

THE EXORCIST

PART TWO

The Completed Original Novel

Adapted for Television

by

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REVISED
March 23, 1998

THE EXORCISTPART TWOACT ONE

FADE IN:

149 MONTAGE OF SPOOKY NIGHT SHOTS IN NORTHERN IRAQ 149

A minaret, rooftops, bathed in the light of a full moon... A street devoid of life or movement, except for the FLAPPING OF a SHUTTER in the breeze... The curator's office, moonlight seeping through... The pendulum clock... The statue of Pazuzu. Then, finally:

150 EXT. TRAIN STATION IN MOSUL, IRAQ - ESTABLISHING 150
- NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: MOSUL, NORTHERN IRAQ

The train, the Orient Express, is in station. Steam pours out of its smokestack, thick and congealed in the cold night air. It is perfectly quiet, except for the sinister, pattered RAPPING sounds that seem to have an intelligence behind them and heralded the start of the horrors in Georgetown.

151 INT. TRAIN STATION WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 151

No activity. A SERIES OF SHOTS showing detail, including one showing no one is behind the ticket window, and another of a clock, showing the time to be a few minutes before midnight. The RAPPINGS have CONTINUED.

152 EXT. MOSUL TRAIN STATION - MERRIN - NIGHT 152

Enshrouded by drifting steam from the engine, Merrin stands waiting, in his grip a black valise. After a moment, he turns his head to the left, listening to the dim RAPPINGS, but then freezes and turns very slowly to look to his right as we hear a slow and somehow ominous CRUNCHING OF FOOTSTEPS. They STOP.

POV - TRAIN ATTENDANT

He looks like the one-eyed man with glaucoma seen before at the ruins of Nineveh. He now wears a TRAIN ATTENDANT uniform and holds a red lantern that bathes his face in hellish light. His breath comes frosty.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

TRAIN ATTENDANT
(subtitle)
The train is ready. You can
board.

ON MERRIN

Uneasy beneath a show of calm.

FULL HIGH SHOT - ORIENT EXPRESS
pulling out of station.

153 INT. PASSAGEWAY OF ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT

153

Merrin is coming down the aisle, checking numbers on
doors. He enters a stateroom.

154 INT. STATEROOM IN TRAIN - NIGHT

154

Another passenger is already seated, staring out window,
an IRAQI WOMAN. Dressed all in black, she is smoking a
Galois cigarette. Of indeterminate age, she is dark, her
looks dramatic and compelling, though somehow ravaged.
She has the amazingly pale green, hypnotic eyes of the
Figure of Death, the woman in the droshky that almost ran
down Merrin. In Arabic:

IRAQI WOMAN
(subtitle)
Good evening.

MERRIN
(subtitle)
Yes, good evening.

Merrin places the bag in steel rack overhead, then
removes hat and sits opposite. The woman continues
looking out window, but now speaks in Arabic-accented
English. She has a raspy and unnervingly deep, though
not unpleasant, whiskey voice.

IRAQI WOMAN
You go all the way to Baghdad?

MERRIN
Yes. Yes, all the way. And you?

IRAQI WOMAN
Much farther.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

She turns to him and holds out the hand with the cigarette. We notice on her finger a very large ring of unusual and striking design.

IRAQI WOMAN

You don't mind?

Merrin shakes his head. Then:

MERRIN

No, not at all.

IRAQI WOMAN

Some people do.

A silence as she continues to stare directly at him. Finally:

MERRIN

Please forgive me. Have we met?
You seem familiar.

IRAQI WOMAN

I've a very common face. You see
it everywhere.

MERRIN

No. No, I don't think so.

The other passenger shrugs, looks out window. Merrin follows suit.

CLOSE ON MERRIN

MERRIN

The land is so dark. A dark
world.

IRAQI WOMAN (O.S.)

It is mine.

155

EXT. ON TRAIN WINDOW - MERRIN - NIGHT

155

He is staring out AT us, frowning. Then turns to the Iraqi Woman. But she, as we have already seen, is not there. The seat opposite is empty. The train's KLAXON COMES UP LOUD, sustained, and then abruptly is gone, supplanted by the relative quiet of:

156 EXT. GEORGETOWN FROM VIRGINIA SIDE - ESTABLISHING 156
- DAY (RAIN)

A collegiate crew team rows a racing scull through the waters.

157 INT. PRIEST'S CUBICLE - DAY (RAIN) 157

Karras, in black trousers and T-shirt, is at small altar saying Mass. RAIN falls on windowpane as, hands upraised, eyes sad, he reads:

KARRAS

'Remember also, O Lord, Your
servant, Mary Karras, who has gone
before us with the sign of faith
and sleeps the sleep of peace.'

158 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY (RAIN) 158

A dark, moody sky, distant RUMBLE OF THUNDER, as a black limo pulls up to the MacNeil House. The street is empty and a pall of dark depression paints the air.

159 INT. PRIEST'S CUBICLE - DAY (RAIN) 159

Karras at another part of the Mass. His stare is haunted.

KARRAS

(reads)

'O Lord I am not worthy. Speak
but the word and my soul shall be
healed.'

160 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY (RAIN) 160

Karl exits from the driver's side of the limo and opens the rear door while Sharon exits on the right rear side. Chris sits in the back seat, holding a small figure (Regan) wrapped in a blanket. Karl takes Regan from Chris and carries her toward the house where Willie stands, anxiously watching. Chris exits from the car, shaken and depressed. She halts, staring at the ground, one hand in her coat pocket, the other shakily rising to her lowered head. During this, we ZOOM TO TIGHT at her face, her trembling hand.

161 EXT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL ON GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY 161
CAMPUS - DAY (RAIN)

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

We hear a confessional PANEL SLIDING open, then, whispered:

KARRAS'S VOICE
Bless me, I've sinned. It's been
a month since my last confession.

162 INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL - DAY (RAIN)

First, at a stained glass window or two then an ANGLE TOWARD the exterior of a confessional box. During these, at first a heavy silence, no sound but the muted RAIN. then:

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Damien?

KARRAS (O.S.)

Yes, Tom.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

You alright?

KARRAS (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm okay.

Another few beats of silence.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

You want to tell me your sins?

No response. Then:

163 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

Karras is in the penitent's box, the President is the confessor behind the fine mesh screen. His face averted from Karras:

PRESIDENT

Christ forgives our sins, you know that. What is it? You've done something so awful?

CLOSEUP - KARRAS

Staring into space. In his haunted eyes, a kaleidoscopic montage of the desecrated statue of the Virgin Mary. And flashes of his mother.

KARRAS

I don't know.

164 EXT. STEPS BESIDE MACNEIL HOUSE - DOWN SHOT - DAY
(LIGHT RAIN)

164

At the bottom is Kinderman, scanning the ground. He starts up the steps, then sees something, comes back, reaches down, picks it up and examines it.

CLOSE ON KINDERMAN

Studying a piece of green clay sculpture, like those we've seen in Regan's room and in the playroom. In an...

INSERT - GREEN CLAY SCULPTURE

We see that it is a portion of a sculpted animal, perhaps a rabbit, and is clearly the work of a child.

BACK TO SCENE

Kinderman looks up, squinting at the MacNeil house.

165 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (RAIN)

165

Willie is at the sink, morose. Chris is at table, head in her hands, despondent. Sharon comes by with coffee carafe, offers it. Chris shakes her head. Sharon nods and moves to the counter, sets down carafe, and stands there with her head down. Then, about to cry, she abruptly strides quickly from the room. Chris lifts her head, looks up at the ceiling, toward Regan's room.

166 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY (RAIN)

166

Regan is in bed, asleep or unconscious. Sustagen feeding tube is in place. Karl checks it, then affixes straps holding Regan to the bed, in particular to keep her hands from scratching her face. Then he stares down at her with enormous sympathy and devotion, touches his hand very lightly to the scratches on Regan's face. He straightens up, continuing to stare down. And then breathes out one poignant, enigmatic word:

KARL

Elvira.

Regan makes a small, fitful turn in her sleep, but emits, at the same time, a sudden, eerie, steer-like groan that causes Karl to suddenly flinch back a step. And immediately the door makes a noise, suddenly opening as Chris enters. She moves to the bedside, stares down.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

KARL

She is going to be well?

CHRIS

I don't know.

Karl looks down at Regan, shakes his head, exits. Chris looks up at the bay window, thinks, then slowly walks to it. She draws back a shutter and stares down at:

POV - DOWN ANGLE

At the sinister steps below.

BACK TO SCENE

Chris turns her head from the window to stare speculatively at Regan. Then she looks down at the bay window ledge, frowns as she picks up the green rabbit sculpt, sees it is broken, missing a piece -- the one found by Kinderman at the bottom of the steps. A beat. She looks up at Regan. Holds. And then we TRACK WITH her as she moves very slowly TO Regan's bedside. For a time she stares down at her intently. For a time she stares down at her, expressionless. Then she sees something protruding from under Regan's pillow. She pulls it out. It's a crucifix. She regards it with angry surmise.

167 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - DAY (RAIN) 167

Chris comes to the balustrade, leans over it, extending the crucifix to the descending Karl.

CHRIS

Karl!

(as he stops, looks
up)

Karl, did you put this in Regan's
bedroom?

KARL

No. Not me. I didn't do it.

168 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (RAIN) 168

Chris bursts in on Sharon and Willie. Turning first to Sharon:

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

This was under Regan's pillow.
Did you put it there?

SHARON

No.

CHRIS

You're the principal suspect,
Sharon.

SHARON

I didn't!

CHRIS

This freaking cross didn't just
walk up there, dammit! You,
Willie? Did you put it there?

WILLIE

No, I don't put it!

CHRIS

Don't lie to me, dammit! Whoever
did it, give it up! Give it up!
(throwing crucifix
against wall)
I am not about to call in any
goddamn priests!

169 EXT. STEPS - DOWN SHOT - DAY (RAIN)

169

170 INT. STUDY - DAY (RAIN)

170

Seated at a small desk, Chris slumps dejectedly, head in
hand, a drink of some kind clutched in the other. She
stares despondently at the PATTERN of RAIN ON the WINDOW
PANES.

171 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (RAIN)

171

Karl enters, stops, looks around, then walks, bends over,
picks up the crucifix from the floor. For a moment he
regards it with a certain tenderness, then looks up,
thinking.

ON STAIRCASE

Karl, crucifix in hand, is climbing to the second floor.

172 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Chris enters. Willie is ironing.

CHRIS

Willie?

WILLIE

Yes, madam.

CHRIS

I'm sorry.

WILLIE

Do not mention it, madam.

CHRIS

No, I'm really very sorry.

Chris comes closer, gives Willie a little hug, a light kiss on the cheek.

CHRIS

You're the best.

WILLIE

Thank you, madam.

CHRIS

What's this?

Her eye has fallen to a book lying open, face down, atop the dryer.

INSERT - BOOK

A History of Witchcraft and Possession

BACK TO SCENE

As Chris picks it up, frowning, puzzled.

CHRIS

(softly)

'Possession.'

WILLIE

Yes, madam.

CHRIS

(rifling through it)

Whew. Some illustrations. You reading this, Willie?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

WILLIE
I try, but very difficult, madam.

CHRIS
You think Regan might have seen
this? Maybe read it?

WILLIE
Yes, I find it in her bedroom.

Chris, staring at the book, freezes, turns ashen.

CHRIS
In her bedroom?

WILLIE
Yes, missus. Under bed.

CHRIS
When, Willie? Tell me when did
you find it?

WILLIE
After all go to hospital, madam.

Numbly, Chris runs a finger along the edge of a right-hand page, and in an...

INSERT - PAGE

We see that a narrow strip has been surgically shaved from along its length.

CLOSEUP - CHRIS

She stares, and we see the images flashing through her mind kaleidoscopically:

173 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT

173

The lighting is eerie, unreal, washed in a reddish or greenish tint, as Burke Dennings slowly ascends and we hear, softly imploring:

REGAN (O.S.)
Please come here, Mr. Dennings. I
need you.

And then in brief flashes:

(CONTINUED)

173

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB INSIDE REGAN'S ROOM

It is slowly turning.

ON REGAN'S BED

She lies on her side under the bed covers, turned AWAY FROM us.

ON DOOR

Opening slowly, disclosing Burke Dennings looking in, seeing:

HIS POV - ON REGAN'S BED

Regan is turned AWAY FROM us.

REGAN

Mr. Dennings.

On the edge of the bed is the witchcraft book, and as it slips off the bed and tumbles to the ground, pages fluttering, we ZOOM CLOSE ON it before returning to:

174

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CHRIS - DAY

174

CHRIS

(whisper)

Oh, my God!

KARL (O.S.)

Missus?

Chris turns to look at Karl standing at the door.

CHRIS

Yes?

KARL

There is a man here to see you, missus.

CHRIS

Who, Karl?

KARL

Detective.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

Grim. Apprehensive.

175

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kinderman and Chris are seated at the breakfast table.
Kinderman sips a cup of coffee. Chris is tense.

KINDERMAN

Yes, I'm afraid that the matter
has grown more serious. The
report of the pathologist, Mrs.
MacNeil, seems to show that the
chance that Mr. Dennings died
accidentally is somewhat remote.

CHRIS

Burke was murdered?

KINDERMAN

Yes, perhaps. The position of his
head and a certain -- well,
shearing of the muscles of the
neck would --

(stops as Chris
winces, looking
away)

Yes, it's painful. I'm sorry.
But, you see, this condition --
well, it never could happen unless
Mr. Dennings had fallen some
distance before he hit the steps.
Might your daughter remember if
perhaps Mr. Dennings came into her
room that night?

CHRIS

(taken off guard)

Her room?

KINDERMAN

Yes, her room.

CHRIS

No, I told you, she was heavily
sedated.

KINDERMAN

How is she, by the way? Is she
better? I could speak to her?

CHRIS

No. She's still sick.

KINDERMAN

I'm so sorry. Could I just look
at her room, perhaps? Quietly?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

When she's better.

KINDERMAN

Yes, of course.

CHRIS

You want more coffee or no?

KINDERMAN

Yes, thank you.

This was unexpected. For a moment Chris freezes, staring, then starts to pour the coffee. A low, steer-like, eerie GROAN is heard from above in Regan's room. Kinderman glances up toward the sound. Chris's hands tremble slightly as she pours coffee.

CHRIS

Some more sugar?

KINDERMAN

Yes, a little, please. Thank you.

Rather than risk trembling as she spoons sugar, Chris pushes the sugar bowl over to Kinderman and ducks her hand out of sight.

CHRIS

Here you go.

Kinderman takes a little sugar, and for a few tense moments we hear nothing but the scraping of spoon against the bottom of his cup as he stirs. As he looks down at his cup, Chris darts an anxious glance upward toward Regan's room. What disturbance might come next?

KINDERMAN

Baffling. Strange. So strange. The deceased comes to visit, stays only twenty minutes and then leaves all alone here a very sick girl. And, speaking plainly, it's not like he would fall from a window. In addition, a fall wouldn't do to his neck what we found except maybe one chance in a thousand. My hunch? My opinion? He was killed by a powerful man: point one. And the fracturing of his skull -- point two -- plus the various things I have mentioned -- would make it seem probable --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (2)

KINDERMAN (CONT'D)

-- not certain -- only probable -- the deceased was first killed and then afterward pushed from your daughter's window. But no one was here except your daughter. So how could this be? It could be -- one way: If someone came calling between the time Miss Spencer left and the time you returned. Now then, who might have come? You expect a delivery? Dry cleaning? A package?

CHRIS

Karl takes care of all of that.

KINDERMAN

Ah, yes, of course.

The sculpt of a bird captures Kinderman's eye. Identical in color to the piece of clay sculpture Kinderman found at the bottom of the steps, it is the centerpiece of the table. Kinderman picks it up and rubs it with his thumb as:

KINDERMAN

Oh, look at this, it's so lovely. So cute. Who's the artist? Your daughter?

CHRIS

Yes, my daughter.

KINDERMAN

God bless her. Incidentally, one chance in a million, I know, but you could possibly ask her is she saw Mr. Dennings in her room that night?

