

**SO HELP ME GOD**

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The city never looked lovelier.

2 EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

A massive building of marble from the twenties. A statue of Lady Justice, blindfolded, balancing the scales, stands in front of the marble entrance.

3 INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

A trial is in progress. DET. LT. FRANK KELLER, a big, beefy man in his fifties, is testifying for the prosecution. The Deputy District Attorney, IRWIN KEESLEY, is completing his questioning.

D.A.

And you had a full and unobstructed view of the man who killed your partner?

KELLER

That's him. The defendant.

He nods at the defense table where RICHARD WEXLER sits doodling. He's a hood in an expensive Italian suit and a fifty dollar haircut. Also at the defense table is MARK HAMPTON, one of the city's young hotshot defense attorneys, and his lovely and gifted associate counsel, KAREN BRYANT.

D.A.

Let the record show that Lt. Keller is indicating the defendant, Richard Wexler.

The D.A. returns to the prosecutor's table nodding at Mark on the way.

D.A. (CONT.)

Your witness, Mr. Hampton.

Mark rises and crosses to the Keller.

MARK

Just a few questions.

KELLER

Yes, sir.

MARK

After Officer Meyers was shot, you failed to pursue the gunman?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

KELLER

I remained with the officer and tried to save his life. Unsuccessfully.

MARK

When was the next time you saw the defendant?

KELLER

The following afternoon when he surrendered himself at the Homicide Division on West 30th Street.

MARK

Does that sound like the actions of a man who tried to kill you only the day before?

The Deputy D.A., BEN CORNFELD, rises to his feet.

D.A.

Objection. Calls for a conclusion.

The JUDGE, a taciturn man in his fifties, nods.

JUDGE

Sustained.

MARK

Were you surprised to see Mister Wexler walk into your office?

KELLER

I sure as hell didn't expect him.

MARK

Any more than you expected to see him at the top of a flight of stairs firing a .38 caliber revolver at you. Weren't you predisposed to get out of the way of those shots? Weren't you looking at the gun flashes rather than at the face of the man behind the gun?

The D.A. is immediately on his feet again.

D.A.

Objection. The witness has already testified as to what he saw.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE

Sustained.

MARK

Was the front of your shirt and suit splattered with the blood of Officer Meyers?

KELLER

Jack's blood was all over the place.

MARK

Even in your eyes?

Keller comes a little unglued, his face flushing, his voice rising an octave.

KELLER

I told you I saw him.

MARK

The assailant fired twice more. You fired three times. All this in a matter of seconds?

KELLER

Yes.

MARK

And you missed him all three times?

Keller throws Wexler another dark glance.

KELLER

I wish I hadn't.

MARK

When the defendant surrendered himself, were there any bullet wounds found on his body?

KELLER

No, none.

MARK

Didn't that surprise you? Weren't you sure you'd hit him?

KELLER

No.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

Can you tell us how far away the gunman was when you returned his fire?

KELLER

I'd say thirty to forty feet.

Mark turns for the benefit of the jury and the judge and looks toward the back of the courtroom.

MARK

From here to those doors. You couldn't hit a man at that range with three tries, but you could positively identify him?

Keller glares at Mark. He knows what he's doing, but is helpless to stop him.

KELLER

Yes.

MARK

When was the last time you qualified on the police firing range?

KELLER

I can't give you an exact date.

Mark turns to the defense table where Karen gives him an encouraging smile and an official looking document. He turns back to Keller, the document in his hand.

MARK

May I refresh your memory? Does March 14, a Tuesday of this year, sound correct?

KELLER

You know more than I do.

MARK

Well, I hope not. I'd like to enter Lieutenant Keller's score on the firing range as Rebuttal Exhibit A. Will you read the result to the court, Lieutenant?

He hands him the document. Keller reluctantly reads it aloud.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

KELLER  
"Expert Marksman."

Mark takes the document from his hand, dropping it on the evidence table as he talks.

MARK  
Then I suggest that someone with your proven skill with a pistol couldn't possible have missed all three shots. That you did wound the killer of Officer Meyers. Only that killer is not my client. Witness that fact that he is not wounded.

KELLER  
Bullshit! I didn't hit him because the hall was only lit by a 25 watt bulb, and I had Meyer's body slumped up against me. I was off-balance.

MARK  
Don't get mad at me, Lt. Keller. I believe you. In fact, you nearly fell backward down those stairs, didn't you?

KELLER  
Yeah, almost.

MARK  
In that dim light, in that moment of chaos, you saw nothing but a blur firing at you from above. Correct?

KELLER  
No, damnit! I saw Wexler. I'm not changing my testimony.

MARK  
No one expects you to. Especially since the entire prosecution of this case rests on it.

The D.A. leaps to his feet again, this time perhaps too late. Mark has scored with the jury.

D.A.  
Objection!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (5)

JUDGE

Strike those remarks. The jury will disregard that comment.

MARK

The witness is excused.

JUDGE

Court is adjourned until two P.M..

The judge gravels the proceedings to a halt, disappearing into his chambers. The rest of the courtroom begins to drift away. Keller rises from the witness stand, glaring daggers at Mark. Mark ignores him, returning to the defense table. Karen gives him an appreciative smile as they begin to pack their briefcases.

KAREN

Very nicely done. I learned a lot.

MARK

Let's wait for the judge's decision.

Wexler leans over, chortling under his breath.

WEXLER

You're goddamned expensive, but you're worth it. You blew that asshole cop out of court.

Mark shoots him a disgusted glance.

MARK

My taking your money is your only punishment. But next time you commit murder, call somebody else.

Wexler looks at Karen, giving her a lascivious wink.

WEXLER

I'll hire her. By then she'll know all your tricks.

Karen blesses him with a sour smile.

KAREN

Don't bother. I don't like you any better than he does.

With that she and Mark snap their briefcases shut, and start up the aisle, leaving Wexler to be led away by the Bailiff. They pass Keller on the way, talking to the D.A..

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (6)

He shoots Mark a withering glance.

KELLER

Hope you're proud of yourself,  
counselor.

MARK

Take my advice. The next time you  
catch Wexler, don't arrest him.  
Shoot him.

He keeps on walking, the D.A. looking at Karen.

D.A.

Is there anybody he wouldn't  
defend?

KAREN

I don't know. Commit a crime and  
find out.

She turns, walking out, the D.A. staring after her.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. EAST SIDE TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Mark plays tennis with the senior law partner in his firm, SAM BELTZER, a compact man in his fifties. Mark puts him away with a clean winner, and laughing, the two men grab their stuff and head for the showers. Beltzer sobers up as they walk, shooting Mark a glance.

BELTZER

Somebody at city hall didn't  
appreciate your getting that cop  
killer acquitted.

MARK

They should've prepared a better  
case. I could've convicted him  
if I'd been on the other side.

BELTZER

Yeah, but you weren't. An official  
complaint has been filed that  
you've continually failed to  
contribute any time to pro bono  
service.

MARK

So what?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

BELTZER

So you'll be hauled up before the  
A.R.D.C. Disciplinary Committee.

MARK

I'm not worried.

BELTZER

Why go through all that garbage?  
Cut them off at the pass. Accept  
a case from the Public Defender's  
office.

MARK

Shit, you know I'm swamped as it  
is.

BELTZER

Relax. I've found exactly the  
right defendant for you. A genuine  
psycho. Ben Farber is the  
attorney of record, but he'll step  
aside for you. There should be  
no problem plea bargaining the  
poor bastard into a mental  
hospital. You'll be done with  
it in three days top.

MARK

Put the paperwork on my desk. I'll  
have Karen take care of it.

BELTZER

Fine, but you'll have to show up  
in court.

MARK

God, this is like being kept after  
school.

BELTZER

Well, you've been a bad boy. You  
drew dirty pictures on the  
blackboard.

MARK

From now on, I'll lose once in  
a while.

BELTZER

No, you won't. Not if you want  
to keep working for this firm  
anyway.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

The two men disappear through a door into the club house.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. LUXURY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The building is sixty floors of steel and glass, all shiny and new.

6 INT. MARK'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

A fantastic view of Manhattan is visible from this elegant corner office on the 55th floor. Karen is trying to review the documentation on the case Mark has been forced to handle, but he seems more interested in kissing the back of her neck.

KAREN

Stop that. You're ruining my concentration.

MARK

Pay no attention to me. You've got to learn to ignore little distractions, especially in court.

KAREN

I'd like to see you try this in court.

MARK

If defense counsel don't love each other, how can they expect the jury to love them?

She relents, giving him a long, lingering kiss on the mouth, then breaks, looking at him.

KAREN

Now will you be serious about this?

She thrusts the documents into his hands.

KAREN (CONT.)

Farber already filed the appropriate motions. You're set for an appearance on Tuesday at ten A.M.. And don't ask. You can't duck it.

Mark scans the papers, snorting in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

MARK

Oh, great. The guy's homeless, been in and out of institutions all his life. Schizophrenic, thorazine maintenance.

KAREN

You forgot to mention that the diagnosis is incurable. Now, would you like to meet your client? Just so you can recognize him in court.

CUT TO:

7 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM; CITY JAIL (THE TOMBS) - DAY

Mark and Karen interview the prisoner. DAVID NEWGATE. He is a tall, rangy man who seems to be trying to shrink down, to disappear into himself. Scratch marks scar his left cheek, still raw and angry. Karen is questioning him.

KAREN

The twelfth of this month, it was a Saturday -- do you have any recollection where you were between eight and twelve A.M.?

Newgate takes a while before he speaks. Just putting together a coherent sentence seems hard for him.

NEWGATE

They, they say I was at --

MARK

We're not asking you what they say, we're asking what you remember.

NEWGATE

I, I was on the Staten Island ferry. The morning was so clear, so crisp, the air so good. I walked to the top deck. I was the only one up there for a while. Then the girl came up.

Newgate notices that Mark is staring off into space, obviously thinking about something else. Some other more important piece of litigation, no doubt.

NEWGATE (CONT.)

Don't you want to know about her?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Mark shifts in his chair, pulling his attention back to Newgate. Barely.

MARK

Sure. Tell us whatever comes to mind.

NEWGATE

She was taking snapshots so I thought she must be from out of town visiting, all by herself. I felt sorry for her. All alone in the city doing the things people like to do together.

Mark cracks his knuckles, increasingly impatient. This guy is boring the hell out of him.

MARK

Let's move on. What happened next?

NEWGATE

I thought maybe she'd like me to take her picture with her camera. You know, so she could be in the picture with the skyline. I started toward her and then --

He suddenly stops, his face going pale, a thin sheen of sweat popping out across his forehead. Mark and Karen exchange glances. Newgate, no matter how crazy, is obviously afraid. Mark nudges him.

MARK

Yes --?

Newgate suddenly continues as though stuck in a nightmare he'd give anything to get out of.

NEWGATE

And then he put his hands around her throat. I didn't see his face. He must have come up behind me. He was squeezing so hard she dropped her camera and I bent down to pick it up because the lens had broken off.

He finishes, staring off into space. Mark and Karen can only stare at him disbelievingly.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Someone was strangling her and  
you were down on your knees  
picking up pieces of a camera?

Newgate nods.

NEWGATE

Like I said, it looked like an  
expensive camera. I thought she'd  
be so upset --

MARK

This man who was choking her, why  
didn't you look at him?

NEWGATE

I guess I was afraid if I could  
identify him, he'd kill me, too.  
So I was careful not to look. And  
it took a very long time. She kept  
clawing at him, like a bird in  
a trap, quick little movements.

MARK

Is that how your face got  
scratched?

Newgate touches the scratch marks on his face, almost as if he's  
surprised to find them there.

NEWGATE

I don't know how that happened.

KAREN

Tell us more about this killer.

NEWGATE

His hands, his skin was so  
sunburned.

KAREN

Sunburned?

NEWGATE

And his fingers were long. They  
wrapped all the way around her  
neck.

KAREN

What else?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

NEWGATE

For a second, I thought I could see the blood circulating through his arms. Like in those films they used to show us in biology class where you can see through people.

MARK

How did she fall to the lower deck?

NEWGATE

When he was done with her, he dropped her against the railing. I reached out to try and stop her, but I was too late. She was gone.

KAREN

And so was the man. But there were other witnesses. When you turned around, you saw them.

NEWGATE

Yes. They were looking at me.

KAREN

And they say you did it.

NEWGATE

I still had her camera in my hand. I thought they were angry because they thought I broke her camera.  
(a beat, then)  
Why are you defending me? You don't know me.

Karen looks at Mark. Does he want to explain? He looks away. She turns back to Newgate.

KAREN

It's part of our profession. Helping those who need it.

Newgate's face suffuses with sudden hope.

NEWGATE

Then you do believe me?

Karen looks at Newgate with his pleading, hopeful face, and sidesteps the question.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (4)

KAREN

Whether you're guilty or not,  
you're still entitled to the best  
defense possible.

NEWGATE

Thank you.

Newgate lowers his voice, looking around the room as though he expects someone to jump out of the shadows.

NEWGATE (CONT.)

But be careful. He still might  
be around.

MARK

Who?

NEWGATE

Him. The man with the sunburnt  
hands. He knows everything, you  
know.

Mark and Karen exchange glances. This guy is totally nuts. Both rise, Karen putting her notes away as Mark buzzes for the guard.

MARK

Well, thank you, Mr. Newgate.  
We'll be talking to the prosecutor  
now.

Newgate looks at them, especially Mark, with sudden concern.

NEWGATE

Be careful, Mr. Hampton. If "he"  
finds fault with you, he could  
hurt you.

KAREN

Would you let him this time? Would  
you stand by and watch again?

Newgate looks up at them with completely sincere eyes.

NEWGATE

I wouldn't have any choice. I'd  
have to.

The guard opens the door. Mark and Karen exit, glad to be leaving the company of this "sickie" at last.

CUT TO:

## 8 INT. MAIN LOBBY; THE TOMBS - DAY

The elevator doors from the cells below open, disgorging Mark and Karen onto the floor housing the police and the judiciary. With them is District Attorney ELLIOT BOGARDUS, a battle-hardened prosecutor in his late forties. They head for the doors, discussing Newgate as they go.

KAREN

He's clearly a paranoid schizo.

BOGARDUS

I think we can agree on a satisfactory disposition of the matter.

(to Mark)

We wouldn't want this case to take you away from your high paying clients.

MARK

My schedule has nothing to do with it. It's clear that this poor sonofabitch belongs in a mental hospital rather than jail.

BOGARDUS

Your concern for your client is touching.

MARK

Plus I'm saving the city twenty-five thousand dollars in court costs. You ought to buy me dinner.

BOGARDUS

I think the last time we ate out was four and a half years ago and I picked up the check.

MARK

Okay, next time we split it.

BOGARDUS

Like I said, your generosity is touching.

The three of them suddenly freeze as a loud, clanking alarm goes off. They look around as the police immediately block the exits, sealing them off. One of them addresses the civilians milling about.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

OFFICER  
Everybody move back from the  
exits, please.

Bogardus turns to Mark and Karen as the truth dawns on him.

BOGARDUS  
There's been an escape.

A POLICE SERGEANT comes up, obviously in charge of security  
within The Tombs.

