

# **THE VATICAN TAPES**

**Screenplay by  
Christopher Borrelli**

**Story by  
Christopher Borrelli & Chris Morgan**

**Revisions by  
Michael C. Martin**

**Current Revisions by  
Mark Neveldine**

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The CAMERA crawls through a light fog at dawn and lands on a beautiful glass casement holding the *Sidone di Torino*,

THE SHROUD OF TURIN.

Men in white cassocks discreetly carry the Shroud down the back steps of the Turin Cathedral. Pigeons move off from the piazza across the street.

A tight unit of ARMED MEN stand guard - the *Gendarmeria dello Stato della Città del Vaticano*. Secret Service for the Vatican... and a couple of NUNS watch from the back entrance, as we hear TWO MEN talking:

ITALIAN PRIEST (O.C.)

This was unexpected.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (O.C.)

Only sixteen public displays in the past two-thousand years.

A raven lands on the archway over the door.

ITALIAN PRIEST (O.C.)

Why are we moving it?

WE SEE CARDINAL KARL JANUSZ 60's, a sturdy, kind-faced import from Slovakia... and a younger ITALIAN PRIEST, 30's, watch over the stealth mission. Obviously a private matter.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Orders of the Holy See.

ITALIAN PRIEST

And you're the Cardinal witness.

Another raven lands on the archway, and then a third raven - Cardinal Janusz glances up at the three of them.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(affirms)

Apostolic veneration for every  
First Class Relic.

The "Shroud Bearers" carefully move across the cobblestones and through the old brick buildings toward several BLACK ARMORED TRUCKS.

ITALIAN PRIEST

Armored trucks?

CARDINAL JANUSZ

A linen that contains the genetic matter of our Lord could prove to be incredibly dangerous...

Cardinal Janusz looks back up to the baroque archway where the three ravens were - but they are GONE.

Suddenly, a huge flock of BLACK RAVENS swoop low over the men. The Priest quickly ducks to avoid one. Several ravens SMACK into the 'Shroud Bearers' knocking them over onto the wet street and the glass casement for Shroud CRASHES to the ground.

IN SLO-MO: the linen shreds... dried blood separates from the ancient burial linens... and the airborne particulates spread up into the swarm of black wings.

The existence of man on cloth wiped away in a single moment.

The older nun SCREAMS, as we hear the overlap of a younger female voice begging for mercy...

FEMALE VOICE

(praying)

Please, God. Please, please, please, please, pleaaasse...

OFF CARDINAL Janusz'S FACE...

CUT TO:

2

INT. COFFEE SHOP, CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT TERMINAL

2

AUDIO FROM A LAPTOP, held by two big hands.

BLANK SKYPE WINDOW.

We're in a coffee shop

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

...please, please -- okay, Okay! I think it's working now. Goddamn it, finally! Jesus.

VIDEO CHAT, laptop-to-laptop.

ANGELA HOLMES FINALLY POPS UP IN THE WINDOW. She's 27, gorgeous without makeup or vanity, sitting in what looks like a kitchen.

On our side is ROGER HOLMES, 54, Army Colonel, Irish-Catholic, asshole to everyone but his daughter.

ANGELA

I see you! Can you can see me?

ROGER HOLMES

And, hear you too. Stop blaspheming.

ANGELA

"Blaspheming?" Nice.

ROGER HOLMES

How are you, hun?

ANGELA

Good. Now.

ROGER HOLMES

Getting ready to go?

ANGELA

I'll call the cab place and push it twenty minutes, that way I won't be too early...

(off his look)

What's wrong?

ROGER HOLMES

We spent fifteen minutes trying to get this thing to work. I should have used one of these desktops here instead of this laptop I...

ANGELA

...No...

ROGER HOLMES

...can't figure out. I'm sorry, sweetie. But...

ANGELA

(don't say it)

...No...

ROGER HOLMES

... but I have to leave for Fort Bragg; a commencement and a lunch. Then off to Benning.

ANGELA

Doesn't look like you're in an Army hangar.

ROGER HOLMES

No personal video/talk/whatever this is, on base hangars. I flew commercial. And you know I hate to fly commercial. I went through all this trouble so I could do more than just wish you happy birthday over the phone... again.

ANGELA

It's okay.

ROGER HOLMES

No, it's not.

ANGELA

It's not, but "service and sacrifice."

ROGER HOLMES

"Service and sacrifice."

An excuse/deflection. Worked better when she was six.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

This isn't the only dead rabbit from my hat. I got you a present.

ANGELA

(cheering up)  
For little ole me?

ROGER HOLMES

They have to deliver it. I need the address of where you'll be tonight.

ANGELA

I'll type it in.

ROGER HOLMES

It's a watch. A nice one.

ANGELA

(don't tell me)  
Dad.

ROGER HOLMES

How else will I see your reaction? It's a Piaget. Eighteen karats. When you turn it over you'll see an engraving that --

ANGELA

Dad!

ROGER HOLMES

What? I figured, since you're sending me the address to your own surprise party, I might as well.

ANGELA

Here we go.

ROGER HOLMES

Go ahead. Defend him.

Opening for Roger's lighthearted jabs at her boyfriend.

ANGELA

The address should be in the window below my face.

ROGER HOLMES

See! He can't be defended.

ANGELA

He has a name. Pete. And you don't even know him, how can you not like him.

ROGER HOLMES

He's dating my daughter. His name's Pete. That's more than enough reason not to like him.

Angela, charmed by the overprotective Dad routine, air drums a rim shot.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Here all week. Tip your waiter.

ANGELA

Wait until you get to know him.

ROGER HOLMES

I'm half kidding. But I know that he couldn't even plan your surprise party.

ANGELA

He is a -- you have me doing it now--  
- Pete is--

Mumbles from the airport INTERCOM.

Roger's expression lets us, and Angela, know he has to leave. She gives him a 'little girl' wave goodbye.

ROGER HOLMES  
Happy birthday, sweetie.

ANGELA  
Thank you, Dad. You'll miss your flight if you try to figure out how to shut this off. Just close the laptop.

Dad blows a kiss to his daughter. She does the same. The moment is more sweet than bitter.

Roger closes his laptop and their video chat. On his look across the terminal, we...

CUT TO:

3

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

3

CU on German chocolate cake adorned with 27 candles, moving through a hallway.

PETE (O.C.)  
No, hold it more like a pizza.

WAITER, cake in hand, stops, confused. Now we see PETE, 26, slacker chic, 1,000 watt smile.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Close enough. Look, I'll follow you all the way to the table, whe--  
I see you making a face; what?

WAITER  
Can I make a suggestion?

PETE  
Right now? ...Ok.

WAITER  
Isn't the surprise, you know, the party, way in the back with all her friends?

PETE  
Cake's that heavy?

WAITER  
No. It's just-- I don't know your girlfriend.

(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)

But showing her the cake: surprise!  
Then taking her and the cake to the  
party: surprise! Again. I don't  
know.

PETE

You... just got yourself a bigger  
tip. Okay, new plan! I'll bring  
her to the back and you set  
everything up.

Waiter gives a thumbs up.

Pete makes a mad dash across the room and turns on his Iphone  
video capture.

Finds Angela sitting alone. PATRONS take notice of Pete  
filming her. A mini spectacle.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

PETE

Hola.

ANGELA

Hola? What are you doing?

PETE

Ever see that scene in Top Gun? Or  
the scene in Scream 2 that's trying  
to be the scene in Top Gun?

Pete climbs onto a chair. Captures Angela's confused and  
elated expression. Then BELTS out:

PETE (CONT'D)

(singing)

*You never close your eyes anymore when I  
kiss your lips  
There's no tenderness, like before in  
your fingertips*

ANGELA

(aware of people watching,  
half enjoying this)

...Please. Stop. Please...

PETE

You're trying hard not to show it  
Angela! But baby, believe me I know it  
You've lost that loving feeling  
Whoaaa-- uuuu-ooaaa!

ANGELA  
...Pete! Stop, please..!

PETE  
That loving feeling Now its gone, gone --  
(then)  
Just kidding. Come on. I got a  
surprise for you.

Pete, climbs down. Takes Angela by the hand and leads her  
toward the back room.

ANGELA  
You are crazy!

PETE  
Only in this country.

ANGELA  
What does that mean?

PETE  
It was funnier in my brain-- check  
this out.

ANGELA  
Pete, what did you do?

PETE  
Got us a private room for  
lapdancing...

She laughs. He pushes through double doors, to...

4

INT. RESTAURANT - SURPRISE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

4

...FORTY-plus PARTYGOERS scream out:

PARTYGOERS  
SURPRISE!!!

Her planned SHOCKED LOOK could win an Academy Award.

ANGELA  
Oh my God!

Angela walks the room, gives thanks to a guest she secretly  
invited-- never breaks character.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Pete, how did you-

PETE

Wait until you see the frosting.  
Somebody get the cake.

People step aside. Making room.

PETE (CONT'D)

I found the world's greatest cake  
and then... this cake ate it. Look  
at this...

...the last person steps aside, REVEALS...

Roger Holmes!

And yes, he's holding the cake.

ROGER HOLMES

Happy birthday, sweetie!

ANGELA

(as if she's seen a ghost)

Aaah!

Roger moves the cake just in time to accept his daughter's  
bear hug.

This is a real surprise. Real TEARS from Angela's eyes.

ROGER HOLMES

I love you too, hun.

A sentimental 'ooh' from onlookers. Pete beams.

PETE

I did this. Me. You're welcome.

CAMERA back onto father and daughter. Hallmark moment.

ANGELA

Dad?

ROGER HOLMES

Yes.

ANGELA

(fights back tears)

Where's my watch?

Off Roger's smile, we...

CUT TO:

5

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

5

CU - HANDS ON A CLOCK. An old cafeteria style clock reads: 8:55pm.

Angela sets up a shot with her camera/phone. JENNY, a friend, half drunk, poses with Pete.

ANGELA  
You knew? Bitch!

JENNY  
Everyone here knew. Do you think...

Angela fumbles the camera.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Put a fork in it, girl.

PETE  
Somebody's drunk.

ANGELA  
I'm not... not yet.

JENNY  
Let me tell you what you two did. Everyone here was in the middle of keeping it a secret that he knew that you knew he was planning a surprise party while you were already secretly planning the secret surprise party.  
(then)  
That sounded like it made sense but I'm not sure it did.

PETE  
(mocking her)  
Pete, what did you do/Oh my God.

ANGELA  
Really? That's my voice? Really?

PETE  
But very believable. I have to rethink everything you've ever said to me.

ANGELA  
No. I just wanted to make sure you were happy making me happy. You should thank me.

PETE

We're not getting off topic. Which is, that I was right.

JENNY

That's the topic?

PETE

I'm never right, so when I am, I'm allowed to brag.

ANGELA

Ok. Go ahead. Have your moment.

PETE

What happened here today -- and it's been documented for proof -- is you doubting that I could make your day the best day it could be... and of course...

(feeding her a line)

ANGELA

I was wrong. You were right.

PETE

(what was that?)

That damn background noise.

ANGELA

I WAS WRONG! YOU WERE RIGHT!

PETE

Are you going to make it up to me?

ANGELA

And what does that involve?

He leans in for a kiss... his hands drifting across Angela's anatomy --

In the b.g. we see Roger Holmes disapproving face, cake carving KNIFE in hand.

A comedic beat.

Then, Angela notices her father.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Daddy!

Angela takes the knife. She readies her birthday cake.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My Dad gets the first piece.  
That's our tradition. Right Dad?

ROGER HOLMES

That's right, doll.

PETE

So, Rodge. It was a great idea  
getting you out here, right?

ROGER HOLMES

"Rodge?" No, Pete, that's not  
becoming a thing. Don't call me  
that again.

