

DRAG ME TO HELL

Written by

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1 INT. BEDROOM - BEFORE DAWN 1

22-year-old Stephanie Browne is jarred from a peaceful sleep as the alarm clock BUZZES. She hits the snooze button and plops back down onto the pillow. After a few seconds of pure sleeping bliss, she wills herself up.

She moves through her Ikea furnished bedroom, past a "Hang in there, baby" poster and into the bathroom.

2 INT. BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER 2

Stephanie turns on the shower. While waiting for the water to heat up, she looks into the mirror and with exaggerated pronunciation, recites:

STEPHANIE  
There is no friction, with proper  
diction. Good sounds abound, when  
the mouth is round.

She catches herself on the last word, a hint of "Missouri twang" slipping through.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Round.

Yawn. She slips off her nightgown and lumbers into the steaming shower.

3 INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING 3

She opens the refrigerator: A half grapefruit sits next to an inviting slice of chocolate cake. She's tempted, but chooses the grapefruit.

4 EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING 4

A sunny Southern California day. Commuters speed by. Stephanie's FORD FOCUS pulls into the PARKING STRUCTURE, across the street from the BANK OF CALIFORNIA. She steps from the car, smartly dressed for work and walks briskly toward the intersection. The traffic signal changes to "Don't Walk".

A BUSINESS MAN next to her, sprints across the street.

Stephanie almost follows but decides to obey the sign. She looks down to see a little KITTEN. It rubs against her ankles and PURRS.

STEPHANIE  
Well, you're a little cutie.

A car's HORN blares, spooking the kitten. It darts into the intersection and freezes at the sight of an oncoming VAN.

Stephanie races into the intersection, snatches up the kitten and places it safely down on the other side of the street.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Slow down!

The Van roars past. She pets the Kitten. It PURRS and licks Stephanie's face. She sets it down.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Go on home. Shoo now!

She heads for the Bank. The kitten follows. She turns back, frowning.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Shoo!

5 INT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA -- DAY

5

Stephanie sits at her desk, across from a young MEXICAN COUPLE. She studies their mortgage application.

MEXICAN MAN

We keep getting the same thing. Because I'm not employed by an American company, they won't take my application until they get my solvency statement. And the Mexican Treasury Department says that's going to take at least four more weeks.

MEXICAN WOMAN

And the house will be gone by then.

STEPHANIE

It says, here your employed by Pemex?

MEXICAN

That's right.

STEPHANIE

Isn't Pemex a subsidiary of Union Oil?

6 A MEXICAN MAN

6

Yes. So?

STEPHANIE

So technically, your employer is an American company. I think we can make this work. I'll call you this afternoon and let you know.

The happy couple shake Stephanie's hand and exit. ELLEN, Stephanie's pretty, twenty two year old, roommate, flops down into the seat across from her.

ELLEN

I need clarification on the shoe issue.

STEPHANIE

Okay...

ELLEN

First of all-- you know you've got the only perfect pair of black dress shoes in L.A. So was that a definite, irrevocable, "no way" or t just a rather not at this time, "no way"?

STEPHANIE

It's an absolutely, positively, forget about the shoes already, "no way". They're my only good pair and I need them in good shape for tomorrow.

ELLEN

What's Up?

STEPHANIE

Dinner with Ray's parents.

Ellen picks up a desktop photo: A shot of Stephanie and her handsome boyfriend, Ray, locked in an embrace, standing in the spray of a waterfall.

ELLEN

Ray's got a nice butt. Really tight

AND---

Stephanie takes back her photo.

STEPHANIE

--I know. Thanks.

ELLEN

He's a keeper. But I told you about his mom, she's another story.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
I used to waitress at her country club, and with her, it's all about what private school you went to and who you know. You still up for that promotion? That would help. Stephanie looks longingly to...

7

THE VACANT OFFICE

7

of the former Assistant Manager. The large oak desk. The executive chair. Waiting to be filled.

Stephanie turns back, pushing the thought away.

STEPHANIE  
I'm not putting on a show. She'll either accept me for who I am or not.

ELLEN  
Are you reading self help books again?

The Kitten peers out through Stephanie's partially opened desk drawer.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Hello there!

Ellen reaches for the Kitty but Stephanie waves her off.

STEPHANIE  
--Shhh I can't let my boss see him.

Stephanie glances to her manager, MR. JACKS, a heavysset man sitting behind a large desk.

ELLEN  
What about the shoes?

STEPHANIE  
I told you. No. Now beat it.

Mr. Jacks sneezes, rubs his nose. He looks suspiciously about the bank for the source of his allergy.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Uh Oh. You better bring the kitty home for me.

ELLEN  
Sure. If I can take the shoes.

STEPHANIE

I told you, no.

Mr. Jacks sneezes again, his eyes water. He turns to his

8

SECRETARY.

8

MR. JACKS

Has someone brought a damned animal  
into my bank?!

Mr. Jacks looks about the Bank, his twitching nose leading  
him toward Stephanie's desk.

STEPHANIE

Okay, fine! Take the shoes!

Hidden from Mr. Jack's view, Ellen quickly scoops up the  
Kitten and places it into her purse.

As Mr. Jacks arrives at Stephanie's desk, he overhears:

ELLEN

Just don't expect me to take care  
of it.

This catches Mr. Jack's Attention. He turns to the ladies,  
wondering what they're talking about. Stephanie takes  
Ellen's hand and vigorously shakes it goodbye.

STEPHANIE

Of course not. I'll take care of  
everything. And thanks for choosing  
Bank of California.

Ellen plays along.

ELLEN

Okay. Then I'll see you later. I  
mean--- whenever the next time I'm  
in the bank. You know-- for a loan.

STEPHANIE

Goodbye.

As Ellen passes, Mr. Jacks sneezes again, harder.

MR. JACKS

Someone has definitely brought an  
animal in here.

He eyes Ellen suspiciously as she exits.

STEPHANIE

I don't see any cats. Or any animals.

MR. JACKS

Hope to hell, not.

STEPHANIE

By the way, I put the paperwork for the McPherson loan on your desk.

MR. JACKS

Mcpherson?

STEPHANIE

That big corporate loan I've been trying to set up? It's just preliminary but--

MR. JACKS

Oh, right. I'll look it over when I get the chance.

STEPHANIE

Mr. Jacks, I was wondering if you had made any decision regarding the Assistant Manager's position yet?

MR. JACKS

I'm still deciding. Right now it's between Stu and yourself.

STEPHANIE

Stu? The trainee?

Stephanie turns to see Stu, the balding loan officer who sits at his desk, watching, trying to figure out what Jacks is saying to her.

MR. JACKS

I know he's new but he's also quite aggressive and we like that. Don't get me wrong, you're well liked here, but we're also looking for someone who's not afraid to crunch the numbers and make the tough decisions.

STEPHANIE

Mr. Jacks, I feel that I'm perfectly capable of--

MR. JACKS  
 --I'll let you know as soon as I  
 decide. In the meantime, take him  
 through our loan qualifying  
 procedures... just in case.

STEPHANIE  
 Oh. okay.

MR JACKS  
 And would you mind taking your  
 lunch now?

STEPHANIE  
 Sure.

MR. JACKS  
 And on your way back, maybe you  
 could bring me a turkey club?

Stu overhears them as he passes by.

STU  
 Turkey club. Excellent choice, J.J.  
 Then to Stephanie:

STU (CONT'D)  
 Mind picking one up for me?

STEPHANIE  
 No problem.

Jacks heads back toward his desk. Stephanie grabs her purse  
 and keys and as she heads out, Stu calls after her:

STU  
 On toasted rye! And spicy mustard!

Stephanie doesn't like fetching lunch for the trainee but  
 hides her displeasure.

STEPHANIE  
 Sure.

9 EXT. UCLA - WESTWOOD CAMPUS - DAY 9

Stephanie enters the Ivy-covered red bricked Department of  
 Psychology Building.

10 INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY 10

RAY DALTON, a handsome twenty-nine year old man is lecturing  
 before a class of UCLA students. They listen attentively.



RAY

The conscious mind abhors uncertainty. It seeks a pattern or reason for everything. When we can't find that pattern or reason, we sometimes ascribe it's cause to the world of the supernatural. The spiritual world is created by the human mind to conveniently explain everything we can't. So when does a belief in the supernatural cross into the field of abnormal behavior? Where do you, the Psychologist, come in? When these beliefs negatively affect our patients activities of daily living. Their jobs, their friends, their sense of well being-- The class bell RINGS.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we'll be covering the clinical manifestations of psychosis. You'll find it all referenced in the text.

The students pack up their books. Ray smiles as he sees Stephanie enter the lecture hall, holding a bag of deli food.

11 INT. RAY'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - LATER

11

Stephanie eats a salad as she goes over a financial statement of the Mcpherson Corporation.

Ray grades papers.

RAY

How're things at the bank? How's that new position looking?

STEPHANIE

I don't know.

RAY

Really? You sounded so sure.

STEPHANIE

Well, now there's this new guy... they're considering him too.

Ray sees how bummed out she is. He moves close, taking her in his arms.

RAY  
That job needs somebody with your  
experience. They know that.

Stephanie nods.

STEPHANIE  
Oh, I've got something for you.

She rummages through her purse and hands Ray an envelope. He  
removes a coin. An old nickle.

RAY  
A 1925 Indian head! Hey, good find.  
Where'd you get it?

STEPHANIE  
One of the tellers found it for me.

Ray puts the coin back into the envelope and tucks it into  
his pocket.

RAY  
Thanks.

STEPHANIE  
I'd better get back to work.

She quickly gathers her things. Ray returns to grading his  
student's exams. The telephone RINGS. Ray hits the  
speakerphone.

RAY  
Doctor Dalton.

It's the voice of an older woman, TRUDY.

12 TRUDY ON SPEAKERPHONE

12

Hello dear.

RAY  
Hi Mom, can you hold on a sec?

He turns from the phone, whispering to Stephanie:

RAY (CONT'D)  
I'll call you tonight.

She kisses Ray and exits.

13 INT. HALL OUTSIDE RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Stephanie stops at the water fountain for a drink.

RAY'S VOICE

Nothing much. Just had lunch with Stephanie. And trying to get these midterms graded--

She halts as she hears her name mentioned on Ray's speakerphone. She moves closer to Ray's office to eavesdrop:

TRUDY'S VOICE

--Stephanie? The one from the farm?

RAY'S VOICE

You know who she is. She's coming over for dinner tomorrow night to meet you and dad.

TRUDY'S VOICE

Ray, I'm sure she's sweet, but she doesn't sound...

RAY'S VOICE

What?

TRUDY'S VOICE

I mean she's just a teller at some bank right? Raymond there's a reason that your father and I raised you in a certain way. We have expectations.

RAY'S VOICE

Please, mom, not this again--

TRUDY'S VOICE

I heard that Julie Kulick is looking for someone to play tennis with. You know she graduated Yale law with honors. I'm told she's quite a successful attorney now. I gave you her number but her mother says you never called.

RAY'S VOICE

Because I'm with Stephanie. I'm not looking for anybody else.

TRUDY'S VOICE

Would it kill you to--

RAY'S VOICE

--Mom. I have to go. See you tomorrow night. Okay? Bye. A downhearted Stephanie quietly exits.

14 INT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA - BREAK ROOM - DAY

14

As Stephanie pours herself a cup of coffee, Stu and Mr. Jacks take the first bites of their sandwiches. Stu makes a face. He inspects the sandwich, shakes his head.

STU  
(quietly to Mr. Jacks)  
She messed up my order.

Stephanie heard that.

STEPHANIE  
No I didn't, Stu.

STU  
Steph, I said "no mayo".

STEPHANIE  
You never said that.

Stu rolls his eyes to Mr. Jacks.

Stephanie caught Stu's look, but what can she do? She exits.

15 INT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA - LATER

15

Stephanie sits at her desk, entering data into her computer. She glances across the bank to see Stu and Mr. Jacks emerging from the break room. Stu is about to return to his desk when he remembers something: he's got two tickets to a Dodger game that he can't use. Mr. Jacks happily accepts the tickets. Stephanie looks to the vacant office of the Assistant Manager. She can feel her promotion slipping away.

16 SCRATCH... SCRATCH...

16

Stephanie looks to the source of the sound... A withered hand. An involuntary tremor causes it's yellowed fingernails to SCRATCH across the surface of Stephanie's desk...

17 SCRATCH... SCRATCH...

17

The hand belongs to MRS. SYLVIA GANUSH, the aged woman who sits across from Stephanie. She wears a formal dress and hat from another era. The outfit is threadbare in spots but great care has been taken to maintain it.