SERGEANT  
No one will be permitted to leave  
the building until their  
identification has been checked.  
(recognizing the D.A.)  
You can go if you like, Mr.  
Bogardus.

Bogardus turns to Mark with a big smile.

BOGARDUS  
I'll be seeing you, counselor.  
(pointing Mark out to  
the cop)  
Careful of this guy. He's a  
suspicious character.

He slips out the door while everyone else is held back. Mark  
turns to the Sergeant, his curiosity piqued.

MARK  
Who broke out?

SERGEANT  
The nut case, Newgate

Mark and Karen look at each other, shocked.

KAREN  
We were with him an hour ago. He  
seemed so calm.

The Sergeant looks at them with new interest.

SERGEANT  
What were you doing with him?

Mark shoots Karen a warning look to keep her mouth shut, but  
she misses it.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

We're his attorneys.

SERGEANT

Maybe you'd better talk to Captain Shay. He's ranking officer on duty. You'll find him down in the lockup.

He starts herding them back in the direction of the elevator, Mark protesting every inch of the way.

MARK

I don't see what Captain Shay would want with us --

SERGEANT

Who knows? You may have been the last ones to have seen him --

They stop in front of the elevator, the Sergeant nodding to the OPERATOR as Karen and Mark step inside.

SERGEANT (CONT.)

See they find Captain Shay.

The operator nods, the doors beginning to close as Mark stands there, inwardly seething at this new complication.

9 INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

The cell block swarms with activity. Armed guards are everywhere. The elevator doors open and Mark and Karen step out. All the prisoners have been herded into one large holding cell. The other cells are being searched top to bottom by the cops.

A guernsey with a body bag rolls past on its way to the elevator, two PARAMEDICS pushing it.

PARAMEDIC

Something tore his chest open. The prisoner must have had some kind of sharp instrument.

One of the GUARDS follows the stretcher that bears his dead friend. He shakes his head in shock.

GUARD

Newgate did it with his bare hands. He came at Joe and just ripped him open.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

He tries to repress a shudder as Mark and Karen gape at him. At that moment, CAPT. SHAY, an Irishman with a barrel chest and a whiskey voice, spots them and hurries up.

SHAY

Who the hell are you?

MARK

Newgate's lawyers.

He presents his card. Karen steps forward.

KAREN

Maybe we can get him to surrender.

SHAY

It's a little late for that. He's out of here. Maybe he's somewhere upstairs.

Karen looks around at all the bars, guards, and check points.

KAREN

How could he have passed through all this security?

Shay looks at her and Mark with a suspicious eye.

SHAY

Only one way. He had help.

Mark stiffens.

MARK

Captain, I consider David Newgate to be insane. I have no interest in helping him get free. My only concern was to see he got a fair trial.

Shay stares at him, his fury at losing one of his own finally bursting through.

SHAY

Well, now it's two counts of homicide. And one of them is a cop!

With that he snorts and stomps off, leaving Mark and Karen staring after him.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LAW OFFICE LOBBY - 55TH FLOOR - DAY

Mark and Karen exit the elevator into their firm, Hesselstine and Beltzer, strolling past the receptionist. From the looks of it, the law office is a large one.

11 INT. MARK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Mark and Karen enter, Mark's secretary, MINDY, an officious looking woman in her thirties, looks up from her desk.

MINDY

We've had a couple of calls from Channels Eleven and Four. What's going on?

KAREN

Newgate escaped.

(to Mark)

I'll be in my office if you need me.

She slips next door into her own office as Mark grabs some files off Mindy's desk and heads for his inner office.

MARK

Switch on the TV out here. If anything comes on about Newgate, let me know.

He disappears into his inner office.

12 INT. MARK'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Mark crosses his office, oblivious to the spectacular view as he flips through the file. Sam Beltzer hurries in.

BELTZER

I just heard. I'm sorry I got you into this mess.

Mark throws the file on the desk, looking at him none too happily.

MARK

Thanks to you, I'm the attorney of record and the court isn't going to allow me to dump this case.

BELTZER

Shit, the guy's suddenly a cop killer. We're all in for a long haul.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

Mindy suddenly appears in the doorway.

MINDY  
Hurry up. It's on CBS.

She disappears from the doorway, Mark and Beltzer close behind her.

13 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

They crowd around a small TV on Mindy's desk.

NEWSCASTER  
-- a second killing on West 11th Street has been linked to murder suspect David Newgate. It involved plumbing contractor Samuel Phelps and occurred less than an hour after the escape --

BELTZER  
He makes good time.

NEWSCASTER  
This station will continue to bring you updated coverage on the manhunt for David Newgate. We return now to our regularly scheduled programming.

A game show snaps back on. Mark turns back to his office with a glance at Mindy.

MARK  
It's five o'clock. Go home.

MINDY  
You'll be all right?

MARK  
Fine. Have the switchboard take my calls.

He disappears through the doorway as Beltzer heads for his office and Mindy begins to pack to go home.

14 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

He just sits behind his desk and grabs some papers when the phone rings. He yells toward his open doors.

MARK  
I said no fucking calls!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

No answer from the outer office. Mindy made it out of there in record time. He picks up the phone.

MARK (CONT.)

This is my private line. Will you please call on the main switchboard.

(a beat, then)

Hello?

He pauses, listening to the other end of the line. No one seems to be there. He is about to hang up when he gets the eerie feeling he knows who it is.

MARK (CONT.)

How did you get my private number?  
(no answer)

Answer me -- Newgate?

Suddenly Newgate's voice is heard on the other end of the line. It sounds frightened and far away.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm afraid.

MARK

You damn well ought to be. You've got the entire New York police force ready to shoot on sight.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

I didn't do it.

MARK

Which killing? The cop or the plumber?

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

I saw them both happen, but I couldn't stop him. He doesn't listen. He's so much stronger than I am.

15 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Newgate stands in a phone booth on a busy street. He wears a soiled raincoat pulled from a trash bin over his prison uniform.

NEWGATE

He likes to make me watch. I think that's why he does it, to make me watch.

16 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

MARK  
Where are you?

17 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

NEWGATE  
I don't know.

MARK'S VOICE (OVER)  
Look for a street sign on the  
corner.

Newgate opens the door to the phone booth and steps out onto the street, still hanging on to the receiver. A WOMAN with an armful of groceries comes up behind him. She stares at him impatiently, wanting to use the phone. Newgate is totally disoriented. He can't find the street sign. He turns to the woman.

NEWGATE  
Where am I? What's this street?

WOMAN  
What are you? Some kind of  
foreigner?

NEWGATE  
Would you tell my friend where  
I am. Please.

He holds out the phone. The woman passes him her groceries, takes the phone, and steps into the booth. She speaks into the receiver.

WOMAN  
I don't know what's wrong with  
your friend. Is he on medication?

18 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark starts to get worried about her, very worried. He speaks in a very calm, deliberate way.

MARK  
Miss, just tell me your location,  
and then give him back the phone,  
and walk away.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)  
Don't tell me what to do. Do  
someone a favor and they have to  
tell you how to do it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

Mark loses it a little, shouting into the phone.

MARK

Just tell me the street, please

--

19 EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Newgate suddenly drops the woman's packages to the ground. The groceries inside shatter, milk and grape juice pouring out. Everything is smashed.

The woman looks at Newgate, outraged.

WOMAN

What did you do?

Newgate looks back at her and her expression turns to one of horror. Whatever she sees in his face is scaring the hell out of her.

20 INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mark hears a terrified scream on the other end of the receiver.

MARK

Newgate, can you hear me? Newgate?

Mark hears more screams, terrible screams, as though the woman is being murdered. He starts yelling into the phone.

MARK (CONT.)

Newgate, don't do it! You don't have to do it again!

21 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

The glass window in the side of the booth shatters, and the woman topples through it, bleeding and very, very dead. Newgate takes off, running down the street. Pedestrians are crossing to stare at the woman hanging across the jagged edges of the phone booth.

22 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark stands there, gripping the phone, yelling into it.

MARK

Newgate, can you hear me? Newgate

--

A man's voice suddenly comes on the line.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Who is this?

MARK

The woman I was talking to. What happened to her?

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm sorry, mister, but she's just been killed. Hold on, don't hang up, the police are coming --

Mark can hear the approaching sirens over the phone line. But he's no longer listening. He's slowly hanging up, still hearing that woman screaming over the phone, her death cries ringing inside his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mark Hampton runs through a torrential rain with no topcoat, getting soaked to the skin. He steps into a doorway for some shelter, shaking himself off, trying to stop the shivers.

Suddenly some unseen form steps out of the darkness behind him and wraps gigantically long fingers around his neck and begins to squeeze. He struggles, but the hands are much too strong for him. He looks down. They seem sunburnt, almost black, and the veins are pulsing, almost as if one could see through them. He's slammed to the pavement by the unseen assailant, KAREN'S CORPSE laying there, staring at him with dead eyes and a strange smile. He continues to struggle, but to no avail. He can't break the fiend's grip. He's dying, but then he sees someone coming, stepping out into the wash of a street light to watch his impending death. As he slowly fades into unconsciousness, Mark looks up. It is David Newgate, witnessing Mark's murder as he witnessed all the others, standing there helplessly, watching Mark get the life squeezed out of him.

SHOCK CUT TO:

24 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits bolt upright in bed screaming. He accidentally strikes Karen who is in bed with him. It snaps him out of it. He looks at her apologetically.

MARK

Did I hurt you?

KAREN

What the hell were you dreaming?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Mark looks at her for a moment, on the verge of telling her, and then thinks better of it.

MARK

I can't remember. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

She reaches out a hand, touching his shoulder.

KAREN

You're soaking wet.

(a beat, then)

You were dreaming about him, weren't you?

Mark slowly nods.

MARK

Yeah, but it wasn't him that was doing the damage. It was the man he described, the one with the hands.

KAREN

Drink this.

She hands him a glass of water from the bed stand. He drains it in a single gulp.

MARK

He deliberately killed that woman today so I'd hear it --

The bed stand phone suddenly rings. Loudly. They both jerk around, staring at it. Karen picks it up. Mark hardly dares move.

KAREN

Hello?

(she listens)

Yes, he's here, but he's asleep.

Who is this?

She listens, all the color draining from her face. She lowers the phone as she turns to Mark.

KAREN (CONT.)

It's him.

Mark grabs the phone from her, speaking into the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

David, I'm on your side. I want to help you. Come back in and let the doctors care for you.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

I can't. Morris won't let me. He wants you to talk to them.

MARK

Morris? Who's Morris? Who does he want me to talk to?

Another voice suddenly comes on the line. Another man, a total stranger, only this one isn't in shock; he's in mortal terror.

HUSBAND'S VOICE (OVER)

I don't know who this is, but please, help us. He's got my wife and son in the bedroom, and I don't know what he's going to do to us.

MARK

Where are you?

HUSBAND'S VOICE (OVER)

423 Lafayette Street, apartment 22. Tell him to leave us alone. Tell him to --

The voice is suddenly cut off by a scream. The phone seems to fall to the floor as more sickening screams are heard. Mark can only sit there and listen to yet another murder in progress. Karen looks at Mark in agony.

KAREN

Why is he doing this to you again?

The phone suddenly goes dead in Mark's hand. He slams it back onto the hook, and leaps out of bed, grabbing clothes out of the closet.

MARK

Dial 911. Tell them Lafayette Street, 423, apartment 22.

She hits 911 as he continues to throw clothes on, speaking into the phone.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREN

Hello, I want to report a murder in progress. Yes, Karen Bryant is my name. Where I live isn't important. Will you listen and stop asking questions!

She looks up to see Mark finished dressing, slipping into shoes and running for the door.

KAREN (CONT.)

Mark, don't go there --

But it's too late. He's already out the door.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. MARK'S CO-OP APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark's Mercedes screeches out of the underground garage, makes a sharp left.

26 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

As he races across Soho, running traffic lights, screeching around slower moving traffic, horn blaring.

27 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Mark drives with single-minded concentration.

28 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LAFAYETTE STREET - NIGHT

Mark screeches to a halt, leaps out of his car looking around. No police cars, not yet anyway. He runs for the door.

29 EXT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

He tries the door. It is unlocked. He hesitates, looks back over his shoulder. The street is still empty.

MARK

Where are the goddamn cops?

He plunges through the door.

30 INT. BUILDING - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

He pounds up the stairway to the second floor.

31 INT. SECOND-FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

He races down the hall, checking the apartment doors as he goes. 20, 21, and finally 22. The door is half open.

32 INT. APARTMENT TWELVE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He bursts through the door and skids to a halt, staring around him in horror. We never see what he sees. The expression on his face tells all.

He dives for the bedroom.

33 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He steps inside, frozen by what he sees, his face congealing. He slowly backs out.

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He takes one more look at the living room, fighting the urge to be sick and losing. He suddenly whirls and dashes into the bathroom.

35 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He drops to his knees by the toilet, flipping back the lid, about to throw up. A gun suddenly appears, pointed directly at his head.

PATROLMAN (O.S.)  
Give me any fucking excuse.

Mark slowly raises his head to find himself surrounded by three PATROLMAN, all with pistols pointed at him. One of the cops drags him to his feet, shoves him hard against the wall, another patting him down. The third snaps cuffs on him. He tries to protest.

MARK  
I'm the one that called you.

PATROLMAN  
The call came from a woman.

The cops drag him from the room.

36 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They shove him in a corner, their pistols still trained on him. One of them begins to read him his rights.

PATROLMAN  
You have the right to remain  
silent --

Lt. Det. Keller, the officer Mark discredited at the earlier trial, enters with other plainclothesman. Keller gives him a nod as he looks around the blood splattered apartment.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

KELLER  
Newgate did this?

Mark nods. The cops with the guns back off.

MARK  
He's my client. It's privileged.

KELLER  
You're a witness. The girl told us he called you while the murder was in progress. You heard him doing it.

MARK  
No, he said "Morris" was doing it.

Keller shoots him a disdainful glance.

KELLER  
He's got a partner? A pair of them, like the Hillside Strangler case?

The phone suddenly rings. Everybody's eyes turn to it. Keller nods. The patrolman answers it.

PATROLMAN  
Yes?  
(he listens, turns to the others)  
Lady on the line. She wants to speak to Mark Hampton.

Keller nods at one of the patrolmen. He removes Mark's handcuffs, Mark nodding at Keller.

MARK  
It must be Karen.  
(a beat, then)  
But she wouldn't know this number  
--

Mark takes the phone from the patrolman, speaking into it.

MARK (CONT.)  
This is Hampton.

He suddenly hears an ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE on the other end of the line. She is scared to death.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

LADY'S VOICE (OVER)

He says you're the only one that  
can help me.

All the color drains from Mark's face.

MARK

Oh, my God, is he there with you  
right now?

Keller and the patrolmen stiffen, watching and listening to Mark  
as he hears the old lady answer.

LADY'S VOICE (OVER)

Yes, he's here.

MARK

Put him on.

David Newgate comes on the phone. He sounds panicked, close to  
losing it.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

You saw what he did?

MARK

You're about to do it again,  
aren't you?

