

THE EXORCIST

PART ONE

The Completed Original Novel

Adapted for Television

by

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THE EXORCIST

PART ONE

Act One

FADE IN:

1 EXT. IRAQ CITY SKYLINE - FULL SHOT - SUN 1

Below, the red blaze of sun, the tops of minarets, an Iraqi city skyline, as we hear the haunting VOICE of a MUEZZIN calling the Moslem faithful to prayer.

2 EXT. EXCAVATION SITE (NINEVEH) - DAWN 2

SUPERIMPOSE: THE RUINS OF NINEVEH, NORTHERN IRAQ.

3 MONTAGE - EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - DAY 3

At the last, we discover an old man in khakis (FR. MERRIN) talking to the excavation FOREMAN who holds a tray of artifacts. Merrin holds a small excavating pick. In Arabic, with subtitles:

FOREMAN

Some interesting finds.

MERRIN

Yes, I see.

FOREMAN

(indicating them)

Glyptics, arrowheads, coins.

MERRIN

Very good. We're doing well.

FOREMAN

(leaving)

God is merciful.

MERRIN

Yes. Yes, He is.

About to resume his work, Merrin's eye is caught by something O.S.

MERRIN'S POV - ARAB WORKMAN

pausing to wipe sweat from his brow, he stares at Merrin with one ghastly whited eye: glaucoma.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

MERRIN

staring with compassion; regret.

SUN

lower in the sky.

MERRIN

excavating with small pick. He puts the pick down, gingerly extracts something from the pick-hole. He breaks away the hardened earth encrusting it, takes a brush from shirt pocket, dusts away the dirt. And then reacts with striking dismay as he stares at a green stone amulet.

CLOSE ON AMULET

It is a figure of Pazuzu, Assyrian demon of sickness and disease.

CLOSE ON MERRIN

He looks up and off, as if stricken by a chilling premonition.

4

MONTAGE - INT. MOSUL - CURATOR OF ANTIQUITIES OFFICE - DAY

4

At first, a montage of archeological busts on display in the office.

And then the CAMERA is in motion, SLOWLY PANNING the tagged finds of a recent archeological dig now spread out in neat rows on a long table. Finally, the CAMERA STOPS AT an Assyrian pendant as the curator's hand reaches INTO FRAME, lifting the tag on the pendant so that the CURATOR can read the writing on it. The only sounds are the TOCKING of a pendulum CLOCK and the scratching of the Curator's pen as he writes.

CLOSE ON LEDGER

It contains entries, descriptions of the finds and is clearly headed, in the Curator's handwriting, "Nineveh Excavation: Fr. Merrin." On a fresh line of entries, the Curator's hand now writes: "Pendant, Assyrian; Palace of Assurbanipal."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON CURATOR

He is seated at desk upon which lie some of the finds and is looking up curiously from the ledger to someone O.S.

MERRIN

standing over a long table covered with rows of the finds. He is staring down at something on it.

CLOSEUP - AMULET

on table. It is the green stone amulet of the demon and is tagged: "Amulet, Pazuzu, Demon of Disease."

FULL SHOT - SCENE

As Curator blots the page, he looks over and sees Merrin reach down and pick up the amulet.

CURATOR

'Evil against evil.'

Merrin doesn't answer, continuing to stare down at the amulet, haunted.

CURATOR

Something's upset you, Father Merrin. I can feel it.

Merrin nods.

CURATOR

What is it? Can you say?

MERRIN

A premonition.

CURATOR

Of what?

MERRIN

Of something that I've faced once before. Long ago.

CURATOR

Can you tell me?

Merrin places the amulet on the tabletop. He shakes his head. Then:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

MERRIN

It's alright.

The TOCKING of the CLOCK abruptly CEASES. The sudden silence turns Merrin's stare to the clock.

CLOSE ON CLOCK

CLOSE ON AMULET OF PAZUZU

5 EXT. GEORGETOWN - HIGH ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAWN 5
from the Virginia side of the Potomac River.
SUPERIMPOSE: Georgetown, Washington, D.C.

6 MONTAGE - INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - 6
DAWN

A quick montage, spooky establishing shots of the basement, then kitchen, the 2nd floor hall, through which we hear the muted TICKING of a CLOCK. Then:

7 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - REGAN - DAWN 7
Sleeping.

ON WINDOW

It is open. A white lace curtain billows in a breeze. We hear its keening, whipping sound. A stuffed bear sits on the window ledge.

CLOSEUP - STUFFED BEAR

Now BRING UP the TICKING sound a bit. The bear falls over. Blown by the wind?

8 INT. CHRIS MACNEIL'S BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - ALARM CLOCK - 8
DAWN

On a bedstand, it is TICKING rapidly, now quite LOUDER.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

ON CHRIS MACNEIL

Sleeping. The TICKING. Then it STOPS. A deep silence. It causes Chris to open her eyes wide. She looks over at the stopped clock.

CLOSEUP - CLOCK

The silence.

9

EXT. STREET (MOSUL, IRAQ) - DAY

9

Merrin is seen bidding goodbye to the Curator at the outer door, then moves along the gathering gloom of the street. And is almost run over as a fast-moving droshky appears from an intersecting street bearing down upon him.

FRONT MOVING SHOT - DROSHKY

Its only passenger is an Iraqi woman in black, her face a shadow behind her veil that is loosely draped over her like a shroud. In a TIGHT SHOT we see that she has large and mesmerizing eyes of unusual intensity and a ghostly pale-green color that are startling against the darkness of her skin. She is the figure of Death.

ON MERRIN

reacting to the close call. Then he stares after the droshky.

CLOSER FRONT MOVING ON WOMAN

in black in droshky. From the loud clattering of the carriage, we go to the relative quiet of:

10

EXT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL (GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY) -
ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAWN

10

We see a priest -- FR. DAMIEN KARRAS -- sleepily entering chapel through side sacristy door, his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING in silence.

11

11 INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL SACRISTY - DAWN

Karras begins to vest for the saying of Mass. Then something catches his eye. Above the holy water font by the door is a crucifix. It is upside down. He moves over to it, places his hand on it, slowly rights it, then pauses, frowning, as he mulls how it could have gotten that way. And now he hears, from the direction of the chapel altar, the O.S. sound of three or four slow, deliberate FOOTSTEPS. They stop. Karras waits a moment, then the CAMERA REMAINS FIXED as he slowly walks into the chapel proper, stops and looks around. Again he frowns, puzzled, apparently seeing no one there. Then he looks back TOWARD us and at:

CLOSEUP - CRUCIFIX

12

EXT. IRAQI DESERT LANDSCAPE - SUN

12

very low in the sky. We hear a dim YAPPING of wild DOG PACKS.

13

EXT. MOSUL OUTSKIRTS - EXCAVATION SITE - DUSK

13

Merrin arrives in a Jeep. Arab guards hail him mutely. And we FOLLOW Merrin as he warily prowls the ruins of a former temple area. He has the manner of someone sifting vibrations, like one who is seeking something, yet is afraid that he will find it. He climbs a crag, sees something O.S., freezes.

HIS POV - FULL ON STATUE OF PAZUZU IN SITU

Set on a crag opposite Merrin, it is larger than life-size.

ON MERRIN

This is it. His fears are confirmed. It hits him. He lowers his head, closing his eyes against a dread confirmation of his premonition. A shadow of the statue lengthens and creeps across his face, and in the distance we hear the YAPPINGS of the DOG PACKS, now closer.

ANGLE ON SHADOWS

quickenning across the desert. A breeze rises up, blowing dust ACROSS the FRAME. The DOGS SNARLING.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

ON MERRIN

He raises his head, and in his expression there is now acceptance and grim determination. The breeze whips gently at his shirt.

HIS POV - STATUE OF PAZUZU

CLOSE ON LARGE WILD DOGS

One mostly black, the other mostly white, they SNARL and claw at one another.

WIDE SHOT ON MERRIN AND PAZUZU

Facing off on opposite peaks against the setting sun, as the SNARLING of the DOGS, the keening of the WIND, GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL THEY BREAK OFF ABRUPTLY INTO relative SILENCE TO the hurly-burly sounds of a MOTION PICTURE COMPANY preparing to shoot a scene as we see:

14

SERIES OF SHOTS - EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS
AND ENVIRONS (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY

14

- A) Thirty-sixth Street, SHOOTING PAST Holy Trinity Church AT a brooding brick house where Thirty-sixth dead-ends into Prospect Street.
- B) DOWN ANGLE ON the precipitous flight of old stone steps immediately adjacent to the house.
- C) SHOT THROUGH campus front gates on "O" Street. Along the street are motion picture company trucks and trailers.
- D) ANGLES ON motion-picture dressing-room trailers and equipment strung out on circular driveway in front of campus Healy Building. Extras. The crew. Spectators.
- E) Camera crane descending --
- F) Klieg lights turning on --

At the outset of this series of shots, we hear the voices of a MAN with a British accent (Burke Dennings) and a WOMAN (Chris MacNeil) ENGAGED IN ARGUMENT (Wild Track #1). UP THROUGH SHOT C, the VOICES are INDISTINCT, but FROM SHOT F on, they are CLOSER and we clearly hear:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (O.S.)
This is crazy, Burke.

BURKE (O.S.)
It isn't.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Yes, it is.

BURKE (O.S.)
Now don't be difficult.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I'm not being difficult.

BURKE (O.S.)
You absolutely are.

CHRIS (O.S.)
No, I'm not. This whole scene is
the pits. It's a crock.

BURKE (O.S.)
You don't lie, then, I gather.

CHRIS (O.S.)
It just doesn't make a damn bit of
sense!

CHRIS, BURKE AND CHUCK

CHRIS, BURKE, and young assistant director (CHUCK) are in the center of a silently-observing cordon of cast, crew and spectators. Chris holds an open script and is costumed in jeans and a sweatshirt. Burke, the director, has an elfin quality accented by the large red pimple near the end of his malmsey nose. He seems perpetually on the verge of either a giggle or a guffaw, as if all is a game and actors and actresses are merely children who must be humored. Sitting in a tall camp chair, he is nervously nibbling on a thin strip of paper torn from the edge of a script. Chuck has a bound copy of the script in his hands and stands to the side, arms folded, head bent, as he listens. From O.S. we hear cast members rehearsing a "rap" SONG.

CHRIS
(showing him the scene
in the script)
Take a look at this, will ya?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE
(fingering it)
Yes, it's lovely.

CHRIS
(looking off,
exasperated)
Burke, come on!

BURKE
Oh, well, tell me now, my baby,
what's the problem?

CHRIS
I'm the drama coach and --

BURKE
-- now you're rehearsing a play.
What's wrong with that?

CHRIS
It's a Catholic university, Burke.
They wouldn't do this.

BURKE
Don't be silly. It's a musical.
The Pope loves music.

CHRIS
The Pope loves gangster rap?

BURKE
Are you mad? You wait to bring
this up now, for heaven's sake?

Leaning her face into his and grimacing and speaking
comically:

CHRIS
Yeah, now, for heaven's sake.

BURKE
Well, then, splendid: all the
actors can sing one-two-three-
four, I suppose, like in a bloody
Italian Fellini film, and we can
dub in the bloody proper lyrics
later on! Would that satisfy you,
madam?

CHRIS
(already leaving)
Yeah, okay.

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

Yes, run along. Inciting riot and confusion and then showing off a little bit of bum, that's all you're good for. Yes, I see what it is: a star is bored.

She waggles her derriere, then blows him a kiss. To Chuck:

BURKE

Call a ten-minute break.

CHUCK

(to company through
bullhorn)

Take ten, everybody!

BURKE

Just time enough to have a nervous breakdown.

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - CHRIS

The 2ND A.D. has fallen in beside her, hands her a call sheet.

2ND A.D.

Here, you get the day off tomorrow, Chris. You're not in any of the scenes.

CHRIS

(eyeing the sheet)

Hey, movies are better than ever.

As he leaves her, two STUDENTS approach proffering notepads and pens.

GIRL STUDENT

Miss MacNeil, could we please have your autograph?

CHRIS

Sure.

(signs)

Here's for you. Okay? And here's for --

She tries to write, but can't and shakes the pen, which has gone dry.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No, not. Out of ink.

BOY STUDENT

My luck.

CHRIS

Never fear, Chris is here. And
for you...

She places a lipstick imprint on the boy's notepad. As
she hands it, there's an antic expression on her face and
she crosses her eyes.

CHRIS

My lips.

And as she moves on, we TRACK FRONT WITH her:

BOY STUDENT

Oh, wow!

GIRL STUDENT

(gushing, squealing)

Oh, my God!

Hearing VOICES, Chris looks to her left and sees Damien
Karras with a consoling arm around the shoulder of a
younger, disconsolate priest, as they come out of the
Copley Building first-floor entrance.

CHRIS' MOVING POV - KARRAS AND DISCONSOLATE PRIEST

KARRAS

There's not a day of my life that
I don't feel like a fraud. I
mean, priests, doctors, lawyers,
I've talked to them all and I've
never known anyone who hasn't felt
that. Okay? Now you call me any
time of day or night, Ed. I'm
here.

As the disconsolate priest nods, moves off glumly, Karras
looks over INTO CAMERA, meeting Chris' stare with a
faint, sad smile.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

She stops, still staring back at Karras, her brow
wrinkling in ponder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KARRAS

as he mutely greets yet another priest who is elderly, putting an arm around his shoulder and leading him into the Copley Building.

CHRIS

as she turns her head and sees something else ahead of her. A pixieish expression comes over her, and with a mock-threatening "Arrgghh..." sound deep in her throat, she crooks out her arms, as if intent on capturing someone. She is looking toward:

HER POV - SHARON AND REGAN

REGAN is twelve. Braces and a missing front tooth. SHARON SPENCER is a blonde in her late twenties to early thirties. Her manner and looks are fresh and direct. From around her neck dangles a faddish New Age crystal ornament. Regan, holding her hand, has been skipping along, but now she stops, grinning slyly as she sees that her mother has spotted her.

FULLER ANGLE

Chris and Regan play a game that seems a combination of touch-tag and hide-and-go-seek, Chris the pursuer and Regan the pursued. When at last Chris captures Regan:

CHRIS

So whatdjya do this morning,
bearface?

REGAN

Oh, stuff.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah? What kind of stuff?

REGAN

(finger to lips)

Well...

And now imitating Regan's voice and gesture:

CHRIS

Well...

REGAN

Well, I studied, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Of course.

REGAN

An' I painted.

CHRIS

Whadjya paint?

REGAN

Oh, well, flowers. Ya know, daisies? Only pink. An' then -- Oh, yeah! This horse! I mean, this man had a horse, ya know, down by the river? We were walking, see, Mom, and then along came this --

CHRIS

(finishing with her)

-- horse!

REGAN

Oh, he was beautiful, Mom, you should've seen him! And the man let me sit on him!

Regan is kneeling and has her arms around her mother's neck.

REGAN

Mother, can't we get a horse? I mean, could we?

CHRIS

We'll see, baby.

REGAN

When can I get one?

CHRIS

Lemme up, hon, I gotta go tinkle.

Rising and running toward the trailer steps:

REGAN

Me, too! And me first!

CHRIS

(rising and chasing
after)

No, me! I'm your mother!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (7)

14

REGAN (O.S.)

No, me!

15 INT. UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

15

The PRESIDENT is at the window, looking down at the filming, along with FR. JOE DYER, a dry-witted priest in his thirties with a chronically deadpan expression. From O.S. we hear:

CHRIS (O.S.)

You creepy kid, I'm a star!

PRESIDENT

They don't seem such bad people.

DYER

Who said they were?

WIDE REAR ANGLE

PRESIDENT

Didn't you?

DYER

I just said the director was an asshole.

16 EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - BURKE - DAY

16

He is sitting in a camp chair, sipping from a silver flask, which he then slips into the pocket at side of chair as:

BURKE

Oh, yes, lovely. Now let's have us a munch, my dear boy, a little crunchie wunchie munchie. So delicious.