MRS. GANUSH  
(Hungarian accent)  
Will you help me?

STEPHANIE  
Of course. What can I do for you?

Mrs. Ganush coughs up phlegm and spits it into a linen handkerchief, which she tucks back into her puree. She hands Stephanie a bunch of crumpled papers. Stephanie reviews them.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Mrs. "Ganush"?

The old woman nods.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

This is a delinquency notice... it says that the payment on your loan was due a number of months ago. And this other document... is a court order for repossession. The bank is informing you of their intent to repossess-your property at 325 Brandon street, tomorrow.,

MRS. GANUSH

The trucks are there now. The men are packing all my things. Private things. Please, make them stop. This is my home for twenty years. And I make every payment until the sickness took my eye. Mrs. Ganush turns her head to reveal a milky white eye. Stephanie hides her revulsion.

STEPHANIE

Well... do you have the payment with you now?

MRS. GANUSH

I hope to get it soon. I just need a little more time.

STEPHANIE

I don't think my manager is going to extend you anymore credit. I'd like to help but...

MRS. GANUSH

Please. Won't you try?

STEPHANIE

Okay. Wait here.

Stephanie stands and moves off. The Old Woman picks through a bowl of hard candies on Stephanie's desk.

Stephanie stands before Mr. Jacks. He acknowledges her without looking up from his work.

MR. JACKS

What's up?

STEPHANIE

I've got an elderly woman asking for an extension on her mortgage payment.. They're in the process of repossessing her home. She's on a fixed income and she's had some medical problems. I was wondering if we could give her a break.

Stephanie hands Mr. Jacks the loan file. He puts on his bifocals, studies it.

Stephanie glances over her shoulder.

18

STEPHANIE'S P.O.V. - HER DESK

18

Mrs. Ganush looks around to. make sure no one's watching, then tips the bowl of hard candies into her purse. She reaches.

into her mouth and removes a set of stained dentures that she wraps in her linen handkerchief.

She places a piece of hard candy into her mouth and gums it with a wet SUCKING sound. The Old Woman's one good eye, wanders about in ecstasy as she sucks on the sugary treat.

MR. JACKS

Apparently, we've already granted her two extensions. And you know on this type of foreclosure, the bank makes a sizable amount in fees.

He hands her back the file.

STEPHANIE

It would mean I'd have to throw her out of her house.

MR. JACKS

Tough decision. Your call.

He leans back in his overstuffed leather chair and studies her. Stephanie glances to the vacant office of the Assistant Manager. The large oak desk. The thick carpet.

She sees a calculating Stu Rubin eyeing her from his workstation.

STEPHANIE  
I'll take care of it.

Stephanie returns to her desk.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Ganush, another extension on  
the loan is out of the question.

MRS. GANUSH  
What?

STEPHANIE  
I'm sorry.

MRS. GANUSH  
No. Please, it's my home... I'm  
begging you.

STEPHANIE  
I tried to talk my boss into it but  
he just wouldn't approve.

MRS. GANUSH  
But where will I live?

Stephanie leafs through the loan documents. She finds a  
name.

STEPHANIE  
Mrs. Ganush, you've given your  
granddaughter as a reference... It  
says here, she lives nearby...  
Wouldn't you be better off living  
with her?

MRS. GANUSH  
I would not burden her.

STEPHANIE  
Okay well, there's several fine  
"assisted living" facilities for  
the elderly.

MRS GANUSH  
A nursing home? No. I will never  
live in one of those places.

STEPHANIE  
Well, of course, that's your  
choice.

MRS. GANUSH  
It's yours.

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry there's nothing I can do.  
Mrs. Ganush begins to sob.

MRS. GANUSH

I am proud woman, Miss Brown, and  
never have I begged for anything.  
But I will beg for you now. This  
one time. I humble myself before  
you.

STEPHANIE

That isn't necessary, please. Let's  
not make this personal. It's just  
the bank's policy. I'm really sorry  
Mrs. Ganush.

Stephanie takes the loan documents and places them neatly  
into a manila folder. She glances up but Mrs. Ganush is  
gone.

Stephanie turns in her chair and is startled to see the old  
woman, kneeling before her. She clutches Stephanie's leg  
with her gnarled hands.

MRS. GANUSH

Have mercy on me.

Stephanie stands, tries to pull free, but the old woman will  
not release her leg.

STEPHANIE

Please, let go.

Customers turn to look. Mr. Jacks glances up from his desk.

MR. JACKS

What the hell?

MRS. GANUSH

I, Sylvia Ganush, beg. On my  
mother's grave, I beg you.

STEPHANIE

Please, take your hands off me.

But the old woman only clutches tighter.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm calling security.

She picks up the phone and presses a button.



STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Could you please come over?

Mrs. Ganush finally releases her grip and bows her head in humiliation.

MRS. GANUSH  
You shame me.

She composes herself. Then, slowly stands, puffing up her chest. Muttering her damaged pride.

MRS. GANUSH (CONT'D)  
I begged you...

Her one good eye fixes it's hardened gaze upon Stephanie.

MRS. GANUSH (CONT'D)  
And you shame me.

Mrs. Ganush suddenly grasps Stephanie's arm. Stephanie tries to pull away but the old lady's grip is strong. Mrs. Ganush reaches out to pluck the charm bracelet from Stephanie's wrist-- but the Security Guard intervenes.

SECURITY GUARD  
I think your business here is  
finished, ma'am.

The Guard escorts Mrs. Ganush from the bank. Through the bank's window, Stephanie watches the Guard lead Mrs. Ganush to a old, Chevy Cavalier on the street.

Stephanie composes herself and when she again looks up, the old woman's car is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

19

INT. BANK - LATER

19

The bank is closing. Stephanie is finishing some paper work when Mr. Jacks stops by her desk.

MR. JACKS  
That was one nutty old lady. You  
okay?

Stephanie nods.

MR. JACKS (CONT'D)

You handled that just right. And by the way, as far as the Assistant Manager's position... You're at the top of the list.

STEPHANIE

Thanks.

Mr. Jacks nods, heads for home. Stephanie loads a pile of contracts, a ruler and a desk stapler into a cardboard box and exits the bank. The Security guard locks up behind her.

20

EXT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

20

Stephanie waves as the last of her co-workers drive off. It's then that she notices the battered Chevy Caviler. It's parked in the structure.

Stephanie looks closer. There's no one behind the wheel. She nervously glances about. No sign of Mrs. Ganush. Stephanie makes her way toward the safety of her car.

Her FOOTSTEPS echo in the deserted structure, more loudly than she would like.

She arrives at her car and quickly gets inside, locking the doors behind her. She places the box of contracts on the seat next to her. As she starts the engine, she notices a strange sight: something moving, skimming along the surface of the lot.

It's Mrs. Ganush's linen handkerchief.

It whisks about like a ghost, swirling closer and closer. Stephanie watches transfixed, as it flies right toward her car. It dips beneath her hood and is gone. It suddenly sweeps up into view, fluttering up, over her windshield, and is carried off by the wind.

Stephanie breathes a sigh of relief just as two wrinkled hands come up around her face! Mrs Ganush sits up in the back seat of her car! SHRIEKING with rage at Stephanie!

MRS. GANUSH

(In Hungarian)

You bitch! I pluck out your fucking eyes!

Mrs. Ganush's razor sharp fingernails lash out towards Stephanie's eyes. But Stephanie grabs the old woman's wrists, halting her.

The withered hands drop down to wrap around Stephanie's throat. Stephanie fights for breath as she frantically searches for a weapon. Her hand finds the box on the seat next to her. She grabs a handful of colored push pins and jams them into the old woman's arm. Mrs. Ganush releases her grip. Stephanie has time for only a single gulp of air before Mrs. Ganush grabs two fistfuls of Stephanie's hair!. The old woman yanks upon it. Stephanie's head is pulled back, over the edge of the seat. Ganush braces her feet against the back of the front seat to pull even harder... Stephanie's neck is now bent so far back it's about to snap!

Stephanie's hand finds the stapler, trips the release. It springs open. She swings it back over her shoulder! Ka-Thunk! Ka-Thunk! Ka-Thunk!

With each blow, she delivers a staple into Mrs. Ganush's forehead.

Ka-Thunk! A lucky shot-- the old lady's white eye is stapled shut.

The old woman HOWLS, but her grip on Stephanie's hair only tightens.

Stephanie, about to black out, throws the car into gear and hits the gas. As the car' accelerates, Stephanie fastens her shoulder harness with the last of her strength.

The old woman's stapled eyelid POPS open just in time for her to see... an oncoming concrete column.

Stephanie's car slams into it. Stephanie is held fast by her shoulder harness.

But Mrs. Ganush's body hurtles forward over the front seat, impacting against the dashboard with tremendous force.

Close shot of the old woman's head slamming into the dash. In a spray of broken teeth, her dentures eject from her mouth.

Both women are dazed from the impact. Stephanie regains her wits first. She reaches across Mrs. Ganush and opens the passenger door.

Mrs. Ganush stirs, but before she can come to, Stephanie's foot shoves her out. The old woman hits the ground hard but she sits up suddenly with a SNARL and starts to climb back in. Stephanie shifts the car into reverse. The opened passenger door knocks Mrs. Ganush back down to the pavement. The car's rear bumper slams into a concrete column. Stephanie is dazed.

Mrs. Ganush crawls to her feet and begins limping toward the car.

Stephanie tries to focus. A blurred image in the rear view mirror: Mrs. Ganush running closer, 'SHRIEKING with old world rage!

The Old Woman reaches for the opened passenger door but Stephanie closes it and locks it just in time! Mrs. Ganush furiously pulls on the door handle to no,avail.

STEPHANIE

I beat you, you old bitch! Next  
time take your Geretol!

The old woman bends down, beneath Stephanie's view. Stephanie looks about. Where'd she go?

The old woman pops up into view, raising a chunk of concrete and... CRASH! Stephanie SCREAMS as the window shatters.

The old woman's head juts into the cart She clamps her toothless maw down upon Stephanie.'s chin. Suckling it, gumming. The old woman's good eye rolls about in ecstasy.

Stephanie SHRIEKS as she pushes the slobbering head away.

Strands of spittle form a bridge from the old woman's mouth to Stephanie's jaw.

The old woman's wrinkled hands grope about the front seat. She finds her dentures, now damaged from the fight. She GRUNTS as she jams them back into her mouth. She comes at Stephanie, mouth wide open and SHRIEKING!

Stephanie grabs the wooden ruler from her cardboard box and shoves it down the old lady's throat. Mrs. Ganush gags, trying to retch up the ruler.

Then Stephanie is suddenly screaming herself, as the old Woman has grabbed her legs and is dragging her from the car.

Stephanie hits the pavement. She shields her face with her hands, waiting, but the blow never comes. The old woman standing above her, WHEEZING.

MRS. GANUSH

You shamed me.

The Old Woman reaches down. Stephanie flinches. Mrs.'Ganush's gnarled hand plucks a thin brass button from the sleeve of Stephanie's coat. She waves the button through the air, and breathes out a single word:

MRS. GANUSH (CONT'D)

Lamia...

Clouds move past the setting Sun. A shadow falls over Stephanie. A cold wind makes her shiver.

STEPHANIE

What--? What are you doing?

Stephanie sits up, reaching for her button. But the old woman moves it out of reach.

MRS. GANUSH

You want it?

Stephanie snatches the button back. Mrs. Ganush smiles cryptically as Stephanie stuffs the button into her coat pocket.

MRS. GANUSH (CONT'D)

Soon it will be you, who comes  
begging to me. It begins tonight  
when you hear the cry.

STEPHANIE

What cry?

MRS. GANUSH

The Lamia. It's coming for you.

A large black, BUZZING fly lands on Stephanie's face. She swats it away. Her vision blurs and she grows dizzy. She leans against the car for support. When she finally looks up, Mrs. Ganush is gone.

21 INT. POLICE STATION - SARGENT'S DESK - NIGHT 21

Stephanie and Ray have just finished filing a report with

22 OFFICER NAIMARK. 22

RAY

What about a restraining order?

OFFICER NAIMARK

Well that's usually only something we do if there's a pattern of harassment. But like I said, we'll file a report and keep it on record in case you do have a continuing problem. But once we send an officer around to have a word with, her, I don't think she'll be bothering you again.

STEPHANIE

Thank you, you've been very helpful.

23

EXT. VENTURA BLVD - LATER THAT NIGHT

23

Stephanie and Ray eat ice cream cones as they walk past the shops.

RAY

I just thank God you're okay. You are okay, right?

STEPHANIE

I'm fine.