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

Not me, him. He makes you listen.  
He makes me watch.

MARK

Morris?

(no answer)

Newgate, let me talk to Morris.  
Put him on the phone.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

He never talks -- but he makes  
himself understood.

Lt. Keller steps into the bedroom, picking up the extension,  
watching Mark through the doorway as he listens in.

MARK

I'm sure Morris can hear me. I'm  
sure he hears my voice.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

He hears you. I think maybe he  
hears everything.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

Mark grasps the phone so tightly his hand trembles.

MARK

Tell him it's not enough to listen. I want to see, too. I don't want to miss out on anything. Tell him to wait. I'll come over. Don't do it until I get there.

NEWGATE'S VOICE (OVER)

Yes, that might be all right.  
(to the old lady)  
Give him the address.

The old lady comes back on the line, her voice terrified.

OLD LADY'S VOICE (OVER)

19 Riverside Drive. Ground floor.  
Please, come quickly.

The phone suddenly goes dead in Mark's hand. Keller dashes out of the bedroom, yelling to the other cops.

KELLER

19 Riverside Drive.  
(grabbing Mark)  
You ride with me.

They pile for the door, one cop remaining behind with the bodies.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Speeding through the night, Keller at the wheel, Mark beside him. Keller throws him a glance.

KELLER

You still think you can defend the sonofabitch? After what you saw upstairs?

MARK

I'd rather put a bullet in his brain. But that's off the record.

KELLER

He seems to have the hots for you. Likes you to listen in while he does his "thing."

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

MARK

He says it's all Morris' idea.  
Have you ever encountered a split  
personality before?

KELLER

Some of the bastards claim to be  
three or four people locked inside  
one body. But I never buy that  
bullshit. Juries don't believe  
it either.

Keller swings the wheel to the right, slowing down.

38 EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

As the car pulls up to the curb. Cop cars and ambulances are  
already there, red lights sending shadows dancing across  
building walls. Keller and Mark get out to be greeted by a  
DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

The victim identified as Ethel  
Fielding, early seventies.  
Caucasian. Dead only a few  
minutes.

MARK

Shit!

He whirls, slamming his fist on the roof of the patrol car.  
Keller grabs him.

KELLER (CONT.)

Let's go inside. Maybe he'll phone  
again.

Mark freezes, looking at the door to the apartment building like  
it's going to swallow him.

MARK

I don't want to go in there.

Keller tightens his grip, dragging him toward the door.

KELLER

Come along, counselor.

39 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS are taking pictures, OTHER COPS dusting  
for prints, the corpse being placed in a rubber body bag.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

Mark glances down, catching a glimpse of the victim, ETHEL FIELDING, a pale old lady. He turns away, looking at Keller.

MARK

I'm worried about Karen. She's at my place. He knows the number and maybe he knows the address. She could be in danger.

KELLER

What about the eight million other potential victims?

MARK

You're not going to let up on me, are you?

Keller looks at him, seeing how shaken he is. It makes him soften. A little bit.

KELLER

Okay, call her. But make it short.

He nods at the phone. Mark snatches it up and dials.

40 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Karen answers the phone.

KAREN

Yes.

MARK'S VOICE (OVER)

They didn't make it in time.

KAREN

Oh, my God --

41 INT. MURDER VICTIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARK

Look, I want you to go back to your place. Don't walk. Call a radio cab.

42 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KAREN

I want to see you.

43 INT. MURDER VICTIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARK

I'm going to go straight to the office and draft a request to withdraw.

44 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KAREN

I think that's a good idea.

45 INT. MURDER VICTIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARK

He made me into a witness. The court will have to allow me to withdraw. I'll see you in the morning. And be careful, please.

He hangs up, turning to Keller.

MARK (CONT.)

Could one of your cars drop me at my office? I keep a change of clothes there.

Keller yells over his shoulder to a cop behind him.

KELLER

Monohan, take learned counsel wherever he wants to go.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. MADISON AVENUE SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

There's almost no one on the street as a police car stops in front of the building and Mark gets out. He's dishevelled, unshaven. He heads for the front door.

47 INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Mark crosses to the elevators, stepping around the janitor mopping the floors.

48 INT. 55TH FLOOR OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Mark gets out. The office is empty; the secretaries haven't come in yet. Mark heads for the long corridor leading to his office.

49 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

He strips off his jacket as he enters, sitting behind his desk, and beginning to draft his resignation on a yellow legal tablet.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

He underlines one word as he writes: "Resign."

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. MARK'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY

Mark shaves bare-chested, staring at his haggard image in the mirror as though it were a stranger. Finished, he turns for the door.

51 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

He enters, kneeling as he rummages through his credenza for a clean shirt. It isn't there. He continues searching only to suddenly become aware of the smallest "ping" reaching his ears. He freezes. Someone is in the room with him. He slowly turns and looks.

David Newgate is seated behind his desk, slowly and methodically removing the pins from a new shirt, Mark's new shirt. He drops them to the floor with a ping.

Mark stares at him, still kneeling, scared to death. Newgate smiles at him.

NEWGATE

I had nowhere else to go.

Mark rises, trying to control his fear.

MARK

You didn't wait for me.

Finished with the pins, Newgate goes to work on the plastic collar stays and the tags.

NEWGATE

Morris broke his promise. He always has to have his way.

MARK

I guess it's hard to get rid of old friends.

NEWGATE

He's not a friend.

MARK

You lied to me before. About what happened on the ferry. You knew very well who strangled the girl.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

NEWGATE

You wouldn't have believed me if I'd told you then.

MARK

Where is Morris? Inside you?

Nothing from Newgate at first. Then he slowly nods. Mark takes a deep breath.

MARK (CONT.)

I see. How long has Morris been with you? Since you were a child?

NEWGATE

No, I was alone then. He showed up later on. But nobody believed me about him. They kept locking me up, and then sometimes he'd leave me and not come back for weeks. I'd tell the doctors he was gone, but they didn't believe me.

MARK

Is he here now? Morris? Morris, are you here?

NEWGATE

You're lucky that he's not. He's angry with you. Very, very angry.

MARK

Why me? I've never even met him.

NEWGATE

He says you're not really on my side, that all you want is to dump me. That's one of the reasons he killed all those people. To make sure you had to defend me.

Mark stares at Newgate in shock. How does he know these things?

MARK

Why does he want me to defend you?

Newgate looks up at Mark, seemingly oblivious to his reaction.

NEWGATE

I don't know, but you wouldn't dump me, would you, Mr. Hampton?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

NEWGATE (Cont'd)  
 Morris is lying, right? You're  
 going to try to save me, aren't  
 you?

Mark tears his eyes away from Newgate, glancing down at his desk. He can read the words "I wish to withdraw -- " as big as life on the letter laying directly in front of where Newgate is sitting. Has he read it? Mark doesn't know. He looks back at Newgate, swallows hard, and sidesteps the question.

MARK  
 I have to be honest. I told the  
 police about Morris.

NEWGATE  
 I'm glad you did. You're my  
 lawyer, not his.

He rises, dropping the shirt and walking toward Mark, one of those short little pins in his hand.

NEWGATE (CONT.)  
 Besides, Morris wanted me to take  
 this pin --

He stops right in front of Mark and raises the pin, placing it directly over Mark's left eye.

NEWGATE (CONT.)  
 -- and stick it all the way in.  
 But I told him it wouldn't really  
 kill you. It's too short.  
 (a beat, then)  
 He didn't care. He wanted me to  
 do it anyway.

Mark slowly reaches up and very gently takes the pin from Newgate's hand. He lets it drop to the floor. Another ping. Mark looks at Newgate. They are now nose-to-nose.

MARK  
 When can I meet this Morris?

NEWGATE  
 Oh, I dropped your nice new shirt  
 on the floor.

He picks up the shirt, straightens it carefully. Mark watches him.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

Where did you get my home number?  
And my private line here?

Newgate is fondling the shirt like some kind of love object, seemingly oblivious to Mark's questioning.

NEWGATE

I wish I could have had a life like yours. Success and people that care for me. Now you're going to lose all of this because of me. Because if you're my friend, then you're Morris' enemy. The people he killed, he wasn't mad at them. They didn't matter. But his plans for you are much worse.

He suddenly grabs Mark by the shoulders, pulling him close, and whispering in his ear.

NEWGATE (CONT.)

It's up to me to save you. And there's only one way I can do that.

MARK

What's that?

Newgate steps back, looking him deeply in the eyes.

NEWGATE

As long as I'm around, you'll stick by me. I can see that's the kind of man you are. So it's all up to me.

Without warning, he whirls and picks up one of the high-backed wooden chairs against the wall. He rushes the huge glass window overlooking the City, and smashes the chair against the glass, once, twice, three times until the glass begins to shatter.

Mark stares at him, frozen in place, watching as the glass continues to crack. Newgate turns to Mark with a joyous smile on his face.

NEWGATE (CONT.)

You care about me, Mark. You may be the only friend I've ever had. God bless you.

Then Newgate whirls and runs toward the cracked glass window, throwing himself against it with all his strength.

## 52 EXT. WINDOW - 55TH FLOOR - DAY

Newgate bursts through the window in an explosion of flying glass and begins to fall the 55 stories down to the streets of New York below.

## 53 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark shakes off his shock, dashing to the shattered window, and looking out. He's just in time to glimpse Newgate falling out of sight, the wind at 55 stories up so intense he's buffeted back, a falling shard of glass narrowly missing him. By the time he fights his way back to the window, Newgate is gone. All he sees below are trucks and cars on the street, a few people entering the building for work, and some fragments of broken glass winking back at him in the early morning sunlight.

Mark turns away, crumpling his resignation letter and tossing it in the waste basket on his way out of the office.

## 54 EXT. 55TH FLOOR - BUILDING - DAY

Down below, one story, two, three, four, and finally on the ledge of the fifth floor David Newgate clings to life. As with many jumpers, he has not fallen all the way, but been pinned to the wall by the torrents of wind sweeping across the building. Even now they hold him in place, ruffling his clothes and hair. He slowly raises his hand, fighting the gale force, trying to reach the window sill above and failing.

But he is alive. And so is Morris Eblis.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 55 INT. LAW OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The reception area is clogged with policeman and legal secretaries reporting to work. The elevator doors open and Karen steps out. She eyes the commotion, heading for the corridor to her office.

## 56 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark is just coming out of his office as Karen approaches, seeing him.

KAREN

What's going on?

MARK

In here.

He grabs her arm, pulling her through a side door.

57 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

They stop in the deserted room, another huge window offering a sweeping view of the city.

MARK

Newgate took a dive out my office window.

Karen looks at him in shock.

KAREN

He killed himself?

MARK

The poor sonofabitch did it to protect me. From his evil side. He actually believed he was saving me.

KAREN

Well, at least you're out of it. It's better for everyone.

Mark stands there, haunted by his memories.

MARK

The look on his face. He totally trusted me and I couldn't have cared less about him.

There's a knock on the door. A POLICEMAN sticks his head in.

POLICEMAN

They found him five stories below on a ledge. He's alive.

The cop disappears, Mark standing there stunned, relieved Newgate is alive, anguished that it's not over. Karen watches him, neither knowing what to say.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NEWGATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Newgate lies handcuffed to the bed by a wrist, another restraint on his ankle, his arm and chest in a cast. The open doorway is guarded by a uniformed officer. Mark and Karen enter, crossing the room to stop by the bed. The prisoner looks up at the two of them, a tear springing into his eye as he fixes on Mark.

NEWGATE

I tried, but he wouldn't let me die.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

NEWGATE

Morris knew that's what they'd do. He caused it.

MARK

Morris has a last name, doesn't he? Tell me his full name.

NEWGATE

Morris Eblis.

MARK

Tell us everything you know about him.

NEWGATE

He wouldn't like that. He could take me out of this hospital right now, like he did the jail. But he doesn't want to. He wants -- the electric chair.

(a beat, then with a desperate sincerity)

Mark, get away from me as far as you can. He has plans for you. He means to destroy you --

He suddenly stops, grabbing his throat, gasping for air, his face turning red. He can't breathe. Mark turns, yelling into the office hallway.

MARK

Keller!

Keller slams open the door, sees Newgate suddenly go into a fit, his body twisting and bucking on the bed. He dives into the room, yelling over his shoulder to the guard.

KELLER

Get the doctor!

The guard takes off on a run, Keller, Karen, and Mark trying to hold Newgate down as he continues to convulse. A moment later a DOCTOR rushes in, a nurse and the guard behind him. The doctor slams a hypodermic into Newgate and he almost immediately quiets, slipping into unconsciousness. The doctor looks at Mark.

DOCTOR

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

I don't know. It was almost like  
he was trying to tell me something  
and then --

He drifts off into silence, all of them looking at him.

KELLER

What?

MARK

Somebody shut him up.

CUT TO:

59 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Karen and Mark emerge from Newgate's room, walking toward the  
elevator. She shoots him a glance.

KAREN

I don't get it. Am I supposed to  
believe you're really feeling pity  
for Newgate?

They stop by the elevator, Mark punching the down button.

MARK

The guy was willing to give his  
fucking life to protect me. I owe  
him something for that.

Karen stares at him in astonishment.

KAREN

I can't believe it. You're finally  
joining the human race. But you've  
got a problem. The guy's killed  
seven people. How are you going  
to defend that?

MARK

I don't know, but I always win,  
don't I?

KAREN

So?

MARK

So there's no reason I'm going  
to start losing now.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

He shoots her a blinding smile as the elevator arrives, and they step inside, the doors closing behind them.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAW OFFICE - DAY

Mark and his staff, law clerks, paralegals, and researchers are there along with associate counsel, Karen, to develop the strategy for a complex defense. A large green blackboard has been wheeled to the edge of a long table. The table is covered with legal pads for note taking.

A PARALEGAL is listing a number of legal precedents on the blackboard with a particularly squeaky piece of chalk. Mark reacts.

MARK

Hey. My nerves are shot as it is.

PARALEGAL

Sorry.

There's a laugh in the room. A MALE LAW CLERK breaks in.

MALE LAW CLERK

Seriously, do you think any jury will let a killer like Newgate get off with an insanity plea?

FEMALE LAW CLERK

The average time murderers do in asylums is four to six years. The public knows that.

MARK

That's why we don't plead him insane. We just let the jury decide for themselves.

FEMALE LAW CLERK

Then what plea do you enter?

Mark rises, taking control of the room. He pauses for dramatic effect. Then:

MARK

How about "demonic possession" as evidence of diminished capacity.

Everybody in the room looks at him like he's nuts.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

MALE LAW CLERK  
You're joking, of course.

MARK  
I couldn't be more serious.

PARALEGAL  
Since when does the law  
acknowledge the existence of  
supernatural forces?

MARK  
Every time a witness takes an oath  
on that bible to tell the whole  
truth and nothing but the truth,  
so help me, God, a super-natural  
element has been introduced into  
the proceedings. And if the court  
acknowledges the existence of God,  
then it can't discount the  
existence of -- okay, I'll say  
it -- the devil.

The room still looks at him uneasily. Karen tries to make the  
others more comfortable.