CHRIS

Look, he wouldn't have a reason to be up there in the first place.

KINDERMAN

I know that; I realize; that's true; but if certain British doctors never asked, 'What's this fungus?' we wouldn't today have penicillin. Correct? Please ask. You'll ask?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS
When she's better.

KINDERMAN
Couldn't hurt.

176 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Chris opens the door for Kinderman, who steps outside to the street.

KINDERMAN
So sorry to have troubled you.
Goodbye, now.

CHRIS
Goodbye.

When the door is closed, Chris slumps back against it in relief. Then she jumps as a KNOCKING at the door is heard.

CHRIS
(sotto, dismayed)
Oh, Christ!

She opens the door. It's Kinderman.

KINDERMAN
Forgive me.

CHRIS
Yeah, what's up?

KINDERMAN
I'm such a nuisance. One more thing, though. The deliveries. I forgot, I could talk to Mr. Engstrom for a moment? It should be in my report.

CHRIS
(reluctant)
You really need to?

KINDERMAN
No, not -- Yes. Yes, I should. For just a minute. I can talk to him here. That's alright?

CHRIS
I'll send him out.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

She closes the door. Kinderman leans back against the iron railing, glances up toward Regan's window. He frowns.

HIS POV - REGAN'S WINDOW

Something moves behind the window curtains, a small dark figure, silhouetted, that is looking back down at Kinderman, and then slowly steps away and out of sight. Someone closes the window shutters. Then we hear a DOOR OPENING.

BACK TO SCENE

As Kinderman looks down at the door. Karl is coming out. He closes the door behind him.

KARL

Yes?

And now, speaking rapidly and with a flat and deadly cadence, his steely gaze locked to Karl's.

KINDERMAN

You have the right to remain silent. If you give up the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. Do you wish to give up this right?

KARL

Yes, I give it.

KINDERMAN

Did you previously state that on April 22, the night of Mr. Dennings' death, you went to see a film at the Crest and saw the six o'clock showing. Is that right?

KARL

Yes, exactly.

KINDERMAN

And, leaving the theater, you boarded the Capital Transit bus debarking at M Street and Wisconsin Avenue at approximately 9:25 P.M. and were back in the house at half-past nine?

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2)

KARL

Yes, I look at my watch. I am positive.

KINDERMAN

And you saw the whole film from the start to the end?

KARL

This is so.

KINDERMAN

You're aware of the altercation between an usher and a drunken patron that happened toward the last five minutes of the film?

KARL

I remember.

KINDERMAN

Can you tell me the cause of it?

KARL

The man, he was drunk and was making disturbance.

KINDERMAN

There was no such disturbance. Are you also aware that, during the course of the six o'clock showing, a technical breakdown occurred that lasted approximately fifteen minutes and caused an interruption of the film?

KARL

No, no, nothing. No breakdown.

KINDERMAN

There was, as reflected in the log of the theater projectionist, which shows that the film ended not at 8:40 that night, but at approximately 8:55, which would mean that the earliest bus from the theater would put you at M Street and Wisconsin not at 9:20, but at 9:45, and that, therefore, the earliest you could be at the house was approximately five before ten, not 9:30, as testified also by Mrs. MacNeil. Would you care now to comment on this?

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (3)

KARL

No, no comment. No.

KINDERMAN

Mr. Engstrom... A serious crime may have been committed. You are under suspicion. Mr. Dennings abused you, and your alibi is lies. Now it sometimes happens -- we're human -- frail beings -- that a man who is married is sometimes someplace he says that he is not. You notice I arranged that we are talking in private? I can help you. I can help you if you would tell me some things. What's the name of the clinic your employer took her daughter to? What's the nature of her illness? Is it mental? Is there damage to the shutters on her window?

KARL

I know nothing.

Kinderman stares at him, then wordlessly turns away.

177 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

177

Chris goes to a window, pulls back a curtain and looks out as Kinderman walks to the squad car. Karl is immobile, staring after him.

178 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - DAY

178

Kinderman opens door to squad car, exchanges looks with Karl, then notices the car is parked in front of a fire hydrant. He looks in at the driver, shakes his head ruefully and starts to get into the car.

CLOSE ON LOWER FLOOR WINDOW

As Chris lets the curtain fall back into place and looks down, frowning, thinking.

179 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

179

KINDERMAN

In front of a hydrant you parked?

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

SQUAD CAR DRIVER

I'm in the car.

KINDERMAN

So am I. Proving what? The existence of God or that the hydrant isn't there? You're talking zen.

The Driver moves the car forward a few feet in an abrupt lurch. Kinderman eyes him blankly, then opens the glove compartment, extracts an evidence envelope, scrapes out something from under his thumbnail into an evidence envelope, hands it to the Driver. During this:

KINDERMAN

And now take this to the lab for a spectrum analysis, and have them compare it with the paint on the clay at the bottom of the steps, and also on the desecrated statue in the church. The new paint on top, not the old underneath.

SQUAD CAR DRIVER

(starting off)

Loud and clear, sir.

KINDERMAN

Ah, my God, what a way to make a living. What a life.

180

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

180

Chris, holding the door open slightly, stares out at the departing squad car, then closes the door, holds up her hand to her closer inspection, sees its marked trembling. Then her gaze jerks up to the ceiling at the sound of a BLOW, of someone STAGGERING ACROSS the ROOM, of someone CRASHING to the wall and FALLING HEAVILY ON the FLOOR. Chris races up back steps, CAMERA FOLLOWING, as we hear an at first indistinct ARGUMENT between a tearful and terror-stricken Regan and someone else, someone with a powerful and deep male voice.

SECOND FLOOR - ANGLE ON CHRIS

From top of steps. She rushes up, frenzied, while Willie and Sharon stare up from the bottom of the steps. We hear the continued O.S. ARGUMENT as the CAMERA TRACKS WITH Chris TO the door of Regan's bedroom. She throws it open.

181 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris bursts in, then stands rooted in shock, seeing Regan in the middle of her bed, her back to us, and dozens of objects, stuffed animals, etc., flying through the air of the room. Chris stares at:

CHRIS'S POV - CLOSE ON SCULPTED BEAR

Blood trickles from its eye.

ON KARL

Blood trickling down his forehead, he lies barely conscious on the floor near the wall.

ON REGAN

The nasogastric tubing has been ripped out and blood trickles down from her nose. She stares up at a crucifix gripped and upraised in her hands, which are trembling from an effort to keep it from descending. Her argument with a demonic voice continues, but as each identity speaks, Regan's face changes back and forth from her own face to a demonic mask of malevolence and rage: both voices are coming from her!

REGAN/DEMON

Do it, damned piglet!

REGAN

Oh, no, please!

REGAN/DEMON

I said do it! Let Jesus have you!

REGAN

Noooooooooo!

CLOSE - CHRIS

FRONT TRACKING as she rushes forward toward the bed, screaming.

CHRIS

Regaaaannn!

SIDE ANGLE - REGAN AND CHRIS

As Chris is sent reeling from a powerful backhand blow by Regan and sent crashing into a wall.

(CONTINUED)

181

CONTINUED:

ON DOOR TO BEDROOM

Slamming shut as Sharon and Willie come racing to enter.

TRACKING SHOT - BUREAU

As it slides across the room and barricades the door.

ON CHRIS

Dazed, slightly propped against the wall, as the crucifix comes flying INTO FRAME, landing on the floor beside her as we hear a demonic, gloating LAUGHTER from O.S.

CLOSE ON CRUCIFIX

The lower portion is coated with fresh blood. The O.S. LAUGHTER.

ON CHRIS

She picks up the crucifix, horrified, then turns to stare toward the bed.

CHRIS'S POV - ON REGAN

Regan's head swivels around to disclose that, sitting backwards on her torso is her head, and immediately her face mutates slightly into features suggesting Burke Dennings, for on the end of the nose is his large red pimple. Then it speaks in the British-accented giggly voice of the dead director.

REGAN/DENNINGS

Do you know what she did to me,
your daughter?

CLOSE ON CHRIS

Screaming in horror. The scream continuing through:

CLOSE ON NASOGASTRIC FEED UNIT

Crashing to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON OBJECTS IN ROOM

Flying through the air.

CLOSE ON BLEEDING BEAR

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

182

182

EXT. STREET (GEORGETOWN) - DAY

The street is quiet, little traveled.

CLOSER ANGLE - CHRIS

Chris leans back against a corner building. She wears oversized sunglasses, a disgusting babushka, and is nervously smoking a cigarette. Checks her watch. She sees someone approaching wearing sunglasses, Georgetown windbreaker, jogging pants, running shoes. It's Karras but she doesn't recognize him. She turns away as she sees him coming to her.

KARRAS

Chris MacNeil?

CHRIS

No, go away, please. No.

KARRAS

(removing sunglasses)

I'm Father Karras.

Chris turns around.

CHRIS

Father -- ? Oh. Oh, I'm sorry,
Father. Sorry.

Flustered, she is tugging at her sunglasses, then immediately pushes them back as the Jesuit's sad, dark eyes probe her, registering concern at the anxiety he sees there.

KARRAS

I should have told you that I
wouldn't be in uniform. You
seemed so concerned about keeping
this quiet.

CHRIS

(fumbling through
her purse)

Got a cigarette, Father? I'm out.

KARRAS

(reaching into shirt
pocket)

Can you go a non-filter?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

And she takes one from the pack and he lights it.

CHRIS

Right now I'd smoke rope.

KARRAS

On my allowance I frequently do.

CHRIS

(as they begin to
walk)

Vow of poverty, right?

KARRAS

Yes, that's right.

CHRIS

And so how did a shrink ever get
to be a priest?

KARRAS

It's the other way around. The
church sent me through medical
school and then psychiatric
training.

CHRIS

Oh, where?

KARRAS

Oh, well, Harvard, Johns Hopkins,
Bellevue.

CHRIS

Pretty good.

KARRAS

We don't take vows of mental
poverty.

CHRIS

Sure.

KARRAS

What's this about?

CHRIS

You're a friend of Father Dyer's,
that right?

KARRAS

Yes, I am.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Did he talk about the party at my house?

KARRAS

He sure did.

CHRIS

About my daughter?

KARRAS

No, I didn't know you had one.

CHRIS

He didn't tell you what she did?

KARRAS

He never mentioned her.

CHRIS

Priests keep a pretty tight mouth, then, that right?

KARRAS

That depends.

CHRIS

On what?

KARRAS

On the priest.

CHRIS

(makes a gesture
meaning "of course")

Sure. But then, what if a person, let's say, was a criminal, like maybe a murderer or something, you know? If he came to you for help, would you have to turn him in?

KARRAS

If he came to me for spiritual help, no -- no, I wouldn't. But I'd try to persuade him to turn himself in.

CHRIS

(nods; then)

And so how do you go about getting an exorcism?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (3)

KARRAS

(stopping)

I didn't get you.

CHRIS

If a person's possessed by some kind of a demon, how do you go about getting an exorcism?

KARRAS

I think first we'd have to put him in a time machine and try to shoot him back to the Sixteenth Century.

CHRIS

Whaddya mean?

KARRAS

Well, it just doesn't happen anymore.

CHRIS

Since when?

KARRAS

Since we learned about mental illness; about paranoia and schizophrenia.

CHRIS

(bitter
disappointment)

Are you really a priest or from central casting? I mean, what about all of those stories in the Bible about Christ and Him casting out demons from people?

KARRAS

Look, if Christ had said those people who were supposedly possessed were in fact schizophrenics they'd have probably crucified Him three years earlier.

CHRIS

(shaking hand to
her sunglasses)

Well, it happens someone close to me is probably possessed and she needs an exorcism.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (4)

KARRAS
(dumbfounded)

What?

Chris has slipped off the glasses and Karras winces at the redness, at the desperate pleading in her haggard eyes.

CHRIS
Father Karras, it's my daughter!

KARRAS
Well, then, all the more reason to forget about an exorcism, and --

CHRIS
Why? God, I don't understand!

KARRAS
To begin with, it could make things worse.

CHRIS
Make them worse?

KARRAS
Look, the ritual is dangerously suggestive. And, secondly, before the church approves of an exorcism, it conducts an investigation to see if it's warranted. And that takes time. In the meantime, your --

Her lower lip begins to tremble. Her eyes are filling up with tears.

CHRIS
Couldn't you just do it yourself?

KARRAS
No, I couldn't. I'd have to have church approval and that's rarely ever given.

CHRIS
Father, can't you even look at her?

KARRAS
Well, sure. As a psychiatrist, yes; yes, I could, but --

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (5)

Her features contorted with anger and fear, Chris suddenly cries out in a heart-stopping voice:

CHRIS

She needs a priest! I've already been to every goddam doctor, specialist, psychiatrist in the world, and they sent me to you! Now you send me to them?

KARRAS

But your --

CHRIS

(shrieking)

Jesus Christ, won't somebody help her?

ANGLE ON ROOFTOP

As "help her" reverberates and startled birds flutter up into the air.

ON COLLEGE COUPLE IN FRONT OF HOUSE

They turn to look at:

CHRIS AND KARRAS

As she crumples, sobbing against him. Hesitant, uncertain, Karras finally allows himself to put his arms around her comfortingly. And we are PULLING BACK AND UP to a HIGH SHOT of the scene.

183 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - OUTSIDE REGAN'S ROOM - DAY

183

Willie, with an armload of fresh bedding, comes TOWARD us, then opens the door -- and freezes as we hear:

ELVIRA (V.O.)

Mutter?

REVERSE CLOSE ANGLE - WILLIE

From inside the room, we see Willie staring O.S. toward Regan's bed, eyes wide as saucers, and we hear the voice of a very young girl imploringly -- but weakly -- calling out in German.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

ELVIRA (V.O.)
Komst du, Mutter, hilf mir! Ich
bin deine Tochter, Elvira! Bitte,
hilf mir! Hilf mir!

HALLWAY OUTSIDE REGAN'S ROOM

There would be more, but Willie has dropped the bedding,
pulled the door closed, and collapsed against it, weeping
and sobbing.

184 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

184

Chris and Karras approaching.

185 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

185

Sharon opens the door for Chris and Karras.

SHARON

Hi, Chris.

CHRIS

Sharon, this is Father Karras.

SHARON

Hello, Father.

CHRIS

She asleep or awake, Shar?

SHARON

Awake.

CHRIS

This way, Father. Her room is
upstairs.

They start up the staircase.

CLOSE ON SHARON

Staring after Karras with interest.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB TO REGAN'S ROOM

(CONTINUED)

185

CONTINUED:

TRACKING SHOT - CHRIS AND KARRAS

As they slowly ASCEND the staircase to Regan's room, Karras frowning in consternation at the O.S. SOUNDS from her bedroom, the LOWINGS and BELLOWINGS of some UNEARTHLY ANIMAL. When they REACH the door to Regan's bedroom, we PICK UP Karl leaning against the opposite wall, arms folded, head bowed. He looks up to Chris with a helpless confusion and fright.

KARL

It wants no straps.

Karras frowns at the sounds from within, looks a question to Chris.

CHRIS

That's her.

From within, a sudden silence. Karras looks to the door, his consternation deeper. He thinks. Then he slowly begins to open the door.

186

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON DOOR - CLOSEUP - KARRAS - DAY 186

As he enters, scanning the room; then he freezes, seeing:

POV - ON BED - REGAN

Arms held down by a double set of restraining straps, it seems no longer entirely Regan but something somehow demonic that now lies on the bed and turns its head to stare AT the CAMERA. The eyes bulge wide in wasted sockets, shining with a mad and burning intelligence. The hair is tangled and thickly-matted, the legs and arms spider-thin, a distended stomach jutting up grotesquely. Her face is puffy, scratched and bruised from self-mutilation. In that husky voice:

REGAN/DEMON

So it's you. After all, they sent you.

The Regan/Demon entity throws back its head and roars with yelping, spine-chilling laughter. Karras is momentarily taken aback. Then he slowly and warily closes the door behind him and we FOLLOW CLOSELY as he fetches a chair TO the bedside.

