

FINAL

July 26, 1976

to 11/1/76

EXORCIST 2

"THE HERETIC"

Screenplay

by

William Goodhart and Rospo Pallenberg

PLEASE NOTE:

All scene numbers marked with an asterisk reflect scenes that have already been shot prior to this script date. Those scenes marked with an asterisk and "PT" indicate scenes that have been partially shot.

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FADE IN:

PROLOGUE

A1.* INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM GEORGETOWN 1971 NIGHT A1.*

It is the climax of the exorcism of Regan MacNeil. Father Lankester Merrin is dying.

FADE TO BLACK.

A2. A TITLE APPEARS:

FATHER LANKESTER MERRIN, S.J.,
DIED WHILST EXORCISING THE DEMON
PAZUZU FROM THE BODY OF REGAN
MACNEIL. NOVEMBER 29TH, 1971,
GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

FADE IN:

1. EXT. BARRIO SOUTH AMERICA - TITLE SEQUENCE DUSK 1.

The sun sets on the tormented confusion of a city of tin shacks.

A POV, a presence, probes this urban wasteland, with an undulating, silken movement, outside the scope of muscle or machine. It shadows the distant progress of a priest in full vestments who threads a path through this eloquent lament for the human condition. The priest is led by an altar boy chiming a tiny bell.

They come to a shack where a throng is gathered. The people cross themselves as the priest approaches and two women step forward to lead him inside. Titles end.

2. INT. SHACK - MACUMBA SHRINE DUSK 2.

The priest, Father Philip Lamont, S.J., pauses in the dark passageway, hesitating, doubt clouding a dark strong face that bears the marks of spiritual struggle. Those who have expected him wait respectfully as he prepares himself. He opens his Bible and turns to the wall so as not to betray the fear and weakness that beset him. He looks down at the marker in his Bible. It is a jubilee card bearing the likeness of his mentor, Father Lankester Merrin. His trembling fingers touch the good strong face. He mutters a prayer of intercession.

(CONTINUED)

2.(Cont.)

2.

LAMONT

Father Merrin, in the valley
of the shadow of death, be
at my side.

Composing himself, he strides purposefully into the room.

Burning candles, plaster statues of Virgin Marys and female saints clutter a rough altar. A naive Madonna--like a painting of a girl hangs above it. Crutches, artificial limbs, medical paraphernalia and silver ex-votos are amassed around its base.

Pinned to the wall in front of the shrine and held by six women is the girl of the painting, her serene face now ravished by exhaustion.

Father Lamont sets down his Bible and begins to intone the rite of exorcism (in Spanish).

LAMONT

Dios todo poderoso! Espiritu
Dominador de cielos y tierra!
Tu, Padre, que enviaste a tu
Hijo, Jesucristo al mundo! Des-
truye ahora El reino del mal
en esta muchacha.

She is motionless and stares back at him with glassy eyed intensity. In a small tremulous voice she starts to repeat a phrase over and over.

GIRL

¿Por qué? ¿Por qué tuve que
ser jo? ¿Por qué...?

The women holding her and those watching are touched to tears by her plaintive cry. Sorrowful faces turn to Lamont and take up her call.

CROWD

Si! ¿Por qué ella? ¿Por qué
ella?

Lamont falters. He calls to the others commanding them to ignore her plea.

LAMONT

Silencio! No! No! No escuchen
las mentiras del Diablo!
(resuming the rite,
driving himself on)
Señor, Dadnos fe en Cristo! Que
no reine esa serpiente malvada!

(CONTINUED)

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3.

2. (Cont. 1)

2.

She startles Lamont by breaking into English, a strange unfelt English, a language obviously not her own.

GIRL

Why me? Why me? I help
the sick...

Lamont is silenced by a terrible dread, a sudden blinding understanding.

LAMONT

Because you are a healer,
that's why...

He is moved to pity, his resolve faltering; he is unable to continue. All around the women press in. They want to know what the girl is saying.

Lamont pulls back, terribly afraid. The Bible falls from his hands, the jubilee card spinning away. The women holding the girl are distracted from their task, and she suddenly bursts free. As they try to clutch her, her arms jerk out, overturning the rows of candles, which cartwheel across the room, igniting the clothes of her captors.

As the flames spread, the people panic. They clamber over each other to escape. A woman is trampled. Lamont is caught in the melee and borne away from the girl. Through the rising flames and pandemonium, Lamont glimpses the girl, passively abandoning herself to immolation..

3.
THRU
6.

OMITTED

3.
THRU
6.

7.

INT. PAPAL PALACE, THE VATICAN

DAY

7.

The college of Cardinals flood a Vatican passageway, a majestic crimson wave. A strong, shrewd looking man, Cardinal Jaros, is seen in a moment of intense confrontation with another Cardinal. He breaks off and turns away towards his chambers, the office of Secretary of State.

Father Lamont waits at the entrance, his face marked by the anguish of spiritual failure. As the Cardinal passes, Lamont catches the cold force of his penetrating eye.

A Monsignor comes out and greets Lamont with a stiff bow and leads him past the Papal guards to an antechamber. They proceed through to an inner chamber and beyond, to a further door,

(CONTINUED)

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4.

7. (Cont.)

7.

which the Monsignor opens. Framed in a sliver of light is the powerful figure of Cardinal Jaros, waiting.

8. OMITTED.

8.

9. INT. CARDINAL JAROS' CHAMBER

DAY

9.

The Monsignor ushers in Lamont. A magnificent room, its frescoed walls testify to the agonies and the triumphs of the church.

MONSIGNOR

Cardinal Jaros, may I present
Father Philip Lamont, Society
of Jesus.

The Monsignor retires discreetly, closing the doors. Two attendants wait on the Cardinal, helping him disrobe. Their pale hands peel away the raiments of high ceremony, black, crimson, gold, as Jaros holds Lamont's eye for a long searching moment. Lamont averts his gaze only to be confronted by the face of Christ looking down on him from the wall.

CARDINAL JAROS

Would you care to explain your
refusal to accept this task?

LAMONT

Eminence, I believe I should
be relieved from all pastoral
responsibilities. I'm not
worthy...

CARDINAL JAROS

Father Lamont, I have not asked
you to conduct another exorcism.
I simply requested that you in-
vestigate the circumstances sur-
rounding the death of Father Merrin.
You have performed exorcisms, you
knew Merrin, and you were exposed
to his teachings. I cannot think
of anyone more qualified for the
assignment.

Lamont remains silent as the attendants strip Jaros down to his under-frock, and wheel out a tailor's dummy which now bears the liturgical garments.

(CONTINUED)

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5.

9.(Cont.)

9.

Jaros and Lamont are alone, figures set against the painted protagonists of the Church. The Cardinal moves forward to Lamont; his commanding presence gives way to an intimacy, an urgency.

CARDINAL JAROS

Merrin's reputation is in jeopardy. His writings have been impounded.

LAMONT

I'm not surprised. No one in the Church wants to hear about the Devil. Satan has become an embarrassment to our progressive views...

Jaros is uncomfortable.

CARDINAL JAROS

Merrin was rather more extreme, I'm afraid. He argued that the power of evil threatens to overthrow the power of God Himself.

Lamont is amused, painfully amused:

LAMONT

So they have found a heresy to nail him to.

CARDINAL JAROS

Well, many in the Theological College believe he died at the hands of the devil during that American exorcism. Some, and they are close to the Pontiff, go so far as to suggest he was a satanist...at the end, I mean.

LAMONT

Perhaps Merrin has led us astray... maybe he took a path no one could follow...

Jaros picks up a framed photograph from his desk which is laden with paper work and hands it to Lamont. The faded picture shows Father Merrin, surrounded by six young priests, Lamont and Jaros among them.

(CONTINUED)

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6.

9. (Cont. 1)

9.

CARDINAL JAROS

But how he inspired us... Christ
is hard to follow, Philip.

LAMONT

(coldly)

We were young. Today, wherever
I turn, I can only see evil. God
has fallen silent.

Jaros sheds his amicability, and holds Lamont with his
angered countenance.

CARDINAL JAROS

I cannot move to safeguard Merrin's
testament until the facts
of his last exorcism are clearly
known... You will conduct the in-
vestigation. You will act dis-
creetly and in all confidence,
reporting to me alone.

Lamont holds his ground in the face of the sudden display
of hierarchical authority.

LAMONT

But I am not worthy...

CARDINAL JAROS

You are a soldier of Christ.
You must make yourself worthy!!

Jaros thrusts out, at Lamont, his clenched fist, which bears
the ring of his station of prince of the Church. Lamont
stands in front of Jaros, unmoving, torn between his vows
and his feelings. The force of Jaros' unspoken demand, frozen
in his gesture, is violent yet compelling. Lamont finally and
slowly falls to his knees and kisses the emblem of power.

10. EXT. MANHATTAN

NIGHT

10.

A marauding, spiraling POV moves through the lighted canyons.
It is accompanied by an eerie swishing of a thousand wings.
The POV closes in on a luxurious penthouse apartment. From
a balcony doves flutter up in alarm at the approaching pre-
sence.

It penetrates a window searching out the sleeping face of
the seventeen-year-old Regan.

9A. (Cont.)

9A.

Sharon is riveted by the possibility of extraordinary powers. Regan instead is strangely bemused and she keenly observes Sharon's interest. She holds up a spoon.

REGAN

Look, Sharon, it's a cinch...

The spoon inside her fist begins to bend. Sharon stares in awe.

SHARON

Oh my God, Regan...

Regan cannot contain herself any longer and explodes into giggles, opening her hand and releasing onto the table before them, not one spoon, but two unbent spoons.

REGAN

You, silly...you'll believe anything...

Deeply stung, Sharon recovers immediately, drawn into Regan's mischievous mirth.

SHARON

Regan, you...you...

Pleased that Sharon is laughing, Regan slouches back, alone with herself, alone with a distant look.

10. EXT. MANHATTEN

NIGHT

10.

A marauding, spiraling POV moves through the lighted canyons. It is accompanied by an eerie swishing of a thousand wings. The POV closes in on a luxurious penthouse apartment. From a balcony doves flutter up in alarm at the approaching presence.

It penetrates a window searching out Regan's sleeping face.

11. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM MACNEIL APARTMENT NIGHT 11.

The POV pushes past a clutter of drawing paper, pens and pencils, peering at her drawings on the wall; they seem to be self-portraits, but their obsessive curlicue swishing pencil strokes gives them a disquieting quality.

Regan whimpers in her sleep, a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, as the POV drives right into her head --

12. REGAN'S DREAM 12.

-- and continues down through her mind. Out of the spiraling motion, an African landscape takes form.

13.* EXT. THE ETHIOPIAN VILLAGE - 1936 DAY 13.*

The POV swoops across simple fields of maize and teff toward a cluster of Ethiopians, all sick or lame, waiting outside a mud-walled house. It probes in at a window opening, revealing an angelic African boy of twelve who is receiving the afflicted people one by one. His hands are like two birds fluttering over their faces and bodies. Y-shaped tribal scars mark his face. Seated in the shadows, a little apart, is Father Lankester Merrin. He is sound-recording the boy's healing endeavors on wax cylinders. Merrin becomes uncomfortably aware of the presence of the POV, and turns with a troubled face.

Through the opening, high in the wall, a locust hovers against a hot white sky.

From outside a clamour of alarm and despair begins. The cries come closer. People burst into the house, pleading with the boy, crying his name, "Kokumo."

The boy is being carried on a litter borne forward by an excited crowd. As they run, they raise a cacophony on a variety of African musical instruments. Merrin hurries along, carrying an old Leica camera, perplexed at the upheaval.

Then he sees the cause.

13A.* EXT. ETHIOPIAN VISTA DAY 13A.*

Beyond the fields, the land falls away into bush and scrub against a backdrop of mountains. Moving across it, two miles wide, a swarm of locusts rolls towards them, rising two hundred feet into the air like a giant tumbleweed.

(CONTINUED)

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8.

13A.*(Cont.)

13A.*

Men are lighting hasty fires, pathetically inadequate protection against the onslaught.

Merrin watches horrified as the crowd leads the boy towards the locust swarm. They come to a fearful halt a few yards from the leading edge of the locust front. The boy alights from the litter, his face beaming with happy confidence.

He swings a bull-roarer in a circle around his head making a high pitched melodious tone which cuts into the deep angry roar of the marauding locusts.

Dramatically, he walks into the heart of the swarm.

He weaves back and forth, spinning the bull-roarer. He starts to falter.

13A-1. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

13A-1

On the wall, one of Regan's disquieting self-portraits, hair swirling around her like a halo. Regan jolts up from the bed, sightless, obscuring the drawing.

13A-2.* EXT. ETHIOPIAN VISTA

DAY

13A-2

The boy's knees buckle and he crumples to the ground, unnoticed except by Merrin who starts tentatively towards him.

13B. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

13B.

Echoing Merrin's movement, Regan steps out of bed, sleep walking.

13C.* EXT. ETHIOPIAN VISTA

DAY

13C.*

A flurry of locusts attacks the fallen boy. Merrin hurries to his side.

13D. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

DAWN

13D.

Regan stretches out her arms as though to help the African boy. She walks out on to her balcony, the wind catching her hair.

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9.

14. EXT. BALCONY

DAWN

14.

She climbs up on top of the dovecot and stands poised perilously on the edge, a Manhattan canyon yawning below. The doves flutter about her.

14A.* EXT. ETHIOPIAN VISTA

DAY

14A.*

Merrin turns the boy on his back and is confronted by a hideous demonic mask contorting the boy's face. He screams and spits in Father Merrin's face. Out of a growl of indecipherable invective, one phrase emerges with terrifying clarity.

AFRICAN BOY/DEMON

...I am Pazuzu...

14B. EXT. BALCONY

DAWN

14B.

A dove brushes Regan's face and she awakes with a start. She gasps in horror as she becomes aware of her precarious position and almost tips over the edge. She fights to control her balance.

14C. INT. LIVING ROOM MACNEIL APT.

DAWN

14C.

Sharon, secretary to Regan's mother, crosses the room towards the girl's bedroom. She looks half asleep and clutches a dressing gown about her.

14D. INT. REGAN'S ROOM

DAWN

14D.

Sharon enters, somewhat surprised to see the bed empty. She glances apprehensively towards the open balcony door: no sign of Regan. Sharon tries the bathroom: empty.

SHARON

Regan! Regan!

Regan has been kneeling on the balcony, feeding the doves. She stands up, revealing herself to Sharon.

REGAN

Hi, Sharon.

Sharon heaves a sigh of relief.

SHARON

What got you up so early?

(CONTINUED)

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10.

14D. (Cont.)

14D.

Regan appears serene, undisturbed.

REGAN

The doves woke me. They
were hungry, I guess.

The doves are perched on her arms and shoulders. Sharon
worriedly studies Regan's face for some sign of distress
but finds none.

SHARON

Regan, when you get back
from school, just let your-
self in. I won't be too late.

REGAN

Why? Where are you going?

SHARON

(a moment of
hesitation)
...I have to go to Washington...
just for a few hours...

REGAN

Washington?

SHARON

(smiling)
Just some things your mother
didn't have time to do before
she went on location...

Sharon trails off. Regan is not really listening. She
casts a dove into the air, and watches it climb the cloud
dark sky.

15-
THRU
16.

OMITTED.

15-
THRU
16.

17. EXT. THE STEPS GEORGETOWN

DAY

17.

It is raining. Sharon waits under an umbrella at the top
of the steps, looking down, apprehensively. Lamont, in a
black raincoat, his hair wet, climbs up towards her. Beyond
him the Potomac River can be seen reflecting a leaden sky.

