

THE UNSACRED

by

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OVER BLACK...TEXT FADES UP:

"CHANNELING: Using one's body to receive messages from higher planes."

VOICES OVERLAP in darkness. Impassioned TIRADES:

MAN (V.O.)  
*You are here to live your purpose--*

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*--Reality is your creation--*

FADE IN: SERIES OF SHOTS. ARCHIVED, BLACK and WHITE CLOSE-UPS.

PSYCHIC MEDIUMS.

EYES locked in TRANCES as they EXCLAIM--

MAN  
*We are all part of source--*

WOMAN 2  
*Fear is a delusion--*

WOMAN 2  
*--Suffering is unnecessary.*

BLACK.

In the GRAINY DARKNESS...TEXT FADES UP:

"POSSESSION: Forcible bodily invasion by a non-physical being."

Stark MOANING permeates the BLACK GRAIN. Barely audible.

SOMETHING passes through DARKNESS. So slow, so stilted, it could be a trick of the eye.

The MOAN amplifies...to a forced, eerie BLEAT:

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*Oum--og--me. Oum--og--me--*

Something's there. In the GRAIN. Rocking like a wounded animal.

From BLACKNESS--THE WOMAN'S FACE SURGES toward us--

PINPRICKED EYES RACCOONED by DARK CIRCLES--VEINS purpling her bruised white flesh.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*--Getit outof meeeee!*

BLACK.

FADE IN:

A BLINKING CURSOR.

MARIAN HASKELL, thirties, stares at her COMPUTER. Perfect intensity in her beautiful, unmade features.

Her SLENDER FINGERS brace above the KEYBOARD, awaiting divine inspiration.

She locks on a thought. Reaches for the keys--

KYLE (O.S.)  
They're coming in an hour!

Marian's fingers stop. She leers at the empty door, waiting for silence.

Quiet resumes. She starts typing.

KYLE (O.S.)  
You said you wanted to start dinner!

MARIAN  
(Shut up)  
Thank you!

Her eyes narrow at the screen. The moment's passed. Whatever it was...it's gone.

A FLY BUZZES, diverting her focus.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KYLE HASKELL, thirties, types FORMULAS on his computer. An analyst's mind with a heartbreaker's grin.

KYLE  
Something's coming. I can smell the smoke from here!

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian watches the FLY bounce on her window.

KYLE (O.S.)  
...Any second you'll have the first half of that Pulitzer.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle grins. And now, he's just fucking with her.

KYLE  
...Aaaaaany second.

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The FLY LANDS on an OPENED BOOK.

--Marian SLAMS IT, CRUSHING the INSECT to pulp.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian walks in. She's gorgeous. And visibly pissed.

Kyle admires her as she leans against the doorway.

MARIAN  
Enjoy that?

KYLE  
Too early to tell.

He's right. She could go either way. She walks over, straddling his lap.

MARIAN  
You just stunted brilliance in its tracks.

She kisses him. Warm. Deep. He takes it in.

KYLE  
Anything like that, it was noteworthy.

He brushes her hair from her eyes. Both clearly in love.

KYLE  
Still stalled on the book?

MARIAN  
Nothing I can't handle.

KYLE  
I don't think there's anything you can't handle.

Kyle smiles.

KYLE  
Me? I'm hoping half our company tonight breaks her broomstick on the way over.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JACKIE WYATT, 30's, a polished, impatient alpha-female, watches Marian fill her husband DAN'S plate.

JACKIE  
That's enough for him.

Dan tightens. A former man's man, showing signs of mid-life defeat, his only reprieve from marriage is "yes dear."

In male company, he plays off the dig to Kyle.

DAN  
Gotta work on my girlish figure.

KYLE  
Just your figure?

DAN  
Eat shit.

Marian hands Dan his plate.

MARIAN  
How's the suburban underworld?

KYLE  
Yeah, any busts lately?

DAN  
Another bank got hit. Department's on me to find the guy.

JACKIE  
Since he made Sergeant, I've moved to the bottom of his priority list.

KYLE  
Right after his diet and his wardrobe, huh Jackie--

Marian kicks Kyle under the table. Jackie leers at him.

MARIAN  
(To Jackie)  
How's the job search?

Jackie dislodges her stare from Kyle's grin.

JACKIE  
Three months applying to every capitalist jackass in the tri-state area, I finally go to a head hunter. He hooks me up as a sales rep with the biggest pharmaceutical firm on the east coast. 200k with benefits.

MARIAN  
Congratulations.

Marian CLINKS her GLASS against Jackie's. Jackie softens.

JACKIE  
Any headway on the book?

MARIAN  
I'm up five grand in online poker.

DAN  
Cheers to that.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kyle and Dan drink beer on the couch, out of earshot.

Jackie and Marian sip wine at the table.

JACKIE  
When's your deadline?

MARIAN  
Two weeks ago.

Marian tightens.

MARIAN  
I told you we spent the advance on  
the kitchen remodel.

JACKIE  
It's beautiful.

MARIAN  
My publisher called. If I don't  
hand-in the first ten chapters next  
week, I have to pay it back.

JACKIE  
How are you supposed to do that?

MARIAN  
I don't know. I just cooked in it.  
Dan helped me clean it. It's not  
like I can rip out the counters and  
return them.

JACKIE  
Can Kyle take on another client?

MARIAN  
It'll add fifteen-hours-a-week to his  
schedule for who-knows-how-long?

Jackie reads something in Marian's eyes:

JACKIE  
You haven't told him.

MARIAN  
It's my problem.

JACKIE  
He's your husband--

MARIAN  
--And he'll find a way to help me  
if it kills him.

JACKIE  
So let him.

MARIAN  
I'm not gonna be that woman; the one  
who expects someone else to solve her  
problems. I didn't marry him so he'd  
have to fix everything.

Marian glances at Kyle, who's lighting up a cigar with Dan.

MARIAN  
He can't fix this.

Jackie's brow furrows. It's clear Marian's terrified.

MARIAN  
I've never been blocked like this.  
I feel like I've never written a  
word in my life.

Marian smiles, trying to lighten the mood.

MARIAN  
If I don't figure it out soon,  
you'll have to hook me up with your  
head hunter.

JACKIE  
There is no head-hunter.

Jackie blushes. Something to confess:

JACKIE  
I went to a psychic. Not a psychic--  
what's it called? A channel.

MARIAN  
You're kidding. You?

JACKIE  
I've been to a hundred job fairs  
this past year, sent out more  
resumes than the Fed prints money.

MARIAN  
What'd Dan say?

JACKIE  
He had a good laugh 'til I stopped  
having sex with him.

Marian snickers.

MARIAN  
So what was it like?

JACKIE  
She's in her sixties. She limps in,  
gives this spiel about how she brings  
in wisdom from our spirit guides. She  
shuts her eyes, takes some deep  
breaths, and her body starts to twitch.

MARIAN  
Come on.

Jackie lowers her voice.

JACKIE  
I'm sitting there, thinking the  
act's not even a good one. And  
then...her eyes open.

Jackie leans in.

JACKIE  
Mar, she looks different.

MARIAN  
How?

JACKIE  
Like something else is inside of her...  
puppeting her. Different expression,  
mannerisms--Shit you can't fake. She's  
staring into the cold blue nothing,  
*creeping me the fuck out*.

Marian listens, intent.

JACKIE  
Then...her hand twitches. She starts  
scribbling--Eyes rolling, writing so  
hard she rips the page:

She hands Marian a PIECE OF PAPER.

MARIAN  
(Reading)  
Vine post office, 9-18, wear the hat.

JACKIE  
I'm unemployed. So I go. A man  
comes up to me, likes my outfit.  
(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)  
Asks what I do. He's the VP of East  
Coast Sales at Lancing.

Jackie leans forward, still in disbelief.

JACKIE  
Mar, he hired me.

Marian looks at her.

JACKIE  
I didn't believe in this shit. I  
still don't. But if you're  
desperate...maybe she can help you  
with your book.

Jackie hands Marian a bent BUSINESS CARD. Marian takes it  
doubtfully. Glances at Kyle across the room. He winks at her.

INT. MARIAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

The CURSOR BLINKS. BLANK SCREEN staring at Marian. She's taut  
with concentration, trying to squeeze blood from a stone.

The PHONE RINGS. Marian picks it up.

MARIAN  
(Into phone)  
Hello? Susan. Going great. Pages  
are flying out.

Marian glances at her wordless screen.

MARIAN  
Listen--I'd love another week on  
the first ten. A couple things I  
want to finesse--

Marian tightens.

MARIAN  
No. I understand. I wouldn't expect to  
keep the advance if I didn't deliver.

She steadies her voice.

MARIAN  
Tuesday. You'll have it then.

Marian hangs up. Takes a deep breath.

Slides out the CHANNEL'S BUSINESS CARD.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Marian pulls up to the curb. Can't believe it's come to this.

Across the quaint flowery road, a STORYBOOK COTTAGE.

EXT. CHANNEL'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

ROSE, mid-60's, opens the door, warm eyes sparkling.

ROSE  
You must be Marian.

INT. CHANNEL'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rose limps through, CANE bracing her amble.

ROSE  
Did you have any trouble finding it?

MARIAN  
No.

Marian looks around, surprised by the normalcy of the house.

She follows Rose to a SOFA where a PIECE OF PAPER and PENCIL lay on a COFFEE TABLE.

Rose stares at Marian expectantly as they sit.

MARIAN  
How long have you been doing this?

ROSE  
Twenty years.

Marian nods politely. Rose smiles.

ROSE  
Most people are skeptics at first.

MARIAN  
You can tell?

ROSE  
I think he can tell.

Rose motions to a MAN across the street OUTSIDE.

Marian smiles, despite herself.

MARIAN  
So how does this work?

ROSE  
I go into a trance, you ask me questions, and I write down the answers.

MARIAN  
Where do the answers come from?

ROSE  
 Spirit guides. Nonphysical beings.  
 Souls who used to live on this plane,  
 who now serve as angels. Guardians.

MARIAN  
 You see them?

ROSE  
 I sense them. I pull in messages  
 from where they reside.

Marian's not buying it.

ROSE  
 Is it so hard to believe? You do  
 the same thing when you write.

Marian looks at her, taken aback.

ROSE  
 Instead of messages from spirits,  
 you channel words. Stories. The  
 impulse of creation all comes from  
 the same place.

MARIAN  
 You know I'm a writer.

ROSE  
 Your guides tell me. They're always  
 with you. They say you have the  
 answers to your book. You just  
 can't see them yet.

Marian takes it in, trying to process. Trying to believe.

Rose smiles gently.

ROSE  
 I'm going to enter a trance state  
 so I can access more specific  
 information. It won't be me  
writing. It'll be your guides  
writing through me. I won't be able  
 to speak when I'm there. Ready?

Marian nods, taking a deep, hopeful breath.

Rose shuts her eyes and speaks into the air...

ROSE  
 Let a light of protection surround this  
 room, and Marian, so that only loving  
 spirits may come through to guide her.

Rose shuts her eyes, placing her hand on the ARM of the COUCH.

Marian watches, dissecting every mannerism.

Rose takes deep breaths. Her EYES CLENCH. Body tightens. GRUNTING as if she's in labor.

Marian might laugh if she wasn't so uneasy.

Rose's head tilts. And locks. As if gripped by an unholy palsy. Her MOUTH hangs AGAPE. Breath uneven.

Rose opens her EYES. She's not herself.

Not even close.

She stares at Marian, like a predator locked on a deer. Breath WHEEZING through her near-paralyzed frame.

It's almost macabre.

ROSE'S HAND TWITCHES--SNARING the PENCIL on the COFFEE TABLE.

STARING DEAD in Marian's eyes.

Marian swallows, taking the cue:

MARIAN  
How do I finish this book?

Rose's PENCIL JERKS--SCRAWLING on the PAPER.

Marian watches her scribble, FIST SAWING violently. EYES LOCKED on Marian's.

*B-O-O-K...O-N...D-E-S-K...*

*Whatever's looking through Rose's body...it's grinning.*

Rose DROPS the PENCIL. Her EYES ROLL, EXHALING a violent GROAN.

Rose blinks, glancing at the PAPER.

ROSE  
The book on your desk...by the window.  
Stain on the cover. You marked a  
passage the other day: Page 342.

Rose smiles gently, handing the PAGE to Marian.

ROSE  
Follow your own advice.

Marian takes the paper, sufficiently creeped-out.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marian walks in. Kyle reads mail at the kitchen counter.

KYLE

Boo.

She smirks, embarrassed.

MARIAN

You talked to Jackie?

KYLE

She called to ask how it went. A psychic, huh?

MARIAN

Channel.

KYLE

What's the difference?

MARIAN

Psychics know things. Channels... have to ask.

KYLE

Sounds promising.

He's playing. She's not listening. Worried about something else:

MARIAN

Did Jackie tell you why I went?

KYLE

Said it had something to do with your book.

Marian relaxes. He doesn't know.

KYLE

Didn't realize you were having so much trouble. Wanna run something by me?

A moment.

MARIAN

You've got your own deadline. How's the report coming?

KYLE

Be finished by midnight. Long week. Can't wait to be done with it.

He glances at the NOTE in her HAND.

KYLE

Is that it?

MARIAN

What?

He grins.

KYLE

The word of the channel.

Marian smirks, embarrassed.

KYLE

Come on. Lemmee see.

MARIAN

Forget it. You're not gonna tease me about this--

Kyle swipes the note, reading:

KYLE

Book on your desk...Stain on the cover. You marked a passage: Page 342. Follow your own advice.

He gets up, moving--

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian follows Kyle in, watching him rifle through her NOVELS.

MARIAN

Don't tease me. I'm not in the mood.

KYLE

I'm just as invested as you are.

MARIAN

You seem it.

He smiles, glancing at the NOTE.

KYLE

(Reading)  
...Stain on the cover.

He pulls out a BOOK, fingering the STAINED JACKET. A dim smile.

KYLE

You tell her about this?

MARIAN

No.

KYLE

Not bad.

Kyle glances at the note.

KYLE

Page 342...

He opens the book to page 342, scanning it. Smile fades. He holds out the page:

No mark. Just a DEAD FLY.

Marian stares at it, deflated. Kyle looks at her gently.

KYLE

You don't need some psychic to tell you what I already know: Your book's gonna be incredible.

She looks at him. Thought resting on her tongue.

MARIAN

Kyle?

KYLE

What?

She wants to confide in him. But she can't.

MARIAN

Nothing.

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marian sits in darkness, haloed by the BLANK SCREEN...

...Watching a FLY BUZZ against the window. Plunk. Plunk.

*It lands in an opened book.*

Marian narrows. She grabs the BOOK with the STAINED COVER, opening it to PAGE 342.

It is marked. With a FLY. The one she smashed the other day. Pressed into the pulp, like an asterisk, next to a passage:

"Ask the Unseen to show you the road you've been blind to."

She doesn't know what to think.

She CLICKS the BROWSER and types, "Channeling."

Pulling up a SITE. A passage READS:

*"Channeling is becoming a river, allowing art, creation, or spirit to flow through you."*

PICTURES. BLACK AND WHITE: CHANNELERS. All in trances. Faces contorted. Eyes lodged at the screen, nearly penetrating it.

Expressions ghastly. Inspired. Riveting.

Marian stares at them, adrenaline rising, then at page 342:

"Ask the Unseen to show you the road you've been blind to."

Deep in thought, heart racing, she takes a deep breath.

MARIAN

Whoever was there today...Help me.  
Help me finish this.

Marian closes her eyes.

MARIAN

...Please.

She takes a deep breath. Eyes closed. Doesn't see...

...The SCREEN FLICKER.

Marian OPENS HER EYES. Stares at the screen.

And starts TYPING. Slowly. Deliberately. Still conscious,  
still aware...

Her fingers move faster. Words come like water. Filling pages.