(CONTINUED)

KARRAS

Hello, Regan. I'm Damien Karras.
I'm a friend of your mother's and
I've come here to help you.

REGAN/DEMON

Well, then kindly have the
goodness to undo these straps.

KARRAS

I'm afraid you might hurt
yourself, Regan.

REGAN/DEMON

I'm not Regan.

KARRAS

Then who are you?

REGAN/DEMON

I'm the Devil.

KARRAS

Is that so?

REGAN/DEMON

Oh, I assure you.

KARRAS

Well, then why don't you just make
the straps disappear?

REGAN/DEMON

That's much too vulgar a display
of power, Karras. Too crude.
After all, I'm a prince.

KARRAS

But you won't give me proof.

REGAN/DEMON

Parlor magic? Saw the Devil in
half?

KARRAS

Just make the straps disappear.

REGAN/DEMON

It's unworthy. And besides, it
would deprive you of the
opportunity of performing a
charitable act.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2)

KARRAS

Then let's try a different test.
Let's test your knowledge.

REGAN/DEMON

How bizarre.

KARRAS

If you're the Devil, you know
everything, right?

REGAN/DEMON

No, not quite. Almost everything.
There. They say I'm proud. I am
not.

KARRAS

Let's try a question. Where is
Regan?

REGAN/DEMON

In here. With us.

KARRAS

Who is 'us'?

REGAN/DEMON

Loose the straps. I can't talk.
I'm accustomed to gesturing. I
spend most of my time in Rome. In
the meantime, I've passed your
preposterous test.

KARRAS

Yes, if Regan's really in there.

REGAN/DEMON

Oh, she is.

KARRAS

Then let me see her.

REGAN/DEMON

Very sly. Put her back in control
and push me out, is that it? Ah,
that's it, then. Yes, of course.
It makes sense. I'm a demon.

KARRAS

Which one?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (3)

REGAN/DEMON

(ominous)

I do not think you'd want to know
that, Priest.

KARRAS

Priest?

Karras starts to say something else, then abruptly half-
turns his head as if reacting to an invisible, chilling
force at the back of his neck.

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, Karras. Icy fingers at the
back of your neck? And now
colder? Gripping tighter...
tighter...?

Karras jerks out of an apparently hypnotic state. The
demon laughs.

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, of course, Karras.
Autosuggestion. Whatever would we
do without the unconscious mind?
In the meantime, we shall try to
keep you properly beguiled. Yes,
we wouldn't want to lose you.

KARRAS

(now wary; uneasy)

Who are you? What's your name?

REGAN/DEMON

Call us 'Legion,' Karras. We are
many. A little gathering of poor
lost homeless souls.

KARRAS

What's your reason for coming into
Regan?

REGAN/DEMON

Ah, yes, that's the mystery, isn't
it?

KARRAS

How long are you planning to stay?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (4)

REGAN/DEMON

How long? Until she rots and lies
stinking in the earth! Until the
worms have curled festering
garlands in her hair and come
crawling through the pus-oozing
sockets of her eyes, the
little --!

The demon breaks off, trembling with rage; then falls
back on the bed.

REGAN/DEMON

There, you see how these straps
have upset me, Karras? Take them
off.

KARRAS

Well, as I said, I'll con --

Abruptly, Karras breaks off, transfixed upon seeing:

KARRAS'S POV

PUSH TO CLOSE ANGLE ON Regan. The features more
authentically Regan's, her eyes filled with terror, her
mouth gaping open in an electrifying shriek of agony that
is simulated by a piercing stab of the dramatic score. A
succession of different personalities, beings --
including Dennings and the Iraqi Train Attendant -- flash
across her countenance.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

Reacting, he bends head, pinches bridge of nose, as if
shaking off a visual illusion. The shriek ends and now
we hear the voice of the derelict in the subway station:

DERELICT (V.O.)

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

Then mocking LAUGHTER as Karras looks up in wonder.

BACK TO SCENE

REGAN/DEMON

Incidentally, your mother's in
here with us, Karras. Would you
like to leave a message? I'll see
that she gets it.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (5)

The demon laughs.

KARRAS

(hooked; a pause
before)

If that's true, then you must know
my mother's maiden name.

Regan nods, emitting a teasing groan of assent.

KARRAS

What is it?

Regan shakes her head, her eyes close, and she lies back
with a long and rattling exhalation of breath.

KARRAS

What is it?

Regan's lips begin to move, and she whispers something
over and over, a single word we cannot make out. Karras
slowly leans his head down close, his ear to her mouth
trying to make it out. And suddenly jerks away with a
cry as from Regan's mouth there erupts a deafening, angry
bellowing, as of an alien steer, that shivers through the
walls of the room.

ON REGAN

Still bellowing, her eyes roll up in her sockets,
exposing the whites. Her neck grows elongated, an
enormous goiter bulging in it.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

Baffled. He touches his hand to the scratches on her
face, takes her pulse, looks gravely concerned.

187

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

187

Karras exits Regan's room, then stops, seeing Sharon, who
is leaning against the balustrade, head down, holding a
hypodermic syringe, alcohol swab. She looks up, holds
his gaze for a moment, then he walks past her. She
stares after him, then goes into Regan's room, closes the
door.

CHRIS

So what about the exorcism?

KARRAS

I don't know.

CHRIS

You don't know? Did you see her up there? Did you hear her?

KARRAS

Yes, I did, but in order to do an exorcism I'd have to get permission from the bishop and if I go to him, the first thing I have to prove is that your daughter's problem isn't purely psychiatric.

CHRIS

(contempt and
disbelief)

Psychiatric?!

KARRAS

Look, your daughter doesn't say she's just a demon, Miss MacNeil, she makes the claim that she's the Devil himself and that's the same thing as saying you're Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHRIS

So she isn't possessed, she's just nuts, okay? But an exorcism still might cure her!

KARRAS

It just isn't that easy. I'd need evidence of possession the church would accept.

CHRIS

Like what?

KARRAS

Well, like speaking in a language that she's never known or heard.

CHRIS

And what else?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

KARRAS

I don't know. I'd have to go and look it up.

CHRIS

Are you kidding? I thought you were supposed to be an expert.

KARRAS

There are no experts. You probably know as much about possession as most priests.

CHRIS

(turning away)

Oh, swell!

KARRAS

Look, you ask me what I think is best for your daughter? Six months under observation in the finest hospital you can find.

CHRIS

Listen, Father, you show me Regan's double -- same face, same voice, same walk, same everything -- and I'd know that it wasn't Regan. I'd know it in my gut. And I'm telling you that thing up there is not my daughter! Now I want you to tell me you know for a fact that there's really nothing wrong with her except in her mind! That you know for a fact that she doesn't need an exorcism and it really couldn't do her any good! Go ahead! You tell me that!

189 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - LONG SHOT FROM DOOR - DAY

189

Regan, face ravaged, seemingly unconscious, Karl stands by the bed, checking the flow of Sustagen. He turns his head to us as we hear, muted:

CHRIS (O.S.)

You tell me!

Then Regan whispers something. Karl turns to her, leans over a little.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

KARL

Yes.

Now we can make it out as the whisper becomes a hoarse murmur:

REGAN

He is ours.

190 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

190

As Karras watches, Sharon rummages through Regan's desk drawers and schoolbooks. Karras is holding Regan's Barringer records.

KARRAS

Compositions. Letters. Anything at all that I could use to check her patterns of speech in the normal state.

SHARON

(handing him papers)

Well, there's this. And I think maybe this. Oh, here's a tape she was making just before the recorder broke down. She was planning on sending it as a letter to her dad.

Karras nods.

SHARON

And here's a picture.

Karras looks up, sees she's handing him a photo of Regan. As he studies it, Sharon is appraising him in an interested way. Meantime, the photo throws Karras off balance.

191 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

191

Karras pauses on the steps outside the front door as he takes leave of Chris, papers and tape in hand.

KARRAS

Is your daughter precocious? I mean normally.

CHRIS

No.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

KARRAS

Did she know that a priest was coming over?

CHRIS

No, she didn't.

KARRAS

My mother died recently. Did you know that?

CHRIS

Yes. Yes, I did. I'm very sorry.

KARRAS

No. I mean, is Regan aware of it?

CHRIS

No. No, she couldn't be. Why do you ask?

CLOSE ON KARRAS

He doesn't answer, turns his head away, pensively frowning.

192

INT. UNIVERSITY "RIGGS" LIBRARY - DAY

192

Karras walks through the stacks, searching titles. He finds what he wants, a green-bound book entitled Satan. He opens it, turns to an early page on which we see:

INSERT - PAGE OF BOOK

Photo of Statue of Pazuzu.

LONG SHOT - KARRAS

From opposite end of stack. He looks up in thought, then moves OUT OF the SHOT. A shadow now appears at BOTTOM of FRAME and creeps down the aisle all the way to the spot where Karras had been standing. Then we hear that familiar, eerie SIGHING sound like a metallic exhalation of breath.

193

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 193

We hear a soft, low, eerie WIND.

194

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

194

Karras is alone, seated at a small table in an alcove on the lower floor. A single reading lamp is the sole illumination. The table now has several books stacked on it. He is reading from one of them:

KARRAS (V.O.)

'Of the four Jesuit exorcists sent to deal with an outbreak of demonic possession at the Ursuline Convent in Loudon, France, three -- Father Lucas, Lactance and Tranquille -- not only became possessed themselves but also died while in that state of either shock or cardiac exhaustion. The fourth exorcist, Father Surin, whose age was only 33 and who was France's foremost intellectual --
(a beat as Karras absorbs what's next)
-- became insane and so remained for the last thirty years of his life.

A beat. Then from somewhere in the library an odd, slow CREAKING sound, like a surreptitious footfall, is heard. Karras looks up warily. He sees nothing.

195

INT. G.U. JESUIT RESIDENCE HALL - NIGHT

195

Karras comes TOWARD us, knocks on a door.

KARRAS

Hey, Joe, pal?

From within we hear a CHAIR SLIDING, then FOOTSTEPS. DYER opens the door.

DYER

You wish to make your confession, my son?

KARRAS

I need a tape recorder, Joe. A cassette player. Think you can get me one?

DYER

(holding out his hand, palm upward)

Lemon drop.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

And as Karras shakes his head ruefully and reaches into a pocket:

DYER

Make it two. You want to shake
your head some more? We'll make
it three.

196

EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - ON KARRAS'S WINDOW - NIGHT

THROUGH the window, we see Karras hunched over a tape recorder on his desk. He wears stereo earphones.

197

INT. KARRAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

The tape recorder is running and we hear:

REGAN (V.O.)

Hello...

WHINING FEEDBACK. Then:

CHRIS (V.O.)

Not so close to the microphone,
honey. Hold it back.

REGAN (V.O.)

Like this?

CHRIS (V.O.)

No, more.

REGAN (V.O.)

Like this?

(muffled giggling;
then)

Hello, Daddy? This is me.

(giggling; then a
whispered aside)

I can't tell what to say.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Oh, just tell him how you are,
Rags, and what you've been doin'.

Karras looks more and more shaken as he listens.

REGAN (V.O.)

Ummm, daddy -- well, ya see; I
mean I hope you can hear me okay
and -- let's see.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

REGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Umm, well, first we're -- No,
wait, now... See, first we're in
Washington, daddy, ya know? It's
-- No, wait, now, I better start
over.

198 INT. CHURCH - KARRAS - DAY

198

At the altar. Karras lifts the communion host in
consecration.

KARRAS
'Then he broke the bread, blessed
it, gave it to his disciples, and
said: "Take this, all of you, and
eat it. For this -- is -- My
body."'

His fingers, holding the host, tremble with a hope he
dares not hope: that the words he has just spoken might
be literally true.

199 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - FEATURING MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

199

200 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL - DAY

200

Karras, wearing his clerical robes and carrying a tape
recorder, climbs up the stairs, approaches Regan's
bedroom, stands outside the door, collects himself, then
very slowly opens the door, looks in, then enters, stops
and looks at Regan.

201 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - HIS POV - REGAN - DAY

201

REGAN/DEMON
I've been waiting for you, Karras.
Come in. I've been thinking of
some interesting ways to divert
you.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

202

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

202

Karras has set up a tape recorder on the bedside table, and is connecting microphone and propping it up close to Regan. He is seated in a chair by the bed. As he sets up and then starts the tape:

REGAN/DEMON

Ah, what an excellent day for an exorcism, Karras. Do begin it rather soon.

KARRAS

You would like that?

REGAN/DEMON

Yes. Intensely.

KARRAS

But wouldn't that drive you out of Regan?

REGAN/DEMON

It would bring us together.

KARRAS

You and Regan?

REGAN/DEMON

You and us.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

as he lifts his stare to meet the demon's.

REGAN/DEMON

Rather suddenly cold in here, wouldn't you say?

Karras continues to stare, then pushes the record button, breaking the spell.

REGAN/DEMON

Ah, yes, and now comes the infernal engine. In search of some sign of possession, Karras, such as speaking in a language she has never known or learned? Or is our mission something clearly paranormal?

(CONTINUED)

KARRAS

You're a demon. You tell me.

There is a sound as a bureau DRAWER SLIDES OPEN about half a foot. Karras watches as it slides back shut and the demon chuckles malevolently. Karras slowly turns back to Regan. He looks thoughtful, his brow furrowed.

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, mind over matter.
Coincidence. Underground springs.
Magnetic forces and all of that.
Ah, how pleasant to chat with you
this way. I feel free. I can
spread my great wings in space-
time like a wanton, for nothing
would prove anything at all to
you, Karras. That is why I
cherish all rational men: the
truth only serves to increase
their damnation. Yes, the trouble
with signs in the sky, my dear
morsel, is that once having seen
them, one has no excuse. Have you
noticed how few miracles one hears
about lately? Not our fault,
Karras. We try!

KARRAS

You made that drawer pop open?

REGAN/DEMON

Poor Karras; he doesn't dare to
believe because he wants to so
much.

KARRAS

Make it come open again.

REGAN/DEMON

In time.

KARRAS

No, now.

REGAN/DEMON

In time!

The demon has glanced toward the door. A SOFT sound of FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. And now Regan's face transmutes, suggesting Burke Dennings, a large, red pimple near the near of its nose as it hatefully mutters:

(CONTINUED)

REGAN/DENNINGS

Hullo, hullo, what's this? Yes,
it's him! Bloody Hun!

Karl enters, starts to the side of the bed to check the
naso-gastric feeding tube and bag. And now the entity is
shouting:

REGAN/DENNINGS

Damned overbearing scum Kraut
bastard! You get out of my sight!
Yes, go and visit Elvira, the
clubfooted whore!

His face flushed red, off balance, Karl is hurrying from
the room, trailed by the entity's cackling laughter. And
now the Dennings' entity is cordial, softly good-humored.
Karras places the microphone closer to the bed.

REGAN/DENNINGS

Now then, what was I saying? Oh,
I see, are we recording now,
padre? How fun! Oh, I do love to
play act. Yes, immensely. I was
a marvelous Puck in the junior
class play.

KARRAS

What's your name?

REGAN/DEMON

I can't tell you that.

KARRAS

Why?

REGAN/DENNINGS

Because then you would know my
nature. However, there is
something that I would like to
say. Something rather important,
in fact, about my death. You see
the reason --

But now, in a flash, the demonic personality returns.

REGAN/DEMON

That's enough of this repartee.

KARRAS

Who was that?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (3)

REGAN/DEMON

Merely one of the family. And now
 how can I divert you, Karras? You
 look sad. And somehow guilty.
 Come, I want no excuses at the
 end, no insanity defenses, plea
 bargains. I want souls that are
 shining, Karras, not crippled.
 Here's forgiveness for you:

(signing the cross in
 the air)

Ego te absolvo.

This catches Karras short. He stares. The demon softly
 chuckles.

KARRAS

You speak Latin?

The Demon emits that teasing, throaty, drawn-out sound of
 assent. Karras is riveted.

REGAN/DEMON

But then of course you need
 intelligent dialogue, don't you?
 Try me.

KARRAS

Quod nomen mihi est?

