

LILA YATES

Written by

Rudi Anna and

Phillip Montgomery

01/24/12

Rudi Anna WGA East Registered - 2012
h. 617.894.3056 Rudianna28@hotmail.com

The desert creatures will meet with
the wolves, And the jackal too will
cry to its kind; The night monster
will settle there And will find
herself a resting place.

- Isaiah 34:14

INT. MODEST SUBURBAN CONDO - NIGHT

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE:

Crackles and flickers on a WINDOW as the camera pulls into focus. Outside a turbulent snowstorm whips the night air.

Camera pans the room a simple, modern condo. On a dining table sits a few pieces of video equipment. Now camera pans to:

LILA YATES.

A beautiful young woman, early 20s. Irish good looks. Enchanting green eyes. She prepares a bag with flashlights and small plastic cases.

Behind the camera, the voice of a young man, Lila's paramour, JAMES WINSTON, 25.

JAMES (O.C.)

Gonna finally find us Casper tonight?

Lila does a playful dance. Gives a double thumbs up.

LILA

Yessir, I'ma get me a cray-cray
Casper, boy!

(then serious)

How bout it, almost ready?

JAMES (O.C.)

Packed and ready.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

LILA STANDS OVER THE TABLE.

LILA

Are you rolling?

JAMES (O.C.)

Yes, m'am.

LILA

(vintage TV host)

Okay, hi... Lila Yates here again. So, when ghost hunting, it's essential to have a few tools handy to help detect the presence of anything out of the ordinary.

She grabs a recorder from the table.

LILA (CONT'D)

Like this little fella. Real nice gizmo here with an ultra-high gain, ultra-high sensitivity, ultra-low noise microphone that picks up on those weird levels you can't easily hear.

JAMES (O.C.)

Oooh. Spooky.

LILA

Times a billion. Actually... hold on.

She walks away.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

Lila sifts through a box of old VHS cassettes.

LILA (CONT'D)

Here's your spooky.

She pulls out the VHS she wants. Eyes the camera.

LILA (CONT'D)

So, you wanna know the truth behind the obsession?

JAMES (O.C.)

Lila's obsession with all things ghostly-- Do I ever.

LILA

Well, two reasons.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

James zooms in on a TV SCREEN, images on screen are fast-forwarding. By the TV, Lila operates a VCR. She presses PLAY.

LILA (CONT'D)

First reason.

VIDEO ON TV: At a public park. A small family gathering with picnic tables, BBQ smoke and lots of food. A YOUNGER LILA (4) with her arm around a morose ADULT FEMALE, her Mother. They smile and wave at the camera. We hear OTHER PEOPLE behind the camera, indistinct but joyous voices.

LILA (CONT'D)

So there's me and Momma-bear. Now,
take a look at the right edge... by
the tree.

CLOSER ON VIDEO FRAME'S RIGHT CORNER, behind Lila next to an
old tree: a FAINT GRAY OUTLINE OF A FORM resembling a
STANDING PERSON.

LILA (CONT'D)

That day was three days after my aunt
died. Day after the funeral. Tried to
make Mom get outside for a hot minute.
Cheer her up.

Focusing on the GHOSTLY FORM.

JAMES (O.C.)

And... you think that's her?

A beat. Lila lost in memories while viewing.

LILA

My Aunty? Ya. I mean look. That's even
how she used to stand.

JAMES (O.C.)

(doubtful)

Um... mebbe.

James ZOOMS OUT AGAIN. In the recording, Young Lila whispers
something to her Mom -- as SOMETHING CATCHES OUR EYE. On the
left side of Lila, behind her in a cluster of trees, is
another MYSTERIOUS FORM... Black. Crouching. Stalking. Is it
just a shadow in the trees?

JAMES

What's that? Shit. It looks like
something's behind you.

Lila stares on. Freighted by memories yet fascinated.

LILA

That's the second reason... I've had
to know more ever since.

JAMES (O.C.)

Wait, who's that dude?

VIDEO ON TV: An ADULT MAN, Lila's Father, walks in, changing
the vibe for the worse. He is hamming it up on camera, barely

regarding anyone else. Mom wraps her arm around Lila, betraying hidden tension.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Oh, that's your--

LILA
(disconcerted)
Yep.

Lila pops the VHS tape out. Show's over.

JAMES (O.C.)
Gotcha.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING
Lila puts on her coat, taking a moment before:

LILA
You think this is stupid, don't you.

JAMES (O.C.)
No... You know, I love it. Seriously.
Creepin' through dark rooms with my
girl... spooky lil goings on... a
little booby-action.

LILA
Ghost Hunters the porno. It could have
legs.

JAMES (O.C.)
I'm game, so long as my family doesn't
see it - not like they'd recognize you
anyway.