Chuck has hauled out a script from his back pocket, opens it and offers it to Burke like an altar boy offering the missal to a priest at solemn mass. The edge of the script looks gnawed, with narrow strips ripped off many pages. Burke leafs to an untouched page. During this, a STILL PHOTOGRAPHER passes behind Burke, momentarily touching a hand to his shoulder with:

PHOTOGRAPHER

How's it goin'?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

Oh, well, twiddles and twaddles.

Burke has begun to surgically shave off a narrow section from the edge of a page of the script. His fingers shake.

INSERT - BURKE'S SHAKING FINGERS

tearing paper.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Same here.

BACK TO SCENE

BURKE

(scanning the pages as
he tears)

Oh, well, my God, you know she's
right about this scene. It's
simply absolutely hideous; just
vomit.

CHUCK

(warily squinting up
at the sky)

Burke, we're losing the light.

BURKE

(moodily)

Yes, I know. They're going out
all across the bloody world.

And as we hear DISTANT THUNDER, he puts the end of the strip into his mouth and begins to chew it, then squints up at the sky.

SKY

A roiling mass of windswept black clouds. DISTANT rumble of THUNDER; faint flash of lightning in the distance. During this, SUPERIMPOSED, one word at a time: script dropping to ground. The wind ruffling its pages rapidly.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM

An EXPRESS is ROARING by on the opposite side. Down steps comes Karras, carrying a black valise. He walks to edge of platform. The express has passed. He hears a voice:

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

DERELICT (O.S.)

Hey, Faddah!

Karras turns, sees a WINO, drunk, his back propped against station wall and lying in a pool of his own urine.

DERELICT (WINO)

Couldjya help an old altar boy,
Faddah? I'm a Cat'lic.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

Pain and dismay in his face. He clutches at his coat lapels, pulling them together as if to hide his Roman collar. Another train rushes by on near side.

18

EXT. MANHATTAN SLUM AREA - ESTABLISHING SHOT -
EL TRAIN - DAY

near Fordham station. Boisterous teenage gang types. Karras walks despondently along the south side of the street, which is studded with decrepit tenement buildings. He notices he is being followed by a large, black dog, identical to the one seen in Iraq. We INTERCUT between the relentlessly pursuing dog and Karras, who seems somewhat apprehensive about the pursuit, looking back over his shoulder with a frown and a look of wariness, even crossing the street. But the dog follows. As he passes a parked squad car emblazoned with the identifying logo of the NYC police, and then the open entry doors of a police station, we hear from within the station:

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Father Karras?

Karras wearily halts. And as he looks around and sees that the dog has vanished, a middle-aged police sergeant (MIKE) appears in the doorway, leaning on one hand, cigarette in the other. His manner is leisurely. Through the scene, Karras will now and again check to see if the dog is around.

MIKE

Thought it was you. How ya been?

KARRAS

Not too bad, Mike. And you?

Mike's attention is diverted to an approaching squad car as:

MIKE

Can't complain. You gonna be in
New York for a while?

(CONTINUED)

17

KARRAS

No, just in to give a talk.

MIKE

To them nuns again?

Karras nods.

MIKE

Couldn't hurt 'em.

Mike comes down off the stoop to the street, his attention returning to -- and staying with -- the squad car, which contains two officers and a prisoner. The latter is handcuffed. On Mike's move.

MIKE

Well, your mother will be sure glad ta see ya. I see her leanin' out the winda most the time, ya know, watchin' all the traffic goin' by. I dunno how people could do that, Father, livin' all alone. I couldn't do that. Ya oughta try to get around more, ya know?

Karras glumly nods, then starts away.

KARRAS

Good to see you, Mike.

MIKE

Good to see you.

The prisoner, as he is hustled past to the station entry, spits into Mike's face, and Mike instantly, savagely cuffs his head with a reflex, passionless backhanded slap.

FRONT SHOT - KARRAS

MIKE (O.S.)

Keep the faith.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The CAMERA is stationed by an apartment front door and is FIXED ON Karras trudging up steps at the far end of the hall. He approaches, digs out a key from his pants pocket, but hesitates. In his eyes there is pain. From within we hear the faint sound of a RADIO tuned to an all-news station. Karras gathers himself, then enters.

20 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

The RADIO is now MORE AUDIBLE. We are in a railroad-flat kitchen. Tiny. Cracking plaster and peeling wallpaper. Sparse and ancient furnishings. In the kitchen, a small tub for laundry. Faded old newspapers are spread on the uncarpeted floor. As Karras enters, he breathes in an aching sigh as his gaze brushes lightly over painful reminders of his impoverished boyhood. Then he glances to the right, toward the sound of the RADIO.

KARRAS

Mama?

No response. He puts down his valise and the CAMERA FOLLOWS him INTO the bedroom, where, on a bureau, we see a photo of him as a Golden Gloves boxer; another, a photo of a childhood sweetheart. He examines them for a moment, then turns OFF the RADIO, removes his coat, lays it down on the bed. We then FOLLOW him INTO:

21 INT. KARRAS'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM

21

The room is shabby and sparsely furnished. Karras now sees his mother, fully dressed, dozing on a torn and grease-stained sofa. He observes her for a moment, then sighs as he removes his raincoat and drapes it over a chair. He turns OFF the RADIO, moves quietly to his mother. She wears a distinctive holy medal around her neck.

KARRAS

(softly)

Mama?

She wakes, surprised and joyful, rises quickly to embrace him.

MOTHER

Dimmy! Oh, Dimmy! I so glad to see you!

KARRAS

So glad to see you, Mama. Love you. So much.

22 INT. KARRAS'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - DAY

22

Karras and Mother sit at tiny table opposite each other as Karras eats. She isn't eating. She just watches him. On a counter, a windup CLOCK TICKS away.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

Dimmy, you look worry about something.

KARRAS

No, I'm fine, Mama. Really. I'm okay.

MOTHER

You sure?

KARRAS

Yes, I'm sure, Mama. Honest.
(indicates the food)
Hey, delicious. Really great.

The TICKING of the clock STOPS. Karras looks up at the silence.

23

INT. MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

23

Karras tightens a bandage around his mother's leg.

KARRAS

That too tight, Mama?
(as she shakes her head)

Now you've got to stay off it.
You can't keep going up and down the stairs like that. Okay?

MOTHER

You Uncle John come by to visit me.

KARRAS

(brightening)

Oh, really, Mama? When? This week?

MOTHER

Two-three month ago.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

He stops bandaging, stares at her, stricken, as an el train rushes by.

CLOSE ON APARTMENT WINDOW

EL TRAIN ROARING by.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

FULL SHOT - APARTMENT

His mother asleep on the couch, Karras leaves quietly, stops to turn the RADIO back ON, then exits, closing the door softly behind him.

24

EXT. STEPS BESIDE MACNEIL HOUSE - DOWN SHOT - DUSK

24

The steeply plunging steps are wet from rain. Very quiet.

25

EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DUSK

25

26

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DEN - SHARON - DAY

26

We open on Sharon sitting at den table, typing. Stack of mail and messages. We hear front DOOR CLOSE, FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. Chris enters, shucking raincoat, sorting through the mail, messages as:

SHARON

Hi, Chris. How'd it go today?

CHRIS

One two three four.

SHARON

Didn't get you.

CHRIS

We'll dub it in later. Where's Rags? We've got to get her out of sight.

SHARON

She's in the playroom downstairs.

CHRIS

Oh, perfect.

SHARON

Yes, she's sculpting you a bird.

CHRIS

(imitating)

'Hey, a pigeon for a pigeon.' On the Waterfront.

As she flops down into an overstuffed chair, exhausted:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

There. So how'd the lesson go,
Sharon?

SHARON

Had a bad time with math again.

CHRIS

You're kidding me.

SHARON

Huh-uh.

CHRIS

That's her favorite subject.

SHARON

Yes, I know.

CHRIS

Has her father called?

Sharon shakes her head. Angrily:

CHRIS

One two three four, one two three
four.

SHARON

Chris, you ought to try
meditating. Really.

CHRIS

You think that stuff does any
good?

SHARON

It gives me super peace of mind.

CHRIS

(drily)

That's terrific.

From O.S., sound of DOORBELL interrupts.

ENTRY HALL

CHRIS

(rises quickly, moves
off)

Here they come. I'll keep her
busy.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

SHARON

Right. I'll give you the 'high sign.'

As Chris passes Sharon, they exchange "high fives."

27

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - BASEMENT PLAYROOM - DUSK

27

There is a juke box, and a Ping-Pong table on which are various sculpts of animals and sculpting materials and equipment; a painting on an easel; and, on the walls, various paintings executed by Regan as well as a framed blowup of Chris and Regan on a magazine cover. But at first we see only, in a --

SERIES OF BRIEF SHOTS

On the easel, a childlike painting of a house, largely splashes of red and green paint; painting and sculpting supplies; a comical sculpted and painted bird; and a distinctive sculpted teddy bear. During these we hear rapid and erratic SLIDING sounds, a planchette gliding over a Ouija board.

SLOW PUSH TO Regan's back.

She is seated in a chair at a game table, hunched over it intently, head low. The SOUNDS are LOUDER, but we cannot see what she is doing. As we ARRIVE CLOSE, she stops the unseen movements and looks up -- as if suddenly aware of our presence.

UP ANGLE - BASEMENT STEPS

Chris is coming down.

CHRIS

Whatchya doin' there, Rags?

REGAN (O.S.)

(depressed; subdued)

Oh, just playin'.

CHRIS

You don't sound very playful.

REGAN (O.S.)

Yeah, I am. I made a bear for you, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Yeah, I see it. It's great,
honey. Thanks.

Chris LEAVES the FRAME and we REMAIN FIXED ON the
staircase. From O.S., we hear CHRIS'S FOOTSTEPS, SLOW,
DELIBERATE. They STOP. Then:

CHRIS (O.S.)

Where'd you get the Ouija board,
Rags?

REGAN (O.S.)

Oh, I found it.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Found it where?

FULL SHOT - CHRIS AND REGAN

Arms folded, slightly frowning, Chris stands over Regan
who is seated at a small game table. Before her is a
Ouija board. She is staring with brow-furrowed
concentration at the planchette, which, resting beneath
the fingertips of both hands, is moving from letter to
letter in swift and agitated jerks.

REGAN

Oh, in the closet over there.

CHRIS

(looking over to
closet)

Where'd ya learn how to do it?

REGAN

Oh, it says on the back. On the
box.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah, right.

Chris turns and stares in the direction of the sound of
an OBJECT, perhaps a painting on the easel, falling to
the basement floor. The planchette stops moving, and
Regan stares at it despondently, her body fidgety and
alive with small, restless movements. Chris turns back
to Regan, puzzled.

CHRIS

Honey, what's the matter?
(puts her hands on
Regan's shoulders)
Hey, quit that twitching.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

He said Daddy went away because of me. He didn't want me.

CHRIS

What? Honey, who said those things? What on earth are you -- ?

She breaks off as with a sudden, pained sound in her throat. Regan's hands are pulled by a sharp and strong movement of the planchette. Regan's eyes grow wide as with helpless fear and fascination she follows the planchette, which is moving in rapid and savagely powerful circular movements while Chris looks on with alarm. Chris sits, puts her hands atop Regan's and freezes them.

CHRIS

Regan, stop that!

REGAN

(coming to)

Huh? What's the matter?

CLOSE ON CLOSET DOOR

Now it is closed.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Well, I think you need two people, sweetie.

REGAN (O.S.)

No, you don't, Mom. I do it all the time.

CHRIS AND REGAN

Chris is extremely concerned, though pretending nonchalance as she probes Regan for more about this phenomenon.

CHRIS

Oh, you do?

REGAN

Yeah, it's fun.

CHRIS

Well, let's both play, alright?

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

(reluctant)

Oh, okay.

Regan has her fingertips positioned on the planchette, and as Chris reaches out to put hers there, the planchette makes a sudden, forceful move to the "No" inscription at top of board.

CHRIS

'No.' You don't want me to play, is that it?

REGAN

No, I do. Captain Howdy said no.

CHRIS

Captain Who?

REGAN

Captain Howdy.

CHRIS

Honey, who's Captain Howdy?

REGAN

Oh, ya know: I do the questions and he does the answers.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah?

REGAN

He's really nice.

CHRIS

No, I don't think so.

REGAN

Yes, he is. He's my friend. Here, I'll show you.

CHRIS

Yeah, show me.

REGAN

Captain Howdy, do you think my mom is pretty?

Seconds tick by. Chris turns her head toward an odd and unsettling CREAKING sound from the closet area.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (4)

27

HER POV - CLOSET DOOR

It's still closed.

REGAN (O.S.)

Come on and answer me, please.

Don't you think my mom is pretty?

BACK TO SCENE

Chris slowly turns her gaze back to the table. Still no movement of the planchette.

REGAN

(grumbling)

Captain Howdy, you're a poop.

CHRIS

Could be he's sleeping. Do you think?

REGAN

Let him sleep on his own time.

CHRIS

Rags, how long have you been playing with this thing?

SHARON (O.S.)

Hey, the pizza's here, guys.

REGAN

Oh, pizza? Yay! Hooray!

She's racing off, Chris following.

CLOSET DOOR

Now it is slightly ajar.

28

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DOOR TO BASEMENT - DAY

28

We hear FOOTSTEPS RUSHING UP, door bursts open. Regan. Stunned.

REVERSE ANGLE

Burke, cast and crew members, housekeepers WILLIE and KARL, singing "Happy Birthday." In center, Sharon holds birthday cake.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

REGAN AND CHRIS

Chris climbs the last step into kitchen and Regan,
overjoyed, hugs her.

CLOSE ON BIRTHDAY CAKE

The SINGING. In the midst of it, we abruptly --

CUT TO:

29

INT. BASEMENT PLAYROOM - CLOSE ON OUIJA BOARD

29

Farther away, the SINGING as the planchette moves a short
but swift and empathic distance to the "No."

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STEPS - NIGHT 30

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hello, yes?

31 INT. CHRIS MACNEIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 31

Sharon sits on bed scribbling shorthand onto steno pad while Chris paces in agitation, phone receiver to ear.

CHRIS

Yes, I'm trying to reach Howard MacNeil, he's at... What?... Operator, you've got to be kidding! I've been on this freaking line now for almost twenty minutes! Now why can't you -- ? Gone again. Do you believe this? Doesn't call or send a card on her birthday?

32 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 32

A despondent Regan stands, head down, beside open door, eavesdropping.

SHARON

Oh, well, maybe the circuits were busy.

CHRIS

No, he just doesn't give a rat.
(into telephone)

Yes?... No, operator, don't try to tell me there's no answer. It's the Hotel Excelsior in Rome! Would you try it again please and this time let it ring more than twice? Yes, hello? No, I've given you the number four times. Do you take an illiteracy test to get that job? Call the number I gave you and just let it ring and then play it in the Lotto if you like. Do they have that where you are? They've got Lotto?

(CONTINUED)

32

32 CONTINUED:

She gives the Italian "arm" gesture three times rapidly. Regan has sadly gone into her bedroom, closed the door. As she does, we PUSH TO a CLOSE SHOT OF the shiny BRASS DOORKNOB.

33

33 EXT. RAIN-SLICK PROSPECT STREET - NIGHT

Ground fog shooting up toward the house from Prospect and "O."

And we hear, dimly, an odd TAPPING sound, MUFFLED, RHYTHMICALLY clustered, like alien code tapped out by a dead man.

STEEP DOWN ANGLE - STEPS

The TAPPING sounds are CLOSER.

34

34 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT

And CLOSER.

35

35 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FULL SHOT - DARKENED KITCHEN
FEATURING BASEMENT DOOR

Already slightly ajar, it CREAKS further open slightly.

The TAPPINGS.

AT ENTRY HALL STAIRCASE TO BEDROOM FLOOR

The TAPPINGS are CLOSER. A light from an open bedroom door shines down on the staircase.