Roger watches Angela cut the cake.

Pete looks at Jenny's reaction: why does he hate you?

In the corner of the frame, Angela begins to cut the cake  
when-

ANGELA

Aaah!!

KNIFE drops. Angela cut her finger! She grips it, BLOOD  
covers her hand like a newly erupted volcano.

JENNY

Oh my God!

PETE

Oh shit!

ROGER HOLMES

Let me see it.

ANGELA

It's not that big of a deal...

Pete rushes over, then...

CUT TO:

6

INT. CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

6

Backseat. Roger and Angela, intense, mid story, cocoon of  
napkins over her injured finger.

ANGELA

...when you weren't in intensive care, or tubbed up in bed, yes, it was okay.

ROGER HOLMES

Come on.

ANGELA

Okay. Sometimes it was fun.

ROGER HOLMES

Come on.

ANGELA

When it was you and I, and you were healthy. Sometimes it was fun.

ROGER HOLMES

Most of the time it was. It's the most time we've gotten to spend with each other.

ANGELA

I hated it! That hospital smell. The sounds at night. Ugh! Having caretakers sleeping in the family barracks...

PETE

Don't you see the irony? Twenty seven years ago, exactly twenty seven years ago from today, was your last time as a patient in a hospital...

(eerie voice)

You've been avoiding us Angela.

She doesn't see the humor.

PETE (CONT'D)

Are you really that afraid of the hospital?

Shakes her head, no. Roger gives his daughter a supportive hug.

She's terrified...

CUT TO:

7 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 7

SECURITY CAM SHOTS (mute) of Roger, Angela, and Pete as they enter.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 8

SECURITY CAM SHOTS (mute) of Roger, Angela, and Pete in the elevator on their trip from garage to first floor.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 9

SECURITY CAM SHOTS (mute) of Roger, Angela, and Pete on their walk to the emergency room desk.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM 3 - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 10

Angela, surrounded by Roger and Pete, her support.

DOCTOR WRIGHT, 40's, preps stitches.

Nervous energy bubbles inside Angela. She withdraws when Doctor approaches, fakes a giddy laugh.

Ready to try this again.

Same result. Angela, petrified this time.

A discussion fails to calm Angela.

Roger pulls his daughter aside. Wipes a tear from her cheek. A tender father/daughter moment.

He talks his daughter off that ledge.

Angela returns to the table. Stands her ground.

Doctor Wright sews in the first stitch...

CUT TO:

11 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 11

Roger, Pete, and Angela -- finger bandaged -- leaving the hospital in better spirits than when they entered.

CUT TO:

12 INT. VATICAN SECRET ARCHIVES - VATICAN CITY STATE, ITALY - 12 NIGHT

A group of high-ranking cardinals and lesser papal staff sitting silent, still. One of the high-hats, PROTODEACON Salvatore Rossi, 50, holds something in his hands that we do not see. He nods his head, resigning to conclude:

PROTODEACON

(Italian)

*<We are entering the new cycle. A warring within. No longer can we fight with only... The Word. The source is growing near... We must guard against what must not come.>*

Reluctantly, he slides the thing in his hand - an IPAD-7 - over to TWO higher ranking officials: Cardinal-Bishop Karl Janusz (from earlier) and the Dean of the College of Cardinals, PIERO SOLDANO, 70's, a pillar of the Vatican, with a rock-like face to prove it...

PROTODEACON (CONT'D)

*<Cardinal Janusz, I believe this would fall under your jurisdiction.>*

Cardinal Janusz takes a closer look at the tablet. He scrolls and clicks "play".

The VIDEO BEGINS and we see can see it in their disturbed faces. Even the rock crumbles.

The Dean commands:

DEAN SOLDANO

*Extra Omnes... <Everybody out>*

The room clears and only the three of them remain.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(realizes)

*<Losing The Shroud was only the beginning.>*

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Angela and Roger exit the building.

PETE

We're getting ready to do the  
unthinkable; travel without a car!  
Which way to the bus Robo-finger?

Playing along, Angela points her bandaged finger east.

ANGELA

Pops likes to walk around every  
city he visits.

Angela notices the black umbrella in her dad's hand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Uh, dad. It doesn't rain in LA.  
Like never. Ever.

ROGER HOLMES

Sorry, civilian habit. We used to  
have rain. Remember? Where you  
grew up.

Pete laughs.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Pete, you're creepy.

That stings Pete a little.

PETE

(under his breathe)  
Great.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

14

Roger, Pete, and Angela having lunch. Angela's finger  
gradually becomes an annoyance.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

15

Roger climbs into a cab. Angela gives him her house keys.

ANGELA

That's the top and that's the bottom lock. House phone is a little shady. You might want to use your cell.

ROGER HOLMES

It's a quick conference call. That they moved it up, works perfectly for us. We can really go sight seeing tomorrow.

Goodbye kiss. Roger disappears into the cab.

Angela loses her smile once the cab is out of sight. Shows her agony. That finger is unbearable. She slowly peels back the gauze on her finger.

Pete walks closer.

PETE

It's infected.

ANGELA

You haven't even seen it.

PETE

You've got a lawsuit if it is.

Peeled back gauze reveals a purple discoloration that was once her finger. Varicose veins surround the stitches.

A nasty sight.

PETE (CONT'D)

Shit!

(off her face)

Sorry.

ANGELA

Stop it, it's not that bad. I'll go to the doctor tomorrow.

PETE

It's infected. We have to go to the hospital.

ANGELA

No, I'll go to the doctor tomorrow.

We don't see Pete's reaction to this absurdity, but we see Angela's reaction to his reaction:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Now?

CUT TO:

16 INT. METRO 104 BUS - MOVING - DAY

16

Packed to the gills with rush hour PASSENGERS.

Outside the window; CAR CRASH and dispute between CAR OWNERS creates a spectacle.

PETE

The Acura came out of nowhere.

AD-LIB debates from PASSENGERS.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Excuse me!

CAMERA whips around.

Angela fumbles her bottled water, clutches her aching finger. Has some choice words for an EXITING PASSENGER.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(calling out)

I said EXCUSE ME! Watch where the hell you are going next time.

PETE

Are you okay?

ANGELA

Did you see that? She came down the aisle like a bowling ball.

Angela drains her water. Looks like a desert survivor.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Can--

Paranoid, Angela guards her finger when a PASSENGER waltzes past her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(re: his water)

Can I?

PETE

I haven't even opened it.

ANGELA

My throat is like sandpaper, I --  
can I just get the fucking water.  
You can get another one when we get  
there.

PETE

Don't bite my head off. Here.

She makes a liter of water disappear in seconds. Passengers  
take notice, amazed.

This would be impressive if Angela didn't look so distressed.  
She's sweaty. Exhausted.

PETE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ANGELA

(breathing heavy)  
My throat is so dry.

PETE

Lets get off at the next stop and  
take a cab to the hospital.

(off her silence)

What if something is seriously  
wrong?

ANGELA

Pete?

PETE

Yes.

ANGELA

I already have a father.

A beat.

Pete walks over to Angela, whispers in her ear to avoid  
eavesdroppers. We hear murmurs of his heartfelt plea to  
stand with her in facing her hospital phobia.

She loves him for it. Angela nods a 'yes.'

Pete, protects her finger, moves through the crowd.

They miss their stop.

PETE

(calling out)

Driver! Getting off.

Bus slows to a stop.

Pete squeezes through bodies and reaches the back door...

CRASH!

Back door window spiderwebs!

*Rock? Bullet?* We can't tell.

We do get an eyeful of the PANIC this stirs on the bus!

The bus accelerates. Makes a getaway.

CRASH! CRASH!

Happens again. Still don't know what we're dealing with.

Pete grabs a hold of Angela, tries to shelter her from the stampede of PASSENGERS going ape shit!

A claustrophobic collision of arms, legs, hands, and harpy-like screams of CHAOS.

Pete rushes Angela away...

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Domino effect of spider-webbed bus windows hunting Pete and Angela!

Pete turns on his heels. Heads in the other direction.

BOOM!

Window explodes!

Whatever it is that's attacking the bus, is now inside!

Bus SKIDS to an abrupt stop. Momentum pinballs passengers.

Then a parting sea of bodies rush away from the unknown entity.

Takes a few beats for the CHAOTIC ROAR to subside to shocked, understandable SHRIEKS of:

PASSENGERS

What was that/Its over there/Its moving/It's moving!!!

Curiosity takes over. Pete enters the heart of the storm. Pushes his way forward.

People flee in droves but Pete pushes ahead.

**WHAM! Angela's cut finger gets hit by the object, as it drops to the floor.**

PETE

Ang!

She starts bleeding again.

Finally, we see the cause of the attack...

...A JET BLACK RAVEN dying on the bus floor.

Raven wings flap to a slow stop.

PASSENGERS

That's crazy/It must be sick with rabies or something/A bird couldn't do that. Had to be--

Those wings FLAP AGAIN, violently! In desperate pursuit!

PASSENGERS jumps back, terrified.

Raven moves three feet before dying inches away from...

Angela.

After a few moments, we...

CUT TO:

17 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - SURVEILLANCE VIDEO - DAY 17

SECURITY CAM SHOTS (mute) of Angela, and Pete as they enter the hospital.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - SURVEILLANCE VIDEO - DAY

Pete and Angela argue with RECEPTIONIST at Emergency room desk. Heated enough exchange that SECURITY GUARDS, and the Doctor who previously treated Angela, need to intervene.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PHARMACY - SURVEILLANCE VIDEO - DAY

Angela and Pete pick up a PRESCRIPTION at the Pharmacy.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - SURVEILLANCE VIDEO - DAY 20

Angela and Pete exit the hospital.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 21

Big meal on the stove and in the oven. Pete is the cook.

PETE  
(ala Alonzo from TRAINING  
DAY)

Chef Boyardee has nothing on me.

Pete loses his grip on one of three Cornish hens.

The gourmet chicken drops to the ground.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I think that's your piece Roger.

With a giggle, he returns the dirty bird to the roaster.

Roger waltz's by in the background, phone conversation on his cell. Didn't see or hear.

Pete breathes a sigh of relief.

CAMERA finds Angela. Healthier. Happy. Her finger covered with a mini-band aid. The infection subsided.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Angela goes on a tasting spree.

ANGELA  
So good.

PETE  
That's enough.

ANGELA  
Can't help myself.

PETE

The ingredients don't call for your  
finger spices.

ANGELA

I'm using the other fingers.

PETE

Stop...

Playful shoving match to get her from the stove. Starts out  
playful, gets serious.

PETE (CONT'D)

Not funny anymore. I've been doing  
this all day.

ANGELA

Sorry. I know you've been slaving  
over a hot stove. Tomorrow night,  
you put on something nice -- the  
button-down I like -- and I take  
you out dancing.

Pete, quiet. Won't show that he's charmed by her deadpan.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I want to show off your moves,  
Travolta.

She smiles when it's apparent he smiled back. This self  
deprecating humor is what their relationship is built on.

An apology without apologizing.

PETE

You're a lunatic. You know that?

ANGELA

I love you too.

Angela gets a glass of water from the 'fridge. Has to speak  
up, but overdoes it:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Did my dad say something to you?

PETE

Why are you yelling?

ANGELA

Am I being loud?

PETE  
Have you been drinking?

ANGELA  
No.

PETE  
You're drunk.

ANGELA  
Well, I am pounding water, heavily.

Yet she looks a little tipsy. She attempts to be quieter this time.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Did my Dad say something to you?

PETE  
He only says one or two words to me, four to five letters each. His face says everything.

ANGELA  
To my Dad, murder and living with a guy in sin, are the same thing.