Not a pause, not a thought. She's in it. PLAYING the keyboard  
like an instrument.

MARIAN

Oh my God.

KYLE peers in the doorway, heart rising for her.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marian hands Kyle a STACK OF PAGES.

KYLE

6 chapters. In an hour?

MARIAN

It's like a dam opened. Like a veil  
lifted up over everything I couldn't  
see--and it was all right there.

She's beside herself. Euphoric.

MARIAN

Something was with me, guiding me,  
showing me how to make it work. I've  
felt that before while I was writing.  
But nothing that profound. That potent.

KYLE

I didn't have a doubt. I'll read it  
as soon as I'm done.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - LATER

Kyle stares at his SCREEN, glancing at Marian's PAGES on his desk. Something on his mind.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marian rinses DISHES, stopping to SCRIBBLE NOTES on a nearby PIECE OF PAPER. She's still in the flow.

She puts down the pencil and rinses a WINE GLASS. Surface SQUEALING as she soaps it clean.

Her HAND TWITCHES. THE GLASS SLIPS--SHATTERING in the sink.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle turns, calling out:

KYLE  
You okay?

MARIAN (O.S.)  
Fine!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marian swears silently. She picks up the SHARDS, tossing them in the trash.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle looks at his screen.

KYLE  
All right, Sexy. We're in business.

On his COMPUTER: A SPREADSHEET. GRAPHS and NUMBERS winking. We can discuss his numeric perversions later.

He reaches in to hit SAVE. *Hesitates. Fixes a number.*

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Marian reaches for the last SHARD of GLASS...

...Her FINGERS TWITCH. A momentary muscle spasm.

She stares at them, quizzically, then picks up the SHARD.

Slowly...her hand CLOSES over the GLASS, TIGHTENING to a fist. She can't stop it. BLOOD spills from her PALM.

Marian HISSES, prying her FINGERS OPEN. She grabs a PAPER TOWEL, watching her BLOOD STAIN the PULP.

Unnerved, she glances at the page. And then, something occurs to her. She picks up the PENCIL...*And writes...*

*Don't be afraid. My name is Levi. I'm here to help.*

Marian stares at the sentence. Freaked.

And then...The POWER CUTS OUT. IN DARKNESS:

KYLE (O.S.)  
Shit!!!

Kyle storms in.

KYLE  
The hell happened?

MARIAN  
I don't know.

Marian slides the PAGE into the TRASH as Kyle storms outside.

EXT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BLACK. Kyle's FOOTSTEPS pierce the silence, RATTLING the lid on the BREAKER BOX.

A FLASHLIGHT meets his hands. He looks at Marian thankfully. FLIPS on the BREAKER. LIGHTS come back on.

--There's SOMETHING BEHIND MARIAN.

KYLE  
Jesus--

Kyle DARTS the FLASHLIGHT BEAM past her--

MARIAN  
What?!

KYLE  
There was someone behind you.

MARIAN  
That's not funny.

KYLE  
I'm not trying to be funny.

Kyle steps forward...glancing around. Nothing there.

KYLE  
Been looking at my screen too long.

He holds his chest. Still spooked.

KYLE  
Didn't mean to scare you.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian follows Kyle in, watching him power up his computer.  
Kyle grips his head.

MARIAN  
What's wrong?

KYLE  
I didn't hit 'save.'

He can't believe it.

KYLE  
Eight hours of work. Due tomorrow.

MARIAN  
I'll stay up with you. Read off numbers.

KYLE  
It's all calculations.

He shakes his head. He has to redo it.

KYLE  
I'm gonna make some coffee.

Kyle storms out.

KYLE (O.S.)  
Fuck!

Marian tightens. She looks at the SCREEN. Cursor BLINKING.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kyle storms in, grabbing the tin of COFFEE.

Sees the BLOOD in the sink. Calls out:

KYLE  
You cut yourself?

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian doesn't answer. She sits at Kyle's desk.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle grabs a BAND-AID, STEPPING on the BLOOD-SPOTTED PAGE with Marian's writing.

She missed the trash. Kyle picks it up, silently reading:

"Don't be afraid. My name is Levi. I'm here to help."

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marian TYPES. RATTLING the KEYBOARD. FINGERS MOVING like five-headed woodpeckers.

Kyle walks in, bloodstained PAGE in his hand. About to show her, when he gets a GLIMPSE of the SCREEN.

DATA FORMULAS fill in. Sine and cosine symbols.

Kyle whitens. She's retrieving his report. Every number.

KYLE  
How the hell are you doing that?

MARIAN  
I don't know.

She doesn't slow. Types away.

KYLE  
Marian--

MARIAN  
Shhhh--

Plugging numbers frenetically. All the way to the bottom.

To the last number Kyle changed. It's incorrect.

Before he can say anything--

She hits BACKSPACE. And changes it. Exactly like he did.

Hits CTRL+S. 'FILE SAVED' pops on THE SCREEN before--

--The LIGHTS GO OUT again.

Marian stares at Kyle, blown away. Both a little scared.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marian lays peacefully in bed. Kyle spoons her. Mortified.

KYLE  
Where does it come from?

MARIAN  
Spirits. Soul guides. That's what she says.

KYLE  
Why help us? Why not everyone?

MARIAN

Maybe they do. Maybe we have to learn to hear them. She says we all do it...writing, drawing, science. Anything we're immersed in.

KYLE

What does it feel like?

She takes his hand.

MARIAN

Your body's calm. Like after making love.

He smiles as she strokes his fingers.

MARIAN

There's an impulse. You see everything around you. Everything you always see...but then a light comes on--in your mind's eye. And you see that too.

KYLE

Doesn't sound so scary.

She squeezes his hand in revelatory afterglow.

MARIAN

It's not.

KYLE

So how does she know...the spirits are who they say?

A moment. Marian thinks about it, unconcerned.

MARIAN

I guess she just knows.

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Marian dials her phone.

MARIAN

(Into phone)

Susan? I won't have the chapters by Tuesday.

Marian smiles as the VOICE thrashes her on the line.

MARIAN

I'm sending them right over.

EXT. JACKIE AND DAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle stops Marian on the front step, bottle of wine in hand.

KYLE  
 We're not gonna talk about this.  
 Not your book, not my work.

MARIAN  
 Jackie's the one who told me about her.

KYLE  
 As far as we know, Jackie's not  
 channeling pharmaceutical tips. I  
 still have to wrap my head around  
 this. I don't want our friends  
 thinking we're crazy.

Marian smiles. Polite. Contained.

MARIAN  
 Fine.

INT. JACKIE AND DAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle grips his head. Marian's halfway to Crazy-town.

MARIAN  
 --61 pages. And it wasn't me writing.  
Something was coming through me.

Dan looks at Kyle, who smiles sheepishly.

DAN  
 I've heard artists talk about that:  
 Being an instrument of the divine...

JACKIE  
 (To Dan)  
 How come when she mentions it, you're  
 fully supportive, but when I do, you  
 tell me to 'up my milligrams?'

DAN  
 I don't live with her.

Dan pecks Jackie affectionately. She leers in response.

JACKIE  
 (To Kyle)  
 You read them? The pages?

KYLE  
 Not yet.

Off Jackie's look:

KYLE  
 Power went out last night. I lost  
 some work.

Kyle looks at Marian, then at Dan and Jackie. Sighs.

KYLE  
Marian got it back.

DAN  
Come on.

KYLE  
Eight hours of calculations in ten minutes.

Dan's smile fades.

DAN  
You're serious.

KYLE  
The book, I can get. But pulling equations out of thin air? She'd never seen those figures. And the Levi thing--

JACKIE  
What 'Levi thing?'

They look at Marian for an explanation.

MARIAN  
Before the lights went out, I wrote something. 'My name is Levi. I'm here to help.'

JACKIE  
That's fucking cordial.

DAN  
(To Kyle)  
You know a Levi?

KYLE  
No.

DAN  
You?

MARIAN  
No.

DAN  
I don't know a Levi.

INT. JACKIE AND DAN'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PEN is laid next to a piece of paper.

Marian sits at the table. The others watch behind her.

MARIAN  
I don't know if anything'll happen.

JACKIE  
You're not gonna get all freaky-  
looking, are you?

Kyle looks at Jackie quizzically.

MARIAN  
I'm not in a trance like the channel  
was. She must've been deeper. I don't  
know. I just see and hear things.

Kyle processes the comparison as Marian takes a deep breath.

MARIAN  
Levi? Are you here?

Dan looks at Kyle: *You're married to Crazy.*

And then...Marian's HAND TWITCHES.

DAN  
You expect me to buy this?

Marian scribbles: *D-A-N.*

Dan looks at Kyle, then at the page, where Marian scrawls:

*S-K-E-P-T-I-C.*

DAN  
You got me: She can hear. Anything  
else you wanna blow my mind with?

*D-A-N...S-T-U-D.*

DAN  
She's getting warmer.

JACKIE  
Really? I thought she'd lost credibility.

Jackie looks at Marian.

JACKIE  
What else about Dan?

Marian writes: *L-I-A-R.*

Jackie narrows. Everyone tightens.

Marian drops the pencil, backpedaling.

MARIAN  
 --I don't know what I'm doing. It  
 just happened a couple of times.

KYLE  
 Yeah. I still have to proof the  
 math on that report.

Jackie looks at Dan, then at Marian.

JACKIE  
 Keep going.

DAN  
 (To Jackie)  
 You're serious.

JACKIE  
 (To Dan)  
 Either it's bullshit. Or it's not.

Daggers shoot from Jackie's eyes to Dan's.

KYLE  
 We should probably get home--

DAN  
 I've got nothing to hide.  
 (To Marian)  
 Go ahead.

Marian looks at Jackie, then at Kyle. Picks up the pencil.

Dan tenses, staring at Jackie.

Marian scribbles...one letter at a time: *C-I-G-A-R B-O-X*.

Jackie looks at Dan. Moves--

STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jackie storms in, yanking a CIGAR BOX from the top shelf of  
 POLICE memorabilia.

Dan chases her--

DAN  
 --This is insane. I do everything  
 for you. You open that, we have a  
 serious problem--

Jackie watches Kyle and Marian walk in. She grabs the lid--

Dan SLAMS his HAND over it--

DAN

--When you see nothing's there,  
you're gonna feel like a fool.

Jackie stares at him. Opens the BOX:

Inside, a CELL PHONE. NAKED WOMAN on the screen. CONTACTS  
filled with WOMEN'S NAMES and NUMBERS.

Jackie looks at Dan and hands him the phone, avoiding Kyle and Marian's eyes as she paces out silently.

No one says anything else.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle follows Marian in, guilt consuming her.

KYLE

It's not your fault.

MARIAN

I'm gonna call her.

KYLE

Maybe you should give her some space.

Marian climbs the stairs. Kyle lets her go.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marian picks up the phone and dials.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle picks up Marian's PAGES.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian leaves a message on JACKIE'S VOICEMAIL:

MARIAN

(Into phone)

Jackie. It's me. I'm so sorry. I  
didn't know. Just--call me.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle sifts through Marian's PAGES. The last one is missing.

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle walks in, pulling the MISSING PAGE from her printer.

He stops when he sees the CHANNELING WEBSITE on her BROWSER:

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS of wide-eyed MEDIUMS chilling him.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian picks up her laptop, still thinking about Jackie. She starts typing, CHATTERING the KEYBOARD.

*Her hand TWITCHES. PRESSING on the keys--KKKKKKhjslkhjaKKKK--*

MARIAN

Enough--

She SHOVES the laptop off her.

MARIAN

I don't want any more help, Levi.

Marian glances around, half-convinced Levi could suck her in from Nowhere, then looks at her hand, breath racing.

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Kyle walks in.

KYLE

Did Jackie pick-up the phone?

MARIAN

No.

Marian calms her racing breath.

KYLE

You okay?

She nods, still unnerved.

KYLE

I think we should stop talking to Levi for a while. Let him spook some other adulterers.

Marian wraps her arms around him. Kyle's eyes meet hers, calming her. He's irresistible.

KYLE

Mind if I move your chastity belt?

He puts her LAPTOP on the FLOOR.

KYLE

I'd carry you to bed, but we're already here. Anything else I can do?

She whispers in his ear, biting his earlobe gently before laying back and watching him expectantly.

Kyle lifts her shirt, kissing her stomach, slowly navigating to the rim of her panties.

She shuts her eyes, closing her hand over the pillow.

And then...her HAND starts to SHAKE--

--FINGERS WHITE-KNUCKLING to a FIST, GRIPPED so HARD her NAILS BITE through her PALM.

Marian stares at her SPILLING BLOOD, wide-eyed.

She can't stop it.

Her MOUTH OPENS...JAW LOCKING. BREATH JERKING as her EYES ROLL to the WHITES.

The SOUNDS of ECSTASY in the grip of pure TERROR.

Kyle smiles, stealing a glance at her.

Whitening when he SEES her FACE--

*EYES WIDE. TEETH CLENCHED AND BARED. SPITTLE streaming. As if she's trying to swallow something before it eats her alive.*

KYLE

--Mar?

He leaps up, trying to turn her head. She's STIFF as a board.

KYLE

--I'm calling 911. I think you're having a seizure--

Kyle races out of bed--TRIPPING on her LAPTOP--NOSEDIVING into the endtable.

He grabs the PHONE. And then...A SOUND TURNS HIS HEAD.

HOOOOAAAA.

In bed...Her expression's changed. Teeth no longer clenched. Now they're BARED. EYES LOCKED on his. Eyebrows arched in white paralytic rage.

Her BREATH becomes AUDIBLE. Slow, heaving RASPS through the TIGHT, HOLLOW CIRCLE of her lips.

HOOOOAAAA.

Kyle stares at her, white-faced.

KYLE

...Mar? Look at me.

Marian's JAW OPENS and LOCKS, practically CHOKING out the WARPED, GUTTURAL VOICE from the back of her throat--

MARIAN

*My...name...is Levi. I'm here to help.*

She GROANS--body convulsing in SLOW-MOTION...as if she's VOMITING something from her lungs.

A snakelike RETCH. And then...GASPS fill her chest. Choking into a flood of SOBS as she drags herself onto the floor.

Kyle runs over, holding her while she catches her breath.

KYLE  
--Okay. Okay. It's okay.

INT. CHANNEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rose opens the door, CANE in her hand. She beckons Kyle and Marian inside.

ROSE  
I'm glad you called.

INT. CHANNEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle and Marian follow Rose into the candlelit room. She's clearly disturbed.

ROSE  
(To Marian)  
The level of information you received in such a shallow trance: It's not normal.

MARIAN  
What do you mean?

ROSE  
I've been doing this for twenty years. Lately...I've experienced some anomalies.

KYLE  
Like what?

ROSE  
Physical disturbances in my house. Communication lapses during sessions.

KYLE  
Why the hell didn't you say something?

ROSE  
My work deals with the unseen. Sometimes, things come and go like the wind. It's not always cause for alarm.

Kyle stares at her, on the defensive.

ROSE

Lately...I've sensed souls I've never felt before. I don't know them. And they're not peaceful.

MARIAN

You said you were talking to guides; spirits who come through to help.

ROSE

During a session, most souls are benevolent. But all kinds of spirits can gather...not all of them helpful. It's no different than seeing a stranger outside your house. Sometimes you have to lock the door. That's why I put a field up before a session.

KYLE

What do you mean, a field?

ROSE

A wall of protection. Pure light. Pure love. To keep the session safe from lower energies.

Marian whitens.

MARIAN

I didn't do that at home.

ROSE

You shouldn't have had to. My protection should've carried. Nothing ill-intended should've come through, during or after our session.

KYLE

Who do you think Levi is?

ROSE

Could be a lost soul seeking guidance. Could be something else.

KYLE

Like what?

Rose diffuses Kyle's tension with a smile.

