

OUTCAST

"PILOT"

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FOX INTERNATIONAL CHANNELS

CIRCLE OF CONFUSION

TEASER

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

JOSHUA AUSTIN stands in his room, 12 years-old, hair messed up, clothing mismatched. He's looking at us, TRANSFIXED, head cocked.

Though inaudible, the low roar of a distant ARGUMENT provides soundtrack. Joshua's mother BETSY and teenage sister MOLLY are in the heat of a SCREAMING MATCH. Joshua ignores, as if he's grown accustomed to it.

Joshua just continues watching...

A ROACH climbing up his bedroom wall. He watches each little leg TWITCH forward carrying it up the wall.

Joshua rubs his ARM. He's cold, but rubs as if feeling his skin, getting to know it, at times PINCHING, pulling gently a surface that seems ALIEN to him.

The yelling a room over continues.

He reaches a finger toward the roach TOUCHING it, sending the roach SKITTERING away, panicked.

Joshua studies its movement before GRABBING the roach.

It's legs TWITCH and KICK between his fingers as he holds it up to STARE at it.

He watches until... in ONE SWIFT MOTION he pops the roach into his mouth, and begins CHEWING it.

He turns to exit his room, still CHEWING as he goes.

The SCREAMING MATCH is louder as he opens his bedroom door.

BETSY

(distant)

No, Molly. Absolutely not.

MOLLY

(distant)

His older brother, Aaron -- he's coming, too!

BETSY

(distant)

Is this the same Aaron who was arrested for stealing his father's car six months ago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
(distant)
That was a misunderstanding.

Joshua walks down the NARROW hallway of his family's small three bedroom home, FAMILY PORTRAITS on the wall, clothes on the floor, it's not a well kept house.

BETSY
(distant)
He didn't mean to steal his father's car? Molly, you're really going to need to try harder than that.

MOLLY
(distant)
His dad's loaning him the car this time! Please? Do you have any idea how lucky we are that they have a tour stop so close to us?

As he walks down the hall he comes closer to the fight. We start to hear the argument more clearly.

BETSY
I'm not letting you drive six counties over with a bunch of kids I haven't met. You're sixteen years old.

MOLLY
I'm old enough! I'm older than you were when you got knocked up with me!

BETSY
That doesn't make it okay for you to run wild... If anything it's the exact opposite.

He emerges into the living room, the epicenter of the fight.

BETSY AUSTIN, a young mother, barely 30, fashionable in 1996, stands in front of MOLLY AUSTIN her 16 year-old daughter, screaming and carrying on.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Molly Prairie Austin, can't you see that I'm just trying to protect you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

Protect me from what? It's a concert. There's going to be six of us there... what could happen?

Joshua SWALLOWS the roach as he passes through the fight and enters THE KITCHEN, which is connected to the living room by a wide entryway.

BETSY

For the last time, the answer is no.

MOLLY

Do you have any idea what this means? What this could do to me?

Joshua opens the cupboard and pulls out a bag of POTATO CHIPS, opens it, and starts eating.

BETSY

Let's not get overly dramatic, dear. You'll hang out with your friends some other time when you don't have to drive a hundred miles away from home.

MOLLY

I could have lied! Did you think about that? I could have just said I was going to Sarah's and you'd never know! Don't I get any credit for that?

Joshua continues eating chips until he accidentally BITES his finger. He bites hard enough to draw blood.

He looks down at his finger as it BLEEDS, licking blood from his lips.

BETSY

No. You sure as hell don't.

MOLLY

I hate you!

Molly DARTS out of the room.

Betsy turns, not really looking at Joshua, but talking in his direction. She speaks with a defeated tone, the fight has taken its toll on this mother of two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETSY

Joshua, please put the chips away,
you've already had dinner.

Joshua stands, chewing, we're behind him, we hear SLURPING
sounds, he's NOT eating chips.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Joshua?

Betsy turns to see Joshua CHEWING FLESH FROM HIS FINGER, he's
chewed the end of it, continuing where he bit. Skin is torn
away, tissue strands stretch into his CLENCHED teeth as he
GNAWS away.

TEARS stream down his face. He's feeling the pain, not
reacting to it.

Joshua looks at his mother with a BLANK STARE, he doesn't
understand her reaction.

OFF HER SCREAMS...

"OUTCAST"

ACT ONE

INT. BACK ROOM - LOCATION UNKNOWN - DAY

Three men play poker in a dark room. Curtains drawn, windows blocked. Sunlight fights to enter the smoke-filled room. They've been at this all night. The three are damp with sweat, sporting five o'clock shadows and surrounded by empty beer bottles.

The fatter man's walkie talkie goes off. This is POLICE CHIEF GILES. He listens, something minor.

WALKIE

Attention all cars, we have a possible 503 in progress at main and park, anyone in the area, please respond.

CHIEF GILES

Boys'll get it.

He turns the walkie down.

ANDERSON, a slender, silver haired man, sweaty, button down shirt with one too many buttons open. He holds his cards tight, very invested in this hand. He has the most chips out of anyone at the table. He looks to his cards.

ANDERSON

Lord help me...

Chief Giles turns to the third man, a barrel-chested grizzly of a man, FIRE MARSHALL OGDEN, who mostly just looks at his cards.

CHIEF GILES

Ogden, help me out. Does that mean he's got a terrible hand and needs help or he's got a great hand and is bluffing?

Anderson has a great hand. He's putting a lot of money in, pushing in enough chips to wipe out both of his opponents. This could be a game ending hand.

Ogden doesn't want to risk it. He slings his cards down.

OGDEN

There's your answer. Fold.

Chief Giles is eyeing up Anderson, trying to get a read.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF GILES

I ain't so sure. Think I'm gonna
make you show me them cards.

The two men stare at each other.

ANDERSON

All right then, call, raise...
whichever... quit wasting time and
give me my money.

Giles continues looking into Anderson's eyes for a sign.

All three men turn, startled, as a door opens and light cuts
through the smoke and FLOODS the room. Anderson looks toward
the silhouetted female figure standing in the bright doorway.

NATALIE

It's Mrs. Austin. Says it's
urgent.

Giles throws his cards in.

CHIEF GILES

I'm out. Past time to call it a
night anyway. Wife's gonna be
pissed... Shift started an hour
ago.

Anderson is annoyed.

ANDERSON

Aw, guys -- no. Come on.

Both men stand, slow and labored, stretching after a long
night at the table.

Anderson stands abruptly. Natalie leaves the room.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. See yourself out...
(then)
Shit.

The men gather up their things. Anderson walks toward the
door and STOPS, he stands in the darkened doorway, buttoning
his shirt. Tucking it in, fixing his hair... rubbing his
stubbled face.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns to open the door, pauses, and takes a deep breath.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

THIS IS A CHURCH. He straightens his posture and his hair as he walks toward Betsy Austin, sitting in a pew nearby.

REVEREND ANDERSON
What can I do for you, Betsy?

BETSY
Doctor's say there's nothing wrong
with him but I know what it is.

REVEREND ANDERSON
What is it, Betsy?

Betsy looks down, almost scared to say it.

BETSY
They got him.

INT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - DAY

KYLE BARNES' bare FOOT dangles over the edge of a mattress on the floor. He lies FACE DOWN, a COUCH PILLOW under his head. A single sheet barely covers him.

This is his childhood bedroom. A water damaged PEARL JAM poster, circa 1990, hangs over a white dresser with rainbow colored drawers. Books stacked no less than TWO FEET HIGH in many different stacks share the floor with TRASH of various kinds. It appears someone set off a HOARDER BOMB set to "READING MATERIAL."

A PATH through the room is marked by TORN PAGES crumpled and then flattened against the floor by months of foot traffic.

Kyle sleeps soundly. Blinds are over the windows but the sun FIGHTS its way through the cracks to tell us, "It's well past noon, Kyle is a lazy fuck."

As we push in on Kyle:

FLASH TO:

Another time. A cold autumn day, Kyle holds hands with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, smiling, walking through a farmers market. The woman walks next to him, basket on her arm. This is ALLISON. They walk the aisles taking samples, trying things, smiling and laughing together. Allison gets a bit of salsa on her lip while trying a sample.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle gently brushes it aside his thumb as she smiles, embarrassed, vulnerable... THEY KISS.

Kyle SMILES, dreaming of another time until...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

FLASH BACK:

SOMEONE is POUNDING at the front door to Kyle's house.

Kyle RAISES his head, eyes WIDE in response to the noise. We see his handsome-beneath-the-surface stubble-covered early '30s face. It's not the clean shaven, happy version we saw in his dream.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The POUNDING at the door picks up again, growing LOUDER.