KAREN  
You understand of course, Mark  
doesn't buy into any of this  
metaphysical crap. It's purely  
a strategy that the D.A. will not  
be prepared for.

MARK  
Thanks for that testament to my  
sanity.

FEMALE LAW CLERK  
If the defendant feels absolutely  
compelled to commit acts of  
violence, that would allow for  
the alternative defense of  
"irresistible impulse." There's  
plenty of precedent for that.

MARK  
Why not try something new? Make  
some law for a change.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

PARALEGAL

I've listed on the blackboard eleven cases where murderers actually testified that God told them to do it.

MARK

Newgate wasn't obeying orders. At the time of the killings he saw himself as a witness, not a participant.

KAREN

He says "Eblis" took over complete control of his body.

FEMALE LAW CLERK

And he thinks this Eblis is some kind of demon, right?

MARK

Maybe even the big guy himself. Newgate didn't say. Regardless, he's the one we're going to put on trial.

PARALEGAL

Satan? Sure. Please, spare me.

Everyone laughs to cover up their discomfort with the idea.

MARK

Just find me some clerics who will go on the line as to the reality of the Devil. Preferably Catholic clergymen who have officiated at exorcisms.

KAREN

That will balance out the psychiatric testimony from the doctors we intend to call. Science on the one hand, theology on the other.

MALE LAW CLERK

The jury is going to think you're both demented.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

That's okay as long as they think Newgate is crazy, too, and acquit on those grounds. Okay, let's start compiling that panel of expert witnesses --

Everybody goes to work.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Mark and FATHER MALLORY talk in front of the altar. Mallory is in his sixties, a big rugged guy who looks like an ex-footballer except for the thick glasses he wears.

MALLORY

No, no, you've got it ass backwards. Demonic possession is no defense, it's an admission of guilt. They used to torture prisoners to make them admit it. And then put them to death because of it.

MARK

Those were the old rules.

MALLORY

Human nature hasn't changed much throughout the centuries. When we find someone's been consorting with the devil, we still have the irresistible urge to terminate their existence.

MARK

This isn't the inquisition. It's the Criminal Court of the City of New York, and I'd like to count on you as an expert witness.

MALLORY

Expert on what?

MARK

The reality of demonic possession.

Mallory shoots him a shrewd look.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

MALLORY

You wouldn't be trying to sensationalize this case to draw the jury's attention away from the real guilt of this man, would you?

MARK

I admit there's a bit of slight of hand in every murder defense.

MALLORY

I think I'm going to turn you down.

He goes to turn away, but Mark blocks his way.

MARK

Father, just meet with him. Listen to him talk about this Eblis --

The priest stops, looking at Mark in surprise.

MALLORY

Eblis? Is that what he calls him?

MARK

Yes. Morris Eblis. Why?

MALLORY

Well, I don't know about Morris, but Eblis is the name of one of the devils cast from the mount by God along with Satan. There, that's him.

He turns, pointing up at a stain glass window above them. It depicts the arch-angel, Michael, also known as Satan, and his cohort, Eblis, being cast down into hell. Eblis looks even more pissed about it than Satan.

MARK

Really? Not a very pleasant looking fellow, is he?

MALLORY

He's supposed to be even meaner than Satan, sort of the patron devil of possession. Legend has it that it was his mission to possess the innocent, and make them do horrible things.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Why?

MALLORY

To get society to kill them, to partake in a heinous act, the murder of an innocent man. Supposedly it guaranteed Eblis' rebirth, always more evil, always more powerful.

MARK

Until what?

MALLORY

Until he bursts forth one last time bringing with him an age of permanent evil.

MARK

Armageddon?

MALLORY

That's the legend anyway. You can see why your client would pick Eblis to possess him.

MARK

Where would he learn about him?

MALLORY

He's mentioned in the old testament. A lot of clerical writing, too. Eblis is obscure, but not that obscure.

MARK

Will you see my client now, Father?

Mallory thinks a moment, then nods.

MALLORY

Sure, why not? It'll give me a few good after dinner stories.

He begins to walk Mark out of the church, the meeting over.

CUT TO:

62 INT. ISOLATION CELL BLOCK - DAY

Guards escort Mark and Father Mallory down the corridor lined with cells to the solitary confinement section in which dangerous prisoners like David Newgate are housed.

63 INT. NEWGATE'S CELL - DAY

Newgate squats in the corner, his hands shackled to his feet. The lock turns and the door opens. Mark and Father Mallory enter.

MARK

David, meet Father Mallory.

Newgate looks at Mallory, shrinking back. He seems frightened of the priest.

NEWGATE

It's not a good idea for you to be here.

Mallory ignore his words, sitting on the cot against the wall, Mark standing. Mallory pats a spot on the cot next to him.

MALLORY

Won't you sit here beside me? It must be cold down there.

Newgate says nothing, just stares at him. Mark watches.

MARK

Father Mallory won't do anything to hurt you.

NEWGATE

It's not me I'm worried about.

Newgate falls back into silence. Mark looks at the priest.

MARK

I'll wait outside.

Mark raps on the door for the guard, Newgate looking at him with eyes flooding with fear.

NEWGATE

No, don't leave him alone with me. Please --

But it's too late. Mark has already slipped out of the cell. Mallory looks at Newgate.

MALLORY

Now come and sit here or do I have to squat down there on the floor with my arthritis?

After a moment, Newgate gets up and joins him on the cot.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

MALLORY (CONT.)

You're not alone in this cell, are you, David? You feel another presence with you just as I do. I feel he walks beside me. He whispers in my ear and I'm not afraid. I'm talking about Jesus Christ who died for our sins.

NEWGATE

No, not mine.

MALLORY

He can forgive even what you've done.

NEWGATE

I haven't done anything.

MALLORY

You feel a presence as I do, but it's not a force of love and forgiveness.

NEWGATE

You know him very well.

MALLORY

Let me see your eyes. Let me see if there's somebody in there with you.

He reaches out and turns Newgate around so he's looking directly into his face. The Father removes his glasses and peers into Newgate's eyes.

MALLORY (CONT.)

All I see is a very frightened young man who's lost touch with Jesus. But Jesus can enter into your heart, into your body.

NEWGATE

There's no room. I'm full.

MALLORY

You've invented an evil spirit in order to avoid responsibility for your crimes. That's it, isn't it, David.

Newgate suddenly shudders, his entire body wracked by a spasm. He looks up at Mallory with an odd smile.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

He's beginning to change, not physically, but his personality, his expression, the look behind his eyes. He's becoming another person.

NEWGATE

You asked to see him and he wants you to.

Mallory continues to watch, his eyes widening with terror. We do not see what he sees, but we hear the voice that emerges from Newgate's mouth and it is no longer his. It is somebody else's, somebody filled with hatred and primordial rage.

EBLIS (O.S.)

See me and name me yourself, false priest.

64 EXT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Mark paces back and forth before Newgate's cell, waiting for Mallory to finish. There is a sudden hideous scream from inside the cell, high-pitched and filled with agony. Mark and the guards are momentarily frozen with fear. Then they react, quickly unlocking the cell.

65 INT. CELL - DAY

The door flies open. The guards rush in, followed by Mark. Newgate lies on the floor, still shackled, semi-conscious while Father Mallory gropes his way along the wall. He stumbles blindly into a guard's arms, sobbing. The guard looks at him, seeing dead, blank eyes.

GUARD

Oh, Jesus, he can't see! He's blind!

MARK

Father, what did he do?

Mallory is helped out into the corridor, Mark and the others following. The cell door slams shut.

66 INT. CELL BLOCK CORRIDOR - DAY

Father Mallory is helped to the floor by the guards. One of them takes off to bring a doctor. Mark kneels by the priest, looking at him. There's not a scratch on him, but he's blind, stone, cold blind.

MARK

What did he do to your eyes?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

MALLORY

I saw him. I saw his face.

Mark can only stare at him in shocked disbelief.

MARK

Christ, he's gotten to you, too

--

He starts to rise. Mallory's hand stabs out, grabbing him by the shirt collar.

MALLORY

No, listen to me. Newgate is the vessel that carries him. If Newgate dies, it sets him free to prey on us all. You must not let him out!

And the priest passes out as delirium carries him into coma. The guard returns with the prison doctor, the two of them attending to the priest. Mark slowly rises, peering through the peephole in the cell door.

67 INT. CELL - DAY

Newgate lies on the floor of his cell, still shackled and unconscious. But his body writhes and twitches in spasms. It's almost like there's someone inside him, surging around, trying to get out. Or it could simply be a schizophrenic fit.

Mark doesn't know. He just continues to watch through that peephole, his eyes growing wider and wider as Newgate continues to writhe.

CUT TO:

68 INT. LAW FIRM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mark is facing his two senior law partners, Beltzer and HESSELTINE. Hesselstine is an older, bigger version of Beltzer. Mark no longer looks so dapper; in fact, he looks over tired and disheveled. Karen stands in a corner, listening.

HESSELTINE

-- the priest had just gone through a series of cataract operations. He'd been complaining of renewed symptoms.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

BELTZER

There's always a rational explanation for everything if we think logically.

HESSELTINE

Now we certainly don't want to ally our firm with this sort of client. You can get a letter from a physician as a valid excuse to withdraw, and take a much deserved vacation till this is over.

MARK

No thanks.

BELTZER

What? You don't really think this man is --

MARK

Possessed? Of course not. I know what happened to Father Mallory was psychosomatic. He believes in this stuff, for Christ's sake, but I still have a good defense.

BELTZER

What?

MARK

Newgate believes another man lives inside him. A devil called Morris Eblis who commits all the crimes.

BELTZER

Oh, give me a fucking break!

MARK

He made Father Mallory believe it. Maybe he can make a jury believe it, too.

HESSELTINE

Try to sell the court that theory and you'll come off like a nut case yourself.

BELTZER

You realize our reputation is at stake along with yours. We may have to disassociate ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Is that some kind of threat?

BELTZER

Don't fuck us over, Mark. We don't have to take it.

There's no further discussion. The two law partners simply walk out, leaving Mark staring after them. Karen looks at him.

KAREN

I told you it was a risky defense.

MARK

It's the only one we've got. Or are you worried about your reputation, too?

KAREN

No, I'm worried about you. You haven't been sleeping, you've been doing nothing but obsessing about Newgate --

MARK

Because he needs me, damnit. I do maybe the first decent thing in my life, and what do I get? Arguments from everybody.

Karen moves close to him, care flooding her eyes.

KAREN

Just take it easy, Mark. I don't want you ruining your life, our life, because of some misguided sense of loyalty.

MARK

Ironic, isn't it? Loyalty is the last thing you would have accused me of just a few weeks ago.

He turns and leaves, Karen staring worriedly after him.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SECURITY INTERROGATION AREA - DAY

This is a special room with a glass partition in it. A prisoner can be kept in total isolation and still converse with his lawyer over a telephone while the attorney sits safely on the other side of the thick plate glass.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

Mark confers with David Newgate through the grimy glass, long in need of a cleaning. Newgate has two guards on his side, keeping a watchful eye on him. There are also two guards on Mark's side of the glass.

Newgate appears dazed, disoriented. He blinks steadily, his eyes unable to focus as Mark questions him.

MARK

Why is he afraid of me? If he's so powerful, why doesn't he come out so I can see him?

NEWGATE

He'll never do that. He's mad at you as it is.

MARK

Why?

NEWGATE

He wanted you to represent me because he thought you'd sell me out. But now he isn't so happy. You're fighting too hard.

MARK

David, I need him. I want to call him as a witness.

NEWGATE

No, never. You don't know the harm he could do to you.

MARK

Why won't you let him speak for himself?

He leans closer to the glass, his reflection overlapping the face of the defendant, their eyes almost interlocking in the reflection.

MARK (CONT.)

Come on, Morris Eblis. This time talk to me.

NEWGATE

No --

He suddenly slumps back in his chair, his jaw slackening. The telephone receiver slides from his hand. Then his expression begins to alter, the eyes narrowing, the brow furrowing, the face slowly becoming more and more brutal, almost primordial.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

When Newgate opens his eyes, it is MORRIS EBLIS that stares out at Mark. When he speaks it is with that low, guttural voice, a voice so powerful that it penetrates the glass partition without aid of the telephone.

EBLIS

It is time we met. But, of course,  
we know each other quite well  
already.

Mark stares at him, trying to figure out how that deep booming voice is carrying through two inches of plate glass without aid of the telephone. He looks at the guards. They seem oblivious, almost as if they were in a trance. He turns his gaze back to Eblis.

MARK

Do we?

EBLIS

(smiling)

Lately you've been seeing me in  
your sleep. Until now you're  
afraid to close your eyes at  
night.

MARK

Correction. You're Newgate's  
obsession, not mine.

EBLIS

You still insist I'm solely a  
product of your client's deranged  
mind?

MARK

Okay, let's say you're two  
different people. I'm still "his"  
lawyer, not yours.

EBLIS

You can't separate us. Let him  
be convicted.

MARK

No. I'm going to save Newgate.  
From you.

EBLIS

You can't even save yourself. Or  
those close to you. Karen, for  
instance.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK  
(stiffening)  
Leave her out of this.

EBLIS  
What's this, Mr. Hampton? Don't tell me you care about her? Then do as I tell you and let Newgate be convicted.

MARK  
Bullshit. You can't do anything except talk.

For a moment Eblis looks like he might come right through the glass partition after Mark. But then he just leans back with a smile.

EBLIS  
Can't I? There's a funeral today at three. One of my victims. Or should I saw Newgate's. You'll find the mortuary on the corner of Madison and 81st. I suggest you pay your respects.

MARK  
I'm not going on a fool's errand just because some schizophrenic is having delusions --

Eblis suddenly rises out of his chair with a furious roar that seems to shake the entire room.

EBLIS  
Delusions!? Is this a delusion?!

He slams the two inch thick glass with the fist of his hand, the glass shattering with a deafening crack, shards spewing over Mark as he ducks. The two guards leap toward Eblis as he turns back into Newgate, battering him with their clubs until he's senseless and dragging him out of the room. Mark stands there, staring at the broken glass while the two guards on his side of the glass partition brush him off.

MARK  
How could that happen? How could he shatter plate glass that thick?

GUARD #1  
Must have been faulty. Man, you're lucky. You could have been cut to shreds.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (4)

GUARD #2

Yeah, you should thank God you're  
still alive.

Mark stands there in shock, hardly hearing them. He checks his watch. Two-thirty already. He grabs his briefcase off the floor, stumbling toward the door.

MARK

Excuse me --

He hurries out of the room, the two guards looking after him.

CUT TO:

70 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The body of Eblis' last victim, the elderly Ethel Fielding, lies in its casket. Her FAMILY and FRIENDS are gathered to pay their respects. There are three generations of Fieldings present: her children who are already in late middle-age, their children in their early twenties, and some six and seven-year olds, the great-grandchildren.

The casket is surrounded by floral displays. People pass by the casket making comments like "She looks so peaceful, Haven't they done a wonderful job with her," etc..

Parents do their best to keep the children calm. The services are scheduled to begin shortly. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR stands at the doorway to the chamber as more family and friends filter in.