ROSE

Let's ask him.

CUT TO:

ROSE LIGHTS A CANDLE.

She places a PENCIL and PAPER on her COFFEE TABLE.

Kyle and Marian sit on the couch, watching her.

ROSE  
Let a light of protection surround  
this room, and Marian and Kyle.

Rose shuts her eyes and takes a deep breath.

ROSE  
Everything's connected with source.  
The known, the unknown, the light and  
the dark...the born and the unborn...

Candlelight FLICKERS on Kyle and Marian's faces.

ROSE  
...Those we love, those we've lost...

Marian takes Kyle's hand. He doesn't like this.

ROSE  
Whoever's been speaking through  
Marian: Speak through me now. We're  
listening.

Kyle and Marian stare at Rose anxiously.

Her BODY TENSES, BREATH TIGHTENING to a WHEEZE. HAND  
TWITCHING. REACHING for the PENCIL.

And then...It stops.

Rose OPENS her EYES. *It's still her.* Clearly unnerved. She  
looks up at Kyle and Marian.

And then...her EYES NARROW: She SEES SOMETHING behind them.

Marian tenses, TURNING to follow ROSE'S GAZE.

NOTHING'S there. At least...WE CAN'T SEE IT.

But Rose can. And she's terrified.

She braces herself as the unseen 'THING' HURTLES across the  
table TOWARD HER--

--BLOWING OUT the CANDLE on its way--

Rose LEAPS UP from the couch, shaken. She stares at her empty  
seat, catching her breath, then glances at Marian and Kyle.

ROSE  
 It's best you stop writing for a few days. That's how it first came through to you. Right now, it leaves you vulnerable.

MARIAN  
 To what?

KYLE  
 Who is it? What did it say?

Rose tightens, playing it off.

ROSE  
 For whatever reason...it's choosing not to speak to me.

Mortified, Marian and Kyle stare at Rose's trembling hands.

ROSE  
 Take a few days off. Imagine yourself surrounded by light. I'm certain it'll pass. If anything else happens. Call me.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle storms in ahead of Marian.

KYLE  
 The hell was that? 'Take a few days off? I'm certain it'll pass?' She looked as scared as we did.

Marian looks at him, unnerved.

MARIAN  
 She saw something.

Kyle's freaking out. Doesn't know what else to say:

KYLE  
 You never should've gone there without telling me.

MARIAN  
 So this is my fault?

KYLE  
 Why did you go?

Marian tightens.

MARIAN  
 I wanted advice.

KYLE  
About what? What was such a big  
deal you couldn't come to me?

She doesn't answer.

KYLE  
Are you fucking someone else?

MARIAN  
No.

KYLE  
Do you think I am?

MARIAN  
Come on.

KYLE  
Then what?!

MARIAN  
I was going to lose the book deal!

Kyle quiets. He knows how much this means to her.

MARIAN  
They threatened to pull the advance  
if I missed the deadline.

KYLE  
You could've told me.

MARIAN  
I didn't want you to worry.

KYLE  
I would've taken another account.

MARIAN  
I didn't want you to!

KYLE  
I don't get it. Do you want me to  
be there for you? Do you want me to  
give a shit about you?

MARIAN  
It's my problem! God--You always have  
to fix things! Your spreadsheets, my  
writing--our Goddamn fights--You  
can't let anything go!

KYLE  
Maybe you should've married some  
one who treats you like shit--

MARIAN  
 Maybe you can find him for me!

KYLE  
 Your pride isn't worth this bullshit.

MARIAN  
 Fuck you.

KYLE  
 Fuck me?! Stay away from your Goddamn  
 computer! Whatever that thing is--I  
 don't want it back here!

Kyle storms into his OFFICE and SLAMS the DOOR.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian storms in, so angry she's trembling. She takes a deep  
 breath. Turns on the TUB. Pours in bubble bath.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle pulls up a CHANNELING WEBSITE, staring warily at the  
 CHANNELS' tranced, wide-eyed faces.

*They look possessed.*

We HEAR MARIAN pass through the KITCHEN. CLINKING and filling  
 a GLASS.

Kyle calls out, trying to make peace.

KYLE  
 Hey.

She doesn't answer. We HEAR her TROT BACK upstairs.

Still livid, Kyle stays put.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian walks in, putting her GLASS of RED WINE on the edge of  
 the tub. BUBBLES culminate like ghostly prisms.

She slides off her clothes and sinks into the water.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The HOUSE PHONE RINGS. Kyle picks it up.

KYLE  
 (Into phone)  
 Hello?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
 Is Marian there?

KYLE

She's not available. Can I take a message?

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's her publisher. I just finished her chapters. Look...I don't normally do this, but the text...seemed familiar. I ran her pages through a search program: They're not hers.

KYLE

What are you saying? They're plagiarized?

WOMAN (V.O.)

The book's called 'Stonewall,' by Blythe Rosen. A few copies were published in '64--

KYLE

Whoa, whoa--That's impossible. I was there when she wrote them--

WOMAN (V.O.)

We're terminating her contract.

KYLE

Let me grab her. She can explain--

WOMAN (V.O.)

If she has any questions, she can call me.

We HEAR a CLICK on the line.

Kyle moves to his COMPUTER, typing in '*Blythe Rosen, Stonewall.*'

He pulls up a PDF of the NOVEL and grabs MARIAN'S PAGES, comparing the TEXT:

They're identical. He can't believe it.

He CLICKS on a PICTURE of the AUTHOR: BLYTHE ROSEN.

This woman looks angry.

Sixty. Rail-thin. Eyes leering at the camera like an insidious vengeful ghost.

Under her PHOTO, a CAPTION READS: *Blythe Rosen, 1900-1968.*

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian drains half her GLASS of WINE, finally starting to relax.

She sets the glass on the tub and caresses the BUBBLES, staring at a BALD SPOT of WATER between them.

--SOMETHING CROSSES the WATER'S REFLECTION.

--Marian turns. Nothing's behind her.

She looks at the NOW-EMPTY REFLECTION, seriously contemplating taking a Valium instead of a bath.

She reaches for the edge of the tub--

--Her HAND CLENCHES. Fingers CLAWING into a FIST. Her ARM TREMBLES WILDLY--KNOCKING the WINE in the bath.

RED swills through the bath.

Marian grabs her towel---CATCHING her REFLECTION in the WATER.

--A BLACK SHADOW CROSSES BEHIND HER--

MARIAN  
...Kyle?!

--SOMETHING UNSEEN YANKS her UNDERWATER--

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A DULL BUMP. Kyle looks up. It's SILENT.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian's NAKED BODY FLAILS UNDERWATER--UNSEEN FORCE POUNDING HER against the TUB. BAM BAM BAM--

She gropes for the EDGE--FINGERS SLIPPING. WINE GLASS BREAKS under her BODY. BLOOD SWILLING with the CABERNET.

Her HAND EMERGES--CLAWING herself out--SLIDING and CRASHING like a FISH on the TILE FLOOR.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle hears THAT. He BOLTS--UP THE STAIRS--

Stumbling down the HALL--

SHOULDERING open the BATHROOM DOOR--

Stopping dead.

INSIDE...

Marian stands, faced away. SOAKING WET TOWEL wrapped around her body. Bloody WATER POOLING at her feet.

Kyle stares at her...chilled to the bone.

KYLE

...Mar?

She doesn't answer. He paces toward her.

KYLE

Marian?

Her SHOULDERS CURL forward...like a vulture's.

*She turns her head. Low and twisted. As if Marian's features were wrapped around SOMETHING ELSE.*

An INHUMAN VOICE SEETHES from her body. Low. Androgynous.

MARIAN

...Kyle?

Her features narrow. Pure white rage--

MARIAN

--*Fix this.*

KYLE

Jesus--

Kyle skids back, SLIPPING on her blood--CRASHING to his rear.

LIGHTS FLICKER. The MIRROR CRACKS. SNIP. SNIP. SNIP.

*Splintering Marian's twisting REFLECTION.*

KYLE

Marian? Look at me--

It's not Marian. And It doesn't move. Its EYES stay fixed on Kyle like a painting, FOLLOWING HIM wherever he goes.

MARIAN

(Singsong)

*Marian's not here right now.*

KYLE

Who the hell are you?

It stares at him. In a white hot rage. And then--

Its EYES WIDEN. Dropping Marian to her knees. Her shoulders quake as her own VOICE returns, SOBBING wildly.

Kyle stares at her. Speechless.

INT. CHANNEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Kyle POUNDS on the door.

KYLE  
Someone open up!

No answer. Driveway's empty. Garage closed.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY

Driving, Kyle glances at Marian in the passenger seat. She's terrified. Both of them trying to stay calm.

KYLE  
That channel's not the only one who knows about this stuff. Plenty of experts out there.

She nods hopefully.

MARIAN  
Where'd you find this guy?

Kyle clears his throat.

KYLE  
Craigslist.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Low-rent. KYLE'S CAR pulls in and parks.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A HANDWRITTEN SIGN reading "*Parapsychology Study*" points down the hall.

Marian and Kyle exchange a doubtful glance.

INT. PARAPSYCHOLOGY 'WING' - DAY

PIKE ARCHER, late thirties, bored to shit, feels up his BEARD, fondling a BOWL of CANDY on the table.

He gestures for Kyle and Marian to partake. They decline.

Pike nabs one, CRINKLING the WRAPPER.

PIKE  
So you've experienced some paranormal phenomena?

CRINKLE.

KYLE  
Can you tell us about your qualifications?

PIKE  
I didn't realize we were here for a  
job interview.

CRINKLE. And, viola. Pike sucks the candy from his hand.

MARIAN  
He didn't mean it like that. We're  
a little desperate...

Pike SPITS the CANDY across the table.

PIKE  
--Hate sour apple.

He takes a SLUG from a BIG GULP, grinding his throat with a  
few MANNISH 'AHEMS.' Then:

PIKE  
Masters in Psychology and Quantum  
Mechanics. Last year of my  
Doctorate in Parapsychology. Okay?

Kyle glances at Marian. She takes a deep breath.

MARIAN  
A few days ago, I went to a channel for  
help with a block in my writing. When I  
got home, something came through me. I  
wrote 6 chapters in an hour.

Kyle tightens. Hasn't mentioned her publisher's call.

MARIAN  
After that, the power went out.  
When it came back on, I was able to  
recover my husband's unsaved work.

PIKE  
What kind of work?

KYLE  
5 pages of numeric data.

Pike raps his knuckle on the table. Looks at Marian.

PIKE  
You ever do that before? Trance-channel?

MARIAN  
No.

PIKE  
Uh huh.

MARIAN

Something changed. It...took over my body. I couldn't move. Or breathe. We went back to the channel. She doesn't know what it is.

Pike nods. A long silent moment. Then:

PIKE

Mr. Slugworth'll let you out now.

MARIAN

What?

PIKE

Trance channeling is an art. Creating a conduit of yourself to receive information. What you're describing takes years--if not lifetimes--to master.

He gets up and opens the door.

PIKE

So if you don't mind, I have to get back to meeting with people who aren't trying to fuck with me.

Kyle sees blood. He storms toward Pike--

KYLE

--Last night my wife was clenched up like petrified wood while some 'thing' that calls itself Levi was grinning behind her eyes like a Goddamn demon. She's scared. I'm scared. We want this to stop!

Pike stares at them. They're for real. At least, they think they are.

INT. EEG ROOM - DAY

VIDEO CAMERA set up. Marian's seated body in frame. Kyle at her side.

Pike puts a DVD-sized BOX on a table and unrolls some wire, glancing at Kyle and Marian.

PIKE

Sorry. You have no idea how many people come in just to mess with me. Last week, a woman told me she was fucking Moses.

KYLE

She said she was Moses?

PIKE  
No, she was fucking him.

Pike looks at him. You listening?

He attaches electrodes to Marian's arm. She glances at a BOOKSHELF behind her, scanning titles:

"Eternal Death," "Science Births Religion," "Life After Life."

MARIAN  
Your parents hippies or philosophers?

Pike smiles.

PIKE  
I grew up a fundamentalist preacher's son. Spent my childhood summers handling poisonous snakes in a church full of true believers. Puberty trying to keep my hand out of my pants.

He attaches another electrode.

PIKE  
When I realized that was futile...

He circles to her other side.

PIKE  
...I left. Went on some pilgrimages, took some drugs. Saw some shit with channeling that changed my life.

He hands Kyle an electrode, directing him...

PIKE  
Put this...under her...

Pike motions to Marian's breasts. Marian hides a smile.

MARIAN  
What are you looking for?

Pike points to the DVD-sized BOX:

PIKE  
It's a magnetometer. Measures your body's frequency.

Pike turns on the MAGNETOMETER. NUMBERS and WAVELENGTHS CASCADE across a TINY SCREEN.

PIKE

Solid matter's a smokescreen. Tables, chairs, cars, people: It's all just vibrating molecules that seem like 'stuff' to our senses. All of it has a numeric frequency. Even ghosts. The human body ranges between 60 and 78 Hz.

Pike plugs Marian's tree of electrodes into the MAGNETOMETER.

PIKE

This'll read your vibrations. Send the signal to the video. I'll analyze the specs later. Get an image to match...

Pike points to the MAGNETOMETER.

PIKE

...Right now, any major spikes on this screen above 78 or below 60 will indicate another entity's with us.

Marian tightens.

MARIAN

What exactly do you think we're doing here?

PIKE

You asked me to find out what Levi is.

Marian pulls off an electrode and gets up.

KYLE

Marian--

MARIAN

Forget it. I'm not letting that thing come through me again--

Pike steps in front of her gently.

PIKE

All I'm gonna do is ask you some questions. I promise: I won't do anything to try and bring Levi out.

CUT TO:

SINE WAVES EBB on the MAGNETOMETER, NUMBERS wavering at '63.'

Pike and Kyle watch Marian, who's trying to stay calm.

PIKE  
Take deep breaths. Were you  
thinking of anything the first time  
this 'thing' came through?

MARIAN  
Just my book.

PIKE  
What's it about?

MARIAN  
Relationships. A love story.

PIKE  
Yours?

She shakes her head. Not into casual conversation now.

PIKE  
Then you got a message. Automatic  
writing from something that called  
itself 'Levi.'

Pike glances at the MAGNETOMETER. SINE WAVES EBB.

PIKE  
Any triggers before it happened?  
Physical, emotional?

MARIAN  
...My hand started shaking.

PIKE  
Then the lights went out.

Marian nods.

PIKE  
Electrical glitches occur when massive  
amounts of energy fill a room. Same  
with physical disturbances. Shit  
moving. Doors closing...

The MAGNETOMETER pulses. Still in range.

PIKE  
What about the first time Levi...  
overtook you?

MARIAN  
My body tensed. Like a cramp, but  
all over. Like I was trapped in my  
own skin.

Pike looks at her, a little unnerved.

PIKE  
Was it painful?

MARIAN  
...Excruciating.

Kyle looks at her, brow furrowed.

PIKE  
Were you thinking about anything  
when it happened?

MARIAN  
No.

PIKE  
What about emotions? Anything you  
remember?

Marian tightens.

MARIAN  
...Fear.

Her ARM TWITCHES.

--The MAGNETOMETER READING DROPS to 10 Hz. Then SPIKES back to  
NORMAL.

PIKE  
Whoa.

KYLE  
Mar?

MARIAN  
I want to stop--

PIKE  
You're in your own body. You're  
perfectly safe. Take deep breaths.

MARIAN  
I can't breathe.

The MAGNETOMETER SIZZLES--numbers DROPPING--10, 45, 63, 0.

-200--

PIKE  
Jesus--

--Lights EXPLODE. OUTLETS SPARK. And then...

Marian's JAW CLENCHES. Opening. And locking. Like she's  
catatonic. Eyes slitted. Head tilted. Staring right at Pike.