LILA
What's that mean?

JAMES (O.C.)
Just saying... How long you gonna keep
flaking on dinner whenever they're in
town?

Lila uncomfortable. Quiet. Focusing on her coat's STUCK
ZIPPER, without looking up.

LILA
...a little time for that one, babe.

JAMES (O.C.)
Just giving you shit.

Over dialogue, James shoots himself in a MIRROR. He's tall. Handsome. Scruffy hair. Wears a winter coat.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Y'know, I'm thinkin' that being the camera guy in this ghost hunting stunt might not be so bad.

Pans to Lila.

LILA
Yeah? Why's that?

JAMES (O.C.)
Cause it means, if this were a movie and we all end up dying, at least I make it to see the end. Camera guy always makes it to the end.

LILA
Ha!

JAMES (O.C.)
That's right. But you?... I'm not so sure.

Lila raises a mischievous smile. She tackles him, going in for a kiss. The camera TIPS over, James loosely holding it.

Off-centered in the MIRROR, we watch them embrace. Dreamy eyes. Full of love.

LILA
A little quicky before we go?

JAMES
Absolutely.

A kiss.

LILA
I promise, next time they're here, I cook us all dinner.

JAMES
Please. Back to the booty.

A big smile. Another deep kiss.

LILA

I love you so much, baby.

CUT TO BLACK:

JAMES (V.O.)

(slightly distorted whisper)

I love you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY FOREST - DUSK

The sun sets nearing nightfall. Soaring high above a wintery forest of evergreens and snowy homes, descending finally upon a suburban-fringe city. This is RIVENS, MINNESOTA.

--but something different is in the air as the city pulls into view.

We pinpoint our descent near the city center, on a MUNICIPAL COURT HOUSE.

Surrounding the building is a MASSIVE, CARNIVAL-ESQUE CONGREGATION and HUBBUB OF PEOPLE AND VEHICLES. On an entry street, an army of NEWS VANS, BROADCAST TOWERS, and CAMERA CREWS. It is packed.

Today, the Rivens Courthouse is the center of the universe.

In the parking lot- and extending into the surrounding grass fields, CARS, FOOD TRUCKS, CHARTER VANS, and makeshift CAMPSITES with tents. Some have CRUCIFIXES staked into the ground.

Young EMO GIRLS stand in groups wearing t-shirts with, "The Church of Lila" and "Slay Bitch!" printed in front.

Hundreds of religious REVELERS hold signs stating "Searcey I Rebuke Thee!" and "The Devil Never Dies".

Moving closer to the courthouse, NEWS CORRESPONDENTS report live:

FEMALE CNN REPORTER

...The legal team defending Lila Yates has pled temporary insanity in the hopes of sparing her life. Even with questionable journal entries and video footage that may indicate pre-meditation--

Pan to another REPORTER:

MALE BBC REPORTER

...The family of James Winston is demanding Yates receive the full punishment of the law - the death penalty...

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE the main doors, we follow a POLICE OFFICER clasping a NEWSPAPER down a hallway into a lobby area. A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS watch a NEWSCAST on a TV mounted to the wall. On screen:

LOCAL NEWSCASTER

--the body, difficult to identify due to severe mutilation in the first shocking crime the community has seen since the notorious Searcey Killings over twenty-five years ago. The two main witnesses and Yate's closest friends, took the stand earlier this week...

The news footage cuts between TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN, testifying in the courtroom.

NEWSPAPER COP

Damn. I'd slap some butter on those little biscuits, no?

Chuckles. Everyone staring at the TV. The Newspaper is thrown in the trash with the front page up. The headline reads:

INSANITY: HER ONLY CHANCE.

Under the headline, a photo of LILA AND JAMES embracing. In love. This image is placed next to another photo of LILA sitting in court, devoid of emotion.

Pan to ANOTHER COP leaving the group, now following him down another hallway.

OVER IMAGE: The stern, even voice of JUDGE BRYAN.

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.)

We've heard the closing remarks and now move on to the deliberation of our jury among Lila's peers. The twelve of you will remain sequestered with the

(MORE)

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 burden of deciding a verdict on the
 state of Minnesota versus Lila Yates
 for the First Degree murder of James
 Winston.

We continue to follow the Cop down the corridor. Lots of
 people. Hectic. A female CLERK approaches.

CLERK
 (to Cop)
 They're heading into the deliberation
 room now.

The Cop knows, brushing her off. That's where he's going.

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.)
 To put it bluntly, the evidence
 presented was clear by both the
 prosecution and the defense. Lila
 Yates killed James Winston. Now where
 the competing parties differ is your
 job to decide. Is she guilty of pre-
 meditated, first degree murder?... or
 is she not guilty by way of diminished
 capacity?