2ND FLOOR HALL OUTSIDE CHRIS'S BEDROOM

THROUGH open door we see Chris, in bed studying a script. She abruptly peers over it, frowning at the sounds. She looks down to the script again; then irritably slams it down on her lap, flouncing out of bed. She exits into the hall, frowns, looking for the source of the sound; locates it. The CAMERA TRACKS WITH her as she moves toward the door to another bedroom. And now the RAPPINGS ACCELERATE and come regularly, much LOUDER, building to a crescendo as Chris throws open the door.

36 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON DOOR - CHRIS - NIGHT

36

The TAPPINGS have abruptly CEASED. Chris looks baffled.

POV OF ROOM

CAMERA SHIFTING to FOLLOW Chris's scrutiny. It is a typical child's bedroom, with large stuffed animals, paintings, and sculptures executed by Regan placed all about, among them a green clay sculpture of a turtle on the window seat in front of the large bay window overlooking the steps outside the house. Regan is asleep in her bed, her blankets kicked off and askew. She is lightly perspiring. Chris moves to her bedside.

CHRIS

Baby bear? You awake?

No response, only breathing, regular and deep. Chris notices goose pimples on her arms. Puzzled, Chris rubs at them, shivering as if at an icy coldness. In fact, her breath is coming frosty. Softly:

CHRIS

Damn, it's freezing in here!

She looks around, sees the window is open. She goes to it.

37 EXT. REGAN'S WINDOW - NIGHT

37

Chris stares down out the window at:

POV DOWN SHOT ON STEPS FROM REGAN'S WINDOW - NIGHT

38 EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

38

Chris closes it.

39 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

We TRACK CLOSE WITH Chris, as she moves to bedside, leans over, pulls the covers over Regan, straightens up and looks down.

CHRIS

(sotto)

Sure do love you.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Now she hears a SCRAPING sound from above, like tiny claws scratching at the edge of a galaxy. Arms folded for warmth, while still trembling uncontrollably from the cold, she lifts her puzzled stare to the ceiling.

40

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN - CLOSEUP ON BACON FRYING
- DAY

40

FULL SHOT OF SCENE

Sleepy-eyed, Chris enters in bathrobe carrying a script. She's headed for the coffee. The housekeeper, WILLIE, at stove, hastily puts down fork, wiping hands on her apron.

CHRIS

Mornin', Willie.

WILLIE

(German accent)

Oh, Mrs. MacNeil! Good morning!

CHRIS

No, never mind, Willie. I've got it. Thanks.

Crusty-eyed, Chris moves sleepily about the kitchen, getting milk for her coffee from the refrigerator as a man enters, KARL: Willie's husband, very Teutonic. A huge man, he is powerfully built, has a gleaming shaven head. He carries in a fresh Sparklett's bottle.

KARL

Good morning, missus.

CHRIS

Good morning. Oh, Karl, we've got rats in the attic. Better get us some traps.

KARL

There are rats?

CHRIS

I just said that.

KARL

But the attic is clean.

CHRIS

So, okay, we've got tidy rats.

(CONTINUED)

KARL

No rats.

CHRIS

Karl, I heard them last night.

KARL

Maybe plumbing. Maybe boards.

CHRIS

Maybe rats. Now will you just get the traps and quit arguing? Sheesh!

KARL

(leaving quickly)

I go now.

CHRIS

No, not now, Karl! The stores aren't open!

WILLIE

(calling after him)

They are closed!

But he is gone. We've heard the front DOOR OPEN and CLOSE. Chris has sat down at breakfast nook table, the morning paper before her.

CHRIS

So stubborn.

Sharon has entered, heading for the coffee.

SHARON

Mornin', gang.

WILLIE

Oh, good morning, Miss Spencer.

Not fully awake yet, Chris realizes she's got the newspaper upside down. She rights it.

CHRIS

(a murmur)

No wonder. Hey, Shar, lay on a limo for me, would you? Twelve o'clock. I want to take Regan around to see the monuments.

SHARON

Oh, nice.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No, never mind. It's more fun in the convertible.

SHARON

(with a grin)

Yeah. Has her father called her yet?

CHRIS

You mean Howard the Jerk? Stupid Howard the Scum of the Earth?

SHARON

Guess he didn't.

CHRIS

No, not.

Chris now frowns, staring out window.

CHRIS

Are there 24-hour hardware stores in this town?

SHARON

What do you mean?

CHRIS

I just saw Karl get on a bus.

41 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - ON CAPITAL TRANSIT BUS - DAY 41

As it pulls away.

42 INT. BUS - DAY 42

As Karl takes a seat, looking inscrutable.

43 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY 43

Chris is looking into mirror, applying lipstick. She is dressed to go out. She puts down lipstick, starts out of room.

CHRIS

(calling)

Hey, you ready, Rags? You dressed?

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

No answer. Chris puts away lipstick, turns to go to Regan's room.

CHRIS

Rags?

44

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

44

Regan is sitting in window seat. She seems to be having a quiet conversation with an invisible companion.

REGAN

Tell me again how I should do it,
Captain Howdy.

She listens, head tilted to the side. Then:

REGAN

Okay.

45

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL OF MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

45

Chris is approaching Regan's bedroom. The door is ajar.

REGAN

Regan?

Hearing Regan's voice O.S., Chris stops, looks in through crack in door.

REGAN

Yes. I understand.

46

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM, - SHOT ON REGAN THROUGH DOOR
OPENING - DAY

46

She is still conversing with the invisible entity.

REGAN

I will. I really want to. I
will. But now tell me again
how --

She abruptly stops as Chris enters slowly.

REGAN

Oh, hi, Mom.

CHRIS

Who you talkin' to?

(CONTINUED)

Regan shrugs.

REGAN

No one really.

CHRIS

Whaddya mean?

REGAN

It's just a game, Mom. Make-believe.

CHRIS

Never seen you play that game.

REGAN

Yeah, it's new.

CHRIS

(nods; concerned; then)

Right.

(moving to closet)

Okay, come on, let's get a move on, hon. Put on the green dress.

REGAN

I couldn't find it.

CHRIS

No, it's here.

REGAN

I looked everywhere, Mom.

CHRIS

(searching in closet)

I just put it here yesterday myself. Now where is it?

ANGLE FROM INSIDE CLOSET SHOOTING OUT

REGAN

See, Mom? It's not there.

CHRIS

Yeah, I see. Maybe Willie picked it up with the cleaning.

REGAN

It's gone.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

CHRIS
(taking blue dress
off rack, exiting
closet)

Yeah, well, put on the navy. It's
pretty.

Tossing dress onto bed, looks around.

CHRIS
Why'd you change all the furniture
around?

REGAN
I didn't.

Chris turns for an inscrutable look at her.

47

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

47

We are SHOOTING LONG THROUGH door AT Chris and Karl.
They are standing at kitchen sink, where Karl is
polishing silver. Willie is cleaning out the
refrigerator. Karl has his BACK TO us, never turns to
look at Chris as:

CHRIS
Did you change Regan's furniture
around?

KARL
No, not me.

CHRIS
You, Willie?

Willie turns to her, shakes her head.

WILLIE
No, missus.

Chris stares down in ponder, then turns her doubtful gaze
back up to Karl.

48

INT. STUDENT RATHSKELLER ("THE TOMBS") - ON BAR -
ESTABLISHING

48

Karras picks up two steins of beer, and we FOLLOW him TO
a booth where he sits down opposite the University
President.

(CONTINUED)

KARRAS

It's my mother, Tom. I never should have left her. She's alone. Up at Fordham I'd be close, I could visit.

PRESIDENT

I could see about a transfer, if you like.

KARRAS

No, Tom, I want reassignment. I need out of this job. I can't counsel other priests anymore. It's not right.

PRESIDENT

Are you kidding? You're the best that we've got.

KARRAS

Am I really? Look, it's more than psychiatry, Tom, and you know that. Some of their problems come down to vocations, to the meaning of their lives, and I just can't cut it, Tom. It's too much. I need out. I'm unfit.

(after a beat)

I think I've lost my faith.

49 INT. PRIEST'S CUBICLE - REAR SHOT ON KARRAS - DAY (RAIN) 49

We are SLOWLY PUSHING INTO Karras who is informally dressed, saying Mass alone in the tiny space, his hands upraised.

KARRAS (V.O.)

And now, when I lift up the Host at Mass, it's like an unexpected glimpse in a crowd far away of a girl you once loved. That little ache. That funny little stabbing in your heart.

The CAMERA has STOPPED.

CLOSE FRONT SHOT ON KARRAS

KARRAS

'Oh, Lord -- I have loved the beauty of Thy house.'

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

His eyes are wet with tears.

50 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

50

Regan and Chris get into a Mercedes convertible (Cabriolet). The day and their manner is bright.

CHRIS

All set for some action, bearface?

REGAN

Yeah! Move 'em on out there, pardner!

Chris laughs, the car starts forward.

51 EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

51

First we see Chris and Regan walking around the outer columns of the Memorial. Then next we see them, hand in hand, climbing the steps that lead up to the interior of the memorial. In the b.g., the Washington Monument and Reflecting Pool. Chris and Regan stop, looking up PAST us.

CHRIS

Great man, huh?

REGAN

Yup.

REVERSE ANGLE - STATUE OF "THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR"

52 EXT. TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIER - CLOSEUP ON GUARD'S BOOTS - DAY

52

as he clicks them together resoundingly. This is followed by:

MONTAGE OF SHOTS - GUARDS'S RITUAL

ON CHRIS AND REGAN

observing. Chris wears oversized dark sunglasses. A fan recognizes her anyway, wordlessly offers her a pen and pad for an autograph. Chris signs, smiles tightly. The fan goes away. Regan now seems somber.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

Mom?

CHRIS

Yes, honey?

REGAN

Why do people have to die?

Chris stares at her. She doesn't know how to answer. Finally, and tenderly:

CHRIS

Honey, people get tired.

REGAN

Why does God let them?

Chris frowns. She's displeased.

CHRIS

Who's been talking to you about God, Rags?

REGAN

Sharon.

Chris look up toward the guard, lips pursed severely, nodding.

CHRIS

Sharon.

ON MARINE GUARD "POSTING"

His heels come together with a resounding, ECHOING THWOCK.

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE STUDY - DAY

Chris is replacing a few books onto bookshelves, as Sharon files papers.

CHRIS

You been talking to Regan about religion?

SHARON

Just a little, Chris.

CHRIS

Quit it.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

SHARON

It's so hard to avoid. I mean,
she asks so many questions and...

(a helpless shrug)

It's just hard. I mean, how do I
answer?

CHRIS

Give her multiple choice.

54

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

54

As Chris enters, goes to Sparklett's bottle for a drink,
Willie is coming up from the basement carrying a crumpled
child's dress and leaving door to basement open. As
Willie heads for laundry room, Chris sees it, intercepts
her.

CHRIS

Oh, well, there it is. You found
it.

WILLIE

Yes, I find it.

CHRIS

Where?

WILLIE

In basement, missus.

55

INT. BASEMENT PLAYROOM - ON CLOSET - DAY

55

The door is slightly ajar, the lighting creepy.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(baffled)

In the basement?

WILLIE

Yes, in closet.

From the closet, an EERIE, PNEUMATIC, SIGHING sound.

56

EXT. STEPS - SHAR; UP ANGLE OF CURLING FOG - NIGHT

56

We hear the RAPPINGS faintly.

57

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - CHRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

Chris is studying script, memorizing. She looks up, seeing Regan coming into the room rubbing her sleepy eyes.

CHRIS

Hi, honey. What's wrong?

REGAN

There's these real funny noises, Mom. I can't sleep.

CHRIS

Alright, sweetie, I'll take care of it. Go on. Go back to bed.

REGAN

I can't sleep, though.

CHRIS

You can read until you're tired. Go on, scoot.

58

EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - UP ANGLE - NIGHT

58

The windows are all dark. The TAPPINGS are CLOSER. A flashlight's probing shine in a high window.

59

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DOWN SHOT ON CHRIS - NIGHT

59

as she climbs the narrow steps to the attic with a flashlight.

60

INT. ATTIC - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

60

The door is pushed slowly open. Chris enters, shines flashlight beam on light switch, flips it. It doesn't work. She pans the flashlight beam about the attic, searching for something and slowly advancing TOWARD the CAMERA. When she is CLOSE TO us, we TRACK CLOSE WITH her as she illuminates an empty rat trap or two. She hears a slow CREAK, freezes, whips flashlight around. No one there. She sighs. Then, as we ANGLE the CAMERA so that the lighted doorway is IN SHOT, we see BEHIND Chris the black silhouette of an enormous, shadowy figure. It is coming up silently behind Chris. Then suddenly:

KARL

There is nothing.

Chris leaps three feet out of her skin and emits a startled yelp of fright, spinning around.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

KARL

You see? The attic is clean. No rats.

CHRIS

(deadpan)

Thank you for sharing that with me, Karl.

61

INT. BASEMENT PLAYROOM - ON CLOSET DOOR THEN
QUIJA BOARD

61

A sinister SIGHING sound. Subjective CAMERA now TRACKS FROM the basement UP the steps TO the darkened kitchen, AROUND the corner TO the foyer, UP the steps TO the 2nd floor hall, and then INTO --

REGAN'S BEDROOM

where it FINDS her fitfully asleep. Then abruptly her eyes open, she turns her head toward the window, then slowly gets out of bed, walks to the window, opens the shutters. A drizzle of rain is falling against the windowpanes. Down the street is the church.

62

EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ON REGAN - NIGHT (LIGHT RAIN)

62

Regan stares vacantly.

63

EXT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - NIGHT (RAIN)

63

64

INT. CHURCH - HIGH FULL SHOT - NIGHT

64

Dim lighting of votive candles. The church is empty. We SHOOT FROM altar POV so that we cannot see the front of the statue of the Virgin Mary. Then a brief MONTAGE OF CHURCH DETAIL, ending with a SHOT OF the OUTSIDE OF a CONFESSIONAL BOOTH on which the posted name of the confessor reads: Fr. Damien Karras, S.J.

65

INT. CONFESSIONAL - KARRAS

65

His head is slumped back against wall, his eyes closed. A beat or two; and then we hear from O.S. a LOW, malevolent CHUCKLING. It causes Karras to open his eyes, pull away from the confessional backing.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

HIGH SHOT

Again, we cannot see the front side of the Virgin Mary statue. Karras emerges from confessional, stops, looks up at:

FULL SHOT - CRUCIFIX

REVERSE ANGLE - CRUCIFIX POV

Karras is looking up AT us. Then he turns and stares at the statue of the Virgin Mary.

66

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAWN

66

PHONE RINGS, awakening Chris. Half-awake, she answers.

CHRIS

Yeah?... You're kidding me. I thought I just went to bed. Yeah, okay. What are we doing? Scene 128? Yeah, okay, Mike. Thanks. I'll see you.

She hangs up, gets her feet over the side of the bed, then notices that Regan is in the bed, half-awake.

CHRIS

Hey, Rags. What are you doin' here, honey?

REGAN

I couldn't sleep. My bed was shaking.

CHRIS

Huh? Gee, you must have --

Abruptly frowning, Chris leans over, feels at Regan's pajama top, then pulls back covers to check the rest.

CHRIS

Hey, this is wet, the whole thing, it's soaked through. Rags, your feet are ice cold, they're --

Chris looks at the hand she's just run under Regan's foot.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

CHRIS

You've got cuts on your feet!
Honey, what have you been doing?
Where've you been?