PETE  
He said "living in sin?"

ANGELA  
He's going to.

PETE  
Is your Dad like super religious?

ANGELA  
Irish Catholic. He's religious when it fits his agenda. And now, in his mind, you're the reason I'm going to burn in hell.

PETE  
(as if he just realized this)  
So he doesn't like me?

ANGELA  
I overhear him talking to people at his church about us living together-- You have to understand that my Dad is from another era.

PETE

Is he telling you, to tell me to marry you?

ANGELA

You think highly of yourself. Of course, it will end up being you leaving *me* someday...

Pete reads her look. Conversation becomes earnest.

PETE

He wants me to move out...

ANGELA

I'm not sure. He said he needed to talk to you. That's why I asked you if he did already.

PETE

You know your dad, I don't.  
(a moment)  
What's he going to do to me?

ANGELA

(after a long thought)  
I need to take a leak.

PETE

"A leak?"

Angela races out of the room.

PETE (CONT'D)

(calling out)  
Stay away from those bottles wino.  
And hurry your ass up. I can't cook, clean AND set the table.

Pete returns to cooking. A few beats pass.

Pete can't find something in the cupboard.

PETE (CONT'D)

(calling out)  
Angela... Angela... Where is the steamer..?

No response.

PETE (CONT'D)

Angela!

No response. Pete goes looking for her.

Finds the bathroom unoccupied. Keeps looking...

22

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

22

Finds Angela face down on her bed, sleeping. She nodded while using her laptop.

PETE

Got lost on your way to the bathroom?

Pete sits down next to her.

PETE (CONT'D)

The only time you're not pretty is when you're asleep. Wake up. I need a steamer. Where is it?

Some harmless pushes to wake her fail. Pete worries.

PETE (CONT'D)

Angela? Angela, wake up.

He uses all of his effort to try and wake her.

PETE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Roger! Roger!

Immediately, Roger is in the doorway.

ROGER HOLMES

What's wrong?

PETE

I can't get her to wake up.

Roger at Angela's side. Can't wake her up either.

ROGER HOLMES

Get the pills the hospital gave her. In the medicine cabinet. And turn the lights on so I can see her pupils.

Pete does.

Roger checks his daughter's pupils and her pulse.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Angela, I need you to wake up sweetie. Can you do that for me?

(MORE)

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
I need you to do that for me. Wake  
up, okay hun?

Pete returns with her PILLS. Roger reads them.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
Okay. Nothing here says this is a  
side effect.

PETE  
Look--

Angela's body JOLTS, spazzes!

Her chest rises... as if being pulled by an unknown force!

ANGELA  
Aaaaaahhhhhh!

Reflexes make Pete and Roger step back.

Angela wakes with a startle. Like from a dream.

Roger comes to her aid.

ROGER HOLMES  
I got you.

ANGELA  
(hysterical)  
I couldn't wake up. I couldn't  
wake up. I couldn't wake up--

ROGER HOLMES  
Calm down. Breathe. Breathe.

ANGELA  
I heard you. I heard you. But I  
couldn't wake up--

ROGER HOLMES  
Breathe. Honey, I need you to  
breathe. Like this...  
(demonstrates)

Takes her much effort, but she mimics him. Calms down.

Then sobs in her dad's arms.

Stay on this heart-wrenching image, then...

CUT TO:

23 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

23

Angela dumps her medication in the trash. All pills.

PETE  
Keep the aspirin.

ANGELA  
No pills.

She notices Pete filming with his Iphone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Turn that off.

PETE  
We'll need this for the lawsuit.

ANGELA  
Turn it off...

He does.

CUT TO:

24 INT. DOCTOR WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Roger ushers his daughter into Doctor Wright's office.

DOCTOR WRIGHT  
... everything we did was right,  
normal protocol, procedure. Get  
some rest, and you'll feel much  
better. The tests were negative  
but I want to give you an allergy  
test to rule out any...

Doctor realizes that Pete is recording him, stops, stares.

PETE  
For a lawsuit against the hospital.  
Because they...

Doctor's look says: turn it off. Roger gives him a dirty  
look as well.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Peter watches Roger and Angela, at the kitchen table,  
laughing like lunatics.

PETE

Are you two laughing at me? Is  
that what's happening here?

ROGER HOLMES

No.

CYNTHIA

No.

Said with the same sarcasm.

Feeling like the third wheel, Pete strolls away.

ANGELA

Don't leave. Come back.

She waves him over, but he leaves the room. Notice a small  
band-aid on her finger. Infection subsided.

BOOOM!

ROGER HOLMES

What the-

In a flash Roger and Angela are up and rush out of the room.

CUT TO:

26

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

ON PETE AS THEY RUSH IN.

PETE

I didn't do that.

There's a big hole in the wall. Shoulder level. Looks like  
he punched it.

PETE (CONT'D)

I didn't. I swear.

Roger gives Pete a stare from hell.

ANGELA

Who left the window open?

Directly across from the hole is an open window.

CUT TO:



ANGELA

Gotta help with directions. We can grab a burger at an In-N-Out before you go. It always takes longer to eat at the airport. I want to spend as much time before we don't have time.

Roger smiles.

ROGER HOLMES

How are you feeling?

ANGELA

My mouth is so dry.

ROGER HOLMES

Want some water?

ANGELA

Already had some.

ROGER HOLMES

Doctor. Tomorrow at one.

ANGELA

The doctor said only if I think I need a check up.

ROGER HOLMES

(final decision)

Doctor. Tomorrow at one.

ANGELA

Fine, Dad. Tomorrow at one. Yes.

ROGER HOLMES

And you--

ANGELA

I'll give you a call afterwards.  
Yes. I know.

PETE

We can still turn this into a lawsuit.

Roger 'hurumps.'

PETE (CONT'D)

I called a friend who's pre-med and he said it's a no brainer.

A bigger 'hurump.'

PETE (CONT'D)

What?

ANGELA

Nothing.

ROGER HOLMES

My daughter likes to earn her--

ANGELA

Dad--

PETE

I wasn't saying that she doesn't--

ANGELA

Hey! HEY! The argument between you two that didn't happen before, is not going to happen now. We're going to eat, smile, and that's that.

ROGER HOLMES

I was just trying to say--

ANGELA

Well don't. Can you at least...

Angela fights back tears.

PETE

Angela--

ROGER HOLMES

Hey, hun--

ANGELA

I'm fine.

ROGER HOLMES

I'm sorry.

Angela cries, hysterical. Hands covering her face...

... then... goes into a RAGE!

This comes out of nowhere.

Hard to tell what has come over Angela.

Her eyes are wild. Her movements are frantic.

She STOMPS on Taxi driver's foot -- accelerates the gas.

Car LURCHES forward. Thirty to seventy in four seconds.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Angela--

PETE

Watch out--

OFF SCREEN; pedestrians SCREAM, horns HONK.

Taxi driver STRUGGLES to get car control away from 5' 4 inch Angela.

With a reserve of strength that seems uncanny, Angela CLAWS her nails into Taxi driver's hands; that frees him from the steering wheel.

COLLISION!!!

In the CAMERA'S PERIPHERALS, hit-and-run VICTIMS crash to the pavement. Cars SWERVE to avoid a disaster.

Roger and Pete LEAP from the backseat and gets a GRIP ON THE STEERING WHEEL.

These two grown men fail to wrestle control away!

Angela JERKS the wheel. Pete and Roger with it.

COLLISION!!!!

This one severe.

Roger and Pete are LAUNCHED BACK.

AIRBAGS sucker punch Taxi driver and Angela.

But Angela still maneuvers the wheel like a stunt driver.

Car loses control.

COLLISION!!!

Car spins like a boomerang.

COLLISION!!!

Then gravity SHAKES UP THE CAR INTERIOR LIKE A SNOWGLOBE!

Blood curdling SCREAMS before everything CRUMBLES into MUTE SOUND...

CUT TO:



DOCTOR HILL (V.O.)  
Doctor Somerset induced coma. A  
regiment of dexamethasone was  
administered to Miss Holmes but  
quickly abandoned when she went  
into cardiac arrest.

TAPE FAST FORWARDS... two hours pass, then...

Angela goes into CARDIAC ARREST!

NURSE and DOCTORS flood in with a "crash cart." They  
resuscitate her. With her condition stable, staff leaves.

Another long beat of Angela in bed, comatose.

Again, TAPE FAST FORWARDS... one hour...

Another CARDIAC ARREST.

NURSE and DOCTORS revive her. Takes more effort this time.

TAPE FAST FORWARDS... thirty minutes pass...

Pete and ROGER, both wheelchair bound and suffering lesser  
injuries, visit.

The DOCTORS diagnosis (no audio) of Angela causes Pete and  
Roger to weep.

TAPE FAST FORWARDS... one hour....

FATHER SCARPETTA, 50's, resides over the hospital chapel,  
performs LAST RITES on Angela (NOTE: it will be clear that  
Angela is on her death bed).

Pete looks on, from a far, skeptical.

Roger, fights back tears, holds Angela's hand. Roger holds  
many titles; right now, he's simply a father.

Scarpetta into the tail end of the prayer--

Angela twitches.

Scarpetta stops.

Roger checks his daughter for a sign of awakening.

Angela's twitch turns into a shake. She convulses -- not  
cardiac arrest.

Every muscle in her body spasms. It's a surreal sight.

NURSES and DOCTORS rush in, same crash cart, they expect the same result... then... shaking subsides.

Her heartbeat normal. Stable. Her motions still. As if nothing happened. Creepy.

DOCTOR HILL (V.O.)  
After review, a twenty milligram dosage of Prednisone was prescribed.

We pull out from the monitors they were watching to the board room:

33 INT. ST. CLAIRE HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO - DAY 33

HOSPITAL BRASS ready for an emergency meeting. HDCAM records, protocol.

Before the meeting officially begins, DOCTOR REID, 60's, Interim Administrator of the hospital, stands next to monitor, mid-conversation:

DOCTOR HILL  
Her status has been downgraded from critical to stable.

DOCTOR REID  
We'll transfer her to cardiac care until she wakes.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 34

New room. Angela sleeps. It's 1am.

Weeks pass (a time stamp digitally etched in the security cam screen will reveal the passing calendar days).

Angela sleeps.

DOCTOR HILL (V.O.)  
That was March twenty-six, two thousand and thirteen... and here are the nights that follow.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT -35  
SAME

The hallways outside Angela's room.

Darkness breathes. Floors creak.

Then... DOOR ALARM triggered! See the FLASHING LIGHTS.

No visible culprit.

Another ALARM goes off. Another. Another.

Like dominos... they lead toward Angela's room.

SECURITY GUARD races into frame--

Alarms CEASE.

Whatever it is, it just left.

Security guard radios it in. Peers around. Stumped by this bizarre occurrence.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - SECURITY CAM - LATER 36

2am. STATIC disrupts the video feed.

Passing static.

Same trail the alarms followed. But this time, it only shows itself as slight video disruption.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT -37  
SAME

STATIC finds a home here.

Angela sleeps, comatose. But not sound sleep. Something torments her thoughts. Nightmare? Maybe.

Her eyes twitch. Her body shakes. Then...

...Angela sits up, fast, too fast!

Her eyes open! She's awake and screaming like a loon!

Static SUBSIDES.

Angela stares at space, confused, scared.

A long beat of this, then...

Angela responds to an invisible visitor.

An argument she is losing (we assume this, we can't hear).

Angela covers her ears and SCREAMS!

NURSES and DOCTORS march in, startled. She's awake!

They fail to calm Angela down...

CUT TO:

38 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - DAY 38

DOCTORS ask Angela a barrage of questions.

Although we can't hear it, we see her struggling to speak. Seems like some kind of a stutter.