(CONTINUED)

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11.

17.(Cont.)

17.

LAMONT

I'm very grateful to you for
coming all this way...

SHARON

Mrs. MacNeil wants me to help
you all I can...

Above them, the house looms through the ghostly sheet of
rainfall. Careful in what she says, Sharon is nonetheless
eager.

SHARON

She would do anything for
Father Merrin. She believes
he gave his life for Regan...
Are they going to make him a
saint?

LAMONT

(jarred)

The world doesn't want any more
saints.

Sharon attempts a lighter tone.

SHARON

I was expecting the Devil's
advocate!

LAMONT

(stung)

No... This is not an official
investigation.

To overcome the awkwardness of the moment, she rattles a
bunch of keys with a paper tag on it.

SHARON

I got the keys from the realtor.

(a note of
provocation)

It seems that nobody will rent
the house since--

LAMONT

(cutting her
short)

--Shall we go in.

They move off toward the gate to the house.

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12.

17A. INT. HOUSE ON PROSPECT STREET

DAY

17A.

Sharon and Lamont, momentarily illuminated by a shaft of light from the open door, enter the darkened house. Sharon sets down her umbrella as Lamont closes the door. In the gloom, pale shapes loom up around them. The furniture is covered with transparent vinyl dust covers.

LAMONT

When Father Merrin arrived
how did he prepare himself?
...Did he pray?

Sharon has stepped forward toward the staircase and appears not to have heard the question. The house brings it all back for her. Then she answers, unexpectedly.

SHARON

They couldn't explain it,
the police...could they?

LAMONT

Did Father Merrin ever name
the demon?

SHARON

No. The demon knew him,
though.

LAMONT

How do you know that?

SHARON

It called his name...

LAMONT

(probing)

Did it seem that the demon
expected Father Merrin?

Lamont seems to be seeking an illumination of his own plight.

SHARON

Yes. It feared him, I think.

LAMONT

...Was Father Merrin afraid?

Sharon shakes her head.

SHARON

You better see where it hap-
pened.

(CONTINUED)

17A. (Cont.)

17A.

She has broken away, ascending the staircase. He follows in heavy silence, wrestling with the memory of his own failure as an exorcist. They reach the landing.

LAMONT

What was the girl's condition when Father Merrin went up to her?

SHARON

Hideous, that evil face. I couldn't bear to be near her afterwards.

LAMONT

You are with her now?

SHARON

Two years I stayed away, two haunted years, going out of my mind. All the time I longed to see her. Finally I went back and I found that when I'm close to her is the only time I'm at peace.

Lamont perceives the strength of her feelings and is listening dutifully. She stops him by the door to the bedroom.

I can't understand it. Why would that be? It scares me.

He faces her wearily, finally obliged to respond to her distress.

LAMONT

Have you seen a psychiatrist, or a priest?

SHARON

I'm talking to one right now, aren't I?

LAMONT

(softly)

I'm not here for you...

And his gaze goes past her, to the door. She turns away to cover her humiliation, bitterly regretting giving him her confidence.

(CONTINUED)

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14.

17A. (Cont.1)

17A.

SHARON
(coldly)
There. In there.

Lamont sees the hurt he has given her, and tries to make amends.

LAMONT
Prayer. Have you tried
praying...?

Her hands cleave together like claws, her tone is scathing.

SHARON
Prayer...

He turns away and opens the door into the room where Father Lankester Merrin attempted to exorcise Regan MacNeil. When the door is half open he hesitates, a dread falling upon him. He peers in through the open slit where part of the bed and window can be seen. The room is bare, stripped.

A soft flutter is heard. A locust hovers mid-air, high above the bed. Unaware, Lamont falls to his knees at the foot of the bed. He immediately crosses himself and as he does so the fluttering sound fades. He begins to pray, his expression anguished.

LAMONT
I pray for the soul of
Father Merrin who died in
this room...and for Sharon
who was touched by the shadow of evil...and for myself...
for myself...

The locust is no longer there. Sharon peers into the room.

17B. OMITTED.

17B.

* 18. INT. THE CHILD NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC
RESEARCH UNIT, HOSPITAL

DAY

18. *

It is full of children, of all ages. Some tear around wildly amidst toys and play-structures. Others stay to themselves in various states of withdrawal, attended by nurses. They are retarded or hyperactive, or afflicted by some kind of psychological disturbance. Special gifted kids are isolated in booths, involved in complex mathematical games, worked out on video scanners with electronic pens. The unit is filled with the consultation offices, therapy rooms, medical labs which are insulated from the general space by double glazing. All sorts of pediatric activities can be glimpsed within these enclosures.

A waiting room gives onto the rotunda; from here a few adults, probably parents, look out upon a spectacle of childhood, painfully stunted or puzzlingly prodigious. Passing the waiting area, Regan enters.

Through a tinted, double-glazed wall she catches a glimpse of a woman involved in some kind of electronic brain probe therapy with a girl of thirteen, obviously withdrawn. Regan leans closer to the glass to see better; she is rivetted by the woman's efforts.

WOMAN

I'm going to say your name...
Debbie...Debbie...

The girl responds in sign language: 'no.'

WOMAN

I'm going to turn it up...
Debbie...Debbie...

The girl is suddenly flustered, overwhelmed, as she hears for the first time.

WOMAN

Yes...?! You can hear it now!

Regan pulls away and enters an office marked "Dr. Gene Tuskin." She exchanges greetings with a nurse, Liz, and enters an inner office.

* 19. INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

19.

Regan goes over to the window, looking out at the children. Her attention is drawn to a young autistic girl.

* 19. (Cont.)

19. *

Gene Tuskin enters the lab. She is an attractive no-nonsense woman with kind, intelligent eyes. She is the woman that Regan paused to watch. Regan reclines on a couch, awaiting the beginning of another psychiatric session.

TUSKIN

What's happening...

REGAN

Not much.

TUSKIN

Any dreams?

REGAN

No, no dreams...

TUSKIN

Okay.

REGAN

I'm just wasting your time...

(indicating the
children outside)

Those are the kids who need you.

TUSKIN

What about you, Regan, don't
you have any needs?

REGAN

You know why I come here.

TUSKIN

You tell me.

REGAN

To make my mom feel better...

TUSKIN

Explain that.

REGAN

She feels guilty...divorced...her
career...away all the time.

Regan avoids Tuskin's probing eyes, getting up, moving away.

TUSKIN

Regan, why don't you tell me the
truth...Don't you trust me?

* 19. (Cont. 1)

19.1 *

REGAN

I do...I do.

TUSKIN

But you keep telling me you don't remember about that time back in Washington...I don't know if I believe you.

REGAN

I remember being very sick, and having nightmares...

TUSKIN

Those bad dreams are still inside you.

REGAN

There's nothing wrong with me.

TUSKIN

Regan. I want to show you something.

She picks up a simple box of clear plastic. Inside it can be seen complex electric circuitry. Two eye-like light bulbs protrude from its opposite sides -- a synchronizer.

This is a machine we can use together. It can put us in a deep state of hypnosis, and we would be very relaxed, very comfortable. Then we can look at those bad dreams together and understand them, and dissolve them. You wouldn't be alone.

Regan seems more amused than interested.

REGAN

I don't think you're ready for it.

TUSKIN

What does that mean?

REGAN

You're the doctor, you explain it.

Regan giggles. Deadlock.

20
THRU
23

OMITTED

20
THRU
23

24.* INT. TUSKIN'S OUTER OFFICE

DAY

24.*

Lamont stands waiting, watching the children in the rotunda through the glass wall. Regan comes out of the lab and finds herself face to face with Lamont. He is startled. Regan is strongly interested in him. She looks at him boldly, smiling. Lamont desperately wants to look back, but cannot. She averts his eyes, confused and embarrassed.

Tuskin comes out to greet Lamont.

TUSKIN

Gene Tuskin, Father.

LAMONT

Philip Lamont, Doctor.

Lamont follows her back into the lab. Regan watches them go and sidles over to Liz, the nurse-receptionist.

REGAN

Hey Liz, what does he want?

LIZ

How would I know Regan?

REGAN

(calmly)

He's here about me, isn't he?

LIZ

(jumpy)

Why do you say that?

* 25. INT. LABORATORY

DAY

25.*

Tuskin picks up a folder from her desk.

TUSKIN

What about the coroner's report and the testimony...The file's that thick.

LAMONT

Unfortunately it sheds very little light on Father Merrin's death. I was hoping to question the girl.

Lamont takes a seat opposite Tuskin.

25. *(Cont.)

25.*

TUSKIN

Regan suffered a severe trauma.
I think the exorcism made the
problem worse.

LAMONT

You could be right. Strangely enough,
in your paper on "The Psychotic
Eruptions of the Unconscious," you
describe cases that are very much
like traditional demonic phenomena.

TUSKIN

Are you a psychologist?

LAMONT

In the struggle against Evil I have
worked side by side with psychiatrists...
I have sometimes succeeded where they
have failed. And I have failed.

Tuskin is rather taken by Lamont's directness.

TUSKIN

You must know that three people
died during the exorcism. I believe
Regan's guilt was so great that she
repressed everything that happened.
I'm sorry Father, I can't let you
question her. The shock of recall
may result in self-punishment. I
couldn't rule out suicide.

As that seems to end it, Lamont searches for a way to keep
the meeting alive.

LAMONT

You have a heavy responsibility,
the care of her soul.

TUSKIN

The care of her mind and her body
is my responsibility, Father.

LAMONT

What methods are you using?

TUSKIN

Psychotherapy, dream analysis,
free association...possibly hypnosis...

25.*(Cont. 1)

25 *

LAMONT

You realize what you're up against,
don't you?

Tuskin is puzzled as Lamont stares into her, awaiting an answer. She averts his gaze. Just then, Regan's form moves toward the glass partition, becoming clearer. The glass is one-way and she looks in at them, sightlessly. Lamont has his back to her. Tuskin is disturbed by the girl.

TUSKIN

What am I up against, Father?

LAMONT

Evil!

TUSKIN

Mental illness, that's what we're
up against here, or, if you like,
the casualties of a diseased society.
Evil is not --

LAMONT

--Evil is a spiritual being, living
and alive, perverted and perverting...
weaving its way insidiously into the
very fabric of life.

Regan walks in. Lamont swings around.

REGAN

Sorry to disturb you.

TUSKIN

(annoyed)

What is it, Regan?

REGAN

Gene, I've changed my mind.
I'd like to do it after all.

Tuskin quickly conceals her surprise under a mask of professional blandness.

TUSKIN

Fine.

REGAN

Can we do it now?

Lamont has gotten up and is edging toward the door.

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21.

* 25. (Cont. 2)

25.

LAMONT

Doctor, I won't intrude any longer.

REGAN

No, it's all right Father. You can stay if you like.

Tuskin is stunned, barely concealing her surprise as she introduces the two.

TUSKIN

Regan, this is Father Lamont...
Regan MacNeil...

Tuskin catches the strange look that passes between them. She watches them, brooding on the significance of the encounter which has broken the resistance of a recalcitrant patient.

TUSKIN

(shrewdly)

Father, maybe I can use your help. Okay Regan?

* 26.

INT. THE LABORATORY (NEXT DAY)

DAY

26. *

The synchronizer, the electronic device that Tuskin had showed Regan earlier, is set on a table between Regan, who is seated, and an empty chair facing it. Also on the table are two alpha-wave headbands. Tuskin picks up one of the headbands and fits it delicately onto Regan's head. Its shape is reminiscent of a crown. Regan is happily serene. Lamont watches, in a kind of awe, as Liz assists in connecting the leads to the box.

TUSKIN

(explaining to
Lamont)

These are EEG bio-feedback electrodes...

She switches on Regan's headband which emits a beeping tone.

They are integrated with these
hypnotic strobes to bring the two
altered states into synchronization.

Tuskin sits in the empty chair facing Regan, puts on the second headband which then Liz connects to the synchronizer. Regan smiles at Lamont, and he smiles back reassuringly.

* 26. (Cont.)

26. *

TUSKIN

Are you ready, Regan?

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

All right. Now we're going to do this just the way I showed you.

She flips a switch which operates a strobe light facing Regan.

Regan, I want you to concentrate on the strobe light.

It starts to flash. There is a high, beeping tone simultaneous with the strobe. As Regan goes down into hypnotic trance, the beeping tone grows slower and descends in musical frequency.

Relax deeply. Listen to your tone. I want you to relax and make your tone go deeper and deeper... Regan, can you hear me?

REGAN

(tonelessly)

Yes.

TUSKIN

You are deeply relaxed now Regan... When you hear the alarm buzzer, you will wake up, you will feel fine, but you will remember nothing that happened. Do you understand?

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

Very good, Regan. Now, do you remember your room in Washington?

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

Can you see your room?

REGAN

No.

* 26. (Cont. 1)

26.

TUSKIN

Then I want you to go deeper,
deeper into your memory. Make
your tone go deeper and you will
see your room.

The beep deepens, but it comes back up again as if striking
resistance.

TUSKIN

Deeper...Deeper...Can you see
it now?

The beep goes back down again, even deeper.

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

Now Regan, I want to come down
and be with you...Do you remember
how to help me?

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

Good. You will bring me down to
where you are and you and I will
obey the commands that Liz and
Father Lamont give us. Do you
understand?

REGAN

Yes.

TUSKIN

I am going to turn my light on.
You will help me bring my tone
down to yours.

Tuskin looks to Liz and Lamont who nod back that they are
ready. Tuskin switches on her own flasher and beeper, and
goes expertly into trance, although her level is much
higher than Regan's.

REGAN

(surprisingly
commanding)

Gene, can you hear me?

* 26. (Cont. 2)

26.

TUSKIN
(passively)

...Yes.

Tuskin's beeps start to slide down the scale until they approach Regan's and she continues commandingly:

REGAN
Relax...and let yourself come
down deeper and deeper...

There is a flurry of beeps as the automatic lock takes over. The tones are out of sync, resonating at dissonant frequencies, as if avoiding each other, but they finally settle down into a steady, synchronized beep.

LIZ
Doctor Tuskin, can you see Regan's
room?

TUSKIN
Yes.

Liz and Lamont exchange looks: then she reads from her clipboard.

LIZ
Regan, do you remember the time
when Father Merrin came up to you?

REGAN
(a slight grimace)
Yes.

Lamont can hardly conceal his excitement; he looks to Liz, expecting to take over.

LIZ
Regan, you will now respond to
Father Lamont.

REGAN
All right.

LAMONT
Regan, that time in the room.
Try and remember Father Merrin
just before he died.

REGAN
We are alone...

* 26. (Cont. 3)

26.

LAMONT

Is his heart strong, resolved?

REGAN

(passively)

He is praying.

LAMONT

Is he in pain?

REGAN

Yes.

LAMONT

Is he casting out the unclean spirit?

REGAN

He is praying...

LAMONT

And you, Regan?...What are you doing?

Regan does not answer. Something happens to Tuskin instead. She cannot breathe. After a long moment of perplexity, Liz sounds the alarm buzzer.

Regan comes out of the deep hypnotic state easily. She blinks a few times and then stares in amazement at Tuskin, apparently with no memory of what happened to Tuskin.

LIZ

Gene...Dr. Tuskin...

REGAN

What's wrong with Gene?

Tuskin is silently gasping for air. Liz leans closer, listens to her heart.

LIZ

It's her heart...it's fibrillating...
What happened?

Regan gets up, frightened.