Mark enters, bypassing the guest book. He checks his watch. Three o'clock straight up. A middle-aged man extends his hand.

MYRON

I'm Myron Fielding. I'm afraid  
I can't place you.

MARK

Mark Hampton.

MYRON

Did you know my mother?

MARK

No, we never met. We spoke on the  
phone. Once.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

MYRON

I'm afraid you still have me at a disadvantage. Exactly what are you doing here?

But Mark isn't listening. He's peering over his shoulder, watching Myron's wife and seven-year old boy as they stand in the middle of the aisle leading to the casket, talking.

HARRIET

Come and kiss grandma goodbye.

TED

I don't want to.

HARRIET

It's all right. She's just asleep.

She takes his hand, pulling him past the other mourners toward the open casket. Mark is suddenly distracted by Myron who takes his arm.

MYRON

You have no business here. I want you to leave.

At that moment one of the other sons, HAROLD, crosses over.

HAROLD

What's the problem?

MYRON

No problem. Just some ambulance chaser trying to make a buck.

Harold looks more closely at Mark who still keeps his eyes trained on the casket, waiting to see if anything happens.

HAROLD

No, he isn't. I saw this guy's picture in the Post. This asshole is Newgate's lawyer.

Myron looks at Mark with renewed hostility.

MYRON

What do you want from us?

Other members of the family now cluster around, the funeral director among them, an argument building. He looks at Mark aghast.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

How could come here? Haven't you any decency at all?

Mark is now surrounded by half a dozen of the bereaved, but his gaze still clings to the casket. Little Ted has been abandoned. His mother is among the people berating Mark, but Ted is still following her orders, reluctantly. He's standing on tiptoes, leaning over the casket to kiss his great grandmother a final farewell on the forehead.

Meanwhile the voices surrounding Mark are getting louder, demanding that he be removed, but little Ted is still leaning closer and closer to the corpse, pursing his lips, finally pressing them against great grandma's cold forehead.

The boy recoils almost instantly. It's like kissing stone. He's glad it's over, licking his lips, tasting the strangeness of the cosmetics the morticians have supplied.

Grandma Ethel Fielding's eyes suddenly snap open and she sits bolt upright in the coffin, seizing the boy's cheeks with both bony hands, and pulling him forward. Her dead eyes stare at the youngster as she kisses him full on the lips.

Ted's scream is stifled by the pressure of the kiss.

Only Mark is facing the coffin and sees what is happening. All the color drains from his face. He can't believe his eyes. The corpse of the old lady is up, holding onto the boy, kissing him as though she were trying to drain the life from him.

The boy suddenly jerks free with such violence the casket tumbles off its platform with a crash and falls on its side. The body topples out, no longer animated, rolling on top of the screaming child as the bereaved turn, forgetting Mark, rushing to little Ted yelling, "Look what you did, How could you do this?"

Mark just stands there, frozen in place, staring at the scene. This is what he's been brought to see. This is the horrifying demonstration that Eblis predicted.

The mother is now slapping her son furiously, causing him to wail even louder, the kid too hysterical to explain what happened. Other family members upright the coffin and lift the corpse back into it.

Now Mark begins to back up, wordlessly shaking his head in shock, hardly able to believe what he's seen, but before he reaches the door, Harold rushes up, grabbing him, and whirling him around.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

HAROLD  
Give this message to your fucking  
client!

He strikes Mark across the face, hard, but Mark makes no effort to defend himself or fight back. He just pulls away and rushes out of the funeral home.

71 EXT. STREET - FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Mark bursts through the door, dashing down the street as though something terrifying is pursuing him. And it is. Morris Eblis.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark slips inside, closing the door behind him, breathing hard. He locks it, looking around wildly.

MARK  
Karen!

She yells from the bedroom.

KAREN (O.S.)  
Back here.

He staggers down a corridor.

73 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He enters the room to find Karen seated at the desk, working on a law brief. He looks at her, his face chalk white.

MARK  
You've got to get out of here.

KAREN  
What?  
(noticing his bruised  
cheek)  
What happened to you?

She rises, hurrying to his side. She lifts a hand to touch his cheek. He recoils.

MARK  
Let it alone.

KAREN  
Mark, what's wrong with you?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

MARK

Nothing. I've been thinking about what Beltzer and Hesselstine said.

KAREN

About what?

MARK

The Newgate case. They're right. My defense is risky. Very risky. If it fails, it could destroy your career.

KAREN

So?

MARK

So I think it's best if you drop out. I also think it's going to be a very hard trial and I need some privacy.

Karen stares at him, hardly able to believe her ears.

KAREN

What are you saying, Mark? That you want me to move out?

Mark nods jerkily. This isn't easy for him. In fact, it's one of the hardest things he's ever done.

MARK

Yeah, that's right.

He goes to move away. She grabs his arm.

KAREN

Why?

MARK

I just told you. The case --

KAREN

Bullshit! Something else is going on. What?

A beat, then slowly.

MARK

You won't believe me.

KAREN

Try me.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Newgate was telling the truth.  
He is possessed.

KAREN

What are you talking about?

MARK

Eblis, he's inside him. I saw him  
raise a woman from the dead today.

KAREN

Eblis? You mean you really believe  
in Eblis?

(Mark says nothing)

If he has so much power, why  
doesn't he simply kill us both  
right now?

Mark looks at her, suddenly terrified.

MARK

Karen, shut up.

KAREN

Why? Is he here? Does he know what  
you're saying?

Mark's eyes dart around the room as though he thinks Eblis might  
be hiding under the bed or behind a chair. Karen looks at him  
like he's as crazy as Newgate. And, of course, he is. For  
exactly the same reason: Morris Eblis.

MARK

Yes, I suppose that's possible.

KAREN

Mark, listen to yourself. Don't  
you see what's happening? You're  
taking on Newgate's psychosis --

She reaches out to touch him. He pushes her away, his voice  
rising.

MARK

Karen, I mean it. I want you off  
this case. Now!

KAREN

And if I refuse?

MARK

I'll fire you.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

Karen looks at him, her temper flaring.

KAREN

Don't bother. I'm already leaving.  
And not just the case. You, too.

She grabs her coat, heading out the door. Mark is right behind her.

74 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

She marches down the hall, Mark at her heels.

KAREN

I'll come back tomorrow while  
you're at the office and pick up  
my stuff.

MARK

Fine. And don't come to the trial.  
I don't want you around.

KAREN

You couldn't drag me in there.  
I have no desire to watch you  
self-destruct.

75 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen stops by the front door, looking at him, trying to hold back the tears.

KAREN

Mark, listen to me. Go see  
someone. Get some help. I can't  
stand to see you like this --

She breaks into tears, slipping through the door and hurrying down the corridor. Mark stares after her.

MARK

Karen --

But she keeps going. He slowly closes the door behind her, laying his head against it, whispering to himself.

MARK (CONT.)

You leave her out of it. You hear  
me.

A premonition drags him to the window. He stares down at the street below.

76 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Karen exits the building and crosses the street toward her car as a huge truck rounds the corner, going too fast. It bears down on her. She jumps out of its path not an instant too soon.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark watches as she gets in her car and drives away, his heart in his mouth. He speaks to the air, but he knows he's heard.

MARK

All right, now it's just between  
the two of us.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

78 INT. JURY SELECTION ROOM - DAY

A jury is being impaneled in a small courtroom. Mark is no longer the dapper dresser and he looks haggard, like he's had many sleepless nights lately. He addresses a potential juror, SMITHERS.

MARK

Mr. Smithers, have you read about  
this case in the newspaper? Or  
heard about it on television?

SMITHERS

Couldn't help it. There's been  
a lot on.

MARK

Have you made up your mind to the  
guilt or innocence of the  
defendant?

SMITHERS

Well, I don't know --

MARK

Exactly. Until we've heard all  
the evidence, none of us know.

SMITHERS

That's what I said.

MARK

Mr. Smithers, are you a  
churchgoer?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

SMITHERS  
First Baptist, every Sunday.

MARK  
You strongly believe in God?

SMITHERS  
Absolutely.

MARK  
Then you believe in the devil as well?

SMITHERS  
I don't understand --

MARK  
It's a very simple question. Do you believe that Satan exists? Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, whatever you want to call him. An embodiment of all evil.

The D. A., Bogardus, rises to his feet.

BOGARDUS  
Objection, your Honor. I don't see the relevance of this line of questioning.

JUDGE HAROLDSON looks at the two attorneys. He is a silver-haired man in his early sixties.

JUDGE  
If counsel is going to debate the reality of the devil, impaneling a jury is going to be hell.

The spectators all join in the laugh. Everyone that is except Mark. He turns to the Judge.

MARK  
Then I take it your honor acknowledges the existence of hell.

JUDGE  
I think we'll retire to my own private hell. My chambers, gentlemen.

He rises, the two lawyers following him.

CUT TO:

79 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A small office lined with books. The Judge is alone with Mark and Bogardus, his attention on Mark.

JUDGE

I'm not going to let you turn this trial into a revival meeting.

MARK

I have a list here of religious leaders of all denominations that I intend to call to establish the literal existence of Satan.

BOGARDUS

You're trying to confuse the issue. The man murdered seven innocent people.

MARK

You're wrong. Newgate isn't a criminal. He's a victim. Of demonic possession.

Now Bogardus looks at him like he's crazy.

BOGARDUS

Of what?

MARK

That's the basis of my entire defense, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I thought you'd be going for diminished responsibility. Lack of specific intent.

BOGARDUS

He's proposing an unacceptable defense. Everybody could use it. Nobody's guilty. They were all possessed by evil spirits. We'd have to set everybody free.

MARK

I'm talking about a valid case of possession.

BOGARDUS

Nobody even knows what that is. There's no legal definition.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

MARK

After this trial there will be.

JUDGE

I'll permit you to ask prospective jurors if they literally believe in God. Just God, nothing more.

MARK

I'll work within those guidelines.

BOGARDUS

I'm warning you, I'll try to keep any reference to Satan, or whatever fool name you call him, out of the record.

JUDGE

And my inclination will be to side with the prosecutor.

He looks at Mark. No response. Bogardus interrupts.

BOGARDUS

Shall we return to the court?

JUDGE

Go on, Mr. Bogardus. I'd like to have one last word with counsel.

Bogardus exits. The judge swivels in his chair to look at Mark.

JUDGE (CONT.)

You must recall what happened to those lawyers who ran around years ago claiming Oswald didn't kill Kennedy. They had all kinds of facts. All kinds of backup. But how many do you hear about anymore? The ones that ran for public office lost. The ones with good firms were let go. They're outcasts. That's what happens when you mix with the lunatic fringe.

MARK

Mentioning the devil makes you a lunatic?

JUDGE

In a church, no. In court, yes.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

That's why I better get myself  
a jury that goes to church  
regularly.

The judge sighs, shaking his head. This guy is hopeless.

JUDGE

I've done my duty. You've been  
forewarned.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

The trial has been convened. The TWELVE JURORS and TWO  
ALTERNATES are being sworn in. They're taking the oath,  
finishing with:

JURORS

-- so help me God.

JUDGE

You understand you are not to  
discuss this case with anyone or  
among yourselves. Now do I hear  
any motions?

Neither Mark nor Bogardus say anything. The judge looks at the  
prosecutor.

JUDGE (CONT.)

Very well then. Mr. Bogardus, you  
may begin.

Bogardus rises and faces the jury.

BOGARDUS

Never in my career as a prosecutor  
have I come to trial with more  
witnesses or more forensic  
evidence to convict a vicious  
killer. And never before have I  
prosecuted a murderer so cruel  
and unrepentant. I am confident  
you will find this man guilty of  
murder in the first degree -- and  
that he will kill no more.

CUT TO:

81 INT. COURT - DAY

Mark makes his opening remarks.

MARK

Fifty years ago or more, jurors were not permitted to hear evidence of diminished responsibility. The mental state of the defendant was not admissible in court. Well, that's all changed now. It wasn't easy. Attorneys fought to get psychiatric testimony into the record.

JUDGE

Does counselor intend to enter an insanity plea at this time?

MARK

No, your honor. I will prove that David Newgate was powerless to control his own actions. That the crimes were not committed by him. That David Newgate was as much a victim as any of the seven who perished. You will not condemn him when you learn all the facts. But you may very well see things in this trial that make you feel fear or revulsion. I urge you to control that fear and listen for the truth.

Bogardus leans over at the prosecution table and whispers to his ASSISTANT.

BOGARDUS

Well, at least he hasn't mentioned the devil yet.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over the darkness Bogardus is heard.

BOGARDUS' VOICE (OVER)

The prosecution rests.

FADE IN:

82 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial continues. Bogardus sits as the judge looks at Mark.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Are you ready, Mr. Hampton?

Mark rises to his feet.

MARK

The defense will call David Newgate.

BAILIFF

David Newgate, take the stand.

Newgate rises from the defense table and walks slowly toward the witness stand. The Bailiff picks up the bible and crosses to administer the oath. He extends the bible to Newgate.

BAILIFF (CONT.)

Place your hand on the bible.

Newgate stares down at it, scared to death.

NEWGATE

I can't.

The judge leans forward, staring down at him from the dais.

JUDGE

You will take the oath or I will not allow you to take the stand.

MARK

Take the oath, David.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you, God?

Newgate reaches out, tentatively placing his hand on the bible, and beginning to speak.

NEWGATE

I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me --

All at once the bible begins to sizzle and steam. Newgate screams out in pain. The Bailiff recoils, holding the bible gripped in his hand. He looks at it. Newgate's palm print has been branded into the leather cover. A burnt smell fills the courtroom as the Bailiff drops the bible to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

All the spectators rise, craning their necks to see what happened. Mark moves to the fallen bible, picking it up, and showing it to the jurors who are as interested as the spectators. An astounded whisper goes throughout the courtroom.

Bogardus leaps to his feet.

BOGARDUS

This is not a magic show, Your Honor. Will you caution the defense attorney to stop the cheap theatrics.

The judge glares at Mark.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, this is outrageous. I'm holding you in contempt and fining you one thousand dollars. You'll see the Bailiff immediately after we adjourn.

MARK

But, Your Honor --

JUDGE

If there are anymore stunts, you'll spend the night in jail. Now proceed.

Mark looks like he'd like to argue more, but decides against it. He turns to Newgate, holding out the bible.

MARK

Will the witness complete the oath. By himself, please.

Newgate very tentatively reaches out and touches the bible again. Nothing happens. He tries to form the words.

NEWGATE

-- so help me, so help me --

MARK

Finish it, David. You can say it. Just try.

NEWGATE

So help me, God.

Nothing happens. He isn't struck down. He smiles at Mark. Mark smiles back.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

Take your seat, please.

Newgate sits as Mark tosses the bible on the defense table. He turns back to his client.

MARK

For the record, will you state your name?

NEWGATE

David Newgate.

MARK

Do you go by any other name?

NEWGATE

No.

MARK

Have you ever used any other name?

NEWGATE

No.

MARK

Were you present on the Staten Island ferry on April 12th of this year.

NEWGATE

I was.

MARK

Were you present when the decedent Sandra Hoffman was murdered?

NEWGATE

Yes.

MARK

Did you see the killer?