Deeper inside the building, the marble gets darker. The
 ceilings lower.

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Jurors, this case has been dragged
 out, overly publicized, and tirelessly
 examined by talking heads, social
 media and dinner tables. It has been a
 unique and trying experience, I know.

As the Cop passes MAINTENANCE MEN working on a series of
 wire- boards and cables, one of them CLIPS a live cord.
 ELECTRIC SPARKS fly out. Cop JUMPS - Surprised.

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I do not envy your position, but now
 you must determine fact from fiction.
 A young man has been murdered. The
 life of a young woman is on the line.

The Cop turns a corner passing a GROUP of PRIESTS huddled
 together. They hold grave faces, discussing something. The
 Cop looks them over... curious.

JUDGE BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you have doubt of any kind, you cannot vote guilty. If you have zero doubt - then so it shall be ruled. Either way, you must agree unanimously.

Turning another corner, Cop BUMPS into:

Juror 1 - CARRIE LARSON(40s), a large woman with a pinched, prissy face. Like dominos, she BUMPS into:

Juror 2 - RANDALL FENSTER(30s), a devilishly handsome man with a cynical eye. His COFFEE SPILLS on Carrie.

CARRIE

Damnit. Watch it!

RANDALL

Did me a favor. This coffee's shit.

Behind him waits the rest of the JURORS. A BAILIFF escorts them all into:

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark walls. Bare and spacious. Gothic crown moldings decorate the ceiling. An baroque analog clock with a swinging pendulum hangs over the door.

A door leading to a bathroom. A U.S. and Minnesota state flag rest in the corner.

A CONFERENCE TABLE at the room's center. Pens, paper and trial folders arranged on top.

One wall has a row of windows looking out to the underwhelming downtown skyline. Dusk is settling into night. In the distance, lit windows intermingle with streetlights through the dying sunset. Bare-knuckled trees line the road. Cold. Two open windows blow in the freeze, flipping a few loose papers.

The Bailiff counts each Juror as they enter.

Some of them mull around. A few sit right away.

BAILIFF

If you need anything just knock and one of us will be right here.

Juror 3 - PAUL CASTEL(40s), a sturdy, thoughtful and straight-edged man in Khaki's and a Polo, looks the room over. A paper card labels his place and position at the table: **Jury Foreman.**

The Bailiff nods. All set. He closes the door.

Juror 4 - FAN-FEI LIN(30s). Female with straight black hair and steely glare shivers smugly. Annoyed.

FAN-FEI

It's cold. Can we shut the windows?

Paul steps to the window.

OUTSIDE:

PROTESTORS AND REVELERS raising hell. Campfires blaze and flashlights wave in the distance.

Paul adjusts the window handle. Shuts it. Randall at the next window. Closes it. Looks out.

PAUL

(looking outside)

Nothing like a little tragedy to bring everyone together.

RANDALL

Tragedy? More like spectacle. It's cuz Yates is hot as fuck. You plop a three- hundred-pound beluga at the defense table, you can kiss every camera goodbye. But Lila, sweet Lila. Have mercy.

PAUL

...Yeah, but she's insane.

RANDALL

Right? Gives me a brick in my pants. How bout you?

Sitting down is Juror 5 - CHAUNCEY PEPPERS(40s). Poised. Chummy grin. He chuckles to himself as he pulls an iPHONE from his pocket. He shows it to the man next to him:
Juror 6 - ANDRE ARNOLDS(50s), a man with sleepy eyes and a beer gut. Andre's not impressed.

ANDRE

The hell? They'll throw out this whole case, they find you with that.

CHAUNCEY

... Whelp. Still gotta run things at work.

Andre rolls his eyes. Looks the other way.

At the coffee maker, Juror 7 - MICHELLE LIEBERMAN(30s), red-head, attractive, bookish young woman, grabs a foam cup and pours hot coffee. She's joined by:

Juror 8 - RAMAN SURTI(60s). A pock-marked face and stoic, haunted eyes.

MICHELLE

One more reference to David Searcey, I'm gonna have a conniption.

RAMAN

(pours his coffee)

You know, the Searcey Museum has seen its numbers explode. I hear they pulling in like one hundred and thirty thousand dollars each day since the one week ago.

(small laugh)

I would love a piece of that.

MICHELLE

No takers here. Rather shave my ass with a cheese grater than go to that nightmare's museum.

RAMAN

That is a horrifying image.

MICHELLE

I wear my emotions on my sleeve, partner. But more interesting? Ms. Yates' Go-Fund-Me. That little lady's already got over a half-mil from all this. Wonder if she'll get to spend any of it.