REGAN/DEMON

Bon Jour. Arreverderci.

KARRAS

Quod nomen mihi est?

REGAN/DEMON

La plume de ma tante.

At Karras's look of disappointment, the demon laughs full
 and mockingly. Karras slowly rises, holds up a slender
 glass vial. The demon breaks off the laughter, suddenly
 wary.

REGAN/DEMON

What is that?

KARRAS

It's holy water, demon.

REGAN/DEMON

No!

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (4)

Karras has uncapped the vial and now sprinkles its contents over Regan. Instantly, Regan/Demon writhes to avoid the spray, howling in pain and terror.

REGAN/DEMON

Ahhhhhh! It's burning me! Oh, it burns! It burns!

Karras looks crestfallen. The howling ceases and Regan's head falls back onto the pillow, eyes rolling upward into their sockets, exposing the whites. Regan/Demon is now moving its head feverishly from side to side, while muttering an indistinct gibberish:

REGAN/DEMON

Idrehtellteeson. Dobetni tee
siti. Leafy. Tseerpet reef.
Emitsuwig.

Karras is intrigued and moves to the side of the bed. He turns up the volume on the recorder, then lowers his ear to Regan's mouth. He listens. Then:

KARRAS

Who are you?

REGAN/DEMON

Nowonmai...

KARRAS

Is that your name?

The lips move. Fevered syllables, slow and intelligible. Then silence. Only the eerie sound of breathing. Karras waits a little; then he shakes his head, deeply disappointed. He grips Regan's wrist to check her pulse; then he draws back her nightgown top and winces with pained compassion at the sight of her skeletal ribs.

203

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

203

Chris and Sharon are seated at breakfast table. Coffee. Chris has head lowered into hand. Karras enters despondently. Sharon sees him, picks up her coffee cup, quietly leaves the room. Chris searches the Jesuit's face.

CHRIS

So what's doin'?

KARRAS

Have you sent for her medical records?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Yeah, they're coming.

KARRAS

That's good.

Karl enters from the pantry and goes quietly to sink to scrub a pot as:

CHRIS

And so what about the exorcism?
You going to do it?

KARRAS

How many personalities has Regan
seemed to manifest?

CHRIS

(now evasive)

I dunno. Just that one, I guess.
Why?

KARRAS

Well, another one showed up while
I was with her.

CHRIS

(avoiding his gaze)

Oh, yeah?

KARRAS

Different look, different voice.
Maybe someone that you know, I
mean someone that she's imitating.

CHRIS

Really.

KARRAS

Sounded British. I thought maybe
your director? Burke Dennings?
I've seen him but I couldn't be
sure.

CHRIS

I dunno.

KARRAS

That might have given us a clue.
But you say you've never seen it.

CHRIS

And so what did it say?

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (2)

As she sets down coffee cup, striving for calm, the trembling of her hand causes the cup to rattle slightly. Karras's eye darts to it. He senses something is up.

KARRAS

Cursed at Karl quite a bit.

CHRIS

(still; staring down
at the cup and
saucer)

And that's all? Nothing else?

A metallic CLATTERING sound from the kitchen counter turns their heads to Karl, who has dropped a roasting pan to the floor and is now stooping to retrieve it.

CHRIS

God Almighty, Karl!

KARL

Sorry, missus.

CHRIS

Karl, get out of here. Would you? Take a break. We can't all stayed cooped up in this house. Go see a movie or something. Go on.

KARL

But Miss Regan --

CHRIS

Karl, get out of here, would you?
Now!

Willie has entered the kitchen, moving directly to Karl and plucking the roasting pan away from him.

WILLIE

Yes, you go now, Karl. Komst du!
Schnell! You are too crazy!

She has taken him by the arm and led him out of the kitchen.

CHRIS

Sorry, Father. He's had to take an awful lot lately.

KARRAS

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

And so go on. What's the verdict,
Father? What's the bottom line?

KARRAS

Does Karl have a daughter?

CHRIS

What's that got to do with it?

Willie has come back into kitchen to retrieve a polished
pot, and as she starts out again:

KARRAS

Does he?

CHRIS

I dunno. You got a daughter,
Willie?

WILLIE

Yes. Her name Elvira.

CHRIS

(to Karras)

There's your answer.

WILLIE

(exiting)

She die, madam, long, long before.

Karras stares after Willie. We hear a DOOR CLOSE, Chris
has taken a cigarette from pack and lights it with a
shaking hand, exhales smoke. Her eyes are averted from
Karras.

CHRIS

And so what about the exorcism?
Can you do it or not?

KARRAS

I could never get permission from
the Bishop.

CHRIS

Why not?

KARRAS

There's just no evidence he's
going to accept.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

I saw a huge goddam bureau move
half across the room, things
flying through the air! That's
not evidence?

KARRAS

I didn't see those things.

CHRIS

Oh, I get it. I'm a liar.

KARRAS

No, no, no.

CHRIS

Or I was seeing things? Right?
I'm hysterical. And so what about
that writing on her skin they saw
at Barringer? Those doctors are
hysterical, too, they're all
liars?

KARRAS

Listen, no one is hysterical and
no one is a liar. We just don't
need a devil to explain these
things.

CHRIS

Oh, I see. We need a shrink.

KARRAS

It's just that poltergeist
phenomena are pretty much accepted
today and they happen outside of
possession, almost always with
disturbed adolescents, in fact.
But it necessarily supernatural
and neither is telepathy or
heightened intelligence or even
that writing on Regan's skin.

CHRIS

I don't believe this!

KARRAS

Regan's unconscious mind could
control the differential of blood
flow to her skin, sending more to
the parts that --

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(cutting him off)
Oh, what is this crap? Are you kidding me? I think it's easier to believe in the freaking Devil!

KARRAS

You really think it's possession?

CHRIS

I think that there's something inside of Regan that's trying to kill her and that's enough!

KARRAS

(shows empty vial)
Do you see this?

CHRIS

Yes, I see it! I'm not blind! I see it fine!

KARRAS

I just told her this was holy water...

CHRIS

And?

KARRAS

Well, when I sprinkled it on her, she reacted very violently.

CHRIS

So?

KARRAS

It's just ordinary tap water.

CHRIS

Who the hell gives a shit! She's dying!

KARRAS

Where's her father?

CHRIS

He's in Europe!

KARRAS

Have you told him what's happening?

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (6)

CHRIS

I'm asking you to drive a devil
out, not bring another one in!

KARRAS

There's a pretty good chance that
the thing at the bottom of this is
Regan's guilt over --

CHRIS

What? You mean over the divorce?
All that psychiatric bullshit?

KARRAS

Well, --

CHRIS

She's guilty because she killed
Burke Dennings! Is that evidence
enough for you, Father? She
killed him! She pushed him out
the window!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

204

EXT. "M" STREET - DAY

204

Karl is racing for a bus parked in front of the car barn near the MacNeil house. He boards and the bus pulls away.

205

INT. CORRIDOR OF TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

205

Crumbling plaster. Dank. Gloomy. Karl slowly climbs ancient, CREAKING STAIRS and approaches an apartment door. Scattered DOMESTIC SOUNDS from various parts of the building. From somewhere a BABY CRYING. Karl comes to the door and for a moment lowers his head, a hand on the door frame. On the wall beside him, a penciled scrawl in a plaster heart: "Nicky and Ellen." Karl takes a deep breath and pushes the doorbell. From within the apartment, a SQUEAKING of BEDSPRINGS -- someone rising; then irritable MUTTERING as someone approaches with an irregular sound: the DRAGGING CLUMP of an orthopedic shoe. Abruptly the door jerks partly open, the chain of a SAFETY LATCH RATTLING to its limit as a woman (ELVIRA) in a slip scowls through the aperture. She has hard eyes and the ravaged face of what might have been a beautiful young woman. A cigarette dangles from the corner of her mouth, and there are puncture scabs on her arm. She has a clubfoot and a coarse, husky voice.

ELVIRA

Oh, it's you.

As she takes off the chain, we hear, from within, a slurred voice:

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

Hey, tell 'im ta get lost!

ELVIRA

Oh, shut up, ya asshole! It's Pop!

(then at Karl)

He's loaded, Pop; ya better not come in.

Karl nods. He reaches for his wallet. Elvira's eyes follow the move as:

ELVIRA

How's Mama?

KARL

She is good. She sends love.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

As he hands her bills from his wallet, she coughs rackingly, covering her mouth.

ELVIRA

Freakin' cigarettes'll kill ya.

More coughing, then she takes the money.

ELVIRA

Thanks, Pop.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

C'mon, hurry it up!

ELVIRA

Listen, Pop, we better cut this kinda -- (short)

Karl reaches through door, grasping her wrist, pleading:

KARL

Elvira! There is clinic in Virginia now for drug addict!

ELVIRA

(grimacing, trying to twist free)

Oh, come on.

KARL

I will send you! You don't go to jail! It is -- !

ELVIRA

(breaking free)

Oh, for chrissakes, Pop! Cut it out!

KARL

No, no, please, it is -- !

Elvira slams the door in his face. Karl stares mutely at the door for a moment, then lowers his head into quiet grief. From within the apartment, we hear the CLUBFOOT DRAGGING; MUFFLED CONVERSATION; a cynical, ringing WOMAN'S LAUGH, followed by COUGHING. Karl turns away TOWARD CAMERA, and, looking up, he halts, shocked.

KARL'S POV - ANGLE ON KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

At the time Dennings died, you were here. Is that correct?

206 INT. CAMPUS CHAPEL - DAY

206

Karras saying Mass at main altar. He reads from St. Paul:

KARRAS

'And these are the gifts of the Holy spirit: To one, the gift of healing; to another, prophecy; to another, the distinguishing of spirits, one from the other...'

207 INT. CAMPUS LANGUAGE LAB - NIGHT

207

Karras and FRANK listen to a tape-recorded playback of the gibberish. After a few beats, over the recording:

FRANK

This is pretty weird stuff.

KARRAS

What do you make of it, Frank? Is that one or two people?

FRANK

More than one, that's for sure. A whole bunch.

KARRAS

Is it a language?

FRANK

Oh, quite definitely. It's English.

KARRAS

It's what?

FRANK

Sure, it's English in reverse.
(stops tape, hits reverse)
Here, listen.

208 EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MOODY ESTABLISHING
SHOT - NIGHT (GROUND FOG)

208

209 INT. KARRAS'S ROOM - CLOSE ON TAPE RECORDER - NIGHT

209

We hear a MATCH being STUCK.

(CONTINUED)

209

CONTINUED:

FULL SHOT - KARRAS

He sits at desk, looking exhausted. The only illumination, the crook-necked desk lamp. Karras stares at the borrowed tape recorder; then activates the playback. At first we hear TAPE HISS. Then:

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

(tape recorder)

Let her die!

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

No, no, sweet! It is sweet in the body! I feel!

VOICE #3 (V.O.)

Fear the priest.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Give us time.

VOICE #3 (V.O.)

He is ill.

VOICE #4 (V.O.)

No, the other.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Ah, the blood! Feel the blood!
How it sings!

KARRAS (V.O.)

(backwards)

Who are you?

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

I have no name.

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

I am no one.

VOICE #3 (V.O.)

Many.

VOICE #4 (V.O.)

Let us be. Let us warm in the
body.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Leave us.

VOICE #3 (V.O.)

Karras.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (2)

209

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

Merrin... Merrin.

Karras stops the tape, replays this last: "Merrin... Merrin..." Then stops the tape, lowers head and rubs at his eyes, then looks over with a certain longing at:

KARRAS'S POV - KARRAS'S BED

210 EXT. HALL IN JESUIT RESIDENCE - NIGHT

210

Karras comes out of his room, goes to a door nearby, knocks. The cinematography is slightly smoky.

KARRAS

Joe, boy.

DYER (O.S.)

Advance and be proselytized.

211 INT. DYER'S ROOM - NIGHT

211

Karras enters. Dyer is at a computer, typing.

KARRAS

Joey. Have you ever heard of anyone who's done a formal exorcism?

DYER

Evander Holyfield versus Mike Tyson, June 28 of '97 in Las Vegas.

KARRAS

Be serious.

DYER

No, you be serious.

212 INT. HALL OF JESUIT RESIDENCE - NIGHT

212

Again, the look is murky, "smoked." Karras emerges from Dyer's room, heads back to his own.

213 DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. KARRAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

213

Again, a smoky look as Karras enters, stops abruptly on seeing:

(CONTINUED)

213

CONTINUED:

KARRAS'S POV

In the "easy" chair sits a STRANGE PRIEST smoking a Galois cigarette. Middle-aged, a bit overweight, slightly balding, he has a soft-spoken manner that is strange and compelling, though there is something a little seedy-looking about him; his black clerical suit is rumpled and threadbare. Propped beside him are two crutches.

STRANGE PRIEST

Father Karras.

BACK TO SCENE - FULL SHOT

Karras closes the door softly behind him.

STRANGE PRIEST

Forgive me for --

(coughs for a bit
on cigarette smoke)

Sorry. Forgive me for intruding.
I needed to sit down right away.
You don't mind? Your Father
President sent me to see you. Tom
Birmingham. He thought we ought
to have a talk. I'm Ed Lucas, by
the way.

KARRAS

(strikes a chord)

Lucas?

STRANGE PRIEST

Yes. I'm just visiting here. I'm
from the New York Province, I'm at
Fordham. You'll excuse it if I
don't get up?

(with a nod at
the crutches)

It's such an effort.

Karras hasn't moved, somehow doubtful.

KARRAS

Lucas.

STRANGE PRIEST

Yes.

Karras holds still a moment, staring at him, then moves
to his desk.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (2)

KARRAS

What's on your mind?

STRANGE PRIEST

You look exhausted. I feel guilty.

KARRAS

No, no, don't be. Go ahead. How can I help?

STRANGE PRIEST

Oh, it's such a long story. I --

He has another coughing spell, during which ash spills onto his jacket. As he brushes it away.

STRANGE PRIEST

Filthy habit. I keep trying to quit.

(holds out
cigarette)

You don't mind?

KARRAS

No, go ahead. Want a drink?

STRANGE PRIEST

No, I'm fine.

KARRAS

You said Tom sent you?

STRANGE PRIEST

Yes.

KARRAS

Is this something to do with reassignment?

STRANGE PRIEST

No, it's personal. A personal problem.

KARRAS

Go ahead and lay it out for me, Ed. Tell me how I can help. What's the problem?

STRANGE PRIEST

You.

A long silence. Then:

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (3)

KARRAS

The problem is me.

STRANGE PRIEST

(another silence)

Tom's very worried about you.

KARRAS

Ed, what do you do up at Fordham?

STRANGE PRIEST

Counseling.

(a beat or two)

I'm a psychiatrist.

A very long silence. Then:

STRANGE PRIEST

Where do I begin? Tricky. I don't know. Oh, well, you're a pro, why not jump right into it? Sure. There are times when that's best.

(some more hacking)

Damn. Well... It's this business that you're into over at the MacNeils.

KARRAS

The MacNeils.

It's a flat statement. The Strange Priest mutely nods.

KARRAS

How do you know about that?

No answer. The Strange Priest looks over at the photo of Karras's mother, holds the look, then returns his gaze to Karras with:

STRANGE PRIEST

It doesn't matter. What matters is your emotional stability, which I think is already in a dangerous state. This MacNeil thing will stress it even more. Break it off. It will lead to disaster. For your own sake before things get worse. Much worse. We don't want any more desecrations, now, do we?

KARRAS

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (4)

The other priest just stares at him, doesn't answer. And it is at this point that we NOTICE the ring on Lucas's finger is identical to the one worn by the Iraqi Woman in black.

KARRAS

What does my health have to do with the desecrations?

STRANGE PRIEST

Oh, come on. You join the Jesuits and leave poor mother to die all alone and in abject poverty? Who do you hate for all of that unconsciously if not the Catholic Church? Don't be obtuse. And stay away from the MacNeils!

Karras rises.

KARRAS

Listen, who the hell are you?

Karras's TELEPHONE RINGS softly. Lucas's eyes shift to it.