Ray waits, sensing that there's more to it.

RAY

Your fine, but...

STEPHANIE

I-- It's just that I could have gotten her another extension. But I didn't.

RAY

Loo]. You said the bank had already granted her two extensions.

RAY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

When you don't pay your mortgage you lose your house, what did she expect?

STEPHANIE

I guess.

A breeze. She shivers. He wraps his arms around her protectively and after a moment, they walk on. Stephanie watches wistfully as a YOUNG COUPLE coo over their BABY. Behind the couple, Stephanie notices a neon sign in a storefront window. It reads: PSYCHIC.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Let's get our fortune's read!

RAY

You're kidding right?

She cajoles a protesting Ray through the front door of the establishment.

24

INT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

24

A tiny waiting room. A poster on the wall indicating the energy meridians of the human body.

RAY

I just hope to God none of my  
students see me here. Five bucks  
says he's wearing a turban.

A beaded curtain parts, revealing...

Rham Jas, a small, dark skinned, fifty year old Indian man.

He wears a plain black suit and a white turban. His  
inquisitive eyes evaluate the couple.

RHAM JAS

I am Rham Jas. Seer.

STEPHANIE

How do you do? I'm Stephanie Brown  
and this is Ray...

RAY

But you probably already knew that.  
Just kidding.

Rham Jas gives Ray a tight smile.

RHAM JAS

How can I help you?

STEPHANIE

We'd like to have our fortunes  
read. Can you do that? Read the  
future?

RHAM JAS

I have the ability to see certain  
energies... Sometimes these  
energies are a foretoken of things  
to come. Sometimes not. Sixty  
dollars, please.

RAY

Sixty dollars? Isn't that a little  
steep for this kind of thing?

RHAM JAS

Then go. There are many who would  
claim to be seers. But they are  
not. Although you would pay them  
little...

(MORE)

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
you would receive nothing. If you  
are not serious, go.

Rham Jas turns to depart through the beaded curtain.

STEPHANIE  
Wait.

She removes some bills from her purse but Ray waves her off,  
handing Rham Jas a credit card.

RHAM JAS  
Platinum card. Very good.

He swipes Ray's card through the credit card machine.

INT Rham Jas'S BACK ROOM - NIGHT A sparsely furnished, dimly  
lit room. The walls are lined with old books. Rham Jas  
stands before Stephanie and Ray, who sit at a card table.  
Stephanie giggles with excitement.

STEPHANIE  
Sorry.

Rham Jas smiles back.

RHAM JAS  
That's quite all right. So, you  
wish to know something of your  
destiny. Very good. We shall see  
what the fates have in store.

Rham Jas crosses to the window and closes the curtains.

RAY  
Freud said destiny was not an act  
of fate but rather something  
created by our subconscious to  
control our conscious choices.

RHAM JAS  
That is true. But... "We should not  
pretend to understand the world  
only by intellect."

RAY  
Carl Jung...

RHAM JAS  
Yes. From his treatise  
"Psychological types".



Ray studies this strange man as he strikes a match and lights a candle. There's more to him than meets the eye. Ray brushes it off.

RAY  
Jung-- the New Agers' favorite  
psychologist.

RHAM JAS  
Because he wasn't afraid to bring  
God into the equation.

Rham Jas takes a seat at the table, across from Stephanie.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
Your hand, please.

Stephanie extends her hand to Rham Jas. He closes his eyes and concentrates. Stephanie smiles excitedly to Ray, who raises a skeptical eyebrow.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
You work with money.

STEPHANIE  
That's right!

RHAM JAS  
But... you've lost something.

STEPHANIE  
No. I don't think so.

RHAM JAS  
No. No, you're right. Something's  
been taken from you.

STEPHANIE  
No, I-

Rham Jas grabs her arm and turns it, revealing the threads. That once held the button on her coat sleeve.

RHAM JAS  
A button.

STEPHANIE  
Well, yes! Some Old Woman...

RAY  
Well anyone can see she lost a  
button. So what?

STEPHANIE

But Ray, it was very strange. At the bank today. The old woman... the one I told you about... she plucked the button right from my sleeve.

RAY

Why would she do that?

RHAM JAS

If you would please, both be quiet.

Rham Jae concentrates, his eyelids flutter. Stephanie appears uneasy. The flame of the candle begins to flicker as a breeze sweeps through the room. The wind chimes TINKLE. Ray pulls his collar closed against the sudden chill in the air. Rham Jas's back stiffens.

He releases Stephanie's hand and stands. He moves away from the table, uncomfortable. With a handkerchief, he dabs perspiration from his brow.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)

I think that is enough for now.

STEPHANIE

Wait. You saw something. What?

RHAM JAS

I'm sorry. I'm tired and I see it's become quite late. Of course I will refund your money.

STEPHANIE

Tell me. Please. Rham Jas hesitates, then...

RHAM JAS

A bad spirit has come upon you.

STEPHANIE

How?

RHAM JAS

Did you blaspheme the dead while visiting a grave site?

STEPHANIE

No.

RHAM JAS

Do you play with Ouija board or  
confer with those who practice the  
black arts?

RAY

What is this?!

STEPHANIE

No. No, I didn't.

RHAM JAS

Then perhaps someone has cursed  
you.

STEPHANIE

Who?

Rham Jas turns her wrist, exposing the loose threads on her  
coat sleeve.

25 CLOSE ON THE THREADS 25

where the brass button once was.

26 EXT. HILLS OF SILVER LAKE -- NIGHT 26

Ray and Stephanie cruise along the dark, winding hills. Ray  
looks over at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

How did he know all that?

RAY

Know what? That you lost a button?

He makes some good guesses, stirs you up, leaving you with a  
lot of questions. And conveniently, his business card.  
C'mon, he's a scam artist.

STEPHANIE

He didn't want the money. He tried  
to give the money back.

RAY

In the end, he took it, didn't he?

STEPHANIE

I guess so.

27 EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 27

Ray and Stephanie step from the car. They open a rusting iron gate, and walk up the hilly path to Stephanie's slightly funky Silver Lake rental house.

28 INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 28

Ray and Stephanie step inside. The kitten PURRS around Stephanie's feet. Ray picks it up.

RAY  
So this is him. Got a name?

STEPHANIE  
Uh... just "Kitty" so far.

She takes the cat from Ray, cuddles it.

RAY  
Sure you don't want me to spend the night?

STEPHANIE  
Don't tempt me. I've got to prep a presentation for the morning.

RAY  
okay.

Ray kisses her, opens the front door and exits. He calls back to her from his car:

RAY (CONT'D)  
Remember, dinner at my folk's house, tomorrow night. We're supposed to bring desert. I could pick something up?

STEPHANIE  
No. I'm planning on baking my special cake.

RAY  
Sounds good. Try not to stay up too late.

Ray waves and steps into his car. Stephanie watches him drive off.

29 INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 29

Stephanie sits at the kitchen table in her flannel pajamas, entering financial data into her laptop.

An episode of "Desperate Housewives" plays in the background on TV. A baking timer CHIMES. Stephanie removes a beautifully browned cake from the oven and sets it on the counter to cool. Her roommate, ELLEN, comes down the stairs, snuggling the kitten.

STEPHANIE  
Isn't he adorable?

ELLEN  
Let's hope the landlord thinks so.

She sets down the kitten and picks up her overnight bag.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
What about you? You going to be okay? You know, I don't have to go out tonight.

STEPHANIE  
No, I'm fine. Have a good time.

ELLEN  
Do I look great? Be honest.

30

STEPHANIE.

30

You look great.

Ellen smiles, grabs her car keys and heads for the door.

STEPHANIE  
But... Isn't that Marci's dress?

ELLEN  
Yeah. And if she calls, tell her not to go bi-polar on me, I'll get it back to her by tomorrow. Or the next day. Bye!

Ellen exits.

Stephanie places butter into a mixer for the cake frosting. Through the kitchen window we can see Ellen walking down the path, toward the street. She steps through the iron gate, latching it closed behind her.

31

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Ellen's car pulls away. The wind kicks up, whisking leaves about, as though something were moving up the path and toward the front gate of the house.

32

INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

32

An unsettling SHRIEK! What the hell was that? Stephanie sets down the measuring cup.

She moves to the front door. Locks it.

She looks out the kitchen window. The iron. Gate is now open. It SHRIEKS as it swings back and forth in the wind.

Suddenly, the latch gives way and the windows swing open!

Wind sweeps through the kitchen, whipping dead leaves about.

The hanging pans bang together! KLANG! KLANG!

Stephanie forces the windows closed.

The wind dies. The room grows eerily quiet.

A car passes in the street below. It's headlights sweep across the house. The headlight beams throw moving shadows on the wall. Stephanie notices that one particular shadow is darker than the others. It becomes the silhouette of Mrs.

Ganush, but there's no one in the room with her.

The car passes and the shadows vanish.

Sensing something, the Kitten arches it's back. Now Stephanie feels it. A presence. The light bulb begins to sputter. She holds her breath, listens.

The floorboards CREAK. Something is walking towards her. She spins around, but there's nothing there. The SOUND of footsteps drawing closer.

She backs against the wall, trembling.

Suddenly Stephanie's face is struck by an invisible hand! She cries out. Her mouth is bleeding.

She runs for the door. She's almost there. Her hand reaches for the knob, when something unseen picks her up. She SCREAMS as she is thrown against the wall. She falls to the floor.

Lifting her head, she catches her own reflection in the WINDOW:

In the reflection, as the light bulb flickers, we see a flash of ghostly hands that grope at her body.

They reach up through the floor, and clutch at her legs, buttocks and breasts.

STEPHANIE

Get off me! Get off! The phantom hands vanish. Stephanie looks about, eyes wild.

33

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Stephanie is wearing Ray's overcoat atop her pajamas. She nervously paces the room. Ray hurries in, handing her a pack of frozen peas that she presses against her bloody lip.

RAY

So she came to your house? This is crazy. I'm calling that police officer.

He begins to dial but Stephanie stops him.

STEPHANIE

Ray, you're not listening. It wasn't her. It was something that she sicked on me...

RAY

I don't understand.

STEPHANIE

I didn't tell you the whole story. That old woman... after she knocked me down, and pulled the button from my coat, she told me that...

RAY

What?

STEPHANIE

She said that something was coming for me... and it did.

Ray stares at her with concern.

34

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - LATER

34

DOCTOR RANGIVERTZ, wearing jeans and a UCLA basketball sweatshirt, concludes his interview with Stephanie. He carries a small black medical bag as he steps from the living room to speak with Ray.

DOCTOR RANGAVERTZ  
Ray, you were right to call me.  
Never a good idea to be personally  
involved with your patient.

RAY  
What do you think?

DOCTOR RANGAVERTZ  
Medically, she's fine. She's just  
very distraught. She's displaying  
some paranoia and a sense of panic.  
Classic symptoms of a post  
traumatic stress disorder. Probably  
a result of being assaulted by that  
old woman.

Doctor Rangavertz scribbles out a prescription and hands it  
to Ray.

RAY  
How worried should I be?

DOCTOR RANGAVERTZ  
We'll have to wait and see.

35 INT. RAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

35

Stephanie lays peacefully in bed, almost asleep. A bottle of  
sedatives on the bedside table. Ray pulls up the blanket  
around her exposed shoulder. Stephanie sighs, turns to him.

RAY  
How you doing?

STEPHANIE  
Better now. At the time it just  
seemed so real. I'm so embarrassed.

RAY  
Don't be, you had a terrible day  
and you got a little wigged out. It  
happens.

STEPHANIE  
No, what now, Doc?

RAY  
I was gonna surprise you, but what  
the hell. I've been planning a  
little trip for us this week end.  
Saturday morning we're taking a  
train to Santa Barbara.



STEPHANIE

Really?

RAY

My family owns a cabin up there.  
In, the hills. Overlooking this  
little river. We'll light a fire,  
drink some champagne and screw our  
brains out.

STEPHANIE

You sure know how to talk to a  
girl.

RAY

It's a chance to just be together.  
Undisturbed. There's a lot of stuff  
I want to talk to you about but it  
never seems to be the right time.

STEPHANIE

Sounds nice.

She draws in a deep breath and for the first time that  
evening, she looks at peace. Ray watches, her as she closes  
her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

36

INT. RAY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

36

Tweeting birds and filtered sunlight streaming in through  
the window, awaken Stephanie. She stretches and looks to the  
empty pillow next to her. Ray is gone. She tries to fall  
back asleep, but the sound of a dripping faucet keeps her  
awake. Frustrated, she gets out of bed and steps into the  
bathroom. WITHERED HANDS clamp around Stephanie's throat,  
violently SHAKING her!