PIKE  
...Holy shit.

KYLE  
That's enough! Make it stop--

PIKE  
--I can't.

Kyle reaches for Marian. Pike grabs him--

PIKE  
Back off. Trust me.

Kyle eyes Pike warily, and steps back, eyes locked on Marian.

*On it.*

Spittle spills down her cocked, TWITCHING CHIN.

PIKE  
Who am I speaking with?

It stares. Trying to breathe. Getting used to her lungs.

PIKE  
My name's Pike. Is this Levi?

MARIAN  
*Piiiiike.*

PIKE  
That's right.

MARIAN  
*Preacher's son.*

Pike smiles. Friendly. Casual.

PIKE  
You've been listening to us.

It grins, trying to control its jaw. Words slurred like a drunk.

MARIAN  
*Maybe.*

PIKE  
What else do you know about me,  
Levi? Anything I didn't say here?

Silence.

PIKE  
Marian asked you to leave.

Pike watches its paralytic twitches.

MARIAN

*She invited me. She asked for my help.*

PIKE

*She doesn't want you here anymore.  
You're scaring her.*

MARIAN

*I'm scaring you.*

Pike tenses. It's right.

PIKE

*What do you want, Levi?*

A long pause. Then...

MARIAN

*She's dead.*

Kyle whitens.

PIKE

*Marian's fine.*

MARIAN

*Not Marian. Your mama.*

Pike turns stone cold.

MARIAN

*Heart attack. Singing hymns at the  
church picnic. She's with her God now.  
The God she loved. The God you loathe.*

PIKE

*...Is she happy?*

It starts laughing.

MARIAN

*Happy? She still believes in sin.  
Still hears lies from her God.  
Still tortured knowin' her youngest  
son's a faggot.*

Pike's speechless. Kyle looks at him.

PIKE

*Marian...I--know you can hear me.*

MARIAN

*Did your search for meaning erase  
your true nightmares, Pikey?*

PIKE

--Marian: Think about something you love. The most beautiful thing in the world--and follow it--

MARIAN (IN TRANCE)

*Deep down...you know your mama's God's coming for you too--*

PIKE

Follow it!

Marian's BODY CONTORTS. A horrific retch. She doubles over, catching her breath, then VOMITS. VOICE hers again.

Pike stares at her like he's been punched by the Devil.

INT. RESEARCH BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pike's HAND SHAKES so hard he can't write.

PIKE

Son-of-a--

He throws the PENCIL across the room. It lands at Kyle's feet as he exits the BATHROOM down the hall.

PIKE

She okay?

Kyle shakes his head. He walks over and sits across from Pike.

PIKE

I have to review the video. Get a clearer opinion of what we're dealing with.

KYLE

What do you think we're dealing with?

Pike tightens. An audible swallow.

PIKE

Not channeling.

INT. RESEARCH BUILDING - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian grips her head, crying, trying to calm herself down.

INT. RESEARCH BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pike looks at Kyle.

PIKE

Her readings are off the charts. I've never seen anything like that.

Pike takes a deep breath.

PIKE

When that thing started talking, it went right to the darkest part of me. Didn't hesitate. From what it said, its timing...its frequency ranges... that thing feeds on fear. The kind of fear that makes you wanna pray. I think fear's a doorway for it; an access point to Marian.

KYLE

The channel said it was her writing.

PIKE

The channel was wrong.

It chills Kyle to the bone. Pike tightens, disturbed.

PIKE

Maybe the writing was a starting point. Maybe it cracked the door. But it's not what's keeping it open.

Kyle looks at him.

PIKE

You saw how Marian moved when that thing was talking through her? Stiff. Tight. Like a fucked-up newborn. That's not channeling. That's something else: That's something trying to cross into a world it's not supposed to.

KYLE

What are you saying? Possession?

PIKE

I'm not sure yet.

Kyle's completely freaked.

PIKE

But if that is what's happening...it's gonna do things. To freak her out. Open her up. She may act differently, she may see things that aren't there--

KYLE

Jesus--

PIKE

--Every time she gets spooked, it's gonna be right there waiting. Each time it comes in, it's gonna have more control of her body.

KYLE  
--How the hell do we stop it?

PIKE  
I need to find out what it is first.  
Right now: You have to keep her calm.

Kyle stares at him, incredulous.

KYLE  
You got any ideas?

PIKE  
I'd say, 'tell her to think of pink elephants' but we know how well that works.

Pike stares at him.

PIKE  
I know this sounds shitty...but if she were my wife...

Pike swallows.

PIKE  
Sedate her.

Kyle processes it. Mind caving in.

KYLE  
I didn't tell Marian, but those pages she wrote: They were plagiarized. The author's dead. Name's Blythe Rosen. Is there any way this could be her?

Pike scribbles down the name.

PIKE  
I'll check it out, but based on those spikes...I seriously doubt it.

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS. Marian emerges. Calm facade reinstated.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS bathe the woodsy road. Streetlights ebb across the car like soft, waning angels.

Kyle looks at Marian, who's consumed in thought.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Police are in pursuit of a black SUV, which fled the scene of a robbery on Knollwood--

He changes the station to MUSIC, trying to lighten the mood.

KYLE  
Wanna get some dinner?

Marian shakes her head.

KYLE  
How 'bout a movie? There's a new  
comedy out. Supposed to be shitty.

She smiles, despite herself.

Kyle maneuvers to a DETOUR ahead, stopping at a RED LIGHT.

KYLE  
You know I never give up, right?  
You know I have to fix everything.

He takes Marian's hand, staring at her intently.

KYLE  
I'll fix this. I promise.

She squeezes his hand, grateful tears in her eyes.

And then...her face changes, warmth narrowing to pure horror:

KYLE  
...What?

MARIAN'S POV: Against the BLACK WOODS...

*An ELDERLY MAN stands OUTSIDE of Kyle's WINDOW. Horrified EYES  
BULGING like boiled eggs. Mouth OPEN in a manic, SILENT SCREAM.*

Kyle follows Marian's GAZE to his window. Nothing's there.

*At least, he can't see it.*

KYLE  
...What do you see?

Kyle looks back at Marian. And then--

--From the PIT of BLACKNESS OUTSIDE his WINDOW--

AN SUV SMASHES into them LIKE A BOMB--EXPLODING GLASS across  
their seats--

BULLDOZING their CAR 20 FEET before BOTH VEHICLES SCREECH to a  
STOP.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kyle wipes the blood from his ear. He looks at Marian. She's out.

THROUGH KYLE'S SPLINTERED WINDOW...

The SUV BUMPER is crushed against Kyle's door, fusing it shut. STEAM RISES from the SUV, masking the SHADOWY FORM of the DAZED DRIVER inside.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kyle jostles Marian's face.

KYLE  
Hey. Wake up.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER OPENS his DOOR. Stumbling out. Dropping a BLACK DUFFEL BAG, filled with CASH.

And a GUN.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seeing him...Kyle whitens.

KYLE  
Oh no.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL from a distance.

KYLE  
Mar? Wake up.

THE DRIVER

PICKS up the DUFFLE BAG, wiping the blood from his forehead. DIRTY SNEAKERS stumbling toward Kyle and Marian.

He POINTS his GUN at Kyle.

DRIVER  
I need your car.

KYLE  
Okay.

Kyle jostles Marian awake.

KYLE  
Mar? Come on.

The Driver OPENS HER DOOR. YANKING her dazed body out.

KYLE  
Easy!

DRIVER  
Hurry!

Kyle moves. Then whitens: *He's stuck. Snared by his SEATBELT.*

DRIVER

Hurry!

Kyle YANKS madly at his belt. It won't budge.

KYLE

Goddamn it, come on!!

SIRENS amplify. RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS halo the woods.

The Driver quiets, listening to the ONCOMING SIRENS.

Not a lot of choices in this moment. He has the car...

*Or a hostage.*

KYLE sees it in his eyes--

KYLE

Don't--

The Driver YANKS Marian up, pressing his GUN to her TEMPLE.

KYLE

Let her go!

DRIVER

(To Marian)

Stay calm. You move, you scream...I'll kill you. Understand?

MARIAN

...Yeah.

POLICE CARS SCREECH to a STOP 30 feet behind Kyle's.

--DOORS OPEN, GUNS AIMED. A VOICE BLEATS from a BULLHORN.

POLICE

Put down your weapon!

The Driver shifts in the headlights.

DRIVER

(To the police)

I got a hostage! Give me a car!

POLICE

Put down your weapon and put your hands on your head--

DRIVER

I'm not afraid to die! I'm not afraid to take her with me!

KYLE

Grabs a PIECE of BROKEN GLASS--SLICING madly at his SEATBELT.

THE DRIVER

Moves from foot to foot, ELBOW LOCKED around MARIAN'S THROAT.

DRIVER

(To the Police)

I'm gonna count to three!

The Police hold their ground.

POLICE

Put down your weapon!

KYLE CUTS at his belt--

MARIAN

(To the Driver)

...Let--me go.

DRIVER

(To Marian)

--Shut up! Stay still.

KYLE

(To Marian)

Stay calm, baby. It'll be okay.

KYLE'S SEATBELT starts to FRAY. He looks up, tightening:

*Marian's not herself.*

KYLE

...Oh no.

DRIVER

(To the Police)

One!

ACCIDENT SMOKE swivels in the HEADLIGHT BEAMS...

...Where the DRIVER presses his GUN to MARIAN'S FACE.

*Oblivious to her twisting body language: Jaw tilting. Spittle streaming. EYES ROLLING like a sputtering hiccup.*

DRIVER

Two!

*She's trying to fight it. But she can't. Her body STRAIGHTENS. HEAD tilting forward like a DRUGGED DOLL.*

DRIVER

Thr--

--HEADLIGHTS BLOW OUT on every POLICE CAR.

--COPS DUCK as GLASS SPRAYS EVERYWHERE.

BLACK.

SOUNDS OF FUMBLING MOVEMENT.

KYLE YANKS at his BELT. Bathed in sweat and blood.

POLICE POINT WEAPONS in the DARK, groping for FLASHLIGHTS.

IGNITING the BEAMS at THE DRIVER'S DIRTY SNEAKERS...

...and CLIMBING up to his DAZED FACE.

BLOOD streams from his CHEEKS. PIERCED like a porcupine by the SHATTERED HEADLIGHT GLASS.

POLICE  
Don't move!!

The Driver blinks, stunned. His GUN'S MISSING. So's Marian.

POLICE  
Put your hands on your head!

--KYLE SNAPS THROUGH his NYLON PRISON. HOWLING in pain as he LUNGES toward MARIAN'S DOOR.

He's stuck. LEG WEDGED between his seat and his CRUSHED DOOR.

POLICE pass his car, WEAPONS LEVELED. Closing in on the DRIVER,

standing in shock, in the WOODS.

POLICE  
Put your hands on your head!

KYLE

YELPS as he FREES his LEG, CRAWLING across Marian's seat.

A HAND reaches in to pull him out:

It's DAN.

DAN  
Where's Marian?

KYLE  
She's out there--

DAN  
--Don't move.

KYLE  
You don't understand--

DAN  
I'll handle it, Haskell!

Dan leaves Kyle, overtaking the  
LINE OF ARMED POLICE,  
POINTING his WEAPON at The Driver's HUNCHED FORM--

DAN  
Put your hands on your head!

The DRIVER obeys, interlocking his FINGERS, SCANNING the woods...  
*...Where's his fucking gun?*

THERE: Five feet ahead. Under a SHADOWED GRAVE of LEAVES.

DAN  
On your knees!

The Driver stumbles forward. *An act.*  
*Moving him one step closer to the weapon.*  
He drops to his knees. *Two steps closer.*

DRIVER  
(To himself)  
...Come on, bitch. Where are you?

He scans his SHADOW, LENGTHENING in Dan's CLOSING BEAM...  
LEAVES RUSTLE...rolling and stopping at

*MARIAN'S HAND. TWITCHING in darkness, in rhythmic sync with her SHALLOW SICKLY WHEEZES: HEH--HEH--HEH--*

DRIVER  
Gotcha, bitch.

DAN  
(To the Driver)  
Lay down on the ground!

The Driver looks at his GUN, calculating his move--  
And then...the FLASHLIGHTS DIE. DIMMING the WOODS to BLACK.  
--POLICE RADIOS TURN ON. FREQUENCIES JAMMING. STATIC DEAFENING.

KYLE

Tries to shove past the REAR LINE of COPS. They HOLD HIM BACK--

THE DRIVER

crawls forward, breath racing. Fumbling for his weapon.

...A *WRETCHED VOICE* penetrates the *DARKNESS*.

MARIAN

...*James Deacon Parker. Husband to  
Gwen...father to Amy...*

The Driver whitens.

DAN'S GUN QUAKES as he approaches...

Only he and The Driver can hear her.

They're both chilled to the bone.

The *MALIGNANT VOICE* curls into a *CHORTLE*.

MARIAN

(To The Driver)  
...*They're gonna kill you.*

THE DRIVER

TIGHTENS--SHE'S RIGHT FUCKING THERE--On her back like a *FROZEN* mannequin. *HANDS CLAWED* like a dead possum.

Without warning--Marian's *BODY SLIDES TOWARD HIM*--

--The terrified DRIVER LURCHES for his GUN and FIRES--

KYLE

No!!!

--KYLE PLOWS THROUGH the BACK LINE of COPS, SEEING

--DAN DISCHARGE TWO SLUGS into the DRIVER'S BACK.

DROPPING HIM. Right across from Marian's fallen body.

The Driver stares at Marian, GRIN plastered on her SICKLY FACE, as he chokes out his final breath.

DAN

...Marian?

Marian *URNS*.

Dan almost comes out of his skin...

*HER JOINTS CRACK* as she *UNCURLS* her hands, *STRETCHING* her arms like a waking *BAT*...

Dan TREMBLES, half-ready to fire at whatever-the-fuck she is.

And then--her FACE CONTORTS, EYES ROLLING. Marian's soft, LABORED BREATH overwhelms her, filling her body again.

KYLE runs past Dan and drops to Marian's side, clamping his hand over the BULLET HOLES in her stomach.

KYLE  
Jesus--Help her!

Dan remembers himself. He turns to the cops behind him.

DAN  
--Get a bus!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle's seen better days. He's exhausted. Bruised. Leg bandaged.

A wet-behind-the-ears DOCTOR talks with him.

DOCTOR  
Bullets went in and out. Vital organs, bones--completely untouched. It's a Goddamn miracle. We'll keep her tonight. She can go tomorrow.

KYLE  
Thanks.

The Doctor paces off.

Dan approaches, still in shock. Kyle flinches when he sees him.

DAN  
How is she?

KYLE  
She'll be okay.

Silence. Elephant in the room rearing between them.

DAN  
...She knew his name. The driver.

Kyle looks at him, tightening.

DAN  
That night at our house. That thing she talked to...

Kyle's morbid glance confirms Dan's unfinished question. He stares at Kyle in disbelief.

DAN  
What are you gonna do?

KYLE  
I don't know.

Dan swallows, trying to move his mind to something 'normal.'

DAN  
Jackie moved out.

He looks at Kyle, dark with humiliation.

DAN  
I told her a thousand times, I wanted  
a wife not a mother. I'm out here  
getting shot at, for Christ's sake,  
and she's telling me what to eat--

KYLE  
You should've left.

Dan tightens defensively.

DAN  
I didn't want to leave. I wanted to  
feel like a man--

Kyle scoffs, storming away. Dan yells after him--

DAN  
You ever make a mistake, Haskell?

Kyle turns, softening at Dan's pained expression.

KYLE  
Thanks for your help.

Kyle walks off. Dan watches him go.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

MACHINES BEEP. Kyle walks in.

Marian's out. In the blissful peace of oblivion. EEG steady.  
No blips of the nightmare that brought her here.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

VENDING MACHINE COFFEE sludges into a CUP. Kyle gags it back.