Kyle sits up, rubbing his head, trying to WAKE HIMSELF UP. In his tightie whiteys he appears almost CHILDLIKE as he RISES from the bed.

He STUMBLES out of his bedroom snagging a pair of old PAJAMA PANTS, from the door knob as if a daily ritual.

INT. BARNES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kyle HOBBOLES down the hallway, slipping on his pajama pants in another ritual; the morning walk-and-put-on-pants-dance.

As he does this he passes a DARKENED room, door left slightly ajar. It's KYLE'S MOTHER'S ROOM. Shades cover the windows, THICK and RED, just thin enough to cast the room in a DARK AND EERIE LIGHT. Kyle pays the room no attention as he passes, save for his ever-so-slightly QUICKENED PACE.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The SOMEONE at the door has resumed KNOCKING again, LOUDER and FASTER, to indicate frustration.

INT. BARNES LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle walks through the living room, his pace in NO WAY changes to respond to the visitor. It's as if he DOESN'T EVEN HEAR IT. The rest of his house matches his bedroom, it's an EMBARRASSMENT (and we don't even know him).

Kyle passes the front door and the SHADOW of someone BEATING on it as he crosses the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Kyle steps over a few stacks of books, some CHEWED BY RATS. He doesn't even look down as he maneuvers the area.

INT. BARNES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle steps toward the pantry, not noticing the banging has STOPPED.

He pauses at the PANTRY DOOR, HESITATING.

Kyle opens the PANTRY, revealing it to be as BARE as expected and as GRIMY and NEGLECTED as the rest of the house. He seems almost SCARED to look in.

The large, closet-sized pantry has SEVEN cereal boxes RANDOMLY PLACED on the shelves and NOTHING ELSE save for packages of batteries, light bulbs and roach motels... ALL EMPTY. Most of the cereal boxes are EMPTY and lie on their sides, tops open. THREE are upright and closed.

Kyle checks the first one, shaking it. EMPTY.

Kyle reaches for THE SECOND box of cereal.

He looks in the pantry with CONCERN and DISCOMFORT on his face as he peers into this dark pantry, haunted.

KYLE'S POV:

The PANTRY FLOOR where he sat as a child. BROWN STAINS where the OIL from his SKIN rubbed against the wall over time. CRUDE DRAWINGS on the wall, near the baseboards, where A YOUNGER KYLE would draw to pass the time while locked inside.

Kyle stands, holding his cereal, staring at the spot for another moment, made UNCOMFORTABLE by his memories.

He slides the pantry door shut, as he closes it we see the DISCOLORED AREA where a latch for the PADLOCK used to be.

Kyle pours himself a BOWL OF CEREAL, then opens the refrigerator, empty save for a pitcher of water, a bottle of mustard and a half used uncut roll of bologna.

Kyle sits and eats his bowl of DRY CEREAL. Reaching down, he grabs an old newspaper off the floor, reading it in the darkened, sunlit room as he munches.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BEATING on the door resumes, but now it's on the BACK DOOR, toward the rear of the kitchen.

SOMEONE turns out to be MEGAN HOLT, Kyle's adoptive sister. She peers in the back door, seen through the OLD CURTAINS.

She sees Kyle, eating.

MEGAN

Kyle! Damn it! I can see you!
Let me in!

Kyle IGNORES her. He keeps eating.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll stay here all damn day if I
have to!

Kyle ERUPTS with startling RAGE -- SLAMMING the paper down, RATTLING HIS BOWL. BOLTING up from the table, he knocks his chair back and STORMS over to the door.

He JERKS IT OPEN abruptly, face to face with Megan, a pretty 28 year-old, well dressed, modern and smart. She's not the least bit startled. Kyle refuses to talk, just look at her as he calms down, his breathing slows.

KYLE

Please go.

MEGAN

Not going to happen.

Megan calmly SLIPS PAST HIM. Kyle offers no resistance, revealing his fury to be largely an act.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And leave my poor brother all
alone? No chance.

KYLE

You can't be here.

Megan, ignoring him, TIPTOES around the trash on the floor. She looks around, DISGUSTED, uncomfortable to be there.

She opens the refrigerator and looks in.

MEGAN

It's worse than I thought.

She closes it, looking at Kyle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

How long has it been since you ate a vegetable? When's the last time you had a solid poop? That's not healthy, Kyle.

KYLE

Why are you here, Megan?

MEGAN

I'm checking in on you, because I care about you. You know people do that, right? Care about other people?

KYLE

Things really that dull with your real family?

MEGAN

Shut up. That Baloney is going to kill you. Just melted pig scrotums held together by sodium. You know how long someone lives on sodium and pig scrotums?

KYLE

Do I look like I have any interest in living?

Megan turns away from him.

MEGAN

Not even gonna validate that with a response.

Megan pulls a CHAIR out from the table, looks at it and decides NOT to sit down.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Why didn't you call me? Out of minutes or something?

Kyle looks around, as if his phone might be in the kitchen.

KYLE

I lost my phone.

Megan leans against THE COUNTER as she talks.

MEGAN

You know how hard this is for me? That this is your life?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I tell the children at school to work hard, to make something of themselves. All I can think about is you. I don't want them to end up like... this.

Kyle doesn't know what to say.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You're thirty-two years old. You're better than this. Is this you punishing yourself?

Kyle is now even more uncomfortable.

KYLE

I appreciate the judgement, I really do... but can you just please go?

Megan REALIZES that she's LEANING ON THE COUNTER. She stands upright, wiping her backside furiously as she talks, looking down at her hands, expecting to see REAL LIVE COOTIES.

MEGAN

Right. We're running late anyway. I've got more errands to run after the grocery.

KYLE

You can stop making me your mission, Megan. I'm doing just fine.

MEGAN

Bullshit you're fine. Look at this place.

KYLE

(defensive)

It's my home.

MEGAN

Please let me get you some food. Let me get you out of here, at least for an hour. Maybe you'll luck out and the place will burn down while we're gone.

KYLE

Then you'll leave me alone?

Megan NODS. She doesn't want to LIE verbally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'll meet you out front in five
minutes.

Megan leaves through the back door.

Kyle leaves the kitchen to go get dressed. As he EXITS, he
glances back into the room.

FLASH TO:

He suddenly sees it AS IT WAS WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

The room is DARKENED, all the WINDOWS BLOCKED by shades and
curtains pinned at the edges. It's CLEANER but SCARIER, cast
in an UNNATURAL LIGHT by the sun filtered through the fabric
of the curtains.

Kyle, age 10 sits at the kitchen table, HEAD DOWN, looking at
a plate of food, DEPRESSED, too scared to move.

ADULT KYLE stares at his younger self, until SARAH BARNES
steps into the door frame, FILTHY, face in shadow, blocking
Kyle's view. She pauses a moment before SLAMMING the kitchen
door closed.

The boy belongs to her. KEEP OUT.

FLASH BACK:

Kyle is startled by the slamming door in the vision of his
past.

He turns, walking back to his room to get ready.

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Betsy opens the door for Reverend Anderson. He's holding TWO
COFFEES in a carrying tray and a small briefcase.

Betsy is NOT HAPPY to see him.

BETSY
Morning, Reverend.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Any change?

BETSY
I'm afraid not.

He motions to her with the drink tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETSY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Molly is at school?

BETSY

She damn sure better be -- er,
sorry Reverend.

Anderson puts his briefcase down and SITS while placing his
drink on a TABLE next to him, discarding the carrier.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I'll get that.

REVEREND ANDERSON

No, we have a recycling bin at the
church, I'll take it back with me.
Is he awake?

BETSY

I brought him food this morning,
don't know if he ate it. He scares
me, Reverend.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Please, Betsy, don't forget, your
son is still in there and I'm going
to bring him back.

BETSY

How can you be sure?

Anderson flashes Betsy a CONFIDENT SMILE, places his hand on
hers.

REVEREND ANDERSON

The lord would never abandon one of
his children. And remember, I've
done this before.

EXT. ROME WEST VIRGINIA - MAIN STREET - DAY

Kyle rides in Megan's car on the not-so-bustling small town
street on their way to the grocery store.

MEGAN

The boy runs right into the back of
this girl while she's kicking the
ball.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He's not trying to steal the ball,
he's not trying to do anything, he
just slams into her, nearly
knocking her over.

An older man crosses the street as Megan slows to a stop at the light. Kyle is not really paying attention to Megan

MEGAN (CONT'D)

The girl's fine, but the boy falls
flat on his face and starts bawling
like a baby in front of the other
kids. I try to handle things but
eventually I need to call the boy's
mother. She's immediately asking
me what this terrible girl did to
her darling son. The boy is already
off the hook, he couldn't have
possibly done something wrong in
his mother's eyes. This is the kind
of thing I'm dealing with in school
all the time.