67 EXT. 36TH STREET - SHOT PAST CHURCH TOWARD HOUSE
- DAWN (LIGHT RAIN)

67

68 INT. CHURCH - DAY

68

We are SHOOTING PAST the statue of the Virgin Mary as the sacristan enters with two vases of cut flowers. He places one at the side altar to left, genuflects in center aisle, APPROACHES us with the second vase, then stops, aghast at what he sees:

STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY

The face painted over to give the Virgin a sluttish, depraved look; conical clay breasts appended to the bosom. The colors are those we saw on Regan's painting and sculpts.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

69 INT. HALL OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

69

The CAMERA is FIXED at one end of hall, and Karras and his UNCLE JOHN are approaching, their voices metallically reverberant.

UNCLE

But, Dimmy, da edema affected her brain! You understand? She don't let any doctor come near her! She was all da time screamin', even talkin' to da radio! Regular hospital not gonna put up wit' dat, Dimmy, so we give her a shot and we bring her here 'til da doctors, dey fix up her leg! Den we take her right out, Dimmy. T'ree or four days, dat's all.

They have arrived outside a locked door above which is posted the legend: Neuropsychiatric: Ward 3. As the Uncle pushes a buzzer to summon a nurse to open the door.

KARRAS

Uncle, couldn't you have put her someplace else?

UNCLE

Like what? Private hospital? Who gonna pay for dat, Dimmy? You?

(hits the buzzer again)

You know, dat's funny: if you wasn't be priest, you be famous psychiatrist now on Park Avenue, Dimmy. Your mother she be living in a penthouse instead of...

The door is opened. Karras stares past nurse as:

UNCLE

You go in, Dimmy. I wait out here.

70 INT. WARD 3 - INVALIDED PATIENTS' ROOM

70

An enormous ward containing eighty beds. The patients are mostly elderly.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

Many are moaning in pain or distress.

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - KARRAS

walking slowly, scanning the beds.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA SHOT

The sound of the patients' moans increase as the CAMERA first SCANS FROM BED TO BED while Karras walks, then halts as it FIXES ON a bedded patient far down the row: Karras's MOTHER.

WIDE ANGLE OF SCENE

Gaunt and hollow-eyed, Karras's mother looks confused, helpless, disoriented. Spying her son, she grips the sidebars of her bed, raises herself. The CAMERA STOPS.

FULL WIDE ANGLE OF SCENE

MOTHER

Why you do dis to me, Dimmy? Why?

71

INT. GYM - KARRAS - DAY

71

Karras is savagely banging at the heavy bag, heartsick, self-hating, angry. Finally, he wraps arms around bag, falls against it, exhausted.

72

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM IN DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

72

A nurse is leaning with her back against an examining table, her expression part puzzled and part disturbed as she observes Regan, who is in her slip and in constant motion: stepping, twirling, touching, with nervous movement; aimlessly humming. Then abruptly, although she isn't looking at it, her hand swipes against a GLASS container filled with cotton swabs, and although the gesture didn't seem that forceful, the jar goes flying across the room and into a wall where it SHATTERS with a shockingly loud sound. In b.g., we see KLEIN open a door, stare in.

Klein is seated behind his desk, writing out a prescription. Chris sits opposite.

KLEIN
It's a hyperkinetic behavior disorder.

CHRIS
A what?

KLEIN
A disorder of the nerves.
(ripping off a
prescription sheet)
You often see it in early
adolescence.

CHRIS
Oh, you do?

KLEIN
(handing her
prescription)
That's for Ritalin.

CHRIS
What is it, Doc? A tranquilizer?

KLEIN
No, it's a stimulant.

CHRIS
Are you kidding me? She's
higher'n a kite right now.

KLEIN
Could be a kind of over-reacting
to depression.

CHRIS
Depression?

KLEIN
Well, you mentioned her father.
Howard. The divorce.

CHRIS
Oh, so, I'm to blame. Right?

KLEIN
I didn't say that.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Do you think I should take her to see a psychiatrist? I mean, her walking in her sleep, you know, and movin' all her furniture around.

KLEIN

The somnambulism.

CHRIS

(very quietly)

Right. What you said.

KLEIN

Why don't we wait until we see what the Ritalin does. In the meantime, bring her back in two weeks. I'd like to see her again.

CHRIS

Yeah, okay.

KLEIN

The twenty-seventh okay?

CHRIS

Yeah, that's fine. You know, she never used to lie to me.

KLEIN

Lie?

CHRIS

You know, those things to get attention, like her saying that she can't find her dress and the bed shakes.

KLEIN

Well, in certain disorders of the nerves you get strong personality changes. Did you ever hear your daughter use obscenities before?

CHRIS

Oh, no, never.

KLEIN

Well, that's similar to things like her lying. In --

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

73

CHRIS

Wait a minute, wait a minute, hold it, back it up. Are you telling me she uses obscenities?

KLEIN

You didn't know that?

CHRIS

I still don't. Whaddya mean?

KLEIN

Well, she let loose quite a string while I was in there examining her.

CHRIS

Doc, I don't believe this. Like what? What'd she say?

KLEIN

Let's just say her vocabulary's rather extensive.

CHRIS

Like what? Be specific, Doc. What did she say?

74

INT. KLEIN'S EXAMINING ROOM - REGAN - DAY

74

Head bowed, Regan sits on examining table. Through the door, we first hear Klein's voice, indistinct and unintelligible, and then:

CHRIS (O.S.)

She said that?

Door cracks open swiftly and loudly and Chris stares in, dumbfounded. Regan looks up at her with haunted eyes.

75

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

75

From O.S., dimly, we hear the sound of a MUSICAL NUMBER, Chris SINGING. Then:

BURKE (O.S.)

Cut and print! And that's it!

CHUCK (O.S.)

(through bullhorn)

And that's a wrap on the show for Chris MacNeil, folks!

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

From O.S., WHISTLES, APPLAUSE.

2ND A.D. (O.S.)
Come on and let's hear it for the
fabulous, the ever-iridescent
Chris MacNeil!

76

INT. UNIVERSITY - GASTON HALL - DAY

76

Chris and the acting company are on stage. Chris is
pensive, hands on hips, as Burke approaches her and the
whistles, "hey heys! and applause DIE AWAY. A GRIP
climbs a ladder toward a row of baby spots.

BURKE
Well, my baby, you seem glum.
What's the matter? Withdrawal
already?

CHRIS
I dunno.

BURKE
No doubt exhausted. Well, at
least you're at an end.

CHRIS
(distracted)
End of what?

GRIP (O.S.)
Look out!

They look up, step quickly back just in time as a
SPOTLIGHT CRASHES onto stage at their feet. Chris looks
up from the spotlight.

GRIP
I never touched it! I swear!
Looking down at the spotlight:

BURKE
(quietly)
Interesting.

77

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE STUDY - NIGHT (RAIN)

77

Chris is pouring a cup of coffee for Dennings, who sits
glumly, sadly staring off.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Still raining.

BURKE

(distractedly)

Yes. It's always raining
somewhere.

Chris looks over at him, hesitates, then comes over,
hands him the coffee.

BURKE

Oh yes. Thank you, my precious.
Lovely. Much obliged.

CHRIS

(sitting)

So how's the editing?

BURKE

Excellent.

(sips absently)

Yes, it's fine. It's all coming
together.

CHRIS

Burke, what's wrong?
(as he turns to
look at her, his
eyes questioning)
You look so sad.

BURKE

(turns away again,
pensive)

Oh. Just had some drinks with the
priests at the college.

CHRIS

Priests drink?

BURKE

Are you joking, my lovely? They
swill!

CHRIS

I never knew that.

BURKE

(looks away again,
moody and reflective)

Jesuits. Yes. I should have been
one.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (2)

77

CHRIS

Been what?

BURKE

A priest. I'd always meant to.

CHRIS

You're kidding.

BURKE

No, I'd studied for it once. Long ago.

CHRIS

You live and learn.

BURKE

(staring inward)

I should have been one.

78

EXT. PROSPECT STREET - HOLY TRINITY - NIGHT (RAIN)

78

Walking TOWARD us is Karras, dazed, like one in trance, eyes unseeing. Two pedestrians walking in the opposite direction are jostled by him. They stare, he seems oblivious. He is wearing his clerical robe and wears neither raincoat nor hat.

79

INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - HIGH FULL SHOT FROM
FRONT OF CHURCH - NIGHT

79

Dim lighting only from votive candles. The church is empty.

ON STATUE OF VIRGIN

Now restored, undesecrated. We hear church DOOR swing OPEN, then CLOSED.

ON KARRAS

who comes in through the side entrance, zombie-like. He stops in front of the statue of the Virgin, falls to his knees, his face wrenched by grief as he rackingly sobs.

CLOSEUP OF STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY

A crowded cocktail party is in progress. A vibrant hum of conversation. Among the guests are many recognizable Washington politicians, celebrities. We ESTABLISH WITH a brief MONTAGE, INCLUDING some famous politician or Washington news personality, a pianist playing Cole Porter, Chris and Karl and Willie with drink and canape trays.

ON DYER AND ASTRONAUT

standing, conversing.

DYER

(to Astronaut;
deadpan)

No, I'm really not a priest. I'm
a terribly avant-garde rabbi.
What do you do?

ASTRONAUT

I'm an astronaut, Father.

DYER

I knew that. Ever see any angels
up there?

ASTRONAUT

Listen, Father -- 'Don't ask --
don't tell.'

ON SHARON AND MARY JO PERRIN

Seated on a sofa. A dramatic-looking woman with intense, deep-set eyes, Mary Jo is reading Sharon's palm.

PERRIN

Yes, your heart line is longer
than your work line. And I see
that you've just broken up with a
boyfriend. Am I right, Sharon?

SHARON

No.

PERRIN

(chuckling, dropping
Sharon's hand)

Oh, well, I'm famous for
predictions, not palms.

SHARON

Oh, did you bring me those books?

(CONTINUED)

PERRIN

Glad you said that. I left them in the car. Remind me. Yes, I bought you one on witchcraft and two about the 'near-death' experience.

SHARON

Oh, great.

Perrin turns to scan the room, then stops, frowning a little, as she stares at a dark-complected woman in a loose, draping black garment as she slowly glides through the throng of guests, now appearing, now obscured, her eyes returning Perrin's stare and a faint, enigmatic smile on her lips. Perrin is distracted by Willie, who proffers a tray of canapes.

WILLIE

Madam?

Perrin turns her head to her, shakes it, then looks back toward the woman in black. But she is gone. Perrin looks pensive and troubled.

ANGLE AT BURKE - SENATOR AND WIFE

Karl has approached with tray of drinks. he proffers drinks tray to Senator and WIFE. As he does, he turns an appraising and faintly contemptuous glance to Burke.

KARL

Madam?

SENATOR'S WIFE

No. No, thank you.

SENATOR

Not for me.

KARL

As you wish.

And as Karl leaves:

BURKE

Oh, well, what am I, a bloody potted plant, you Bloody Kraut?

KARL

(turning to him)

You want more, sir?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE

'More?' What the hell do you mean
by that? 'More?' Bloody yes, I
want more! Here's 'more!'

So saying, Burke has picked a glass off the tray and
tossed its contents at Karl.

BURKE

Stinking Hun! Now get out of my
sight!

Burke has lifted another glass from the tray.

KARL

As you say, sir.

CLOSE FRONT TRACKING - KARL

His eyes are narrowed, his lips pursed in anger as we
hear:

BURKE (O.S.

Overbearing, supercilious bastard!

ON KARL, SENATOR AND WIFE

BURKE

(glaring after Karl)
It's his manner drives me mad.
That lurking sneer and faint
contempt.

SENATOR'S WIFE

(a guarded aside
to the Senator)
Shall we go, dear?

SENATOR

So early?

BURKE

(defensive)
Never seen it before in my life!

ON DYER AND ASTRONAUT

DYER

I have a dream: First missionary
on Mars?

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED: (3)

80

ON CHRIS AND UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

As Mary Jo Perrin ENTERS SCENE and sits on sofa beside the Jesuit.

PRESIDENT

Well, that was one. And then another desecration last week in the church. Mary Jo.

PERRIN

Hello, Father. Thought I'd sit beside sanctity for a while.

PRESIDENT

What's the matter, seen the Devil?

ON DYER AND ASTRONAUT

ASTRONAUT

Yeah, next June I'm going to hook up with the Talos space station and do a little spacewalking.

DYER

Scary.

ASTRONAUT

Piece of cake.

81

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL OUTSIDE REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

The door to her room is slowly opening, a very little bit at a time, as we hear clearly above the hum of walla from below:

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

We've been talking about all these desecrations.

PERRIN (O.S.)

Yes, I've heard. About the statue?

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

That's the latest. It reminded me of things they used to do at Black Mass.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Black Mass? What's that?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

The door has stopped opening.

82 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - ON CHRIS,
PRESIDENT AND PERRIN - NIGHT

82

PRESIDENT

Oh, well, it's basically an obscene, blasphemous travesty of our Mass. Pretty horrifying stuff. In the city of Paris alone, I've heard, fifty thousand Black Masses are said every year.

CHRIS

Oh, I've been meaning to ask you. There's this priest I keep seeing, always other priests going in and out of his office. You know who I'm talking about? Looks like a boxer, sort of dark, sad eyes?

PRESIDENT

Father Karras.

CHRIS

What goes on with him, Father?

PRESIDENT

He's our counselor, Chris. A psychiatrist. He had a pretty rough knock the other night, poor guy.

CHRIS

Oh, what was that?

PRESIDENT

His mother died.

CHRIS

Oh, I'm so sorry.

PRESIDENT

Yeah, he's taking it hard. She lived alone and she'd been dead for several days before they found her.

Sharon has ENTERED FRAME, uptight, takes Chris by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

You'd better come, Chris! It's
Burke!

CHRIS

(getting up quickly)

Excuse me, Father.

Burke is taunting a stolid Karl, who stands apart, hands
at sides and balled into fists.

BURKE

Tell me, Karl, was it public
relations your father did for the
Gestapo or community relations? I
believe there's a difference.

KARL

(quiet; vehemence)

Do not speak of my father! I warn
you!

BURKE

But wasn't -- ?

KARL

Do not speak of him! My father
was against the Gestapo! He
fought them! He was tortured and
killed by them in their prison!

BURKE

Yet was often seen bowling with
Joseph Goebbels. Do you think
he -- ?

Karl doesn't wait for him to finish. He whirls around,
goes for Dennings. A scuffle. DISHES, GLASSES BREAK.
Meantime, Chris and Sharon have entered. Grabbing Karl,
they start pushing him out of the room.

CHRIS

Karl, get out of here! Come on!
He's just drunk. Can't you see
that? He's blasted.

BURKE

Bloody bastard!

CHRIS

Karl, go!

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

Smoldering, Karl exits into pantry through a swinging door. The moment he's gone, Burke is instantly genial, and, rubbing his hands together:

BURKE

Splendid! Now then, what's for dessert?

84

INT. LIVING ROOM - ON PIANO GROUP - DAY

84

As the professional pianist nods approvingly, Dyer is now playing the piano as he and the President sing "Lindberg, The Eagle of the USA."

85

INT. FOYER OF MACNEIL HOUSE - ANGLE ON STAIRCASE
- NIGHT

85

CHRIS (O.S.)

Here we go, Burke. Off to beddie.

ON FRONT DOOR HELD OPEN BY WILLIE

As Chris and Sharon ease a barely conscious Burke out the door. Handing him his hat!

CHRIS

There you go. There's your driver. He'll take you straight home. To your planet.

BURKE

I want to thank you for a perfectly...

(searches for the
thought, then
waves it off)

Whatever.

And he lurches forward. The girls close the door, start back inside to living room. "Lindberg" is over. We hear APPLAUSE, piano vamping.

CHRIS

Another day at the beach with Burke.

86

EXT. STEPS BESIDE MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT

86

Karl is standing at top of steps, smoking a cigarette, still tense and grim. He turns to the sound as he hears:

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

BURKE'S DRIVER (V.O.)
Nice party, Mr. Dennings?

BURKE (V.O.)
Oh, yes, splendid, Louie.
Absolutely smashing. Really. I
haven't had so many giggles since
the Queen once mistook me for
Geraldo Rivera.