WALTER  
Dregs.

WALTER, 65, warm and unimposing, feeds the machine a dollar.

WALTER  
Every cup's been worse than the last.

KYLE  
Hold your nose, it's not so bad.

Walter smiles, seeing Kyle's bruised temple.

WALTER  
Get in a fight?

KYLE  
Car accident. My wife got the worst of it.

WALTER  
She okay?

Kyle nods.

WALTER  
My wife's here too. Least...she was  
my wife. Now she doesn't know who  
she is.

Kyle's brow furrows. Could he be dealing with the same thing?

WALTER  
Brain injury.

No. Not the same thing.

WALTER  
Docs aren't sure how much she'll  
get back.

KYLE  
I'm sorry.

WALTER  
At least they got good coffee, right?

Walter tries to smile, but he's busting inside. He walks off, holding back tears.

INT. MARIAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle sits by Marian's bedside. EEG WAVES cascade.

Then BLIP. Kyle tightens. Watching Marian. Her EYES OPEN.

For a moment...it's unclear if it's her. And then, she smiles.

MARIAN  
...Hi.

Kyle's heart rises.

KYLE  
How do you feel?

He strokes her face. Marian tightens. Tears fill her eyes.

MARIAN  
I'm scared.

KYLE  
...Me too.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Kyle signs Marian's file, talking to her Doctor.

KYLE  
Could you give her something for  
anxiety? She's still on edge from  
the wreck.

DOCTOR  
I can prescribe something short-term.

KYLE  
What about sleeping pills?

The Doctor looks at him. Nods. Signs the PRESCRIPTION.

A NURSE wheels Marian's chair into the lobby.

MARIAN  
Thank you.

Walter paces in, brightening when he sees Kyle and Marian.

WALTER  
Someone's ready to go.

KYLE  
She tried the coffee. Marian, this  
is Walter. Walter: My wife, Marian.

MARIAN  
Hi.

Walter shakes her hand, trying to place her.

WALTER  
I've seen you before.

MARIAN  
I don't think so.

The Doctor hands Kyle the PRESCRIPTION.

Walter stares at Marian, still perplexed.

WALTER  
I'm not always home when my wife  
gives sessions...but some days I  
see people coming up the walkway.

KYLE  
How is your wife?

WALTER  
She tried the coffee too.

Walter smiles weakly, trying to make light.

WALTER  
They're letting me take her home.

And then...

ANOTHER NURSE pushes WALTER'S WIFE'S WHEELCHAIR in.

And now, Kyle and Marian are flatlining.

Because Walter's WIFE is Marian's FUCKING CHANNEL.

ROSE.

HEAD BANDAGED. Legs CAST. Body covered with lacerations.

But she doesn't care. *She doesn't know where the fuck she is.*

Her expression's blank as a doll's.

MARIAN  
What happened to her?

WALTER  
She has MS. Some days it makes her  
clumsy. She was walking toward the stairs  
and missed the rail. Fell all the way  
down. Crashed through our glass table.

Marian stares at Rose in horror.

WALTER  
I hope she was able to help you  
before her accident.

Marian nods.

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kyle's car pulls up. Marian looks at him.

MARIAN  
Levi did it. He pushed her.

KYLE  
We don't know that.

In their guts, they both know. Kyle swallows. It's better they don't talk about it.

KYLE  
Pike thinks it feeds on fear.

He pulls out the XANAX, shaking a PILL into her hand.

KYLE  
If this doesn't work, we'll put you out.

They don't know what else to do.

Marian swallows back the Xanax. She limps from the car, carefully navigating the COBBLESTONE WALK.

Kyle follows. Watching like a hawk.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They stop dead...looking up at THE STAIRWELL.

Kyle takes Marian's arm. STEPS CREAK like LAUGHING TROLLS as he steadies her to THE TOP.

Marian enters the HALL, holding her bandaged stomach.

The PHONE RINGS downstairs.

PIKE (ON MACHINE)  
It's me. You there? Pick up.

KYLE  
I gotta grab that. Wait in the bedroom. I'll be right up.

MARIAN  
Kyle?

He turns. She's beside herself.

MARIAN  
Don't leave me.

It breaks his heart. He smiles.

KYLE  
Never.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle runs in. Grabs the PHONE--

KYLE  
Hey. You find anything?

PIKE (V.O.)  
Yeah. I'm coming over. How's Marian?

KYLE  
Okay. She took some Xanax.

PIKE (V.O.)  
For what? She giving a speech?

KYLE  
Wh--You said fear triggers it--

PIKE (V.O.)  
Terror, Haskell. Xanax is for fucking turbulence. It's like taking a Tylenol when you need morphine. It won't stop shit. I said sedate her--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marian lifts her shirt, staring at the STAPLES in her stomach.

She looks at her FACE in the SPLINTERED MIRROR. Exhausted. Hopeless. Weak.

Above her, the BATHROOM LIGHT DIMS. SHADOWING her face.

Too dark to see vividly...but it's eerily clear:

Her REFLECTION'S CHANGING.

Marian swallows, leaning forward to SEE IT:

In the SHADOWED MIRROR,

HER REFLECTION'S HORRIFIED. POCKETS OF BLACK fill her SCREAMING MOUTH and ORBLIKE EYES--

In the bathroom--MARIAN SHUTS her EYES. Enraged.

MARIAN  
--Fuck you, Levi.

Slowly, Marian OPENS HER EYES...

...Her REFLECTION'S back to NORMAL.

An ELDERLY MALE VOICE permeates the air.

ELDERLY MAN'S VOICE  
--It's coming for you...

IN THE MIRROR...

An *ELDERLY MAN* *FADES UP* behind her. *MOUTH WIDE* in horror.

The SAME MAN she saw outside Kyle's car window.

ELDERLY MAN  
--It's coming for you--

--Heart racing, she GRABS a LIPSTICK, TRACING his FACE ON THE MIRROR. Every warped detail.

And then, in a BLINK...HE'S GONE.

BEHIND HER...SMACK--

*SOMETHING BEATS* on the *FROSTED TUB GLASS*. It's him. BANGING like he's trapped in a body bag.

ELDERLY MAN  
Coming--for--you!

Marian skids back, freaking out. A TREMOR quakes her hand.

MARIAN  
Sonofabitch--

It's trying to scare her. And it's working.

She grabs a HAIR DRYER and SMASHES the TUB GLASS. Over and over. Until NOTHING'S VISIBLE behind.

--A HAND GRABS her shoulder--

MARIAN  
Jesus!!!--

Marian fights off Kyle--

KYLE  
It's me--It's me!

MARIAN  
Someone's in the tub!

Kyle turns, fixated on her LIPSTICK OUTLINE on the mirror.

KYLE  
Who is that?

MARIAN  
--He's in the tub!

Kyle looks at her, trying to stay calm.

KYLE  
 Pike's coming to help you.  
 Everything's gonna be fine. Wait in  
 the bedroom. I'll check the tub.

Beside herself, Marian backtracks to the adjoining BEDROOM.

KYLE stares at the CRACKED FROSTED GLASS. DRIPS of WATER hit  
 the tub behind. SMAT. SMAT.

He swallows back his terror...and SLIDES the DOOR OPEN...

Nothing. Just a LEAK in a bone-dry tub.

The best thing he ever saw.

IN THE BEDROOM,

Kyle walks in, smiling reassuringly.

KYLE  
 Nothing's there.

Marian sits on the floor, propped against the dresser. Legs  
 loosely crossed. Face covered by her straggling hair.

KYLE  
 Marian?

She doesn't answer. Doesn't move.

KYLE  
 Sweetie, look at me. I'm right here.

MARIAN  
*That supposed to comfort her?*

KYLE  
 Sonofabitch, leave her alone.

It tilts its head down, like a creaking Tin Man, slowly  
 REACHING toward Marian's STOMACH.

MARIAN  
*Marian asked for my help. Didn't  
 want yours.*

HER HANDS begin to play with something, hidden by her HAIR.

MARIAN  
*...She knows you're helpless.*

Kyle tightens.

MARIAN  
*I saved Marian. In the woods. What  
 did you do?*

It looks up, grinning behind Marian's tangled bangs.

MARIAN  
*You watched.*

Kyle grimaces when he SEES what it's doing: *PICKING* at her *STAPLES*. *Tossing them out, one at a time.*

MARIAN  
*You promised you'd fix this. Said  
 you'd get rid of me. You didn't.*

The truth tortures him.

KYLE  
 Please...let her go.

It LAUGHS. A brutal CACKLE. Then...it leans on its wrist,  
DRAGGING ITSELF to its hands and knees.

AND CRAWLS. CREAKING across the WOOD FLOOR toward Kyle.  
 Gasping in delight like a malignant child.

MARIAN  
*Marian has a message for you. Wanna  
 hear it?*

Kyle backtracks as it closes in.

MARIAN  
*If you do, I'll let her go.*

KYLE  
 What's the Goddamn message?

It LOOKS UP--Face different. SOMETHING under Marian's skin,  
manipulating her flesh like a human puppet--

MARIAN  
Help me--

Kyle skids backward--

MARIAN  
Help me! Help me!! Help me!!

It surges toward him like a LAME HORSE--GRABBING his neck.  
 Kyle tries to pry it off. No use. It's as strong as he is.

MARIAN  
 --*Help me, Help me--*

Kyle gasps. Tears fill his eyes.

KYLE  
 Baby--I love you...

--Kyle PUNCHES Marian's JAW. Snapping her head.

*It LAUGHS.* Mouth bleeding.

Kyle HITS it again. LAYING MARIAN OUT. Sobbing, he swoops up her dazed body.

Carries her to BED like a BROKEN DOLL.

Jostles her awake just enough to see Marian's terrified eyes before he SHOVES a SLEEPING PILL down her throat.

HOLDING her JAW SHUT in a brutal embrace until she swallows it. Kyle watches her GAZE SOFTEN. She DRIFTS OFF.

A KNOCK startles him.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kyle opens the door, raw with emotion. Pike's outside.

PIKE  
Where's Marian?

KYLE  
Out.

PIKE  
Good. You need to see something.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PIKE SLIDES A DVD into a PLAYER.

PIKE  
I told you I record in frequencies,  
then process the data to an image.  
There's a vibration range for  
spirits...About 12 to 15 Hz. They show  
up as white hotspots onscreen. I didn't  
think 'Levi' was one of them, but I  
pulled up a control tape in case:

Kyle leans forward, looking at the TV.

PIKE  
This is processed video from a  
haunting five years ago.

Pike hits PLAY. On TV: PEOPLE navigate a LIVING ROOM.

Between them: WHITE SPOTS BURN with ghastly luminescence.

Kyle stares at them in disbelief.

Pike YANKS OUT the TAPE. Slides in ANOTHER ONE.

PIKE  
This is Marian's session:

Pike hits PLAY. Kyle stares.

On TV: The MASTER SHOT of Kyle, Pike, and Marian.

Marian's body is filled with BLACK. It ebbs beneath her skin, voiding her eyes. Distorting her gentle features to morbid rage.

KYLE  
Oh my God.

PIKE  
God has nothing to do with this.

Pike stares at the screen.

PIKE  
This frequency's two zeros into the negative. I've never measured anything like it, living or dead. Whatever we're dealing with...it's severely twisted.

KYLE  
You need to see something.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pike whitens as Kyle shows him Marian's TRACING on the MIRROR.

PIKE  
She saw that?

Kyle nods. Pike glances at Marian, asleep in the adjacent BEDROOM.

PIKE  
How long is she out for?

KYLE  
An hour, give or take.

PIKE  
We need to talk to that channel.

INT. ROSE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CARTOONS play. ROSE'S WHEELCHAIR faces the TV. Half-eaten DINNER on her tray.

Walter feeds her. A KNOCK on the DOOR turns his head.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walter opens the door, brightening when he sees Kyle and Pike.

KYLE

We came to see Rose.

INT. CHANNEL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pike and Kyle follow Walter in.

WALTER

She's in a vegetative state. Some movements, a word, here and there. I doubt you'll get much from her.

Kyle looks at Rose, catatonic in her chair, then at Walter.

KYLE

We think something happened during Rose's session with Marian. We think something came through that your wife didn't intend.

Walter's brow furrows defensively.

WALTER

My wife helps people.

PIKE

We're not saying it was deliberate.

WALTER

(To Pike)

Who the hell are you?

(To Kyle)

Don't come into my house and accuse my wife of talking to the Devil. She knew damn well who she was talking to--

KYLE

Who?!

Kyle grabs Walter's shoulders, backing him into the wall--

KYLE

Something's terrorizing my wife! If you know who Rose was talking to, tell us. Tell us!

INT. ROSE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walter leads Kyle and Pike to a BEDROOM DOOR, looking back at them guiltily.

WALTER

This was her study. I hadn't been in for weeks. Not 'til the day she fell.

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It looks like an asylum. The WALLPAPER'S been MUTILATED with a RAZOR. VASES of FLOWERS spilled. MIRROR SPIDERWEBBED.

PAGES lay on the floor, vomited from a COMPUTER PRINTER.

NOTEBOOKS of WRITING are stacked from floor to ceiling. Pike sifts through them, awestruck.

PIKE  
These are channeled writings?

WALTER  
Twenty year's worth.

PIKE  
(To Kyle)  
She wasn't an amateur. She knew what she was doing.

Pike opens a recent NOTEBOOK. The HANDWRITING'S DIFFERENT. Scribbled. Erratic. Pike looks at the date.

PIKE  
(To Kyle)  
She did this last week.

Kyle pulls the pages from the PRINTER, scanning them.

KYLE  
(To Pike)  
Look at these.

Pike walks over to Kyle, staring at the pages.

*PICTURES: MEN and WOMEN. All ages. EYES and MOUTHS SCRIBBLED out. HANDWRITTEN SCRAWL on the bottom of EACH:*

*'The Unsacred. The Unsacred. The Unsacred.'*

WALTER  
She was typing names all day. Printing out pictures. Said she saw those people, coming through our walls. Said she heard them screaming.

Kyle narrows as he pulls a PICTURE from the pile:

It's the Elderly Man from Marian's DRAWING.

KYLE  
Oh my God.

Pike reads the BIO under on the Man's picture.

PIKE

Miles Hemsworth. Architect. He was committed in '54. Died a year later.

Kyle flips through the pictures, darkening.

The last PICTURE: Blythe Rosen.

KYLE

The pages Marian wrote. The author: This is her.

Pike looks at it, chilled to the bone.

KYLE

How are Marian and Rose seeing the same people?

PIKE

I don't know.  
(To Walter)  
Did your wife put up a field before her sessions?

WALTER

Every time.

Pike glances around the shredded wallpaper...

PIKE

Something got through it.

INT. ROSE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PIKE walks in, staring at ROSE'S EMPTY EYES. The others watch.

PIKE

Rose? My name's Pike. I study parapsychology. I'm trying to help Marian. I think something penetrated your field. I need to know what.

Pike kneels in front of Rose, holding out her PICTURES.

PIKE

Who were these people?

Rose stares into the cold blue nothing...

Kyle walks forward, kneeling gently in front of her.

KYLE

My wife needs your help.

Rose lowers her eyes, staring at the pictures. Her neck tightens. She GURGLES.

ROSE  
The--Unsacred--came for them.

Walter looks at Rose, stunned.

PIKE  
What is that? What's 'The Unsacred?'

Rose tightens, hand quaking over the PICTURES.

PIKE  
Did it cause your fall?

WALTER  
That's enough.

KYLE  
(To Rose)  
Blink. Once for yes, twice for no.

Rose blinks.

PIKE  
Is 'The Unsacred' a human spirit?

She blinks. And then: Blinks again. Pike turns cold.

PIKE  
What is it?

Rose tightens, NECK ARCHING--

ROSE  
Jj--j-inn.