Newgate hangs his head, his voice dropping to a whisper.

NEWGATE

I was there.

MARK

Please, answer the question. Did you see the killer? Can you identify him?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (4)

Newgate works his nerve up, speaking in a low, choked voice.

NEWGATE  
Morris Eblis.

MARK  
Yes, Morris Eblis. Is he present  
in the courtroom now?

There's a buzz as everyone begins looking around, including District Attorney Bogardus. People in the spectator section exchange glances. Is there one among them that is going to be identified as the true murderer?

Mark ignores the whispers, approaching Newgate.

MARK (CONT.)  
Will you identify this Morris  
Eblis, please.

NEWGATE  
He's here.

MARK  
I know. Will you show him to us?

NEWGATE  
I can't.

MARK  
Yes, you can. You've sworn before  
God. You believe in God, don't  
you?

NEWGATE  
Yes.

MARK  
Then show him to us. Let us see  
Morris Eblis.

NEWGATE  
Only if he wants to. I can't make  
him.

MARK  
I call on Morris Eblis to testify.

Newgate seems to look inward, then up at Mark.

NEWGATE  
He won't come out. He knows you  
want to trick him.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (5)

MARK

What's wrong? Is he afraid of me?

Newgate looks at him fearfully.

NEWGATE

Mr. Hampton, please --

Mark pushes harder, pounding away at Newgate.

MARK

How can he be afraid of me? Unless he isn't as powerful as he says he is. Is that it?

Bogardus leaps to his feet.

BOGARDUS

What's going on here? Your Honor

--

Then his words choke off because something is starting to happen to the witness. David Newgate is gasping for breath, beginning to tremble and shake, his hands grabbing on to the side of the witness box as he goes into a series of spasms. The judge turns to Mark.

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, your witness is ill.

MARK

No, not ill.

JUDGE

Do you wish an adjournment?

MARK

Absolutely not.

(to Newgate)

Morris Eblis, are you there?

BOGARDUS

(rising)

Your Honor --

JUDGE

Sit down, Mr. Bogardus.

Bogardus sits as the judge turns back to Newgate. The spectators are half out of their seats. So is the jury. Everyone watches Newgate. A monstrous change is coming over him. His facial features are becoming distorted, his hands grasping the rail so tightly the veins in his arms pulsate from the effort.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (6)

Mark backs away in spite of himself. He has seen this transition once before, and here in the harsh lights of the courtroom it is even more frightening.

The judge stares at Newgate. In all his long years on the bench he has never seen anything like this.

Newgate continues to change, his upper lip curling back in a snarl, his eyes narrowing, the brow furrowing, the way he holds his body suddenly different, no longer passive, now definitely threatening. When he finally looks up, it's not David Newgate that sits there. It is Morris Eblis in all his evil.

Eblis smiles at the court, and it is a smile that instantly chills everyone's blood. Bogardus leaps to his feet again.

BOGARDUS

Your Honor, I move that the jury  
be excused until --

JUDGE

I told you to sit down, Mr.  
Bogardus. And be silent. I will  
hear this witness.

Mark approaches Eblis. The court is now dead silent.

MARK

Morris Eblis, is that you?

EBLIS

I'm here.

Eblis laughs, that deep throaty laugh that is somehow primordial and filthy at the same time. Mark ignores it.

MARK

I'll ask you the same question  
I asked David Newgate. Have you  
used other names?

EBLIS

Too many to remember.

MARK

Can you tell us your date of  
birth?

EBLIS

I've been born many times in many  
places.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (7)

MARK

Did you kill the Hoffman girl?

EBLIS

Among others.

Eblis's gaze slowly travels the courtroom, stopping on the jury.

EBLIS (CONT.)

I could kill all of you. Do you think the few feeble guards in this courtroom could stop me?

The jury leans back in their chairs, scared to death. The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE

Be silent. I'll have no more threats in my courtroom.

MARK

You've appeared here voluntarily, Eblis. You've come for a reason. You want something of this court.

EBLIS

I have faced courts before.

MARK

And have you always been found guilty and executed?

Eblis smiles.

EBLIS

Oh, yes. Always.

MARK

How many times?

EBLIS

As many times as I have been born, you fool. I'm born only to die. Don't you know we all are? The agony of birth and the agony of death, that's all there is, and in between is nothing.

MARK

Were you burned?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (8)

EBLIS

Oh, yes. More than once. And drawn and quartered, and flayed, and boiled alive in hot oil.

MARK

So the electric chair holds no fear for you?

EBLIS

As you said, I have been burned before.

MARK

So you don't fear death.

EBLIS

I welcome it. It strengthens me.

MARK

And what about David Newgate?

EBLIS

He is nothing. A vessel.

MARK

You have lived in other men before?

EBLIS

Always I must inhabit them with their petty aches and pains, their hungers, their infantile perversions. Through them I comprehend the weakness of men, and they disgust me.

MARK

And when Newgate dies, you'll be set completely free?

EBLIS

He's blessed to have been the instrument of my coming.

MARK

You might better say damned. Who are you really, Mr. Eblis? Give us a name we can understand you by. Tell us the place you come from.

Eblis laughs, looking at the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (9)

EBLIS

Oh, yes, I must. I'm under oath.  
You've heard of me. But do you  
believe I really exist?

(rising to his feet)

It doesn't matter. You will all  
know who I am and where I come  
from soon enough.

MARK

You mean hell, don't you, Mr.  
Eblis? Is that where we're going?  
Or is hell coming to us? Is that  
what your execution will  
accomplish?

JUDGE

Take your seat, Mr. Eblis.

EBLIS

Yes, your honor.

Eblis sits, mocking the authority of the court with his strict  
obedience to the judge. He flashes him a smile, totally  
malevolent. The judge stares back at him, trying to stop the  
shiver running up his spine.

Bogardus jumps up.

BOGARDUS

First we get a magic show, now  
a Halloween party. I have seen  
some masterful performances in  
court, but this takes the acting  
award --

Bogardus doesn't get to finish. At that moment, a terrible  
explosion is heard outside and all the windows along one side  
of the courtroom shatter. Glass goes flying inward, spraying  
the spectators and the jury. Bedlam erupts, screams everywhere.

A large shard of glass is catapulted across the courtroom,  
ripping across Bogardus' cheek, causing a huge gash along the  
side of his face. He stumbles back, bleeding profusely.

BOGARDUS (CONT.)

Oh, my God --

A wind is blowing through the courtroom now. A powerful wind  
swept in through the shattered glass as if some great force  
outside was bursting in upon this courtroom. Law books, legal  
briefs and documents are blowing everywhere. Tables and chairs  
are turning over.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (10)

People run up the aisle, pushing each other out of the way, fighting to get out only to find the doors seemingly stuck. Screams of terror fill the room.

Eblis watches from the witness stand, amused. The jury stares at him terrified, protected by the bailiff and the guards, all of whom have their weapons out, pointed at the man on the witness stand. Everyone in the place is scared shitless of Eblis, including Mark Hampton.

The judge bangs his gavel, yelling to make himself heard above the buffeting winds.

JUDGE

We'll adjourn so Mr. Bogardus can receive medical attention.

EBLIS

We shall not adjourn. Not yet.

MARK

You have something more to say to this court. Say it!

Eblis rises to his feet, addressing the terrified people, the wind still howling through the broken windows.

EBLIS

You think I'm just an evil man who loves to kill his fellow creatures. But you see, you are not my "fellows." You are the creatures I torment so that you will hate me. And from your hatred I draw my nourishment, and that is the cycle that must go on. Play your parts as I play mine. Hate me and kill me so I may truly live!

The wind has stopped now. Everybody in the courtroom stares at him, mesmerized with fear. Eblis slowly sits back down and seems to curl up, almost to fold up within himself, hunching his shoulders, bowing his head. He is disappearing back into the character of David Newgate again.

Mark realizes it and steps forward.

MARK

Wait. I have more questions.

EBLIS

No more questions.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (11)

MARK

You're not David Newgate, are you?  
You're not the defendant in this  
case? Answer me.

But Eblis is disappearing back into the character and form of David Newgate again, refusing to reply. Mark keeps on hammering away.

MARK (CONT.)

You must answer. You're not  
Newgate, not the man on trial  
here, are you?!

But it is too late. Eblis is gone and in his place is David Newgate, so confused that he begins to weep bitterly. Mark approaches, putting a comforting hand on his shoulder.

MARK (CONT.)

It's all right, David. They heard.  
The jury heard.

The back doors suddenly slam open and UNIFORMED POLICEMAN come rushing down the aisle, pushing their way through the spectators who have been trying to get out. A SERGEANT runs up to the judge.

SERGEANT

An oil truck exploded in a gas  
station right on the corner.

The judge nods, happy to have a rational explanation for what happened.

JUDGE

Yes, we saw the effects of that  
explosion.

Bogardus smiles.

BOGARDUS

Well, that explains it, Your  
Honor.

Mark stares at them, outraged and stunned at the same time.

MARK

What? You're going to call this  
a coincidence!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (12)

BOGARDUS

That's exactly what it was. A coincidence. Something to be seized upon and used by the defense to create the impression of supernatural happenings in this courtroom.

JUDGE

I'll hear no more rhetoric at this time. We will adjourn.

The judge raps his gravel and leaves the bench. The Bailiff appears, two guards behind his back. Newgate gets to his feet, looking at Mark, tears in his eyes.

NEWGATE

Please, I won't have to testify again, will I?

MARK

No. I won't put you back on.

Newgate is escorted out of the courtroom. Mark walks up the aisle. Some of the spectators still linger. One of them turns to Mark.

SPECTATOR

How'd you pull it off? I mean, it was great. You really had me scared shitless.

MARK

I'll bet.

Mark disappears out of the courtroom, knowing what everybody is going to be saying. That it was all a trick.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. GAS STATION ACROSS FROM THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Fire trucks and firemen surround the filling station and gas truck, both of which are still ablaze. Mark walks up, standing with the other bystanders, gawking at the firemen doing their best to contain the conflagration.

Mark turns and looks back toward the courthouse across the street. The glass has been blown out of many windows on many floors. A perfectly rational explanation for what happened.

CUT TO:

## 84 INT. EMERGENCY MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

Set up in the basement of the courthouse. Bogardus' face is being bandaged. Mark enters.

MARK

You didn't seem anxious to cross-examine my witness. Scare you?

Bogardus looks at the doctor, indicating Mark.

BOGARDUS

Forget the pain. Can you give me something to make him go away?

MARK

Look, I'm willing to bargain down to murder two. Homicide with diminished intent. And stipulate to life imprisonment on five different counts to be served consecutively. No possibility of parole. After today, I think that's reasonable.

BOGARDUS

After today, that's impossible. He threatened the jury. He said he'd kill them and their families. I'm not letting him cop a plea, escape again, and keep that promise. Not when I have an enthusiastic jury that'll strap him neatly in the chair.

MARK

Didn't you listen to what Eblis said? That's exactly what he wants.

BOGARDUS

Well, I intend to accommodate him.-  
In fact, I'd like nothing better than to pull the switch myself.

CUT TO:

## 85 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The final summations are in progress. District Attorney Bogardus is addressing the jury, his face newly bandaged.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

## BOGARDUS

Mr. Newgate thinks that by playing the lunatic in this courtroom he can fool this jury. He believes he can hoodwink you into setting him free -- because he's not one person, but two. Well, that tactic has been tried before, ladies and gentlemen, and hasn't fooled other juries. There is no Morris Eblis. There is only David Newgate, the vicious calculating murderer. If you fail to convict this man, he will go on killing. He told us that. If you heard nothing more that should be enough.

CUT TO:

86 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mark makes his final summation to the jury.

## MARK

This is not the first time a tribunal has witnessed supernatural behavior in a court of law. It's happened over and over throughout the centuries. But in less enlightened times, possession by the devil was punished always by death. But the Dark Ages are over. In our world of enlightenment, we do not punish the innocent along with the guilty. We can't kill David Newgate in order to punish Morris Eblis. Of course, that's exactly what Eblis wants you to do.

The jury stares at Mark as he continues. Perhaps they think he's out of his mind. It's obvious Bogardus and judge do.

## MARK (CONT.)

He wants you to be his accomplice in that greatest evil. The legal murder of an innocent human being. And you cannot let that happen. You cannot!

Mark hesitates, seemingly having lost his train of thought. The silence lengthens. The judge looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Mr. Hampton, have you concluded?

Mark is exhausted, totally drained. But he continues in little more than a hoarse whisper.

MARK

Nearly two thousand years ago a man was convicted of a crime he had not committed, and he was executed. If you believed that happened, if you believe that such things could happen, then you cannot make yourself an accomplice to such evil again. You have the power to free David Newgate from damnation. All you need utter are two words -- not guilty.

Finished at last, Mark crosses to Newgate seated at the defense table and puts his hand on his shoulder. The judge turns to the jury.

JUDGE

Before the jury retires, I will read them the instructions of the court.

As he begins to read, Mark turns away for the defense table, only to stop and stare at the spectators in the back of the courtroom. Among them, staring blindly in his direction, is Father Mallory.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

The building directly across from the courthouse. The jury is sequestered in there.

88 INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

TWELVE JURORS argue among themselves.

HARPER

To tell you the truth, I'd never feel safe if that bastard was alive.

Other jurors nod their assent. BAILEY, the black jury foreman, rises.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

BAILEY

I say we shove his slimy ass right  
into the electric chair. I say  
guilty!

More jurors nod. THOMPSON, a small nervous man, clears his  
throat to get everyone's attention.

THOMPSON

Excuse me. May I speak?

A GUARD enters at the back of the room, carrying a take out box  
of coffee and Danish. He deposits them on a table, listening  
as he unloads the box. Bailey ignores him, looking at Thompson.

BAILEY

Say anything you like.

Thompson stands, looking at the others.

THOMPSON

The man is mentally ill.  
Everything he says demonstrates  
to me he needs psychiatric help.

Bailey looks at the smaller man gravely.

BAILEY

It takes twelve to convict. The  
verdict has to be unanimous.

THOMPSON

I'm afraid it won't be.

He sits back down as the other jurors begin yammering at him.  
The guard at the back of the room leaves, unnoticed.

89 INT. HALL - DAY

The guard stops, paying a DELIVERY BOY who's been waiting. A  
fellow GUARD seated before the door to the jury room looks up  
from his Penthouse.

GUARD #2

How's it going in there?

GUARD #1

Looks like a hung jury?

GUARD #1

No shit. You mean they're not  
going to convict?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

The delivery boy makes change and hurries down the corridor, the two guards still talking.

CUT TO:

90 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Mark and Father Mallory sit at the counter, sipping coffee that neither wants. Mallory looks in Mark's direction.

MALLORY

What now?

MARK

We wait. And pray.

The delivery boy slips behind the counter, picking up the new orders. He talks excitedly to MEG, one of the middle-aged waitresses.

DELIVERY BOY

Meg, you're not going to believe this. They got one guy who won't convict.

Mallory and Mark look in his direction.

MEG

Are you sure? A hung jury?

DELIVERY BOY

Yeah, can you believe it. With a psycho like that guy --

They move off down the counter, still talking about it. Mallory turns to Mark.