The older man nods at Megan, greeting her, she smiles while continuing to talk to Kyle. The man then notices Kyle sitting next to her. He shoots Kyle a stern look, then continues walking.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It's infuriating.

KYLE

Nice people here in town.

MEGAN

Ignore them.

They continue down the street. We see a small DINER, an ANTIQUE STORE, a BARBER SHOP, an empty space that used to be a book store, a small HARDWARE STORE. It's a typical small town.

Megan turns into the Piggly Wiggly parking lot at the end of the stretch of main street shops.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - DAY

Kyle and Megan are in a SMALL TOWN GROCERY STORE. The kind where the manager's office is in the small cubicle next to the check out aisles... And there are only two of those.

Kyle pushes a SHOPPING CART down the aisle, not looking at anything, NOT PARTICIPATING in any way... killing time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Megan darts from side to side, grabbing items and dropping them into the cart.

SHOPPERS in the store seem to NOTICE KYLE, either because he's so disheveled and filthy, or because HE'S KNOWN around town... and he's not often seen out.

MEGAN

Let me know how those pears are.
They really do need to get more
organic produce here. This
selection is pathetic. It's all
pesticides and genetically altered
cancer fruit.

LATER

She takes a box of cereal off the shelf.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Organic shredded wheat. High in
fiber.

Kyle doesn't respond. Megan looks over at him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Are you even paying attention?

KYLE

I really appreciate everything
you're doing.

Megan rolls her eyes. She pauses, considering a response.

MEGAN

I don't know what I ever did to you
to make you hate me so much.

Kyle looks at her, surprised.

KYLE

Megan, I don't hate you.

MEGAN

Then why do you avoid me like the
plague?

Kyle can't answer that, but he's PAINED by the comment. He wants to answer her, but CAN'T.

KYLE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Megan sees that he's holding something back and PAUSES, considering digging deeper. She turns and continues shopping. Kyle FOLLOWS her.

LATER

An OLDER WOMAN sees Kyle and STARES as he passes.

They stop by a section with pre-paid cell phones. Megan picks one up.

MEGAN

If I get this, you'll call me next time you need something? And not a certain someone you're not supposed to?

Kyle looks at Megan with disappointment.

KYLE

Do your twelve year old students notice your condescending tone or is it just me?

MEGAN

I just don't want you to get into trouble again.

Kyle just looks at the phone, clearly STRUGGLING.

KYLE

I won't call her.

Megan drops the phone into the cart.

Kyle appears ASHAMED to be relying on Megan like this, but he's really ashamed that he just LIED to her.

As Kyle and Megan round the corner of the next aisle they see two OLDER WOMEN, talking, they both LOOK AT KYLE, and stop as they see him.

Kyle NOTICES this. He stops. Megan continues.

MEGAN

Soup preference?

Kyle stares at the two women, recognizing them possibly, he isn't sure. They walk over to him while Megan, a few yards away, loads up on soup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The two women, FLORENCE and REGINA, move toward Kyle, or rather, Florence APPROACHES, and Regina FOLLOWS, trying to stop Florence.

FLORENCE
No, he's here for a reason. That
must be a sign.

REGINA
But... okay, then.

FLORENCE
Kyle Barnes?

Kyle is TAKEN ABACK by the fact that they know his name.

KYLE
Yeah?

FLORENCE
We went to church with your mother,
Kyle.

All three of them PAUSE A MOMENT at the mention of Kyle's mother. Regina sadly shakes her head in disappointment at the mention.

KYLE
Okay... it's, uh... been a while...
good to see you.

FLORENCE
And you, dear. Haven't seen you in
church for a long time, you should
attend a sermon.

KYLE
Yeah... I'll try.

FLORENCE
We're asking everyone in Rome to
pray for the Austin boy. You know
his family?

KYLE
I don't.

FLORENCE
Betsy and Paul Austin, they bought
the old Hicks farm. Their son
Joshua -- he's fallen prey to dark
forces, I'm afraid.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
It's like what happened to your
poor mother all over again.

Kyle is unsettled by this. He glances around, as if
concerned someone else may have overheard.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Reverend Anderson is visiting him
today. Can you keep him in your
thoughts and prayers?

Kyle is clearly uncomfortable, but tries to be accommodating.

KYLE
Sure. I can do that, yeah.

FLORENCE
You always were such a sweet boy.

REGINA
We should be going, Florence.

The two women leave.

Kyle enters the soup aisle, to see Megan, looking at him,
then glancing past him at the retreating old women.

MEGAN
Are they kidding with that
nonsense? "The devil himself?"
Please. Your mother was sick and
some people in this backwards town
are crazy.

Kyle doesn't respond, LOST IN THOUGHT. Megan is CONCERNED.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Kyle?

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Betsy BOLTS FRANTICALLY up the staircase. She reaches the
top and BREAKS INTO A SPRINT down the hall as we hear it --
REVEREND ANDERSON IS SCREAMING.

A LOUD CRASHING sound comes from the end of the hallway.
Betsy's PACE QUICKENS.

She THROWS OPEN the door to Joshua's room to see him throwing
a BOOK at Reverend Anderson, who shields his face with one
hand, HOLDING A CROSS in the other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joshua's room is DARK, QUILTS hang over the windows, only the faintest beams of sunlight cut through. There's a lamp on, otherwise the room would be PITCH BLACK. Light shines through the curtains from the day outside, casting the room in a dark and eerie shade.

REVEREND ANDERSON

In the name of Jesus, I command you
to release this child!

Joshua doesn't respond to Anderson in any physical way. He sits slumped in the dark corner, a LOW GROWL emanates from him, like a wild animal ready to attack.

Anderson steps forward, placing the cross against Joshua's FOREHEAD. As he does so, Joshua RECOILS, uncomfortable with the contact, but Anderson keeps it pressed against him.

Betsy is startled.

Reverend Anderson holds the cross against Joshua's forehead, straining, pushing against it.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

It's not your son! Leave us! I
need to concentrate!
(turning to Joshua)
Look into my eyes and see the power
I hold over you! Power given to me
by--!

Joshua smiles at him, but he DOESN'T look at him. He can't FOCUS his eyes. The look at the floor, then move to the wall next to him, he's FACING Anderson, smiling, but he can't move his eyes properly to look at him.

JOSHUA

(manic)

Nooo. Power.

Anderson removes the cross and presents a vial of holy water. He removes the lid and splashes it down on Joshua... this has an affect, Joshua writhes in pain as the water hits him.

As he SCREAMS Joshua starts to LEVITATE over the bed. He's hovering about six inches over it.

Betsy sees this and screams in fear.

REVEREND ANDERSON

You don't belong here. In the name
of Jesus I cast you out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joshua KICKS Reverend Anderson away from him, causing him to drop his vial of holy water. Joshua drops down onto the bed beneath him, no longer levitating.

Betsy finally enters the room, rushing to Joshua.

BETSY

Joshua!

Anderson steps over and BLOCKS HER PATH as he retrieves a vial of holy water from the floor.

REVEREND ANDERSON

I'm trying to help your son. You need to leave.

BETSY

But he's upset. What have you done?

Anderson SHAKES THE BOTTLE in Joshua's direction, sending drops of water FLINGING toward him.

REVEREND ANDERSON

I'm saving him from the spawn of Satan!

(too Joshua)

Oil of the spirit and the holy water of the cleansing of god...

The water hits Joshua, who recoils in pain, SCREAMING.

BETSY

You're hurting him!

She SHOVES Anderson aside, kneeling on the bed next to Joshua, EMBRACING HIM. Anderson IMMEDIATELY MOVES to stop her.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Betsy, no. Stay away, he's--

Joshua looks at Betsy, she holds him in her arms, they're face to face, but again, Joshua's eyes can't look at her, it's as if he's blind.

BETSY

Joshua, please, honey...

Suddenly his eyes finally roll into place, locking on Betsy. As this happens he LUNGES forward, smashing her nose with his forehead. Blood starts to SPEW out of her nose. Anderson GRABS HIM, prying him off his mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Betsy FALLS TO THE GROUND, holding her bloody face,
SCREAMING.

Anderson STRUGGLES to hold Joshua by the arms -- he screams
at Anderson, face to face. It's a steady, constant scream at
the top of Joshua's lungs.