Pike stares at Rose, wide-eyed.

ROSE  
It's--coming--for her.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Kyle drives, terrified. He glances at Pike.

KYLE  
Talk. You're freaking me out.

PIKE  
I know about Jinns. Never in my life  
thought I'd see one.

KYLE  
What are they?

HEADLIGHTS whitewash the interior, sliding off eerily.

PIKE

Christians call them Demons. The Hebrew bible calls them Shedim. Dark, twisted energies, drawn to suffering and terror the same way we're drawn to hope and love.

Pike looks at Kyle, completely creeped-out.

PIKE

Some say they're pieces of the Devil...roaming our psyches...looking for doorways into a physical body.

Kyle stares at him, incredulous.

PIKE

Supposedly...certain people are more vulnerable...people who ruminate on fearful thoughts. People who trust things outside themselves...instead of their own instincts. All things that lower someone's frequency.

Pike takes a deep breath.

PIKE

Sensitives...like artists...channels...writers.

A chill crawls down Kyle's spine.

Pike looks at him, choosing his words carefully.

PIKE

You know what channels actually do? There's shit out there that we can't see. There's shit in this car right now.

Kyle glances warily around the car.

PIKE

Spirits...guides...lost souls. Mediums see them. As clear as we see each other. Channels have another gift: They can lend them their body to speak to the living.

Kyle looks at him.

PIKE

When they're well-meaning spirits: guides, loved ones...the experience can be uplifting, life-changing. But when they're not...

Pike tightens.

PIKE

...I think that Jinn used the channel as a door. I think it was hanging around her for years, pounding at her field like a hammer until it was able to pass right through her...into someone else.

KYLE

...Marian's a writer.

PIKE

I don't think that's the only reason it picked her.

Kyle stares at Pike, tightening at the implication.

KYLE

What are you saying? She was afraid? She was so desperate for help that it locked right onto her?!

Pike softens, being kind.

PIKE

...I think it was the perfect storm.

Kyle grips his head, fighting his guilt.

KYLE

What do we do?

PIKE

I have an archived tape of an exorcism. I need to find the guy who performed it.

KYLE

How long will that take?

PIKE

I'm not sure. It's ten-years-old.

Kyle stares at him, wide-eyed.

KYLE

What am I supposed to do until then? Sedate her? Watch her get worse?!

PIKE

Those people Marian's seeing? The ones the channel saw? The Jinn invaded them too.

(MORE)

PIKE (cont'd)

Right now, it's using them to terrorize Marian--doing everything it can to lower her frequency enough to take her over completely! The next time it comes in could be the last!

Kyle tightens, beside himself. Trying to stay focused.

KYLE

This guy. Can he help her?

Pike nods. A moment:

PIKE

If he's still alive.

INT. ROSE'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON TV: SPONGEBOG chuckles with his underwater SEA MATES.

In her WHEELCHAIR...Rose watches TV. Head tilted.

WALTER

Different show?

Walter flips the station, then looks at Rose guiltily.

WALTER

...I'm sorry. I didn't know. Forgive me.

Rose doesn't blink. She's watching SOMETHING ELSE:

ROSE'S POV: THE ROOM IS FILLED. MEN and WOMEN stand, MOUTHS OPEN in SCREAMS. Eyes rolled.

SHE CAN HEAR THEM. Every DEAFENING TERRORIZED WAIL.

WALTER doesn't. He walks into the adjacent KITCHEN, oblivious.

Rose glances at a GLASS OF WATER on her TRAY, TREMBLING FINGERS reaching out...

Walter brightens.

WALTER

Look at you.

She reaches further...head cocked. Straining.

WALTER

Go on honey. You're doing great.

Rose's HAND NUDGES the GLASS. It FALLS--SPLINTERING.

Walter's heart sinks. He smiles gently. Paces over and kneels to pick up the PIECES. Laying them on her tray.

HER EYES follow his hand. And now WE SEE...

*She meant to drop it.*

She strains...CLUTCHING the CLOSEST SHARD. Walter's brow furrows.

WALTER  
...What are you?

ROSE  
I'm sssory--

She LUNGES at the SHARD--PIERCING HER throat. BLOOD ERUPTS on her tray--

WALTER  
--No no no!!!

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marian wakes. The room's peaceful. Hazes of grey darkness. Crack of HALL LIGHT streaming in.

She glances at the SLEEPING PILLS on her bedside table. Doesn't want to take them. She gets up, pacing to

THE FRENCH WINDOWS.

Watching the MOON OUTSIDE.

Marian OPENS THE WINDOWS, letting in the SOFT SHRILL of CICADAS. She inhales the night air, staring at the CONCRETE WALK below.

*So easy to jump.*

BELOW...

PIKE'S CAR pulls into the driveway. Kyle whitens when he sees Marian at the WINDOW.

KYLE  
What's she doing?

ABOVE,

MARIAN smiles at KYLE.

He leaps out of the car, exhaling in relief when she PULLS the WINDOWS CLOSED.

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the WINDOWS SHUT--

The GLASS' ANGLED REFLECTIONS come into view--

*PEOPLE behind her. Mouths AGAPE. APPEARING and DISSOLVING like BLINKING PHANTOMS.*

Marian TURNS. Nothing behind her.

She looks at the WINDOWS. They're EMPTY. She exhales in cautious relief, then pulls the WINDOWS CLOSED.

As they SHUT...HER OWN REFLECTION comes into view--

IT'S FUCKED.

*Eyes WIDE AS CHASMS. Screaming bloody murder. A PURE BLACK ENTITY twisting under her skin. And then--*

--SOMETHING UNSEEN SHOVES her at the WINDOW.

MARIAN

No--

A nudge. Not meant to kill her. *Just meant to scare the shit out of her.*

Marian GRABS the WALL. Bracing herself.

KYLE

BOLTS toward the house--

KYLE

No--

INT. MARIAN AND KYLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another SHOVE--Marian SURGES toward the window.

MARIAN

--Stop--

She GRABS the PANE. *This time she SLIPS THROUGH--*

MARIAN

--Heeeeeelp!

MARIAN falls over the WINDOWSILL--CLUTCHING the BASE--FEET DANGLING 2 STORIES above the cement walk.

KYLE

Scrambles UPSTAIRS, falling on his way--

MARIAN'S

STAPLES SPLIT as she KICKS for dear life. FEET SNAPPING the SIDING off the house--

KYLE

Races into the BEDROOM. GRABBING her hands--

Pike's right behind him. SNAGGING her wrists--

They pull her in.

Pike catches his breath. Watching Kyle embrace her.

MARIAN

--I'm okay.

She checks her bleeding staples.

And then--

THE WINDOWS BOLT SHUT and LOCK--

--MARIAN flies backward like a CANNONBALL--SMACKING into the GLASS--and STICKING--

*She's in mid-fucking air.*

WAILING in PAIN against the LOCKED WINDOW. Blood streaming down her arms as the GLASS CRACKS behind her weight.

Kyle reaches behind her, trying to pry her off.

KYLE

(To Pike)

Help me!

Marian grips the WINDOW, FINGERS and BACK BLEEDING as BREAKING GLASS chafes her skin.

MARIAN

Noooooo--pl---ease--

Her EYES ROLL, HEAD POUNDING BACKWARD against the glass.

MARIAN

Stoooooooooop!

Pike stares at her, dumbfounded.

KYLE

(To Pike)

Help me!

PIKE

Marian--It wants to scare you. It needs you afraid to get inside of you. Whatever you're seeing--you have to shut it out and stay calm--

Her EYES ROLL, jaw locking and releasing--

MARIAN

Fu--ck y--ou!!!!!!!!!!!!

PIKE

Clear your mind. Think of a time when things were perfect.

(To Kyle)

You gotta help me--I don't know her. Talk to her!

KYLE

About what?!

PIKE

Think about what she's afraid of! Make her feel safe!

Kyle looks at Marian.

KYLE

I'm not gonna leave you. Whatever you need, however bad you think something is, you'll never be a burden to me.

She HOWLS. Pure white pain. It tortures him. Tears fill his eyes.

KYLE

I don't know how to fix this.

*She hears him. Her neck softens, tears streaming.*

Glass CLINKING, she slides down, eyes locked on Kyle's. He pulls her to her feet and wraps his arms around her.

MARIAN

...I love you.

KYLE

I love you too.

MARIAN

I saw our wedding. The breeze, hibiscus, candles. I even smelled gingerbread.

He smiles quizzically.

KYLE

Gingerbread?

A moment. She tightens.

MARIAN

There were cookies. In a bedroom. Comic books. Archie. Poster of a lion cub.

Pike turns, whitening.

MARIAN  
...Telescope in the corner.

PIKE  
Get the sleeping pills.

KYLE  
What?

PIKE  
That's my bedroom.

Marian tenses.

MARIAN  
There's a woman coming...She's  
picking up the trucks and ripping  
the comics.

PIKE  
Marian, stay out of that room.

Marian looks at Pike. Cold white horror:

MARIAN  
She's coming for you.

Marian winces. Neck TWITCHES. Mouth OPENS. Eyes ROLL.

A wretched, ANDROGYNOUS VOICE fills her lungs as she leers  
sideways at Kyle.

--And BACKHANDS HIM. With the force of a stallion--KNOCKING  
him into the BEDPOST. Kyle holds his head, dazed.

Marian grins at Pike, eyes slitted. VOICE WRETCHED.

MARIAN  
*Pikey...*

Pike stares at her, dumbfounded.

MARIAN  
*I miiiiss you.*

*NECK KINKED, she WALKS toward him. Stilted. Tweaked. Like  
she's limping on rockers.*

Pike backpedals, sweating bullets.

PIKE  
Marian? Shhit. Think about pink  
elephants...

MARIAN  
*Member when you were little? Swingin'  
at baseballs on our porch.*  
(MORE)

MARIAN (cont'd)  
*Missin' every one. That was the day I  
 knew you were a God-hatin' faggot.*

Pike tightens.

PIKE  
 You're not her. I know you're not  
 my mom.

MARIAN  
*I'm finding my way back from hell  
 for you Pikey.*

PIKE  
 ...Levi? What do you want?

*Her PUPILS SHRINK to PINPRINKS. VEINS DARKEN. VOICE changes.  
 Low as gravel. The VOICE of the Devil.*

MARIAN  
*--To live--*

She charges Pike and HEAD BUTTS him. BUSTING HIS NOSE.

Pike drops to his knees. Staring at Marian's sickly grin.

Kyle GRABS HER from behind--

KYLE  
 Top drawer. Get something to tie her!

Pike stumbles to the dresser, grabbing a handful of NECKTIES.

Kyle throws her on the bed, holding her as Pike ties her hands  
 and feet to the posts. She THRASHES. A MALIGNANT GROAN.

*All the time laughing.* Even when Kyle GAGS HER.

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pike's TREMBLING FINGERS light a cigarette. TISSUES plug his  
 nose. He feels the bridge to see if the blood's stopped.

PIKE  
 At least she didn't kick me in the balls.

Kyle looks at Pike, numb.

KYLE  
 You okay?

Pike shakes his head. Doesn't want to admit his deepest fear:

PIKE  
 My mom? I'm still afraid of her.

KYLE  
 It wasn't her.

Pike knows. Doesn't help.

PIKE  
I don't think I'm up to this.

Kyle looks at him, eyes on fire.

KYLE  
Yeah, you are. Let's go find that tape.

INT. PIKE'S RESEARCH BUILDING - NIGHT

PIKE'S VAN pulls in.

INT. PIKE'S MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

The MEDIA CLOSET is YANKED OPEN. Kyle and Pike toss STACKS OF DIGIBETAS to the floor.

PIKE  
It's in a blue box. Dated 1973.

KYLE  
The hell kind of filing system is this?

PIKE  
It's called 'Go Fuck Yourself.'

They claw through the media.

KYLE  
Here--

Kyle shoves a TAPE to Pike. Pike slides it into a DIGIBETA DECK and hits PLAY, chewing on his nails.

ON a MONITOR, degenerated blocks of DATED VIDEO:

A TEENAGE GIRL lays in bed. Hands tied. Pale skin polluted by a sea of VEINS. Expression twisting from rage to laughter.

Her FAMILY surrounds her.

At the head of her bed...A PUNJABI MAN stands, eyes closed. Could be 1000 years old.

PIKE  
His name's Sitara. Story is...he was a vagrant. Possessed by a Jinn. Priests, gurus, monks, came by the dozens to save him. The Jinn mocked them all. Some lost their faith, others their followers. Not a single one was able to pry it out of him.

Kyle stares at Sitara on the MONITOR.

PIKE

See, it's not just about the body. The body doesn't give the Jinn life. The body makes it real. To everyone around it. Even people who don't believe in it.

Kyle watches the screen.

PIKE

One day, Sitara closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and transcended. He got it out himself. Raised his own fucking frequency. From then on, everyone around him considered him a saint.

ON THE VIDEO,

SITARA holds his hands skyward. HIS PALMS begin to GLOW. A faint, white luminescence.

KYLE

Is that real?

Pike nods.

PIKE

From a spiritual standpoint, he's gonna infuse her with pure love. From a scientific standpoint, he's gonna raise her frequency; make her body inhospitable to it.

They watch the monitor.

PIKE

There's three ways to stop something like this: The Jinn can leave on its own, for whatever reason. Maybe it finds another body, someone else to torment. If it leaves on its own, it leaves a stain of itself. The victim stays vulnerable...to panic, psychosis. It can always come back.

Kyle takes it in.

PIKE

Two: It can be forced out...by someone like Sitara, someone who can overwhelm the body's frequency with light.

KYLE

The third way?

PIKE

Transcendence.

Kyle looks at Sitara. HANDS GLOWING on the MONITOR.

PIKE  
The victim raises their own vibration.  
From fear to love. Blind trust to  
faith. The need to control, to the  
 peace that passes understanding. They  
get it out themselves.

KYLE  
 How?

Pike shakes his head, looking at Sitara ONSCREEN.

PIKE  
 You'd have to ask him.

ON THE MONITOR...

SITARA walks forward and LAYS both HANDS on the TEENAGE GIRL'S  
DECOLLETEE. She WAILS. An ungodly HOWL.

KYLE  
 Christ.

The Girl RETCHES, convulsing like she's being electrocuted.

KYLE  
 Why's it so violent?

PIKE  
 Cause the Jinn wants it that way. Look  
 at her loved ones: Look at their faces.

Kyle stares at the MORTIFIED FAMILY on the MONITOR.

PIKE  
 Look at its face. It's in ecstasy. It's  
 feeding on their pain. On all of them.

Kyle stares at the Girl's WIDE-EYED GRIN.

PIKE  
 This is what it lives for.

Pike slides a handwritten NOTE out of the DIGIBETA CASE, "For  
 your archives." With it, a PHONE NUMBER.

PIKE  
 I need to make a call.

INT. PIKE'S RESEARCH BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A CONFERENCE TABLE borders the dark walls. MOONLIGHT  
 whitewashes the corridor, carving every line in Kyle's face.

Pike walks in from the media room. Kyle stands.

KYLE  
You find him?

Pike nods heavily.

PIKE  
He died in '04.

Kyle stares at Pike...in shock, then paces toward the table.

KYLE  
Sonofabitch!

Kyle grabs the table and FLIPS IT OVER.

PIKE  
Haskell--

Kyle HURLS a CHAIR across the room--

PIKE  
We'll keep looking. We'll find  
someone else!

KYLE  
There's no one else!

Kyle grips his head.

KYLE  
She didn't want to ask me for help.  
Didn't want me to think she was weak.

PIKE  
Whatever she was going through, she  
must've known you couldn't fix it.

That does it. Kyle throws ANOTHER CHAIR. He grabs the next one, snarling at Pike--

KYLE  
--You said everything's energy. You  
said everything has a frequency--

Pike backs up warily, glancing for an escape route.