STRANGE PRIEST

Watch out for Sharon.

KARRAS

I said -- !

A jarringly LOUD RING of a TELEPHONE.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

214 ON KARRAS

214

Stretched out on the cot, he abruptly raises himself, startled out of his dream by the RINGING. He stares over at the telephone groggily, gets up, goes to the phone, picks it up.

KARRAS

Father Karras... Sharon?

(listens)

No, that's okay. No, I was dreaming. What's up?

(listens)

Be right over.

He hangs up phone, sees something, walks over to chair where the Strange Priest in his dream had been sitting.

(CONTINUED)

214

214 CONTINUED:

In the end-table ashtray is a still-burning cigarette. He picks it up, stares: exotically shaped, it appears to be a Galois. He looks up in wonder and foreboding.

215

215 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - NEAR HOUSE - NIGHT

Very late. No traffic noise. Karras is hastily crossing, throwing on a heavy Windbreaker.

216

216 INT. ENTRY OF MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharon, wearing a sweater and holding a flashlight, has the door open, waiting as Karras comes up the steps. At the door, she puts a finger to her lips for quiet. She beckons him in and closes the door, very carefully. Whispering:

SHARON

I don't want to wake Chris. I don't think she ought to see this.

She beckons for him to follow.

217

217 INT. SECOND-FLOOR HALL - BY REGAN'S DOOR - NIGHT

The house is darkened. Karras and Sharon are silently approaching. Sharon carefully opens the door, enters, and beckons Karras into the room.

218

218 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - AT DOOR - NIGHT

As he enters, Karras reacts as if to extreme cold. His breath, like Sharon's, is frostily condensing in the chill air of the room. He looks at Sharon with wonder.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Karras and Sharon approach the bedside. The room is dark except for a night-light glow. Sharon has the flashlight on now, trained low. They stop by the bed. Regan seems to be in a coma, the whites of her eyes glowing eerily in the dim light. Heavy breathing. Karras takes Regan's wrist to check her pulse. The nasogastric tube is in place, Sustagen seeping into her motionless body. Beads of perspiration on Regan's forehead. Sharon is bending, gently pulling Regan's pajama tops wide apart, exposing her chest.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

Karras wipes a little perspiration off Regan's forehead, then stares at it on his fingers, rubbing them together with consternation. Then, sensing her gaze upon him, he looks up at Sharon. Whispering:

SHARON

I don't know if it's stopped. But watch. Just keep looking at her chest.

Karras follow her instructions. One beat. Two. Then, flipping the flashlight beam onto Regan's chest:

SHARON

There! There, it's coming!

Karras leans his face in closer to observe, then halts, shocked at:

KARRAS'S POV - REGAN'S CHEST

Rising up on her skin in blood-red, bas-relief script are two words:

HELP ME

SHARON (O.S.)

That's her handwriting.

219 EXT. FROM ACROSS POTOMAC (ROSSLYN) - GEORGETOWN
UNIVERSITY SPIRES - SUNRISE

219

220 INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE - DAY

220

Present are the BISHOP, several of his clerical assistants, and Karras. A conference table. Karras watches anxiously as the Bishop silently and slowly turns pages in a dossier, then closes it, looks up at Karras.

221 INT. HEALY BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR
(GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS) - DAY

221

Head lowered, Karras walks toward us slowly and despondently, recalling:

BISHOP (V.O.)

Well, we've looked at all the evidence. Now it's a judgement call. You're sure it's genuine?

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

KARRAS (V.O.)

I don't know. No, not really.
But I've made a prudent judgement
that it meets the conditions set
forth in the Roman Ritual.

BISHOP (V.O.)

And you would want to do the
exorcism yourself, you say?

KARRAS (V.O.)

Yes, Your Excellency. I would.

BISHOP (V.O.)

And yet the strength of faith of
the exorcist can affect the
eventual outcome. That's
something we should think about,
Damien.

Karras stops, hangs head; then looks up sadly at a statue
of a saint.

KARRAS (V.O.)

Yes. Yes, I see. I understand.

222 INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

222

Present are the Bishop and the Georgetown University
PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT

Well, he does know the background.
I doubt there's any danger in just
having him assist. He's a doctor.
There should be one there, anyway.

BISHOP

Right. And now what about the
exorcist? Any ideas, Tom?

PRESIDENT

Lankester Merrin.

BISHOP

Merrin? I thought he was over in
Iraq. Last I heard, he was
working at a dig around Nineveh.

PRESIDENT

He just got back.

(CONTINUED)

222

CONTINUED:

222

BISHOP

Don't you think he's too old,
though, Tom? How's his health?

PRESIDENT

Well, it must be okay if he can
run around digging up tombs.

BISHOP

But would he do it?

PRESIDENT

Read my lips, Steve: 'Vow of
Obedience'? Anyway, he's done it
before.

BISHOP

I didn't know that.

PRESIDENT

Ten or twelve years ago in Africa.
The exorcism lasted for weeks. I
heard it damn near killed him.
They say that his hair turned
white overnight.

The Bishop turns to look at him.

223

EXT. SECLUDED WOODED AREA - DAY

223

Walking slowly and reading his "Office" from a book of
prayer is Merrin. A young priest, a SCHOLASTIC, appears
hastening toward him, reaches him, hands him an envelope.

SCHOLASTIC

Got a fax for you, Father.

MERRIN

Thank you.

He stares at it, then mutely takes it from the young
priest's hand, turns away, and stuffs it into the pocket
of his coat as he returns to the reading of his Office.
He knows what's in it.

SCHOLASTIC

Aren't you going to read it,
Father?

Merrin keeps walking, shakes his head.

MERRIN

No need.

224

224 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Willie opens door, admitting Karras, who looks a bit despondent.

225

225 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Chris is on phone as Karras appears at door. She motions him in as:

CHRIS

(into phone)

No. No, I know the part's great. I can't do it, though, Tony. I'm just not going to work now for a while... Just some things. Personal... Yeah. Sure, okay, Tony. Thanks. Thanks for calling. 'Bye.

She looks up at Karras. He comes in and sits.

KARRAS

It's going to be Lankester Merrin.

CHRIS

Yeah, I know. The Bishop called. I said we'd put him up here. This'll take just a day or two, right?

KARRAS

Maybe so.

CHRIS

Thanks, Father. You did it.

He lowers his head a little, mutely nodding.

CHRIS

Now at least she's got a shot. She's got a chance.

KARRAS

(nods; then,
softly)

She's got a prayer.

226

226 EXT. GEORGETOWN - LONG SHOT FROM VIRGINIA SIDE - NIGHT

Fog blankets the Potomac.

227 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG) 227

228 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 228

While Karl and Karras hold Regan/Demon still, Sharon plunges home an injection, then wipes the puncture with a swab. During this, Regan's head is averted toward the window.

REGAN/DEMON
(weakly croaking)
Yes, bastard! I am here! I await
you!
(as Regan spits
toward window)
Come! Yes, come! I await!

Karras eyes Regan with puzzlement, then follows her gaze to the window.

CLOSEUP - REGAN/DEMON'S EYES

229 EXT. PROSPECT STREET - NIGHT (FOG) 229

A cab approaches, pulls up in front of the MacNeil house and out steps a tall old priest carrying a battered black valise. It's Merrin. A hat obscures his face. As the cab pulls away, he stands rooted, staring up at Regan's window like a melancholy traveler frozen in time.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

230 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SIDE ANGLE - REGAN 230
staring toward window.

231 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CLOSE ON PENDULUM CLOCK - 231
NIGHT

It shows the hour of 6:35 PM.

WIDER ANGLE

Chris sits dejectedly at the table, pondering Regan's sculpture of the bear with the daisies. Karras enters, moving to coffee carafe.

KARRAS

We gave her an injection. In a minute she'll be sleeping.

CHRIS

(barely audible)

That's good.

DOORBELL CHIMES. Chris frowns, gets up to answer.

232 INT. ENTRY TO MACNEIL HOUSE - NIGHT 232

DOOR CHIME sounds again. Chris ENTERS FRAME, opens the door, disclosing Merrin. His buttoned coat hides the Roman collar.

CHRIS

Yes, hello. Can I help you?

MERRIN

Mrs. MacNeil?

CHRIS

Yes?

MERRIN

I'm Father Merrin.

He's removed his hat, and Chris is momentarily taken aback by the eyes that shine with intelligence and kindly understanding, with serenity and unearthly power. Flustered, Chris flings wide the door.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Oh! Oh, Father, please come in!
Come in!

He's entered and she closes the door behind him.

MERRIN

Thank you.

CHRIS

We weren't expecting you until
morning. Can I take that bag from
you, Father?

She stares quizzically at Merrin's posture. He is
standing with his head angled sideways, glancing up
toward the second floor as if listening, or probing at
the vibrations of some presence out of sight.

MERRIN

(his attention still
elsewhere)

It's all right. It's like part of
my arm: very old... very
battered.

Now he looks down at her with a warm, tired smile in his
eyes.

MERRIN

I'm accustomed to the weight. Is
Father Karras here?

CHRIS

Yes. Have you had any dinner,
Father Merrin?

Flicking his glance sharply upward again at the sound of
Regan's DOOR being OPENED:

MERRIN

Yes, I had some on the train.

CHRIS

Are you sure you wouldn't like
something else?

Sound of the DOOR being CLOSED. Then Merrin's gaze drops
back to Chris.

MERRIN

Thank you, no.

As they move into the house:

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Did you have to wait long for a cab?

MERRIN

A few minutes.

Karl has appeared and reaches for Merrin's bag.

KARL

I take that, Father.

MERRIN

No, it's alright.

KARL

No, no, I take it! I take it!

Karl takes the bag toward the study.

CHRIS

We put a daybed in the study for you, Father. I'll show you where it is. Or would you like to say hello to Father Karras first?

MERRIN

I should like to see your daughter first.

CHRIS

Right now, you mean, Father?

He again glances up with that distant attentiveness.

MERRIN

Yes, now.

CHRIS

She's asleep.

MERRIN

I think not.

REGAN/DEMON (O.S.)

Merriiiinnnnnnnn!

It is that deep guttural demonic voice. It is followed by the sound of a massive JOLT against Regan's bedroom wall that causes the FRAME to JERK AND BLUR.

CHRIS

Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

Merrin continues to stare upward, unruffled, even as a second JOLT shakes the house. Merrin moves toward the staircase as:

REGAN/DEMON (O.S.)
 Merrrrinnnnn! Merrin, bastard!
 Fool! Pious scum! I am here! I
 await you! Come to me! Come!

During the above, an incredulous Karl has appeared from the study, and Karras has hurried out from the kitchen. The CAMERA TRACKS FRONT WITH Merrin as he calmly ascends the staircase, and the JOLTINGS and CROAKINGS of "Merrinnnnn" continue until finally the elderly Jesuit reaches Regan's bedroom and enters, closing the door behind him.

ANGLE ON CHRIS, KARRAS

staring up at the bedroom door, stunned.

POV SHOT ON BEDROOM DOOR FROM BELOW

Silence. Then the O.S. hideous LAUGHTER of the demon. Merrin, ashen, steps quickly out into the hall, closing the door behind him. He heads for the stairs. Sharon reopens Regan's door, from within, pokes her head out and stares oddly after Merrin's retreating figure.

FULL SHOT - STAIRS, CHRIS, KARRAS

as Merrin comes quickly down and puts hand out to Karras. The younger Jesuit is clearly awestruck.

MERRIN
 Father Karras.

KARRAS
 Father Merrin. What an honor to
 meet you.

Merrin takes Karras's hand in both of his, searching the younger Jesuit's face with a look of gravity and concern while upstairs, demonic LAUGHTER segues into vicious OBSCENITIES directed at Merrin.

MERRIN
 You look tired. Are you tired?

KARRAS
 No, Father.

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

Very well. I should like you to go quickly across the Residence and gather up a cassock for myself, two surplices, a purple stole, a vial of holy water, and your copy of the Roman Ritual. The large one. I believe we should begin.

KARRAS

You mean now?

MERRIN

Yes, now. I think now.

KARRAS

Don't you want to hear the background of the case first?

MERRIN

Why?

Sharon is reheating the coffee as Chris comes up beside her and studies the tightness and the distant, troubled look in her face.

CHRIS

What happened up there?

SHARON

Happened where?

CHRIS

When Father Merrin walked into her room.

SHARON

I don't know. It was strange.

CHRIS

Whaddya mean?

SHARON

They just looked at one another. That's all. And then Regan... that thing... It said --

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

CHRIS

What?

SHARON

It said, 'This time -- you're
going to lose.'

234 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - HALL NEAR STUDY - DUSK

234

Advancing toward us are Karl and Merrin. Karl opens the
study door.

KARL

In here, please, Father. Whatever
you need, please tell me.

MERRIN

Thank you. You've very kind.

KARL

You will help her? Please?

MERRIN

God willing.

235 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STUDY - AT DOOR - NIGHT

235

Merrin enters, and the instant he closes the door behind
him, he sags against it, a sharp pain expressed in his
face as he takes a pillbox from his pocket, hastily
extracts a nitroglycerin tablet, and carefully places it
under his tongue.

236 EXT. STEPS UP TO GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DUSK
(FOG)

236

Karras is hastening up the steps.

237 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

237

Merrin leans against the refrigerator door, his head
lowered as he looks into the steamy blackness of his
coffee mug. Chris pours for herself. In Merrin we sense
a suppression of something like pain.

CHRIS

Want some brandy in it, Father?

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

Well, the doctors say I shouldn't.
But thank God my will is weak.

Chris looks uncertain until he gives her a gentle smile;
she smiles back and pours brandy into his mug. He
notices her hands are shaking. He tries to divert her.

MERRIN

What a lovely name you have.
Chris MacNeil. It's not a stage
name?

CHRIS

No, I'm really not Esmerelda
Glutz.

MERRIN

(murmuring into
his coffee)

And thank God for that as well.

CHRIS

And what's Lankester, Father? So
unusual. Were you named after
someone?

MERRIN

(staring absently)

Yes, a cargo ship, I think. Or a
bridge. Yes, most probably a
bridge.

(sips)

Now, then, Damien! There's a
lovely name. Do you know where it
comes from?

She shakes her head.

MERRIN

It was the name of a priest who
devoted his life to the care of
the lepers confined to the island
of Molokai. Finally he caught the
disease himself.

Karras, in his cassock, is hurrying down the steps that
flow from the area of the university library into 37th
Street below, close to the MacNeil house. He is carrying
a cardboard laundry box. When he is fully INTO FRAME he
suddenly halts, surprised by something; takes a slow
half-step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARRAS'S POV - KINDERMAN

He stands in the glow of a lamppost.

FULL SHOT - KARRAS, KINDERMAN

KINDERMAN

I've got a problem, Father Karras.
Can you help me?

KARRAS

I really can't say.

KINDERMAN

I just need some advice, that's
all.

KARRAS

What about?

KINDERMAN

Well, let's just say I'm on a
case, Father Karras. A homicide.

Karras starts to move past Kinderman, but Kinderman stops
him.

KINDERMAN

No, not Dennings, Father. Purely
hypothetical. Maybe like a ritual
witchcraft murder, this looks.
And in this house, there are
living five people and one of them
-- I'm positive of this -- must be
the killer. But then the
problem... All the evidence...
paint scrapings... things I can't
mention... well, it points to a
child, Father Karras; a little
girl maybe ten, twelve years
old... Desecrations and then
finally a murder. Insane. And
now there comes to this house, an
old man, let's say, a priest...
and I learn that this priest once
cured a special type illness in
which a little girl could have
incredible strength. Now the
question... You see, the girl is
not responsible, Father. She's
demented.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN (CONT'D)

Yet the illness that she has... well, she could kill someone else. So what to do? Hypothetically, I mean. Just forget it and hope she gets well? I don't know. It's a terrible decision, Father. Awful. And so what would be right in such a case? Hypothetically? What do you believe would be the right thing to do?

Karras meets Kinderman's steady gaze.

KARRAS

I would put it in the hands of a higher authority.

KINDERMAN

I believe it is there right now.