MRS GANUSH

You shamed me!

MATCH CUT to: Ray SHAKING her!

RAY

Steph! Wake Up!

She awakens in her bed, SCREAMING!

STEPHANIE

Oh my God! Oh God!

RAY

It was just a dream. It's okay.

She gets control. Ray smooths out the tangled hair from her sweaty face. He looks deeply into her eyes, afraid of what's happening to her. The phone in the next room, RINGS.'Ray looks over, decides to ignore it. It keeps RINGING.

STEPHANIE

Go ahead.

RAY

I'll be right back.

He steps into the next room and we hear him answer the phone. Stephanie sighs and lays back down... next to Mrs. Ganush! The Old Woman is covered in a swarm of BLACK FLIES! Stephanie

SHRIEKS! The Old Woman opens her maw, exposing sharp broken teeth. She lunges for Stephanie!

Stephanie grabs the old woman by her hair, halting the chomping teeth inches from her face. She tries to push Mrs. Ganush away.

But the Old Woman's yellowed teeth SNAP and press ever closer.

The muscles in Stephanie's arms are trembling. She is weakening. Mrs. Ganush, closes in, about to clamp her teeth down upon Stephanie's face when--

Stephanie suddenly awakens with a GASP. It was all a dream within a dream.

She bolts up out of bed. Takes her bearings. She's alone in Ray's bedroom. She checks the bathroom. Under the bed. All normal.

Ray enters.

RAY (CONT'D)

You, okay?

STEPHANIE

No. No-- Oh my God. I had some dreams. Awful.

RAY

Want to tell me about them?

STEPHANIE

The old lady. She was here... I couldn't wake up.

Stephanie shakes her head. She can't finish.

Ray pulls back the drapes. Sunlight pours into the room. Stephanie tries to put the dream out of her mind. Ray sits next to her, strokes her hair.

RAY

Doctor Rangervertz said you could stop by his office during your lunch hour.

Stephanie nods.

37 EXT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA - MORNING 37

Ray's car stops in front of the Bank.

38 INT. RAY'S CAR 38

Stephanie looks across the street to the parking structure. Her car is there. The window has been replaced.

RAY

I had them replace the window last night. Still needs some body work.

STEPHANIE-

Thank you, Ray.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

RAY

We've got to be prepared that it might take some time for you to get over this.

She nods.

39 INT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA -- DAY 39

Stephanie enters the bank. She guilty glances to the clock. It's 9:40. She's late. She tries to be discreet as she moves to her desk, hoping Mr. Jacks won't notice. She's almost there when Stu Rubin accidentally knocks a note book off his desk.

Mr. Jacks glances up and notes Stephanie's tardiness. Stu approaches Stephanie's desk.

STU RUBIN

Hi Steph. Just getting here?

STEPHANIE

What are you, the hall monitor?

STU RUBIN  
Ha ha! You're funny, Steph.

STEPHANIE  
What do you want?

STU RUBIN  
I need you to finish teaching me  
the loan procedures.

STEPHANIE  
I've got a lot on my mind. Let's do  
it tomorrow.

STU RUBIN  
Sure. I'll just tell Mr. Jacks that  
you don't have the time right now.  
Maybe he can show me.

She glances up. Mr. Jacks's still watching her.

STEPHANIE  
No, no, that's all right. I'll do  
it. Where were we?

STU RUBIN  
We were going over the asset-based  
lending guidelines.

STEPHANIE  
Right. Okay. Let's say your client  
is a company that can't get  
traditional bank financing but  
needs a secured loan. We offer--

SCRATCH... SCRATCH... Stephanie looks around for the source  
of the sound, but can't find it.

STU  
Yeah?

STEPHANIE  
.uh, we offer several types of  
asset-based lending which consist  
of revolving lines of credit and  
term loans secured by accounts  
receivables, their inventory,  
machinery--

That Stu's hand has been replaced by MRS. GANUSH'S... it's yellowed fingernails SCRATCH across her desk. She looks again, and Stu's hand has returned to normal.

STU

---and?

STEPHANIE

(in her full Missouri  
twang)

--And get your filthy pig knuckle  
off my desk!

Stu is taken aback by Stephanie's outburst. He retreats to his desk in confusion.

Stephanie sits, rattled. A drop of blood falls onto a piece of paper on her desk. The blood is trickling from her nose. Stephanie grabs a tissue to halt the bleeding. She looks down to see a large black fly land upon the drop of blood.

She gasps and stands, her mind racing. She knows what she must do. She finds Mrs. Ganush's loan documents. She stuffs them into a folder, grabs her purse and bolts for the exit.

Mr. Jacks engaged with a customer, calls after her:

MR. JACKS

Stephanie? Where are you going?

She moves quickly out the door, pretending not to hear him.

Stu watches Stephanie go and gets up from his desk. She's left some files behind. He snoops around his desk. He notices a folder marked CONFIDENTIAL. It's the McPherson loan file. Interesting. He picks it up.

41 EXT. MRS. GANUSH'S HOUSE - DAY

41

An old, wood bungalow that has seen better days. A MOVING TRUCK in the driveway.

Stephanie's car pulls up. She steps out, carrying Mrs. Ganush's loan documents.

She passes the MOVING MEN who load the last of Mrs. Ganush's things.

She arrives at the opened front door, gathers her courage and KNOCKS. No answer. She calls out:

STEPHANIE

Mrs. Ganush?

No answer. She steps inside.

42 INT. MRS GANUSH'S FOYER - DAY

42

It's dark and musty here. The place is barren but for some flattened cardboard boxes. Stephanie tries the light switch. No Power.

STEPHANIE

Mrs. Ganush?

She moves forward into the living room.

43 INT. MRS. GANUSH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

43

Its too dark to see much of anything. Stephanie stumbles over something left on the floor. A voice:

MRS. GANUSH

I knew you'd come.

Stephanie almost jumps out of her skin. As her eyes adjust she sees Mrs. Ganush sitting on a crate in the corner of the room. Her arthritic hands clutching a yellowed photograph.

STEPHANIE

Hi. I'm here because I think I can help you. I can get your house back for you.

MRS. GANUSH

It's so empty now.

44 STEPHANIE .

44

I can arrange for all your furniture to be brought back. Would that be okay?

Mrs Ganush does not look up from the photograph.

STEPHANIE

So... on behalf of the bank I just want to resolve this to your satisfaction. This whole thing got personal and there was really no reason for that. The bank made a mistake and I can fix it for you and in return I'd like you to- cancel or call off, whatever you... you know-- that thing you did to me. Okay? No hard feelings. So...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
 My mother was a proud woman.  
 Dignity. That's what she had.

Stephanie nods. Waits an appropriate moment, then: places the document gently down on the floor next to Mrs. Ganush.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
 All you need to do is. sign here...  
 Stephanie offers her a pen.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
 And I'll take care of the rest.  
 Mrs. Ganush's hard eyes find  
 Stephanie's. They bore in.

MRS. GANUSH  
 No.

STEPHANIE  
 No? But... I'm saying I'll make  
 things right. Just sign this and  
 you can keep the house. Isn't that  
 what you wanted?

MRS. GANUSH  
 It was what I wanted before you  
 shamed me. Now I want to see you  
 suffer.

STEPHANIE  
 Please! I've suffered enough!

MRS GANUSH  
 Not yet!

Mrs. Ganush suddenly erupts in a broken toothed CACKLE.

STEPHANIE  
 You're insane! Just... just a crazy  
 old woman! I don't even know why I  
 came here!

MRS. GANUSH  
 You know why.

Terrified, Stephanie runs from the place.

45 EXT. MRS. GANUSH'S HOUSE - DAY

45

The Old Woman's CACKLING can still be heard as Stephanie hurries to her car and drives off.

46 EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN PARKING LOT - LATER 46

Stephanie sits in her parked car.

47 INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR 47

Stephanie is eating from a package of DOUBLE STUFF OREOS, joylessly jamming one after another into her mouth. Her eyes dart about: Who could help her? Then she remembers something. She sets down the cookies and rummages through her purse. She finds the business card of Rham Jas. She starts the car and drives off.

48 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 48

Stephanie halts at a red light. Out of the corner of her eye she sees something odd.

49 STEPHANIE'S POV - ON THE STREET 49

Stu Rubin walking with two well dressed executives.

STEPHANIE

Stu?

The men warmly escort into the First National Bank.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

What's he doing at First National?  
The car behind her HONKS! She  
drives on.

50 EXT. RHAM JAS' STOREFRONT - DAY 50

Stephanie's car is parked in the street.

51 INT. STOREFRONT - DAY 51

Stephanie stands before a counter facing Rham Jas. He swipes her credit card through the machine. She signs the receipt. He motions for her to follow him through the beaded curtain.

52 INT. BACK ROOM OF RHAM JAS'S STOREFRONT - DAY 52

On a plain wooden table. A samovar brews a musty tea. Rham Jas is reading from an ancient text. He looks up from the book, - solemn.

RHAM JAS

What did it sound like.

STEPHANIE

Like... shrieking. It was awful. He  
nods. Closes the book.



RHAM JAS

That would be the Lamia. The "Black Goat".

STEPHANIE

Lamia. Right. That's the word the old woman used.

RHAM JAS

It is a nasty spirit. A taker of souls. A creature of misfortune for you and those around you. It is often summoned by the Gypsies for their dour deeds. On the third day the Lamia comes for the owner of the accursed object.

STEPHANIE

Accursed object? What object?

RHAM JAS

Something that the old woman took from you, cursed, then gave back.

Now it dawns on Stephanie. She looks to the threads on her coat.

STEPHANIE

The button...

Stephanie's hand slowly emerges from her coat pocket. The thin brass button in her palm.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

This?

She holds the button up for him to inspect. But it's presence makes him uneasy..He wags his finger back and forth. She lowers it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

What if I just burn the thing?

RHAM JAS

No matter what condition the button is in, you would still be the owner. The Lamia would still come to take you.

STEPHANIE

Take me where?

Rham Jas gives her a sad smile and closes the text. She knows where. Stymied, she tucks the button back into her coat pocket.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

There's got to be something I can do.

RHAM JAS

Yes. There are many ways to appease a spirit. The simplest is a blood offering. An animal sacrifice. A small creature would do. You could sacrifice a chicken. It's all in here...

Rham Jas produces a modern book on animal sacrifice which he sets before her.

STEPHANIE

No way. I'm a vegetarian. I'm a member of PETA, for Christ's sake. I don't go around killing animals.

RHAM JAS

You will be surprised what you will be willing to do when the Lamia comes for you.

She considers his words, looks down to the book.

CLOSE ON A DIAGRAM OF AN ANIMAL SACRIFICE - A creature's heart being cut from it's body.

CAMERA pulls back to reveal that Stephanie now sits at her kitchen table, reading the book. We see other diagrams: The heart being placed into a skillet over an open fire. The burial of the smoking heart. Stephanie's kitten PURRS, as it rubs against her leg.

Stephanie closes the book, shutting out the disturbing images.

She hears the SHRIEK of the rusty gate outside. She moves to the window and peers out. The rusting iron gate is open. Stephanie senses a change in the room... Shadows shift and grow deeper. The air is suddenly oppressive. Something is coming.

She moves to the front door and puts her ear to it. Quiet. But then--

53           SCRATCH... SCRATCH...                                  53

She runs upstairs into her bedroom and locks the door.

54 INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM 54

She can hear the sound of the SCRATCHING, even here., She rushes to the phone picks it up: No dial tone, only high pitched static, the sounds of the Lamia buried within. She sets the phone down.

For a moment all is quiet. Should she go back down? Then she hears a tiny SQUEAKING. The knob on the front door, turning. Then the CLICK of the lock, followed by the CREAKING of rusty hinges as the front door swings open. She calls through her bedroom door.

STEPHANIE

Ellen?!

But it's not Ellen.

Stephanie puts her ear to the door. The sound of an animal's hooves on wood. Something is climbing the stairs. It stops outside her bedroom door.

Stephanie holds her breath, listening.

She sees a shadow beneath the crack in the door.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I know that you're there!

The window behind her explodes into the room with a deafening

55 ROAR! 55

She ducks for cover. Another window is blown inward and the glass sent her way. She SCREAMS and runs toward the bathroom door. It SLAMS shut in her face!

BOOM! Another window is SHATTERED by the angry, unseen thing. The force knocks her to the bed. The blankets are torn from the mattress, throwing Stephanie to the floor. The bedsheets whisk around the room, flapping and twisting about like drunken ghosts.

She tries to run but they tangle around her legs and yank her into the air, suspending her upside down, taking her on a wild and harrowing ride about the room.