REGAN

I didn't...do anything.

* 26. (Cont. 4)

26. *

Lamont steps forward and removes the headband from Regan's hands before the electrical leads can snap. Lamont is trying to comprehend.

LIZ

(to Regan)

You've got to go back...You've got to reach her. Put your headband back on.

Lamont takes command. He begins to put on the alpha-band.

LAMONT

I know where she is.
Liz, help me adjust this.

Liz pulls herself together and moves to help Lamont as he sits opposite Tuskin.

LAMONT

Help me reach Dr. Tuskin!

LIZ

I'll try...

Liz switches on Lamont's alpha-band. Lamont's consciousness level is very much higher and faster than the low, weak tone Tuskin is producing.

LIZ

Relax deeply. Watch the light.
Make your tone go deeper...deeper...

Lamont's face is illumined by the flashing strobe, as he slides into the hypnotic state.

Deeper...deeper. That's good...

Regan watches, her face a silent prayer.

* 27.

SYNC SEQUENCE THE LAB/REGAN'S BEDROOM,
GEORGETOWN (1971)

27. *

Lamont's perception of the lab changes. At each strobe-flash it progressively transforms. Regan's room begins to materialize in dull pulses of light. As Lamont's tone descends, Tuskin's low tone becomes louder and louder as if it were being physically approached.

Regan's room is much stronger, although Liz, Tuskin and Regan are still dimly present. The two rooms seem to co-exist in the same space.

* 27. (Cont.)

27. *

There is a sudden brief reversal of polarity as the alpha-pulses lock in. Lamont's tone hunts dissonantly for Tuskin's frequency, finds it, and both merge in a single, steady tone. The lab fades altogether.

The blurred figures can be distinguished. Regan, in her demonic state of four years ago, is on the bed. Father Merrin is at the foot of the bed, supporting himself up on one of the posts. He is dying. Merrin rallies his remaining strength, forcing out words in the face of the evil he confronts with his life. The Demon holds one hand outstretched, as if reaching for Merrin's heart.

MERRIN

"Our Father who art in heaven--"

REGAN/DEMON

--Stay there! Man does not want
Him on earth...

MERRIN

Man is God!!--

REGAN/DEMON

Pride -- Too much pride, Merrin!

MERRIN

--but God is greater than Man!
Get thee hence...

REGAN/DEMON

She's mine...always...

And the Demon laughs. Through the laughter, Regan's voice is heard:

REGAN

No!!

REGAN/DEMON

Always!!

REGAN'S VOICE

Father, can you hear me?

And the lab becomes momentarily vivid in Lamont's perception. Regan stands close to Tuskin. One arm is around her shoulder, her other hand on her chest, over her heart in a protective, loving hold.

REGAN

Father, please bring her back....

* 27. (Cont. 1)

27. *

The bedroom and the lab cross-fade as Merrin struggles through his last living moments and Regan calls out for help. Regan/Demon's hand is outstretched, appearing to grasp at Tuskin's breast. The claws seem to penetrate her rib cage. At the same time Regan is holding her hand over Tuskin's heart. The hand and the claws are locked in struggle over the possession of Tuskin's heart!

Lamont's strobe-flashed face watches in horror as the two places and the two Regans are fused in crystal clarity.

LAMONT

In God's name!!

Merrin is swooning fast but Regan is wrestling the claws away from Tuskin's heart.

Merrin crashes to the floor. Tuskin's features relax. She is breathing normally again.

REGAN'S VOICE

Father, tell Gene she will not remember.

LAMONT'S VOICE

Gene, you will not remember. Gene, you will not remember...

The alarm buzzer sounds.

* 28.

INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

28. *

Liz is pressing on the buzzer. Lamont emerges from deep hypnosis quite normally. His eyes go to Regan, rivetting on her. Awe, compassion, and the horror make him speechless. Tuskin emerges more gradually.

TUSKIN

(bewildered)

What happened?

REGAN

(anxiously)

Are you all right?

Tuskin nods. Regan is very relieved.

* 28. (Cont.)

28. *

LIZ
Your heart, it was fibrillating.
I don't know what went wrong...
I couldn't bring you out of it.

Tuskin stares at her in amazement as she rushes on:

Father Lamont had to go into
sync to contact you. He brought
you out.

REGAN
He told you not to remember.

TUSKIN
(beginning to
understand)
Do you remember, Regan?

REGAN
No.

TUSKIN
Do you remember, Father?

Lamont doesn't answer, his eyes still on Regan. Tuskin
sees the answer clearly in his face. Tuskin goes over
to Regan.

TUSKIN
Come on, Regan.

Lamont watches Tuskin and Liz usher Regan into the outer
office. He is deeply perplexed.

* 29. INT. GENE TUSKIN'S OUTER OFFICE

DAY

29. *

Tuskin watches Regan through the glass as Regan goes to
where some young patients are busily drawing in a play
area. They show Regan their efforts, anxious to gain her
approval. Regan is immediately absorbed and pulls up
paper and crayons to satisfy one of the mongoloids who is
urging her to draw something, anything. Liz senses
Tuskin's concern.

LIZ
She's fine.

Tuskin seems satisfied that Regan is apparently unaffected
by the session.

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30.

* 30. INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

30. *

Tuskin re-enters.

TUSKIN

How do you feel?

Lamont is very drawn, yet does his best to seem matter-of-fact.

LAMONT

All right, and you?

TUSKIN

Fine. The psychological effects of syncing with another mind last a long time. It's very powerful.

She cannot contain her burning curiosity.

Did you see what you wanted to see...

LAMONT

Evil is gaining...Father Merrin was killed.

TUSKIN

By Regan?

LAMONT

She didn't. It did. That was not the mind of a child.

(he stares off)

It was horrible, utterly horrible, and fascinating.

Tuskin looks very uncomfortable, and resorts to her professional cool.

TUSKIN

Look, we don't know too much about synchronized hypnosis. What you saw could just as easily have been a dream, a fantasy, a hallucination. Not a memory at all.

* 30. (Cont.)

30. *

LAMONT

Names! Better to see the face
than hear the names.

TUSKIN

I can't get into a discussion
right now, I have my rounds
to do...

LAMONT

But what I saw. Father Merrin--

TUSKIN

--I'm sorry. It'll have to wait
'til tomorrow.

Tuskin has moved to the door. Lamont realizes she's
walking away from him. He follows.

* 31. INT. TUSKIN'S OUTER OFFICE

DAY

31. *

Liz approaches from the play area, carrying a bunch of
drawings. Lamont is waiting, stranded.

LIZ

Father, Regan did a picture
of you...

Lamont looks at the sheet of paper Liz hands him. The
drawing of himself is recognizable from the black suit
and Roman collar. But there are bright red flames coming
from his head and shoulders!

LAMONT

What does it mean??

LIZ

(cautious)

It's you...she draws well...

LAMONT

But the flames...

* 31. (Cont.)

31. *

He pales, transfixed by the drawing, by some inner revelation. He breaks away, hurrying after Tuskin.

* 32. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

DAY

32. *

He pursues her down a long corridor.

LAMONT
Doctor Tuskin!

She turns to face him, weary, on edge.

LAMONT
The flames, they are
growing...

He flashes the drawing at her and fixes her with a haunted look.

LAMONT
We've got to put the fire out.

She stares at him quizzically, concerned about his altered behaviour.

TUSKIN
Take it easy. It's probably
some post flashing. It's an
after-effect of the hypnosis.

Lamont is not listening, he is moving away down the corridor.

He stops at a conspicuous door and opens it. Tuskin follows, cautiously, nonetheless impressed.

LAMONT
No...Help me...We may be too
late...help me!

His urgency is convincing. She follows him down the service stairs.

33. OMITTED.

33.

34. INT. HOSPITAL STAIRS

DAY

34.

They descend quickly. Lamont stops at a small door and opens it. Their faces reveal their alarm at the strong smell of smoke.

35. INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT

DAY

35.

The basement is huge, with many branches and corridors. They pass pathetically small children's beds and wheelchairs stacked in a corner, iron lungs, other evidences of the helpless children above them.

The smell of smoke is so strong they have little difficulty tracing it to its source. There is a small, smouldering fire in some trash.

Lamont snatches up a broom and tries to beat out the fire, but only oxygenates it. It spreads quickly in the paper trash. Tuskin runs off.

TUSKIN

I'll call the fire department,
we can't handle it!

Lamont fights the fire with incredible furor, as if the redemption of his soul was at stake. But the flames are now too fierce to be beaten out. They leap up higher than his head, and spread out behind him.

Tuskin comes running back with a portable fire extinguisher.

Lamont turns toward her and, for a moment, with the flames leaping up behind him, he resembles Regan's picture.

Tuskin squirts the foam on the main blaze, and Lamont continues beating at the fringes. The smoke becomes very dense.

Between the two of them, they finally get it out, but by this time they have breathed so much smoke, they are nearly overcome.

They are crawling feebly along the floor, coughing and gagging.

Two huge firemen suddenly loom out of the smoke. They drop to their knees, quickly remove their masks, hold them to Tuskin's and Lamont's faces, and drag them out.

36. EXT. THE HOSPITAL

NIGHT

36.

Fire hoses are pumping water into the basement of the building. Smoke and steam rise up, but the impression is that the fire is under control now. Its lights flashing, a second fire truck rolls onto the grounds. This sight sends a huge thrill

(CONTINUED)

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34.

36. (Cont.)

36.

through the crowd of about a hundred children who have been evacuated from the wards. Some of the paraplegics are most expressive in their simple joy, and the New York firemen respond to the hero worship.

Firemen accompany Tuskin and Lamont from the building.

LAMONT

Regan's picture, the flames,
she warned us. That contact
between us came about through
your machine!

Lamont's elation is contagious.

TUSKIN

Well, we did save the kids!

LAMONT

It took a machine! ...The work
you are doing is incredible,
miraculous...

The children gather around, pointing out to each other the man who saved them. As Lamont finishes, they break out into applause. He acknowledges, and Tuskin laughs, amused. The applause seems to inflate Lamont. He turns back to Tuskin, with renewed passion, but she cuts him short, her tone benignly tolerant.

TUSKIN

Father, my machine is just a
device to penetrate pathological
states...

LAMONT

No. No. You're talking about
therapy -- you don't realize the
extraordinary potential of your
work.

TUSKIN

Are you flattering me!?

LAMONT

Don't you understand that I was
face to face with the Evil that
is inside her? Your machine
proves -- scientifically! -- that
an ancient demon is still lodged
within her... We must fight it,
we must help her...

(CONTINUED)

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35.

36. (Cont.1)

36.

TUSKIN

Believe it or not, Father,
I was trying to help her,
that is, before you came
along.

LAMONT

(rushing on)

You must let me go into sync
with Regan. That way you
could control things.

As she grapples with his request, Lamont hammers home his
argument.

I know what concerns you. That
Regan will suddenly remember.
That she'll go into shock...
Doctor Tuskin, I believe she
already remembers everything;
the possession; the deaths....
She's out there all alone, trying
to deal with this thing all by
herself.

Tuskin is stung by the possible reality of Lamont's insight.

37-
THRU
39B.

OMITTED

37-
THRU
39B.

40. INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

DAY

40.

A rehearsal for a school revue has just ended. In the body
of the hall, a knot of girls are working on some theatrical
costumes. Near the stage, the last remaining members of the
school orchestra put away their instruments and drift away.
One boy remains, practicing the saxophone.

Regan is on stage, alone, going over a tap-dance routine.
She is absorbed, concentrating on her feet, trying to get
it right.

The boy on the saxophone starts to pick up her rhythm on
his instrument, improvising a tune. She looks up and smiles
at him. It comes together for her. Tapping and clicking,
she seems for a moment to float above the stage.

7/26/76.

36.

41.* INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

41.*

Lamont is alone, his gaze wandering over the mysterious surfaces, probing the delicate innards of the electronic equipment. His curiosity borders on awe. He hears Tuskin's voice, and he leans forward to get a view of her in the outer office.

She is coming out of a therapy booth with a man who is holding a child in his arms. It is an eight-year-old boy, too large to be held this way. His arms hang around his father's neck.

TUSKIN

Next week, Frank.

The man looks tired, rather hopeless.

FRANK

Is there any point going on?

TUSKIN

Hey. I'll be in there fighting,
as long as you are.

Lamont overhears. He watches the father and son go, suddenly touched by compassion.

She enters the lab.

TUSKIN

Well, hello.

He smiles back, terribly impressed with her.

LAMONT

Do you have children of your
own?

TUSKIN

Yes, two...

She is comforted by his presence, and her manner becomes easier.

TUSKIN

A boy and girl... I would like
to spend more time with them...

LAMONT

Must be difficult for you with
all these responsibilities here...

(CONTINUED)

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37.

41.*(Cont.)

41.*

She lets herself down into a chair, relaxing; he sits also, in response.

TUSKIN

...not to mention about the complications of being divorced...

She looks at him to measure his reaction.

LAMONT

...You seem to manage, your heart is good...

TUSKIN

It's hard to live alone...
don't you ever need a woman,
Father?

Lamont raises his eyes to meet her penetrating stare.

LAMONT

...Yes...

It just comes out of him. She smiles gently, and he smiles back, embarrassed.

TUSKIN

Well, she's early...

And Tuskin looks past him. He turns to see Regan breezing in. She looks from one to the other, amused, giggling.

REGAN

Telling secrets?

42.*

INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

42.*

Regan's eyes are half closed. She is in trance. Lamont, wearing the other alpha-band, is also in trance. Their beeps and the flashes seem to be already fairly close together. Between Regan and Lamont is a microphone, on a long arm, which extends from a high sensitivity tape recorder. Liz monitors the dials.

TUSKIN

Regan, can you remember dreaming
of Father Merrin?

REGAN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

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38.

42.*(Cont.)

42.

TUSKIN
Can you see him now?

REGAN
Yes.

TUSKIN
Where is he?

REGAN
On a mountain.

TUSKIN
Now, Regan, your friend,
Father Lamont is hypnotized,
too. I want you to bring
him to you. Tell him what
to do.

REGAN
(commandingly)
Father Lamont?

LAMONT
Yes?

REGAN
Call me.

LAMONT
(calling)
Regan.

The beeps do not change.

REGAN
Call me by my dream name.

LAMONT
Pazuzu!

The beeps move so close they resonate dissonantly.

REGAN
(insistently)
Call me!

LAMONT
(a hail)
Pazuzu! King of the Evil Spirits
of the Air!

The beeps lock in and merge. Tuskin is amazed, but guarded.

7/26/76.

39.

A- 43. EXT. ETHIOPIAN LANDSCAPE ROCK CHURCH DAY A- 43.

43. * The Pazuzu POV hurtles across a primal landscape of towering rock formations. It drives in to a ledge where a Coptic Church of great antiquity has been carved out of the naked rock. 43.*

LAMONT'S VOICE
Spirits of the Air!

REGAN/PAZUZU'S VOICE
Mer-rin-n-n-n!

The POV brings a dust storm eddying into the courtyard where white-robed monks cringe back from its force.

44.* EXT. ROCK CHIMNEY 1936 DAY 44.*
(PT.)

It swoops down over the side of the mountain top and peers down a narrow crevice, the side walls of which are parallel to each other and just far enough apart so that a man can climb it by stepping from one side to another.

Two hundred feet deep, this climbing "chimney" is the only route up to the church. The handholds are stained with sweat and grime from centuries of climbing.

A number of monks, in their characteristic white robes, are climbing up to the Holy place, straddling the crevice, a foot braced on either wall.