KARRAS

And I would leave it there, Lieutenant.

KINDERMAN

I will.

(looks at watch)

Well, I must go. There is evil in the world. Thank you, Father. I feel better. Oh, incidentally, you could do me a favor? If you happen to run into a man named Karl tonight, tell him that his daughter's in a clinic, she's alright. Would you do that? I mean, if ever you should see him.

KARRAS

I will.

239 EXT. HOUSE - FULL SHOT - DOWN ANGLE - NIGHT

239

A sense of PULSING energies that continues through:

240 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CHRIS AND SHARON - NIGHT

240

Chris's head is angled up, tilted to side, as if listening for something.

CHRIS

You feel something?

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

SHARON
(nods; then)
Like an energy. Tension.

CHRIS
Something building.

241 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

241

Merrin is kneeling in prayer, his eyes closed. The PULSING sound. It carries into:

242 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - REGAN - NIGHT

242

On her side, eyes closed. As we DISCOVER her, she opens them.

243 EXT. HOUSE - UP ANGLE - NIGHT (FOG)

243

An extreme WIDE-ANGLE LENS imparts an unearthly quality as the PULSING effect continues. And then abruptly CEASES. Silence.

244 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

244

Karras and Merrin are dressing in vestments taken out of a laundry box. Karras hands Merrin a sweater from laundry box.

KARRAS
I thought you might wear this,
Father. The room gets very cold.

MERRIN
That was thoughtful of you,
Damien. Thank you.
(slipping on the
sweater)
You're familiar with the rules
concerning exorcism?

KARRAS
Yes. I've prepared myself. I am.

MERRIN
Especially important is the
warning to avoid conversations
with the demon.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

MERRIN (CONT'D)

We may ask what is relevant, but anything beyond that is dangerous. Extremely. Equally important is the warning not to listen to anything he says. The demon is a liar. He will lie to confuse us; but he will also mix lies with the truth to attack us. The attack is psychological, Damien. And powerful. Do not listen. Now is there anything at all you would like to ask me?

KARRAS

No. But I think it might be helpful if I gave you some background on the different personalities that Regan has manifested. So far I'd say that there seem to be three.

MERRIN

There is only one.

245 INT. SECOND-FLOOR LANDING - DOWN SHOT - ON STAIRS - NIGHT

245

Merrin and Karras, fully vested, Roman Rituals in their hands, slowly come to the stairs and ascend in single file, Karras following Merrin.

ANGLE DOWN HALL FROM OUTSIDE REGAN'S BEDROOM

as the priests approach. Bundled in double sweaters, Chris watches them. The priests halt by the door. Frowning at her attire:

KARRAS

You're not going in there?

CHRIS

Shouldn't I?

KARRAS

No. Please don't.

She looks to Merrin. He shakes his head. She nods acceptance.

CHRIS

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

What is your daughter's name? I
will use it in the ritual.

CHRIS

Theresa.

MERRIN

What a lovely name.

He briefly lowers his gaze, as if gathering his
determination, or praying for strength; then looks to the
door. The others follow his gaze.

MERRIN

All right.

Karras opens the door, disclosing Karl sitting in a
corner wearing a heavy hunting jacket, a look of
bewilderment and fear on his face as he glances toward
us. Sharon stands beside him, looking stunned. Merrin
hangs motionless for a moment.

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

Merrin, just outside the door, is staring in at:

REGAN/DEMON

lifting head from pillow, staring at Merrin with burning
eyes. Her face is more malevolent now, more demonic.
The demon is now fully seated in her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Merrin steps into the room, followed by Karras, who
closes the door. Merrin goes to the side of the bed
while Karras moves to its foot. They halt. A beat.
Regan licks a wolfish, blackened tongue across dried lips
with a sound like parchment being smoothed over. The
room is icy. Breath comes frosty.

REGAN/DEMON

Well, proud scum! At last! We
meet again!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

247

INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

247

Regan laughs mockingly as Merrin traces the sign of the cross above her, then repeats the gesture at Karras and Karl. As he plucks the cap from a holy-water vial in his hand, the laughter breaks off.

REGAN/DEMON

Ah, yes, of course! The holy
urine, now! The semen of saints!

As Merrin uplifts the vial to sprinkle the bed, Regan's face contorts with rage and spite.

REGAN/DEMON

Ah, will you, Merrin! Will you!

Merrin begins sprinkling the holy water on Regan, and she jerks her head up, her mouth and neck muscles trembling with hatred.

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, sprinkle! Sprinkle, Merrin!
Drench us! Drown us in your
sweat! Your sweat is sanctified,
St. Merrin! Bend and spew out
clouds of incense! Bend and show
the holy rump that we may worship
and adore it! Give -- !

There follows a wild ROARING, cut off totally by:

MERRIN

Be silent!

The words are flung forth like bolts. Karras flinches, turning in wonder to Merrin, who stares commandingly at Regan. The demon has fallen silent, returning Merrin's stare with eyes now blinking and wary. Merrin caps the holy-water vial and gives it back to Karras, who slips it in his pocket and watches as Merrin kneels down beside the bed and closes his eyes in murmured prayer:

MERRIN

'Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name...'

Regan spits and hits Merrin in the face with a yellowish glob of mucus. It oozes slowly down the exorcist's cheek. His head still bowed, Merrin continue the prayer without pause while taking a handkerchief out of his pocket and unhurriedly wiping away the snarls.

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation.'

KARRAS

'But deliver us from the evil one.'

Karras briefly looks up. Regan's eyes are rolling into their sockets until only the whites are exposed. Unearthly moans, mutterings. Karras seems uneasy. He returns to his text to follow as:

MERRIN

'Save me, O God, by Thy name, by Thy might defend my cause. Proud men have risen up against me, and men of violence seek my life; but God is my helper, and the Lord sustains my life, in every need He has delivered me. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.'

KARRAS

Amen.

Now, as Merrin stands and prays reverently, the sound of a low, eerie WIND arises, as of the precursor to a storm. Curtains and drapes begin to flutter, pictures hung on wall to shiver.

MERRIN

'O God, creator and defender of the human race, look down in pity on this Your servant, Regan Theresa MacNeil, now trapped in the coils of man's ancient enemy, sworn foe of our race, who befuddles and stupefies the human mind, throws it into terror, overwhelms it with fear and panic. Repel, O Lord, the Devil's power. By this sign...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN (CONT'D)

(signs the cross on
Regan's brow with
his thumb)

... of your name, let your servant
be protected in body and mind.
Glory be to the Father, the Son,
the Holy Spirit.'

KARRAS

'As it was in the beginning, is
now and ever shall be, world
without end, amen.'

The lights in the room flicker, dimming to a haze.
Merrin continue reading, oblivious, but Karras glances up
as he hears Regan hissing. She is sitting erect, the
whites of her eyes exposed, while her tongue flicks in
and out rapidly and her head weaves back and forth like a
cobra's. After another look of disquiet, Karras looks
down again to his text as:

MERRIN

'Save your servant.'

KARRAS

'Who trusts in You, my God.'

MERRIN

'Let her find in You, Lord, a
fortified tower.'

KARRAS

'In the face of the enemy.'

MERRIN

'Let the enemy have no power over
her.'

During Merrin's last response, Karras hears SHARP RAPPING
sounds. Puzzled, he looks up -- and is instantly
electrified.

ANGLE ON BED

The front legs are gently, rockingly rising up off the
floor! It comes up jerkily, inches at a time, until the
front legs are two feet off the ground, at which point
the back legs come up also. Then the bed hovers, gently
bobbing and listing in the empty air as if floating on a
stagnant lake. Regan still undulates and hisses.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: (3)

BACK TO SCENE

Karras is transfixed, staring at the bed in awe and wonder.

MERRIN (O.S.)

Father Karras.

Karras doesn't hear it. A beat.

MERRIN

Father Karras.

At last, Karras turns to Merrin. The ANGLE SHIFTS to include him, and we see him watching Karras serenely as he motions with his head at a copy of the Roman Ritual in Karras's hand.

MERRIN

The response, please, Damien.

Karras, still dumbfounded, again glances at the bed, then collects himself and looks down at his text.

KARRAS

'And the son of iniquity be powerless to harm her.'

MERRIN

'Lord, hear my prayer.'

KARRAS

'And let my cry come unto Thee.'

MERRIN

'The Lord be with you.'

KARRAS

(looking up)

'And also with you.'

Merrin reaches up his hand in a routine workaday manner and traces the sign of the cross three times on Regan's brow while continuing to read:

MERRIN

'... Holy Lord, Almighty Father, everlasting God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, who once and for all consigned that fallen tyrant to the flames of hell. Who sent Your only begotten Son into the world to crush that roaring lion...'

(CONTINUED)

The HISSING CEASES and from the taut-stretched O of Regan's mouth comes a nerve-shredding lowing, like that of a steer, perhaps, but one from some alien, demonic galaxy. It grows shatteringly louder as:

MERRIN

'... snatch from ruination and
from the clutches of the devil
this human being made in Your
image.'

For a time the prayer is drowned out by the LOWING that SHIVERS through the walls. Then Merrin, still reading aloud, reaches his hand up again and presses a portion of his purple stole to Regan's neck.

MERRIN

'God and Lord of all creation, by
Whose might Satan was made to fall
from heaven like lightning, strike
terror into the beast now laying
waste Your vineyard. Let Your
mighty hand cast out this cruel
demon from this Your creature,
Regan Theresa MacNeil. Drive out
this persecutor of the
innocent...'

The bed begins to rock lazily, and then to pitch, and then suddenly is violently dipping and yawing. During this, Merrin routinely makes adjustments, keeping the stole firmly to Regan's neck. During this:

MERRIN

'Fill Your servants with courage
to fight manfully against that
reprobate dragon, lest he despise
those who put their trust in You,
and say with Pharaoh of old, "I
know not God nor will I set Israel
free." Cast him out of Your
servant so he may no longer hold
captive this person whom it
pleased You to make in Your image,
and to redeem through Your Son;
who lives and reigns with You in
the unity of the Holy Spirit, God,
forever and ever. Amen. Lord,
hear my prayer.'

Karras, transfixed, fails to respond. Calmly:

MERRIN

Damien?

(CONTINUED)

Karras turns to him blankly.

MERRIN

'Lord, hear my prayer.'

KARRAS

(turning to the bed)

'And let my cry come unto Thee.'

Now Merrin takes a deliberate step back and jolts the room with the lash of his voice as he commands:

MERRIN

'I cast you out, unclean spirit, along with every satanic power of the enemy! Every specter from Hell! Every savage companion! It is He Who commands you, He Who flung you headlong from the heights of Heaven! Depart, you monster! You begetter of death! You robber of life! You corrupter of justice! Prince of murderers! You inventor of every obscenity! You enemy of the human race! Why do you stand and resist, knowing as you must that Christ the Lord brings your plans to nothing. He has already stripped you of your powers and laid waste your kingdom. He has cast you forth into the outer darkness. To what purpose do you brazenly refuse? You are guilty before Almighty God, you are guilty before His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom you nailed to the cross. You are guilty before the whole human race.'

During this, the bed has ceased its movements and has floated to the rug with a cushioned thud and Karras has moved slowly around to the bedside and reached down, checking Regan's pulse. Regan is silent and unmoving. And now Karras lifts his eyes, staring, as with nightmare slowness, a fraction at a time, Regan's head turns toward him, CREAKING with the sound of a rusted mechanism until the dread and glaring whites of the eyes are fixed directly on Karras. Then Karras glances up warily as the lights in the room begin flickering and dimming, and then fade again to an eerie, pulsing amber.

(CONTINUED)

Regan turns back toward Merrin, and a MUFFLED POUNDING jolts the room, jerking and BLURRING the FRAME; then another; and another, and then steadily, the SPLINTERING SOUND THROBBING at a ponderous rate like the beating of a heart that is massive and diseased. In what is an illusion, Regan briefly transforms into a phantasm, a transparent winged gargoyle of unsurpassed ferocity and malevolence, and then into a fully three-dimensional and very real enormous, SNARLING black DOG who menaces Sharon. Blood is pouring down the sides of the walls. Sharon gasps, a hand to her mouth. The dog transmutes back into Regan/Demon as:

REGAN/DEMON

Don't be frightened, Sharon. No, dear. Your Damien is here, the one who comes to you in dreams, the one you lust after night after --

Sharon's eyes widen, and with a soft cry, she bolts from the room, chased by demonic mocking laughter. During the above:

MERRIN

'Depart, you monster! Your place is in solitude! Your abode is in a nest of vipers! Get down and crawl with them! It is God Himself Who commands you...'

Merrin continues and now the POUNDINGS begin to come STEADILY LOUDER, FASTER, suddenly accelerating to a terrifying tempo. Merrin's words are blotted out. And then abruptly the POUNDINGS CEASE, the gargoyle phantasm is supplanted, and Merrin's prayer comes through pure and clear in the silence.

MERRIN

'O God of Heaven and Earth, God of the angels and archangels, God who have power to bestow life after death and rest after toil, I humbly entreat you to deliver this servant of yours, Regan Theresa MacNeil, from the unclean spirits; through Christ our Lord. Amen.'

CLOSE ON KARRAS

Staring at Merrin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

KARRAS'S POV - MERRIN

As, just before the prayer's conclusion, the BOOK OF PRAYERS EXPLODES into a million tiny fragments.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

He quickly pinches at his eyes, looks again.

HIS POV - MERRIN

He ends with the "Amen," the book intact in his hands. It was an illusion. And now the demon returns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REGAN/DEMON

Scum! You are going to lose!
Prideful peacock! The piglet is
going to die!

The flickering haze grows gradually brighter now as Regan spits, the mucoid glob hitting Merrin's eye.

REGAN/DEMON

Thus does your master cure the
blind!

MERRIN

(calmly; accepting
Karras's copy of the
Ritual from him)
'St. Michael, the archangel...'

REGAN/DEMON

(over Merrin)

Ancient hypocrite! You care
nothing at all for the piglet!
Nothing! You have made her a
contest between us! Your abode is
in a nest of peacocks, Merrin!
Your proper place is within
yourself! Go back to the
mountaintop and speak to your only
equal! Speak to -- !

Here, as Merrin continues with the ritual of prayer (Appendix A), the demon breaks off and jerks its head around to Willie as she enters the room with an armload of towels and sheets.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN/DEMON

Willie, good news! I bring
tidings of redemption! Elvira is
alive! She lives! She is -- !

As Willie stares in shock:

KARL

(shouting at Willie)
No, Willie! No! Do not listen!
(rushing Willie out
of the room)
Do not listen! It is lies! Do
not listen! Willie, No!

REGAN/DEMON

-- a hopeless drug addict, Willie!
Shall I tell you where she lives?
You can visit her on Mothers' Day,
Willie! Surprise her!

Willie and Karl are out, Karl slamming the door shut
behind him. The demon erupts into mocking laughter.
Meanwhile, Merrin has not ceased to recite from the
Ritual. The demon stops laughing and eyes him with rage
and hatred as:

MERRIN

'I adjure you, ancient serpent, by
the judge of the living and the
dead, by your Creator, by the
Creator of the universe...'

As Merrin continues (Appendix B), Karras moves to check
Regan's pulse again, and as he does, the Dennings
personality takes over completely in Regan, turning to
plead with Karras: ,

REGAN/DENNINGS

What the hell are you doing,
Karras?

REGAN/DENNINGS

Oh, for heaven's sake, Karras,
can't you see the little bitch
should be in hospital? Really!
She belongs in a bleeding
madhouse! Why not stop all this
mumbo-jumbo and foolishness?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REGAN/DENNINGS (CONT'D)

If she dies, you know, it's your fault! Absolutely! I mean, just because he's...

(indicating Merrin)

... stubborn doesn't mean you should behave like a snot! You're a doctor! You ought to know better! And anyway, it simply isn't fair to drive us out. I mean, speaking for myself, it's only justice that I'm here. Little bitch! I was minding my own business at the bar that night when I thought I heard her moaning, so I went upstairs to see what was the matter and she bloody well took me by the throat! Christ, I've never in my life seen that kind of strength! She began to scream that I was diddling her mother or something, or that I caused the divorce, or some such thing. It wasn't clear. But I tell you, love, she pushed me out the window! Yes, she killed me, bloody killed me! Now you think it's really fair to throw me out? You really -- ?