Abruptly all the madness halts: She drops to the floor. The  
bedsheet wafts to the ground beside her.

Whatever it was, .it's gone. It's quiet now. A terrified Stephanie sits, shaking, in the wreckage of her room.

56 INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - LATER 56

With a trembling hand, she jams a ZAGNUT BAR into her mouth, and drops the wrapper onto a pile of others on the floor. She chases it with a double shot of Maker's Mark Whiskey. She removes a knife from the butcher block and hefts. it's weight. She sings out, in a sweet but trembling voice.

STEPHANIE  
Here kitty-kitty... Here, kitty-  
kitty-kitty...

She moves closer until her face fills the screen.

57 EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - DAY 57

The distant SCREAM of the kitten is heard. We hear it again and again until it is finally silenced.

58 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 58

Stephanie having been sick, emerges from the bathroom, wiping her mouth.

59 INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN -DAY 59

Stephanie throws something small and bloody inside the microwave oven and turns it on.

60 STEPHANIE'S BACKYARD GARDEN AFTERNOON 60

She buries the heart in a corner of her garden.

She turns on the garden hose, washing the cat's blood from the knife.

ELLEN'S VOICE  
Steph?

Stephanie quickly tosses the knife into the bushes. Ellen appears.

ELLEN  
Didn't you hear me calling? I was looking all over for you. Are you power eating Clark bars again? 'Cause there's about ten thousand wrappers all over the-- Oh my God, is that blood?

Stephanie glances guiltily to the corner of the garden. But no blood shows.

STEPHANIE

No. Why would there be blood?

ELLEN

Right there, on your sleeve.  
Stephanie glances at the red spot  
on her sleeve.

STEPHANIE

That's just tomato juice. I was  
inside making a salad and... I cut  
a tomato and I must have gotten it  
on my sleeve.

Ellen gives her roommate a worried look.

ELLEN

Look, Steph, we're friends so if  
something's wrong...

STEPHANIE

I had some problems. A situation.  
But I think everything is going to  
be good now.

Ellen isn't so sure.

61 INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

61

Stephanie closes her bedroom door so Ellen can't see the damage. Stephanie cleans up the place. As she picks up some of her things, she comes across an old photograph.

CLOSER: It's a photo of 16 year old Stephanie. She was obese. Her belly unflatteringly protrudes from beneath a tee shirt. She stands before some barnyard animals, a bucket of feed in her hand.

Stephanie looks distastefully down at her former self. She tears up the photo and dumps it in the waste basket.

62 INT. KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

62

The music grows lighter as Stephanie models a couple of dresses in front of Ellen, who's helping decide on the evening's wardrobe.

ELLEN

Go with the short skirt.

STEPHANIE  
What about this one?

She hold up a longer, more formal dress.

ELLEN  
Uh uh. That one's saying "I'm  
trying to impress you with my  
conservative taste."

STEPHANIE  
But that's what I want it to say.

Ellen shakes her head, no. Stephanie takes a last look in  
the mirror, decides to go with the short skirt.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Okay. This is it.

ELLEN  
Tell me again... the exact words he  
used.

STEPHANIE  
Just that this little cabin would  
be a great place for us to really  
connect and that there was  
something he'd been meaning to talk  
about with me.

ELLEN  
Oh my god, you are so engaged!

Ellen's smile fades. She shakes her head despondently.

STEPHANIE  
What's wrong? I

ELLEN  
I just know that Rob's never going  
to ask me.

STEPHANIE  
But I thought you said that  
relationship was only physical.

ELLEN  
Oh, I'd never marry a guy like  
that... but I'd still like him to  
ask me.

STEPHANIE  
Huh.

63 EXT. NICHOLAS CANYON - DUSK

63

Stephanie's car pulling up in front of Ray's hillside house. The convertible top is down and Stephanie looks radiant in the golden sunlight.

RAY'S VOICE

Let's get a look at that dress.

She steps from the car and models the dress. S

STEPHANIE

You like

RAY

I like.

64 INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR - DUSK

64

Ray and Stephanie drive through the streets of Bel Air, Stephanie at the wheel. She tunes in a rock station and turns it up loud. She smiles at Ray and takes his hand.

She hits the gas and her Ford Focus opens up, accelerating down a long, tree lined street, the wind blowing through their hair.

65 EXT. DALTON HOUSE - DUSK

65

Stephanie and Ray approach the front door. Stephanie carries her home made cake. They ring the bell. Stephanie suddenly seems apprehensive.

RAY

Something wrong?

STEPHANIE

It's just that I'm not, some ivy leaguer with an impressive resume. I have a feeling that's what your folks really want.

RAY

Maybe. But in the end, it's about what you and I want.

STEPHANIE

Is that so?

Ray gives her a reassuring nod.

The front door opens revealing Ray's parents, GEORGE AND TRUDY DALTON. Behind them we glimpse an exquisitely furnished foyer.

TRUDY

Raymond!

She kisses her son.

RAY

Stephanie, this is my mother,  
Trudy, and my Father, George.

Trudy glances at Stephanie's revealing cocktail dress with thinly veiled disapproval. Stephanie self-consciously tugs it lower.

TRUDY

How do you do?

GEORGE

Nice to meet you, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

It's very nice to meet you, too.

GEORGE

Please, come in.

STEPHANIE

Thank you.

She steps inside.

66

INT. DALTON'S HOUSE

66

STEPHANIE

You have a lovely home.

GEORGE

Thanks. I'll get us something to  
drink.

As George exits, Stephanie presents her home made cake to Trudy.

STEPHANIE

I hope you don't mind. I baked  
something for you.

Trudy hesitates, then takes the cake from Stephanie.

TRUDY

It's lovely. Homemade.

STEPHANIE

It's a harvest cake.



TRUDY

Harvest cake? Is that some kind of cake you make on a... farm?

STEPHANIE

We used to, yeah, when you have a lot of extra duck eggs. Especially right before spring; that's when you get a real dense yolk. Makes for, rich cake.

The mother forces a smile.

TRUDY

You must give me the recipe sometime.

STEPHANIE

Sure. It's easy. The real secret's in the milk. You want it unpasteurized.

TRUDY

Unclean... Uh... I mean "unpasteurized"? Is that safe?

STEPHANIE

Uh huh. And you want that milk still warm. Straight from the cow.

Trudy has to stifle her gag reflex. George returns and hands Ray and Stephanie a cocktail.

TRUDY

Excuse me while I go find someplace to put this.

As Trudy takes away the cake, a cat rounds the corner. It HISSES at Stephanie. She takes a step back.

GEORGE

Never could understand that damned animal. Hate cats.

Trudy returns from the kitchen.

TRUDY

That's strange. Hecuba's usually very sweet.

STEPHANIE

That's okay. I had a cat. I understand.

RAY

What do you mean "had a cat"? What happened to him?

STEPHANIE

How would I know what happened?  
Probably nothing. You know how cats are. They come and they go.

Ray nods slowly. About to say something but let's it go.

67

INT. DALTON HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - LATER

67

Stephanie, Ray, George and Trudy are finishing dinner.

GEORGE

Still keeping up with your coin collection, Ray?

RAY

I try to. In fact Stephanie just found me a 1925 Indian Head nickel at her bank.

GEORGE

Really? So, how long have you been working there, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

Almost two years now.

TRUDY

The job of a bank teller must be so difficult. I'd think with all the counting and the repetition, it'd become so tedious.

STEPHANIE

Yes, you're right. But I'm not a teller.

TRUDY

Oh?

RAY

Stephanie's a loan officer in charge of small business and home loans. And she's on a fast track for a promotion. Right, Steph?

STEPHANIE

I'd like to think so... actually, It depends.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
If I could close this big account  
that I'm working on, it would  
really help.

GEORGE  
Must be a very important loan.

STEPHANIE  
It would be the biggest that my  
branch has ever handled.

GEORGE  
How'd it come to you?

STEPHANIE  
Well, I was reading the Wall Street  
Journal and found this innovative  
medical supply company that was  
interested in expanding but didn't  
have the liquidity. I met with  
their CFO and presented a formula  
for restructuring-some of their  
long term debt. It created an  
environment where I was able to  
offer them a rather attractive loan  
package.

GEORGE  
You sure sound like you've got a  
lot going for you, Stephanie.

TRUDY  
Your mother must be very proud.

STEPHANIE  
I suppose. I don't see her much.

TRUDY  
Why is that?

STEPHANIE  
Well, ever since my dad died she  
doesn't talk much. She mostly stays  
on the farm and... keeps to  
herself. Because...

There is an awkward silence.

TRUDY  
Does your mother have a drinking  
problem?

RAY  
Cut her some slack, mom, she--

STEPHANIE

Yes. I'm afraid she does.

TRUDY

I'm sorry. It's nothing to be ashamed of. And I find your honesty refreshing.

STEPHANIE

Thank you.

TRUDY

You've got back bone. Not like that other girl Ray brought by... What was her name? Alicia? She was dreadful. So ill-mannered. And no ambition.

RAY

MOM-

TRUDY

(stage whisper to  
STEPHANIE)

He found her through the internet.

RAY

More, please.

TRUDY

Stephanie, am I being too tough on Ray?

Stephanie, happy to be taken into the family circle, winks at Ray.

STEPHANIE

No. Not at all. That's what mom's are for.

TRUDY

Thank you, Stephanie. Maybe I will try that Harvest cake of yours, after all.

Trudy cuts herself a piece. Stephanie tastes the cake and emits a tiny cough.

STEPHANIE

Excuse me.

She clears her throat. But the cough returns, grows larger.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Just a little tickle in my-- She stands and takes a few steps away from the table. Ray looks on concerned.

RAY

Are you okay?

She waves him off, clearing her throat. Tries to smile demurely, but erupts with a harsh cough. She's choking on something and is trying to bring it up from deep within her throat. With all her might she emits a BARK and a large black fly buzzes out of her mouth.

TRUDY

Oh! OH MY GOD!

The fly lazily BUZZES across the table, slowly circling Trudy's head.

Trudy spits out a mouthful of harvest cake into her napkin. George lowers his fork and pushes away his plate of unclean farm cake.

Ray is baffled, too stunned to speak. Stephanie's gaze shifts to the kitchen door. From The other side, she hears the sound of a hoofs. Ray tries to cover for Stephanie:

RAY

I'm so sorry, Stephanie. I don't know how that fly got. into your--

STEPHANIE

--Wait. What's that sound?

TRUDY

What sound-?

STEPHANIE

SHHH! Listen!

Trudy listens along with the others. They can't hear anything. But Stephanie hears the FOOTSTEPS drawing closer.

TRUDY

I'm sorry, I can't hear anything.

STEPHANIE

(mutters under her breath)

Must be deafer than a post!

But Trudy heard that and takes offense. But before she can say anything, a SHADOW appears at the base of the door. Stephanie stands and shouts at it:

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone! Just leave me the  
fuck alone!

Stephanie grabs her dinner plate and hurls it just past Trudy's head. It shatters against the base of the door, spraying everyone with bits of broken china and fish. The shadow and FOOTSTEPS are gone. Ray rushes to her side.

RAY  
Steph, it's okay! There's nothing  
there.

She looks about. George and Trudy regard Stephanie as if she were mad.

STEPHANIE  
I... I think I'd better go.

TRUDY  
I think that's best, dear.

She heads for the door. Ray starts to go after her but his mother stops him.

TRUDY (CONT'D)  
Let her go, Ray. She's a sick girl.

RAY  
She needs me.

Trudy grabs Ray's arm.

TRUDY  
I'm telling you not to go after  
her.

Ray gently pulls free of his mother's grasp and chases after Stephanie.

68 EXT. DALTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

68

Ray rushes outside stopping Stephanie as she is about to get into her car.

RAY  
What did you see in there?

STEPHANIE  
You don't want to know.

Ray pulls her close.

RAY

Tell me!

STEPHANIE

The thing that's coming for me.  
What the old woman sent.

RAY

Listen to me. What you're going  
through right now-- It's like the  
doctor said, it's a stress reaction  
and --

STEPHANIE

No. I wanted to believe that-- but  
it's real, Ray. You just don't want  
to open your eyes to it because it  
threatens you. Because if I'm right  
and there is something out there,  
then you'd have to throw out  
everything you teach. And where'd  
that leave you? Like a plow without  
a mule.

Ray just stares at her. A long moment passes as he wonders  
if maybe she isn't right.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Unless you're willing to take a  
chance and believe in me, I can't  
be with you any more.

She steps into the car and drives off. Ray watches her tail  
lights, as they vanish into the night.