Roger sits in the corner. Scarpetta by his side.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - DAY - 39  
LATER

NURSE feeds Angela.

Roger still in the corner. Scarpetta by his side. His new source of moral support.

Visiting time has ended. Before Nurse escorts them out, Roger gives a heartfelt goodbye to his only child.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - SECURITY 40  
CAM - DAY

Physical therapy.

Angela struggles to walk. NURSE helps.

Pete appears in the doorway, watches. Just an observer, but clearly concerned.

Angela stumbles, falls. Nurse struggles to help her up.

Pete walks over, doesn't know how to help, doesn't know how to react. He hovers around, insecure.

Pete and Angela meet eyes. She's ecstatic. She stutters, stumbles over her words.

Pete listens, but clearly, he wants to avoid this.

CUT TO:

41 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 41

Angela sleeps. Same static on the camera.

It wakes Angela.

Another argument. Angela YELLS.

Off the Nurse running in, we...

CUT TO:

42 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO - DAY 42

We return to the world of SOUND as the HOSPITAL BRASS remain seated around the conference table.

DOCTOR REID

...now it's an issue with the union. There'll be a hearing.

DOCTOR HILL

And these night terrors have been ongoing since the coma. Could be the head trauma. Are we opening ourselves up to negligence for not placing her in intensive care?

DOCTOR REID

That's what legal is concerned with, what they are always concerned with, any potential lawsuits.

DOCTOR HILL

There is no way around that.

DOCTOR REID

Maybe, maybe not.  
(to the camera operator)  
Are we ready?

He's been given the go ahead, camera has been ready. And now Reid understands it has been recording him:

DOCTOR REID (CONT'D)  
(to operator)  
Don't use any of this.

Now the meeting 'officially' begins. Reid turns on the monitor and presses play on the DVD...

DOCTOR REID (CONT'D)  
Miss Holmes was admitted on January fourteenth. She sustained severe lacerations, broken collarbone, contusions to the right arm and both legs, and swelling to the cranium from a car accident. She's been with us for two months. Forty-two days in a coma, I believe.

DOCTOR HILL  
My report says forty.

DOCTOR REID  
My mistake. Forty days.

[NOTE: we are now viewing the footage on the MONITOR, not the Doctors reaction to the footage.]

43 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - ROOM 616 - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 43

*From snow to live feed of Angela in her hospital room.*

*She's woken at night, again. She YELLS at her invisible tormentor.*

*Nurse rushes into Angela's room. Pete in tow. Both fail to calm Angela down.*

*Angela limps out of the room and into a bathroom in the hallway.*

CUT TO:

44 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 44

*Tape CUTS TO the MATERNITY WARD. Several NEWBORNS unattended and soundly asleep in their cribs.*

*After an endless beat of us watching the newborns... the STATIC we've come accustomed to seeing, is so INTENSE that we lose VIDEO IMAGE for a few seconds.*

*When the STATIC subsides...*

*Image returns... and we FIND Angela in the maternity ward. We never see her entrance.*

*Angela stares at the newborns, they stare back. Hold on this eerie image.*

*Angela does a slow reach into a crib... holds up a CRYING BABY. Her probing eyes disapprove. She puts it down.*

*Picks up another baby. Same dissatisfaction.*

*Angela examines a series of babies. Finds one that brings satisfaction and brings that BABY near the BATHING STATION -- for what, we're not sure.*

*Angela HEARS something off screen.*

*That STATIC returns. We lose video image. When it returns...*

*...SECURITY races inside. The baby has returned to its crib and... Angela... is gone. No trace of her.*

CUT TO:

45 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 45

*SECURITY searches the hallways.*

*Find Angela limping. Security shouts. She turns. Upon seeing them, her limp turns into a full SPRINT.*

*Angela rockets down the halls. Finally, Security subdues her. A Doctor sedates her.*

CUT TO:

46 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - SECURITY CAM - NIGHT 46  
LATER

*Pete arrives late. Again, he can't deal. He blends into the background of observers.*

[NOTE: we are now watching the Doctors watch the footage conclude.]

CUT TO:

47      INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO - DAY      47

Stunned look between the Doctors. Takes awhile before someone musters the nerve to speak.

DOCTOR HILL  
The technicians can't restore the  
footage of her walking in and out.

DOCTOR REID  
Who left the room unattended?

DOCTOR HILL  
According to the computer the doors  
were locked until the security  
guards opened them.

An OLDER DOCTOR points out:

OLDER DOCTOR  
And who's that?

On the QUAD-CAM VIEW, there is SOMEONE in Angela's bed, while she is clearly in the maternity ward. That someone flips over and they see that it is: Angela.

DOCTOR HILL  
(unnerved)  
The cameras must be out of synch.

An awkward, silent beat. That hard to swallow logic hangs in the air.

DOCTOR REID  
Clearly, we need to get the police  
involved. That's the only way to  
get concrete answers.

Rest of the Doctors agree with a nod.

CUT TO:



Harris rushes over to his injured partner--

Simons swings, tries for his partners eyes!

Harris backs off.

Simmons slumps to the ground, a bloody mess! Back to stabbing his eyes.

A slow and painful suicide when he destroys his cranial nerve! Simmons is DEAD.

Endless amount of SECURITY GUARDS take over this corridor, and every exit in the hospital -- total lockdown.

Off those harrowing images, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Long silence, then...

FADE IN:

51

INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

51

SECURITY CAM. Unlike the grainy images without audio from the previous hospital wing, the psych ward has HD VIDEO IMAGE and is wired for SOUND.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the corridors. Extra SECURITY to monitor the THIRTEEN PATIENTS.

This is an accessible and interactive facility. Lunch room. Visiting room. Recreation room, etc.

**We are back in: MOVIE MODE**

Father Scarpetta gives Roger a lay of the land.

FATHER SCARPETTA

...this is one of the top rated facilities in the State. She will be in good hands. I will be here everyday Roger.

That cumulative effects of this ordeal have taken a toll on Roger. He's barely keeping it together.

ROGER HOLMES

She didn't do anything wrong.

FATHER SCARPETTA

I know, but the hospi--

ROGER HOLMES

I'm more than sorry about what happened to that man, but my daughter didn't do that. She couldn't have.

FATHER SCARPETTA

It's an evaluation. I don't have any personal knowledge of exactly how it works. But I've been told as soon as she's cleared for being fit, which she is, then she can go home.

ROGER HOLMES

I don't understand this, Father.

FATHER SCARPETTA

I understand it. They are being overly cautious. Considering what--

ROGER HOLMES

She's never been sick. A cold for a day or two. But never sick. Now, all of a sudden, she's supposed to be crazy.

FATHER SCARPETTA

It's just an evaluation. This is one of the top rated psychiatric facilities in California.

ROGER HOLMES

She's a healthy girl. She's my daughter. I know my daughter. This isn't Angela.

(beat)

I know her.

Scarpetta hears what Roger is not saying.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Have faith.

ROGER HOLMES

Father, this is one of those moments where I'd like (a little more than just that).

FATHER SCARPETTA

This is one of the top rated facilities in the state.

Scarpetta waits for a response. Roger doesn't. Hint of a tear. For a man like Roger, this is the equivalent of a uncontrollable sobbing.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)  
You can't visit everyday, like  
before. But I will keep you  
updated daily. God will see you  
through this.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DR. RICHARDS 52  
OFFICE - VIDEO CAMERA - DAY

SHAKY CAMERA settles on a tripod, a CLOSE UP of...

Angela.

First intimate image of her since taxi. Her eyes are lifeless, hair mangled, sunken expression.

Angela's stutter seems to suggest she's proofreading her thoughts before speaking them.

DOCTOR RICHARDS is off camera. Dr. Richards is female, 41, head of this department.

This is Angela's intake interview to the hospital's psych ward.

DOCTOR RICHARDS (O.S.)  
How are you today?

ANGELA  
Can I have some water?

DOCTOR RICHARDS  
Yes.

Takes a swig of a much needed bottled water.

DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
I'm Doctor Richards. I will be  
conducting your therapy sessions,  
this is our first. I always  
moderate the group sessions on  
Tuesday and Thursday. The cameras  
can take awhile to get used to, but  
their only purpose is our purpose,  
providing you with the best care we  
can. How do you feel today?

ANGELA

I want to go home.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

You've been here for the last two months and we've taken...

ANGELA

...I want to go home. Now...

DOCTOR RICHARDS

...very good care of you. And we will continue to take care of you Angela. Father Scarpetta heads our church chapel and he tells me he has visited you and your father often.

ANGELA

I was fine before I came here! And this place made me sick. I'm not staying here.

Pause. A stalemate.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

You were in a car accident. Do you remember it?

ANGELA

I want to go home! I want to go home!

Angela cries, a break down. She's trapped here. Her nightmare has just begun.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

Take her to her room. This is too much for her right now.

CUT TO:

53

INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY -  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY

53

ORDERLIES ALONZO AND GRANT show Angela to her room.

ALONZO

Right this way honey.

She's walking much better now.

CUT TO:

54 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 54  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY

Angela saunters into her indefinite home.

Door LOCKED behind her.

She paces. Desperation of her situation sinks in.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 55  
NIGHT

Door opens (IN MOVIE MODE). ORDERLIES Grant and Alonzo enter with a MEDICINE TRAY.

ORDERLY GRANT

Seven pm. Time to make the donuts.

Angela eyes the medicine cocktail prepped for her.

ANGELA

I'm not taking that.

ORDERLY ALONZO

After the first dosage you can request a change if you experience side effects.

Angela sits on her bed. Turns her back. Defiant child.

ORDERLY ALONZO (CONT'D)

It's a small dosage. And like I said, if after today you don't--

Grant, the less humane of the two, quiets down his reasonable colleague.

ORDERLY GRANT

If you don't, its going to be a problem.

Pills and cup of water extended to Angela.

She refuses. An extended beat. Stalemate.

Grant pulls out a SACHEL.

Angela bolts toward the door.

Grant grabs her.

ANGELA

Noooooooooooo!

ORDERLY ALONZO

It's her first day. Give her a break!

ORDERLY GRANT

Do your job! Hold her arms.

Alonzo refuses.

ORDERLY GRANT (CONT'D)

Then I'll write you up.

Alonzo still refuses. He'll take the reprimand.

Grant pulls out BED RESTRAINTS from the satchel.

Angela is strapped to the bed. Legs and arms restrained.

ANGELA

Stop! Please!

Her mouth now gagged.

Robotic the way Grant shovels pills down Angela's throat.

Heroic the way she fights back... spits it out.

That angers Grant.

He picks up the pill and uses double effort to jam them back down her throat...

...then PINCHES HER NOSE SHUT and clamps her jaw shut.

Suffocates her. Pills or death?

Horrific to watch Angela struggle, eventually she swallows.

ORDERLY GRANT

Problem solved.

Grant frees her. Both Orderlies leave.

Angela cries herself to sleep.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 56  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - NIGHT

Angela sleeps soundly in her bed. No night terrors. No voices.

CUT TO:

57 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - MEETING ROOM 57  
DAY

Group session. PATIENTS talk/share/cry amongst the group. Doctor Richards controls the session. Each of them has a little notepad and pencil to write down their thoughts.

Angela details her encounter with Orderly Grant.

PATIENTS ad-lib their dislike for Grant.

ANGELA

He forced me to take the pills. He tied me to the bed and shoved them down my throat.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

We do require you to take your dosage on the first day. After which, you can request a change.

ANGELA

That's what the other guy said.

PATIENT ad-lib their admiration for Orderly Alonzo.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY - DAY 58

Angela leaves group session. Orderly Grant passes her and gives a dirty look.