Abruptly, Dennings is replaced by the Demon, staring past Karras to Chris who has entered room with a swab and a disposable syringe. Karras, disturbed, hastily moves to intercept her as...

REGAN/DEMON

Ah! Now the sow comes! The mother of the piglet with a dosage of Librium!

As Regan laughs demonically.

CHRIS

Sharon's out of it. She can't.

KARRAS

Well, all right! Let's get it done! I'll hold her! Don't look at her face!

As Chris and Karras approach the bed.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, come see your handiwork, sow-mother! Come!

While Karras pins Regan's unresisting arms, Chris tries desperately not to look or listen. Addressing her:

REGAN/DEMON

See the puke! See the murderous bitch! Are you pleased? It is you who have done it! You! Yes, you with your career before her, before her father, before -- !

Karras glances around, sees Chris standing paralyzed by the demon's accusations. Simultaneously:

KARRAS

(at Chris)

Go ahead! Don't listen! Go ahead!

CHRIS

(staring at the syringe in her shaking hand)

I can't! I can't do it!

REGAN/DEMON

-- anything! The divorce is the cause of her illness! Go to priests, will you?! Priests will not help! She is mad! You have driven her to madness and to murder! You have driven her into her grave!

During the above, Karras plucks the syringe from Chris's fingers.

KARRAS

All right, swab it! Swab the arm! Over here!

(as Chris moves)

And don't listen!

Chris has swabbed Regan's arms and as Karras flicks the needle into wasted flesh:

KARRAS

Now, get out!

Now, from O.S., we hear the authentic voice of Regan.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN (O.S.)

Mother?

Chris turns her head, startled. She sees:

HER POV - REGAN

On the bed, completely normal, frightened and confused,
as:

REGAN

Mom?

And the next instant Regan erupts in flame.

REGAN

(screaming)

Motherrrrrr!

ON KARRAS AND CHRIS

He forcibly turns her head away.

KARRAS

It isn't real! Get out! Get out!

CHRIS

Rags!

But Karras is forcibly dragging her to the door and out
of the room.

KARRAS

I said, it isn't real! Get
outside, Chris! Please!

And now the Demon, eyes bulging with fury, has jerked its
head around to Karras.

REGAN/DEMON

And, you, priest bastard! You!
Yes, we know of your kindness to
mothers, Karras. You killed your
mother! You left her alone to
die!

KARRAS

Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

The entire room begins rocking violently. Furniture hurtles through the air, and both priests are thrown off balance. Karras clings desperately to a padded bedpost, but Merrin retains his serenity.

MERRIN

'Oh, God, Defender of the human race, look down in pity upon this your servant, Regan Theresa MacNeil.'

Karras and Merrin are thrown to the floor by a violent lurch of the room. They watch as Regan's eyeballs roll up into her head, then manage to collect themselves and stand up.

MERRIN

'I command you by the judge of the living and the dead to depart from this servant of God. It's the power of -- '

He breaks off, seeing the bed levitating high up into the air. Regan is hissing, moving her head side to side like a cobra.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

249 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

249

The bed floats high in the air, Regan doing her cobra imitation. He holds out an upturned hand to Karras.

MERRIN

Holy water!

Karras hands him the vial. Merrin sprinkles it forcefully at Regan, and where it strikes a crimson scar slashes open on Regan's leg as:

MERRIN

'It is the power of Christ that compels you!'

MERRIN/KARRAS

(in unison)

'The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!'

The bed bobs on the air as the commands of the priests build to a crescendo.

MERRIN/KARRAS

'The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!
The power of Christ compels you!'

The bed has slowly settled to the floor. Karras hurries to her, tears a strap off the bed and uses it to tie her wrists together. As he turns away she raises her tied hands and deals him a powerful blow on the back of his head. He falls to the floor.

MERRIN

'The power of Christ compels you.
He who brought you low by his
bloodstained cross!'

Stepping closer to Regan, who has fallen back on bed and now moans inchoately, as, with quiet vehemence:

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

'Do not despise my command because you know me to be a sinner. It is God Himself who commands you! The majestic Christ commands you! The mystery of the cross commands you! The blood of the martyrs commands you!'

With each adjuration, he has forcefully slashed the holy water vial at Regan. Where it strikes, either a slash or burn mark appears with a SIZZLING, HISSING sound.

MERRIN

'You prince of murderers! You are guilty before Almighty God, guilty before His Son, guilty before the whole human race. It is Christ who expels you, He who is coming to judge both the living and the dead and world by fire.'

ON REGAN/DEMON

The whites of the eyes are exposed. From Regan there now comes the lovely, lilting singing -- in a sweet, clear voice like a choir boy's -- of Gounod's "Ave Maria."

250 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 250

Head bowed, leaning against the ballustrade, Chris hears the SINGING, looks up toward it.

251 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON KARRAS - NIGHT 251

Slowly rising, his face is bloodless as he stares down at Regan. Then he looks at Merrin.

FULLER ANGLE - REGAN, KARRAS

as Merrin comes INTO the FRAME with a warm wet towel in his hands. With a look of compassion that is almost painful, he wipes Regan's face with tender, weary movements. Sharon has entered, takes towel from his hand.

SHARON

I'll take care of that, Father.

Merrin nods. Then:

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

MERRIN

(to Karras)

You look tired. Are you tired?

(as Karras nods)

Let us rest, then, before we start again.

Karras slowly turns to him and stares.

ON REGAN/DEMON

as the singing continues.

252

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

252

From within the bedroom we hear the SINGING: Now "Panis Angelicus." In the dimness of the hall, Merrin and Karras lean wearily against the wall opposite the door. Karras is staring at the door. After a beat, he begins a hesitant dialogue that will continue in hushed tones.

KARRAS

If it's really possession -- why her? What's the point?

MERRIN

Who can know? Who can really hope to know? Yet I think the demon's target isn't her; it is us... the observers... every person in this house. You. And I think -- I think the point is to make us despair; to see ourselves as ultimately vile and putrescent; without dignity; animals; ugly; unworthy. And there lies the heart of it, perhaps: in unworthiness. For I think belief in God is not a matter of reason at all; I think it's finally a matter of love; not our love of God; but of accepting that God could possibly love us...

Through this passage, we see on Karras's face the surprise of recognition, the realization that Merrin is talking about him. Merrin looks up at door and listens to the SINGING for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

MERRIN

And yet things such as this...
 this poor girl... this so rare and
 extraordinary intervention. I see
 possession in the little things,
 mostly, Damien: in our senseless
 petty spites and
 misunderstandings; in the cruel
 and cutting word that leaps
 unbidden to the tongue between
 husbands and wives; between
 fathers and sons; between friends.
 Enough of these and we have no
 need of Satan to destroy us,
 Damien. This we can do for
 ourselves... for ourselves.

KARRAS

Once the demon's driven out --
 what's to keep it from coming back
 in?

MERRIN

I don't know. But it never seems
 to happen.

(lowers head, shuts
 eyes, pinching at
 their corners,
 suppressing pain)

Damien. What a wonderful name.
 Please, excuse me for a moment.

Karras nods. Merrin has risen and now hurries down the
 hall to the guest bathroom. Karras watches him,
 wondering what is wrong. Then he turns to the door as
 the SINGING STOPS. Sharon emerges with a bundle of
 fouled bedding and clothing.

SHARON

She's sleeping now, Father.

Karras nods.

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

Now revealing himself as close to shattered, Merrin takes
 a nitroglycerin pill from a silvery metal pillbox, slips
 it under his tongue.

INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Karras is staring at the door to Regan's bedroom. We see
 the doorknob in a CLOSEUP. He decides to enter.

An exhausted Karras sees an apparition of his mother on the bed. Mutely staring at him. It vanishes. He walks in, sits by Regan. As he wraps her arm to read her blood pressure, we are in a --

CLOSE SHOT - KARRAS

of him when we hear the authentic voice of his MOTHER.
Mournfully:

REGAN/MOTHER (O.S.)

Why you do this to me, Dimmy?
Why?

Karras freezes in shock. A beat.

REGAN/MOTHER (O.S.)

You leave me to be priest, Dimmy.
Send me institution. Now you
chase me away? Why you do this?

Karras is almost trembling with the effort to keep from looking at Regan's face. But now the mother's voice grows frightened, tearfully imploring.

REGAN/MOTHER (O.S.)

You always good boy, Dimmy.
Please! I am 'fraid! Please don'
chase me outside, Dimmy! Please!

KARRAS

You're not my mother!

REGAN/MOTHER (O.S.)

Outside nothing! Only dark!

KARRAS

You're not my mother!

And now he sees Regan as, in the mother's voice, she implores him in Greek, and the features and eyes are reminiscent of Karras's mother. Vividly evident is the large, circular mole that the mother had on her right cheek.

KARRAS

You're not my mother!

REGAN/DEMON / KARRAS - INTERCUT

as the demonic entity returns, raging, over the end of Karras's line.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN/DEMON

Won't you face the truth? You believe what Merrin tells you? You believe him to be holy and good? Well, he is not! He is not and I will prove it! I will prove it by killing the piglet, Karras! She will die and Merrin's God will not save her! You will not save her! She will die from Merrin's pride and from your utter incompetence. Bungler! You should not have given her the Librium!

Karras looks up. The demonic eyes gleam with triumph and spite.

REGAN/DEMON

Feel her pulse, Karras! Feel it! Feel it!

Karras takes her wrist, feeling for her pulse beat.

REGAN/DEMON

Somewhat rapid, Karras? yes. But what else? Ah, yes, feeble. Just a trifle. For the moment. Ah, but wait!

As Karras dips into his medical bag, hastily extracts a stethoscope:

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, yes, quickly, oaf, the stethoscope! Quickly!

(a brief laugh; then as Karras puts the instrument to Regan's chest)

I give you silence, Karras! Listen! Listen, well! I will not let her sleep!

Karras stares up at Regan numbly. The demon puts back its head in prolonged and hideous laughter. Merrin has appeared at the bedside. He looks at Regan and then at Karras's stunned expression.

MERRIN

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: (2)

KARRAS

(turns haunted gaze
to Merrin)

Her heart's begun to race like a
triphammer, Father. If she
doesn't get rest pretty soon,
chances are she'll die from
cardiac exhaustion.

MERRIN

Can't you give her something?

KARRAS

No. She might go into coma.

MERRIN

What can you do for her?

KARRAS

Nothing.

Merrin stares grimly at Karras for a moment, then at
Regan. Then he picks up Karras's copy of the Roman
Ritual from the floor, hands it to Karras.

MERRIN

Yes, you can.

Merrin then kneels by Regan's bedside. He blesses
himself.

MERRIN

(reading aloud)

'Save Your servant.'

KARRAS

'Who trusts in you, my God.'

MERRIN

'Let her find in you, Lord, a
fortified tower.'

ANGLE ON KARRAS

REGAN/MOTHER (O.S.)

I not good to you, Dimmy? Why you
leave me to die all alone?

This time Karras looks at the O.S. Regan, and reacts with
grief and shock at what we may suppose he sees: his
mother's features reflected in Regan's face. At almost
the same moment, Merrin is at his side, clutching at his
arm as he tries to draw him away.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: (3)

Karras resists, his gaze fixed trancelike on the O.S. face. During this:

MERRIN

Do not listen!

REGAN/MOTHER

Why, Dimmy?

MERRIN

Go and rest for a little!

ANGLE ON REGAN

REGAN/MOTHER

Dimmy, please!

ON KARRAS, MERRIN

KARRAS

(a sudden, agonized
shout)

You're not my motherrrrr!

MERRIN

Damien!

Karras begins to sob. Merrin puts an arm around his shoulder and leads him from the room.

MERRIN

Come, Damien. Rest for a while.
Try to rest.

Merrin gets him out of the room, returns to Regan's bedside. She lies back, eyes rolled up into her head. He kneels by the bed.

CLOSE ON MERRIN

His forehead rests on clasped hands as:

MERRIN

'Our Father, Who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name...'

FULL SHOT - ROOM

Merrin continues the prayer.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: (4)

255

He does not see Regan, who is crawling up the side of the wall like a giant insect, with intermittent rapid movements and pauses. She achieves the ceiling, scuttles to a point directly above him and leers down at him.

256 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - KITCHEN - ON PHOTO OF REGAN - NIGHT 256

Held in Chris's hands. Regan seems to be at summer camp. Wears a camp T-shirt, shorts, holds up a fish. Then we GO TO another photo, Regan blowing out birthday candles, with Chris and the mysterious Howard at her side, smiling. Then we RACK TO a scrapbook on tabletop as Chris's hands descend to it, pick up a crayoned birthday card, a child's drawing of a happy face, and the crudely lettered inscription: "I love you, Mom. Happy Birthday. Me. Regan."

WIDE SHOT - CHRIS

in the booth or at breakfast table, as she sets down the birthday card, sorts through more photos and other memorabilia of Regan, perhaps turning scrapbook pages. Then she hears slow FOOTSTEPS descending staircase O.S., looks up.

257 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

257

Karras has come down stairs, sits in foyer chair, exhausted, lowers head into hands. Chris enters, her eyes red and puffy from crying.

CHRIS

Is it over?

Karras shakes his head.

CHRIS

Is she going to die?

Karras looks up at her, looks up toward second floor, then back to Chris.

KARRAS

No!

He gets up, moves to staircase, begins to ascend.

258 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

258

Karras enters. From O.S. we hear DEMONIC RAGING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the CAMERA TRACKS FRONT WITH Karras, his head is lowered and he walks wearily to the chair where he had been sitting beside Merrin. During these moves:

REGAN/DEMON (O.S.)

... would have lost! Would have lost and you knew it! You scum, Merrin! Hypocrite! Come back and let us finish! Come back! You were losing! You were losing and you knew iiiit! Come baaaaaaaackk! Bastard!

A sound of THROAT CLEARING, then SPITTING. During this, Karras has picked up his copy of the Roman Ritual and then the blanket from the chair. And now as he turns, draping the blanket over his shoulders, he freezes, reacting with horror as he sees:

REGAN ON BED / MERRIN

Limp and disjointed, Merrin lies spiraled face down on the floor. He is on the far side of the bed and beside it. Regan/Demon watches intensely.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Karras rushes to Merrin. Kneeling beside him, he turns him over, disclosing the bluish coloration of Merrin's face.

REGAN/DEMON (O.S.)

Saintly flatulence! Die, will you? Die? Karras, heal him! Bring him back! Bring him back that we may finishhhhhhhh iiiiiiiit!

Then inchoate CROAKINGS and MOANS of rage and frustration from O.S. as Karras feels for Merrin's pulse and in a wrenching instant of anguish realizes that Merrin is dead. Groaning in a whisper:

KARRAS

Ah, God! God, no!

Karras sags back on his heels, an aching moan of grief rising up in his throat as he shuts his eyes fiercely, shaking his head in despair.

KARRAS

No!

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED: (2)

Abruptly, Karras opens his eyes and leans forward, and the hand still gripping Merrin's wrist in search of a pulse now squeezes it savagely as if to force back the lost beat of life. After this, Karras sees something on the floor around Merrin: the pillbox and a scattering of nitroglycerin pills. Karras slowly picks up one of the pills and holds it to his eyes. His gaze then goes to Merrin's face, his expression filled with the realization of Merrin's conscious sacrifice; filled with tenderness and love.

REGAN/DEMON

Yes, he knew that exhaustion would kill him! He knew it! And yet he went on! Not out of goodness! Not charity! No! It was pride! Ah, Merrin, you preening, pious pig! Overweening excretion! Not even the worms will partake of your corruption!

Making a trembling effort to ignore the demon's words, Karras has gently and tenderly begun to place Merrin's hands on his chest in the form of a cross. As Karras completes the move, the Demon giggles, and then:

REGAN/DEMON (O.S.)

Very good, Karras.