We hear the CAR DOORS CLOSE.

BURKE (V.O.)
(muted)
I gave her his autograph. What
did it cost me?

We hear the CAR DRIVING OFF. When the sound FADES, Karl
turns and stares down at:

POV DOWN SHOT - STEPS BESIDE MACNEIL HOUSE

87

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - MOVING SUBJECTIVE CAMERA SHOT
- STAIRCASE

87

A HAND-HELD CAMERA gives the POV of a very short, unseen
person slowly descending the steps from the second floor
down to the main floor.

ON DYER AT PIANO

tickling keys, as Chris ENTERS SCENE.

DYER
Hey, Chris. Great party.

CHRIS
Thanks, Father. Keep it goin'.

DYER
Does anybody here know 'My
Devotion?'

Chris immediately starts singing.

CHRIS
(singing)
'My devotion, is endless and deep
as the ocean...

(CONTINUED)

With Dyer immediately joining in, picking it up on the piano. The astronaut stares somberly at something O.S. Dyer sees it also, stops playing and singing. The party chatter has suddenly fallen to a near hush. Chris stops singing, follows Astronaut's gaze as:

ASTRONAUT

I believe we have a visitor,
Ma'am.

REVERSE ANGLE ON REGAN

Standing in her nightgown, staring at Astronaut like one in trance.

REGAN

You're going to die up there.

ON ASTRONAUT

His face turns gray with chilling apprehension.

ON CHRIS

CHRIS

Oh, Regan!

ON REGAN

She is urinating gushingly onto the rug.

FRONT SHOT OF CHRIS

as she moves to Regan.

CHRIS

Oh, my God, honey! Regan! Oh, my
baby!

ON PERRIN

The psychic is staring at Regan with an intense concern.

Moonlight streams in through open window. Regan is in bed, dully staring at a point in space.

(CONTINUED)

She's had a change of clothing. Chris comes out of Regan's bathroom, from which we hear the bathtub WATER DRAINING OUT, sits on edge of bed. Through the window, from the street below, we hear, O.S., the sounds and voices of departing guests.

CHRIS

Honey, why did you say that to the man? Can you tell me?

She looks down, shakes her head.

CHRIS

You can't remember?

Another headshake.

CHRIS

Okay. Would you like me to read to you, honey? Want some book?

REGAN

Are you really going to Marry Mr. Dennings?

CHRIS

Am I what?

REGAN

Are you going to?

CHRIS

Of course not! Where'd you get such a crazy idea?

REGAN

But you like him?

CHRIS

I like pizzas, but I wouldn't want to marry one, bear.

REGAN

You don't like him like Daddy?

CHRIS

Oh, Regan, I love your daddy. I'll always love him. Burke's just a crazy old friend, he's just lonely.

REGAN

Well, I heard...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You heard what, hon? From who?

Regan turns her head and stares unseeingly out of the window.

REGAN

I don't know.

Chris weighs this. Finally:

CHRIS

Okay. Try to go to sleep now.
Can you sleep?

REGAN

(nods: then whispers)

Yes.

She closes her eyes. Chris leans over, kisses her cheek. then she looks at a gaily-painted sculpt of a bear on the bedstand. It has a sweet expression, grips a clutch of daisies in its paw. Chris picks it up, examines it fondly, replaces it, rises and starts out of the room. But at the door she is stopped by her daughter's haunted tone as:

REGAN

Mother, what's wrong with me?

CLOSE ON CHRIS STARING

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE

Guests departing.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL OF MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT

The CAMERA is FIXED at one end of the hall, and at the other end we see Chris exit from Regan's room. Her head down, thoughtful, she hears O.S. SCRAPING sounds, like a brush against carpeting. She looks over balustrade at Willie scrubbing at stained carpeting.

CHRIS

Comin' out, Willie?

WILLIE

Yes, missus. I think so.

CHRIS

Good.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

Chris continues to stare down for a moment more, then comes TOWARD the CAMERA again until she reaches the door to her bedroom. She enters, flops down on edge of her bed, head down, dispirited.

CHRIS

(whisper)

Cripes.

She then lifts her head as, from O.S. within Regan's bedroom, we hear metallic sounds, like BEDSPRINGS QUIVERING.

91 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT FROM DOOR POV - NIGHT 91

The room is dark except for the moonlight seeping in. Regan is lying on her back, staring up at ceiling as the springs of the bed quiver and the mattress moves gently but rapidly side to side.

REGAN

(with mounting
apprehension)

Mom?... Mom, this is scaring
me!... Mom? Mom, come in her!
Please?

92 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL - FRONT TRACKING - CHRIS - NIGHT 92

as she bursts out of her room, races down the hall toward Regan's bedroom and we hear the BEDSPRINGS, LOUDER, the legs of the bed hammering the wooden floor and:

REGAN (O.S.)

(terrified scream)

Mother, please come in here! Make
it stopppppp! Come here!

93 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

93

Regan lies taut on her back, her face stained with tears and contorted with terror and confusion as she grips at the sides of the narrow bed. It is violently quivering from side to side.

REGAN

Motherrrrrrrrrrr!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

94 EXT. KARRAS'S ROOM - ON WINDOW - NIGHT

94

In the window we see Dyer uncorking a bottle of Chivas Regal.

95 INT. KARRAS'S ROOM - ANGLE ON DYER - NIGHT

95

The room is sparsely-furnished: a desk and chair, a cot, easy chair, bookshelves, a dresser. Dim desk lamp lighting. Dyer is sitting in back of a desk, wearing a "Snoopy" T-shirt. He is pouring Scotch into a glass. Karras is sitting on the edge of the cot, staring off. In his hand is a metal cup containing a small amount of Scotch. His eyes are red from crying, his voice fogged by alcohol and exhaustion.

KARRAS

Pain and disease, and the suffering of children and the awful, outrageous corruption of death. All the evil built into the fabric of the universe, Joe, all the ugliness built into our bodies.

DYERS

You're rejecting your humanity.

KARRAS

Right. I reject it. But most of all, Joe; most of senseless, incredible all; why does God hide? With us, His creatures, standing in front of Him, lost and tormented and crying for help, can you believe He wouldn't show Himself and tell us where it's at?

DYER

'Lord, give us a sign so that we may believe.'

KARRAS

(watching Dyer pour Scotch)

Joe, where'd you get the money for Chivas Regal? You rob the poorbox?

(CONTINUED)

FULL SHOT - SCENE

DYER

Don't be an asshole, that would be breaking my vow of poverty.

KARRAS

Where did you get it then?

DYER

I stole it. University presidents shouldn't drink. As his trusted assistant I felt it was my duty to perform an intervention.

Karras has turned head to stare at the photo of his mother on his nightstand. It sits beside another framed photo, perhaps of a high school sweetheart. Dyer empties the last of the Scotch into his glass.

DYER

You'll see her again.

Eyes brimming tears, Karras grimaces in grief, shakes head.

DYER

Yeah, you will.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF MOTHER

The distinctive religious medal around her neck is clearly visible.

FULL SHOT - SCENE

Dyer drops the empty Scotch bottle loudly into a wastebasket, intentionally jarring Karras's attention away from the photo, then begins rummaging through desk drawers.

DYER

You want to know about the screenplay I'm writing? It's part of my plan for when I get to quit the priesthood.

KARRAS

Who's quitting the priesthood?

(CONTINUED)

DYER

Gays. In droves. Basic black has gone out.

The trace of a smile tells us Karras knows that Dyer is merely trying to distract him. He lies back on the cot and closes his eyes.

DYER

You know Chris MacNeil? I was over at her house with the prez for a party. You know, kind of a thank you for letting them film.

KARRAS

Funny lady.

DYER

Yeah, she is.

KARRAS

What do you need, Joe?

DYER

One of those lemon drops. Where are you hiding them?

KARRAS

Gone. I'm all out.

DYER

Yeah, we'll see. You know, I once spent a year hearing children's confessions, and I wound up a lemon-drop junkie. The little weirdos keep breathing it on you along with all that pot. Between the two, I've got a feeling that it's probably addictive.

Dyer has lifted the lid of a clear glass jar labeled "PISTACHIO NUTS" and has his nose low to the jar's mouth. He sniffs, then:

DYER

What are these? Dead Mexican jumping beans?

The sound of a CUP FALLING to the floor and ROLLING makes Dyer turn, deadpan, to Karras, and then look relieved at what he sees.

(CONTINUED)

POV - KARRAS

He has turned over to a sleeping position, his eyes closed.

BACK TO SCENE

Dyer moves quietly INTO the SHOT and picks Karras's cup off the floor. Then:

DYER

(softly)

Do you think you can sleep now,
Damien?

Karras nods his head along with a throat sound of affirmation. Dyer moves to the foot of the bed, undoes the laces, and then removes Karras's shoes. As he does:

KARRAS

Gonna steal my shoes now?

DYER

No, I tell fortunes by reading the
creases.

KARRAS

You're a Jesuit cat burglar.

DYER

Someone's got to worry about the
bills around this place. All you
other guys do is just rattle your
beads and pray for the winos down
on M Street.

Dyer has just flicked off the desk light.

KARRAS

(he is almost asleep)

No, leave the light on, Joe.
Someone might need me. If they
see that the light isn't on, they
won't knock.

Dyer looks at him with enormous affection.

DYER

Yeah. That's right. They won't
knock.

He flicks the switch. The lamp comes on. Dyer leans
down a hand to Karras's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

DYER

She wants you to be happy, Damien.
That's the best gift you can give
her.

Karras nods. As Dyer starts to move toward the door, Karras's hand reaches out and grips his wrist, squeezing, a gesture of gratitude and deep friendship. Dyer stares down and the CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze to a TIGHT SHOT of the hands again as sleep at last comes to Karras and his grip slackens, his hand slowly falls. Dyer waits, hears heavy breathing, then turns the lamp off again. He leans down to examine the medal around Karras's neck: it's his mother's. Dyer sighs, moves silently to the door, and as he exits:

KARRAS (O.S.)

Stealing is a sin.

Dyer smiles, closes door. PUSH DOWN ON Karras.

KARRAS (O.S.)

'I will go to the altar of God...'

CAMERA HALTS CLOSE and Karras's lips move, murmuring, completing it:

KARRAS

'... unto God Who gives joy to my
youth.'

And he sleeps. And dreams.

KARRAS'S DREAM - NEW YORK STREET

His mother, carrying a shopping bag, walks up out of a subway kiosk, stops, stares mutely, then turns and begins to descend again. Karras, on the street, waves to her wildly, shouting to get her attention and running after her with voiceless shouts of "Mama, Mama!" Then a human skull appears against a black backdrop, followed by the Woman in Black from the Iraq sequence, then a slowly-falling medal -- the one Karras now wears. Interspersed throughout the dream are terrifying subliminal images: demonic faces. We also see the green stone Pazuzu amulet, the black dog that followed Karras, and the pendulum clock in the Iraqi curator's office and the face of Merrin staring at it.

96 INT. KLEIN'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

96

Chris and Karl restrain a struggling, kicking Regan while Klein stands by ready to administer an injection.

CHRIS

Please, honey, it's to help you!

REGAN

I don't want it!

She spits in Klein's face.

REGAN

You bastard!

97 EXT. HIGH SHOT - DAHLGREN CHAPEL - DAWN

97

Karras is entering through sacristy door. We hear the DOOR CLOSE behind him.

98 INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL SACRISTY - DAWN

98

Karras is clearly depressed. He walks slowly to a small cabinet above a preparation counter, removes a chalice, sets it down. For a moment he is still, brooding sadly. Then he sees something, a dark, wet spot. He touches a finger to it, lifts the finger to his inspection, frowning. Then he looks to the floor. Another spot. Now, slowly, as we TRACK FRONT WITH him, he follows a trail of the blood. It leads into the chapel proper, to the altar, where he stops.

MED. CLOSE FRONT SHOT - KARRAS

He is behind the altar. He picks up a mass card propped there, looks benumbed at what he reads, then turns to look at:

CLOSE POV - ALTAR

Encased and showcased on a wrapping of ruffled cloth or linen so that no blood or severed flesh is visible, is the head of a large, white dog, the one we saw battling the black dog at the end of the Iraqi sequence. Its eyes are open. On its head, a crown of thorns.

99 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

99

As he talks, he's writing continuously.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

Did you actually see the bed shaking?

CHRIS

I'm not sure. When I got in there she'd already wet the bed and passed out.

KLEIN

(writing)

Could be clonic contractions; you know, muscular spasms. Maybe even a convulsion.

CHRIS

Convulsion?

KLEIN

It's a symptom of a --

He pauses, as a slight shiver, lasting perhaps two seconds, vibrates through the glass front section of a medicinal cabinet. He stares at it a moment or two, then resumes.

KLEIN

It's a symptom of a type of disturbance in the chemico-electrical activity of the brain. In the case of your daughter, in the temporal lobe.

(taps side of his skull)

Up here, in the lateral part of the brain. Now it's rare, but it does cause bizarre hallucinations.

CHRIS

Look, I'll tell you the truth, Doc, I don't understand how her whole personality could change.

KLEIN

Oh, well, in temporal lobe, that's common and can last in some cases for several days. It isn't rare to find destructive, even criminal behavior.

Shutting her eyes and lowering her forehead to her hand:

CHRIS

Listen, tell me somethin' good.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

Any other bizarre behavior?

CHRIS

Yeah. Captain Howdy. You remember? Well, now she can hear him, and I think even see him.

KLEIN

She sees him?

CHRIS

Yeah.

KLEIN

(writing, nodding)

Right.

CHRIS

You know, something I've been thinking about... There's this great big heavy bureau in her room. I mean, sleepwalking, trance state, whatever; Doc, how could she have moved it?

KLEIN

Are you sure that she did?

CHRIS

Well, who else?

Klein stops writing, looks up at her appraisingly. Then:

KLEIN

I don't know.

Regan getting an MRI.

ON CHRIS (TECHNICIAN)

ON the CUT we flinch at the assaultive CHUGGING, LOUD BANGING the system characteristically makes when in operation.

ON REGAN

as she is drawn into the narrow, round tunnel. She looks frightened.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

REGAN

Mom?

101 INT. SMALL MEDICAL LAB AND X-RAY ROOM - DAY

101

Klein and a consulting neurologist (DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD) are thoughtfully studying Regan's skull X-rays as they loudly rise up into view on a fluorescent screen. Arnold, shaking his head, removes his eyeglasses and tucks them into the breast pocket of his jacket with:

ARNOLD

There's just nothing there, Sam.
No vascular distortion at all.

KLEIN

It doesn't figure.

ARNOLD

Want to run another series?

KLEIN

I don't think so. I'll try an
L.P.

ARNOLD

Good idea.

The TELEPHONE BUZZER interrupts. He picks up the wall phone.

KLEIN

In the meantime, I'd like you to
see her again.
(into phone)
Yes, Julie.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Chris MacNeil's on the line. Says
it's urgent.

102 INT. MacNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - DAY

102

The CAMERA is BY the door to Regan's bedroom, from which emanate Regan's moans of pain and screams of terror. Rushing up from the steps onto the landing is Sharon, followed by Klein and Arnold. Sharon raps on the door and calls in:

SHARON

Chris, doctors!

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED:

102

Chris immediately comes to the door and opens it. She's distraught and bewildered, her voice quavering.

CHRIS

Oh, God, come in! Come in and see
what she's doing!

103

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON DOOR - DAY

103

Karl stands beside the door, staring numbly, and as the doctors enter, we hear, over Regan's cries, an O.S. sound of something SLAMMING onto BEDSPRINGS REPEATEDLY.

REGAN (O.S.)

Motherrrrrrrrrr!

KLEIN

This is Dr. Arnold, the --

He breaks off, gaping at:

POV SHOT OF REGAN

Her arms flailing, her body seems to be flinging itself up horizontally about a foot into the air above her bed, and then is slammed down savagely onto her mattress, as if by an unseen person. This happens repeatedly and rapidly as:

REGAN

Oh, Mother, make him stop! Please
stop him! Stop him! He's trying
to kill me! Please! Oh,
stooppppppp himmmmm,
Motherrrrrrrrrrrr!