MALLORY

I think our prayers have been answered.

MARK

Don't count on it.

He slaps down some change, takes Mallory's arm, helping him out of the coffee shop.

91 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Mark and Father Mallory exit the coffee shop directly across from the courthouse. Mark looks down the street. The jurors are returning, armed police guarding them. Thompson walks behind the others, ostracized like the pariah he is.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

MARK

There. I see them and it isn't too hard to figure out which one is holding out.

The jurors walk under a scaffolding holding a ton of bricks. Masons are refacing the side of the building. Mark stiffens with worry. But the scaffolding is safe, isn't it? His eyes flick to the street, searching for trouble. Mallory senses his tension, looking in Mark's direction.

MALLORY

What's wrong?

MARK

Eblis. He'll stop this. I know he will.

That's when Mark sees it. A car approaching down the street, a little old lady sitting behind a wheel she can hardly see over. But that's not enough. What else is wrong? His eyes shift to a woman on the sidewalk, wheeling her baby in a pram. She stumbles, losing control of the baby carriage. It careens out into the street. Mark's eyes whip back to the old woman in the car. She sees the pram crossing directly in front of her. She whips the wheel to the right. The car veers diagonally across the street and directly toward the jurors crossing under the scaffolding.

Mark launches himself into the street with a scream.

MARK

No!

Too late. Jurors scatter as the car smashes into the building, taking out the scaffolding above. One end collapses, dumping the bricks. Thompson looks up to see them falling right for him. He tires to run, but too late. They crush him to pulp, instantly silencing his scream.

Mark skids to a halt in the middle of the street, too late, staring at the blood leaking out from under the pile of bricks. Karen comes up beside him, staring in horror. His shoulders slump. He turns and silently walks back to Mallory.

MALLORY

What happened?

MARK

He's dead.

Mallory's shoulders slump in defeat. Mark leads him back toward the courthouse.

CUT TO:

92 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The judge talks to the jury.

JUDGE

Due to the untimely death of Mr. Alex Thompson, Mr. Alfred Friedman, an alternate, will replace him in the jury room. Deliberations will continue on schedule.

BAILEY, the foreman of the jury, leans over and whispers to Friedman, the alternate juror. He then turns to address the court.

BAILEY

Your honor, we have no need to retire. We have our verdict.

JUDGE

Very well.

At the defense table, Mark leans forward, tensely waiting. Father Mallory sits behind him in the spectator section, equally anxious. The only one in the courtroom who doesn't seem concerned is David Newgate. He just stares off into space as the foreman reads the verdict.

BAILEY

We, the jury, find David Newgate guilty of seven counts of murder in the first degree.

JUDGE

We will convene tomorrow at nine A.M. to commence the penalty stage of these proceedings.

The judge gavel the proceedings to a halt, and slips away to his chambers. The courtroom begins to empty. Newgate looks at Mark.

NEWGATE

It was hopeless from the start. You were foolish to even try.

MARK

I'm not giving up. I'll start the appeal tomorrow.

Suddenly Newgate is no longer there. It's Eblis and he's grinning at Mark.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

EBLIS

Why? It won't do any good. Nothing will. I guarantee it.

Still grinning, he allows himself to be led away by the Bailiff, Mark staring after him. Suddenly Father Mallory is behind him, whispering in his ear.

MALLORY

We can't let him be executed.

MARK

I know. But how do we stop it?

The two men look at each other, one more hopeless than the other.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

93 EXT. SING PRISON - NIGHT

The state prison in Ossining, New York. A dark, forboding presence, searchlights sweeping the walls.

94 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

Directly across from the prison. The searchlights cast strange shadows across the peeling exterior of the hotel.

95 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mark Hampton lays in bed, the prison seen outside the window, the searchlights casting alternating shadows across the floor. The wall paper is peeling. The adjoining bathroom is tiny with rusted fixtures.

Mark looks as trashed as the room, unshaven, his clothes rumpled and dirty. There's a knock on the door. He answers without rising.

MARK

Come in.

The door opens and Karen enters. She's fashionably dressed and looks like she's been doing very well. Mark sits bolt upright in bed, surprised to see her.

MARK (CONT.)

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

KAREN

I've been looking for you for six months. Where have you been?

MARK

Staying out of sight. It's not safe to be around me.

KAREN

Let's not start that again.

She looks around the room, trying to hide her shock.

KAREN (CONT.)

They told me you were living here. I just didn't believe them.

MARK

You still haven't answered my question. What are you doing here?

KAREN

I left Leggett and Stein and went into my own practice. I've been doing fine until this felonious assault came in. It's very complicated and then I thought of you --

MARK

Karen, you're not offering me a job, are you?

KAREN

I could use some help, yes.

Mark lays back down, staring at the ceiling.

MARK

I only have one client.

Karen looks around the room again. It's even more horrid on closer inspection.

KAREN

You can't keep living like this, Mark. Come back to the city with me --

MARK

There won't be any city left. Not after the execution tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

Mark, that's your sickness talking. Let me get you out of here --

MARK

No. I can't leave until --

KAREN

Until what? Newgate is dead?

(he nods)

All right, do you want me to go with you to the execution tomorrow?

He looks up at her, his eyes flooding with fear.

MARK

No. Stay away from the prison. Stay as far away as possible.

Karen looks at him, her eyes narrowing with suspicion.

KAREN

Why? What are you afraid of?

MARK

You know perfectly well.

KAREN

What? That Newgate is going to be executed and Eblis will rise from his corpse? Mark, you need help. Let me take you to a rehab --

MARK

It's useless, Karen. It's all useless.

KAREN

I'm not leaving here unless you come with me, Mark.

Mark looks at her, seeing she means it.

MARK

I can't, but there is one thing you could do for me --

He rises, goes to a drawer, and pulls out a file of dog-eared pages, holding them out to her.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

MARK (CONT.)

I need someone to present these briefs to the governor and move for a stay of execution. I'm not in shape to do it, and I've asked others, but --

He drifts off into silence. Karen finishes the thought for him.

KAREN

They wouldn't help you?

Mark nods.

MARK

They think I'm crazy.

KAREN

Here, let me see.

She takes the documents from him, scanning through them. He watches her.

KAREN (CONT.)

You're arguing that a defendant shouldn't be allowed to prejudice his own case, to create an atmosphere in the courtroom which produces attitudes contrary to the facts.

MARK

What do you think?

KAREN

This sounds more like you.

MARK

Yeah, but this doesn't look like me. Will you argue the case for me? It'll only take a few hours. There's an appointment set for tomorrow in Albany at four o'clock. Go, be my representative -- please.

Their eyes lock. A moment. Then:

KAREN

All right, I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

MARK

You know I did love you. I just didn't love myself very much.

KAREN

I know. Where will you be tomorrow?

MARK

On death row with him.

KAREN

If I learn anything from the Governor, I'll call.

Mark nods. Karen starts for the door.

MARK

Karen --

She stops, looking back at him.

MARK

Thanks.

She smiles, a bittersweet smile, and leaves, Mark staring after her for a moment before turning to look out the window at the prison with its ever revolving guard tower searchlight.

CUT TO:

96 INT. NEWGATE'S CELL - DEATH ROW - NIGHT

Eblis is there. The evil one himself, staring out the window into the courtyard, his face intermittently illuminated by that searchlight that passes by. He, too, is waiting. Anxiously waiting.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT

The electric chair stands shadowed and unoccupied. But also waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 EXT. SING SING PRISON - DAY

Morning sunlight washes the walls. It does nothing to relieve their bleak oppressiveness.

99 INT. NEWGATE'S CELL - DEATH ROW - DAY

Mark is ushered in. Newgate looks up from his cot.

MARK

Hello, David. Are they treating you well?

NEWGATE

People usually keep away from me. They're scared.

MARK

Yes, I know what that's like. People I've dined with for years cross the street when they see me coming.

Newgate looks at him with tears in his eyes.

NEWGATE

You've given up so much for me. And I'll never understand why.

MARK

For the first time in my life, I found something more important than myself.

NEWGATE

Saving me?

MARK

And stopping him.

Suddenly Newgate leans forward, and his face seems to almost instantly alter into the personality of Eblis, and Eblis is laughing at him.

EBLIS

You know what your reward is? Seeing Newgate die. And don't think he'll die easily either. I can resist the voltage. They'll have to pass it through poor Newgate five or six times. He'll smell his own burning flesh.

MARK

And then what?

EBLIS

Oh, you'll see. You'll be watching.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

MARK

There's no rule that says I have to attend.

EBLIS

But you will be there. For Newgate's sake.

MARK

I suppose.

EBLIS

I'll do my best to impress you.

With a nasty smile he lowers his head, and when he raises it again, it is Newgate who looks at Mark.

NEWGATE

He could escape. He did it before. But he doesn't want to.

Mark looks at him, tries to force a reassuring smile, but fails.

MARK

I'll be back. I promise.

He rises and leaves, Newgate staring blindly at the floor, overwhelmed by helplessness.

100 INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Mark enters the chapel. A priest stands near the altar. He slowly turns as he hears Mark approaching. It is the blind Father Mallory.

MARK

Father?

MALLORY

Is that you, Mark? Your voice sounds different.

MARK

I wasn't sure you'd get here.

MALLORY

I had no choice. You were depending on me.

(a beat, then)

This was the best I could do.

He reaches inside his cleric's pouch that contains the religious items utilized in the sacraments and withdraws a small .38

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

revolver. Mark takes it from him, checking the chambers. Mallory stares in his direction.

MALLORY (CONT.)  
Anything else happen?

MARK  
Karen Bryant showed up last night.  
She wanted to come today.

Mallory stiffens, his face flushing with worry.

MALLORY  
What did you tell her?

MARK  
Nothing. I sent her off to Albany  
to present the appeal.

Finished checking the revolver, Mark shoves it back in the sacramental pouch and passes it back to Mallory.

MARK (CONT.)  
This is fine, but you'll have to  
carry it inside for me. I'll be  
thoroughly searched.

Mallory takes the pouch, slipping it under his robe.

MALLORY  
My pleasure. Have you tried to  
warn Newgate yet?

MARK  
I'm afraid. Eblis may hear --

MALLORY  
He hears everything. The question  
is whether or not he's paying  
attention.

The chapel doors suddenly open, cutting him off. Mark looks up to see Karen standing there, eyeing him and Mallory. Mark goes ashen.

MARK  
Karen, what are you doing here?  
I thought you were --

KAREN  
I got the appointment with the  
governor moved up to this morning.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN (Cont'd)  
I presented the appeal, then flew  
back here.

MARK  
Why?

KAREN  
I realized that if you really  
believed Newgate was the devil  
-- and you do -- then the appeal  
made no sense. Unless you wanted  
to get rid of me.

MARK  
Karen, you couldn't be more wrong  
--

KAREN  
Mark, don't lie to me. What are  
you two planning?

Mark stares at her, momentarily at a loss for words. The priest  
steps in.

MALLORY  
We're not planning anything, Miss  
Bryant. After all, what can one  
blind priest and a crazed lawyer  
do against the devil? Now if  
you'll excuse me, I'd like to  
pray.

He turns, kneeling before the altar. Mark takes Karen's arm.

MARK  
Let's go upstairs to the Warden's  
office. We can wait there.

The two of them disappear out the door, Father Mallory beginning  
to pray.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. PRISON WALLS - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen.

102 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mark paces back and forth, watching the silent phone on the  
Warden's desk. The Warden stands near the window, looking out.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

Karen watches Mark, and the deputy warden, LAWRENCE BERGER, watches a Knick's game on a small TV, the volume turned low.

The Warden turns, looking toward Mark.

WARDEN

This gives me no pleasure, you know. I've never had to execute a man.

Something catches the Warden's eye in the yard below.

103 EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

A small bus pulls up and the witnesses to the execution disembark. Among them are District Attorney Bogardus and Det. Let. Keller. There are also various news reporters, police officials, and politicians.

They filter through a doorway.

104 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Warden turns from the window to Mark.

WARDEN

I'm afraid you're out of time. People are arriving.

MARK

Just a little while longer, please

--

The Warden checks his watch.

WARDEN

You have ten more minutes. Then I'll have to begin.

Mark nods his agreement. The Warden turns and leaves the office. Berger tears his eyes from the basketball game long enough to throw a glance at Mark.

BERGER

The governor will never grant a stay. He can't afford it politically.

Karen bridles.

KAREN

How do you know that? Mark's argument was very persuasive.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Berger smirks at her.

BERGER  
Not persuasive enough given what  
that sonofabitch did --

The phone on the Warden's desk suddenly rings. All their eyes swing to it. Berger slowly rises, picking it up.

BERGER  
Yes?

He listens, surprise sweeping his face. Mark and Karen watch him, their eyes glued to his expression.

BERGER (CONT.)  
(into the phone)  
Yes, sir, I'll tell the Warden  
immediately.

He hangs up, looking at Mark and Karen in amazement.

BERGER (CONT.)  
You were right. He's granting the  
stay until the superior court can  
review the verdict.

Mark and Karen both holler with joy. Mark grabs Berger, pulling him toward the door.

MARK  
Come on, let's tell the Warden.

Berger pulls free, pissed off that he was wrong.

BERGER  
What's your rush? There's plenty  
of time.

He makes a big show of putting on his suit coat, Mark and Karen anxiously watching him. Every moment that passes until the execution is stopped is pure agony. Shooting his cuffs, Berger starts for the door.

BERGER (CONT.)  
All right, let's do it --

He suddenly stops, grasping his chest, his face going chalk white, sweat popping out across his forehead. Mark and Karen look at him.

MARK  
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

Berger shakes his head wordlessly, gasping for breath he can't find. He suddenly collapses to the floor. Mark falls to his knees, rolling him over. Berger's dead eyes stare up at him. Mark screams, unable to accept it.

MARK (CONT.)

No!

He starts pounding Berger's chest, giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, desperately listening for a heart beat that isn't there, going back to pounding his chest until Karen grabs him, dragging him off the corpse.

KAREN

Mark, he's dead!

Mark looks at her, sanity flooding back into his eyes.

MARK

The Warden. We've got to find the Warden and get him to call the governor --

He leaps to his feet, racing for the door, Karen close behind him.

105 INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Everybody signs in. Then they pass through metal detectors. They are thoroughly searched for cameras and recording devices.

Father Mallory is among the group. Since he is blind, a special guard escorts him around the others as Mark had hoped, without a full body search. The Warden watches, using this moment to address the small group.

WARDEN

I want it clear that no outbursts will be tolerated and no direct communication with the prisoner is permitted.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD throws back the door to the execution chamber and people begin to enter. Mark and Karen suddenly burst through the door from the floor above. They skid to a halt in front of the Warden.

MARK

Warden, the governor granted a stay.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

WARDEN

What? Where's Berger? He should be the one telling me this --

KAREN

He's dead. He had a heart attack.

The Warden stares at her in shock.

WARDEN

What?

MARK

Please, you've got to stop the execution!

WARDEN

I'll call the governor. I have to hear the words from his lips --

He goes to a wall phone, picking it up and tapping the receiver.

