus, Marcus, please. Don't leave  
me, I don't want it to end like  
this...I want us to start over,  
really, I mean it.

Marcus forces his eyelids open.

PRINCE MONGO  
Spirit Marcus!

MARCUS  
Hi, Prince.

PRINCE MONGO  
Help's on the way. Stay with us,  
you hear?

MARCUS  
I couldn't let her win.

PRINCE MONGO  
No, you beat her fair and square.

MARCUS  
It's my castle again.

PRINCE MONGO  
Yes, it is, my dear spirit friend.

MARCUS  
I won.

Mongo puts his hand on Marcus's shoulder. An ambulance siren can be heard in the distance.

PRINCE MONGO  
Hopefully there'll never be a next  
time. If there is, would you please  
heed my warning not to trifle with  
the spirits?

FADE TO BLACK.