ON CHRIS AND DOCTORS

CHRIS

What is it? What's happening?

KLEIN

(awed, still staring
O.S.)

I don't know.

ON REGAN

The up-and-down movements abruptly cease.

(CONTINUED)

Now Regan twists feverishly and from side to side, her eyes rolling upward into their sockets so that only the whites are exposed. Her legs keep crossing and uncrossing rapidly.

REGAN

(moaning)

Oh, he's burning me! I'm burning!
I'm -- ! Uhh!

With this sudden sound of pain, Regan has abruptly jerked her head back, disclosing a bulging, swelling throat. She begins to mutter incomprehensibly in a strangely-deepened guttural tone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the doctors approach. Reaching the bedside, Klein reaches down to take Regan's pulse.

KLEIN

All right, now, let's see what the trouble is, dear. I'm just going to --

And abruptly Klein is reeling across the room, stunned and staggering from the force of a vicious backward swing of Regan's arm as she suddenly sits up, her face contorted with hideous rage. In a coarse and powerful, deep male voice, she bellows first at Klein and then at the others:

REGAN

The sow is mine! She is mine!
Keep away!

ON KLEIN

He stares O.S., stunned, as Karl and Arnold kneel to help him.

KLEIN

It's okay. I'm okay.

ON REGAN

She learns her head back and a yelping, demonic laugh gushes up from her throat; then she begins to caress her own arms sensually as she croons in that same guttural voice:

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

Ah, yes, my flower... my pearl...
my...

Abruptly, with a wrench of breath, she falls onto her back as if shoved, and cries out with a wrench of breath. Then just as abruptly she is sitting up again, as if pulled by the unseen hands.

REGAN

Oh, mother! Mother!
Motherrrrrrrrr! Oh, please!

ON CHRIS

reacting.

ON REGAN

Another sudden cry, and then she is bending at the waist, whirling her torso around in rapid, strenuous circles.

REGAN

(weeping)

Make him stop it! It's hurting!
He's trying to kill me! Mother,
make him stop, please make him --
!

She emits an "ooph!" as again she appears to be shoved savagely onto her back. As Dr. Arnold comes beside her bed and observes, her eyes roll upward into their sockets and again she begins muttering incomprehensibly in that thickened voice. Arnold leans his head closer to try to make it out, frowning.

ON KLEIN

He is by the window overlooking the steps and is hastily preparing a hypodermic injection. During this, he looks to the neurologist.

KLEIN

Sam!

He beckons Arnold over to him with a movement of his head and continues preparing the hypo. We hear the O.S. fevered gibberish from Regan. Arnold comes INTO the FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

KLEIN

Sam. I'm giving her Librium.
You're going to have to hold her.

ARNOLD

Right.

They look O.S., hearing:

REGAN

(terrified)

Oh, no! Captain Howdy, don't -- !

ON REGAN

slamming up and down on the bed again.

REGAN

No! Nooooo! Motherrrrrrrrrr!

ON CHRIS

Fists to temples, she turns to shriek at the doctors over
Regan's cry.

CHRIS

God almighty, will you do
something! Help her! Help my
girl! Help my -- !

ON DOCTORS AND REGAN

as the doctors move to the bed:

CHRIS (O.S.)

-- herrrrrrrrr...!

KLEIN

Hold her down! Hold her tight,
Sam! Tight!

And over Regan's continuing scream, Klein injects the
Librium.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

104 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - DAY

104

Chris and Sharon despondently waiting. Chris sniffles, dabs at corners of eye with the handkerchief balled up in her hand. The doctors exit Regan's bedroom and approach.

KLEIN

She's heavily sedated. She ought to sleep right through until tomorrow.

CHRIS

Doc, how could she fly off the bed like that?

ARNOLD

Pathological states can induce abnormal strength, accelerated motor performance. You know the story: a ninety-pound woman sees her child pinned under the wheel of a truck, then runs out and lifts the wheels half a foot off the ground. Same thing here. Same principle, I mean.

CHRIS

So what's wrong with her?

KLEIN

We're thinking that it could be a lesion of the brain, you know a --

CHRIS

(losing it)

Oh, what are you talking about? Did you see her? She's been acting like some kind of a psycho, some -- some split personality, or --

(getting a grip)

I'm sorry.

ARNOLD

There haven't been more than a hundred authenticated cases of so-called split personality, Mrs. MacNeil. Now I know the temptation is to leap to psychiatry, but any good psychiatrist would explore the somatic possibilities first.

(CONTINUED)

104

CONTINUED:

104

CHRIS

So okay. So what's next?

ARNOLD

A pneumoencephalogram, I would think. Pin down that lesion. It would involve a spinal.

CHRIS

(a sob catching in
her throat)

Oh, Christ!

KLEIN

What we missed in the X-rays and the E.E.G. could turn up there. At the least, it would exhaust certain other possibilities.

105

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

105

Regan is on her bed, unconscious, her face AWAY FROM the CAMERA. Klein carefully extracts spinal fluid into a tube. Chris watches anxiously, and Sharon, who is assisting Klein, has an eye on the manometer. A cotton swab and a bottle of alcohol are at the ready.

SHARON

Pressure's still normal.

Klein nods, removing the needle. Chris exhales with relief. Sharon rubs the swab at the needle puncture and bandages it, while Klein detaches the hypo from the fluid, putting away the needle. Glancing briefly up at the large shuttered window (shutters are open), then back to stowing the needle:

KLEIN

You might want to put a lock on those window shutters.

(holding up the fluid
in the light)

If she's sleepwalking, she could go through it.

FULL ON WINDOW

CHRIS (O.S.)

Yeah, I'll lock it right now.

She moves INTO FRAME, shuts and locks window.

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED:

105

FULL SHOT - ROOM

Klein is stowing tube into medical bag.

KLEIN

The fluid's clear. She'll be out until tomorrow noon or even longer. In the meantime, I'll run tests on the fluid tonight.

CHRIS

Can I go with you? Would you mind?

KLEIN

No, I know how you feel. Like when I talk to mechanics about my car.

CHRIS

Not exactly.

Klein looks at her, then back down at bag. As he snaps the clasps:

KLEIN

No.

FULL ON LOCKED WINDOW

Shutters in place.

106

EXT. KLEIN'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

106

Almost all the windows are darkened. We hear CAR DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING.

CHRIS AND KLEIN

KLEIN

Try to be positive. We're going to nail this thing down. She'll be okay.

107

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

107

Door CHIME. Sharon comes to door, opens it, disclosing Burke.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

BURKE

Greetings!

SHARON

Hi, Burke. Come on in.

As he enters.

BURKE

Might our star be available for
one little nightcap?

SHARON

She's not here, Burke.

BURKE

(turning to go)

Oh, well, then...

SHARON

Burke, wait. Can you do me a
favor?

BURKE

Oh, well, gladly.

SHARON

I need to pick up a prescription.
Can you stay and keep an eye on
Regan while I'm gone? It
shouldn't take me very long.

BURKE

Oh, but of course! Noblesse
oblige!

108 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

108

Chris is seated. Klein enters with a folder, tosses it
on desk and sits with an air of resignation and
bafflement.

CHRIS

So what is it, Doc?

KLEIN

Nothing. It's negative.

She lowers head into hand with a whispered groan.

CHRIS

God!

109 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

109

Burke, quietly humming, is scanning book titles on the shelves. Then he stops, hearing someone -- Regan? -- SNICKERING from O.S. He stops humming, turns to listen. Nothing. He turns back to the books. But now he hears a loud sound, like WINDOW SHUTTERS being pulled open with a bang, a WINDOW section SLIDING UP and open. We TRACK WITH him as he slowly goes to the staircase, starts to climb to the second floor, but then hears the RING of the TELEPHONE from O.S. He hesitates. Then, murmuring:

BURKE

Might be Sharon.

We TRACK WITH him, to phone in study. He picks it up.

BURKE

Yes, hullo?

(a DIAL TONE; hangs up
with:)

Rudest country on the face of the
Earth.

The room lights flicker, then die.

BURKE

And the darkest. Now what?

110 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - REGAN'S WINDOW - NIGHT

110

It is wide open. The lacy curtains billow.

111 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

111

KLEIN

Do you keep any drugs in the
house?

CHRIS

(looking up)

What?

KLEIN

Amphetamines? Hallucinogenics?

CHRIS

No, of course not. No, nothing
like that. I don't even smoke
grass. I'd tell you.

KLEIN

Are you planning to go back to
L.A. soon?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

CHRIS

No. No, I'm building a house.
The old one's sold. I was going
to take Regan to Europe for a
while.

Klein nods, staring down.

CHRIS

Why'd you ask?

KLEIN

I think it's time now to consult a
psychiatrist.

112 EXT. CHRIS'S CAR - HIGH MOVING DOWN SHOT - NIGHT

112

as she drives back across Key Bridge.

113 INT. CHRIS'S CAR - ANGLE FROM DRIVER'S SEAT - NIGHT

113

THROUGH the windshield, dead ahead, a crowd has gathered
by the base of the steep steps beside the house. An
ambulance is pulling out into traffic. As Chris rounds
off the bridge onto Prospect Street, the ambulance cuts
in just ahead of her, SIREN wailing. We FOLLOW the
ambulance for two beats, then:

114 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - CHRIS - NIGHT

114

drives up, gets out.

115 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE -, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

115

We are SHOOTING DOWN FROM the second-floor landing as
Chris enters despondently. Closing the door behind her,
she leans back against it. Looking down in thought, her
hand still clutches the doorknob. A beat. Then the
lights in the house blink out for a beat or two. During
the blackout, we see SUBLIMINAL IMAGES, terrifying
demonic faces. Chris looks up. The lights blink out
again, this time for longer.

CHRIS

Sharon?

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Chris answers. No one there. She
hangs up. The lights come back on.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

CHRIS

Shar?

Still no response. Chris starts up the staircase, wary, apprehensive.

116 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

116

The CAMERA IS FIXED BY the door to Regan's bedroom. As Chris reaches the landing, the lights blink out again, briefly, than on. Chris has halted, her eyes warily scanning around; then she continues down the hall TOWARD us. She is about to open the door to Regan's bedroom when she stops, hearing the front DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. She turns, heading back to the stairs.

117 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - FEATURE WINDOW - NIGHT

117

A curtain billows. The window is wide open. As we hear Chris's FOOTSTEPS RECEDING:

CHRIS (O.S.)

Sharon?

118 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FOYER-LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

118

Sharon has just come in with a white paper pharmacy bag. Chris appears at the upper-floor balustrade and starts down the stairs.

CHRIS

(hushed tone)

Sharon, what in hell do you mean going off and leaving Regan all alone in the house? Are you nuts?

SHARON

She's not alone. I went out for the Thorazine. Burke's here.

CHRIS

Where? There isn't anyone here.

SHARON

Are you kidding me?

TRACKING SHOT - CHRIS AND SHARON

as they head for kitchen. Sound of front DOOR OPENING, CLOSING.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

CHRIS

Kidding you? Look for yourself!
No one's here!

SHARON

(disgusted)

Oh, God. I should have known.

CHRIS

Known what?

SHARON

Burke came by about twenty minutes
after you left and I asked him to
stay while I went out for the
stuff.

CHRIS

You trusted Burke to watch Regan?

119 INT. KITCHEN - CHRIS AND SHARON - NIGHT

119

Entering.

SHARON

Chris, I'm sorry. I feel awful.

CHRIS

Better meditate, Shar.

SHARON

So what happened with the tests?

CHRIS

They're all negative. We've got
to start looking for a shrink.

Chris goes to the refrigerator, opens it as:

CHRIS

You want a sandwich?

SHARON

I'm not hungry.

Willie has entered and heard. Sharon eyes the evening
paper.

WILLIE

I fix. You sit down.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

CHRIS

(dully)

Hi ya, Willie. Where's Karl?

Willie stops and makes a gesture of dismissal.

WILLIE

He lets me see Schwarzenegger
movie by myself while he goes to
see Shakespeare movie.

Willie makes a "phew" gesture, gripping her nose with her
thumb and forefinger, while Chris, still staring into the
refrigerator, absently lifts two fingers in the "V for
Victory" sign.

WILLIE

I come back in one minute.

CHRIS

(closing fridge)

Guess I'm not hungry, either.

120

EXT. TOP OF STEPS - NIGHT

120

LONG SHOT FROM top of steps TO below, paramedics, police.
Flashing red lights, a crowd.

121

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

121

Chris sits at the breakfast table stabbing a grapefruit
with a hypodermic. Sharon is entering, comes quickly to
the table and sits. From O.S., we hear the sound of bath
WATER RUNNING.

SHARON

She's still asleep. What are you
doing?

CHRIS

Learning how to give an injection.
You know: just in case, when you
aren't around.

SHARON

Are you going to tell Howard?

CHRIS

(shakes head; then)

I don't know. It's sort of using
a crisis to get him back. Humhh.
Funny: 'Howard' -- 'Captain
Howdy.'

(CONTINUED)

121

CONTINUED:

121

The wall PHONE RINGS. Sharon rises to answer.

SHARON

Yes, that's right. I never
thought of that. Hmmm.

(answers phone)

Yes, hello. This is Sharon...

The front-DOORBELL CHIMES have sounded.

CHRIS

(calling out)

Willie?

No response. Chris rises and leaves the kitchen to
answer the door. She pays no heed to Sharon on the
phone.

SHARON

Oh, hi, Chuck. What's up? You
want Chris?... No. No, I
haven't... Oh, my God!

122

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE FOYER - CHRIS - NIGHT

122

The CHIMES sound AGAIN.

CHRIS

Okay, okay, I'm coming!
(opens door,
disclosing Karl)

Oh, it's you.

KARL

Sorry, madam. I forgot my key.

CHRIS

Next thing you know you'll lose at
chess to the IBM computer.

KARL

I don't lose.

CHRIS

I had to open my mouth.

We are ON Karl's back, TRACKING WITH him INTO kitchen as:

SHARON (O.S.)

Chris!

(CONTINUED)

122

CONTINUED:

122

CHRIS (O.S.)

Yeah, what is it?

SHARON (O.S.)

It's Burke!

CHRIS (O.S.)

Oh, good. I'm going to give him a piece of my mind.

ON SHARON

Chris INTO FRAME. Sharon quietly hangs up phone. Chris sees the ashen look on her face.

CHRIS

Shar, what is it? What's wrong?

SHARON

Burke's dead, Chris.

REAR TRACKING - KARL

as, without breaking stride, he walks through the swinging doors.

CHRIS (O.S.)

What are you saying?

SHARON (O.S.)

He's dead!

ON SHARON

SHARON

They found his body at the bottom of the steps next door!

SWINGING DOORS

Still moving a little as:

CHRIS

No!

123

EXT. AREA AT BOTTOM STEPS - NIGHT

123

An apparent crime or accident scene. Covered body on a stretcher is being lifted into police ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Ambulance door is slammed shut as a man observing
(KINDERMAN) turns and head and looks up AT us.

REVERSE ZOOM TO --

124 EXT. TOP OF STEPS - HIGH SHOT

124

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

125

INT. JESUIT RESIDENCE HALL REFECTORY - DAY

125

Bright sunlight streams in through the windows. A HUM of CHATTER. Jesuits in various modes of dress, many casual, are filtering into the dining room. Dyer and Karras are sitting at a table.

KARRAS

Any news on reassignment yet?

DYER

No. He's still thinking.

Karras looks despondent, disappointed. An elderly priest, the PASTOR of Holy Trinity, sits beside them. He looks very Irish and speaks with a brogue.

PASTOR

May I join you?

DYER

Sure, why don't you sit down and be at home, Father Toomey?

PASTOR

(with a black look
at Dyer)

Any notions on that altar card,
Damien?