Father Merrin is amongst them and just behind him is a rough litter to which the African boy is tightly bound. His face is demonic, his eyes rolling, his mouth foaming. He keeps up an endless stream of invective, agonized shattering cries in a babble of unknown languages. The monks are hauling him up, inch by inch, toward the church above.

BOY/DEMON
Hanpa!

They look up in terror at the sound of a desert whirlwind above them.

The POV plunges towards Merrin. A screaming wind swirls dust around him. He braces himself with one hand and draws a cross-shaped glass vial of holy water from his pocket and holds it up against the advancing POV.

The POV is deflected by the holy water, and drops past him towards the monks. They clutch the Coptic crosses dangling

(CONTINUED)

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40.

44.*(Cont.)
(PT.)

44.*

from their necks and hold them up against the force of evil.

Merrin mutters a prayer.

MERRIN

...Deliver us from evil...

Buffeted cruelly by the swirling dust, Merrin stumbles. He slips off one foothold, and feels frantically for the one below, but he is clearly going to miss it.

The monk below him lunges across the crevice and shoves Merrin's foot over to a tiny ledge, saving him.

The monk, however, is spread-eagled between the two walls of the crevice and is helpless before Pazuzu's onslaught. The dust whirls around him, he reaches for his cross and loses his grip. He slides down several feet before finding another handhold.

The POV follows relentlessly, screaming in triumph, and in another moment, that final handhold fails him and he falls.

With a huge shriek of triumph, the POV drops close behind the falling monk as he bounces from one outcrop to another, smearing them with his blood.

With a final scream, the monk bounces clear of the crevice, arcs out over a ridge, and plunges toward a deep ravine.

45.*

INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

45.*

The hushed calm of the lab is a striking contrast. Regan is mumbling, her words semi-audible. Tuskin moves in with the mike to catch it. Regan is speaking with Merrin's voice but her own voice is heard too, simultaneously, like a shadow.

REGAN/MERRIN

I cast you out, Most Unclean Spirit!

Regan replies with Pazuzu's voice shadowing hers.

REGAN/PAZUZU

Never, he belongs to us...

REGAN/MERRIN

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

7/26/76.

41.

46.* INT. COPTIC ROCK CHURCH ETHIOPIA

DAY

46.*

Merrin makes the sign of the cross on the forehead of the possessed.

MERRIN

Get thee hence. Be uprooted,
be expelled from this creature
of God!

The boy lies on the altar. His body is whipped by a violent spasm, then falls still. The POV jolts away, from his head, with an agonized defeated cry as a wild flurry of wind fills the church. The rock-hewn nave is packed with white-robed monks who turn and face upward with their crosses extended as the POV is driven back into the roof. Father Merrin, exhausted, crosses himself and wipes the boy's brow, as he sleeps the sleep of the innocent.

47.* INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

47.*

Tuskin has lifted Regan's eyelid to examine her pupil, when she hears a cold whisper from Lamont.

LAMONT

Merrin defeated you...

Tuskin is startled as Regan replies more strongly.

REGAN/PAZUZU

No. I could claim Kokumo
even now... I'll show you
power... Fly the teeth of
the wind... Share my wings...

Lamont's face is possessed by a rapture of ecstasy. His mouth opens and emits a shrill cicada sound.

48. EXT. LOCUST SWARM

DAY

48.

The POV is in the midst of a locust swarm. The cicada sound swells to an ugly roar. The POV lunges through millions of wings.

49. EXT. AFRICAN LANDSCAPES

DAY

49.

And it bursts out, traveling low across bush, savannah and

49 (Cont.)

49.

jungle in accelerating violent leaps. Gazelle and elephant flee in panic as it passes over them.

LAMONT'S VOICE
(ecstatically)
The Wings....! The Power.

50. EXT. THE NIGER RIVER

SUNSET

50.

The P.O.V. hurtles across the broad muddy river dotted with islands and into a fantastic ancient city.

51. EXT. ISLAMIC TOWN EQUATORIAL AFRICA

SUNSET

51.

Hundreds of complicated buildings are surrounded by an incredible wall forty feet thick, all made of reddish mud. The walls and most of the buildings are topped with thousands of strange curved points which glow red-hot in the sunset.

The P.O.V. swoops through an ancient gate. It is sundown, the time of prayer. The people are prostrated on their mats in the courtyard of the mosque. As the P.O.V. focuses on them, they are stricken by a nameless terror. Some are paralyzed in eye-bulging fear as the P.O.V. slides past them, but most flee in mindless panic.

As the sense of the P.O.V.'s awesome power builds, it emerges from the alley into an almost deserted square. A middle-aged black man is seen standing on the opposite side. His tribal scars are unmistakably the same as those on the face of the boy Lankester Merrin exorcized thirty years earlier.

The P.O.V. approaches him head-on. Everyone around him flees, but the black man holds his ground, staring fearlessly into the slowly advancing P.O.V.

There is a terrible tension between them as the P.O.V. moves slowly in until it is only six feet away. The man still holds his ground. His countenance takes on a primitive fierceness, an unexpected intensity. With a sudden grimace, he opens his mouth to shout.

A screaming leopard leaps out, right at the P.O.V., which jolts back. The leopard paces in front of the man, snarling.

The strident buzzer echoes the leopard's scream, and the lab scene reappears.

52.* INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

52.*

Regan is shielding her face with her hands, her mouth open as if she had screamed terror. Lamont jerks to his feet,

(CONTINUED)

52*(Cont.)

52.*

snapping the connection, stunned by the leopard, exhilarated by the flight.

TUSKIN

(anxiously)

What was it?

LAMONT

A leopard! It jumped right at me.
That boy is still alive, he frightened Pazuzu.

Tuskin shoots Lamont a warning glance and turns to Regan, who appears quite normal.

TUSKIN

Do you remember anything?

REGAN

(to Lamont)

Was it in Africa?

Tuskin signals Lamont not to interfere.

TUSKIN

Why do you say that?

REGAN

It was like something I saw with
our class at the Natural History
Museum.

Tuskin is perplexed.

TUSKIN

You weren't supposed to remember
anything.

REGAN

I know.

This ingenuous remark gives Tuskin pause, but she decides not to press the matter. She removes Regan's headband.

TUSKIN

Okay, Regan, that's all for today.

And she ushers her out. As Tuskin turns back into the room, Lamont faces her. His eyes are burning, but his voice has a terrible calm:

LAMONT

Pazuzu showed me that boy... Perhaps
I could find him... He has a power

(CONTINUED)

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44.

52* (Cont.1)

52.*

LAMONT (Cont.)
over evil... Regan seemed to
recognize one of those places.

TUSKIN
Regan just told us. It was some-
thing she remembered from the
museum.

LAMONT
Let me ask her.

Before finishing, Lamont is already halfway to the door.
Tuskin moves across, blocking his way.

TUSKIN
Now wait a minute, Phil.

53.*PT INT. WAITING AREA

DAY

53.*PT

Regan sits down in one of the booths, waiting for Sharon to
collect her. A little girl, Sandra, sits down across from
her. Regan recognizes her as the child she saw Tuskin work-
ing with.

REGAN
(smiling)
Hi.

There is no response.

Regan stares at Sandra intently, curiously, and repeats her
greeting.

REGAN
Hi! Are you waiting to see
Doctor Tuskin? Gene?

Sandra nods her head.

REGAN
She's very nice, isn't she?

Sandra smiles in agreement.

REGAN
What's the matter with you?

SANDRA
(very hesitantly)
I'm autistic.

REGAN
How d'you mean?

(CONTINUED)

53*PT (Cont.)

53.*

SANDRA
(slowly)
I'm uh, withdrawn, and I can't
talk.

REGAN
You're talking now.

SANDRA
(blankly)
No...

REGAN
(amused)
Yes, you are! I can hear you!

SANDRA
(bewildered)
You can hear me?

REGAN
(laughing)
Sure!

As Sandra slowly comes to accept the idea, she starts to laugh,
too. The two girls beam at each other, as if sharing a
secret joke.

SANDRA
What's the matter with you?

REGAN
(matter-of-factly)
I was possessed by a demon.

Sandra seems startled.

REGAN
It's okay, he's gone.

Sandra smiles uncertainly. Liz and Sandra's mother, Mrs.
Phalor, approach the two girls.

LIZ
Doctor Tuskin wants Sandra to
join the Thursday voice therapy
class.

Sandra looks up and sees her mother.

SANDRA
(excitedly)
Hey, Mom, you know what happened
to her?!

(CONTINUED)

* 53. (Cont. 1)
(PT.)

53.1*

Mrs. Phalor stops dead, the blood drains from her face.
Sandra breaks off and stares apprehensively at her mother.

MRS. PHALOR

(feebly)

You're talking...

Sandra starts to reply but tightens up. For a moment, it looks as if the intensity of her mother's reaction is going to silence her again. She looks at Regan, who smiles and nods encouragingly.

SANDRA

(to her mother; softly)

Can you hear me, mother?

MRS. PHALOR

(swooning)

She's talking... Oh, God...

Liz, who is standing behind her, catches her and helps her into a seat.

LIZ

(to receptionist)

Call Gene will you...

(to Mrs. Phalor)

Are you all right?

SANDRA

Mother, it's all right...

Tuskin and Lamont come hurrying out of the lab.

TUSKIN

What is it?

LIZ

Regan's got Sandra talking.

TUSKIN

What!?

Mrs. Phalor is so excited she is impossible to reason with.

MRS. PHALOR

I've got to take her right home.
Her father's got to hear her
before she stops!

TUSKIN

Wait! She's not going to stop,
don't say that!

MRS. PHALOR

(horrified that she's
said the wrong thing)

No! Don't stop! Keep talking!
Keep talking!

* 53. (Cont. 2)
(PT.)

53.2 *

TUSKIN

Why don't you two come on in
my office...

MRS. PHALOR

No! Her father will never forgive
me if he doesn't hear her. I've
got to take her home!!

Regan turns her head slowly toward Lamont and engages his
eyes. She smiles. It is a moment of understanding.
Meanwhile, Tuskin tries to get the mother headed into her
office, but she pulls away.

TUSKIN

(giving up)

All right! Take her home.
Liz, you go with them.

Mrs. Phalor is already out the door. Sandra, who has
remained calm throughout, quietly looks back and waves
goodbye to Regan. Regan waves back happily. Her mother
drags her out into the hall. Liz runs out after them.

Tuskin stares at her for a moment.

TUSKIN

(gently)

What did you do?

REGAN

Nothing. I just started talking
to her. First she was talking
inside, and then she was talking
outside.

Tuskin moves toward her, smiling, trying to think.

REGAN

(eagerly)

Gene, do you think I could help
some of your other kids?

TUSKIN

You know, Regan, it's really very
dangerous to fool around with
other people's heads.

Once again Regan glances up at Lamont.

I mean, Sandra seems to be all
right, but please don't try
anything like that again, at
least until...

* 53. (Cont. 3)
(PT.)

53.3*

Tuskin trails off, trying to think of the right words.

REGAN
Until what?!

TUSKIN
(lamely)
Well, until you're older..

REGAN
(shrugging; disappointed)
Okay...

They fall into an awkward silence, when Sharon is seen approaching the glass doors.

REGAN
Well, there's Sharon...Bye...
(running to door)
Don't tell Sharon, she'll only
call Mom and worry her!

Regan moves off and intercepts Sharon between the two pairs of glass doors. The doors swing to close as she hugs Sharon, totally convincing as a carefree teenager. They appear to have a friendly argument about where they should go next, but the doors cut off their voices.

Lamont watches them with a kind of awe. Tuskin is upset with herself, aware of her own inadequacy in dealing with Regan.

LAMONT
Gene...you saw what happened...

TUSKIN
(sharply)
I don't want to hear any of your
wild speculations...!

LAMONT
...She entered that child's mind
and got her talking.

TUSKIN
Let's stick to science!

LAMONT
Don't hide behind science. You're
better than that.

TUSKIN
Listen to me! I'm responsible for
Regan while her mother is away...
You stay away from her. Just cut
this right out!

* 53. (Cont. 4)
(PT.)

53.4*

LAMONT

But we've got to fight the demon
that's inside her! It's preventing
her from reaching full spiritual
power.

TUSKIN

(interrupting)

Demons! We make our own demons
up here!

(she taps her head)

You're obsessed with the idea.

LAMONT

(suddenly snapping)

I'm not obsessed!! I'm not!
I'll admit I'm fascinated, but I
know the dangers...Father Merrin
himself feared he might fall into
admiration, but--

TUSKIN

(harshly)

--How about adulation!!

Some of the children come out to watch, attracted by the
raised voices. Lamont's outburst suddenly subsides. Tuskin
has touched a deep nerve. Lamont glares at her, turns on
his heel and leaves.

* 54. INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

54. *

Tuskin enters, bitterly angry. She grips the table and
takes deep breaths, trying to control the alarming
intensity of her emotions.

She looks grimly at the tape deck which has recorded the
session. Steeling herself, she punches it on.

There is a moment or two of the murmurings of Lamont and
Regan. She turns up the volume. The cicada sound that
Lamont made during the trance suddenly bursts into the
lab, shocking in its non-humanness.

(CONTINUED)

54.*(Cont.)

54.*

LAMONT'S VOICE
(ecstatically)
The wings are brushing me!
(he emits another
cicada sound)
The people are running from me...
The power!

55. INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY/AFRICAN HALL DAY

55.

A full-size herd of elephants commands the center of the oval hall, frozen in a moment of flight. The walls are divided into large panels, each a diorama of African life, animals against landscapes. It is a freeze frame of a continent.

Lamont wanders distractedly through the hall. There is only a scattering of people.

And Regan. Lamont stops in shock. She smiles at him.

REGAN
Hello, Father.

LAMONT
(hoarsely)
How did you know I was coming here?

REGAN
I didn't know, for sure...

She turns away, and strolls along the dioramas.

LAMONT
I'm not supposed to talk to you...
Doctor's orders!

Regan smiles and turns back to him, serious.

REGAN
Father, do priests believe in
E.S.P.?

(CONTINUED)

55. (Cont.)

55.

LAMONT (with a smile)
Some do. In fact, a french priest,
Teilhard de Chardin, thought we
were all going to come together,
eventually, in some sort of
mental telepathy. A kind of
world mind everybody would share.

REGAN
And when is that going to happen?

LAMONT (soberly)
I don't know...Father Merrin
thought that scientific research
would make it happen fairly soon,
the kind of work Dr. Tuskin is
doing, I mean...But if it happens
before we're ready for it, we may
all find ourselves pointing in
the other direction, toward Satan...

Regan weighs within her the reality of Lamont's words.
Then suddenly she is childishly excited as they come to a
diorama displaying Ethiopian Village life against a back-
ground of ancient Christian churches carved out of rock.
Lamont is stunned; he recognizes the place he saw in trance.

REGAN
That's the place where Father
Merrin fought Pazuzu!

LAMONT
You remember Father Merrin!?

REGAN
Come on, Father, you've looked
inside my head...

Lamont stares at her, awed.

LAMONT
Aren't you afraid?

She nods silently. Lamont realizes he is looking into
the eyes of a very brave young woman. He lowers his own
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

55. (Cont.1)

55.

LAMONT

I wish I could tell you not to be afraid, but I can't.

REGAN

Why wasn't that man with the Leopard afraid of Pazuzu?

LAMONT

I don't know...I will try to find him.

REGAN

His name is Kokumo.

LAMONT

Kokumo. If he can teach me how he has survived Pazuzu, I'll come back and tell you.