Anderson starts muttering. He's SCARED.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Heavenly father, please grant me
the strength to overcome this evil
I now face--

Anderson holds onto the boy, refusing to let go, as Betsy
writhes in pain on the floor next to him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - DAY

Megan DRIVES, Kyle is sitting in the passenger seat. Kyle is leaning against the window, looking out. His body language shows his need to keep his distance.

KYLE
Thanks for this.

Megan is surprised.

MEGAN
Is that gratitude?

KYLE
It's nice to get out, stock up...
but I can take if from here. Okay?

MEGAN
Why? So you can go back to that
house, all alone?

Kyle looks out the window, unresponsive. Hoping she'll just drop it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
You can't let that ruin your life.

KYLE
Can't I?

MEGAN
You can... but I really wish you
wouldn't. I care about you.

KYLE
Please... just don't. You'd be
much better off...

Megan rolls her eyes. They've had conversations like this before.

The two of them are SILENT as they drive on.

Kyle looks out the window as Megan MISSES A TURN. He turns to her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey -- are you lost?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

If you're going to back seat drive,
climb in the back seat.

KYLE

Where are you taking me?

MEGAN

Come on. You haven't even seen the
new house. It's been two years.

KYLE

Damn it, Megan. No. I know you
don't want me around your
daughter... and your husband hates
me. Please.

MEGAN

A nice dinner will be good for you.
You can shower, I'll give you some
of Mark's old clothes. Holly loves
you.

Kyle looks out the window, ANNOYED at first, but then,
knowing there's not much he can do to avoid this dinner...
CONCERN.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You don't hate us enough to jump
from a moving car. I'll take that
as a win.

Kyle looks out the window, considering it.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MARK, Megan's husband, is coming home from work. He's a tall
man, a local police officer, wearing the uniform, gun belt,
the whole bit.

He's happy to be home, looking cheery as he enters. Until he
sees Kyle, sitting on the couch.

MARK

The hell--?

KYLE

Megan is cooking. Brought me over
against my will, honest.

Kyle is sitting on a plush sofa in the living room. This
house is the POLAR OPPOSITE of Kyle's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's RECENTLY SHOWERED, wearing different clothes, including a sweat shirt with an AMERICAN FLAG filling the sky above a PACK OF WOLVES charging forward, kicking up snow. It's ridiculous.

MARK

If I knew my wife wouldn't kick my ass I'd haul you down to the station right now.

KYLE

Mark, I promise you... I'm the only person who wants me here less than you do. Don't make it like this. If I leave, Megan's just going to bring me back. You know that.

Mark looks at Kyle, we see the tension between the two, he doesn't know what to say.

MARK

Nice shirt.

Kyle SMILES at him. The two of them clearly have an adversarial relationship.

KYLE

Shirt's yours, Mark.

Mark walks out of the living room, a little embarrassed.

MARK

I'm not wearing it.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Megan is PATTYING HAMBURGERS in the kitchen. Her daughter, 7 year old HOLLY, is using wooden forks to toss a salad, which is making a bit of a mess on the counter. She looks to Mark as he enters.

HOLLY

Uncle Kyle is here.

Mark passes Holly, moving straight for Megan.

MARK

I saw that, Holly. Can you go to your room, I need to talk to Mom.

Holly IGNORES Mark, keeps working on the salad. Megan seems annoyed, with Mark, not Holly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

Now, Holly.

Holly is disappointed as she gets up, walks past Mark to exit into the living room.

Mark watches her go, then looks at Megan.

MARK

Why is he here?

Megan is FULLY AWARE that Mark HATES Kyle. She's trying to avoid an argument.

MEGAN

For dinner. Okay?

MARK

Do you really think he's stable?
You think it's a good idea to have
him around our daughter?

MEGAN

He's in there. She's in here.

MARK

Oh? He eating dinner in there
alone?

Megan is starting to get angry. Mark can see it.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know he was a part of your
family. But I thought we'd
discussed this. Damn it, Megan...
you know how I feel about him. You
bring him to our home... after what
he did?

MEGAN

It's just dinner. He's all alone.
It's one night. He's not going to
hurt anybody. You think he's going
to attack Holly over the dinner
table? Please, Mark. Please just
let me do something nice for him.
He's got nothing.

Mark looks at her, considering.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Holly enters the living room, STOPS ABRUPTLY, back to the kitchen door, when she sees Kyle sitting on the couch.

Kyle sees her, he's just as uncomfortable with this encounter as Holly is. They stare at each other across the room, Kyle seems almost childlike, innocent, A DEER IN HEADLIGHTS.

KYLE
(reluctant)
Hi.

They stare at each other. Kyle is transfixed on her. He SMILES ever so slightly, thinking of another time.

Holly stares at him, scared, frozen.

Kyle looks kind, gentle, trying to reassure the girl.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You know who I am, right? I'm your
mom's brother.

Holly just nods.

Kyle doesn't seem reassured by this, he's more unsettled that she KNOWS who he is and is STILL scared.

HOLLY
You hurt your little girl and now
you're not her daddy anymore.

Kyle is APPALLED BY THIS, the color drains from his face, he FIGHTS BACK TEARS.

KYLE
That's not...

HE LOSES THE FIGHT. Kyle is OVERCOME with emotion. Tears roll down his cheeks as he stands. He walks toward the front door, exiting the house, not in anger, IN DEFEAT, he's got to get away, he can't face those words, he's got to go back to hiding.

Emotionless, curious, Holly watches him leave.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Holly enters the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

They saw something in him, like I
do. They were asking him for help.

Mark is reluctant.

MARK

I don't care what a couple of old
ladies think, he's dangerous.

Hearing her enter, Megan turns to look at Holly.

MEGAN

Holly, what is it?

HOLLY

Uncle Kyle left.

Megan concerned, DARTS past Holly, leaving the kitchen in a
hurry.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Megan exits her front door, walking briskly into the WARM
SUMMER NIGHT. She's looking around her yard for Kyle.

MEGAN

Kyle?

She stops, looking down the yard at the country road beyond,
seeing NOTHING in the moonlight night around her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(louder)

Kyle?

Mark walks out of the house. He steps out into the yard,
standing next to Megan.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Why would he leave?

MARK

Who knows. Let him walk home.

Megan looks out into the darkness, concerned.

INT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - DAY

Kyle Barnes awakens in his hoarders den of a room. Light
pouring in shows that it's once again, mid day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of a car driving off in the distance get's Kyle's attention. This is what woke him up.

He stumbles to the front door, opening it.

EXT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - PORCH - DAY

Kyle OPENS the front door, peeking out, noticing the piles of groceries, left by Megan on his porch.

He walks onto the porch and begins sifting through the grocery bags until he finds... THE PREPAY PHONE.

Kyle carries the package, RIPPING IT OPEN as he walks down the porch steps. He discards the packaging on the ground.

EXT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Kyle sits in his front yard, on a TIRE that's been cut and converted into a PLANTER. Nothing has grown in it in quite some time, it's basically a bowl of dry dirt.

He holds his brand new prepay cell phone in his hand.

Kyle just STARES at it, building up enough courage to make a call. He's almost DISGUSTED with himself as he starts dialing.

Phone to his ear. It RINGS until SOMEONE ANSWERS.

ALLISON
(from phone)
Hello?

Kyle just sits silently. But hearing this voice is AGONY. With every fiber of his being he wants to talk, but he knows he can't.

He can hear the woman BREATHING lightly on the line. Not heavy, just normal breath. She's not SAYING ANYTHING, she's just sitting on the phone with him, NOT HANGING UP.

Kyle opens his mouth like he's about to say something, but STOPS. We can see him changing his mind, deciding to say SOMETHING ELSE, but keeping himself from saying that too.

Finally, he just stops, listens.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(from phone)
Kyle? Is that you?

Kyle abruptly HANGS UP THE PHONE.

INT. ALLISON'S HOME - DAY

ALLISON stands at her kitchen window. She is the woman from the flashes of Kyle's Perfect Autumn Day. Through the window, in the back yard, we see a small girl, AMBER, about six years old, swinging.

Allison holds the phone, she's just hung up. She looks out at her daughter with concern.

She walks through the kitchen to her back door. She opens it, yelling to her daughter.

ALLISON

Amber, honey -- come inside!

In the distance, Amber kicks her feet in the dirt to slow her swinging to a stop.

AMBER

Aw, mom!

Allison looks around the yard, concerned, checking the area out.

Amber PASSES her, entering the house. Allison takes one final look before turning to enter, closing the door behind her.

EXT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Kyle SITS in the yard, looking down at his phone. He hasn't MOVED since he hung up.

He touches the phone, thumb HOVERING over the buttons. He's looking down at it, considering whether or not he's going to call Allison back. He's very taxed by this decision.