KARRAS

No, not yet, Father Toomey.

DYER

What are you talking about?

KARRAS

While you were off on retreat there was another desecration in Dahlgren Chapel. A dog's head with a crown of thorns on the altar.

DYER

Sick.

KARRAS

And then a mass card with a filthy new text that was slipped inside the plastic casing.

(CONTINUED)

DYER

Oh, really? How filthy?

KARRAS

Oh, describing a sexual orgy involving --

PASTOR

Alright, that's enough of that, enough!

DYER

Don't you think we hear confessions? Hello! I'm a priest!

KARRAS

The card was written in Latin, very fluent, church style.

DYER

The Latin mass has been out for thirty years.

PASTOR

Oh, and aren't you loving it, though, with your guitars and your singing and your mass in English and all the rest of your 'Clap hands, here comes Christ!'

DYER

Loved your sermon on clog dancing, Father.

PASTOR

Did you? So today, now, Damien, a policeman come by, he says he talked to some fellow, a psychologist, and he says that the person that's behind these desecrations...

(turning for a long
look at Dyer)

... well, he could be a priest, ya know, a very sick priest.

KARRAS

Acting out a rebellion against the church in a state of somnambulism, maybe. Conceivable.

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR

That's what he said. Can ya think of any candidates, Damien?

KARRAS

Candidates?

PASTOR

Well, now, sooner or later they come and see you, wouldn't ya say? I mean, the sick ones, if any, from the campus. Do ya know any like that?

DYER

If he did, you think he'd tell you?

PASTOR

You be still. Do ya have any candidates, Damien?

Dyer is looking at Karras but surreptitiously jabbing an index finger toward his palm and the Pastor as:

KARRAS

No, I don't.

Without turning to look, the Pastor grips Dyer's finger and squeezes it, drawing a brief yelp of pain from the younger priest. Karras looks down, seems pensive and clouded. The Pastor is rising.

PASTOR

Well, you think about it now.

KARRAS

I will.

DYER

(at Karras)

Will you show me the C-A-R-D later on or should I -- ?

The Pastor cuts him off with a backhand swat, which causes Dyer to laugh. The Pastor turns to him, smiling good-naturedly.

PASTOR

You scoundrel.

He makes a small gesture of farewell to Karras.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

PASTOR

Said a mass for your mother this morning.

CLOSEUP - KARRAS

nods, looks despondent.

126 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

126

Regan, on bed, is in the midst of another fit, her body jackknifing up and down as she screams for it to stop. Chris, Klein and a PSYCHIATRIST are in the room. They look at each other, Klein nods, dips into his medical bag, extracting a syringe.

CLOSEUP - SYRINGE

being filled.

FULL SHOT - ROOM

The room is relatively quiet. Klein is pulling window shutters closed as the Psychiatrist sits on the bed beside a weepy, logy Regan.

REGAN

Where's my mom? I want Mom.

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes, your mother will be here in just a second. It's alright, dear. I'm a doctor.

REGAN

I want Mom!

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you hurt, dear?

Regan nods.

PSYCHIATRIST

Where?

REGAN

Just everyplace. I'm feeling all achy.

Chris has entered, heard this.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Oh, my baby!

REGAN

Oh, Mom, he hurt me! Make him stop hurting me, please? Mom? Okay?

PSYCHIATRIST

Can you tell me what's wrong, dear?

REGAN

I don't know! I don't know why he does it to me! He was always my friend before!

PSYCHIATRIST

Who is that?

REGAN

Captain Howdy. And then it's like somebody else is inside me, making me do things.

PSYCHIATRIST

Captain Howdy?

REGAN

I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, alright, then. Let's try something, Regan. A game.

(extracting a shiny
bauble from his
pocket)

Have you ever seen a movie where someone gets hypnotized? Well, I'm a hypnotist, Regan. Yes, that's right. And I think if I hypnotize you, dear, it will help you to get well. Would you like to be hypnotized? See, your mother's right beside you.

CHRIS

Go ahead, honey, do it. Try it.

REGAN

(nods; then, to
Psychiatrist)

Okay. But only a little.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE AT BAUBLE

On a chain, it swings gently back and forth. A narrow beam of light shines on it. Behind it, we see silhouetted the Psychiatrist who is holding it. The room lights are off, shades have been drawn, curtains pulled. The lighting is dim, murky.

PSYCHIATRIST

Your eyes are feeling heavy,
feeling heavier and heavier, and
now you have to close them.

AT KLEIN

Observing.

PSYCHIATRIST

And now you have to close them.
And soon as they are closed you
are going to be asleep.

AT REGAN

Sitting in a straight-backed, oversized chair. Haggard, face bruised and scratched, she stares unseeingly. Shadow of the swinging bauble, the penlight on her face.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

And as soon as they are closed you
are going to be asleep and you
will do what I say and you will
answer my questions. You will do
what...

He breaks off: She has closed her eyes.

AT PSYCHIATRIST AND CHRIS

They are sitting on the bed facing Regan.

PSYCHIATRIST

Extremely suggestible. How'd she
get all those cuts on her face?

CHRIS

She did it.

She demonstrates hand clawing at her face. He nods. He turns off the penlight.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you comfortable, Regan?

REGAN

Yes.

The CAMERA PANS OFF Chris and the Psychiatrist and begins to CIRCLE AROUND VERY SLOWLY, until it ARRIVES IN a SIDE ANGLE. Regan's face is shadowed, lost in the darkness.

PSYCHIATRIST

Now when I touch your forehead you will open your eyes but remain asleep.

(touches her
forehead; as she
opens her eyes)

How old are you, Regan?

REGAN

Twelve.

PSYCHIATRIST

Is there someone inside of you, Regan?

REGAN

Sometimes.

PSYCHIATRIST

When?

REGAN

Different times.

PSYCHIATRIST

It's a person?

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Who is it?

REGAN

I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

Is it Captain Howdy?

REGAN

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCHIATRIST

A man?

REGAN

I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

If I ask him to tell me, will you let him answer, Regan?

REGAN

No!

PSYCHIATRIST

Why not?

REGAN

I'm afraid!

PSYCHIATRIST

If he talks to me, I think he will leave you. Do you want him to leave you?

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Then let him speak, Regan. Will you let him speak? I'll just ask him little questions, mostly only yes or no. Is that alright, dear? Can we do that?

REGAN

(very softly)

Yes.

The CAMERA now GIVES us only a SIDE VIEW of Regan's face.

PSYCHIATRIST

I am speaking to the person inside of Regan now. If you are there you too have been hypnotized and must answer my questions. Come forward and answer, now: Are you there?

No response. Three beats and we hear REGAN'S BREATH coming loud and raspy. It is the sound of a rotted, putrid bellows. The Psychiatrist flicks on the penlight and shines it up into Regan's face. Gasping:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Oh, my God!

Regan's features have contorted into a malevolent mask. Her eyes gleam hatred and unthinkable spite. The sight is unbearable for Chris. She lowers her head and grips the Psychiatrist's arm very tightly. This causes him to lower the penlight beam so that it is not directly on Regan's face as he looks with concern to Chris.

CHRIS

Go ahead.

He looks quickly back to Regan. Her face is again shadowed.

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you the person inside of
Regan?

From Regan comes a hoarse whisper that is deep, husky.

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Who are you?

REGAN

I am no one.

Slowly, the Psychiatrist has inclined the penlight up again to the face.

HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you someone whom Regan has
known?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you someone she's invented?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you real?

(CONTINUED)

The response is a disquieting, sardonic chuckle. After a beat:

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you a part of her?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you like her?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

You dislike her.

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you hate her?

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you blame her for her parents' divorce?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Then why do you hate her?

REGAN

Secret.

PSYCHIATRIST

It's a secret?

REGAN

Yes.

The Psychiatrist mulls this for a moment. Then:

PSYCHIATRIST

Are you punishing Regan for something?

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

You wish to harm her?

REGAN

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

To kill her?

REGAN

Yes.

Over a stifled gasp from Chris:

PSYCHIATRIST

But if she died, wouldn't you die,
too?

REGAN

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Is there something she can do to
make you leave her?

FULL SHOT - ROOM

The clay POT on the mantelpiece unaccountably tips over
and SMASHES to the floor.

CLOSE AT REGAN

Horrifying spite and rage; her lips pulled back in a
snarl.

LOW SIDE ANGLE

As Regan's arm stabs out and apparently seizes the
Psychiatrist's scrotum in a vise-like grip, for we hear
his cry of agony.

AT CHRIS

leaping up.

CHRIS

Regaaaaaannnnnn!

(CONTINUED)

Klein races forward toward the bed.

KLEIN
Hit the light!

AT CHRIS

Racing toward the light switch.

CLOSE AT REGAN

Cackling demonically, then howling like a wolf.

CLOSE AT CHRIS'S HAND

Hitting the light switch.

FULL SHOT - BED

Regan, still cackling, howling, is rolling around on the bed in a chaotic struggle with Klein and the Psychiatrist, who are still trying to dislodge her hand from its grip.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS

Grimaces. Gasps. Curses.

Sound of BEDSPRINGS. The bed is quivering violently from side to side.

CLOSE AT REGAN

Now herself, her features normal, she has released her grip, suddenly jerking upright and as her eyes roll upward into their sockets, exposing the whites, she wrenches up a keening, elongated shriek of terror torn raw and bloody from the base of her spine until:

HIGH SHOT - SCENE

As Regan falls backward, unconscious. No one moves. Then Klein makes a small move at extricating himself from the tangle of bodies. Chris's hand then flies to her mouth to stifle a sob.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

127 EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING 127
- DAY (LIGHT RAIN)

A LOW ANGLE FEATURING the statue of Bishop John Carroll just beyond the front gates. A distant RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

128 INT. KARRAS'S ROOM - DAY (RAIN) 128

FULL SHOT - PHOTO OF KARRAS'S MOTHER

YOUNG JESUIT (O.S.)

Oh, well, partly that. Partly.
Yeah, I guess.

FULL SHOT - SCENE

Karras sits behind desk, his face reflecting sadness and the strain of attempting to keep his mind on the problems of the troubled-looking young JESUIT SCHOLASTIC sitting opposite him.

SCHOLASTIC

But that isn't the main thing,
Father.

KARRAS

What is?

SCHOLASTIC

Well, I know it sounds...

He halts as both he and Karras turn to stare at a SOUND from the window, a slight shiver that runs through the glass for several beats and reminiscent of a similar phenomenon in Klein's office early on. An icy gust keens briefly, then dies. Karras turns back to the Scholastic.

KARRAS

Go ahead, Jim. Tell me. Lay it
out.

SCHOLASTIC

I guess it's just plain
loneliness, Father.

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

128

KARRAS
(as Karras nods,
understanding)

Oh, yes.

SCHOLASTIC
Like I'll start to put my arm
around another guy's shoulder, but
then I have to catch myself -- I'm
afraid he might think...

KARRAS
Yes, I know, Jim. 'Particular
friendships.'

Karras drops his gaze to his mother's photo.

CLOSEUP OF PHOTO OF MOTHER

SCHOLASTIC (O.S.)
I've really never felt this kind
of pain in all my life. Do you
ever get used to it, Father?

CLOSE ON KARRAS STARING AT PHOTO

SCHOLASTIC (O.S.)
Does the ache ever really go away?

KARRAS
In time, maybe, Jim. In time.

129 EXT. KARRAS'S WINDOW - DAY (RAIN)

129

Karras looks out AT us.

130 EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - KARRAS'S POV OF STATUE
OF VIRGIN MARY - DAY (RAIN)

130

It stands at the edge of the lawn opposite the Copley
Building.

CLOSE ON KARRAS THROUGH WINDOW

His gaze is haunted. We see quick SUBLIMINAL FLASHES of
the desecrated statue in the church, intermixing
different angles and sizes. Then BACK TO Karras,
staring, haunted. He lowers his head.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

CLOSE ON STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY ON CAMPUS LAWN

131 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON SUITCASE TOSSED
TO FLOOR - DAY

131

FULL SHOT - SCENE

On the floor, some luggage. Regan is in bed, unconscious. She is facing AWAY FROM the CAMERA while Sharon takes her pulse. Chris goes to Regan's closet, and removes some of her clothes from the rack. Then she turns, looks at the bed. She moves to the bedside, looks down at Regan with pain and compassion, sighs.

SHARON

I'll give her the Sparine just
before we leave for the clinic.
It'll last four hours. That
should get us there.

CHRIS

(looking at
wristwatch)

Okay. Let's let the traffic thin
out, then we'll go.

SHARON

We're going to leave her there for
tests?

CHRIS

Got to do it.

Willie enters.

WILLIE

Madam!

CHRIS

Yeah, what's up?

WILLIE

(handing her a
calling card)

There is man here to see you.
Detective.

CHRIS

(eyeing card)

Homicide?

132 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

132

Chris is descending staircase. On the foyer love seat sits police Lieutenant Kinderman. Seeing Chris, he gets up.

KINDERMAN

I'd know that face in any lineup,
Miss MacNeil.

CHRIS

Am I in one?

KINDERMAN

Oh, my goodness, oh, no! Look,
you're busy? I can come another
time.

CHRIS

No, what is it? Burke Dennings?
Was he killed?

KINDERMAN

God forbid! No, it's strictly
routine. But a man so important,
we just couldn't let it pass. At
least one or two questions. Did
he fall? Was he pushed? You have
a minute?

133 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

133

Karl is hard at work polishing the stove and oven racks. Chris and Kinderman are seated at either breakfast table or booth. Chris is down, distracted, her mind on Regan and the trip.

CHRIS

Was he robbed?

KINDERMAN

No, not robbed, Miss MacNeil,
never robbed, but then who needs a
motive in times like these? Why,
today, for a murderer a motive is
only an encumbrance. A deterrent.
Incidentally, that film you made
called Angel? You know, I saw
that film six times. But one
minuscule point -- do you mind? --
the score: it seemed to me a
little intrusive. Maybe not. But
was it borrowed perhaps from
Mendelssohn?

(CONTINUED)

He sees Chris checking wristwatch; reaches into his pockets for a notepad and a stub of a pencil.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I'll hurry. Just one or two questions, that's all. In fact, only one question. You see, since poor Mr. Dennings had been filming in this area, we wondered if he might have been visiting someone in the neighborhood the night of his death.

CHRIS

Oh, well, yes. He was here.

KINDERMAN

That very night? Near the time of his death?

CHRIS

What time was that?

KINDERMAN

About seven-oh-five.

CHRIS

I think he was.

Kinderman, nodding, turns in his chair and tucks the paper back in his pocket, as if preparatory to leaving.

KINDERMAN

Ah. Well, that settles it then. He was here, he left the house and in the dark he must have tripped and then fallen down the steps. Yes, that settles it. Finished. All done. Rigatoni.

(settles back again)

Oh, no, wait. Can you tell me what time he left the house?

CHRIS

I don't know. I didn't see him. He left while I was out.

KINDERMAN

You were out. But then how did you know he was here?

CHRIS

Oh, well, Sharon said --

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Sharon?

CHRIS

Sharon Spencer, my daughter's nanny. She told me she was here when Burke dropped by. My daughter was sick and --

KINDERMAN

Your daughter?

CHRIS

She's twelve. Sharon left her here with Burke while she went out for some prescriptions. By the time I got home he was gone.

KINDERMAN

And what time was that, please?

CHRIS

Oh, maybe seven fifteen, seven-thirty.

KINDERMAN

And what time had you left?

CHRIS

Six-fifteenish.

KINDERMAN

And between the time Miss Spencer left and the time you returned, who was here in the house with Mr. Dennings besides your daughter?

CHRIS

No one. Willie and Karl were --

KINDERMAN

Who are they? They're the servants?

Chris reacts, abruptly realizing that the nuzzling interview has turned into a steely interrogation. She reaches for pack of cigarettes.

CHRIS

This is more than one question.