He looks into her eyes, then turns abruptly away.

He strides back the way he came. The dioramas flash past him: a savannah, a steaming jungle, a leopard feeding on an antelope, a community of baboons, early man fighting for survival against wild beasts, a family of cavemen huddled around a fire.

56-57 OMITTED

58. INT. CARDINAL JAROS' CHAMBER - THE VATICAN DAY

58.

It seems like another diorama, but it is a wall painting representing the archangel Gabriel banishing Adam and Eve from the verdant landscape of Eden. Cardinal Jaros crosses against it.

Lamont is in audience, pleading his case with desperate fervor. Jaros watches him sorrowfully.

(CONTINUED)

58.(Cont.)

58.

LAMONT

So if I can find this man, Kokumo, it will prove--beyond doubt--that the exorcisms were valid. But more than that, you remember how Merrin prophesized that science would accelerate spiritual evolution; that new men would arise to purge evil from the earth? They may already be among us. Kokumo could be one of them. I saw him in a vision. I saw his power over evil.

Lamont finally comes to a halt, silenced by his own transgression. Jaros is calm, fierce in his calmness.

CARDINAL JAROS

I asked you to investigate the exorcisms of Father Merrin, not to step into his shoes. Lamont, you are in dire need of prayer. I suggest you make a retreat.

LAMONT

(passionate,
sardonic)

A retreat?? Why not an advance...

CARDINAL JAROS

(with cold anger)

Prayer, I am talking about prayer...

LAMONT

Hand praying, Your Eminence, doesn't work anymore. You have to do it electronically!

Jaros' initial anger subsides into a deep weariness.

CARDINAL JAROS

Lamont, I beg you to reconsider. You are in open defiance of the Church. I have no choice but relieve you from the assignment. You will refrain from any further action...We will speak again after your retreat.

(CONTINUED)

58.(Cont.1)

58.

He sits at his desk and begins to leaf through the heavy folders, resuming his bureaucratic tasks, as if Lamont no longer existed. Lamont stands helplessly, starts to go. On impulse, he turns to face Jaros, a huge anger rising.

LAMONT

What is our Church becoming? A conspiracy against God?! ... Merrin looked evil in the face, he recognized it; everywhere; and named it; and struggled against it; alone, to the end...And we deny him... Why?...Because he was showing us the way to the Kingdom of Christ on Earth...And that's something-- deep in our hearts--we have given up hope on...

Jaros rises, attempting to silence Lamont, to interrupt, but Lamont advances on Jaros, accusingly.

What you really believe is that the world is incurably sick... lost...And that is a betrayal of our sacred mission...And in the eyes of the world, what are we? Just social workers, and bad ones at that, telling people to be nice to each other; and in the name of Jesus Christ!

Lamont spins around, strides out past the Monsignor, who is peering in, alarmed.

58A. EXT. ROOF GARDEN - MACNEIL APT. LATE AFTERNOON

58A

With a giddy motion, the Pazuzu POV probes at Regan who stands transfixed right at the edge of the low railing, high above the city.

59. INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MACNEIL APARTMENT LATE AFTERNOON 59.

Tuskin has just entered the apartment. She looks about, taking it in. Sharon closes the door and waits for the doctor to speak, curious and hostile at the same time.

TUSKIN

Where is she?

SHARON

On the roof...She is always there...

TUSKIN

She shouldn't be alone in high places...

SHARON

Why not?

TUSKIN

Well, try and keep an eye on her...

SHARON

I can't lock her up.

60. EXT. ROOF GARDEN - MACNEIL BUILDING LATE AFTERNOON 60.

Regan stands quite still, at the edge of the low parapet, gazing out at the huge black curtain wall building which looms up across the way. The globe of the setting sun catches the glass, flushing sporadically, playing on her face.

Regan's eyes glaze, drifting to the edge of hypnosis.

She comes to at the sound of footsteps on the Japanese pebbles. Tuskin stands behind her.

REGAN

I wish you would help Father Lamont.

TUSKIN

(startled)

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

60. (Cont.)

60.

REGAN

He needs your help.

TUSKIN

How can I help him? I don't know how to help him.

REGAN

Yes you do. You just have to do it.

TUSKIN

What are you talking about?

Tuskin looks very uncomfortable as she continues earnestly.

REGAN

You know, going into sync, trying to reach him like that.

TUSKIN

But you told me he's in Africa!

REGAN

It's different when you're in sync, other people can come in with you. You can, you know, help them, heal them.

TUSKIN

Is that why you've stopped coming to see me, because I won't let you go into sync?

REGAN

Yes.

Tuskin wavers in the presence of her compelling and simple conviction.

TUSKIN

I can't, Regan, I have to do what I think is right.

61
THRU
66.

OMITTED.

61
THE
66.

67.*

EXT. ROCK CHIMNEY, ETHIOPIA

DAY

67.:

Lamont, dressed in a bush jacket, is scaling the precarious rock chimney, much as Father Merrin did, in the company of white-robed monks. The frail procession inches toward the summit. For the monks it is an everyday ritual and they chant responses as they go. But for Lamont it is a huge physical effort. However, his raw fervor gives him strength.

As they near the top, the rhythmic strains of a Coptic Mass drifts down from above, a big drum booming.

The monks fall silent and hurry, ascending gracefully. Lamont scrambles, his knees bloody, his face streaked with dirty sweat....Nonetheless he is energized.

68.*

EXT. LEDGE IN FRONT OF ANCIENT ROCK CHURCH

DAY

68.*

An itinerant monk, toothless and one-eyed, hair braided wildly, clothed in sack, is plunging a child into and out of a pool, while preaching to a small group of novitiates. When the preacher sees the monks climbing onto the ledge he inveighs against them. The monks rush into the church, guilty for being late.

Lamont hauls himself up onto the ledge; he is stung by the wild invective. He hurries up to the steps to the Church, the rebellion against Rome still weighing heavy on him.

As he is about to enter, Lamont sees a young monk open an oven and withdraw a flat loaf of bread, which is shaped like an infar

(CONTINUED)

68*(Cont.)

68.*

Jesus. The young monk rushes the hot loaf into the church, past Lamont. Lamont follows, amazed, entering the ancient place of worship.

69 *

INT. ANCIENT ROCK CHURCH

DAY

69.*

The rock hewn nave is packed with monks. They are all in the thrall of the music--slow, solemn and ecstatic. They dance, occasionally prance wildly, clapping their hands raw, swaying to and fro, shaking their rattles, swirling their robes, beating the floor with their staffs, and partaking of a slop that is passed around in chalices. Exhausted, drugged and ecstatic--their faces glisten with sweat. On tiers, the musicians beat out the drive on drums. These more static figures seem to blend with the haloed saints of the frescoed nave.

Lamont is buffeted forward, overwhelmed by the mighty and primitive unity of devotion that confronts him, that absorbs him.

A raised altar is separated from the nave by a curtain of silk strands and strings of beads bearing an image of Christ's face. The curtain is parted. The monks throw themselves to the floor, their staffs and rattles falling away, and prostrate themselves in adoration. An ululation of rapture and reverence invades the nave like a gust of wind. The sudden action is chaotic and unexpected and Lamont is thrown to the floor.

Overcome by awe, Lamont steals a look. It's the high moment of the consecration. The bread and the wine become the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ. The celebrating priest is flanked by deacons, who bear the basket with the consecrated loaf, and a pitcher and chalice.

Some of the monks thread toward the altar. Lamont is shoved forward, yet he wants to go forward, to where he had seen, in trance vision, Father Merrin exorcize Kokumo.

The ululation subsides to be replaced by the simple lilting tinkle of a deacon's bell.

The monks kneel at the altar steps, partaking of the mystery of the Transubstantiation. Lamont also kneels, awaiting his turn to receive the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ. He mumbles a private prayer.

LAMONT

I am in mortal sin...disobedience...pride...but evil overwhelms us. I had to disobey. I had to.

(CONTINUED)

69*(Cont.)

69.

He is offered the bread and the wine. He hesitates, anguished by guilt. He swallows the bread, then seizes the chalice, swilling the morsel down, drinking thirstily, desperately. The bold, primitive face of Christ looks over the magical renewal.

70.*

EXT. LEDGE IN FRONT OF ANCIENT ROCK CHURCH DAY

70.

The monks are coming out. Lamont is talking with a young monk, who speaks broken English.

MONK

Ah, here is the Abbot.

Lamont turns to the Abbot and bows in greeting. The young monk is already questioning the Abbot in Amharic. The Abbot replies, and the monk translates for Lamont.

MONK

He knew Father Merrin...
he says he was a very holy
man.

LAMONT

(thrilled)

Did he know Kokumo?

The young monk turns to ask the Abbot, but the old man has continued talking. The young monk translates as he talks.

MONK

Merrin came up here once
with a boy who was very
sick. There was an acci-
dent. There was a wind, a,
uh, how-do-you-say, devil-
wind, and a monk fell to
his death.

Lamont is so elated by this confirmation of his trance experiences that he is unable to conceal it. The young monk and the Abbot stare at Lamont, trying to understand his expression. Lamont peers down the rock chimney. It is the same view Pazuzu had at the beginning of his deadly attack. The Abbot says something.

MONK

He says the whirlwind made
much dust. The body was
never found.

(CONTINUED)

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60.

70*(Cont.)

70.*

The Abbot points down below and comments.

MONK

(translating)

They searched all over,
everywhere.

LAMONT

(impulsively)

He didn't land down there,
he bounced over that ridge,
over there.

Lamont points, excitement lighting his face. The young monk stares at him, and then translates, his voice trembling slightly. Lamont is too excited to wait.

LAMONT

Maybe I can show him where!

He starts down.

71.*

EXT. ROCK CHIMNEY

DAY

71.*

The view, falling as it does hundreds of feet to the rocks below, is terrifying, but Lamont's excitement at the chance of proving the reality of Pazuzu's actions overcomes his fear of the dizzying heights. He slides recklessly down before the others can even start.

The young monk scrambles down after him, others follow. Others still lower the old Abbot in a bo'sn type chair.

MONK

(calling anxiously)

Be careful! Wait! Wait for
me!

Lamont plunges heedlessly on, leaping from one side of the chimney to the other, his eyes glittering with excitement.

72.

EXT. BOTTOM OF CLIFF

DAY

72.

Lamont reaches the bottom safely and runs off across the more gently sloping rocks, moving in the direction he had indicated from the top.

73. EXT. TOP OF A DEEP RAVINE

DAY

73.

Lamont, with the young monk and the other monks now closing behind him, slides down the slope to the edge of the ravine. He stops himself by catching an outcropping rock just in time.

Lamont peers down. There, in a deep cleft, preserved in the dry sand, is a fragmented skeleton and shreds of a monk's robe. Lamont stares at this first tangible and irrefutable proof of the reality of his trance experiences.

The Abbot has now reached Lamont and sees the skeleton. He stares at Lamont, trying to understand the exultation that fills his face.

MONK

How did you know the body
was here?!

LAMONT

(too thrilled
to be prudent)

He was killed by Pazuzu, a
very powerful demon.

A crowd of monks and shepherds, who have followed them, excitedly pick up on the name "Pazuzu."

LAMONT

(a note of pride
creeping into his
voice)

I flew with Pazuzu, in a trance.

The young monk stops translating and stares at Lamont in horrified disbelief.

LAMONT

It's difficult to explain.
I was under hypnosis...

The crowd is backing away from him as the monk translates in brief, excited bursts. The Abbot glares at Lamont, makes a loud statement, turns abruptly, and walks away, the young monk following him.

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74. EXT. BASE OF CLIFF

DAY

74.

Lamont starts down the hill after the Abbot.

LAMONT

Father! Listen to me!

The young monk keeps between Lamont and the Abbot, holding up the cross he wears around the neck.

MONK

(angrily)

He will not speak to a devil-worshipper!

Furious at this, Lamont pushes the monk out of the way, and catches up with the Abbot!

LAMONT

I am not a devil-worshipper!

The Abbot whirls around and raises his staff, to ward off the Devil himself, and shouts a fearful invocation at Lamont.

Lamont falters, slips and goes skidding down the slope. His Deux-Cheveaux Jeep is some two hundred yards below. He scrambles to his feet climbing back toward the monks. The crowd of shepherds cut him off. They have become ominously threatening. One of them picks up a rock and hurls it. It strikes Lamont on the temple and momentarily stuns him. His knees buckle.

He drops down -- ironically -- into a posture of prayer, his head sunk forward. The crowd watches him uncertainly, falling still and silent.

75.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM MANHATTAN

NIGHT

75.

The school revue is in progress. Regan with five other classmates, all in top hat and tails, is in the midst of a tap dance routine. The school band gives an enthusiastic rendition of an old Swing Time tune. Behind them is a painted backdrop of Broadway, complete with flashing lights.

Regan is enjoying herself, the audience responding well. Suddenly her smile clouds over as though she felt a stab of pain.

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63.

76. EXT. BASE OF CLIFF

DAY

76.

Lamont is staggering down the rough slope towards his Deux-Cheveaux. He is still groggy. The crowd is in pursuit and a hail of stones splatters about him, the odd one thudding into his body.

77. INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

NIGHT

77.

In the midst of the routine, Regan suddenly has a kind of spasm, as though she too were being struck by stones, feeling Lamont's pain. Another spasm racks her, more severe. Her top hat and cane fly away. She stumbles at the foot of the stage and then plummets into the first row of the audience.

78. EXT. ETHIOPIA BASE OF CLIFF

DAY

78.

Lamont climbs into his vehicle. The windshield shatters and more stones hammer at the body work. The motor starts up, and he jerks away as the angry shepherds start to rock the car violently, impeding his escape, the wheels whirling, throwing up dirt.

79. INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

NIGHT

79.

Regan is sprawled amidst the audience of parents, arms and legs thrashing with convulsions. Sharon pushes through to her aid, appalled. With the help of a few of the fathers, Regan is immobilized.

80. INT/EXT. DEUX-CHEVEAUX

DAY

80.

Through the cracked windshield, Lamont is shaken about like a rag doll, as he drives. Rivulets of blood from the stone cuts, sweat and dirt have transformed his face into a desperate mask.

LAMONT

(in a shattered,
trembling monotone)

I have not fallen into worship.
I have not fallen into worship.

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81. EXT. ETHIOPIAN DESERT

DAY

81.

The Deux-Cheveaux is a tiny dot crawling across the burning desert with its backdrop of rock spires in which are cut astonishing cave churches and shrines. The jeep trails a plume of dust which the wind whips into spirals.

82. INT. BACKSTAGE/GYMNASIUM

NIGHT

82.

In the midst of a still-life of discarded costumes and musical instruments, Regan is sitting quietly. Sharon is holding her hand. Regan looks a little pale and exhausted, but quite serene. Tuskin has just arrived and is preparing a shot. She is ashen, shaken.

REGAN

Don't drug me, don't put me
under, Gene, I'm okay now.

TUSKIN

It'll make you sleep...

REGAN

It'll stop me dreaming...

TUSKIN

Maybe that's good for a while.

She pushes the needle into her arm. Regan makes no attempt to resist.

REGAN

...But he needs me...I must
find him...

Sharon casts a concerned look at Tuskin. Tuskin strokes Regan's forehead.

TUSKIN

You'll be fine...

REGAN

(beginning to lose
consciousness)

You are trying to kill...my...
my...soul...

Tuskin turns away to avoid Sharon's eyes, filled with conflict. She stabs the plastic syringe against the concrete wall and crumples it in her hands, expressing her self anger and impotence.