Kyle suddenly SMASHES the phone down on the metal rim of the planter, cracking the case. He smashes down, again and again and again VIOLENTLY until the phone is so smashed he's basically slamming his HAND against the planter.

He stands up, THROWING the smashed phone into the field next to his house.

Kyle stands, angry, in the large yard of his rural home, alone... completely alone.

And then he starts walking, toward the NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, across the field.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kyle walks toward his neighbor's house. In the distance behind him, we see his home.

He steps to the front door and KNOCKS.

MAURICE, Kyle's neighbor, answers the door. Kyle smiles at him, the two have a friendly relationship.

KYLE
Offer still good to borrow your
car?

EXT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOUSE - YARD - DAY

Kyle exits Maurice's car and stands, looking around before walking toward the house. There are already THREE CARS parked here, not one of them less than eight years old. There are at least three dogs, roaming freely on the property. It's a rural lower-middle class home, the yard equal parts dirt and grass due to the animal traffic.

Kyle glances over at the dogs, they offer no threat as he approaches.

Kyle is nervous, CLEARLY UNCOMFORTABLE as he heads up the steps toward the front door.

He pauses to catch a breath and adjust his clothes to make himself presentable, THEN KNOCKS.

Betsy Austin answers. She's been CRYING, having a hard day. Her eyes are blackened and she has a bandage across the bridge of her nose, the wound from her son's EARLIER ATTACK.

She looks at Kyle, perplexed.

BETSY
Yes?

Kyle is not used to human interaction. He's FLUSTERED, struggling to get the words out.

KYLE
I heard about your son and... I
came to help. Is Reverend
Anderson...?

Betsy is put off by his demeanor.

BETSY
Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes the door on him.

Kyle stands, waiting a moment. Looking around, regretting that he came here, feeling stupid. PACING on the porch. He's about to leave until:

The door opens. Reverend ANDERSON appears from inside.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Kyle?

Reverend Anderson looks at Kyle WARMLY, happy to see him.

Kyle seems EMBARRASSED.

KYLE

Reverend.

Reverend Anderson cuts right through it, REACHES OUT and SHAKES his hand.

REVEREND ANDERSON

I wish we were seeing each other
under different circumstances.

Kyle just nods uncomfortably as he enters the house.

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Kyle steps in, Reverend Anderson closes the door behind him.

Joshua's mother, Betsy is sitting on the couch, looking distraught.

Kyle nods to her submissively as he passes with Reverend Anderson.

Reverend Anderson turns to her, speaking to her with a tone of respectful concern.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Kyle is a friend. He... may be
able to help.

Betsy stands, walking to Kyle. She grabs Kyle's hand, PLEADING with him.

BETSY

Thank you for coming. Please, do
whatever you have to for my son.

Kyle is very uncomfortable. He can barely do more than NOD in response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

I... okay.

REVEREND ANDERSON

This way.

Reverend Anderson leads Kyle to the stairs.

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - STAIRCASE - DAY

Kyle follows Reverend Anderson up.

KYLE

I didn't come here to see the boy,
not to help, at least. I only came
because... I don't know...

REVEREND ANDERSON

You know what you can do.

KYLE

I don't know that I ever actually
did anything...

Reverend Anderson leads the way, seeming to IGNORE Kyle now.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOSHUA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reverend Anderson leads Kyle down the hall at the top of the stairs.

As they near the door to Joshua's bedroom, Reverend Anderson stops, turns to look at Kyle.

REVEREND ANDERSON

The doctors can't find anything
physically wrong... but we know
what this is, you and me. Whatever
you think happened to your mother,
you have to realize you stopped it.
Joshua, in there, needs us the same
way she did.

KYLE

My mother was sick, I don't know
much else about it.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Your mother had a demon inside her.
A creature from the pits of hell,
escaped, wanting to do damage in
our world -- damage to your mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reverend Anderson is DEADLY SERIOUS.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

This boy has the same affliction.
There's a war being waged... for
the souls of the innocent. You may
not see it but it doesn't make it
any less of a war. They want our
souls, you've seen it. I know you
have. No matter what you see in
there, remember, this is a little
boy's life...

KYLE

Maybe let's stick to what we know
before we start blaming boogey men?
My mother was sick, this boy is
sick.

Anderson looks at Kyle as if to say "Oh, really. You'll see"
as he reaches for the door knob and TURNS it.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reverend Anderson leads the way into the room. Kyle FOLLOWS,
reluctantly.

Kyle stands behind Anderson, looking around at the child's
bed, the shelf of toys, all SEEMINGLY NORMAL. The room is
very quiet and dark, LIKE A TOMB. Light comes into the room
from the hallway.

Joshua sits in bed, upright on his knees, like a statue. A
LOW GROWL, fills the room with ambient noise. Kyle is
unnerved by what he's seeing.

REVEREND ANDERSON

He's exhibiting very animalistic
behavior, which is common.

Kyle steps out from behind Anderson.

Joshua suddenly jerks his head toward Kyle, locking eyes with
him.

Without turning away from Kyle, focusing on him intensely,
Joshua stands upright on the bed, walks to the end of it
STEPPING OFF onto the floor, and strides slowly in a STRAIGHT
LINE to Kyle.

Anderson watches this NEW BEHAVIOR and is taken aback, but he
can't help but watch, see where this goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joshua reaches Kyle and stops, looking up at him. In a gravely, growling whisper, Joshua speaks.

JOSHUA

I know you.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JOSHUA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle stands face to face with Joshua in his darkened bedroom. Reverend Anderson watches as the two speak.

Kyle is unnerved by this child standing on front of him.

KYLE

You think you know me?

Joshua nods to Kyle.

Kyle was buying into this. He decides to fight that feeling.

KYLE (CONT'D)

When's the last time you were in
school, Joshua? Pretty cool,
skipping school like this, right?

Joshua appears to CHANGE. His TWO HALVES are not merged, they are melding and mixing but NOT SOLID YET. The HUMAN side of him is coming to the forefront here.

JOSHUA

I like school... miss my friends.

Kyle IGNORES him.

KYLE

I'm sure they miss you, too. Just
stop all this and things can get
back to normal. You're scaring
your parents and you're wasting
this man's time. Stop pretending.

Joshua looks toward THE DOOR where Reverend Anderson stands, he hasn't fully entered the room yet, he's holding the door. Light from the hallway pours into the room.

Joshua winces in pain as he looks over, changing subtly, back to the way he was before.

JOSHUA

Close the door.

Reverend Anderson steps in, CLOSING THE DOOR behind him.

REVEREND ANDERSON

You think I wouldn't be able to
tell if he was faking it?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Something is within this child
fighting for his immortal soul.

Kyle is not convinced. He ignores Anderson, turning back to Joshua.

JOSHUA
Would barely fit in that pantry
now.

Kyle realizes that Joshua is talking about his mother. Anderson too. There's a tension building in the room. Neither man knows what could happen next.

KYLE
How -- ?

JOSHUA
(whisper)
We all know what we know.

As Joshua speaks, Kyle leans down to hear. Joshua takes the final steps up to Kyle, getting closer and closer to him until he's standing inches away, looking up at him. As this happens, Kyle appears frozen, in a trance, mesmerized by Joshua... the room itself seems affected by these two interacting. Smaller items in the room, TOYS the PILLOWS on Joshua's bed, BOOKS previously thrown by Joshua are beginning to HOVER an inch at first, and then as Joshua draws nearer to Kyle even higher, to almost a foot off the surfaces they were on.

Anderson watches this in amazement. He's never seen ANYTHING like this before.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
What a glorious day, to find you.
The Outcast.

Anderson steps forward, holding his cross tight.

ANDERSON
In the name of Jesus--

Joshua interrupts him with a low, commanding GROWL of a word.

JOSHUA
Quiet.

He then turns to Kyle, still frozen, just looking at him, and he reaches up placing his HAND on Kyle's jaw, forcing his mouth open while Kyle offers no resistance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joshua leans upward and begins drawing breath from Kyle's mouth into his, a faint, unsettling WHEEZING sound comes from Joshua as he inhales Kyle's breath.

FLASH TO:

INT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - DAY

Kyle as a child, his mother, leans before him, hand to his jaw, holding his mouth open, drawing his breath from him the same way Joshua draws his breath now.

A single TEAR rolls down young Kyle's face, he is POWERLESS. A quick flash, just long enough to see the tear moving down his cheek before we:

FLASH TO:

INT. JOSHUA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Adult Kyle has the same tear forming, beginning to stream down his cheek.

Anderson has seen enough. He LUNGES forward and PUSHES Joshua away from Kyle, knocking him to the floor.