WARDEN

(into the phone)  
Hello? Hello --

Mark watches him anxiously.

MARK

What's wrong?

The Warden hangs up the phone, looking at Mark and Karen sympathetically.

WARDEN

The phones are out of order.

Karen looks at him, stunned. Mark turns away, giving up hope. He knew something would happen like this, but Karen didn't. She's outraged.

KAREN

Well, you can't just let him be executed. I was in the office. I heard Berger get the call --

WARDEN

I don't doubt you, Miss Bryant, and I'll have one of my men keep trying the governor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

WARDEN (Cont'd)

But until I hear from him, I have  
no choice in this matter.

(turning to Mark)

Would you like to walk the last  
mile with your client?

Mark nods, suddenly almost preternaturally clam.

MARK

I'd like that very much.

The Warden turns to the Captain of the guards.

WARDEN

Would you take Mr. Hampton to  
Newgate's cell.

The man nods, waiting by a doorway for Mark. The Warden  
disappears through another door into the death chamber. Mark  
turns to Karen.

MARK

Still think everything's a  
coincidence?

She stares at him, no longer so sure.

KAREN

I don't know anymore. But I'm not  
leaving here without you.

He looks at her, seeing that she means it. He nods.

MARK

All right, I'll meet you in the  
death house. But whatever happens,  
stay out of the way.

KAREN

Why? What's going to happen --

But Mark doesn't answer, pulling away to follow the Captain of  
the Guard out of the room. Karen stares after him for a moment,  
then submits to the mandatory search before she can enter the  
execution chamber.

106 INT. NEWGATE'S CELL - NIGHT

A guard opens the door. Mark and the Captain of the Guards step  
inside. Newgate sits on his cot, seemingly spaced. The Captain  
looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

CAPT. OF GUARDS  
Don't you want something to eat?

Newgate looks at him, sick to his stomach already.

NEWGATE  
No, I couldn't --

All at one Newgate becomes Eblis and rushes forward, slamming the Captain up against the bars.

EBLIS  
It's you who should partake of a last meal. Because I'm going to kill you --

The guards rush forward, tearing Eblis off the Captain. Eblis only laughs at them.

EBLIS (CONT.)  
I'm going to kill all of you. Call your families and say goodbye. I'm going to take every last one of you with me!

The Captain and the guards back out of the cell, scared to death. Only Mark remains. Eblis slowly turns and looks at him.

EBLIS (CONT.)  
What are you still doing here?

Mark stares at him, holding his ground.

MARK  
I thought I'd walk the last mile with Newgate.

Eblis seems to find that screamingly funny.

EBLIS  
Oh, yes, you must be with your client. Right to the end. But his end will be your end, Mark. And I can't wait.

With that he slips away to be replaced by Newgate, the man blinking at him, his eyes brimming with tears.

NEWGATE  
I told you it was hopeless.

He begins to collapse. Mark grabs him, helping him to the cot.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Breathe slowly. You'll feel better.

The cell door opens and the guards enter, five of them this time, all fitted with riot gear and clubs, ready to deal with Eblis now. Mark looks up at them.

MARK (CONT.)

That won't be necessary. He'll come peacefully now.

(to Newgate)

It's time.

Newgate looks up at him, slowly summoning his courage. He nods. Mark helps him to his feet. They walk slowly out of the cell.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They begin to walk the last mile, Mark and Newgate, three guards behind, two in front. Newgate throws a look at Mark.

NEWGATE

Thank you, Mark. Thank you for everything.

MARK

I just wish there was something I could do to help.

NEWGATE

There is no help except death.

Mark looks up at him, his eyes suddenly sharp and clear.

MARK

Do you mean that?

NEWGATE

You know I do --

Newgate's legs suddenly buckle. Mark grabs him, holding him up and helping him walk.

MARK

I've never been a religious man, but I know one prayer. We could recite it together.

NEWGATE

If he'll let me.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

MARK

Let's try. Our Father who art in  
heaven, Hallowed be Thy name --

NEWGATE

Yes, Hallowed by Thy name, Thy  
Kingdom Come, Thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven --

108 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER- NIGHT

The electric chair sits in the middle of a windowless concrete room, a small set of bleachers set up against one wall facing the chair. It is now full of the witnesses, Bogardus, Keller, and Karen in the front row, Father Mallory beside them, and beside him, an empty place for Mark.

The Warden stands to one side, waiting with the OFFICIAL EXECUTIONER, the man who will pull the switch, and the PRISON DOCTOR who will pronounce the prisoner dead after the execution.

A side door opens and the guards enter with Mark and Newgate. Newgate comes to a stop, staring at the electric chair. He trembles at the sight of the machine. Mark puts out a hand, comforting him.

MARK

And deliver us from evil --

NEWGATE

And deliver us from evil for he  
is the power and the glory  
forever, amen.

Finished, he stands there waiting. Mark moves to the bleachers, slipping in beside Father Mallory and Karen, whispering to the priest.

MARK

He's still Newgate.

Mallory whispers back as he slips Mark the sacramental pouch.

MALLORY

He wants to put Newgate through  
the execution process. So the  
state can butcher an innocent man.

The Warden steps forward, addressing the witnesses assembled there.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

## WARDEN

As Warden of this institution,  
I hereby execute the sentence  
directed by the Superior Court  
of the State of New York in the  
matter of David Newgate. And may  
God have mercy on his soul.

He nods at the guards. They walk Newgate to the electric chair. In a moment he will be seated and strapped in. Then the electrodes will be attached and the switch thrown. Mark watches, knowing this is his last chance to intervene.

They sit Newgate in the chair, and begin to strap in his legs. Mark suddenly pulls the gun from the pouch, and bolts out of the stands, past the spectators and guards who only carry "billy clubs," firearms not being permitted within the confines of a state penitentiary. Father Mallory lifts his head, listening like crazy to what he can't see.

Mark rushes up to Newgate, grabbing the guards, and throwing them aside. People stare, for the moment too shocked to react. Mark lifts the gun, aiming it at Newgate. People scream, sure he's going to shoot the prisoner. The Warden yells at the top of his voice.

## WARDEN

Stop that man!

But Mark doesn't shoot Newgate. He gives him the gun instead! Karen, Keller and Bogardus leap to their feet, Keller screaming at Mark as he sees the gun in Newgate's hand.

## KELLER

Hampton, you're insane!

An alarm goes off, a bell clanging loud enough to wake the dead. The Captain of the Guards rushes forward, slamming Mark across the side of the head with his club. Mark stumbles back, hitting the concrete floor, dazed.

Bedlam is breaking out among the spectators. Several of them dive for the door. Newgate, the serial murderer, has a loaded weapon in his hand. But Newgate isn't looking at them. He's staring down dazed at the pistol, Mark at his feet, trying to regain his senses, the guards hanging back, afraid of the convicted killer. Only Father Mallory remains seated, his sightless eyes staring forward.

Mark finally clears his head enough to look up at Newgate, screaming at him above the bedlam.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

David, free yourself! Save us all!

Newgate looks down at him dumbly, the words hardly seeming to penetrate. He is already beginning to change into Eblis, Mark can see the transformation sweeping his normally placid face. He screams again.

MARK (CONT.)

You had the strength to jump through that window. Do it again, David! Do it now!

Another slam from the billy club hits Mark across the shoulder, cracking a bone and sending him sprawling at Newgate's feet. Mark fights through the pain, staring up at Newgate/Eblis. For the first time, both the man and the entity inside him visibly exist at the same time, and just as clearly Newgate can be seen fighting Eblis, both of them battling for control of Newgate's body.

The light in Newgate's eye, the human intelligence, begins to fade as Eblis inevitably asserts control. Mark screams at what is left of Newgate.

MARK (CONT.)

Do it, David, do it!

Newgate suddenly gains the ascendancy, just for a second, and quickly turns the barrel of the gun to his chest, and fires directly into his own heart. Blood spurts across the room, splattering Mark and the guards. The guards fall further back, stunned by what is happening.

The mortal wound enrages Eblis, whose distorted features suddenly sweep over Newgate's face, totally obliterating the other man. Eblis rises up in the chair, snapping the leg straps, standing there staring down at Mark with maniacal fury.

EBLIS

You!

He points at him and Mark suddenly grips his chest, his face heaving with pain. The same thing that happened to Berger is happening to him. His heartbeat is accelerating rapidly. Sweat pops out of his face, and he staggers back.

Karen leaps from the bleachers, running to help him only to be suddenly hurled backward by some unseen force. She hits the wall, slumping to the floor, stunned. Eblis ignores her, staring down at Mark, the hole in his chest pumping out Newgate's life blood as he concentrates on making Mark pay for this outrage.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (3)

Mark screams out under the pain Eblis is inflicting, Newgate suddenly reasserting himself, just for a second, staring down at Mark, the one man who ever tried to help him. He screams.

NEWGATE

No!

He lifts the pistol, points it directly at his own forehead, and as Eblis' features start to obliterate his again, he fires. The bullet blows a huge gaping hole in the middle of his forehead, tearing out half of the back of his head as it exits, splattering the wall behind.

But Eblis, and it's Eblis who now dominates Newgate's body, doesn't fall. He staggers back, releasing Mark from whatever mental choke hold he has on him. Mark drops to the floor, semi-conscious.

Eblis roars in fury, completely obliterating Newgate. The pistol drops from his hand. Eblis turns, ignoring the wound in his forehead and heart, kneeling before the electric chair as a supplicant would kneel before the cross.

More people flee the room, the executioner among them. The door suddenly slams shut, the lock turning of its own accord. Bogardus, Keller, the Warden, Karen, Father Mallory, and a few guards are all that's left. Eblis turns, staring at the D.A..

Bogardus suddenly freezes, his face a mask of astonishment. He turns like some marionette, no longer controlling his own body and marches across the room to the electrical panel and the switch that will send the electric current humming through the electric chair. His hand reaches up, grasping the switch, his eyes wide with terror, and, against his will, he throws the switch.

The lights dim and the hum of electricity flowing through the chair mutes everything else in the room. Everybody stands there frozen, too terrified to move before the horror that is Eblis.

The electrodes on the chair dangle loosely. Eblis, his heart still seeping blood, ochre running from the wound in his forehead, smiles and reaches out for the electrodes, attempting to grasp them with both hands so that the electricity may pass through Newgate's body, so that he may be crucified, 1993 style. So he may be reborn.

But Mark will not allow it. Shaking off his pain and shock, he staggers to his feet, reaching out and grabbing Eblis by the hair, pulling him back away from the chair.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (4)

Eblis roars in rage, turning to snarl at Mark, his head suddenly splitting open down the middle, Eblis' inner face, his true countenance, beginning to emerge. Mark ignores the horror Newgate is becoming, fighting Eblis to stop him from reaching those humming electrodes only inches away. His chest continues to thump, his face writhing with pain. But he keeps on pulling at Eblis with all his strength. Finally Eblis falls backward, away from the chair, kicking and clawing, the transformation continuing.

Suddenly his true face breaks through. It is that of The Beast, the creature from hell, Satan himself, that horrible face that seemed to be hiding just inside Newgate's, primordial, bestial, nostrils flaring, sloped forehead, bloodshot eyes. Newgate's feet suddenly transform, cloven heels splitting the human skin and punching through. The same thing is happening to Newgate's arms, claws tearing free of human skin, just as Newgate described them, elongated fingers, the skin so black as to appear sunburnt, and just beneath the skin, arteries and blood vessels pumping some kind of dark, viscous fluid throughout the body.

Eblis roars again, this time a death rattle, and the horrible, misshapen body suddenly goes limp. Eblis, warlock, witch, Satan, whatever he is, is finally dead. Keller, Bogardus, Karen, the Warden, and the few guards who haven't fled, stare down at the remains in horror.

Father Mallory gropes his way forward, praying.

MALLORY

In the name of the Father and the  
Son and the Holy Spirit, I pray  
for the liberated soul of David  
Newgate.

He sprinkles Holy Water on the creature that lies dead at his feet. Steam rises from where it hits the body like corrosive acid.

The electric chair suddenly bursts into flames as if its circuits have been shorted out. It burns furiously, quickly being consumed by fire. All the lights in the room flare and go out. Everyone is seen in the reflections of the flames which cast grotesque shadows on the wall.

And the corpse of what was once Newgate, and is now Eblis, the devil himself, is seen through the dancing flames, almost as if he were back in Hades itself.

Mark stumbles to his feet. Karen comes to his side, helping him. They and the others stare down at Eblis. All facades have been lifted. He is undeniably pure evil and he has been destroyed.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (5)

Then the creature begins to decay before their very eyes. The flesh, if that's what it can be called, begins to liquify and slip away, running across the floor to reveal the glint of bone beneath.

Father Mallory comes to a stop, staring down at Eblis.

MALLORY

Yes, he is as I saw him in the darkness.

Mark turns to him in surprise.

MARK

You can see him now?

MALLORY

Yes, I can see him.

Indeed, Father Mallory's sight has returned. His blindness is gone, the veil lifted.

MARK

Can you see any of David Newgate in him? Anything at all?

MALLORY

Newgate is gone. He's with God now.

He kneels down beside the rapidly disintegrating corpse, and speaks in Latin, making the sign of the cross above the body as the bones themselves begin to break apart and dissolve.

The electric chair is consumed by fire while the creature whose claws still reach out longingly for it continues to rapidly turn to dust. Gone is the spirit of David Newgate, an innocent man possessed.

Karen looks at Mark.

KAREN

You killed him, but how? I thought if he died --

MARK

If society killed him. But they didn't. David Newgate set himself free.

Finally the Captain of the Guards overcomes his shock, speaking in a choked whisper.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (6)

CAPT. OF GUARDS

Shit! Did you see what happened  
to that guy!

The Warden and the others come unstuck, the Warden looking at the Captain and the other guards. He nods at the door.

WARDEN

Tell the others there was an  
electrical short. Tell them  
Newgate is dead, but nothing else.  
You understand, nothing else.

The Captain nods, and he and the other guards disappear out the door. Bogardus, Keller beside him, looks at Mark.

BOGARDUS

I felt "him." He took control of  
my hand and --

He falls silent as the implication of his words sink in. Keller finally speaks.

KELLER

I'm not very good at apologies  
--

MARK

It doesn't make any difference  
anymore. You're safe now. We all  
are.

Karen takes his arm, helping him toward the door. The Warden steps up.

WARDEN

We can't let anyone know what  
happened here. They'd lock us all  
up.

Mark nods. He understands. He and Karen take a step to leave. The Warden grabs his arms, looking at him.

WARDEN (CONT.)

I'm not a religious man, but God  
bless you.

The room itself is filled with smoke and haze, the light that enters through the open door giving the place the aura of a church. The electric chair continues to burn, casting its reddish shadows throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (7)

Mark turns away at last, letting Karen help him out of the room, the Warden, Bogardus, and Keller following. A moment more of prayer and Father Mallory follows, their footstep echoing away down the corridor into silence as the electric chair continues to burn.

Then several pieces of it crumble away, leaving a skeletal remain that somehow seems curiously similar to a cross, an ancient form of execution that has become, once more, a symbol of salvation.

THE END