And now the sound of spittle being gathered in the mouth, then spat out. A mucoid gob of spit hits the dead priest's eye.

ON REGAN/DEMON

REGAN/DEMON

There! The last rites!

ON KARRAS - MERRIN

Karras's hands and neck are trembling. And then, slowly, in quivering, up-angling jerks, he looks up at the demon, disclosing a face that is a purpling snarl, an electrifying spasm of murderous rage.

KARRAS

You son of a bitch!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

259 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - KARRAS AND REGAN/DEMON

259

Though Karras is motionless, he gives an impression of uncoiling. The sinews of his neck are pulled taut, like cables. The Demon sobers, becomes attentive, as:

KARRAS

You were losing! Merrin was
beating you!

The Demon jerks its head up at him, eyes flaring in surprise and rage.

KARRAS

Oh, you're very good with
children! Little girls! Well,
come on! Let's see you try
something bigger! Take me! Come
on, loser! Leave the girl and
take me! Come into me!

Karras has his hands out like great fleshy hooks,
beckoning, challenging.

REGAN/DEMON

Do not tempt me!

In the Demon's features there is now a trembling, wild-eyed rage, a fearsome struggle against some irresistible temptation.

CLOSE ON KARRAS

KARRAS

Try me! Come into me! Come
into -- !

Karras abruptly breaks off, his body jerking as if suddenly seized by an alien inner force. Before our eyes his face is transformed into something that, while still Karras, is demonic. His hands go to his throat and he struggle to his feet. His actions are those of a man who is fighting for control of his own organism. Regan, meantime -- should we glimpse her -- is limp and unconscious, as:

KARRAS

Oh, good! Good, you're stupid!
Stupid! You're a -- !

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

But with a guttural, demonic growl, he suddenly lurches toward the bed, his hands reaching out for Regan's neck, as if to strangle her.

KARRAS/DEMON

You fool! No, it's not so easy,
Karras! Now let's kill her!
Together! Let's kill the little
bitch! Lets -- !

But then, with an anguished cry in his own voice:

KARRAS

No!

And now Karras jerks backward, fighting to get his own body to the shuttered window. His face is rapidly mutating and re-mutating between his own and the demonic. On the move backward:

KARRAS

No! No, you're not going to harm
her! Over here! Come over here
to the window! Come -- !

Another demonic growl, as Karras is pulled suddenly forward and to the side, crashing into a wall. With a herculean effort, Karras struggles to his feet and begins to edge toward the window.

KARRAS/DEMON

Over here! Come over here!
Over -- !

260 INT. KARL AND WILLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

260

Religious statues. A Sacred Heart painting on the wall. Willie, in red-eyed, staring dejection, sits on the edge of the bed. Karl, in bed, stares to side lifelessly. Willie looks up toward the ceiling at the sound of a COMMOTION upstairs.

FROM SECOND FLOOR LANDING - ANGLE DOWN STAIRS

Chris and Sharon racing upstairs.

261 EXT. REGAN'S WINDOW - NIGHT

261

Karras bursts through it, falling through the air.

262

262 EXT. STEPS - LONG SHOT FROM BOTTOM - NIGHT

Karras tumbles the length of the steps down to "M" Street below.

263

263 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON DOOR - NIGHT

Chris rushes in, Sharon close behind her, takes in the room, astounded. She sees:

HER POV - MERRIN'S BODY

Holy water flask in f.g., dripping.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA SHOT

MOVING FORWARD TO open window.

264

264 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - ON WINDOW

as Sharon comes to it, looks down at:

265

265 EXT. STEPS - SHOOTING DOWN - NIGHT

Karras's body at bottom.

266

266 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON CHRIS - NIGHT

turning to look as we hear Regan softly WEEPING.

ON REGAN

huddled in the corner.

REGAN

Mother?

ON CHRIS

not daring to believe this isn't another trick of the Demon.

REGAN (O.S.)

Mother, what's happening? I'm scared!

CHRIS

Rags?

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

ON REGAN

REGAN

Oh, Mother, please! Please come here!

ON CHRIS

CHRIS

(now growing elated)

Regan?

REGAN (O.S.)

Oh, Mom!

Chris rushes toward her, crying.

CHRIS

Oh, honey!

267 EXT. STREET BELOW STEPS - NIGHT

267

Paramedic AMBULANCE arriving, SIREN wailing. Police cars. Pedestrians rushing to the spot.

268 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - ON CHRIS - NIGHT

268

embracing a weeping Regan.

CHRIS

Oh, honey, you're back; it's you, it's you!

269 EXT. STEPS BESIDE HOUSE - UP SHOT - NIGHT

269

Dyer is racing down the steps through a crowd of SPECTATORS.

MAN #1

What happened?

WOMAN #1

Some guy fell down the steps.

WOMAN #2

It's a priest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON SPECTATORS AROUND KARRAS

as Dyer elbows through them.

DYER

Let me through, please! Coming
through! Coming -- !

He breaks through and stares down AT the CAMERA POV as if
frozen in a timeless dimension of grief.

DYER'S POV - KARRAS

lies crumpled and twisted on his back, his head in the
center of a growing pool of blood. He is staring
vacantly to the side, mouth open, jaw slack. Then his
eyes shift over to Dyer and leap alive, seeming to glow
with an elation, some urgent plea.

BACK TO SCENE

Dyer kneels beside him.

LOW ANGLE ON DYER AND KARRAS

Dyer puts a light and tender hand that is like a caress
to the bruised, gashed face. Blood trickles from the
corner of Karras' mouth.

DYER

Damien!

Dyer pauses to still the quaver in his throat; then:

DYER

Damien?

Slowly and painfully Karras reaches out his hand to
Dyer's hand and grips it, briefly squeezing. Fighting
back the tears, Dyer leans his mouth close to Karras's
ear.

DYER

Do you want to make your
confession now, Damien?

Karras squeezes Dyer's hand again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DYER

Are you sorry for all the sins of
your life and for having offended
Almighty God?

Another squeeze. And now Dyer leans back and slowly
traces the sign of the cross over Karras, reciting the
words of absolution:

DYER

'Ego te absolvo...'

CLOSE ANGLE ON KARRAS

as an enormous tear rolls down from the corner of his
eye.

DYER (O.S.)

'... in nomine Patris, et Filii,
et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.'

ANGLE ON DYER

as he again leans over, his mouth close to Karras's ear.

DYER

Would -- ?

He pauses, forcing the swelling from his throat. Then:

DYER

Would you believe what that crazy
old Toomey did today? He made
a...

He halts, slightly turning his head toward his hand.

CLOSE ON DYER'S HAND

gripped by Karras. The grip is slackening, the hand
slowly opening, then falling limp and still.

CLOSE ON DYER

DYER

Damien?

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED: (3)

HIS POV - CLOSE DOWN SHOT ON KARRAS

He is dead. The eyes are open and filled with peace. And with something else: a glint of triumph and something mysteriously like joy. Dyer's hand comes INTO FRAME, closes Karras's eyelids as we hear the WAILING SIREN of an approaching AMBULANCE.

CLOSE ON DYER

His eye are filled with tears.

270 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - FEATURING HOUSE - DAY 270

A beautiful, bright, sunny day with a steady stream of students and professors on the move.

271 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE - CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY 271

While Karl stands by, Chris is folding a final item into a suitcase open on her bed. She drops the lid.

CHRIS

Okay, that's all of it.

Sharon enters with Karras's medal and chain. Karl has locked up the suitcase and exits. Sharon shows medal and chain to Chris.

SHARON

I found this in her room. It belonged to Father Karras.

Chris mutely nods, accepting and staring at the medal.

272 INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 272

A little wan and gaunt still, dark sacs beneath her eyes, Regan stands by her bed. She holds two stuffed animals and stares down with indecision and a child's discontent at an open but already over-packed suitcase. Chris comes to the doorway.

CHRIS

How ya comin', hon? We're late.

REGAN

There's just not enough room in this thing!

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

CHRIS

Well, you can't take it all, now,
sweetheart. Just leave 'em and
Willie'll bring 'em later.

REGAN

Oh, okay.

CHRIS

(leaving scene)

That's my baby.

With a sign of resignation, Regan looks at the stuffed animals. Then she looks toward the window. She frowns, as if her mind is being gently tugged by some elusive memory. Slowly, she moves to the window, frowning. She stares down through it, the frown deeper, and angles her head to the side, thoughtful.

273 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DYER - DAY

273

He walks up to the iron gate, stares sadly at the house. Then he looks up toward Regan's bedroom window.

DYER'S POV

Regan in the window, staring back AT Dyer.

ON KARL

as he carries bags around to trunk of car.

ON FRONT DOOR - CHRIS

emerges, calls back inside:

CHRIS

Come on, honey! We're going!

REGAN (O.S.)

I forgot my big bear!

CHRIS

Hurry up!

From O.S., a CLATTER of Regan's RACING STEPS. Chris turns, stops as she catches sight of Dyer staring sadly. She goes to him.

(CONTINUED)

DYER

I just came to say goodbye.

CHRIS

She still can't remember anything,
Father.

DYER

Well, that's good, I guess.

REGAN (O.S.)

Found it, Mom!

CHRIS

(hands him medal)

This was his. I thought you'd
like to have it.

DYER

Why don't you keep it, Chris?

Chris holds his gaze, glances down at the medal, thinks
for a moment, then:

CHRIS

Yeah. Yeah, maybe I will.

Dyer flashes a quick, glad smile.

DYER

(very softly)

That's good.

REGAN (O.S.)

Here I come!

CHRIS

Funny. He didn't even know her.

Then, bounding out of the house comes Regan, stuffed bear
in hand.

REGAN

Okay, I'm all ready.

CHRIS

Honey, this is Father Dyer.

REGAN

Hi, Father.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: (2)

ON CHRIS, REGAN, DYER

Brow wrinkled in puzzlement, Regan is staring fixedly at Dyer, as:

CHRIS

You know, you said that Father Karras had a problem with his faith.

DYER

Yes, that's right.

CHRIS

Boy, he sure didn't act like it, did he?

CLOSE ON REGAN

Frowning, still staring fixedly at:

CLOSEUP POV - DYER'S PRIESTLY COLLAR

And during the above we hear:

KARL (O.S.)

We will be late. There is traffic, missus.

BACK TO SCENE - FULL SHOT

Suddenly, impulsively, Regan reaches up to Dyer, pulls his head down and kisses his cheek, then looks puzzled at what she has done, as does Dyer. Chris looks at Regan oddly, as:

CHRIS

Bye, Father. I'll call you from L.A.

DYER

Bye, Chris.

As Chris and Regan LEAVE the FRAME, the CAMERA STAYS ON Dyer as he turns to watch them. We hear CAR DOOR OPENING and CLOSING. Willie and Sharon come out onto front stoop, wave.

REGAN (O.S.)

Bye, everybody!

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: (3)

273

SHARON

Bye, Regan! Bye, Chris! See you
in the movies!

POV - CAR

pulling away and moving quickly down Prospect Street.

274 INT. CHRIS'S LIMO - CHRIS AND REGAN - DAY

274

CHRIS

Did you remember Father Dyer?
(as Regan shakes
her head)
Why'd you kiss him?

REGAN

I dunno.

Chris turns her gaze from her, looks off pensively.

275 EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - DAY

275

The women go back inside the house. Dyer remains standing, watching the car disappear down the street. Then he turns, stares toward the steps, then moves to the top of them, sadly staring down.

HIS POV - STEPS

ON DYER

Melancholy. We hear a sad, slow rendition of the FIRST FEW NOTES of "TUBULAR BELLS." Then it FADES. A silence. Then a approaching POLICE CAR SIREN turns Dyer's head. He walks toward the curb of the street as the police CAR SCREECHES to a halt in front of the house. Kinderman hastily emerges.

KINDERMAN

I just came to say goodbye.
They're still here?

DYER

You must missed them.

(CONTINUED)

KINDERMAN

Ahh, too bad. I really wanted...
Ah, well. How's the girl, by the way?

DYER

She seemed fine.

KINDERMAN

Ah, that's good. Very good.
That's all that matters. Oh, well...
(heads for squad car)
Back to business now, Father.
Jaunty-jolly, back to work in the sewer.

DYER

Guess I'll see you around campus.

KINDERMAN

Yes, perhaps.

DYER

Or on the plains of Armageddon.

About to enter the car, Kinderman stops, thinks, and then stares back speculatively at Dyer for a beat.

KINDERMAN

You go to films, Father Dyer?

DYER

When I can.

KINDERMAN

I've got passes for the Biograph tomorrow. It's Wuthering Heights. Want to come?

DYER

Who's in it?

KINDERMAN

What's the difference who's in it?
It's a classic.

DYER

Who's starring?

KINDERMAN

Heathcliff, Patrick Ewing, and in the role of Catherine Earnshaw, Dennis Rodman.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED: (2)

DYER

I've seen it.

Kinderman stares fondly for a moment, then steps up to the sidewalk, hooks arms with Dyer and slowly starts walking him down the street.

KINDERMAN

You know, Father, I'm reminded of a line in Casablanca. At the end, Humphrey Bogart says to Claude Rains, 'Louie -- I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.'

The CAMERA is SLOWLY RISING TO a HIGH SHOT.

KINDERMAN

Or maybe just a continuation.

DYER

You know, you look a little bit like Bogart.

KINDERMAN

You noticed.

276

EXT. G.U. CAMPUS - BY JOGGING TRACK/HYDEN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY - DAWN

276

ESTABLISHING. The hush of early morning. Faint BIRD TWITTERS. The solitary figure of a priest in his robes walking along the path, silently reading his 'Office.' It is Dyer.

SUPERIMPOSE: MONTHS LATER.

FRONT TRACKING - DYER

Though time has passed, we can read in his face and eyes that he still mourns Karras. After a few beats, he stops, lifting and then angling his head for a moment, as if he has sensed or heard something -- perhaps a presence. Then he moves along, resuming the reading of his office. And now we hear something, the sound of a JOGGER behind him on the track. Dyer pays it no mind. As the sound gets closer, we PUSH IN ON Dyer. The JOGGING SOUND seems right on top of him, goes past him. Then abruptly CEASES. And into the hush, a moment later, comes another sound; faint, like a TINY OBJECT DROPPING TO the CINDERS of the track.

(CONTINUED)

It causes Dyer to look up and ahead of him. Then he looks behind him and all around, frowning in puzzlement.

FULL, HIGH ANGLE

In this vast space, there is not another human to be seen.

ON DYER

He makes a little "hmmm" sound in his throat, thinks it over, then starts to move on, reading his office. But abruptly he stops as he seems to see something at his feet just ahead of him on the track. We hear, faintly, a few soft BEGINNING NOTES of "TUBULAR BELLS." Dyer bends and picks up the object, holds it close to his examination.

DYER

(softly)

A lemon drop.

Instinctively, he looks up, levelly at first, then heavenward with a faint smile of surmise, and as he does:

DYER

Damien!

FREEZE the FRAME.

END TITLES.

SCORE: "TUBULAR BELLS."

FADE OUT.

THE END

APPENDIX A

"St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of darkness and the spirit of wickedness in high places. Come to the rescue of mankind, whom God has made in His own image and likeness, and purchased from Satan's tyranny at so great a price. Carry our prayers up to God's throne, that the mercy of the Lord may quickly come and lay hold of that beast, that serpent of old, Satan and his demons, casting him in chains into the abyss."

APPENDIX B

"I adjure you, ancient serpent, by the judge of the living and the dead; by your Creator, by the Creator of the whole universe; by Him who has the power to consign you to hell, to depart forthwith in fear, along with your savage minions, from this servant of God, who seeks refuge in the fold of the Church. I command you again, not by my weakness, but by the might of the Holy Spirit, to depart from this servant of God, Regan Theresa MacNeil, whom almighty God has made in His image. Therefore yield not to my own person but to the minister of Christ. For it is the power of Christ that compels you, who brought you low by his cross. Tremble before that mighty arm that broke asunder the prison walls and led souls forth to light. Image of God, descend on you. Make no resistance nor delay in departing from this child..."