Angela heads toward her room. Scarpetta waits outside.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Hello, Angela. Do you remember me?

Angela SCREAMS, desperate, manic.

Scarpetta pulls back, not expecting this.

Angela raves like a loon.

ORDERLIES take her away.

Scarpetta stares off, shocked.

CUT TO:

59 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 59  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - NIGHT

Again, Grant forces Angela to take her medication.

Alonzo looks on, annoyed.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 60  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - NIGHT

Again, Angela sleeps soundly.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - VISITING ROOM 61  
DAY

A joyous day. PATIENTS greet family members.

Angela sits quietly, drinks water.

Pete, brace around his knee, but in good health.

He gives Angela a hug. She doesn't hug back. Angela is awake and catatonic.

PETE

I saw your father parking his rental. He should be coming up.

(off her silence)

Your Dad has been amazing. He got you a lawyer. The lawyer says you should be getting out soon.

(off her silence)

I took a cab here. Your Dad usually drives, so I kind of know the way here. I used your method; remembering all the fast food places along the way.

Angela responds with a slight smile. Pete takes this as a grand gesture.

PETE (CONT'D)

Your 'fat girl trapped in a skinny girl's body' method of directions.

Angela chuckles slightly. A bittersweet moment.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I see your Dad being so amazing and I feel guilty. I feel like shit. I didn't know how to deal. Security had taken you away and the doctors sedated you. The Nurses staff started asking me questions and I froze up. Your Dad handles everything so well.

(then)

I acted as if I didn't know you. I was in denial. I'm so, so sorry Angela. You deserve better. I'm going to be better.

Angela takes his hand.

ANGELA

Can I tell you something?

PETE

Yes.

ANGELA

Do you promise to believe me?

PETE

What is it?

ANGELA

Promise to believe me.

PETE

What is it?

ANGELA

They put me in a coma, right?

PETE

Yes.

ANGELA

But I could still hear things. Not the doctors and what was going on... its hard to explain.

PETE

Just say it.

ANGELA

These sounds. The same sounds.  
Over and over and over again. It  
wasn't what was going on in the  
room. It... was another language,  
another way of thinking.

(then)

You're not believing me.

PETE

No. I am.

ANGELA

I can see it in your face.

PETE

Angela. I believe you. Okay.

ANGELA

...Its hard to explain. Its  
another language saying:

Angela merges her hands: two becoming one. She repeats this  
gesture throughout her explanation.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I hear it again. Every night. It  
used to wake me up and drive me  
crazy, but... I've heard it long  
enough that I can't explain it,  
really, but I feel it. I feel it  
and I understand it now.

PETE

What language?

ANGELA

I don't know. It's... I don't know  
how to explain it. Just that...  
something is coming together.  
Coming together, somehow. And  
something bad is going to happen.  
I don't know what.

(distressed)

I feel like something is fighting  
me to be me. When I talk, when I  
walk. What's wrong with me Pete?

PETE

The lawyer your Dad got, he said we  
have a great case. He's going to  
petition the court. And file a  
motion to have you come home.

ANGELA  
Who is that Priest?

PETE  
Father Scarpetta?

ANGELA  
Him. Who is he?

PETE  
I think he runs the hospital  
church. Your Dad knows him well.  
They talk all the time.

ANGELA  
I'm scared of him. I'm afraid of  
everybody Pete.

PETE  
Listen to me, if I was in here, we  
should be worried. But you! You  
can beat anything. You versus  
these walls, guess who I'd bet my  
money on? Guess?

Hold's her hand. Needs her strength to keep him strong.

ANGELA  
If something happens to me--

PETE  
Nothing is going to happen to you.

ANGELA  
If something happens. I need you  
to be there for me.  
(dramatic pause)  
When it happens I need you there  
for me.

PETE  
Why do you think something will  
happen to you?

Angela clams up, defensive, as if something has interrupted  
this intimate conversation.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Angela, why do you think some--

Roger walks in, interrupts. Pete assumes the defensive  
routine Angela already adopted.

Roger hugs his daughter.

ROGER HOLMES

Hi, sweetheart. I got a lawyer.

ANGELA

I know. Pete told me.

Roger acknowledges her boyfriend's presence with a weak nod. No longer gives a shit about Pete's feelings.

ROGER HOLMES

I'm doing everything possible to get you out of this place and back home.

CUT TO:

62

INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DR. RICHARDS' 62  
OFFICE - VIDEO CAMERA - DAY

Angela's second interview. CAMCORDER records her in CLOSE-UP.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

Do you remember the medicine prescribed to you after your finger was infected?

ANGELA

No.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

You were given Augmentin. Normally used when in hospital care. Why this was prescribed to you, my assumption is that the doctor who administered your stitches incorrectly feared repercussions.

ANGELA

So he made a mistake?

DOCTOR RICHARDS

I need your help to make sure. Were you drinking a lot of water while your finger was infected?

ANGELA

I was dehydrated. My throat was dry. It still is.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

There is a rare case of a long distance runner, who was also drinking a lot of water while being misdiagnosed as you were. The results are identical; hallucinations followed by mood swings. Currently, you are taking diazepam and chondroitin. Are you experiencing any side effects?

ANGELA

I'm tired.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

Any other feelings? Anything at all?

ANGELA

Just tired.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

(losing patience)

Angela. You have been complaining about night terrors.

ANGELA

No I haven't.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

If you are hearing voices, that's not a side effect of diazepam or chondroitin. So we need to find the root cause of this and treat it effectively.

ANGELA

... you listened to my conversation?

DOCTOR RICHARDS

Your silence during these sessions is counterproductive to treatment.

Angela swallows her response. Her body fidgets. Odd.

DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

This is the situation we are dealing with. The hospital, for their own reasons, is willing to listen to less than sound ideas about your condition. The longer we tip-toe around the real issue, the longer you will be here.

(MORE)

DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

And I know you don't want that.

(then)

I want to be honest with you. Can you be honest with me? Can you tell me what you said to the Detective before he killed himself?

(no response)

When you walked into the maternity ward... let me see... going off the reading of your lips, you claimed that the babies were "in your father's house." What does that mean?

(no response)

I want to be honest with you. Can you be honest with me?

Angela has lost the battle of self control:

ANGELA

I can't be honest with you.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

Why not?

ANGELA

Because you're not.

DOCTOR RICHARDS

I assure you Angela, I am.

ANGELA

No. You want to feel superior. You leave work, and see your own psychiatrist and complain about your patients and the staff and how your boyfriend left you to go back to his wife. But you still fuck him on the nights he can get away. And you sucked his dick in the parking lot of his daughter's school while his wife watched the school play. That's your truth.

Hear Dr. Richards' labored breathing. This is all true.

Angela regains her senses, embarrassed. This word vomit did not come from her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Sorry.

Angela stands, unsure of what to do, she leaves frame and exits the office.

CAMERA stares at a blank chair. Finally, Richards gets a hold of the camera to shut it off, we catch a glimpse of her tear soaked and embarrassed expression.

CUT TO:

63 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 63 NIGHT

Grant enters with the medicine tray. Angela in bed.

ORDERLY GRANT  
Time to make the donuts.

Angela prepares for the inevitable. Ready to fight.

Grant opens his pouch, also prepares for the inevitable.

ORDERLY GRANT (CONT'D)  
Do I have to tie you to the post?  
(calling out, hallway)  
Alonzo! Alonzo! ALONZO!

No response.

Angela takes her cup of water and cup of medicine. Takes both. Opens her mouth to show Grant--

-- a rattle above --

Both look up just in time to see the ceiling BURST OPEN --

-- ORDERLY ALONZO drops down, hits the floor with a THUD!

The concrete chunks above him land on his head and chest BEATING him bloody! It SOUNDS and it looks like Alonzo is being stoned.

Angela cowers in the corner.

Grant grabs at his colleague, tries to shield him but to no avail. Alonzo DIES in Grant's arms.

SECURITY and NURSES rush in...

64 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - MEETING ROOM -64 DAY

Group session. Our THIRTEEN PATIENTS and Angela.

## PATIENTS

It's wrong/I wouldn't mind Grant getting hurt/Grant deserves to be dead/Alonzo was the good one/Alonzo was a nice man/Alonzo never hurt anybody.

The talk ceases when Doctor Richards walks in. The doctor has to swallow an emotion before letting this out:

## DOCTOR RICHARDS

It's been decided that for the time being, group sessions will be suspended.

Murmurs from the PATIENTS. They all put down their little notepads and pencils. Angela is quiet.

## DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Lunch will be extended as well as recreation time, which you can all enjoy immediately.

## ANGELA

I... I...

Angela's words turn into another language. Something ancient.

## ANGELA (CONT'D)

*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani (my God, My God, why have you forsaken me?)*

Clearly, she has lost control of herself.

As this rarely heard dialect flows from her tongue, her fellow PATIENTS break out into a laughing fit.

## DOCTOR RICHARDS

Everyone calm down. Calm down.

The laughter is uproarious.

## DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

(calling out)  
Nurse! Nurse!

NURSES rush in, make a b-line toward a babbling Angela.

## DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

(to the group)  
Today's group session is cancelled.  
(MORE)

DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
 Everyone can make their way into  
 the lunchroom.

PATIENTS stay. Now mesmerized by Angela's words. Something lyrical about them as they turn into an *a cappella*... an *AVE MARIA* of sorts.

DOCTOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 SECURITY!

SECURITY GUARDS have to escort PATIENTS from the room.

CUT TO:

65     INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY -     65  
        SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY

PATIENTS being led to the lunchroom.  
 NURSES escort Angela, still singing, to her room.

CUT TO:

66     INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY     66

Scarpetta argues with the Nurse on the front desk.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
 I don't need all of her records.  
 Her birth certificate would  
 satisfy.

FRONT DESK NURSE  
 I can't release them. Sorry.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
 Then at least look at it for me and  
 give me her mother's maiden name  
 and date of birth.

FRONT DESK NURSE  
 Who is this request coming from?

FATHER SCARPETTA  
 I was asked, by a high-ranking  
 member of the church to get Ms.  
 Holmes' mother's maiden name and  
 information.

FRONT DESK NURSE  
Only hospital personnel can access  
the files. Sorry.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Then let me speak with Miss Holmes.

FRONT DESK NURSE  
She had an episode and damaged her  
throat. She lost her voice.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Then I'll have her write the  
information on paper.

Annoyed, Nurse fills out Scarpetta's request.

67

INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - LUNCHROOM - DAY

All thirteen PATIENTS seated. No eating. No talking. An  
uncomfortable silence.

Grant notices.

ORDERLY GRANT  
(calling out)  
What's wrong?

A few awkward beats and then...

ON SECURITY CAM:

Suddenly a PATIENT stands up, grabs the head of a patient  
next to him, SLAMS it into the table.

Keeps bashing his head down like a wild animal.

Across the room, TWO PATIENTS up-turn a table and RAM it into  
a third patient.

Another HANGS HIMSELF with a wire.

Grant pulls the patient down from the wire and watches the  
domino effect of violence.

The PATIENTS go on a psychotic rampage!

It's bedlam. Shouting. Rampant violence.

A PATIENT slams hard against a wall. No one shoved him.  
Strangely, the Patient is flat against the wall. Bangs his  
head into a bloody pulp.

A RUSH OF PATIENTS RUNS BEHIND GRANT, QUICKLY PASSING HIM.

Grant slowly turns around, grim. His back has been impaled with a dozen pencils... gravity pulls him to the ground, dead.

Abruptly, the "wire" Patient slides up the wall. Body tilts as if the room has turned. It hasn't. He leaves his head behind. Body still tilting.

Only now do we see Angela sitting quietly against the opposite wall.