PIKE  
It does.

KYLE  
Then why the hell can't you find his?

Kyle HURLS the chair over Pike's head, SHATTERING a WINDOW.

Pike doesn't flinch. His mind's just been blown.

PIKE

I can.

INT. PIKE'S MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Pike points at Sitara's GLOWING HANDS on the MONITOR:

PIKE

I can find his frequency. I can match it. I can program it in the magnetometer and send it right into Marian. I just need a couple of minutes to re-wire the inputs.

Pike grabs the MAGNETOMETER and MONITOR--

KYLE

You sure this'll work?

Pike nods. As sure as he's standing:

PIKE

--Right now, that thing's tied up in your bed. It won't know what hit it.

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackie gets out of her CAR, trotting to the front door.

She KNOCKS. No answer. She peers into the DARK WINDOWS, glancing at Kyle's CAR in the driveway.

JACKIE

Marian? Kyle?

MARIAN (V.O.)

...Jackie.

*The VOICE is strange. Oddly feminized. Like it's mimicking a FEMALE TONE. It's coming from the BEDROOM UPSTAIRS.*

MARIAN

*It's Marian. Heeeeeeeelp meeeeeee.*

Jackie looks up, chilled to her core. She reaches behind an OVERHEAD LIGHT FIXTURE and slides out a HOUSE KEY.

INT. PIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Kyle speeds, glancing back, where

PIKE sits in the news-like MEDIA ALCOVE, watching Sitara's GLOWING HANDS on a MONITOR.

He connects the MAGNETOMETER and turns it on, watching the NUMBERS SCROLL on the TINY SCREEN.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie walks inside...staring at the PITCH BLACK ALCOVE.

JACKIE  
Marian?

MARIAN  
....Jaaaackie.

Jackie narrows warily. She puts her purse on the bottom step and pulls out a TASER.

INT. PIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Pike stares at the NUMBERS on his MAGNETOMETER. *They keep changing.* Digits jump and dodge like electrons.

PIKE  
...What the?

KYLE  
What's wrong?

PIKE  
I don't know.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackie walks in, whitening. Across the room...

...MARIAN lays in bed, tied to the POSTS.

JACKIE  
Oh my God.

Jackie puts her TASER on the DRESSER and races over, untying one of Marian's wrists.

JACKIE  
--What happened? Where's Kyle?

Marian TURNS. DARK CIRCLES rim her eyes. VEINS SPIDERWEB her milky skin. *She grins.*

MARIAN  
*I don't know, Jackie. Where's the liar?*

--Jackie skids back, gripping her mouth in shock.

It leers at her. Eyes like cold pinpricks.

MARIAN  
*Untie me.*

Jackie shakes her head in mad disbelief.

MARIAN

*Untie me!*

It BOLTS FORWARD--SNARED against Marian's TETHERED ARM. Reaches for the NECKTIE. An inch from its grasp.

It leers at Jackie...reaching for Marian's BOUND SHOULDER... gripping it solidly.

--And SNAPS IT--CARTILAGE CRACKING as Marian's arm dislocates.

JACKIE

Oh--God--

--Jackie runs to the DOOR. It SLAMS in her FACE. She GRABS the KNOB. It won't budge.

MARIAN

*...I saw you. With the channel.  
Repressed little bitch.*

IT leans on Marian's BROKEN SHOULDER, untying her hand.

MARIAN

*Deep down, you knew Dan was fucking  
other women. And still, you  
wouldn't spread your legs for him--*

JACKIE grabs for her TASER--KNOCKING IT behind the DRESSER. She drops to her knees--groping blindly--

*Behind Jackie...IT UNTIES Marian's FEET.*

MARIAN

*You only left him so you wouldn't  
lose face--*

--JACKIE CLAWS under the dresser--almost THERE--

THE TASER SLIDES across the floor--turning JACKIE'S HEAD--

Stopping on the rug between Jackie and Marian.

Marian's FACE GRINS: *Come on bitch. Let's see who gets there first.*

Jackie LUNGES for the TASER. It SLIDES out of reach. She gropes again. This time--The taser SPINS--DISCHARGING at her--

A SICKLY TTTTCCCHHHH--The PULSATING NEEDLES bite her NECK--She CONVULSES to the floor, WIDE-EYED.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PIKE'S VAN SCREECHES to a stop. Kyle looks back at him.

PIKE  
I need five minutes.

KYLE  
Can you do this or not?

PIKE  
Just go up. Make sure she's tied!

Kyle looks at him intently, then bolts out, racing across his  
LAWN. He stops dead as he reaches his  
FRONT DOOR. It's OPEN.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle paces in...narrowing. JACKIE'S PURSE lays on the bottom step.  
THE SOUND of WOOD DRAGS UPSTAIRS...

INT. PIKE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Pike smacks the magnetometer, trying to stop the glitching numbers.

PIKE  
Come on, asshole!

He stares at the reading, whitening--

PIKE  
--Wait a minute: It's not one  
frequency. It's a cycle.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle CREAKS up the STEPS and rounds the DARK HALLWAY to the  
...CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR. He TURNS the KNOB...

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The BED'S been MOVED. It's in the center of the room.

A SPLINTERED BEDPOST points up like a KNIFE. Sheets SPATTERED  
with BLOOD.

*Marian's gone.*

Kyle paces in slowly, checking every blind spot. Only one  
place she could be:

*Kyle stares at the FLUTTERING BEDSKIRT.*

He bends down, breath racing, and lifts it...

UNDER THE BED...

A WOMAN lays. Turned away. Kyle narrows.

--He leaps to his feet and SHOVES the bed off her--

It's Jackie. She's alive.

KYLE  
Jackie. Hon? Wake up.

Jackie blinks.

KYLE  
...Where's Marian?

Jackie's EYES WIDEN. *Something's behind him.*

Kyle turns:

Marian CLINGS to the CEILING. Head rotated like a spider's.

She SWINGS the BROKEN half of the BEDPOST at his HEAD. BAM--  
he's flat on his back.

Kyle GROANS. Fighting unconsciousness.

KYLE'S POV: *Blackness ebbs. Marian's BARE, DIRTY FEET close in...straggled hair lowering to reveal her pale veined face.*

KYLE  
...Let her go.

It CROAKS.

MARIAN  
*Come get her.*

She backs toward the window like a lame dog and FALLS OUT.

Kyle rises to his hands and knees. Then drops, out cold.

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pike types 5 NUMBERS into the magnetometer, MASHING BUTTONS.

PIKE  
Program cycle:

He hits a BUTTON, plugs the ELECTRODES in the MAGNETOMETER,  
and STICKS THEM on his CHEST. Takes a deep breath.

Hits: "RUN CYCLE."

--A FAINT EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE rises in the air.

Knocking Pike's head back in ecstasy.

PIKE

Oh...shit...

He grabs his heart. Tears streaming. Enraptured. It takes him a moment to open his eyes and turn off the signal.

He pulls off the ELECTRODES and UNPLUGS the MAGNETOMETER.

...A STRAINED FEMALE VOICE SINGS behind him.

MARIAN (O.S.)

...God is good, God is good, He's  
so good to me...

Pike turns. In the distance...

MARIAN'S SHADOWED FORM limps toward him, dislocated shoulder hanging like a corpse.

MARIAN

...Sing Pikey. Why don'tcha ever  
sing with the rest of them?

Pike stares at her. Chilled to the bone.

MARIAN

Whatsa matter? I tolja I was coming  
back for you.

(Sings)

I love him so...I love him  
so...He's so good to me...

Pike shoves the MAGNETOMETER back in the van, JAMMING the PLUG back in. He POWERS it UP. Grabs the ELECTRODES and turns--

She's RIGHT BEHIND HIM. The HEADLIGHTS of an ONCOMING CAR whitewash her twisted FACE. PUPILS DILATED to BLACK.

HER VOICE drops to GRAVEL--

MARIAN

--I'm here for you son.

She SHOVES HIM into the CAR'S PATH--

WHAM--Pike FLIES up the HOOD and SLAMS into the WINDSHIELD--  
BOUNCING--and DROPPING--to the road.

His MAGNETOMETER SMASHES to PIECES on the ASPHALT.

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle wakes, wiping the blood from his forehead.

POLICE LIGHTS flicker on the BEDROOM WALLS. A VOICE CHATTERS pointedly in the distance...

VOICE

Three victims. All alive. Neighbor  
saw the perp head into the woods.

Kyle blinks, seeing an EMT beside him.

EMT

Sir? Do you know your name?

Kyle sits up--

KYLE

Where's my wife?

The VOICE--An ON-SITE OFFICER--walks in from the doorway.

ON-SITE OFFICER

We're looking for her.

KYLE

What about Jackie?

ON-SITE OFFICER

Mrs. Wyatt? Alive. In shock. Won't  
talk.

Kyle staggers to his feet.

ON-SITE OFFICER

Does your wife have a history of  
violence, mental illness?--

KYLE

No.

Kyle shoves past him--

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POLICE CARS paint the night with MOVING LIGHTS.

KYLE runs past a HANDFUL of NEIGHBORS, toward

JACKIE, who sits in an OPENED PATROL CAR, shell-shocked.

Behind her, a SECOND EMT secures PIKE onto a STRETCHER.

KYLE

(To SECOND EMT)

Is he okay?

SECOND EMT

Broken leg, some cracked ribs.  
He'll live.

(To Pike)

One sec.

The Second EMT walks off, climbing into the ambulance.

PIKE  
 (To Kyle)  
 I said she didn't touch me, but the  
 driver saw her.

Pike motions to a DEEP POCKET of BACKWOODS.

PIKE  
 Three cops went in after her.

KYLE  
 Where's the equipment?

PIKE  
 It's trashed. I can't fix it.

Kyle's heart drops.

PIKE  
 That thing's gonna fight them.  
 You gotta find her before they do.

Kyle looks around. No one's watching him. He bolts into the  
 WOODS...

Slowing where STREET LIGHT subsides.

Kyle tenses, staring at the BLACK ABYSS of SKELETAL trees.  
It could be anywhere.

EXT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pike glances desperately at his BROKEN RECEIVER.

The On-site Officer exits the house, toward the Second EMT.

ON-SITE OFFICER  
 You see her husband?

SECOND EMT  
 He was right here.

PIKE  
 At the neighbor's. Two houses down.

Before the agitated On-Site Officer can check into Pike's fib...

Another POLICE CAR PULLS UP.

DAN exits, charging toward the ON-SITE OFFICER--

ON-SITE OFFICER  
 We got three assaults, two with a  
 deadly weapon. Woman snapped. May  
 be armed. Marian Haskell--

Dan storms past him, to JACKIE, in the OPENED-PATROL CAR. He  
 kneels, touching her shell-shocked face.

Jackie looks at him. And breaks down, sobbing in his arms.

DAN  
 Shhhhh. You're okay. I gotcha,  
 baby. I gotcha.

Dan turns, whitening when HE SEES:

Pike's OPENED VAN. EXORCISM PAUSED on the monitor.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Pike grimaces as the SECOND EMT rolls him in.

His EYES LOCK on a HEART DEFIBRILLATOR and PADDLES.

PIKE  
 Can you calibrate the frequency on that?

EMT #1  
 What?

PIKE  
 A five-number cycle to three  
 decimal places?

The SECOND EMT looks at Pike like he's from Mars, then turns  
 to a THIRD EMT:

EMT  
 He's got broken ribs, a concussion.  
 Personality issues.

PIKE  
 That lady out there--She's not  
 herself. I just need you to take me  
 and the defibrillator out to the  
 woods. Shit...

Dan storms into the ambulance, staring intently at Pike:

DAN  
 What do you need?

IN THE WOODS,

BRANCHES SNAP under Kyle's feet. He glances 100 YARDS AHEAD,  
 where THREE OFFICERS' FLASHLIGHTS ROVE the dark woods.

WOODS - 100 YARDS AHEAD

Two COPS: BROWN, a thirty-ish hard-ass, and NELSON, an unbreakable female, pace together.

They watch a THIRD FLASHLIGHT SHAKE, 25 YARDS off.

NELSON  
Think Howie's all right?

BROWN  
Unless he's afraid of trees.

WOODS - ANGLE ON THIRD COP (HOWIE)

HOWIE, an intense ROOKIE, CRUNCHES LEAVES. FLASHLIGHT gripped.

His BEAM PASSES through darkness, landing on a HUNCHED FIGURE.

HOWIE  
Ma'am? I need you to come out with  
your hands visible.

KYLE

Turns to HOWIE'S DISTANT VOICE.

WOODS - ANGLE ON HOWIE

Howie's BEAM stokes the FROZEN FIGURE.

HOWIE  
I'm not gonna say it again.

--It LURCHES across the woods--

HOWIE  
Shit--

His beam FOLLOWS--IGNITING BRAMBLES--Stopping on the FIGURE--A FOX. Eyes AGLOW. It darts off.

Howie exhales, embarrassed, as Nelson and Brown approach, grinning.

NELSON  
Howie? She's got two legs. Not four.

WOODS - CONTINUOUS - ANGLE ON KYLE

Kyle exhales. Knows he's short on time. He presses forward to...

a COBBLESTONE GAZEBO. Tucked under trees like an unmarked grave.

The FRONT DOOR'S MISSING. PITCH BLACK CHASM leading inside.

ANGLE ON - BROWN AND NELSON

VOICES CRACK from their WALKIES.

DAN (V.O.)  
 Got a civilian in the woods. Do not  
 shoot. Repeat: Get a clear ID  
 before pulling a trigger.

Nelson leers at Brown.

NELSON  
 Husband?

ANGLE ON - KYLE

He takes another step toward the GAZEBO'S MISSING FRONT DOOR.

ANGLE ON - HOWIE

Howie's POLISHED BLACK SHOES SQUISH into the mud, BEAM ROAMING  
 the MOSSY GROUND.

The SOUNDS OF BREATHING stop him. Howie turns.

HOWIE  
 ...Ma'am?

From blackness, a VOICE CROAKS.

MARIAN (O.S.)  
 ...Howie...I'm gonna get you.

He lifts his FLASHLIGHT, hitting her PIN-PRICKED PUPILS before  
 she LURCHES toward him--

Howie GROPEs for his WEAPON--

ANGLE ON - KYLE

GUNSHOTS RING OUT--

KYLE turns, wide-eyed, HEARING the OFFICERS' manic VOICES--

HOWIE (O.S.)  
 I saw her!

BROWN (O.S.)  
 --Armed?!

HOWIE (O.S.)  
 --I don't know. She jumped out at me!  
 Something's wrong with her!

NELSON (O.S.)  
 Where is she?

HOWIE (O.S.)  
--Closing in on the lake!

KYLE BOOKS through the WOODS, STUMBLING toward a CLEARING...  
...where a MOONSTREAKED LAKE stretches to infinity. SPINDLY  
WOODS REFLECT on the opposite side.

THE THREE OFFICERS EMERGE, 20 feet ahead of Kyle, CLOSING on  
the SHORE, where MARIAN ambles like a wounded deer.

BROWN  
(To Marian)  
Stop!

On her tail, Brown and Nelson LEVEL THEIR WEAPONS--

KYLE (O.S.)  
Don't shoot her!

Nelson pivots to Kyle as he races up behind them--

NELSON  
(To Kyle)  
Stay where you are!  
(To Marian)  
Show me your hands!

*IT lifts ITS HEAD. Hair straggled in MARIAN'S HOLLOW FACE.*

The Officers' nearly shit their pants.

BROWN  
--The hell's wrong with her?

NELSON  
--Must be on something.

Brown's not buying it. Neither is Howie. They're all freaked.

KYLE  
She's not armed!

NELSON  
(To Kyle)  
I said, stay back!  
(To Marian)  
We don't want to hurt you. Lay on  
the ground and put your hands on  
your head--

Marian LUNGES RIGHT--DISLOCATED SHOULDER making DIVOTS in the  
mud like black, broken SNOW ANGELS.