69 EXT. ECHO PARK HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

69

An older home with bars on the front windows. Stephanie  
knocks at the front door.

She turns toward a distant sound: A chilling, high-pitched  
SQUEAL. Was it just a bus's air brakes... or something more?

When Stephanie turns back, the door has been opened a crack.  
An EYE peers out at her.

70 VOICE OF THE EYE

70

What is it?

STEPHANIE

Hi. Yes. I came to see Sylvia  
Ganush. Is she here?

The door opens wider, revealing a sexy twenty-four year old Gypsy girl. ILENKA GANUSH. Bottle of beer in her hand, long black hair, earrings and a snake tatoo on her neck. She wears a low cut shirt and tight shorts. EASTERN EUROPEAN HIP HOP and LAUGHTER are heard from within the house.

ILENKA

I'm Ilenka, Sylvia's granddaughter.  
Who are you?

STEPHANIE

Stephanie Brown. I'm... sort of...  
a friend of hers. Actually, I've  
been trying to help her with a loan  
that-

ILENKA

Wait. I know who you are. Grandma  
told me you'd come. You're the  
woman from the bank. The one who  
took her house.

STEPHANIE

It was really the bank that took  
the house. I just work there. In  
fact, I tried to help your grandma  
get-the house back, but my boss  
wouldn't let me.

Ilenka knows she's lying. Stephanie knows that she knows.

ILENKA

That's not what happened, is it?  
Are you going to stand here on my  
porch and lie to my face?

STEPHANIE

. no.

ILENKA

You used to be a real fat girl, to  
didn't you?

STEPHANIE

Yes.

ILENKA

I can tell. You know, you caused my  
grandma a lot of pain. That house  
was her pride.

(MORE)



ILENKA (CONT'D)  
 When you took that from her, she  
 had nothing left. You're not  
 welcome here.

She starts to close the door. Stephanie halts her. Desperate  
 now, no where else to turn.

STEPHANIE  
 Okay! I did it. It was me who  
 denied her the loan. I was trying,  
 to get ahead at work and I  
 shouldn't have done it. It was  
 wrong.

ILENKA  
 Damn straight it was wrong.

STEPHANIE  
 And I'm ashamed about it. And I'm  
 going to get down on my hands and  
 knees and beg her to forgive me.  
 She said-that I hadn't suffered  
 enough. But now I think she'll see  
 that I have and then maybe she'll  
 let me...

ILENKA  
 Make everything all right for her,  
 is that it?

STEPHANIE  
 Yes.

Ilenka gives a bitter, cryptic smile. She motions for  
 Stephanie to follow. They enter a room filled with young  
 Gypsies drinking, smoking and talking loudly in a Slavic  
 tongue.

A WOMAN WITH A CANE shouts as she throws a pair of dice. A  
 Hungarian man with a long, braided ponytail, curses his bad  
 luck as he pays cash to the woman.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
 Where is she?

Ilenka gestures to an area beyond the party goers. Stephanie  
 t pushes her way through the crowd. She stumbles and falls  
 atop the Corpse of Mrs. Ganush!

As per the custom of the Gypsy wake, there is no coffin,  
 just her dead body that rests atop a coffee table.

Stephanie has landed atop the corpse! The leg of the coffee  
 table breaks under the weight of the two women.

Stephanie tumbles to the ground, the corpse landing atop her. The crowd of mourners GASP.

The dead woman's opened mouth bobs up and down upon Stephanie's chin, as through it were once again suckling it.

Stephanie shoves the corpse off of her and backs away in revulsion.

ILENKA

Still going to make everything all right?

The mourners replace the corpse atop the coffee table. Ilenka addresses the crowd in Hungarian. She tells them that it was this white trash farm girl that threw her grandmother t from her home and that she now bears the curse of Lamia.

A mother shields her daughter's eyes from the sight of Stephanie, the cursed one, then hurriedly kisses her crucifix. A man spits at her feet then walks off.

STEPHANIE

No, please-- I needed her to take this thing off me.

ILENKA

It will never come off.

STEPHANIE

You know about it? Then, please help me. I'm begging you.

ILENKA

She said you'd come begging. I only wish she could have lived to see it.

The blood drains from Stephanie's face.

ILENKA (CONT'D)

Maybe she can... Stephanie glances down to the corpse. It's head is now facing her. It's dead eyes, OPEN!

71

INT. RHAM JAS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

71

Stephanie puts her foot through Rham Jas' TV set. Shattering the tube, commanding his. attention.

STEPHANIE

Fuck that! I paid you a hundred and seventy nine dollars for that book!

RHAM JAS

It was a limited printing! Please control yourself!

STEPHANIE

I did what you said- that blood offering... I killed that little kitty deader than Hogan's goat. Lotta good that did me.

RHAM JAS

We are dealing with elusive and powerful forces. There are no guarantees.

She wants to shout, but instead, closes her eyes and sits.

STEPHANIE

Just tell me what to do. Rham Jas considers. A dark look crosses his face. Stephanie tries to read his expression.

72

CLOSE ON STEPHANIE'S MASTERCARD

72

It's run through the carbon paper. Rham Jas hand her a receipt. She signs it. He sits.

RHAM JAS

We must somehow dissuade the spirit from taking your soul.

STEPHANIE

How?

RHAM JAS

A seance. And it should be soon. For tomorrow will be the third night...

STEPHANIE

Have you done this before?

RHAM JAS

No. But I know someone. I can arrange what is necessary, but you must understand that everyone involved in this would be taking a great risk with their lives.

STEPHANIE

What would you need from me? Rham Jas thinks for a moment, weighing the dangers.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
He pulls out a pipe and packs it  
with tobacco. He tamps it down and  
lights up.

RHAM JAS  
Twenty thousand dollars. Cash. By  
tomorrow.

73 INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

73

Stephanie is hastily piling all her valuables atop her bed:  
sporting equipment, TV, VCR/DVD COMBO, CD player, IPOD, Etc.  
Ellen enters, rattled.

ELLEN  
I need to talk to you.

STEPHANIE  
Ellen. I'm sorry. This a bad time  
right now. I got a little emergency  
and... say you got any cash I can  
borrow?

She starts stuffing the valuables into a large duffle bag.

ELLEN  
No, I don't. But Steph I--

STEPHANIE  
--what about your credit cards?  
What's your cash advance limit?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I'll pay you back. You know I'm  
good for it.

ELLEN  
Steph, we need to talk about the  
cat.

STEPHANIE  
Where has that little rascal been?  
He's always running off, have you  
noticed that?

ELLEN  
Stephanie. I was in the back yard  
and I saw where the ground was dug  
up. I started digging and... You  
buried that little kitty in our  
backyard. What happened?

STEPHANIE

I didn't want to tell you. It fell  
out the window and died. It's sad,

74 BUT--

74

ELLEN

I found the bloody knife in the  
bushes.

STEPHANIE

What are you, a cat detective?

ELLEN

Steph? I'm going to tell you this  
as your friend. There is something  
seriously wrong with you.

Stephanie looks up from her frantic panting.

STEPHANIE

Uh... Duh!

ELLEN

I'm moving out. I can't live like  
this.

75 STEPHANIE.

75

Fine.

Ellen exits. Stephanie angrily calls after her:

STEPHANIE

An' don't let the barn door hit you  
on your ass on yer way out!

76 INT. STORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

76

Stephanie is speaking into a pay phone.

STEPHANIE

I can't get the twenty thousand.  
You're gonna have to help me with  
what I've got.

77 RHAM JAS' VOICE

77

What do you have? She covers the mouthpiece, speaking to  
someone off camera.

STEPHANIE

How much?!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that we are in a PAWN SHOP. Men haggle loudly in Arabic over the price of a gold chain. The PAWN BROKER stands before-all of Stephanie's worldly belongings: A toaster oven, computer, racing bike, stereo, microwave oven, necklaces, jewelry...

PAWN BROKER  
Thirty-eight hundred for  
everything.

STEPHANIE  
Including my jewelery?

PAWN BROKER  
Including.

Stephanie curses under her breath, checks the balance on her checkbook, does the math, speaks into the phone;

STEPHANIE  
Six thousand.

RHAM JAS  
I'm sorry. Not possible.

STEPHANIE  
Look, I'll give you six now and--

RHAM JAS  
No. There will be others involved  
and I cannot-ask them to accept  
such a risk for less. Good night.

He hangs up. The line goes dead. She tries to throw the phone but it's attached with a short metal cord. She turns to the Pawn Broker.

STEPHANIE  
I'll take it!

Stephanie thinks about how she'll get the extra cash. She hesitantly dials a number on the pay phone. It rings and rings as she glances to a picture buried deep in her wallet: A. photo of...

The younger, obese Stephanie and her stern looking Mother. Both stand before a bleak snow covered, mid-western farm.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Mom? Hi, it's me. Did you get the  
Christmas card? Yeah, I guess it  
has been a while. Listen, I'm in  
kind of a fix, here.  
(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I've been pretty sick and I need to  
borrow some money for an operation.  
I need fourteen thousand dollars  
right away. Now I know you still  
have that pension fund at the  
credit Union so-- yeah, but...  
okay. Okay, it's just that--- I  
understand. Okay, mom. Bye.

The line goes dead. She slumps down against the pay phone.

78

CLOSE SHOT - STEPHANIE

78

She pouts her lips in the mirror, carefully applying  
lipstick. Looking good.

PULL BACK  
To reveal we are in the employee  
bathroom at the bank. She

fixes her hair so it's just right. She. straightens out a  
tiny wrinkle in her business suit, smiles her best upbeat  
smile and exits the bathroom.

79

INT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA- DAY

79

Stephanie approaches Mr. Jacks.

STEPHANIE  
Mr. Jacks, this is kind of awkward  
for me... I know it's not official  
yet, but I was wondering if I could  
get a copy of the employment  
contract for the new position you  
offered me?

MR. JACKS  
The assistant manager's position?

STEPHANIE  
Yes. See, one of my family members  
is having a little emergency which  
requires me to get them an  
immediate loan--

MR. JACKS  
--Stephanie... There's a problem.  
The McPherson deal was cancelled  
last night.

STEPHANIE  
What?

MR. JACKS

Yeah, right after I informed the main branch that we had this big loan pending,,I find out that they just made their deal over at First National. I got a call in to see, what exactly happened but right now this doesn't look too good for you or me. So this assistant manager promotion has been delayed. In fact, I think that with everything that's been happening, I'm gonna have to give that job to Stu. Stephanie is devastated.

STEPHANIE

Stu. I see.

Mr. Jacks sees tears begin to well up in her eyes.

MR. JACKS

I'm sorry. Look. If you've got family problems. Maybe you should take the day off and sort them out. Stephanie node and exits the bank.

80 INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - DAY 80

81 CLOSE SHOT - THE WALL CLOCK 81

As it TICKS away the seconds.

CLOSE SHOT - THE Inadequate PILE OF CASH

That site atop Stephanie's Kitchen table.

82 CLOSE SHOT - A DESPONDENT STEPHANIE 82

stares down at the cash. Her mouth mechanically opens to accept a large serving spoon of Rocky Road ice cream which she eats directly from the one gallon tub.

The door bell rings. A moment later Ray walks in.. Stephanie stands, surprised.

83 RAY. 83

I paid Rham Jas

STEPHAINE

But I thought you didn't believe...



RAY'

I don't. But you do. I know this is important for, you . she embraces him.

84 EXT. PASADENA HOUSE - DUSK

84

An old Pasadena home site alone atop a hill. Ray's car drives up, parks.

STEPHANIE

Are you coming in?

RAY

I wanted to but Rham Jas said non believers weren't welcome. I still don't like this.

STEPHANIE

I know how crazy this must seem. But it will all be over after this I swear to you.

He nods. She kisses him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'll call you when it's done.

RAY

I'll be waiting.

STEPHANIE

We'll laugh about it on the train, tomorrow.

RAY

t Yeah.

Stephanie steps from the car. Ray drives off. She turns to face the old house.

85 INT. OLD PASADENA HOUSE - STUDY - DUSK

85

Milos, a thirty year old, Hungarian Man, leads Stephanie into a large room with-tall, teak bookshelves and Indian tapestries that adorn the walls. Rham Jas is seated in a wicker chair, speaking with someone obscured by shadows...

RHAM JAS

Miss Brown. Allow me the pleasure of an introduction... A woman rises from the shadows.

SHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
Shaun San Dena

The eighty year old woman smiles a toothless smile to Stephanie.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
 Shaun San Denä is an experienced  
 medium. Furthermore, she has a  
 personal knowledge of the Lamia.