Orderlies and Security rush into the room. Try to contain the carnage --

PATIENTS make a mess of the outnumbered help.

The madness leaks out the room...

CUT TO:

68 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY - SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY 68

Scarpetta and STAFF flee the oncoming lunacy.

ALARM sounds.

PATIENTS saunter about trashing anything not nailed down.

LAPD SWAT TEAM storms in.

PATIENTS square off with them.

Looks like archival footage of the Attica prison riots.

CUT TO:

69 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY - SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY - LATER 69

The chaos has subsided.

TWELVE remaining PATIENTS are placed into their rooms.

CUT TO:

70 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 70  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY - LATER

Angela whispers. Hush words spoken into each wall in her room.

CUT TO:

71 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - VIDEO ROOM - DAY  
- SAME

Security Guard watches on the MONITOR:

CUT TO:

72 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - ANGELA'S ROOM 72  
SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY - SAME

Angela whispers into the wall.

CUT TO:

73 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY - SAME 73

Scarpetta walks in, distraught over the riot.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Let me hear what she's saying. I  
need to hear what she's saying!

Security Guard reads Scarpetta's desperation.

Security guard taps the keyboard. Brings up a MULTI-CAM VIEW  
of all the Patient's rooms. On the MONITOR:

CUT TO:

74 INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - 12 VARIOUS ROOMS  
- SECURITY CAM/SOUND - DAY - SAME

Angela's room is in the middle.

The other TWELVE PATIENTS have their ears to the walls,  
listening to every word she utters.

CUT TO:

75      INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY - SAME      75

Scarpetta issues firm orders.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Turn up the volume.

He does. Barely audible whispers.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)  
Turn it all the way up.

SECURITY GUARD  
The volume is all the way up. If I  
can't hear it they certainly  
shouldn't be able to (but they  
are).

Scarpetta stares on. A fear inside him rises to the surface.

CUT TO:

76      INT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY - DAY 76

A day later. Facility is semi-closed. Taped off.

Elevator opens... Pete and Roger exit. Shocked to see what  
has happened.

Waiting to meet them, Father Scarpetta, TWO SECURITY GUARDS  
and Chief of Staff Doctor Reid.

DOCTOR REID  
Mr. Holmes, correct?

ROGER HOLMES  
...Yes. What happened?

DOCTOR REID  
I have your daughter's release  
forms for you to sign.

ROGER HOLMES  
Great, where's my daughter?

DOCTOR REID  
Just need your signature. And you  
can take her home.

ROGER HOLMES  
Where is she? How is she?

DOCTOR REID  
(offers a legal folder)  
Please sign these first. Along  
with the release forms, we've...

ROGER HOLMES  
(fuming)  
Stop talking about these forms and  
tell me about my daughter...

Reading the threat, SECURITY moves toward Roger. Scarpetta intervenes before it turns physical, he pulls Roger to the side.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Roger, sign the papers. They can't  
help her here. We will find her  
some help. We will find her the  
help she needs.

A vague statement. But Roger reads the subtext in Scarpetta's eyes.

Roger takes the release forms. Signs every form.

After Doctor Reid reviews:

DOCTOR REID  
She's downstairs. Outside.

ROGER HOLMES  
"Outside?" You fucking people.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ST. CLAIR HOSPITAL - DAY

77

Roger, Pete, and Scarpetta wait.

Then, Angela is wheeled from around the corner, unconscious. She's wheelchair bound and in a straight jacket.

Pete and Roger stare down the Guards who drop her off.

An ironic and sad sight, a hospital dumps a patient onto its front steps.

Father Scarpetta helps Pete and Roger unwrap Angela.

He's going above and beyond the call to help them.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Roger, let's get her out of here.  
There are bigger battles to fight.

Scarpetta leaves frame with Roger, Pete, and Angela.

CUT TO:

78      INT. CARDINAL JANUSZ'S PRIVATE ARCHIVES, VATICAN - DAY      78

The CAMERA moves across mini-DV's, DVD's, and stacks of SD cards, all dated and titled with an individual's birth name.

We're in a high tech editing bay in the north wing of the Vatican.

Cardinal Janusz studies his flat-screen monitor. Behind him, a Vatican Flag, Coat of Arms of the Holy See, and a tease of Saint Peter's Square through a single square window. It's raining outside.

The CAMERA comes around as Janusz finishes watching security clip of the Angela/Simmons death. Detached, he clicks off, and onto another file:

The birth certificate of Angela Holmes:

Birthplace.

Date.

Father:    Roger  
             Holmes

Mother:    Eva  
             Airam

CLICK on mother.

"ENTER PASSWORD"

Janusz types a 12 digit alpha-numeric code.

Hit enter.

"BUILDING GENOGRAM" ...

CUT TO:

79 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

79

Angela lays on her bed... is she sleeping or unconscious, we don't know.

In the foreground, Roger and Pete, close to a fist fight.

PETE

...this is crazy. What are you going to do, hit me?

ROGER HOLMES

If I have to.

PETE

She wouldn't want this. Angela would--

ROGER HOLMES

This my daughter. MY DAUGHTER!

PETE

I'm not letting you--

ROGER HOLMES

If I have to tell you again, we're going to have a problem.

PETE

You are going to hit me.

Pete believes him, backs away.

Roger dials a call.

PETE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is crazy. This is crazy...

ROGER HOLMES

(on phone)

Father, you have my permission...

CUT TO:

80 INT. CARDINAL JANUSZ'S PRIVATE ARCHIVES, VATICAN - DAY

80

Cardinal Janusz impatient, concerned as he works at dual computer screens. On the lefthand screen:

THE GENEALOGY CHART is slow to flow down the screen.

One branch continues further than the rest... AIRAM'S, DAVIRRO'S, GIRARDO'S, LEMTINI'S, BORDONI'S, GILBOA'S, OVADIA...

Pinwheel stall on computer - searching. He glances at 'place of birth' on the last name thus far: KINNERET/SEA OF GALILEE.

HEAR a clock tower CHIMING, then THE PROTODEACON WALKS IN.

PROTODEACON  
(Italian)  
*<The Holy Father wants to know what we're up against.>*

Janusz turns his attention to the righthand computer screen: security camera footage of Simmons as he stands at the window of Angela's hospital room.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
(Italian)  
*<Her line is strong, there could be a history of possession...>*

Janusz pauses the image of Simmons as he sees the outline of a dark shape suddenly land on the window sill.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
*I'll need to finish the genogram, but it seems that there is a spiritual bulls-eye on this girl.*

Protodeacon steps forward and looks over Janusz's shoulder as Janusz zooms in on the window sill shape. Janusz hits "focus amplify" once, then again.

Janusz leans in and finally can make out the shape: a black raven stares back through the screen directly at Janusz.

A chill hangs in the air, then:

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
*I leave tomorrow.>*

Janusz checks back toward the lefthand computer screen and looks at the pinwheel, still working...

Janusz moves with a new purpose now and pulls a 2'x1' military-grade, magnesium-alloy case up onto the table. With the trained economy of motion he clicks it open, ready for battle.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
*<Everything must be documented from this moment on...>*

He notices the lefthand computer screen as the pinwheel disappears. On the screen the two men see:

*12 TRIBES OF ISRAEL*

"Genogram Complete"

*THE TRIBE OF DANIEL, HOUSE OF JACOB*

"Search Exhausted"

Janusz looks up from the screen and meets eyes with Protodeacon. An ominous silence between them. Then:

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
<May the Lord be with you,  
Cardinal.>

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
<And also with you.>

CUT TO:

81 INT. CHURCH RECTORY - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

81

Notice a Catholic Church outside the windows.

SERIES of SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS setup -- every inch of the place is viewable.

LAST CAMERA

Intimate. Hand operated. We see several equipment cases at the operator's feet.

Once we're settled on a tripod we know we're in the living room.

Cardinal Janusz is now in the standard black robes of a ordinary priest.

Pete enters, looks distraught. Like he's ran out of tears. Watches the Cardinal fumble with the camera.

PETE  
First time doing this?

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
No. With these new cameras, yes.

PETE  
(cynic)  
Oh.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

It helps preserve the integrity of the Church to disprove possessions for what they are, usually some form of mental illness.

(then)

You are skeptical about this.

PETE

You can say that.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Can you plug this in?

Pete looks for a receptacle.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

When I was twelve, I was possessed by a demon.

Pete reacts, startled.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

There. Thank you.

(then)

For six days the Priest battled the demon inside of me. Steadfast in his belief that you can kill the evil spirit and preserve the body.

Janusz enters frame, unpacks his equipment with a subtle urgency. He grabs additional cameras from a Pelican case and then lifts the weighty magnesium-alloy case. He opens the metal case: Bible, Cross, Holy Water, HUMAN BONE, and a 12" inch WOODEN LOCK-BOX that flexes his forearm as he lifts it out.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

Can you help me setup in the bedroom?

CUT TO:

82

INT. CHURCH RECTORY - BEDROOM - DAY

82

Janusz sets up THREE LOCK-OFF CAMERAS in the room. Every angle of the forth coming exorcism will be recorded.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Can you tell me about Angela?

Pete, meanders around the space, unsure.

PETE

She's my girlfriend.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Demons are shrewd and calculating.  
Older than the human race. They  
hide in the image of their host.  
They lie and deceive using the  
truth. We need to know Angela. So  
that we know what she is not.

Pete exhales. Struggles with this.

PETE

...Angela is... perfect. I've  
never heard her say an unkind word  
about anyone. She's everything you  
want a person to be and everything  
you want them not to be...

(starts to break)

I love her so much.

Pete can't continue but he puts on a mask of strength, a  
promise made to himself.

Roger and Scarpetta are just outside of the bedroom. Roger  
has a PICTURE.

ROGER HOLMES

...this is the only picture I have  
of her mother. Do you want it?

FATHER SCARPETTA

Yes, please. Cardinal Janusz  
requested it.

ROGER HOLMES

A real... cardinal?

FATHER SCARPETTA

I think that security video really  
got his attention.

They walk in.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Can you tell me about the incident  
on the bus?

PETE

...a bird flew into a window.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Any details would help.

PETE

It broke the window, flew inside  
and died. It was black. Jet  
black. Big. Looked kind of sick.  
Maybe it had rabies.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(hides something)

I see.

Janusz digs through a stack of FOREIGN LANGUAGE BOOKS. Papal  
books. Ancient writing. Doesn't find what he's looking  
for...

Flips past an ancient image of the Holy Spirit/white dove  
flying above the apostles.

Roger and Pete look to Scarpetta for clarity.

Scarpetta shrugs: I don't know.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

(to Pete)

Can you give us a moment before we  
begin.

ROGER HOLMES

Check on Angela.

Roger, for the first time, pats Pete on the shoulder. Pete  
nods, leaves.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(taking the picture of  
Angela's mother)

Tell me about her?

ROGER HOLMES

I was stationed in Georgia. I...  
saw Angela's mother for a few  
months. Not a serious  
relationship. I was twenty five.  
She was twenty one and- She wasn't  
the type you settle down with.  
Then I transferred to Japan for a  
year and...

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Be specific. Why wasn't she  
"marriage material?"

ROGER HOLMES

(struggling)

It was-- this was thirty years ago.

That hangs in the air. Janusz lets it hang there.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

She was a call girl- I wasn't a customer, I-- thought I could help her. We had a connection, but...

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Continue.

ROGER HOLMES

I went to Japan. Eight days into the transfer she calls to tell me she's pregnant and getting an abortion. I objected, sent her money. But I was there and she was here. Months later I got a call from the hospital telling me my child was born but abandoned by its mother. Angela and I have been together ever since.