7/26/76

65.

83. EXT. MISSION CENTER ETHIOPIA

DAY

83.

Lamont sits at a table under a wide veranda which offers dark shade from the remorseless African sun. Beyond, next to a narrow landing strip, the Deux-Cheveaux can be seen parked with other mission vehicles. The mission has a school and an infirmary. A nun leads a chain of blind Africans, each holding the robe of the one before him.

Lamont has maps spread on the table before him. Two nuns sit with him, politely trying to help him, another stands behind him.

On the landing strip, a beat-up old Cessna taxis to a halt, and a man climbs out. He pulls a large object out of the plane and hoists it onto his back.

Lamont is trying to make himself understood in French, which he obviously knows poorly.

LAMONT

Les mures, toutes rouges...
Rouges. Une ville tres vielle...

The nuns shake their heads and twitter together in French.

Several nuns have gone out to greet the pilot. As he gets closer it can be seen that he is lugging a large wooden crucifix with a modern carving of Christ nailed to it. The nuns gather about it, touching it, squealing their admiration. The pilot, a red-faced American, laughs.

The nun who was behind Lamont speaks a word to the pilot and he looks over at Lamont. He relinquishes the cross to the nuns, who carry it away happily, then approaches the veranda.

EDWARDS

A mud city, with red walls?
Sounds like Jepti.

LAMONT

You know it?

EDWARDS

I know every holy place in
Africa. Religion is my business.

He slumps down into a vacant seat, fanning himself, sweating heavily.

(CONTINUED)

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83. (Cont.)

83.

EDWARDS

Plastic saints, Icons, Bud-
 dhas, Voodoo gris-gris --
 Edwards my name, Ecumenical
 Edwards, they call me.

LAMONT

(offers his
 hand)

Phil Lamont. Archeologist.

Lamont, in his bush jacket, offers no clue that he is a
 priest. Edwards looks him over shrewdly as they shake.

EDWARDS

Nice to know you, Father.

Lamont is stung for a moment, then answers the man's grin.

84. INT/EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT/AFRICAN LANDSCAPES DAY 84.

Lamont sits next to Edwards. Behind him, the back seats
 have been removed and the space filled with samples of
 religious art of all denominations. They are flying
 dangerously low. They have to shout to be heard above
 the roar of the motor.

LAMONT

How did you get into this kind
 of work?

EDWARDS

(shrugs)

Ex-priest. Ex-pilot. Still
 trying to fly. Still trying
 to believe.

Lamont is examining a statuette of the Virgin Mary.

LAMONT

And selling these, how does
 that help?

Edwards grabs the statuette and starts to jab it into
 Lamont's ribs, with sudden inexplicable passion.

(CONTINUED)

7/26/76.

84. (Cont.)

84.

EDWARDS

I'll tell you. I've pushed these plaster Madonnas into the very heart of darkest Africa. And one day in exchange for one of these, I'm going to steal me an African soul to put into this empty pit...

He thuds his chest, and suddenly tosses the Madonna out of the window. Lamont is riveted.

LAMONT

You're as desperate as I am.

EDWARDS

Desperation is the only way. Spit in God's eye, make Him send a sign.

LAMONT

If it's any help, you are flying a heretic.

EDWARDS

A heretic! It helps.

He puts the plane into a tight roll, flattening out at the very last moment. Lamont shares Edwards' brinkmanship.

85. INT/EXT. CESSNA/CULTIVATED LAND

SUNSET

85.

Two light aircraft are crossing their path, a fine liquid spray coming from their wing tips.

LAMONT

What now?!

EDWARDS

Locusts. Spraying against locusts. This is the traditional route of the plague.

(he sneers)

...They think they can stop them with D.D.T.

The incandescent curtain of sprayed insecticide catches the light of the late afternoon sun, making rainbows.

(CONTINUED)

7/26/76.

85. (Cont.)

85.

LAMONT
I've flown this route before!

EDWARDS
When was that?

LAMONT
On the wings of a demon.

Edwards laughs uproariously.

EDWARDS
And why not! I believe you.
Why not.

86-
THRU
88.

OMITTED.

86-
THRU
88.

89. EXT. ISLAMIC TOWN (JEPTI)

DAY

89.

The city is very mysterious. The uniformity of color and materials, and the way everything is connected to everything else, gives it an enigmatic, monolithic quality.

Lamont weaves through the narrow streets, caught in the labyrinth of the city, searching.

Suddenly he bursts into the square where he saw the man with the leopard. The square is oddly deserted. He comes upon a policeman dozing in the doorway.

LAMONT
Excuse me.

The policeman looks up from his stupor.

(CONTINUED)

89. (Cont.)

89.

LAMONT
(articulating)
Connez vous un homme qui s'appelle
Kokumo?

POLICEMAN
Kokumo?...

LAMONT
Oui. Ko-ku-mo.

POLICEMAN
Non...non...

The policeman shakes his head. Lamont is baffled, thanks him and moves on.

89A. INT. CHILD PSYCHIATRY RESEARCH UNIT
INTENSIVE CARE CELL

DAY

89A.

Regan is in bed, in a deep drug-induced sleep in one of the glass-walled observation cells. A drip bottle feeds into her arm.

90. EXT. OLD CITY OF JEPTI

LATE AFTERNOON

90.

Gusting wind sends eddies of dust swirling through the streets. The natives cover their faces with their robes. Lamont questions them. They shake their heads, anxious to be on their way.

Lamont, his eyes stinging from the dust, watches these shrouded, faceless specters hurrying to their homes.

90A. INTENSIVE CARE CELL

DAY

90A.

Tuskin looks down upon Regan grimly, taking her pulse, while Liz changes the drip bottle.

As they exit, Liz turns off the overhead light. The cell darkens, and the glass walls suddenly reveal the background -- similar cells with other children sleeping, and beyond a corridor, the therapy rooms of the Research Unit, the children shouting and playing soundlessly.

7/26/76

70.

91. EXT. OLD CITY OF JEPTI

NIGHT

91

The wind has dropped. The maze of streets is dimly lit by resin torches. Lamont sees a crowd of people ahead, grouped around a door, filing in. He hurries over and glimpses a man in their midst. He seems important. Lamont catches a fleeting view of him. It could be Kokumo.

Lamont pushes through the crowd. People turn and smile at him but block his way.

LAMONT

Kokumo, do you know him?...
Comprendre?... K-o-k-u-m-o.

They look at each other, shrugging perplexed.

Kokumo!

One man suddenly understands, he nods and grins, encouragingly. He talks rapidly in Swahili to the others. They all smile, and nod.

They lead Lamont a little way down the street and stop at a gap in the wall which leads into a house. One of them runs inside...Lamont waits expectantly.

The man re-emerges presenting a lovely young black girl with shiny jet black skin and naked ebony breasts. She grins at Lamont who recoils, shaking his head.

92. INT. INTENSIVE CARE CELL

DAY

92.

Regan's eyes open and struggle to focus. Her left hand crawls across the sheet towards the intravenous feeder. Feeble, but with immense determination, she pulls the needle out of her arm.

93.
THRU
95.

OMITTED.

93.
THRU
95.

95A. JEPTI, THE DYE VATS

SUNRISE

95A.

As the sun tops the horizon, a red glow washes over the ancient city. Exhausted, Lamont wanders aimlessly. He threads his way around the dye vats, alive with colors. The horizontal rays of the sun seem to aim at his eyes, flashing. The sunlight is intermittently interrupted by the multi-colored lengths of cloth that hang from above.

95A. (Cont.)

95A

Lamont addresses himself, and his God, in a dry whisper.

LAMONT

Almighty God, help me, I must
find Kokumo... I have resisted,
I have not called Pazuzu.

The effect of the flashing sunlight on him is like that
of the hypnotic strobe. His eyes glaze over.

96.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE JEPTI ALLEY/HOSPITAL CELL

96.

Regan is asleep in the hospital bed. Her eyes open and
she looks out sightlessly.

REGAN

Call me.

Lamont staggers on, light and darkness playing on his face.

LAMONT

(softly)

Regan...

REGAN

Call me by my dream name.

LAMONT

I must go forward, I must not
fail...

REGAN

(insistently)

Call me!

LAMONT

Pazuzu!! Prince of the Evil Powers
of the Air! Take me to Kokumo.

Regan stirs in her sleep.

REGAN

Kokumo.... Kokumo...

Regan's voice carries over as Lamont stares into the
pulsing light. He is in open-eyed trance.

97.

OMIT.

97.

98. INT. DOGON SHRINE

DAWN

He is walking down the long, tunnel-like alley, toward a lighted room at the far end. He finds his way blocked by a dark pool of water, set wall-to-wall in the mud floor. Lamont stops, staring. The dark water is studded with needle-pointed nails -- the only way across. On the other side of the pool, the middle-aged Black that Lamont had seen in the trance is sitting on a very low throne, dressed in the regalia of a Dogon Sorcerer. His face is painted to resemble a flying insect, and two antennae protrude from his elaborate head dress.

LAMONT

(loudly)

I call upon you in the name of
Father Lankester Merrin!

KOKUMO

How did you find me?

LAMONT

I saw you in the mind of a girl
who was possessed by Pazuzu.

Kokumo has opened his divining bag and casts in front of the low throne; bones, palm nuts and animal teeth. He stares at the pattern of the casting, seeking its meaning.

KOKUMO

She is still in danger of
dreams.

LAMONT

(enthusiastic)

How can I help her?

KOKUMO

(looking up from
the casting)

Which girl would you help? The
one possessed by Pazuzu; or the
one held by Father Merrin?

Lamont is momentarily wordless, stung by implied accusation.

Pazuzu has brushed you with his
wings. You called on Pazuzu to
reach me. You have lost faith in
God. You do not believe.

98. (Cont.)

98.

LAMONT

I believe, I do... I will do
anything to help Regan, anything!

KOKUMO

Then prove your faith! Cross
over!

Lamont looks down upon the path of nails, terrified.

LAMONT

Mine is the faith in Jesus Christ Reborn!

KOKUMO

Prove it. Cross over. Step out
of your despair....If Pazuzu comes
for you, I will spit a leopard.

A spotted plum is suddenly ejected from his mouth. It
arcs over and impales itself, sickeningly, on the nails.

Lamont steps up to the very edge of the plank, but hesitates.
Kokumo emits a shrill cicada sound that pierces Lamont's
very being.

Trembling with terror he moves onto the nails. He makes
a sudden dash across, but is impaled at the second step.

Screaming, he falls forward, with nightmarish slowness,
facedown on the needle-sharp nails. On impact he finds
himself lying facedown on a black stone floor.

99.

EXT. LOCUST CONTROL CENTER, JEPTI

DAY

99.

He is in the entrance hall of a modern African building.
The same voice is heard, but with conversational intonation.

MAN

Can I help you?

Lamont looks up into the same face, but this man's hair
is conventionally groomed. He wears a shirt, tie, and
white laboratory coat.

LAMONT

(bewildered)

I failed...I fell...

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74.

99. (Cont.)

9

MAN
(a certain sadness
enters his eyes)
The heat, perhaps? Come inside.
It's air conditioned.

He helps Lamont up. A couple of black men, lounging in front of the building, watch with idle curiosity.

LAMONT
Who are you?

MAN
My name is Kokumo.

Lamont stares at him. He is the same man. Lamont starts to tremble.

100. INT. LOCUST CONTROL LABORATORY

DAY

100.

He becomes very passive and allows himself to be led inside the building.

LAMONT
(weakly)
Did you ever know a Father
Lankester Merrin?

KOKUMO
Yes, when I was young, in
Ethiopia. Wonderful man.

LAMONT
He died while exorcising the
demon, Pazuzu, from a young girl.
Were you --

KOKUMO
-- possessed by Pazuzu?
(he smiles)
That's what my mother used to
tell me.

Kokumo laughs, hugely amused. He puts an arm across Lamont's shoulders leading him forward, revealing the laboratory with large glass cases, crawling with millions of locusts.

LAMONT
Locusts!?

100. (Cont.)

100

KOKUMO

Yes, let me show you. This is one of the main control stations in Equatorial Africa.

There is a low seductive whirring. It is the sound of the swarm. Kokumo guides him through the lab, past the various cases of locusts.

KOKUMO

The key factor is the brushing of the wings.

Lamont is jolted by his words and utterly fascinated.

When it is dry, the grasshoppers go their own ways, happy-go-lucky individuals. But if a heavy rain hatches them out in large numbers, why then, they crowd together so that their wings brush against each other.

He shows Lamont green grasshoppers positioned different distances from each other, brushing each other with their wings.

The agitation transforms them... Here you see the grasshopper, green, here is a locust, red, black and gold. But more importantly, the brushing of the wings also changes their personalities. They become a destructive, voracious, marauding swarm, with a single mind...

He smiles enigmatically at Lamont.

KOKUMO

A Locust Mind, if you will...

The sound of the swarm is becoming nightmarishly loud.

...and the evil swarm sweeps relentlessly over the Earth... possessing all it touches.

Lamont is intoxicated by the sound, but Kokumo holds him in a gentle grip.

...evil breeding evil by contact!

100. (Cont. 1)

100.

He looks dazedly to Kokumo, the words cutting into his soul.

LAMONT

Is there no hope once the wings
have brushed you?

Kokumo moves Lamont away from this central point of the Lab where glass cases of locusts press in all around, claustrophobically.

KOKUMO

Well, we try. With the help of
Science. Look at this young
female --

They come to a glass case containing a single grasshopper.

-- she has been evolved to resist
the brushing of the wings. At
least that is our hope. We like to
call her "the good locust."

He laughs happily and moves Lamont on to another assembly of cages containing an angry agitated locust swarm.

KOKUMO

Her children will be our agents
in the swarm, calming the others,
breaking the chain reaction...
remaining forever happy-go-lucky
grasshoppers. Let us pray it succeeds.

Lamont turns from Kokumo's open, smiling face, to watch the frenzied swarm, with a new understanding illuminating his face.

101. INT. CELL CHILD PSYCHIATRY RESEARCH UNIT DAY

101.

Regan rises from her drug stupor, the sheets gliding from her. She gets shakily to her feet and starts to put on her street clothes with heavy limbs. Her eyes sweep the mute activities of the afflicted children in the observation cells around her. She seems to draw strength from them to go on.

102. EXT. J.F.K. AIRPORT

DAY

102.

An airplane is about to land: like an insect hovering, then alighting.

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77.

103.* INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY
(PT.) CHILD PSYCHIATRY RESEARCH UNIT

DAY 101

Regan, walking rather unsteadily, and carrying a shopping bag, makes her way past the receptionist toward the exit. She puts on the best face she can.

RECEPTIONIST

(looking up)

Hey, Regan...Where do you think you're going?

REGAN

(bluffing)

Hi. It's okay.

She quickens her step and pushes through the glass doors as the receptionist, rather concerned, picks up the phone.

104. EXT. THE HOSPITAL

DAY

104.

Regan comes out and flinches as Manhattan rears up before her. The bright light hits like a blast. She shields her eyes, faltering.

105. INT. ENTRANCE HALL MACNEIL APARTMENT

DAY

105.

Sharon comes from the shower in a robe, the wet hair clinging to her face, to answer the phone.

SHARON

...When?...

(alarmed)

...Does Doctor Tuskin know?...

(outraged)

...Well, where is the doctor?!

The door bell rings.

Hang on, that could be Regan.

She drops the phone and runs to the door.

She pulls the door open. It's not Regan, but Lamont.

SHARON

You!?