86 SHAUN SAN DENA 86

I first encountered this spirit forty years ago in a small village outside of Bucharest.

And...? STEPHANIE

87 SHUAN SAN DENA 87

I lost a young boy's soul to the beast.

STEPHANIE  
That's reassuring.

88 SHAUN SAN DENA 88

I was an. inexperienced seer then. I've learned much since that woeful day. I have waited these long years for a chance at redeeming myself. A chance to destroy the foul thing. Tonight my chance will come. But to summon it, I will need your help.

STEPHANIE  
I'll do whatever it takes. And the  
sooner the better.

89 SHAUN SAN DENA 89

Our business must wait till darkness falls. Enough time for tea.

90 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 90

A ceiling twenty feet high, with massive windows covered by dark burgundy drapes. An ornate crystal chandelier hangs above a round table in the room's center. Stephanie, Rham Jas, Shaun San Dena and Milos, are finishing their tea.

91

SHAUN SAN DENA

91

My late husband, Sandor, was also a medium. He chose this site to build the house upon because he sensed certain energies that intersected here...

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)

He knew I would sense his spirit in this place as I have sensed others. It was to be our way of being together after he died. In earlier times it was a sacred place to the Tuantetec Indians. And their stories told that the place was a burial ground of the "old ones" that inhabited the earth before them. Here, there is a particular alignment of energies. A confluence, that allows doorways to be opened. Through which, we might pass.

RHAM JAS

And through which, others might pass into our world. Milos removes the tea.

SHAUN SAN DENA

It is time for us to begin.

Shaun San Dena turns out the electric lights, leaving only the tables' candlelight for illumination.

We hear the BLEATING of a goat. Stephanie startles. Milos reenters the room pulling a black goat along by a chain. The goat catches sight of Stephanie. It BLEATS in fear and attempts to run. But Milos holds it fast and tethers it to a post. He moves to the table and lifts a velvet cloth revealing a large cattle slaughtering blade.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)

Lord Jesus bless this knife and allow it to do your holy work.

She makes the sign of the cross. She pours a vial of holy water over the blade. She turns to Stephanie.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)

Once the spirit has entered me, place my hand upon the animal. Do you understand?

STEPHANIE

Yes.

SHAUN SAN DENA  
I will force the spirit of the  
Lamia into the goat. Milos, that's  
when you strike.

Stephanie blanches but remains silent.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)  
We must all be receptive.

Shaun San Dena begins to intone a Romanian Gypsy chant.  
Stephanie leans close to speak quietly with Rham Jae.

STEPHANIE  
What do I have to do?

RHAM JAS  
You must allow the darkness in. You  
must invite the dead to co-mingle  
with your spirit..

STEPHANIE  
I'm scared.

RHAM JAS  
Yes. Now repeat these words... I  
welcome the dead into my soul...

Rham Jae waits for Stephanie's response. She shifts in her  
seat uncomfortably.

STEPHANIE  
I welcome the dead into my soul...

RHAM JAS  
You must believe it!

Stephanie takes a deep breath and they begin the chant  
again. This time,, together.

92

RAM JAAS STEPHANIE

92

I welcome the dead into my I welcome the dead into my  
soul... soul...

Stephanie looks around the darkened room. Shadows from the  
candles dance upon the walls.

SHAUN SAN DENA  
I sense something here with us.

RHAM JAS  
Yes.

The parlor's crystal chandeleir tinkles. A tea cup and saucer tremble for a moment. Stephanie's eyes search the room.

SOMETHING UNSEEN  
emits a wheezing breath...

We hear FOOTSTEPS as something walks on the ceiling above them.

93      A MAN'S LOUD LAUGHTER      93  
echoes about the room.

SHAUN SAN DENA  
It is not the Lamia. It is the  
spirit of some unsettled soul from  
years ago... The unsettled ones wait near the door.

94      THE PITCHER OF WATER      94  
upon the table is drained. Then the water is spat out in a  
stream at Milos' face.

The MAN'S LAUGHTER again.

SHAUN SAN DENA  
Be gone, foolish spirit!

There is a HOWLING OF WIND and the room is again quiet.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)  
Show yourself Lamia. We invite you  
into our circle.

Quiet. Stephanie looks about. Nothing seems to be happening.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)  
He's coming...

A faint sound.

95      SCRATCH. SCRATCH.      95

The SCRATCHING OF FINGERNAILS on wood. A sound that  
Stephanie's heard before. It grows louder, more distorted.

96      SCRATCH SCRATCH!      96

Stephanie grips the table. And just when the SCRATCHING  
SOUND is deafening... All becomes silent.

Stephanie holds her breath.

A wind whips up in the room sending papers whirling about,. yet all the windows are closed.

Shaun San Dena's eyes roll up into her head. She emits a low and powerful MOAN. Her head slumps onto her shoulders. Then she straightens with a new vigor. Stephanie and Rham Jas watch as her lips move rapidly and a garbled sound comes out of her throat. she speaks in a strange and incomprehensible tongue.

RHAM JAS

Who now inhabits the body of Shaun  
San Dena?

SHAUN SAN DENA

(demonic voice)

Lamia...

Rham Jas nods discreetly to Milos who quietly uncovers the slaughtering blade.

RHAM JAS

Lamia, what is it that you desire?

Shaun San Dena's chair abruptly spins about to face Stephanie. The mouth jerks opened and closed as if controlled by a bad puppeteer. Then, out of.sync, the demonic voice is

HEARD:

SHAUN SAN DENA

(demonic voice)

The soul of Stephanie Brownl We  
will feast upon it, as she festers  
in the gravel

STEPHANIE

It was my manager, Jim Jacks. He  
was the one ! He--

RHAM JAS

Silence! Lamia, please, surely we  
can dissuade you from taking this  
insignificant woman? Surely she's  
not worthy of your greatness. The  
possessed Shaun San Dena laughs.

SHAUN SAN DENA

(demonic voice)

No! I will enjoy watching her skin  
blister and pop in hell's flame. I  
come for her!

Stephanie quickly grabs Shaun San Derna's hand and places it on the goat's head.

Shaun San Dena's eyes clear for a moment as she struggles to regain control.

Now there are two spirits battling within her. She attempts to force the spirit of the Lamia from her body and into the goat. The Goat BLEATS and bucks wildly as the spirit is transferred. Milos raises up the slaughtering blade.

SHAUN SAN DENA (CONT'D)  
(demonic voice)  
No! You--

GOAT  
(demonic voice)  
--tricked me!

The possessed goat emits a terrible cry! The bone chilling SHRIEK of Lamia! It's oval eye reflects the blade as it descends toward it. The possessed Goat jerks aside and the blade misses, slicing into the chair.

As Milos raises the blade for another blow, the goat bites his hand. In that moment, the spirit of the Lamia is transferred to him.

A Possessed Milos SCREAMS and spins toward Stephanie, glaring at her with black goat eyes. He SHOUTS at her in a gibberish of tongues! His body jerks up into the air. He dances a jig atop the table, now laughing uncontrollably.

Stephanie watches in horror.

RHAM JAS  
Lamial I command you to leave this--

A chair sails through the air and shatters across Rham Jas' back, knocking him to the ground.

Milos' body is hurled up against the chandelier, shattering it. Glass rains down upon Stephanie.

on the ceiling, Milos is spun about like a pin wheel. Stephanie races for the door but a huge bureau lurches in front of her, blocking her path.

Rham Jas rouses a stunned Shaun San Dena.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
You must banish the spirit!

Shaun San Dena places her hands on her eyes, then over her heart and chants an ancient Gypsy incantation up toward Milos.

Milos SHRIEKS. A white vapor streams from his body as the Lamia is torn from him.

MILOS  
(in his normal voice)  
Stop the chanting. I beg you!

But Shaun San Dena only chants louder. Milos SCREAMS grow more intense as his body spasms in pain. Stephanie grasps at Shaun San Dena.

STEPHANIE  
For god's sake, stop the chanting,  
it's killing him!

Rham Jas pushes her aside.

RHAM JAS  
You must not stop!

A withered pair of hands reach down from above and clutch at Stephanie's face! It is Mrs. Ganush that now floats above her! Her long yellowed fingernails scratching at Stephanie's skin.

97 MILOS/MRS. GANUSH

97

Make her stop, you dirty pork queen!

STEPHANIE  
No! Get her off!

Mrs. Ganush grabs at Stephanie's head. Stephanie pulls away but it costs her a clump of hair that Mrs. Ganush rips from her head.

Mrs. Ganush opens her mouth... wide... wider still... she vomits out Stephanie's dead cat. It lands atop the table. Stephanie screams uncontrollably. Shaun San Dena, is trembling as her chanting comes to a climax.

Mrs. Ganush changes back to the possessed Milo. The last of the white vapor is torn from Milos body as the spirit of the Lamia leaves him. Milos falls to the floor and all is quiet. An ashen faced Shaun San Dena halts her chant.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Is it gone?



Stephanie notices that the cat has vanished. Was it ever there?

Rham Jae kneels at Milos' side. He's starting to come around. Milos stands, shaken. The Lamia is gone. Shaun San Dena grabs at her chest, struggles for breath. Stephanie rushes over to steady her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Let me help you...

SHAUN SAN DENA  
My heart.

Shaun San Dena collapses into Stephanie's arms. Rham Jas moves to assist her. They lower Shaun San Dana to the floor.

RHAM JAS  
Milos, call an ambulance!

Milos rushes from the room to call for help... Rham Jas checks for a pulse.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)  
She's not breathing.

Rham Jas attempts to administer CPR to no avail.

STEPHANIE  
My God. My God...

He checks her pulse one last time. The CPR is finally halted. Rham Jas closes her eyes, then touches her forehead, praying:

RHAM JAS  
Gata, gata, para gata... bodhi  
suaha. Gone, gone, gone beyond.  
Gone beyond the beyond. Hail the  
goer.

98 EXT. PASADENA HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

98

Stephanie and Rham Jas watch as PARAMEDICS load the covered body of Shaun San Dena into the ambulance. They close the doors and drive away.

STEPHANIE  
It's sad:

RHAM JAS  
Yes.

STEPHANIE

Strange how things work out. She waited years for another chance to overcome the lamia ..and finally she did.

RHAM JAS

No. I'm afraid you misunderstand. Rham Jas looks at her with pity.

STEPHANIE

What?

RHAM JAS

The, Lamia can not be banished by a medium. This was our lesson tonight. I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE

But I saw her get rid of the thing...

RHAM JAS

No. You saw her drive the Lamia from the seance. That is all. It will be back.

STEPHANIE

But then, what am I supposed to do?

Rham Jas shrugs. He fishes in his pocket for his car keys.

RHAM JAS

Perhaps on this final evening, you should finish up the business of this world. For before the night is through, the Lamia will come for the owner of the accursed object.

STEPHANIE'S HAND

Slowly emerges from her coat pocket. She studies the thin brass button in her palm.

RHAM JAS

Unless, of course... you were no longer the owner.

STEPHANIE

No longer the owner? I don't understand.

Rham Jas reaches into his coat pocket and removes a blank envelope. He places the button within and seals it.

RHAM JAS

The Lamia comes for the owner of  
the accursed object. Just make a  
gift of it...

To demonstrate, he hands the envelope to Stephanie.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)

And you've given away the curse.

STEPHANIE

Why didn't you tell me this  
before?!

RHAM JAS

Because we are speaking of murder.

Stephanie looks from the envelope containing the button to  
Rham Jas. She places the envelope carefully into the side  
'pocket of her purse. Rham Jas tries to conceal the sadness  
and fear he feels for her.

RHAM JAS (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide, you have until  
sunrise.

She nods goodbye as Ray's car pulls up. Ray opens the door.  
for her and she gets in.

99

INT. RAY'S BMW - NIGHT

99

Ray and Stephanie drive through the quiet Pasadena  
neighborhood.

RAY

Is it over?

Stephanie, stares at her envelope, thinks about telling him,  
then...

STEPHANIE

Yes. It's all over.

Ray squeezes her hand. Appreciating the two of them now more  
than ever.

Stephanie SCREAMS as...

MRS. GANUSH.appears in the headlights, standing on the road  
before them! Ray hits the breaks. The car SCREECHES to a  
halt!

Stephanie's purse with the envelope and.some of Ray's papers  
fall to the floor.

RAY  
Are you okay?

Stephanie nods, catching her breath.

RAY (CONT'D)  
That guy came out of nowhere.  
Stephanie looks to the figure in  
the road. Mrs. Ganush is gone. In  
her place is an old man who mutters  
angrily at them and moves on.

100 EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT -- LATER

100

RAY'S BMW pulls up and Stephanie gets out.