Cardinal Janusz studies Roger.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

You have no knowledge of the mother's whereabouts? Her family?

ROGER HOLMES

I thought you were looking into it.

Janusz, silent. A long beat.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. Figure it out later. I just want you-- Kill that demon inside her.

A beat.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

If you can assist your daughter. We need a few minutes to prepare.

Roger nods, leaves.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

Prepare for mass. If she accepts the body of Christ, a demon does not exist.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Is she possessed?

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
She is. But we will see what we  
are dealing with.

Scarpetta nods his agreement, then:

FATHER SCARPETTA  
(prayer)  
Heavenly Fath--

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
No.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
No?

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Just prepare Mass.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
The prayer is essent--

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
(delicate)  
No. Sometimes, in search of what  
is an abomination, we move away  
from God.

Scarpetta is doubtful. It goes against his core beliefs.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
I fear that this demon is powerful.  
Possibly old enough to have lived  
during the time of the New  
Testament.

Janusz gives Scarpetta a warm smile.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Do as I instruct tonight. Trust  
what I do. Have faith. A demon's  
greatest threat is not to your  
body, but your soul.

Scarpetta nods, still doubtful.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Please bring her in.

Scarpetta and Janusz prepare Mass: Bible, white surplice,  
purple stoles, bread, wine...

Pete and Roger enter with Angela.

She wears a long one-piece nightgown that gives us a glimpse of the hives and dark ugly lesions on her body. Her eyes vacant, dry with tears. Body malnourished. Angela is a shell of her former self.

Terrified at the sight of Janusz, Angela backs away.

ROGER HOLMES  
He's with the church. They're  
going to help you.

She moves away from her father, toward Pete -- the only one she can trust.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
(to Cardinal Janusz)  
She hasn't regained her voice yet.

Angela mouths unheard words to Pete. Tries to signal with her hands: a promise remind.

Pete nods 'I will.'

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Have her kneel.

Roger whispers words to Angela. She won't listen.

Pete delivers the same message. Finally, she kneels.

Janusz speaks Latin, blesses bread.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi  
custodiat animam meam in vitam  
aternam. Amen.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Amen.

Janusz gives the bread - now the Eucharist - to Angela, holds it in front of her mouth.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Take this body. Take it and be  
cleansed.

Angela stares, everyone wonders if she'll accept.

She opens her mouth and takes the Eucharist.

She tries to swallow... Eucharist drops from her lips.

Janusz catches it, protecting it from harm.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Take the body. Take it and be  
cleansed.

Another attempt. It goes down.

A beat. Angela COUGHS...

Eucharist vomited, along with a bit of BLOOD.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
There is an obstruction. Please,  
Angela, lay down on the bed.

Angela mimes a vehement 'no.'

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
This will be much easier if you lay  
down, on the bed.

Another mimed 'no.'

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Will you allow me to remove the  
obstruction?

Janusz extends his hands toward Angela's mouth, checks to see  
if she will protest. She doesn't.

He breathes deep and reaches in with his finger...

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
...Don't.

Angela meets his eyes. Stops fighting back. Janusz reaches  
further.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Got it.

From deep in her throat, Janusz pulls out a perfectly intact  
EGG.

It's an understatement to say that Roger, Pete, and Father  
Scarpetta are taken aback by this sight. Then... the moment  
becomes more real... as...

Angela HACKS and COUGHS UP ANOTHER EGG... and then ONE MORE.

Janusz sets the three eggs in his tray on the floor.

She looks up and speaks like she forgot how to:

ANGELA

...RUN!!!

BED rockets off the ground and tackles Angela and Janusz!

-- Janusz is knocked back.

-- Angela is smothered into the bed as it spears into the wall! She's hidden. Imprisoned.

-- The bed CRUMBLES into the wall like an accordion.

-- Dry wall spiderwebs.

-- All react to free her.

-- Roger, Pete, and Scarpetta use every ounce of their being to rip the bed frame.

-- With no regard for their bloody, splintered hands, they've freed...

In a CLOSE-UP of Angela's eyes, WE SEE THEM SHUT. When they open, THE LIDS COME DOWN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. The camera snaps out wide to show that she has been ripped out of the wall, and spun around 180 degrees.

She's a lacerated mess. The dark lesions ooze blood and stain her nightgown.

She lifts her woozy head, whispers and rambles a FOREIGN LANGUAGE, could be Latin, Aramaic, or a language no longer spoken.

Angela's bloodshot eyes find...

ROGER, PETE, FATHER SCARPETTA

spooked and speechless. Nothing can prepare you for this.

PETE

Angela!

ROGER HOLMES

(interrupting)

Don't. Let them.

(to Father Scarpetta)

Father?

Father Scarpetta can't help. His eyes wash over the room... finds the one person who can...

Cardinal Janusz - still injured, but not seriously, rises from the ground and gets the CHAINS and Holy Water from his personal bag.

FATHER SCARPETTA

What do we do?

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(getting his bearings)

Restrain her. Bless the chains.

Scarpetta ties the chains around a radiator. Blesses the restraints with the water.

Scarpetta musters the courage to approach Angela. She's still woozy, but still a threat. No easy task.

Roger notices. Helps Scarpetta imprison Angela.

The chains force Angela to the ground.

Scarpetta gives Angela a Holy Water shower.

She SCREAMS!

Pete, in agony, watches.

FATHER SCARPETTA

(prayer)

Do not remember O Lord, our sins or those of our ancestors. And do not punish us for our offenses.

Her YELP fades... no longer satanic... human now.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth...

And just like that, the real Angela returns. She SOBS. Part pain, part relief.

ROGER HOLMES

Angela? Is that you?

PETE

Angela?

ANGELA

(weak)

...Dad...

ROGER HOLMES  
Yes. I'm right here.

ANGELA  
...Pete...

PETE  
Yes!

ROGER HOLMES  
(to Scarpetta)  
Did it work?

FATHER SCARPETTA  
...I don't know.

ROGER HOLMES  
(to Janusz)  
Did it work?

Janusz is nose deep in one of his papal books. Then brushes back the filth from one of the THREE EGGS from Angela's throat--

Janusz consults his book again, checks his theory.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
Did it work?

Janusz has come to a decision.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Roger. Pete. I must ask you to leave the room.

ROGER HOLMES  
Not happening.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
I must insist--

ROGER HOLMES  
NO!  
(then)  
Now stop wasting time!

Clearly, Roger won't be moved. Janusz accepts this.

Janusz gathers his large CRUCIFIX and wraps it with ROSARY BEADS.

He takes robotic, determined steps toward Angela with the egg...

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Where did you get this?

Angela, petrified, dares not respond.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
The egg is the symbol of rebirth.  
(off her silence)  
Where did it come from?

ANGELA  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
You've revealed yourself. You can  
no longer hide behind this girl.  
Speak demon.

ANGELA  
(help)  
Dad! Pete!

ROGER HOLMES  
(to Pete)  
Don't get in their way.

Pete watches Janusz straddle Angela, shoves the EGG in her  
face:

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Where did you get this?

ANGELA  
Dad! Help me!

ROGER HOLMES  
They're going to save you.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Demon, if you keep hiding, I will  
rip out your lying tongue. Where  
did you get this?!

Angela CRIES, hysterical. Not sure how to deal.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
You seek to make an abomination of  
our Lord and Savior, of His  
Resurrection!!!  
(off her crying silence)  
Expose yourself demon!

Enraged, Janusz shoves his crucifix into her face.

ANGELA  
HELP! HELP ME! Pete, HELP!

Roger pleads with Pete to trust in the process (his own trust is waning).

Janusz SPITS on her.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
You mean to desecrate the works of  
our Lord and Savior.

ANGELA  
(pained)  
It's coming back! It's coming!

Scarpetta offers Holy Water. Janusz refuses.

Janusz lassos his Rosary around her neck, squeezes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(choking)  
... please... stop...

Angela turns blue.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
SHOW YOURSELF, SERPENT!

Janusz SHOVES THE CRUCIFIX IN HER MOUTH!

Angela retreats, hurt... then...

ROARS!!!

Janusz is knocked back.

Angela rears up and RUSHES at Janusz --

-- CLANG --

Chain stops her.

Her teeth protrude, extend inches from their roots.

She SPEAKS. In a voice so disturbed and evil it appears to damage her neck.

ANGELA  
(foreign language,  
translated on screen)  
*I am the new way.*

Angela climbs the walls like a spider. Unable to free herself from her constraints.

Not prepared for this, Scarpetta, Roger, and Pete LEAP BACK. They've never been more afraid. *Is this real?*

Janusz, has seen this before, expected it, steps forward. He yanks at the chains...

... Angela CRASHES back onto the floor!

Janusz takes Scarpetta's Holy Water, douses her.

Angela burns, bleeds. Cowers.

Janusz douses her again.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
I condemn you to the Lake of fire!

ANGELA  
(foreign, strained)  
*I am your Ending. You are my  
Beginning...*

Janusz hands the Holy Water over to Scarpetta. Has to force it into Scarpetta's unprepared hands.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
(re: Holy Water)  
Continue.  
(then)  
Blessed by the spirit of the  
Father, I will kill this evil.

Cardinal Janusz digs into his equipment bag -- finds the HUMAN BONE, needs this. Now, Janusz searches for a prayer in one of his books.

Father Scarpetta does as instructed -- soaks Angela.

ANGELA  
(foreign, pained)  
*I am your Ending. You are my  
Beginning...*

Janusz motivated moments slow to a stop. Something about Angela's words connect; it's as if a complicated puzzle has just come together behind Janusz's eyes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(foreign, pained)  
*I am the new way.*  
(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
*My kingdom will replace yours in  
Heaven and Earth...*  
(normal voice)  
...it burns! It BURNS!

This is the real Angela.

Angela crawls to sit up, struggles.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
(to Janusz)  
What now?

Janusz is a breathing statue.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)  
Father, what now?

ANGELA  
(calling out)  
...Pete? Dad? Leave! Please go!

ROGER HOLMES  
We're not going anywhere.

PETE  
You're going to be okay.  
(to Janusz)  
What do we do now?

Janusz wrestles with a hard thought.

ANGELA  
(to Pete and Roger)  
Leave! Just go!

ROGER HOLMES  
I'm not leaving you!

PETE  
(to no one in particular)  
What happens now?

ROGER HOLMES  
Cardinal Janusz!

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Cardinal Janusz!

Janusz races out the door. Scarpetta looks after him.

CUT TO:

83

INT. CHURCH RECTORY - LIVING ROOM - VIDEOCAM - SAME

83

Lock-off camera in the living room.

Janusz quickly rummages through his gear... finds the wooden box and keys it open. Reverently, he pulls out the **PAPAL KNIFE**. Says a prayer:

CARDINAL JANUSZ

In the name of Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, strengthened by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of blessed --

FATHER SCARPETTA

What are you doing?

Scarpetta at the stairs, sees the knife.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Remember your oath.

Scarpetta can read between the lines.

FATHER SCARPETTA

That's an innocent woman! You can't kill her. We must perform the exorcism!! You must perform it!!

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(grave)

You cannot exorcise the blood... The devil possesses what is already his.

Scarpetta is still.

FATHER SCARPETTA

How can you know this?

CARDINAL JANUSZ

It is the Vatican's sole purpose to protect the knowledge of the Church, and the lineage of those who could destroy it. I operate in a division of The Holy See that doesn't even exist. (calms) We are only a tiny part of a much larger cycle, Father. The devil has searched, scraped for a chance to walk the earth.

(MORE)

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)  
Our Lord Jesus stopped him once,  
but he is not here - we can only  
work through Him and He through us.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
(shakes his head)  
I don't understand...