He steps forward, standing in front of Kyle, blocking Joshua's path to him.

ANDERSON

What were you doing to him?
Explain yourself! I command you in
the name of--

Joshua crawls onto his knees and GROWLS up at Anderson, he's reverted to his animal behavior from before Kyle arrived.

Anderson turns to notice that Kyle has dropped down on one knee, he's exhausted, GASPING having trouble catching his breath.

Anderson kneels to help Kyle up.

KYLE

You going to do something? Throw
some holy water at him or
something.

Anderson stands next to Kyle, then looks at Joshua, who has crawled back into a dark shadowed area next to the bed.

Anderson has a look of bewilderment on his face, he's at a complete loss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances over at Kyle, looking for some kind of answers or explanation as to what just happened.

Kyle looks terrified and confused. He shakes his head at Anderson. Not the response he was after.

REVEREND ANDERSON
I need a cigarette.

Kyle watches Anderson start to leave, opening the door. Then he turns to follow, unnerved, almost scared.

He turns to look at Joshua, watching him as he cautiously exits the room. Joshua has reverted to the animal we saw before, the connection between him and Kyle now broken.

EXT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - YARD - DAY

Reverend Anderson watches the dogs chasing themselves around the yard, he leans against his 2001 HONDA ACCORD, taking a LONG drag off his cigarette before turning, offering one to Kyle.

KYLE
Never tried them.

REVEREND ANDERSON
You're better off.

Kyle NODS.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You okay?

KYLE
(he's not)
Yeah.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Would you be willing to try this
again tomorrow?

Kyle is scared, he pauses a moment, and then nods. Then he continues to think on the events that just transpired. After a beat of silence between the two of them:

KYLE
He try to do that, whatever it was,
to you?

REVEREND ANDERSON
Was never like that with me.
Couldn't even speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

What he was saying... any of that make sense to you?

REVEREND ANDERSON

Demons are often tricksters, they're trying to fool you into being more scared of them than you should be. With the power of God on our side, we've got nothing to fear.

Kyle scoffs at the mention of God.

KYLE

"Power of god?"

REVEREND ANDERSON

If even YOU, after all you've been through, doubt His power... why am I wasting my time? They've already won this war.

Kyle scoffs even HARDER at "war."

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You think your mother and Joshua are the only ones? There's a house like this one, like yours, in every town in every county in every state in every country of this whole wide world.

Kyle smiles at Anderson's heavy drama. Anderson seems to be annoyed by this. He finishes off his cigarette, drops it, and stomps it out before speaking again.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Did you know I was married?

Kyle SHAKES HIS HEAD in answer.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

A few years after your mother's exorcism, after you'd gone to live with the Holt family, she left me.

Kyle leans against a TREE next to Anderson's car.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Why isn't important. Our son was eight years old and she left him in my care. She just left...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
and I was not in a good place. The congregation helped as much as they could but I soon became completely and utterly overwhelmed.

Anderson slumps down against the car, sitting on the ground now.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I was standing in my kitchen one day and I thought to myself "I can't do this anymore."

Anderson begins to grow VISIBLY UPSET.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I suddenly felt warm... protected. As this happened, I could picture a hole forming at the top of my head and something... entering through it... pouring down... filling me. I knew that something was taking over, that it would help me carry my burden, it was... so seductive. I was being possessed, Kyle.

KYLE
How do you know that?

REVEREND ANDERSON
Because I could feel it.

KYLE
You're sure it wasn't just all in your head?

REVEREND ANDERSON
I wanted it, I felt I needed to let it take control... I couldn't raise Paul on my own. I almost let it overtake me. But at the last second, I resisted, I prayed to Jesus for it to leave me... I screamed, commanded it to leave my body.

KYLE
You think it was a demon?

REVEREND ANDERSON
I know it was. What else could it have been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KYLE

A psychiatrist might say it was some kind of disorder, or a panic attack, or food poisoning... maybe you weren't sleeping right and you were just a little loopy. And they'd be wrong. I was just in that room, I see that. But do you really go from zero to demon that easily? There is something inside that boy... but who's to say it's a demon from hell? That it's at war with god and a soldier for Satan. My mother never spoke of the devil or god or any of that... and I haven't heard Joshua say that either.

REVEREND ANDERSON

To you that's proof?

KYLE

No, but it's the absence of it. I'm not saying there's nothing out there, I know there is. I'm saying... what if you're wrong... what if it's not what you think it is.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SHADY LAWN NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Kyle walks in, there's a woman at a HELP DESK. Kyle passes her, clearly knowing where to go. The woman doesn't even look up at Kyle.

WOMAN

Visiting hours are almost over.

KYLE

I won't be long.

Kyle walks down the hall. Old forgotten relatives SLUMP in chairs in the hallway... some sleeping, heads slumped over. Others just BLANKLY stare out into the distance. A few SHUFFLE ABOUT slowly, without purpose, just killing time.

Kyle comes to the outside of his mother's room and STOPS.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Kyle stands in the doorway, NOT ENTERING. He looks in at his mother, Sarah, from the flashback, older now, cleaner, hair back, off her face, not looking scary, just looking feeble, weak and old.

Sarah is sitting in bed, almost upright, with pillows behind her, eyes open, staring at the wall. She's CATATONIC... she's been that way for a long time.

Kyle WATCHES her from the door.

Sarah continues to stare at the wall, NO RESPONSE.

Kyle looks down at the floor, as if checking it for obstacles to see if he can BLAME THEM for him not being able to ENTER.

He hesitates, STANDING FROZEN in the doorway.

A NURSE walks by behind him. She glances over as she passes.

NURSE

Visiting hours are ending, honey.

Kyle looks down the hall, watching the nurse as she walks away.

KYLE

Yeah, I -- was just leaving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle turns back into the room, seeing his mother, STILL FROZEN, catatonic, before turning to walk away, leaving her alone in the room once more.

INT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle sits in a chair, pulled away from his table. He sits staring into the OPEN PANTRY in front of him. He's still stunned after his encounter with Joshua. He sits TRANSFIXED on his FORMER PRISON.

Kyle stares into the dark closet as we FLASH to:

INT. BARNES KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

The kitchen is suddenly DARKER, all windows blocked. We only see a brief glimpse of it before Kyle's mother SARAH BARNES, age 32, DRAGS him, age 10 into view.

Sarah is wearing a DIRTY NIGHT GOWN, something she's been wearing for WEEKS. Her hair is thick, black and stringy, oily, HIDING HER FACE, her hands and arms are dirty. This is a person not taking care of herself.

She PULLS Kyle by the HAIR, as he SCREAMS and CRIES, toward the pantry.

KYLE

No -- please, stop! Mom! Please!

SARAH

Quiet!

Kyle continues to scream as she THROWS him into the pantry, SLAMMING the door shut and LOCKING a padlock to secure the door.

Sarah TWITCHES oddly, A NERVOUS TICK, as she turns away from the pantry.

SARAH (CONT'D)

No more noise!

Kyle scoots to the FAR WALL of the pantry, away from the door. His back against the BACK WALL, he tucks his knees up to his chest, hugging them for security, rocking back and forth. He's used to this, it happens OFTEN.

He sits in TERROR listening to his mother GROWL and THRASH about.

OFF his terrified face as we flash to:

INT. BARNES KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle is still staring into the darkness of the pantry, unsettled by his memories of what happened there. He looks away, emotional, no longer able to force himself to look at the blackness within.

Kyle stands and leaves the kitchen, it's time for bed.

INT. REVEREND ANDERSON'S CAR - DAY

Reverend Anderson is driving Kyle back to the Austin family home.

KYLE

Thanks for the ride. My neighbor is super friendly but I don't want to borrow his car two days in a row.

REVEREND ANDERSON

And this way you don't have to pay for gas...

Kyle is taken off guard by this. He hasn't spent time with Anderson since he was a kid. He's never really gotten to know Anderson.

He smiles to him as if to say "exactly."

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Why did you stop coming to church, Kyle?

Kyle, uncomfortable, struggles to respond.

KYLE

Didn't see the point, I suppose.

REVEREND ANDERSON

I'd certainly never force anyone to attend... but damn it, I'm duty bound to argue in favor of it. Would have been nice to see you.

KYLE

I'm... not good around people.

The two are SILENT, the moment hangs.

REVEREND ANDERSON

How so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

You know.

Reverend Anderson looks to Kyle, urging him, as if to say "I don't know."

Kyle is frustrated. Doesn't know what to say, so he says NOTHING.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Things got... out of hand yesterday, but I think you'll be very good for Joshua. I know you can help him.