She is astonished. So is he, confronted by a disheveled, wet, half naked woman.

105. (Cont.)

101

SHARON

It's all your fault. Regan is very sick. You stirred it all up. Now she's run out on the hospital. God knows where she is...

Lamont takes this in anxiously, but attempts to explain himself. He is rather calm, humble.

LAMONT

I have to see her.

SHARON

You have some nerve! Even the Jesuits were here looking for you.

LAMONT

Please, I can help...only I can help her...I know --

SHARON

(hysterical anger)

Leave us alone. We don't want to hear about demons, or God, or anything. Just get out of here.

She shoves him from the threshold, her robe flying loose and she slams the door in his face.

106. OMITTED.

106.

107. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MACNEIL APARTMENT DAY

107.

Regan pushes her way to the curbside and waits for a gap in the raging traffic.

She gasps as she spots Lamont. He is striding out of the lobby, the doorman shouting abuse after him. She steps blindly into the traffic. Horns blare. Tires screech. She steps back, calling out:

REGAN

Father...Father Lamont.

Her voice doesn't seem to carry. Nonetheless she sees Lamont stopping as if to think what to do next. There is a gap in the traffic, and she's about to cross, when two young guys come up to her, one on each side. They press on her, their smiles lewd and threatening. One of them reaches out and touches her breast. Regan recoils, disgusted.

107. (Cont.)

107.

She realizes that Lamont is nowhere in sight. She rushes across the road, and around the corner in time to see him boarding a bus. She runs, but the bus pulls away.

She stops, her face quite calm, except that tears roll down her face.

108. BATHROOM, TUSKIN'S APARTMENT

DAY

108.

Tuskin is bathing her two kids in a bubble bath; they are all laughing out of control, having a good time; and the phone is ringing in another room. That doesn't distract Tuskin. Very serious, she tries to blow a huge bubble. The kids watch wide-eyed as the bubble gets larger and larger. At the end of her breath Tuskin bursts out laughing, the bubble dissipates. The phone doesn't stop.

TUSKIN

(yelling out)

Call back tomorrow!!

And she begins to blow another bubble, a magnificent bubble. The kids are delighted. The phone finally stops. The bubble shimmers magically.

109. INT. AFRICAN HALL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY DAY

109.

Regan searches the darkened hall. The stuffed animals stare back blankly from the dioramas. She is out of breath and seems desperate. Having combed the room she rests against one of the lighted panels, deeply distressed, the plastic shopping bag dangles from her hand.

Lamont is suddenly there beside her. She sees him. Her mouth quivers, there is a moment of awkward silence.

LAMONT

They put you in the hospital?
Gene doesn't understand...

REGAN

She will... Did you find the man
with the leopard?

LAMONT

I did.

REGAN

Did he tell you how to fight
Pazuzu?

109. (Cont.)

109.

LAMONT

He told me... Good and Evil struggle
within you. We must fight...

They look at each other intently, as still as the figures
of the dioramas. Then she holds out the shopping bag
towards him.

REGAN

Here. I brought it with me.

110. INT. HALLWAY, TUSKIN'S APARTMENT

DAY

110.

Sharon faces Tuskin, with an air of resigned fatality.
The two kids, in terry cloth robes, are watching her
with silent hostility.

SHARON

It's up to you, she's your
responsibility. If it were me,
I would call the police.

Tuskin wrestles with the problem.

TUSKIN

No...

She turns to the kids.

TUSKIN

I have to leave you off with
Mrs. Billings.

LITTLE GIRL

Not again...that's not fair...
Mom, you promised...

SHARON

What are you going to do?

TUSKIN

I am going to find her myself...
Both of them.

111. INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL NEAR TIMES SQUARE AFTERNOON

111.

Regan and Lamont walk down a dark, dirty hotel corridor.
At the end of the passage a bored black hooker is
hustling a drunken white into a room. Lamont turns the
key in a door and they enter.

112. INT. HOTEL ROOM

AFTERNOON

112

Lamont bolts the door and puts the bag with the synchronizer on the coffee table. His few possessions, a chalice among them, are strewn around. Regan takes out the synchronizer and as she looks for an electrical outlet, she becomes aware of Lamont's doubts and tries to allay them.

REGAN

(shyly proud)

You remember Sandra?...She's still talking.

LAMONT

You have a great gift...

Lamont looks at her and the waiting synchronizer. He turns away, to the window, to conceal his fearfulness.

REGAN

Don't be afraid.

LAMONT

Pazuzu will brush me with his wings

The shrill cry of the cicada suddenly fills the room. Lamont whips around. The strobe is flashing and Regan is in trance. The cicada sound is coming from her throat.

He goes over to her, horrified. He stands above her, holding the alpha-band, knowing he is approaching the point of no return. Slowly, painfully, almost involuntarily, he raises it to his head and puts it on. He crosses himself and prays.

LAMONT

Please God, when the wings brush me, do not forsake me again...

He sits down opposite her and switches on the strobe.

Regan, I'm ready, bring me down.

His beep is high, erratic, in contrast to Regan's which is deep and slow.

112. (Cont.)

112.

REGAN

Come down... Come down...
He's with me.

Lamont's beeps reach Regan's and lock in.

113.* SYNC SEQUENCE REGAN'S BEDROOM GEORGETOWN

113.*

The bedroom materializes at the moment when Father Lankester Merrin slumps to the floor. The Regan/Demon is totally exhausted from the struggle with Merrin and lies sideways on the bed, looking down at the vanquished priest. Merrin hangs onto the last threads of life. His breathing is erratic. But his eye holds the demon's.

REGAN/PAZUZU

You are dying, Merrin. Your
little children -- the holy ones --
no one to help them now. I will
take them one by one.

With immense effort, Merrin struggles to his feet as the room falls away and becomes the nave of the Coptic Church.

You thought you could defeat me.
Pride, Merrin! The pride and the
hubris of a heretic.

114.* INT. COPTIC ROCK CHURCH
(part)

DAY

114.*

Merrin stands alone as a terrible wind pounds and roars at its walls. Through the cross-shaped unglazed windows plumes of dust from the sand storm curl in, whirling into eddies around Merrin. He enveighs against the overwhelming forces.

MERRIN

You Satan! You, enemy of the human
race! Others will come after me.
They too will challenge your powers...

Wind-devils lash at his face. As he leans into the wind his body and face are covered with a fine white dust.

You, perverter of justice. They
will see your deceptions...

114.* (Cont.)
(part)

114.*

The sand blasts the ancient frescoes, the saintly faces disintegrate. The dust has covered his face and body. His eyes are closed, he looks as though he is turning into stone, like the statues about him. Merrin's lips barely move.

You liar! You murderer of truth!
They will tear all your foulness
from the body of Christ! Jesus
Christ Reborn, He is the world!

He raises his whitened hand to his face.

MERRIN
Satan, you will fail. All men
will be joined in God.

As the hand wipes away the dust, the face that is revealed is Lamont's.

Pazuzu laughs a huge laugh of derision as the sand cuts savagely at Lamont's face. Arms flailing, terribly afraid, Lamont struggles to ward off the overwhelming force.

PAZUZU VOICE
Are you holier than Merrin?

The wind is eroding the very substance of the church, eating into the rock. The ceiling and pillars crack and crumble, large fragments crash to the floor around Lamont. The painted faces of saints break away and fall to their destruction.

PAZUZU VOICE
Fear not, Father Philip Lamont,
you belong to me, and the Devil
takes care of his own.

LAMONT
Spare me!... Spare me...!

The wind dramatically subsides.

115. INT. HOTEL ROOM

LATE AFTERNOON

115.

Regan is out of her trance. She takes off the headband.

REGAN
(anxiously)
Father?...Father?

115. (Cont.)

115.

Lamont's eyes open slowly. He is still in trance. He rises without removing his head-band. It pulls off as he moves to the door.

REGAN

Father!

She hurries after him. He is so unaware of her presence, he almost knocks her down as he goes to the door and rips it open.

116. EXT. TIMES SQUARE

LATE AFTERNOON

116.

Lamont comes out of the hotel and strides purposefully into the crowd. Regan follows, trying to catch up, but the human frenzy seems to conspire to separate them.

117.* INT. CHILD PSYCHIATRY RESEARCH UNIT

LATE AFTERNOON

117.

Tuskin hurries toward the lab. Sharon trails, catches up.

SHARON

(out of breath)

Why would they come here, of all places?

TUSKIN

The synchronizer.

Liz rises from her desk, perplexed.

118.* INT. THE LABORATORY

LATE AFTERNOON

118.

Tuskin bursts in. She turns to Sharon.

TUSKIN

It's gone... She's way ahead of us!

119.
THRU
121.

OMITTED.

119.
THRU
121.

122. EXT./INT. PENN CENTRAL ESCALATOR LATE AFTERNOON 122.

Commuters funnel toward the moving stairway that leads from the street into the main concourse. Lamont is among them. Regan weaves through the crowd, and pushes onto the step in front of Lamont and turns to face him. She engages his eyes, concentrating, desperately trying to penetrate his trance state.

REGAN
(softly)
Father, see me...

After a moment, Lamont's eyes focus up. His lips move, trying to form words.

LAMONT
...Go back to Gene...

She tries to hold him but he slips back into trance. Coming off the escalator he joins the line of commuters filing toward an Amtrak gate. Lamont shuffles forward inexorably. Regan is confused. She decides to chance it and rushes to a phone booth.

123.* INT. THE LABORATORY LATE AFTERNOON 123.

A group of speech handicapped children are groping their way through a song, a speech therapist conducting them. Tuskin watches them pensively through the glass wall from her lab.

LIZ'S VOICE
(on the intercom)
Doctor, it's her.

Tuskin whips around and grabs the phone.

124.* INTERCUT EXCHANGES 124.
(PART)

REGAN
Gene...I took the synchronizer.
I'm sorry. I had to. I was so
ill. I needed it...I left it
at the Eldorado. Room 27.

TUSKIN
Regan, is he with you?

REGAN
Yes... I have to go.

7/26/76

86.

124.* (Cont.)
(PART)

124.*

TUSKIN
(shouting)
Where are you?

REGAN
I have to go with him. It's all
my fault. He's doing it for me.

TUSKIN
Please, Regan, where are you?

Regan doesn't answer. She has seen Lamont disappear
through the gate. She hangs up and rushes after him.

Tuskin is left hanging with the echoing sounds of the
station.

125. INT. AMTRAK PLATFORM

EVENING

125.

As she goes down the steps, the train starts to move.
Regan runs alongside it, grabs a door, fumbles it open.
She hauls herself up, landing on her knees.

126.*
(PART) INT. OUTER OFFICE

EVENING

126.*

Sharon has been listening in on Regan's call.

SHARON
Of course! They're going to
Washington...

TUSKIN
We must stop them.

SHARON
(softly)
I'd better go with you...

Tuskin is checking how much cash she has in her purse;
she looks up to observe Sharon.

127. INT. TRAIN

EVENING

127.

Passengers are still stowing baggage. The train is full.
Regan edges along, searching for Lamont, steadying herself
as the train lurches out of the station.

128. OMITTED.

128.

129. INT. TRAIN

EVENING

129.

Regan finally spots Lamont. He is staring rigidly out of the window, as the outside flashes past.

A big, hard-nosed conductor is approaching from the other side, collecting tickets. He is about to reach Lamont. She slips into the next seat and tugs at Lamont's arm. There is no response, but she sees his wallet in his inside coat pocket. She slips her hand in and removes it.

The conductor grabs her wrist, catching her in the act.

REGAN

(improvising)

I'm with him. He's sick. They gave him an injection.

The conductor leans over to Lamont and shakes his shoulder.

Lamont turns his head slowly. There is a strange leering smile on his lips.

LAMONT

It's all right. She belongs to me.

The conductor is chilled. Regan takes money from the wallet and hands it to him. Lamont turns back to the window. Regan's hand trembles as she takes the tickets.

130. EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY/
LA GUARDIA AIRPORT

NIGHT

130.

Tuskin is at the wheel of her car. Sharon sits beside her. They have almost made it to the airport when the traffic grinds to a halt. Horns blare. Frustrated commuters are trapped in modular isolation. The car in front of Tuskin pulls away to the left revealing the cause of the obstruction -- a two-car collision blocking the inside lane at an entrance ramp.

Steam hisses from a radiator. A man staggers erratically, clutching his bloody face. He lunges at Tuskin's windshield, smearing it with hand-prints of blood.

MAN

Doctor, I need a doctor...

Tuskin is torn.

SHARON

Drive on, somebody must have called an ambulance.

130. (Cont.)

130.

The airport is tantalizingly close. With a set face she starts to pull away, then changes her mind. She gets out, resigned, and begins to attend to the man's face. Sharon shrugs, and turns away irritably.

SHARON

(sardonic)

Regan can wait, I guess.

The man stares into Tuskin's eyes with a strange demented expression.

131. EXT. DELAWARE COUNTRYSIDE

NIGHT

131.

The lighted train cuts through the night.

Pazuzu hovers over it. It suddenly spirals down with astonishing speed, and zooms up close to the window where Regan and Lamont are seated.

Lamont turns slowly to face into it.

132. INT. TRAIN/INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

NIGHT

132.

Lamont's face, looking up at Pazuzu, is reflected in the window, the darkness outside making it an almost perfect mirror.

They are passing an industrial complex and its lights flash by rhythmically, resembling the hypnotic strobe.

LAMONT

(tonelessly)

The power is getting nearer.
Can't you feel the power getting nearer?

(ecstatically)

The power...the power is immense!
It fills me!! I can do anything!

His face clouds suddenly, he turns on her, accusing:

You called Gene, didn't you?

He looks back at the sky. His gaze is powered with hate.

Regan is frightened.

133. INT. 727 IN FLIGHT NIGHT 133.

Tuskin and Sharon are among the passengers. Suddenly the airplane starts to shudder. Objects fly. The passengers who are not strapped in are thrown from their seats. Tuskin is the only one not taken by surprise!

133A. SKY NIGHT 133A.

Lightening crackles across clouds churning under conflicting currents. Deep within, a mote, is the 727.

133B. INT. TRAIN NIGHT 133B.

Regan draws right up to Lamont and takes his hand in hers, to sooth him, to calm him.

REGAN

Father, don't be lost to me.

Lamont's expression softens.

133C. SKY NIGHT 133C.

And the sky's violence slackens around the airplane.

133D. INT. 727 NIGHT 133D.

The flight is much smoother now. Tuskin's expression reveals her growing conviction that she's caught in a supernatural web. Sharon is strangely aloof, and when Tuskin turns to her she seems to enjoy the psychiatrist's uncertainty.

SHARON

Why are you looking at me
like that?

133E. INT. TRAIN NIGHT 133E.

Regan's arm is around his shoulder, and she rests her head on his chest. She wants to draw him into the protection of her embrace. Words issue from him laconically.

LAMONT

...the power...I must take you
there...

133E. (Cont.)

133E.

REGAN
(an anxious whisper)
Did Kokumo tell you that?

LAMONT
He said... the good locust...

His words have a sinister ambiguity.

134. EXT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT

NIGHT

134.

The exiting passengers fight for the few taxis available.
Tuskin and Sharon are among them.

TUSKIN
Well, we're ahead of the train.

They think they've got a taxi when they are thrust aside
by two crude, evil-looking businessmen. Tuskin is so
stunned, that a whole new throng of people shoves ahead of
them. Sharon shakes her head, disgusted.

SHARON
People...

But there is a strange gaze in her eyes.