KINDERMAN

Not many. Who are Willie and Karl?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(motioning with head)
That's Karl right there. And Willie's his wife. They're my housekeepers. I'd given them the afternoon off and by the time I got home they weren't back from the movie.

KINDERMAN

So then only your daughter might know when Mr. Dennings left the house.

CHRIS

No, she wouldn't. She's been sick and she was heavily sedated.

KINDERMAN

Watch out for drafts. A draft in the summer when a house is hot is a magic carpet for bacteria.

(gesturing up at
the ceiling)

That's her room up there, your daughter, with that window looking down on the steps?

CHRIS

Yeah, that's hers.

KINDERMAN

Keep it closed. In the meantime, we're finished. Just a note for the record -- routine -- we're all done.

(pencil poised)

The housekeepers, Karl and Willie -- ?

CHRIS

Engstrom.

KINDERMAN

(writing)

Engstrom. And you said they got home at what time?

CHRIS

I didn't say. Karl, what time did you get back from the movie last night?

(CONTINUED)

KARL
(turns around,
inscrutable)
Exactly 9:30.

KINDERMAN
You saw a good film?

KARL
Paul Scofield. King Lear.

KINDERMAN
Ah, I'm going to see that.

KARL
At Bethesda Cinema, six o'clock
showing. Then immediately after I
take bus from the theater and --

KINDERMAN
Please, that's not necessary.
Please.

KARL
I do not mind.

KINDERMAN
No, no, no.

KARL
I do not mind.

KINDERMAN
If you insist.

KARL
I get off at Wisconsin Avenue and
'M' Street. Nine-twenty, perhaps.
Then I walk to the house.

KINDERMAN
Look, you didn't have to tell me,
but anyway, thank you, it was very
considerate.

(dotting the final i)
All right now, we're finished;
finished; done. Oh, no, wait!
Mrs. Engstrom and Karl. They came
and went together?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (5)

133

CHRIS
(as Karl turns to
reply)
No. Willie got in a few minutes
after Sharon.

As Kinderman tucks away the pencil and program, rises:

KINDERMAN
Well, that's that. When I'm back
in the office I'll doubtless
remember some question I forgot.
Well, never mind. I can call you.
Do you have a good doctor for your
daughter?

CHRIS
(glancing at her
wristwatch)
I've got enough of them. I'm
going to have to take her to a
clinic for some tests.

KINDERMAN
And her problem? You can tell me?

CHRIS
That's what the clinic's going to
have to find out.

134 INT. FOYER BY FRONT DOOR - DAY

134

KINDERMAN
Well -- I would say it's been a
pleasure, but under the
circumstances...

Hat in hand, he holds doorknob while Chris, arms folded
across her chest, stares down at rug and glumly nods.

KINDERMAN
I'm so sorry. Death. The whole
idea, it's outrageous. No one
likes it. It's not popular. No.
Not a winner.

Chris nods glumly. Kinderman opens the door and steps
outside.

KINDERMAN
Good luck with your daughter.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

CHRIS

Good luck with the world.

She closes the door, leans back against it, exhales a sigh. Then stares up toward Regan's room.

CLOSEUP OF DOORKNOB

From behind the door we hear a very low and elongated sound that is half WHEEZE, half GROWL.

CLOSEUP ON CHRIS

Her expression tragic, eyes misting up. She moves forward and OUT OF the SHOT.

135 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

135

KINDERMAN

To the morgue. The city morgue.

As driver TURNS IGNITION key...

KINDERMAN

I have to see it again with my eyes.

136 INT. LOCKER HALL IN MORGUE - KINDERMAN AND ATTENDANT
- DAY

136

The CAMERA is FIXED at one end and ANGLED so as to disclose -- as Kinderman and the attendant APPROACH us -- the rows and banks of metal lockers used for the filing of sightless eyes. They stop at the other end. The ATTENDANT finds the proper locker and pulls it out full length; then he stands back. Kinderman takes his hat off, staring down as Attendant pulls back sheet.

UP ANGLE AT KINDERMAN STARING DOWN

We hear the RUSTLING sound OF the SHEET BEING DRAWN BACK. Kinderman shakes his head, frowning as if in disbelief.

ATTENDANT

Could that have happened from the fall?

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED:

136

KINDERMAN

Only from the one at the beginning
of time.

137

EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

137

At the curb, a limo, Sharon in the back. Driver coming
around to open rear door. Willie stands on front stoop
as Chris carries Regan in her arms to the car. Karl
moves to Chris as if to take Regan, but she shakes him
off.

CHRIS

No, I'll take her. She's mine.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

138 EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - OUTDOOR TRACK - DAY 138

Karras is running laps. Parked on the road near the track is a police squad car. Kinderman stands beside it, watching Karras, who seems curious, if not disturbed, by his presence. When Karras slows to a walk, Kinderman moves to catch up with him and we TRACK FRONT --

KINDERMAN

Father Karras?

Karras turns, squinting into sun, his breath coming in great gulps.

KARRAS

Yes?

KINDERMAN

Just a moment, please, Father.

He waits for Kinderman to reach him, then resumes walking.

KARRAS

Have we met?

KINDERMAN

No, we haven't, but they said I could tell; that you looked like a boxer.

(flashing I.D.)

I'm Lieutenant Bill Kinderman.

KARRAS

What's this about?

KINDERMAN

You know, you do look like a boxer. Excuse me, that scar, you know, there by your eye? Just exactly Marlon Brando, it looks, in On The Waterfront. People ever tell you that, Father?

KARRAS

People tell you that you look like Paul Newman?

KINDERMAN

Always. Incidentally, you're busy? I'm not interrupting?

(CONTINUED)

KARRAS

Interrupting what?

KINDERMAN

Well, mental prayer, perhaps.

KARRAS

(stopping)

Is this about the desecrations?

KINDERMAN

Excuse me?

Karras gives him a skeptical look, then moves on, shaking his head.

KINDERMAN

Ah, well. A psychiatrist. Who am I kidding? I'm sorry, it's a habit with me, Father. Schmaltz. That's the Kinderman method.

KARRAS

(stopping)

Look, Lieutenant, if you want a sick priest, I can help you. I suggest you take a look in the Jesuit Infirmary and at one of the Jebbies there who's ninety years old and is convinced the Holy Spirit keeps hiding his socks to test his faith in the underlying order of the universe.

(moving on)

Thank you. That's the Damien Karras method.

KINDERMAN

People tell you for a priest you're a little bit smart-ass?

KARRAS

Always.

KINDERMAN

Maybe always isn't enough.

KINDERMAN

You know that director was doing the film here, Father? Burke Dennings?

(CONTINUED)

KARRAS

Yes, I've seen him.

KINDERMAN

You're familiar how he died?

KARRAS

Well, the papers...

KINDERMAN

No, the papers, that's just part of it... Part.

KINDERMAN

Listen, what do you know on the subject of witchcraft, Father? From the witching end, please, not the hunting.

KARRAS

Well, I once did a paper on it.

KINDERMAN

Oh, really? Oh, that's wonderful! Great!

KARRAS

You never knew that till this moment, I suppose.

KINDERMAN

Father, people can suppose what they meant.

KARRAS

Go ahead.

KINDERMAN

It's a free country, Father.

KARRAS

Go ahead.

KINDERMAN

These desecrations... they remind you of anything to do with witchcraft?

KARRAS

Maybe. Some rituals used in Black Mass.

(stopping)

What's that got to do with Dennings?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

KINDERMAN

Burke Dennings, good Father, was found at the bottom of those steps down to M Street with his head turned completely around and facing backwards.

Karras is floored; then he turns to meet Kinderman's steady gaze. Then they resume walking.

KINDERMAN

And so what comes to mind in the context of witchcraft?

KARRAS

Well, supposedly, demons broke the necks of witches that way.

KINDERMAN

They did. So on the one hand, a murder, and on the other, desecrations in the church, identical with rituals used in devil worship.

KARRAS

You think the killer and the desecrator are the same?

KINDERMAN

Maybe somebody crazy, Father Karras. Maybe someone with a spite against the Church. Some unconscious rebellion.

140 INT. HEALY BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

140

Karras and Kinderman are APPROACHING us down the long hallway as:

KINDERMAN

And so who fits the bill, also lives in the neighborhood, knows Latin, and also has access to the church in the night?

KARRAS

Sick priest.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Listen, Father, this is hard for you -- please, I understand. But for priests on the campus here, you're the psychiatrist; you'd know who was sick at the time, who was not. I mean, this kind of sickness. You'd know that.

KARRAS

Look, I really know of no one who fits the description.

KINDERMAN

Ah, of course, doctor's ethics. If you knew, you wouldn't tell.

KARRAS

No, I wouldn't.

KINDERMAN

Incidentally -- and I mention it only in passing -- this ethic at the moment is maybe illegal. Not to bother you with trivia and legal minutiae, but lately a psychiatrist in sunny California was thrown into jail for not telling the police what he knew about a patient.

KARRAS

(slight smile)

That a threat?

KINDERMAN

Don't talk paranoid. I mention it only in passing.

KARRAS

I mention it only in passing, but I could always tell the judge it was a matter of confession.

KINDERMAN

Want to go into business, Father? What 'Father'? You're a Jew who's trying to pass, though, let me tell you, I think you've gone a little bit far.

141 EXT. HEALY BUILDING - TOP OF STEPS - DAY

141

Kinderman and Karras are coming through doors to top of steps overlooking entry circle, the front gates, the squad car below.

KINDERMAN

Come on, we'll take you where you're going.

KARRAS

That's all right, thanks. It's just a short walk.

KINDERMAN

Never mind. Enjoy. You can tell all your friends you went riding in a squad car.

KARRAS

Been there, done that.

142 EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - SQUAD CAR - DAY

142

The car pulls up to Jesuit Residence Hall and parks.

143 INT. SQUAD CAR - KARRAS AND KINDERMAN - DAY

143

KINDERMAN

You like movies, Father Karras?

KARRAS

Yes, I do.

KINDERMAN

I get passes for the very best shows. I always hate to go alone. You know, I love to talk film; to discuss, to critique. Would you like to see a movie with me sometime, Father? I've got passes for the Biograph this week. It's Othello.

KARRAS

Who's in it?

KINDERMAN

Who's in it?

KARRAS

Yes, who's starring?

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Desdmona, Madonna, and in the
role of Othello, John Thompson.
You're happy? What's the
difference who's starring, who's
not?

KARRAS

I've seen it.

As Karras is about to exit, Kinderman grabs his arm.

KINDERMAN

Listen, one more time: Can you
think of some priest who fits the
bill?

KARRAS

Oh, come on, now!

KINDERMAN

Just answer the question, please,
Father Paranoia.

KARRAS

Look, Lieutenant, can I tell you
who I really think did it?

KINDERMAN

Yes, who?

KARRAS

The Dominicans. Go pick on them.

KINDERMAN

I could have you deported, you
know that?

KARRAS

What for?

KINDERMAN

A psychiatrist shouldn't piss
people off. Plus also the goyim
would love to get rid of you. Who
needs it? A priest who wears
sweat suits and sneakers!

KARRAS

(smiling, exiting car)

Thanks a lot for the ride.

Karras looks over shoulder, smiling, moves on.

145 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

145

As Kinderman settles back in and, softly:

KINDERMAN

Ah, my God. What a world. What a life.

He unlocks glove compartment, removes Mass card in Latin, eyes it, then looks off toward Karras.

KINDERMAN

Fluent Latin. 'And who fits the bill?'

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

at Karras walking away.

146 EXT. BARRINGER CLINIC - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

146

147 INT. ROOM IN BARRINGER CLINIC - TV MONITOR - DAY

147

Regan, her face bloated, scratched, bruised, and with nasogastric feeding tube inserted in her nostril. She is writhing against her restraining jacket, staring into closed circuit lens, mouthing words we do not hear. On her exposed chest, we discern letters and numerals rising up on her skin in bas relief. We PULL BACK FROM the monitor, PANNING to disclose Chris and a group of DOCTORS seated around a conference table.

CLINIC DIRECTOR (DOCTOR)

It looks like a type of disorder that you rarely ever see anymore except maybe among primitive cultures. We call it somnambuliform possession. Quite frankly, we don't know a whole lot about it except that it starts with some conflict or guilt that eventually leads to the patient's delusion that he's been invaded by an alien intelligence; a spirit, if you will. In the past this -- spirit -- whatever you want to call it -- was usually thought to be a demon.

CHRIS

Yeah, go on.

(CONTINUED)

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Well, in recent times the invading spirit's most often the spirit of someone dead, often someone the patient has known or seen and is able to unconsciously mimic. The voice, I mean, and their mannerisms. There are cases where their faces even change. But you don't find the rages in most of those cases. However, in so-called demonic possession, the new personality is hostile toward the first. Its primary aim, in fact, is to kill it.

(as Chris stifles a reaction)

I know. So we think that your daughter will have to be hospitalized for --

CHRIS

Look, I told you and I'm telling you again! I am not going to put her in some freaking asylum!

FEMALE DOCTOR

But --

CHRIS

I don't care what you call it! I'm not about to put her away!

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Well, I'm sorry.

CHRIS

Yeah, sorry! Christ, eighty-eight doctors and all you can tell me with all of your bullshit is...!

She chokes up, tries to stifle her emotions; recovers.

CHRIS

Sorry.

CLINIC DIRECTOR

(softly)

That's alright. We understand.

CHRIS

Yeah, I know. So that's it? That's all she wrote?

(CONTINUED)

CLINIC DIRECTOR

From the orthodox viewpoint, yes.
However...

He glances over at one of his colleagues. She nods.
Chris sees it.

CHRIS

However, what?

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Well, there is one very outside
chance of a cure. I tend to think
of it as shock treatment, in a
way. As I say, it's a long shot,
and even rather risky since it --

CHRIS

Tell me what it is, for godssakes
and I'll do it!

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Have you any religious beliefs?

CHRIS

No, I don't.

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Does your daughter?

CHRIS

No.

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Well, some of her ravings are
religiously themed. Do you have
any books about possession in your
house? If she believes or has
heard of it, maybe it would work.

CHRIS

What might work?

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Have you ever heard of --
exorcism, Mrs. MacNeil?

CHRIS

Heard of what?

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (3)

147

CLINIC DIRECTOR

Exorcism. It's a stylized ritual -- mostly prayers -- in which rabbis and priests try to drive out the so-called invading spirit. It's pretty much discarded these days, except maybe by the Catholics who keep it in the closet as a sort of embarrassment. But in fact, there are cases when it's worked, although not for the reason they think, of course. It was purely the force of suggestion. You see the victim's belief in possession helped cause it; and in just the same way this belief in the power of exorcism can sometimes make it disappear.

Chris stares at him, then looks around at the others.

CHRIS

Are you telling me to take my daughter to a witch doctor?

FULL ON TV MONITOR - REGAN

CLOSE ON REGAN'S ARM

Where the letters M-E-R-R-I-N finish rising up on her skin.

CLOSEUP - REGAN

as she opens her eyes. She is staring right AT us. A portentous SCORE CREEPS IN AND BUILDS as we SLOWLY ZOOM TO --

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HER EYES

and continue TO HOLD a thin image of them over a --

148 MONTAGE

148

in which the CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES TO:

(CONTINUED)

A) KINDERMAN

standing at top of steps beside the house. He is staring down, looking grim, then lifts his head to stare up at the MacNeil house.

B) KARRAS

in Dahlgren Chapel. Late at night, the only light from flickering votive candles. Karras touches his hand to the altar cloth where the severed dog's head had lain, slowly and pensively brushing his fingers back and forth over the spot. He stops, looks over at an altar card, picks it up and stares at it.

C) MERRIN

at Iraqi Ruins. He is standing at top of crag, faced off opposite the statue of Pazuzu as Regan's eyes COME UP full, blotting Merrin out. The eyes are demonic and are filled with hate and rage as:

REGAN

Come!

FADE OUT.

END OF FIRST NIGHT