KYLE

I wouldn't be so sure.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Then why are you coming with me?

KYLE

To find answers. I know you think you know exactly what happened with my mother, but I'm not so sure.

They pull up in front of the Austin family house.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Tell me this, Kyle. Why'd you come back to Rome? I heard you had a family, that things were good for you.

Kyle is FROZEN, at a loss for words.

He smiles, FORCED, trying to hide his emotions.

KYLE

Maybe I just missed the house.

Reverend Anderson is disappointed, he knows Kyle is hiding something but doesn't press the issue.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Come on.

Kyle walks to the house with Reverend Anderson.

The two men pause on the way to the door.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Are you ready for this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

What would we do if I said no?

REVEREND ANDERSON

We'd go inside and try to help this boy anyway.

Kyle NODS.

The two men continue on toward the house.

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Joshua sits in his room, motionless like a statue, not normal. He's staring into space, appearing almost catatonic, like Sarah Barnes. Until

His head JERKS to the side, quickly, abruptly, looking at Kyle and Reverend Anderson as they enter.

REVEREND ANDERSON

I read scripture to him before, it had no effect. Holy water irritated him, but otherwise had no effect. Will you pray with me?

Kyle walks toward the window, ignoring Reverend Anderson, who watches him CURIOUSLY.

KYLE

He doesn't like light. My mother didn't either.

Joshua watches Kyle slowly as he walks to the window.

JOSHUA

You are very brave to return.

Kyle goes to one of the QUILTS on the windows, GRABBING a corner and then RIPPING it from the window.

The room FLOODS with light.

Joshua SCREAMS in fear, LEAPING off the bed to the side opposite the window.

Reverend Anderson looks at Kyle, startled, as Kyle drops the quilt to the ground.

KYLE

That day with my mother... I think it helped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reverend Anderson steps over to where Joshua is, he's looking at him.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Why don't you like light, Joshua?

JOSHUA
Stop wasting your time here.

Reverend Anderson turns to Kyle.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Think back on that day. What else
did you do?

Kyle looks ASHAMED of himself.

KYLE
I hit her.

Reverend Anderson looks at him, sad, forgivingly. Kyle was a child when this incident happened.

KYLE (CONT'D)
She attacked me. I'd had enough,
she'd done it many times before.
This time I fought back. It seemed
to... hurt her.

Reverend Anderson steps forward, toward Joshua.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Help me drag Joshua into the light,
Kyle.

Kyle is RELUCTANT.

REVEREND ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Quickly.

Kyle looks hesitant, but he STEPS FORWARD, They grab Joshua by the legs and begin pulling.

JOSHUA
Don't touch me! Don't--

Reverend Anderson struggles to hold onto him.

REVEREND ANDERSON
You are not in control of this boy!
You are not welcome here! You do
not have the right to be here! In
God's name I will cast you out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joshua starts to STRUGGLE, trying to KICK FREE of the two men, but it doesn't work, they're STRONGER than him. He TWISTS and CONTORTS to escape, grunting and straining.

As Joshua fights, the strain causes him to revert again, the demon side of him subsides, he's a child who doesn't understand what's happening.

JOSHUA
(scared)
Leave me alone!

Kyle's hand makes CONTACT with the BARE SKIN on Joshua's leg. This TOUCH alone seems to cause Joshua discomfort... almost like a slight burn.

In reaction to the pain, Joshua, the demon again, KICKS Kyle, the contact has changed him, made him STRONGER.

The kick sends Kyle onto his ass, sliding across the floor a few feet -- as if he were kicked by a much larger adult.

Reverend Anderson takes much less force from the kick, but is still knocked away.

He looks at Joshua with concern as Joshua slowly stands up, calmly, with ease.

As Joshua rises into standing position the various items in the room begin to levitate as they did before.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
You give us power.

Kyle stands, recovering from the kick as Joshua walks up to him.

Joshua places his hand on Kyle's jaw as he did before.

He kneels down, close to Kyle's face and begins to INHALE with the same wheezy, raspy, screech coming from his mouth.

Kyle looks at him in defiance. An anger comes over his face as he's confronted with the very thing he blames his wasted life on.

He PUNCHES Joshua.

Kyle stands to see Joshua in front of him, reeling from the punch.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Kyle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kyle looks quickly to Anderson as he rushes toward Joshua.

KYLE
No. This is right. I know what
I'm doing. Get the other blanket!
Quick!

Anderson doesn't know what else to do, he steps over to the window and YANKS the other blanket down, causing light to pour into the room, but it is focused in a large area of the floor where the light from the two windows lands.

Kyle SHOVES Joshua into that area.

Joshua falls onto his back, screaming in pain.

Without hesitation, Kyle sits on Joshua's chest to keep him from crawling away from the light.

Joshua writhes in pain as he begins to levitate again,
LIFTING KYLE OFF THE FLOOR WITH HIM.

JOSHUA
This won't be enough.

Joshua begins to reach up and grab Kyle, attempted to pull his face down toward him again. Kyle strains to push him away until finally -- HE PUNCHES HIM AGAIN.

The blow disrupts Joshua's powers, it sends him dropped back down to the carpet, and as he does so, KYLE PUNCHES HIM AGAIN.

Joshua's kicking and screaming INTENSIFIES the longer he's held in the light.

Kyle continues to PUNCH Joshua, the boy is less than half his size.

Anderson steps forward.

REVEREND ANDERSON
Kyle! You have to stop this!

Reverend Anderson takes a FOOT TO THE FACE from Joshua. He falls back, holding his nose, looking alarmed, scared for a moment as it begins to BLEED.

Joshua moves more and more, Kyle can barely to hold him down.

KYLE
What do you want from me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Reverend Anderson is startled by the rage and anguish exhibited in Kyle..

Joshua tries to break free, SCREAMING and THRASHING about while Kyle holds him in place in the light.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Why won't you leave me alone?!

Kyle brings his arm up, over Joshua's chest. As he does so, Joshua LURCHES forward BITING Kyle's hand, clamping his teeth down, sinking DEEPLY into Kyle's flesh.

Kyle SCREAMS in pain.

Joshua has CLAMPED DOWN on Kyle's fingers, he's not letting go, he's GNASHING his teeth against him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Let go! Damn it!

Kyle PRIES at Joshua but can't break his hold, he pushes against his head.

Joshua continues to bite down, DRAWING BLOOD -- which INSTANTLY sickens him. It's a spontaneous reaction. SMOKE rolls out of Joshua's mouth as if it's on fire. The blood is affecting him in strange ways.

Kyle sees this, noticing his affect. He immediately GRABS Joshua's jaw, SQUEEZING to hold his mouth open.

He closes his injured hand into a FIST, holding it over Joshua's mouth... he clenches his finger, drawing more blood from the wound, tighter and tighter UNTIL

A few drops of blood drop down into Joshua's mouth.

Joshua continues to HOWL in pain as he spits Kyle's blood out.

JOSHUA

No! No!

Kyle leans down, placing both hands on Joshua's face, smearing it with blood from his hand. Joshua's face is already scraped up from the hits he's taken, and it's starting to swell up already, as well.

Kyle sits on Joshua's chest, pressing his hands against his face, straining to keep the boy held down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Joshua looks up at Kyle, clearly in the most intense PAIN of his life, sweating, straining to speak, he growls up to KYLE in a quick forced whisper, as if delivering his last words before dying.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

The path to the great merge is
clear to us now.

As the last word softly escapes from Joshua's lips, a flood of THICK BLACK WAXY FLUID, instantly ERUPTS from his mouth. Kyle has to jerk his head from the side to avoid it as it IGNORES THE LAWS OF GRAVITY and FLOWS UP. It's thicker than liquid, it moves like WAX melting up in streams crossing and intersecting as it travels upward like a rapidly growing tree.

It pours from his mouth and nose, drops come from his eyes and ears, all splashing and pooling on the ceiling as if gravity had been REVERSED.

Reverend Anderson backs into the wall at the sight of this.

Kyle looks UP at the ceiling, staring at the growing puddle clinging to it as the last streams escape from Joshua and fall up toward the ceiling.

Before the final streams and drops join with the puddle forming on the roof, FINGERS start to emerge from the puddle. Long and slender, pointed at the end, not resembling human fingers. They continue to fall from the puddle until we see the hands they are attached to, and then the arms, and we start to realize the BLACK WAXY OOZE is forming into a CREATURE that is COMING RIGHT FOR KYLE.

The puddle contracts as the ooze begins to form the creature, asymmetrical, and unlike anything we've seen before... a liquid form, not solid, a head, teeth, arms, all suggested in the form but never solidified or defined in any definitive way for more than a split second. It's more threatening and terrifying than anything this side of the work of H.R. Giger.