135. EXT. UNION STATION/BUS TERMINAL - WASH. D.C. NIGHT

135.

The Pazuzu POV drifts down as Lamont and Regan come out
of the station and climb onto the Georgetown bus. He
holds her by the arm, in a tight grip. This time Regan
has the money ready and pays. The POV peers in at them.
The driver sits eating a donut, the engine idling.

135A. EXT./INT. TAXI AT WASHINGTON AIRPORT

NIGHT

135A

Tuskin and Sharon finally scramble aboard a taxi.

TUSKIN
(to Sharon)
Give him the address.

Sharon cannot remember. She gives a panicky laugh.

TUSKIN
Sharon! Pull yourself together.

135A. (Cont.)

SHARON

135A.

Georgetown. Eight Prospect street.

The driver is a slightly odd-looking man to whom the address seems to have some significance.

DRIVER

(apprehensively)

Eight Prospect street...

Tuskin, now questioning everything, peers intently at the driver, as the cab lurches off.

136. INT. BUS

NIGHT

136.

The bus is still stationary, the motor idles, the driver is taking his time finishing the donut. Lamont is seated, a coiled spring. He stares at the driver, enraged by the delay. Suddenly he erupts.

LAMONT

Get going. The girl has to get home.

Heads swivel. The driver looks back, hostile, throws the motor into gear and sets off with a jolt. Regan is numb with fear.

137. INT. TAXI/WASHINGTON AIRPORT

NIGHT

137.

The taxi is not moving. It is blocked behind an official car. Secret Service men usher an Arab ambassador in a businessman's suit into the awaiting limousine.

138. EXT. THE GEORGETOWN STEPS

NIGHT

138

Pazuzu glides with dizzying speed down the steps at Lamont and Regan as they get off the bus. Lamont lets go of Regan's arm. She watches as he stands in the darkness at the bottom of the steps, sensing the direction.

He takes off, rushing up the steps three at a time. Regan is stranded, she hesitates, she calls out.

REGAN

No, Father.

He is disappearing up the steps. She could escape, run from that dreadful place. Instead she follows him up.

139. EXT./INT. TAXI NIGHT 139.
The taxi is speeding over the Arlington Bridge. The roads are wet and dangerous.
140. EXT. THE HOUSE ON PROSPECT STREET NIGHT 140.
Regan reaches the top of the steps, her chest heaving, to see Lamont vaulting over the iron gate. She starts toward the dark, deserted house.
141. EXT./INT. TAXI NIGHT 141.
The Lincoln Memorial floats past, a wraith in marble. Tuskin urges the driver on.
142. INT. THE HOUSE NIGHT 142.
The front door flies open, Lamont crashes into the house. Light streaming in from the streetlamp is the only illumination. He crosses to the stairs and starts up, a look of assured pride on his face.
143. EXT./INT. TAXI NIGHT 143.
The taxi turns off Riverside Drive onto a Georgetown street.
144. OMITTED. 144.
145. EXT. THE HOUSE NIGHT 145.
Regan climbs to the top of the gate when her dress gets caught on its spikes.
146. EXT. PROSPECT STREET GEORGETOWN INT. TAXI NIGHT 146.
A dark official limousine flying a flag on the hood passes the taxi at high speed. Road gravel flies up against the windshield. The glass shatters into a pattern of crazed cracks as if the veined, translucent wing of a giant locust had slammed against it.

- 146A. EXT. THE HOUSE NIGHT 146A
Regan is struggling to get free when she is raked by the headlights of the taxi which swerves toward her out of control. She falters, blinded.
147. INT. THE LANDING NIGHT 147.
Lamont approaches the door to Regan's room, grasps the knob and opens it.
A locust swarm explodes in his face.
He reels backward, the whirr of the swarm enveloping him.
PAZUZU
Her-r-r-re-tic!!!
148. INT. TAXI NIGHT 148.
The taxi driver tries desperately to punch out the crazed glass of the windshield. Brakes screeching, the vehicle skids wildly on the wet street. Sharon laughs hysterically.
149. EXT. THE HOUSE NIGHT 149.
The taxi hurtles toward the gate. Regan struggles to get loose.
150. INT. LANDING NIGHT 150.
Locusts spew out of the room. Lamont is slammed back by their force the length of the landing and into the wall.
151. INT. TAXI NIGHT 151.
The driver and Tuskin throw up their hands to protect themselves against the crash. Sharon doesn't. She just goes on laughing.
152. EXT. THE HOUSE NIGHT 152.
Regan leaps off the gate with a fantastic jump toward the house.

153. INT. LANDING NIGHT 153.

Eyes bulging, Lamont slides down to his knees with his back against the wall. The Locusts still come at him, pounding, howling.

LAMONT
(a feeble cry)
Regan, don't...

154. INT. HOUSE NIGHT 154.

Regan moves swiftly into the house, covering her ears against the whirr of the locusts.

155. EXT. HOUSE NIGHT 155.

The taxi smashes into the post, spins through the gate, overturning, and comes to a standstill outside the door.

156. INT. STAIRS AND LANDING NIGHT 156.

A deadly and terrifying silence. No sign of the locusts. No sign of Lamont. Slowly, Regan climbs the stairs to her bedroom.

She is almost upon Lamont before she sees him.

He is pressed back in the corner of the door recess, a frozen look of terror on his face. His skin is punctured in a hundred places.

Regan clutches Lamont and shakes him, but he remains rigid. She looks at him in dread.

REGAN
Please don't be lost to me...
Let me reach you...

There is no response from his face, but his hand begins to move. His finger points toward the open bedroom door. She turns toward it, a serene trustfulness animating her face. She rises.

157. EXT. HOUSE

NIGHT

157.

Unhurt, Sharon lifts herself out of the smouldering wreck that was the taxi. The driver is crushed to death. Tuskin struggles to get free from an ugly tangle of metal.

TUSKIN

Help me, Sharon...

Sharon looks down upon her. She doesn't move.

We must stop Regan. She's
not strong enough...

SHARON

For what?!

TUSKIN

(a difficult
admission)

Pazuzu...

SHARON

Pazuzu will win!

158. INT. LANDING

NIGHT

158.

Regan hesitates by the door to her room, finally stepping inside to--

159. INT. THE BEDROOM

NIGHT

159.

--to confront herself, not as the twelve year old child, but as she is now; in a horrifying state of demonic possession. The Demon greets Regan with a smile.

160. EXT. HOUSE

NIGHT

160.

Tuskin has managed to get loose. She turns away from the dead taxi driver and starts toward the house. Sharon is standing in the doorway, barring the entrance, a hideous grin of triumph on her face. Tuskin stops in horror.

At Sharon's feet, a pool of gasoline spreads from the wreck.

161. INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT

161.

Regan is transfixed by the embodiment of her own demonic self, grinning evilly back at her from the bed.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON
Bring her, Father!

The cicada shrill is heard. Regan spins around. Lamont crawls toward her, crab-like, blocking the door. She recoils, stumbling back into the room. Lamont reaches out, grabbing her by the shoulders. But he smiles benignly. She is reassured until his smile reveals -- not a mouth, but a void filled with crawling locusts, grawing him out from within.

Regan is aghast, despairing, as Lamont pushes her forward to the Demon. She grabs his arm.

REGAN
(pleading)
Father, Father Lamont. You
must help me! Remember
Father Merrin, remember
Kokumo...

Her words seem to touch him. For a moment Lamont comes around.

A spasm of malefic ecstasy racks the Demon's body. It transforms into a most alluring embodiment of Regan.

DEMON
No! He's mine! He has
chosen me. Pazuzu's Regan
is the only Regan.

The Demon slouches back, supine, an arrogant object of desire.

DEMON
Be joined with us, Father.

Lamont casts Regan aside. Horrified, she watches him go to meet the Demon's embrace.

REGAN
No! For Father Merrin's sake...

The Demon pulls him down to its breast. Smiling malevolently at Regan over Lamont's head, it whispers into his ear. Lamont rises in response, deep in trance. He strides up to Regan who stands there, stunned. He grabs her and slams her against the wall, brutally.

162. EXT. HOUSE

NIGHT

162.

Tuskin limps toward Sharon, determined to enter the house.

SHARON

Evil satisfies...

And Sharon kicks a burning fragment of the wreck into the gasoline. Flames burst forth, a curtain of fire blocking the entrance.

163. INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT

163.

With increasing fury Lamont slams Regan into the wall, again and again.

LAMONT

The wings! The wings are brushing me!

Each time Regan's body is wracked with pain, the Demon's body writhes with ever-increasing satanic pleasure. And--

164. EXT. HOUSE

NIGHT

164.

--Enveloped in flame, Sharon screams, ecstatic and dying.

Although repelled by the heat, Tuskin attempts to reach her.

165. INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT

165.

Lamont pulls Regan up from the floor to renew his onslaught. Only her eyes are alive, catching Lamont's, ravaged by evil.

LAMONT

The wings are brushing me!!
I must...

Compassion for Lamont flickers across her face. A gentle murmur issues from within her, echoing Kokumo's words.

REGAN

A happy-go-lucky grass-hopper, it has no wings.

The words cut into Lamont. He is tortured with doubt. He lets go of Regan, who slides to the floor. He turns

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

165.

and strides to the Demon. Its face contorts, as it sits up alarmed.

DEMON
Kill her! We command
you!

Lamont grasps the Demon by the neck, his hands tightening in a strangling grip.

The Demon transforms into its most satanic incarnation as it struggles like a wild cat to break Lamont's hold. It lets out a hideous scream.

DEMON
Paa...zuu...zuu...

165A. EXT. WASHINGTON VISTA NIGHT 165A.

The monuments, wraith-like henges of power, dot the night-scape. The Demon's call carries across the dark sky as throbs of light pulse in response to the summons.

Exploding pulses of light reveal a distant shape moving across Washington, a locust swarm.

165B. INT. BEDROOM NIGHT 165B.

At the edge of consciousness Regan witnesses the furious struggle between Lamont and the Demon. He clings to the Demon with his stranglehold grip attempting to crush its skull, against the walls, the floor, the bed. The Demon convulses unnaturally, to break loose.

165C. EXT. WASHINGTON SKY NIGHT 165C.

A crackling pulse of electrical fluorescence reveals the swarm approaching, much closer now.

166. EXT. PROSPECT STREET NIGHT 166.

Unable to reach Sharon through the flames, Tuskin rushes into the street calling for help.

TUSKIN
Help me, someone, please help.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

166.

But the street is eerily deserted, shuttered against her pleas. Out of the despairing silence comes the roar of the locust swarm. He head whips around toward the sky. She is gripped with fear.

166A. EXT. ABOVE THE HOUSE

NIGHT

166A.

A single locust leading the swarm swoops down toward the house past Tuskin and the car-wreck.

167. INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT

167.

The swarm rushes at the window, which implodes ripping, frame and masonry, as the locusts burst in. The walls shudder, a crack opens behind Regan. Lamont is locked in struggle, nonetheless he is aware, dreadfully aware.

LAMONT

(shouting)

Regan. The locust mind.
It's come.

168. EXT. THE HOUSE

NIGHT

168.

Transcending her fear, Tuskin is attempting to smother the fire on Sharon with her coat. She sees a huge crack transmit across the facade of the house.

169. INT. BEDROOM

NIGHT

169.

The gnashing of locusts' teeth, the tearing of concrete, a rent in the floor opens beneath Regan.

Bones crack. As locusts whirr around Lamont and the Demon, he plunges his hand right into the Demon's rib cage.

The crack widens beneath Regan. Locusts billow up as Regan falls thru.

Lamont rips out the Demon's heart, shiny black blood gushing from it.

170. EXT. THE HOUSE

NIGHT

170.

The house is collapsing. As Tuskin drags Sharon away, she catches a glimpse of Regan tumbling down the sinking staircase.

171. INT. THE COLLAPSING HOUSE

NIGHT

171.

Regan is being obliterated by the locusts. The whirring has become excruciating, as they continue to penetrate the house, cracking it open. The angry turbulence in the sky illuminates the horror in throbs of light.

The Demon's body falls away from Lamont into a yawning crack in the bedroom floor. The roof caves in. Lamont steps back just in time.

A sudden sense of power takes hold of Regan: she sees the Demon's cadaver slither, tumble, bounce past her. There is only one Regan now.

She rises magnificent to challenge the locusts that lash angrily at her. Regan--

172. ETHIOPIAN LANDSCAPE/COLLAPSING HOUSE

172.

--repeats young Kokumo's movement as he approached the swarm, swinging the bullroarer.

Her arms outstretched, Regan echoes Kokumo. The two figures move in perfect unison.

But Kokumo is overwhelmed and brought to the ground.

173. INT. RUINED HOUSE

NIGHT

173.

Regan begins to rotate, spinning faster and faster. Her body seems suspended in space. A sound emanates from her movement, growing into a music from the whine of Kokumo's primitive instrument. It cuts into the roar.

Around her the locusts' frenzy diminishes. The swarm begins to subside. And the pulsating light in the sky begins to fade.

Regan spins ever faster, a blur of motion.

The brushing of wings amongst the locusts slows down, and as they alight, the chain reaction of frenzy is broken. And as grasshoppers, they fade out of existence.

Regan comes to a stop. Exhausted, triumphant, she stands in the ruined house. There is no sign of the locusts, and the sky is tranquil again.

She watches Lamont cross the street, going to Tuskin.

174. EXT. PROSPECT STREET

NIGHT

174.

Tuskin is banging on a door, calling for assistance, but nobody answers. Sharon lies at her feet, on the stoop. Badly burnt, she forces out her last despairing words.

SHARON

I needed to believe. I chose evil...

Lamont appears over them, his voice strong and deep.

LAMONT

No!

He kneels at her side.

Sharon. Your hunger for belief was your truth...
Te absolvo. In nomine Patris,
Filius et Spiritus Sanctus.

He makes the Sign of the Cross over her. Her mask of agony gives way to still calm.

175. INT. RUINED HOUSE

NIGHT

175.

From across the street Regan's eyes penetrate the dying Sharon.

REGAN

(a loving whisper)

Sharon...

176. EXT. PROSPECT STREET

NIGHT

176.

Sharon feels Regan's force, and responds.

SHARON

Regan...

And she dies with the serenity that eluded her in life.

Lamont rises and turns toward the ruined house, where now, in the distance, a bend of the Potomac can be glimpsed, and the city lights beyond.

LAMONT

"The time has come; now we are saved and made strong. An enemy of the human race is subdued."

(CONTINUED)

Tuskin hears his words in her very soul as she sees Regan coming toward her. Lamont and Tuskin move forward to meet her, yet they keep a distance, now reverent.

Tuskin breaks down, tears flooding her eyes.

TUSKIN

Regan, I'm sorry...I was
so blind...I understand
now...but the world...the
world won't...not yet...

Lamont draws closer to her, and rests his arm on her shoulder, to comfort her. She turns to him, distraught.

TUSKIN

So much evil, Father...
Protect her...go now.

Lamont and Regan back away, looking one last moment at Tuskin. They hurry off, heading toward the city, a future.

Tuskin turns to see neighbors in pajamas edging closer. And through the gathering crowd, a stream of fire engines, police cars, and ambulances pull up all around her, lights flashing.

Tuskin pulls herself together, and prepares 'a face to meet the faces that you meet'. The uniformed men crowd around her, demanding to know what happened, if anybody was in the house. She doesn't answer. The flashing lights of the fire and police vehicles wash over her. Fierce in her silence and smiling, Tuskin stares out at us as the strobe effect eats into the image.