RAY  
Are you still okay about the Santa  
Barbara trip?

STEPHANIE  
Yes, everything's fine.

RAY  
Okay. Our train leaves tomorrow  
morning. Seven A.M. When do you  
want me to pick you up?

STEPHANIE  
It's better if we meet at the D  
station. There's something I've got  
to do on the way.

Stephanie suddenly clutches at her purse. The envelope is gone!

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Wait! Where's my envelope?

RAY  
What envelope?

She opens the car door and frantically rummages around the floor, through Ray's papers.

STEPHANIE  
It's got to be here!

Then, Stephanie comes upon something under the seat. She smiles and stands. A white envelope held tightly in her hand.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Got , it.

RAY  
Tomorrow's gonna be a new start  
for, us. Don't be late.

They kiss and Ray drives off.

101 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 101

102 A WALL CLOCK 102

The time is 1:30 A.M.

Stephanie drinks coffee and stares at the white envelope that's tucked into the side pocket of her purse. She scans the patrons and considers giving it to each of them, then one by one, rejects the idea.

A WAITRESS Comes by, removes a dirty dish and refills her coffee.

STEPHANIE  
Banana Boat Sundae.

WAITRESS  
Another one?

Stephanie nods absently. The waitress exits.

103 THE WALL CLOCK 103

The time is now 2:15 A.M.

104 A WITHERED OLD MAN 104

sits alone at a table in a wheelchair. A portable oxygen cylinder, supplying him with air.

STEPHANIE  
takes a deep breath, stands and  
walks to his table.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I wonder if you could help me out?  
The Old Man looks up, sees her  
desperation.

OLD MAN  
Yeah?

STEPHANIE  
I just need you to hang on to this  
envelope for me. Just until  
tomorrow.

She extends the envelope to him. He hesitates.

OLD MAN  
What's this all about?

STEPHANIE  
Just take the envelope and I'll  
explain. Please.

The Old Man considers. He reaches for the envelope when an OLD WOMAN, his wife, hobbles toward the table. The Old Man helps her sit and puts away her cane. They turn to Stephanie who withdraws the envelope.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

Stephanie returns to her seat, ashamed at what she almost did.

She returns the envelope to the purse pocket, racking her brains, trying to think of some way out of this. Her gaze lands upon a stack of newspapers on the next table. She grabs the paper and finds the OBITUARIES.

CLOSE ON THE  
NEWSPAPER:

MRS. GANUSH'S OBITUARY: A photo of the old woman. The location of the burial is listed: Oakwood Cemetary.

Stephanie rips the listing from the paper and rushes from the restaurant.

105 INT. RHAM JAS' HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

105

Stephanie, lit by a barren light bulb, paces the room. Rham Jas in his pajamas, studies an old leather bound text.

STEPHANIE  
Well? Is it possible?

He closes the book and gives it some thought.

RHAM JAS  
There are Gypsy blessings that are  
bestowed upon the dead... And the  
Gypsies give gifts to their  
departed to curry favor with the  
deceased soul. Yes. I do believe  
you could give the curse to someone  
who has passed on... for truly, the  
soul never dies.

106 INT. STEPHANIE'S CAR - NIGHT 106  
107 CLOSE ON STEPHANIE 107

As she drives we hear the voice over from the preceding

SCENE:

RHAM JAS (V.O.)  
But you must make a formal gift of  
the cursed object to the deceased.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Formal gift... ?

Car headlights sweep over her grim face. She fingers the envelope, then glances to the seat next to her... a SHOVEL.

RHAM JAS (V.O.)  
Give it to the corpse personally.  
Put it in their hand... their'  
pocket...

STEPHANIE (V.O.)  
Oh, I'll do better than that...  
CAMERA moves in tight.

STEPHANIE  
I'll shove it down her goddamn  
throat.

She zips up her raincoat. SOMETHING flits past the window. Too quick to see. Then it reappears. It's Mrs. Ganush's hankie. It flies against Stephanie's windshield and gets caught on the wiper blade. Stephanie GASPS. It flaps in the wind, blocking her view. Stephanie hits the wiper button.

The hankie is yanked-back and forth across the windshield.

She turns up the wiper speed. No sooner is it knocked loose than it's whisked into the driver's side window. It slaps over Stephanie's eyes, plastered there by the wind! The car swerves.

Her car crashes into a tree.

108 LONG SHOT - CRASHED CAR 108

Stephanie pulls herself from the crash. She glances up to a flash of lightning. It illuminates:

The wrought iron gates of the OAKWOOD CEMETERY. A hill of tombstones beyond.

109 EXT. OAKWOOD CEMETERY - RAINY NIGHT

109

A light drizzle falls as Stephanie searches the graveyard for the burial place of Mrs. Ganush. She carries the shovel defensively, ready to swat at anything that might leap out at her.

She stops before a freshly dug grave. A temporary marker reads the name. "Sylvia Ganush".

She's scared now, not sure if she can really go through with it. A church bell TOLLS five times. There's no time to think about it. Stephanie looks around to make sure no one is watching, then starts to dig.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - It's raining harder. The hole Stephanie digs is now several feet deep.

CLUNK: The shovel has hit the buried coffin. The rain intensifies.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - Mud is pouring down the sides of the grave. In the bottom of the pit Stephanie has unearthed the simple pine casket. She jams the shovel blade between two boards and pries off the coffin's top and shoves it aside.

A lightning flash illuminates the corpse. Mrs. Ganush's white eye is open and staring at Stephanie.

Stephanie stows her fear and pulls the white envelope from her coat.

STEPHANIE

I'm giving it back to you.

She grabs Mrs. Ganush's hand and tries to get her clenched fist to open, but rigor mortis has locked it shut. Stephanie pulls with all her might, causing...

110 MRS. GANUSH'S CORPSE

110

to lurch up and out of the coffin. Her dead arms, thrown forward from the momentum, wrap around Stephanie. Stephanie SCREAMS! The withered face leers! Stephanie pushes the corpse away from her and the lifeless body falls back into the mud.

STEPHANIE

You'll take it, all right...



She picks up the shovel and jams the blade into the old woman's mouth, wedging it between her teeth. She pries the jaw open. Mud and rivulets of water begin pouring down into the grave from all sides. The body of Mrs. Ganush is quickly being re-buried.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I, Stephanie Brown, do hereby make  
a formal gift of this button to  
you, Sylvia Ganush.

She jams the white envelope down the old woman's throat.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Choke on it, bitch.

She kicks the old woman's jaw.. It SNAPS shut, trapping the envelope between her broken teeth.

Muddy water cascades down into the grave, flowing over Mrs.. Ganush's face. It covers everything, except the jutting envelope and a single, staring white eye.

Stephanie tries to climb out but the walls are too slick. She grabs at a clump of sod at the top of the hole but it tears away, unleashing an avalanche of mud that buries her up to her armpits.

111 THE HEAD OF MRS. GANUSH 111

Bobs up, through the mud. The Old Woman is grinning, with the envelope still jammed between her teeth.

112 LONG SHOT - THE GRAVE 112

Rivers of muddy water now pour in from every direction. It has become the drain hole of the cemetery.

113 THE INFLUX OF MUD 113

pushes the old woman corpse against Stephanie. Her grinning face led mashed against Stephanie's cheek. Stephanie's SCREAM is cut short as she and Mrs. Ganush disappear beneath the mud.

The only sound is the PITTER-PATTER of rain. CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY when...

STEPHANIE'S HAND

rips up through the mud, grasping  
the tree root.

STEPHANIE'S HEAD  
Breaks the surface of the mud,  
sucking in air. She claws her way  
out, then staggers away, through  
the pouring rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM - PRE-DAWN 114

STEPHANIE steps from the shower, quickly towels her hair. She stops for a moment and studies herself in the mirror. She has survived. The phone RINGS in the bedroom; the machine picks up.

115 MR. JACKS' VOICE 115

Stephanie. It's Jim. Jim Jacks. Sorry I'm calling so early-- but Last night I found some troubling information about our friend Stu Rubin...

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. CITY STREET - PRE DAWN 116

A cleaned up Stephanie, her hair still wet from the shower, drives the empty morning streets. A smile slowly comes to her face as we hear the rest of Mr. Jack's message:

117 MR. JACKS' VOICE 117

Apparently he stole your file on the Mcpherson loan and then tried to broker his own deal at First Federal. I guess he thought we wouldn't find out. When I confronted him he broke down crying and well, we won't be seeing him around anymore.

118 EXT. TRAIN STATION - PARKING LOT - PRE DAWN 118

The Eastern sky is growing brighter. Stephanie's car pulls into the lot. She removes a week end bag from her trunk and walks briskly toward the station.

MR JACKS (V.O.)  
It looks like the loan's coming  
back to us. And I just wanted you  
to know that come Monday morning,  
that assistant manager's position  
will be waiting for you.

119 INT. TRAIN STATION - GRAND ENTRANCE - PRE DAWN 119

Stephanie is smiling as she enters the station.

120      A MRS. FIELDS REPRESENTATIVE      120

holds a platter of freshly baked cookies and offers free samples to passersby. One is offered to Stephanie.

She politely declines as she walks past with a bounce in her step.

121      INT. TRAIN STATION - CLOTHING BOUTIQUE      121

She stops at the window, admiring a coat on display.

She glances down at her own coat. Notes the missing button. with distaste.

Inside, a SALESWOMAN is preparing to open the shop. Stephanie taps on the window, shouts through the glass:

STEPHANIE  
Hey! Good morning.

The Saleswoman opens the door a crack.

SALESWOMAN  
I'm sorry, we're not open yet.

STEPHANIE  
Please. I know what I want. That coat in the window. The Saleswoman considers.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
My boyfriend and I are taking a very special trip this morning.

Stephanie's smile is bright. Her joy is contagious. The Saleswoman relents and lets Stephanie in.

122      EXT. TRAIN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAWN      122

Moments before sunrise, the sky is streaked red.

Ray waits on the train platform, clutching two tickets and a small garment bag. Behind him, other Passengers arrive. From his pocket, he removes a velvet case. He opens it and peeks t inside A diamond ring. He stows it back in his pocket.

He looks for Stephanie.

Then, his face brightens as Stephanie emerges from the crowd, radiant in her, new coat.

STEPHANIE  
Ray!

Ray embraces her and grabs her luggage. A TRAIN WHISTLE sounds as the train approaches.

RAY  
Is everything okay?

STEPHANIE  
Great.

RAY  
I'm so glad you're here. There's so much I've been meaning to tell you. She takes his hand.

STEPHANIE  
But let me say this first while I have it straight in my head. You never stopped believing in me. I'll try and live up to that.

They share an intimate moment. A romantic kiss. He breaks off and smiles.

RAY  
Did I tell you, you look great?

STEPHANIE  
Thanks.

Stephanie models her new coat.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
You like it? It's brand new.

RAY  
What'd you do with your old coat?

Just the mention of it, makes her face darken.

STEPHANIE  
I got rid of it. I never want to see it again.

RAY  
Too bad, 'cause I just found this. Ray produces the envelope. And from it, withdraws... THE

123 CURSED BUTTON!

123

CAMERA RACES INTO A HUGE CLOSE UP OF THE BUTTON with a terrible CLASHING of symbols!. Stephanie can't breathe.

RAY

Yeah, it was in my car. Hey, have you seen my Indian Head nickel? I put it in an envelope just like this one.

Stephanie stares at the button, shaking her head in disbelief. The RUMBLING of the approaching train builds on the sound track.

RAY (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

She backs away in horror, but Ray follows her with the button still in his hand.

The RUMBLING grows louder. She's backing up toward the edge of the platform.

RAY (CONT'D)

Stephanie. Stop!

Ray steps forward, still holding out the button. Stephanie SHRIEKS as she falls backwards, off the platform and onto the tracks.

In her last moment of life, she turns her head to see...

124

THE ONCOMING TRAIN

124

Racing at her!

Through the swirling smoke, the engine's mechanical face, resembles the goat like face of the demon Lamia.

It VOMITS STEAM as it angrily bares down upon her.

125

THE TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS!

125

Stephanie recognizes the sound. It's a cry she's heard before. In every door creak... in every cold night wind... a haunting, soulless sound... the cry of Lamia.

Ray races to the edge of the platform. The two lover's eyes find each other one last time.

Stephanie SCREAMS as the Lamia swallows her and pulls her down into hell.

126

THE PEOPLE ON THE PLATFORM

126

Believe they have witnessed a train accident but Ray knows the truth. He looks to...

THE BUTTON  
still in his hand.

127 CAMERA MOVES CLOSER ON RAY

127

A look of dread. Finally, he believes.