It reaches for Kyle as it falls toward him, sounding some sort of screech, seemingly of pain more than anger.

As it falls to Kyle, at the moment where it's about to GRAB him and TEAR HIM TO SHREDS... IT FADES FROM EXISTENCE, as if made of water evaporating in extreme heat.

It's just GONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Kyle leans over Joshua, rolling him over, holding him up a bit off the now BLOOD stained floor.

He doesn't seem to be fighting them anymore, they just watch in HORROR as he CONVULSES BRIEFLY, moving as if his whole body ACHES.

Joshua sits up and begins to COUGH AND CRY, he's WEAK, his arms are SHAKING as he tries to get up until he stumbles, falling a little.

Kyle IMMEDIATELY places his arm behind his neck to support him.

Joshua's nose bleeds as he starts to cry.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Mom?!

Kyle and Reverend Anderson just STARE at each other with a look of "did this just happen?" Both are a bit shell-shocked, as if they just survived a battle together.

Kyle holds Joshua, NOW A DIFFERENT PERSON, crying for his mother, weak and frail, SCARED.

Reverend Anderson sits next to him, on his knees, looking down at the pile of vomit SOAKING into the carpet, both men are stunned, breathing hard, reflecting on the ordeal.

BETSY bursts into the room, seeing Kyle, standing over Joshua, bloody and beaten, blood on his face, dripping from his mouth. SHE KNOWS KYLE HAS BEATEN HIM.

Kyle looks SHOCKED to see Betsy, he's STUNNED.

Joshua looks to his mother, pleading through a BLOODY, TEAR-SOAKED face.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Mommy?

Betsy looks on in HORROR at what Kyle has done.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - YARD - NIGHT

Two POLICE CARS, lights flashing, sirens off, have been added to the cars parked in the driveway.

Kyle sits on the bottom step of the porch, CUFFED, two police officers stand next to him. One of them is Mark, his brother-in-law.

He looks ashamed. Mark doesn't take his eyes off him, looking at him in disgust.

INT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Betsy Austin stands in the room, talking to OFFICER HAMPTON. The flashing lights of the car inside are shining in through the windows.

Molly stands in the doorway, looking, watching, trying to stay out of sight.

Joshua is BRUISED AND SWOLLEN from the attack, sitting on the couch next to Reverend Anderson, who has his arm around him.

BETSY

No, sir. I'm absolutely positive.
It was all just a misunderstanding.
I shouldn't have called.

Officer Hampton is frustrated.

OFFICER HAMPTON

Ms. Austin... Betsy, please. I'm begging you to reconsider. We've run his I.D. This guy has prior offenses that are nearly the same as what you said over the phone. Did he or did he not attack your son?

Betsy looks over at Joshua, calm, sitting next to Reverend Anderson, he's back to normal.

She smiles, satisfied.

BETSY

He did not.

Officer Hampton walks over and KNEELS down in front of Joshua.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER HAMPTON
Son, how did you get hurt?

JOSHUA
I don't remember.

Officer Hampton looks to Reverend Anderson.

OFFICER HAMPTON
Reverend, please. Talk some sense
into her for me. I can't help if
you don't tell me the truth.

REVEREND ANDERSON
You attended service Sunday, you
know Joshua has been sick for some
time. Kyle and I came to check in
and were happy to see Joshua had
recovered. He was playing in the
hall upstairs, bumped into Kyle and
fell down the stairs... It all
happened so fast. There was
nothing we could do.

Officer Hampton is FRUSTRATED, but he can't do anything
without any witnesses or anyone pressing charges.

He turns silently, and walks out the front door.

EXT. AUSTIN FAMILY HOME - YARD - NIGHT

Hampton steps out onto the porch.

OFFICER HAMPTON
We're done here, boys. Pack it up.

Mark looks to Hampton, clearly frustrated and shocked.

MARK
What? Seriously?

Hampton kneels, unlocking Kyle's handcuffs.

OFFICER HAMPTON
Nothing we can do.

Kyle rubs his SORE WRISTS, looking up at Officer Hampton as
the other police officers walk to their cars.

Hampton stands, looking down at Kyle with disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle looks up at him in SHAME, not pride, not defiance, not smug that he's getting away with this. He'd be fine with getting arrested.

Hampton shakes his head, turns and walks away.

Mark leans down as they pass.

MARK

I better never see you in my house
again.

Kyle watches in shame as the three men walk away, then STANDS, watching him walk away as Reverend Anderson exits the house onto the porch behind him.

Anderson steps down next to Kyle, arm on his shoulder.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Let's get you home.

Kyle nods, he and Anderson begin walking away from the house as the police pull onto the country road out front.

BETSY

Thank you.

Kyle turns to see Betsy, standing in the doorway with Joshua, NORMAL, CALM, her arm around her son. Bandage still on her nose, her son covered in BRUISES AND SCRAPES, not unscathed, but they're both safe now.

Kyle SMILES at them in acknowledgement.

INT. REVEREND ANDERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

The two men sit silently as the car cuts through the WARM COUNTRY NIGHT, dark, moonlit fields roll by on either side of the car.

Reverend Anderson glances over at Kyle as he drives.

REVEREND ANDERSON

Did you get the answers you were
looking for.

KYLE

Some.

REVEREND ANDERSON

It's not always going to be that
easy, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE
That was easy?

Anderson smiles to himself for a moment. He's seen WORSE.

REVEREND ANDERSON
That what it was like with your
mother?

KYLE
And my wife.

Reverend Anderson looks over at him, new information.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Seems like they've been coming
after me my whole life.

Kyle looks out into the darkness, the trees form black shapes with moonlight cutting through as the car drives by.

EXT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Kyle walks toward his home as Reverend Anderson backs his car out of his driveway, leaving him.

Kyle turns, WAVES to Anderson as he drives down the road. He watches as the car disappears from view down the darkened country road.

Kyle STANDS in the moonlit yard, silent.

He GLANCES around him, the trees, the fields, the neighbors house in the distance, dark, absent any activity this late at night. HE IS ALONE.

The night is SILENT, save for crickets in the distance.

Kyle looks at his family home, the source of so much PAIN AND SORROW in his past. It seems SMALL, unworthy of the prison he's allowed it to become.

He looks out at the land around him as he begins to walk toward his house.

KYLE
(under breath)
Come and get me.

Kyle enters his house, closing the door behind him.

INT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - DAY

The sun shines into the room, again, it's late in the morning and Kyle is still FACE DOWN ON HIS BED, fast asleep.

FLASH TO:

INT. ALLISON'S HOME - DAY

Kyle returns home from work, the sun shines brightly through the windows. He's happy but his mood immediately changes as he hears SCREAMS from upstairs.

Kyle runs upstairs to find Allison kneeling over Amber, three years-old, CHOKING her.

Allison turns, not rage on her face, CURIOSITY.

She turns back to Amber, applying more force as Kyle TACKLES her, knocking her off Amber.

Kyle screams as he looks down at Allison, who scratches at him, FIGHTING BACK, clawing, trying to get back to Amber, who has blacked out, but looks DEAD.

Kyle SLINGS Allison against the wall and crawls quickly to Amber.

He looks down at her, she's still a little blue, lips discolored, from the lack of oxygen. He cradles her in his arms. She begins to move. He looks relieved.

But he's panicked, he doesn't know what's happening. We see him overcome with FEAR as he turns to see ALLISON, POSSESSED, coming at him.

She moves toward him ferociously attacking him. He turns to look at her as we start to hear:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

FLASH BACK:

Kyle jumps upright in his bed, eyes wide, startled awake by the sound of someone pounding at his door...

Kyle finally lifts his head, GRUMBLES with frustration.

He rises from his bed and begins to walk. He passes the door to his bedroom, removing the pajama pants.

He STUMBLES down the hall, slipping the pants on as he walks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle enters his LIVING ROOM, stumbling, still half asleep.
He walks straight to the front door and

OPENS it.

EXT. BARNES FAMILY HOME - PORCH - DAY

The bright afternoon sun shines intensely on Kyle's face. He squints as his eyes adjust.

He looks before him and sees NOTHING. He is ALONE on his porch.

Kyle is unsettled by this, he looks around, then looks back into his home. He RELAXES, content that his mind was simply playing tricks on him.

Kyle stares at the world around his home, BRIGHT, NEW, different than he saw it last night.

Kyle is changed, different in this new light. He has a renewed sense of purpose -- he's going to find answers. This OUTCAST is ready to reenter the world.