Janusz points to the other room.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
From its own mouth it claimed to be  
the Omega and the Alpha!  
(grips knife, prays)  
Blessed Michael the Archangel, of  
the Blesse--

FATHER SCARPETTA  
You told me you would destroy the  
spirit! Not the body!

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
That body IS the spirit, looking to  
destroy God's kingdom! We pull  
away from God when we pursue  
wickedness--

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Blasphemy. A pursuit away from God  
moves us toward evil! Not against  
it!

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
Do you know your scripture?

FATHER SCARPETTA  
I know God! Murder is the work of  
Satan.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
I know and trust that you will  
remember your oath. I am as close  
to God as any man of the cloth.  
You will put your faith in me.

Janusz, blade in hand, grabs Scarpetta, heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

We can see that it is DAWN.

Angela fails to convince Pete and Roger to leave.

ANGELA

I want you two to leave. Go!

ROGER HOLMES

We're not leaving until you're better. Let them do what has to be done to get this out of you. Remember...

Whispers private words to her. Father and daughter shed a few tears.

Angela nods agreement to Roger's wishes. Then...

Janusz in the doorway, a contradiction: Bible and blade in hand. Scarpetta right behind him.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(to Scarpetta)

Look at the three eggs. They represent the Holy Trinity...

Roger and Pete turn. Pete shocked to see Janusz and his blade.

PETE

Wait. What are you doing with that?

ANGELA

It's okay Pete.

PETE

No. You told me to protect you--

ANGELA

Let them get rid of this.

PETE

No. What are they going to do? Why does he have a knife!

ROGER HOLMES

It's just for the ritual right?

Scarpetta doesn't say anything.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Right?!

Janusz takes a step inside and nods his head 'yes' to Roger...

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)

Ok.

Pete tries to stop this.

Roger has to physically PUT HIM DOWN.

Pete STRUGGLES but can't break free.

Angela turns her attention to Janusz.

ANGELA

(to Janusz, tear soaked  
face)

Can you get rid of this?

Janusz steps forward, silent, then finishes his prayer over the blade:

CARDINAL JANUSZ

...of the Blessed Apostles of the  
Father and all the Saints.

He stops. Ironic that Janusz has to muster his own faith for this moment.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

And powerful in the Holy Authority  
of our ministry, we confidently  
undertake to repulse the attacks  
and deceits of the devil. God  
arises; His enemies are scattered  
and those who hate Him flee before  
Him. Amen.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Amen.

The Priest is keeping his oath. Scarpetta helps keep Pete back.

It is light outside, the sun wants to break.

Janusz, Bible and blade, walks toward Angela.

ANGELA

(pleading for help)

Please...

Janusz WRAPS the rosary around her neck. Bible in her face. Blade to her neck. A holy/unholy display.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

I see you now. In the light your  
evil is nothing.

(prayer)

Instigator of envy, font of  
avarice, fomenter of discord,  
author of pain and sorrow...

Angela is tormented. Not the possessed demon. Angela.

CARDINAL JANUSZ (CONT'D)

(continued prayer)

...why then do you stand and  
resist, knowing as you must that  
Christ the Lord brings your plans  
to nothing?

Angela COUGHS. Her windpipe collapsing. Janusz battles his  
own faith, needs to know, needs to be certain that the devil  
is in front of him.

All we see is that Angela dying.

Roger and Scarpetta hold Pete back -- starting to disagree  
with what they are watching. But still observers.

Pete is beaten but won't stop fighting.

PETE

Angela!!!

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(knife pierces her skin)

Fear Him, who in Isaac was offered  
in sacrifice, in Joseph sold into  
bondage, slain as the paschal lamb,  
crucified as man...

(then)

Show yourself!!!

ANGELA

(choking)

Kill this... thing... inside me.

Angela's eyes dilate. Her head drops to the floor.

Her motions slow to a stop.

Is she... dead?

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(shaking the rosary around  
her neck)

Show yourself, Goddamn you!

Angela is still. Silent.

Roger, fears the worst, and rushes to Angela.

Pete, free, but can't move.

Scarpetta grabs his medical bag as he watches Roger perform CPR to no avail. Scarpetta now assists. Nothing.

She's DEAD.

-- Janusz is a paralyzed with remorse.

-- Pete collapses, tormented.

PETE  
(tormented)  
Angela!! Angela!! Angela!!!

Janusz drops to his knees, sobs.

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
(to himself)  
Father... forgive me.

Roger continues, attempting to revive her.

ROGER HOLMES  
Hun, wake up. Wake up! WAKE UP!

An endless moment of Roger trying to resuscitate her.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
(to Priest, the last ounce  
of his faith)  
Father! Father! Do something. DO  
SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING!!!

No response. Roger, hopeless, simply WEEPS, holding his daughter.

PETE  
(to Roger)  
YOU FUCK..! You fuck..! You...

Pete collapses, CRIES -- his world turned upside down.

A long, extended beat of this. Hold.

Orange light - THE RISING SUN.

ROGER HOLMES  
(startled)  
Oh my God! Oh my GOD!!

PETE  
She's alive?

ROGER HOLMES  
Honey.

Then Roger steps back... we see what has alarmed him...

STIGMATA (crucifixion scars) wounds on Angela's body.

ROGER HOLMES (CONT'D)  
Stigmata.

Alarmed by the religious symbol. He's paralyzed with fear.

The stigmata wounds bleed at an unreal rate, splashing onto the EGGS - notice one cracked open and empty... soon they are painted with shades of blood and satanic symbols in a perversion of EASTER.

Scarpetta and Janusz share a look of doom.

This can only mean one thing...

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
It's the resurrection.

FATHER SCARPETTA  
Omega, Alpha. Our Ending, it's  
Beginning! We gave birth to evil.

Janusz scurries across the floor, finds the papal KNIFE.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)  
We moved toward evil and gave birth  
to its works.  
(calling out)  
Forgive us Lord!

Janusz comes at her with the blade...

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
The Antichrist...

PETE  
You're going to kill her!

CARDINAL JANUSZ  
It's the--

Roger stops Janusz in his tracks.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Roger! Look at the signs!  
(re: Pete)  
He refused her like Peter.

Angela bleeds, wrist, feet, thorn crown marks on head.

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)

Her forty days in a coma. Christ  
forty days of temptation in the  
desert. The blind Detective. The  
stoned Orderly... The Holy Spirit  
descending upon her...

Roger, devoted Catholic, but more a devoted father, at a  
crossroads.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

(fighting)

Her mother was a prostitute - a  
perversion of the Virgin Mary. The  
black carrion bird mocks the white  
dove bearing knowledge of the Holy  
Trinity.

Roger elbows Janusz.

FATHER SCARPETTA

Roger look at the signs! ROGER!!

Roger won't release the Papal knife -- wins the fight to save  
Angela!

The priests fight to pry the blade from him. They can't.

Angela RISES, superhuman, extends a hand... and...

...Roger, Pete, Scarpetta, Janusz are THROWN BACK!

Roger is knocked out.

-- Walls CRUMBLE --

-- Ground SHAKES --

-- Electrical wiring sparks and starts a FIRE --

Angela, stigmata wounds still bleeding, stands, better yet,  
the vessel controlling Angela stands and surveys the raging  
inferno engulfing the house!

Flames swallow Pete and Scarpetta.

Scarpetta settles against a wall. Uses his last seconds to:

FATHER SCARPETTA (CONT'D)

(prayer)

O Jesus, my Savior and Redeemer,  
Son of the living God, behold, we  
kneel before Thee and offer Thee  
our reparation; we would make  
amends for all the blasphemies  
uttered against Thy holy name, for  
all the injuries done to Thee in  
the Blessed Sacrament....

Meanwhile, Janusz stumbles to his feet. Digs through the  
raging inferno to retrieve the KNIFE.

ANGELA

(demonic, foreign but  
subtitled for the screen)

*I am your Ending. You are my  
Beginning.*

Janusz fights through the flames... rushes towards her...  
STABS her chest, pierces her heart!

It does nothing. Janusz stabs again... nothing.

She is too strong now.

Angela pulls the knife out like a harmless pin.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(demonic, foreign)

*You are my Beginning.*

She buries the knife solidly in Janusz's chest.

He drops to a knee.

Janusz hands close around Angela's neck. Tries to draw her  
down... hoping the FLAMES will envelop this evil.

Janusz chokes her. This makes her smile. He doesn't realize  
how hopeless his situation is.

CARDINAL JANUSZ

Let these fires send you to the  
Lakes of Hell.

Angela grins at him, sarcastic, devilish.

ANGELA

*Today you will be with me in  
paradise...*

Holds out a hand -- a force drives Roger, Pete, Janusz, and Scarpetta into the wooden floor.

Bones BREAK and crackle as their bodies splinter the wood!

Their corpses dig into the floorboards and rip up the pipes -- a violent and bloody death.

Roof SHAKES... topples... then subsides...

Second story caves in and DROPS EVERYTHING...

85 INT. CHURCH RECTORY - LIVING ROOM - VIDEOCAM - CONTINUOUS 85

...CAMERAS, debris, and bodies dumped into the living room. The living room lock-off camera captures...

...FLAMES consume everything...

Nothing could be alive in this... then...

Our obscured view allows us the sight of Angela -- or the Antichrist -- walking past.

She spots something in the rubble... pulls up...

Scarpetta. He's still alive.

The Priest clutches his rosary and says a silent PRAYER.

Angela stares at him with a mocking grin.

She leans in close...

Scarpetta prepares for death.

ANGELA

(whispered)

You tell them I am here. You tell them I walk of the earth.

She releases Scarpetta.

Angela steps over the camera. Exits frame and enters the world. Our world.

Scarpetta rises, hobbles away... turns on his heels.

He returns to the wreckage. Finds Janusz's PERSONAL BAG, laptop, etc. Scarpetta stuffs it all in and hightails it out of the burning house.

HOLD on the FIRE.

It rages on. Consumes the CAMERA. Lens burns before our eyes... then GOES DARK...

Audio of Scarpetta's FOOTSTEPS fleeing... then...

MUTE.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

86      EXT. THE HOLY SEE, VATICAN CITY, ITALY - MORNING      86

Wide anamorphic view of the Vatican City as the orange slash of the rising sun warms the cold marble structure.

HOLD

SCARPETTA steps into frame, ready to seek the truth...

CUT TO:

87      INT. CARDINAL JANUSZ'S PRIVATE ARCHIVES, VATICAN - DAY      87

Protodeacon Rossi and Father Scarpetta enter Janusz's office. Scarpetta takes it all in as he looks at the stacks of DVD's and hard-drives.

PROTODEACON

(heavy Italian accent)

... he was the Head Exorcist of the Vatican. He spoke of this day.

Scarpetta points to a shelf of DVD's.

FATHER SCARPETTA

These are all-

PROTODEACON

No- they are all fakes, fabrications.

FATHER SCARPETTA

But...

PROTODEACON

Let me show you something.

The Protodeacon moves to a door partly hidden by the Flag and Coat of Arms. He opens it with a regular square key.

It's an elevator. They hop on. The Protodeacon enters a code.

It goes down.

The doors open to

A GIANT UNDERGROUND VAULT.

Shelves fifteen feet high embedded into ancient stone walls. On them: Rusty old film canisters, VHS tapes, Digi-Beta tapes, Mini-DV tapes, DVD's and rows and rows of Terabytes blinking in muted greens and reds. Certified demonic possession.

The Protodeacon walks along a row of VHS.

PROTODEACON (CONT'D)

The devil has left us a trail...  
and now we must find him... before  
the unholy trinity rises.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

AUTHENTIC, LICENSED, EXORCISM AND POSSESSION VIDEOS - FILES  
TO BE SOLVED - WILL PLAY INTERCUT WITH CREDITS.