NELSON  
--The fuck?

Marian AMBLES madly, *CLATTERING* onto a

30 FOOT LONG DOCK--

*SHOULDER DRAGGING* across the *BOARDS--B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-*

--Kyle CHARGES in front of the COPS' MOVING AIM--BLOCKING IT--

BROWN

Get out of the way--

KYLE

I'm her husband. She's not armed.  
Let me talk to her!

Brown's sweating bullets.

BROWN

I'm not gonna tell you again!

Kyle stares at Brown, then CUTS onto the DOCK--

BROWN

Sonofa--

Kyle backtracks toward Marian, hands up, as the OFFICERS sidestep ONTO THE DOCK behind him.

ON THE END OF THE DOCK,

Marian crouches, whitewashed by moonlight. MIRRORED like a statue in the WATER.

Kyle backs toward her, VOICE RAISED for the Cops' benefits.

KYLE

Marian? They want to help you.

HOWIE

(To Nelson and Brown)  
There's nothing in her hand!

Nelson and Brown exchange a look, hanging back to give Kyle a chance.

Kyle slows halfway down the dock, lowering his VOICE so the Officers CAN'T HEAR HIM:

KYLE

(To It)  
...They're gonna shoot her.

MARIAN'S FACE coils to a grin.

MARIAN

*Let them.*

KYLE

Let her go.

The OFFICERS watch, out of earshot. Eyeing their body language.

MARIAN leers at Kyle...

MARIAN

*How do you know she's still in here?  
Hope? Selfish hope? Hope she's still  
rotting in hell so you can save her?*

Kyle tightens, eyes reddening.

KYLE

*...If you let go of her body, you  
can have mine.*

It narrows. Eyes locked on Kyle's.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

PIKE limps on Dan and the Second EMT's shoulders,  
DEFIBRILLATOR in the Second EMT's free hand.

PIKE

Someone needs to hold her down. I  
need clear contact with her body--

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

At the shore-side of the dock, the Officers watch Kyle,  
halfway down, talking to Marian at the far end.

MARIAN'S FACE leers at Kyle.

MARIAN

*...A trade. Your body for hers?*

KYLE

Yeah.

MARIAN

*You can't let me in like that.*

KYLE

*...How?*

*It grins. LEANS on MARIAN'S LAME SHOULDER--SNAPPING HER WRIST--*

NELSON

The fuck--

MARIAN

*(To Kyle)  
--I--need--you--scared--*

KYLE  
Stop it--

*It breaks her FINGER--*

BROWN  
Jesus--

MARIAN  
(To Kyle)  
*--I need you tortured--*

KYLE  
Enough! Leave her alone!

It CHORTLES. RACCOONED EYES leering at Kyle's agonized face.

MARIAN  
*...Now come get her body, Fool.*

Kyle stares at Marian's BROKEN HAND, then looks back at the COPS, who stare at him, wide-eyed.

Kyle flinches.

KYLE'S POV: Behind the Officers...The ELDERLY MAN that Marian saw in the mirror. And BLYTHE ROSEN, the author...

*With OTHERS. Terrorized MEN and WOMEN, standing, mouths in silent SCREAMS, winking in and out like Christmas lights.*

Kyle can see them now.

A GRAVELLY CHORTLE seethes from MARIAN'S CHEST.

Heart THUMPING, Kyle steps TOWARD HER. One CREAK at a time.

His eyes lower to the WATER, WIDENING...

On both sides of the DOCK: PEOPLE stand, submerged. MOUTHS WIDE in horror, as if they're trapped in the depths of Hades.

*They look up to meet KYLE'S EYES as he passes.*

*The last one: MARIAN. MOUTH open in a CHASMIC SCREAM. HAIR like GHOSTLY CILIA around a DARTING SCHOOL of MINNOWS.*

Sobs choke Kyle's body. His HAND TWITCHES.

It's overtaking him.

ON THE DOCK...Its HOLLOW FACE looks up. And then, it RISES to its feet. A broken gait. Closing in toward Kyle.

Brown and Nelson sidestep closer--

BROWN  
 Lady? Stay where you are! Sir--  
 We're good. Step away from her.

Marian grins at the officers...*reaching behind her.*

NELSON  
 --Something's in her hand.

They stomp closer...GUNS LEVELED--

BROWN  
 (To Kyle and Marian)  
 Don't move!

Kyle glances at the cops. HAND TWITCHING. JAW CLENCHING.

One more step and it's done.

And then...Nelson's FINGER STROKES THE TRIGGER--

DAN(O.S.)  
 --Hold your fire!

Nelson's FINGER BACKS OFF--

The OFFICERS turn, SEEING Dan race toward the DOCK--

Kyle looks at Marian tearfully.

KYLE  
 --I love you.

MARIAN GRABS Kyle's THROAT--His MOUTH WIDENS--

ON THE SHORE,

PIKE sees what's happening--

PIKE  
 Oh no...

KYLE'S POV: Marian's PUPILS FILL HER EYES--HER FACE shrivels to BLACK.

--MARIAN'S BODY hits the dock as Kyle's DROPS to his knees.

Hell breaks loose as the OFFICERS RUSH FORWARD--

BROWN  
 Check her for weapons--

PIKE  
 No, not her!

Pike hobbles toward the lake--

ON THE DOCK,

Brown and Nelson grab Marian's arms as she WAKES, FEMININE VOICE WAILING as they pull her HANDS BEHIND HER--

Pike staggers to the shore.

PIKE  
Not her!

Marian stares wildly at her battered body. Trying to figure out what the fuck's going on--

BROWN  
(To Marian)  
Don't move! Keep your head down.

NELSON  
(To Howie, re: Kyle)  
Check him!

FACE PRESSED against the dock, Marian glances backward, SEEING ...HOWIE pace toward KYLE. He's still KNEELING.

HOWIE  
(To Kyle)  
...Sir?

Marian WAILS in pain as Brown prepares to cuff her--

PIKE  
(To Dan)  
--Tell them to leave her! Tell them to cuff him!

DAN  
(To Brown)  
--Let her go.

Brown looks at Dan, perplexed.

...Kyle *TURNS* to Howie. A sickly *GRIN*.

Marian sees it. She knows. Tears flood her eyes.

MARIAN  
(To Howie)  
Get away from him--

Dan storms past Marian, pulling out his CUFFS--

--As Kyle GRABS HOWIE'S LEG--BOUNCING his HEAD on the DOCK.

--HOWIE CRASHES into the WATER.

*GUN DROPPING two feet from KYLE.*

Kyle's EYES NARROW.

Marian LUNGES FORWARD--KNOCKING the GUN into the WATER before Kyle can grab it.

A stark defiant leer:

MARIAN

Fuck you.

--KYLE GRABS HER THROAT, trapping her in the CROOK OF HIS ELBOW.

NELSON

What the--

Kyle grins at the Officers, choking the life out of Marian.

BROWN

(To Kyle)

Let her go!

KYLE

(To Brown)

--Shoot her.

Marian flounders desperately, fighting for breath, shoulder searing as she watches Pike and Dan close in.

Nowhere to go. No strength to fight.

WEAPON RAISED, Dan meets her eyes, MOVING HIS EYES RIGHT--

Marian understands. In one desperate move, SHE PULLS an inch to her LEFT--Exposing Kyle's LEG--

--Dan SHOOTS--BULLET BLOWING through Kyle's THIGH.

Kyle doesn't flinch.

Dan stares at him, wide-eyed.

--KYLE grabs Marian--YANKING HER off the DOCK. They're gone.

DAN races toward the end...WEAPON AIMED at the water...

He peers down. Nothing's there.

UNDER THE DOCK...

Kyle clings to the WOOD. Submerging Marian's thrashing BODY.

--He LUNGES BACKWARD toward the water--*Marian in his grip--*

And CRABWALKS ACROSS THE LAKE.

Not in the water. On it.

*SKITTERING* across the *WATER'S SURFACE*--dredging Marian's body in and out like a bag of flour.

PIKE

Oh my God...

Cops watch, dumbstruck--

ON THE WATER--

Kyle LOLLUPS toward the shore, Marian fighting for breath. He drags her across the BLACK BEACH--to a TANGLE of REEDS--

--A GUNSHOT to his SHOULDER CRASHES him into the MOSSY THICKET.

DAN lowers his SMOKING GUN...

ON SHORE...REEDS wave in the darkness.

COPS close in, GUNS aimed. Dan steps toward the THICKET. Heart pulsing.

...PROBING the REEDS with his TREMBLING WEAPON. SOUNDS of LOW, LABORED BREATH beyond.

A FLASHLIGHT passes in...

--HITTING KYLE'S PINHOLE EYES. He's down.

Marian lays, half-conscious, next to his heaving body.

DAN

(To the Officers)

Cuff him!

Dan races forward to YANK MARIAN out of Kyle's reach.

Brown and Nelson pile on, CUFFING KYLE'S HANDS.

PIKE hobbles in with the Second EMT.

PIKE

We on?!

The Second EMT lowers the DEFIBRILLATOR. Pike HEATS the PADDLES.

Kyle turns to Pike, VOICE like an OLD WOMAN'S.

KYLE

*Pikey...*

PIKE

Fuck you, Mom--

PIKE'S PADDLES KYLE'S CHEST. EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

KYLE  
--Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Kyle convulses, CHEST BURNING.

PIKE  
(To the Second EMT)  
Turn it up--

The EMT obeys. Pike JOLTS KYLE with the PADDLES AGAIN.

MARIAN tightens, watches Kyle's body convulse. Tears stream down her face as he WAILS. Voice ranging from GRAVEL to SHRIEKS.

MARIAN  
Kyle...listen to me...

Another JOLT with the PADDLE. Kyle's drooling in pain. Unreachable. Except to one thing.

The one thing he'd give his life to hear:

MARIAN  
I need you.

*Kyle turns, SEEING HER.*

A HORRIFIC WAIL BELLOWS from his gut--VOICE CHANGING to HIS OWN as his JAW OPENS--retching out the Devil.

Kyle doubles over, COUGHING madly.

KYLE  
--Marian.

MARIAN  
--I'm here.

KYLE  
--Marian?

PIKE  
She's okay.

Dan looks at Pike, making sure it's safe to remove his cuffs. Pike nods.

Dan bends down. Brown steps in front of him--

BROWN  
The hell are you doing?

DAN  
Maybe you didn't see what just happened.

NELSON  
Maybe you didn't.

Dan leers at them. An unmistakable order:

DAN  
Move.

Nelson and Brown back off. Dan UNCUFFS KYLE.

Howie pulls himself ashore, soaking wet from his fall.

He paces toward Marian.

*...A strange look on her face. Pure utter dread.*

MARIAN  
(To Howie)  
...Put the cuffs on me.

HOWIE  
What?

KYLE  
(To Pike)  
--It left her body for mine.

Pike looks at Kyle, not sure what he's trying to say.

KYLE  
--You said if it left on its own it  
could come back--

Oh shit. Pike TURNS...

MARIAN'S REFLECTION stares at her from the WATER.

It's PITCH BLACK.

She turns to Kyle, mortified.

MARIAN  
...I'm sorry.

Pike grabs the DEFIBRILLATOR. TOO SLOW--

--Marian FLIES BACKWARD--BODY KNOCKING two COPS down like  
bowling pins--BEFORE DRAGGING ACROSS the DOCK--

MARIAN  
--Nooooooooaaaaa!

Marian's HANDS CLAW the WOOD--Headed straight for the end.  
Staring madly at Kyle as he SCRAMBLES BEHIND her--

He dives for the EDGE--GRABBING HER BROKEN WRIST before she's  
YANKED UNDERWATER--

KYLE  
--Hold on!

She HOWLS, pulled taut at the edge of the DOCK. Wrist and SHOULDER in agony from Kyle's grip.

MARIAN  
I can't!! Gooooooodddd---Please let  
go!!! Please let me go!!

Kyle adjusts his hold to her good arm.

KYLE  
I'm not letting go!

Marian's BODY TIGHTENS. Mouth widening. Eyes ROLLING.

KYLE  
--Sonofabitch, no!

She looks at Kyle hopelessly as her JAW STARTS to TWIST...

Marian shuts her eyes...a strained, endless moment.

Then OPENS THEM. Something in her pained expression...

*...It's different. Determined. Certain. Fearless.*

MARIAN  
...Let me go.

KYLE  
No!

MARIAN  
You can't fix this.

She looks at Kyle, softening. Gentle strength consuming her.

MARIAN  
It's okay. Let me go.

Pike looks at Marian, realizing:

PIKE  
...Listen to her.

KYLE  
What?

PIKE  
The third way: Transcendence.

FINGERS SLIDING, Kyle stares at Marian. Her beautiful, fearless eyes locked on his.

He can't do it. He can't let go.

MARIAN  
Trust me. I love you.

Kyle shuts his tear-filled eyes. And lets her FINGERS SLIP--  
 --Her BODY FLIES like a BULLET--SUCKED UNDER WATER.

No moment. No poetry. Just a horrific retch before she's  
 PULLED UNDER. Gone. Completely gone.

Kyle stares at the water, wide-eyed.

*What the fuck did he just do?*

KYLE  
 No, nooooooo!

He runs like a MAD DOG across the DOCK and DIVES IN--  
 --SURFACING, sputtering--

KYLE  
 --Marian. Marian?!

Kyle dives again. *No sign of her.*

KYLE  
 Oh God, no. No, no no--

He turns wildly in darkness. Narrowing:

Across the lake...SOMETHING SURFACES in the MOONLIGHT. Slowly.  
 Assuredly. FEMININE VOICE CHOKING for breath.

Kyle swims toward her. As fast as he can. Grabbing and holding  
 her above water.

Marian catches her breath. Fearless eyes full of love.

*She leans in...and kisses him. A kiss to start a heart.*

Their WET LIPS press together under the moonlight.

MARIAN  
 (To Kyle)  
 I love you.

Pike watches them, overcome.

WATER RUSTLES across the lake and quiets. As if the Jinn  
 skipped across like a dissolving stone.

The Cops watch, minds blown. None of them know what to say.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KYLE AND MARIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light streams in. Marian opens her eyes, bruises  
 fading. She's stunning. Eyes filled with peace.

She reaches her SPLINTED WRIST to Kyle's pillow, picking up a WALKIE-TALKIE and a NOTE: "*Call me when you wake up.*"

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Kyle helps Marian down the steps, hobbling on his braced leg.

KYLE  
Get enough sleep?

MARIAN  
For one night. You?

KYLE  
I'll survive. Jackie called. She wants to come by later.

MARIAN  
Is she okay?

KYLE  
She will be.

A moment.

KYLE  
She and Dan? I'm not sure.

He smiles.

KYLE  
I have something to show you.

INT. MARIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle leads her in. It's pristine. FLOWERS adorn a NEW DESK. Her BOOKS line a spotless SHELF.

KYLE  
Thought you could use a fresh start.

She looks at the MICROPHONE near her monitor.

KYLE  
I installed dictation software.  
Until your wrist heals.

Marian scans the room. Overcome. She loves it.

KYLE  
Your publisher'll come around.

MARIAN  
I'm not worried.

She's not. About anything. Her peace is infectious.

KYLE  
You remember it?

Marian smiles, nodding.

MARIAN  
None of it scares me anymore.

Kyle leans in and kisses her.

KYLE  
I'll let you work. Call if you need me.

He heads to the door.

MARIAN  
Kyle?

He turns.

MARIAN  
I will.

Kyle grins. He's never loved her more. He slips out.

Marian sits at her new desk, overcome with gratitude.

She watches a FLY BOUNCE on her WINDOW, then looks at her SCREEN, deep in thought...

CURSOR BLINKING.

CUT TO BLACK.