Michelle sips her coffee and walks back to the table revealing:

Juror 9 - MARVIN BAPTISTA(40s). A Thick man with a thicker mustache. He has a marine like formality to his movements as he pours coffee for himself. He delivers a look of disdain, clearly pointed at Raman.

Raman nods, stirring his coffee, reacting kindly.

PAUL
Everyone take their seats, please.

Standing Jurors move to their chairs. Everyone settles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Alright, well as foreman, I guess it's
my job to help keep the score on
guilty versus innocent.

ANDRE
Should be pretty obvious.

PAUL
Yeah, well... let's get to it.

He grabs a page from a folder and reads.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We have a prosecution claiming pre-
meditation based on jealousy and
existing turmoil, and a defense who
claims she's not guilty, suffering
from diminished capacity...
basically... temporary insanity-

CARRIE
(looking around)
- Yeah, right.

PAUL
Well anyways, I suppose we start with
a count and go from there. So... all
in the favor for guilty?

A hand shoots up. It's Carrie's. Then, down the table, one-
by- one, the other Jurors raise theirs. Paul raises his last.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Eight - nine - ten - and myself makes
eleven. Eleven guilty... Huh...

All eyes slowly turn to the one person without their hand up.

The outcast is Juror 10 - BREE LEDGESTONE(40). Penetrating
green eyes. On the surface, she has all the fixings of a
beautiful, ordinary soccer Mom. And yet...

PAUL (CONT'D)
Bree, you find Lila not guilty?

CARRIE
You're joking, right?

Agreeing murmurs.

ANDRE
Come on, lady. Put ya hand up.

PAUL
Relax everyone. This is all part of
the process.
(sigh)
Let's just go down, one-by-one, and
each of us, if they want, can explain
our vote.
(nods to Chauncey)
Why don't you start.

Chauncey doesn't need time to collect his thoughts.

CHAUNCEY
Defense had a weak case. You basically
catch it all on tape... Guilty.

Paul looks to Andre.

ANDRE
Open-n'-shut. Temporary psychotic
break my ass. Nothin temporary about
it. She wanted to kill James Winston.
She had the knife. She went ahead and
did it. My opinion, footage that
night's too dark to tell visually,
but... They found pieces of his throat
buried under her fingernails. What?

Down the line. Paul looks to Carrie. She's ready, shooting a
hostile glare at Bree.

CARRIE
You have all the evidence against
her... The footage. Her journal.
Premeditation. Her two best friends
think she did it on purpose. It's such
a no-brainer.
(to Bree)
But I guess you know better.

BREE

I just don't think w-

CARRIE

You don't think what?

PAUL

People, no one in this room is on trial.

RANDALL

Right. Let's be friends.

MICHELLE

Carrie's on the right track, though. They noted her behavior after the incident, including statements she made to police, which kinda showed she understood what she did.

CARRIE

And let's not forget, the crazy bitch actually SAID she was fuckin guilty.

Big LAUGH from Randall.

PAUL

Please, Carrie, flex the vocab. This is a court of law.

CARRIE

Whatever, guy.

RAMAN

Actually, that's not true. On the record, she never admitted guilt.

Raman opens the folder in front of him. Flips through court transcripts.

RAMAN (CONT'D)

See here?

(pointing to the text)

The transcription from her psych evaluation says that when asked if she killed James, she responded 'I have transgressed. Lila has not'... That's very interesting. She refers herself, curiously, in the third person. Why?

ANDRE

To play into the possession shit they were hinting at. Make herself sound like something else was pulling her strings. I think that response was tactical.

BREE

But this girl is sick. She couldn't even take the stand.

ANDRE

Obviously. How would that help her defense?

Juror 11 - JED HOLMGREN(70s), the oldest of the jurors, sits hunched. Droopy-faced and balding with grey streaks in a comb-over.

JED

She uh... You know, just from what I saw in that video footage of them running around the Searcey house... I mean what was borne within that home... I remember those headlines and the stories and I'll admit I almost-- I...

(finding the words)

Still. Murder is murder. No excuses.

BREE

But don't you see that's what we're doing now? Authorizing another murder? Anyway, Jed's right. Lila's own recordings showed a total split in her personality-- not even a split. A meltdown-- a takeover... The defense team never hit the right notes in terms of pointing out where Lila's diminished capacity came from. And I just think-- maybe we should review part of it again.

CARRIE

(growing hostile)

You're shitting me.

Paul rolls his eyes. Groans from the others. Anger mounting.

FAN-FEI

If you're talking about the video
(MORE)

FAN-FEI (CONT'D)

stuff, I'm not watching all that shaky footage again.

BREE

I understand the limitations, and I hate thinking about seeing any of it over again too, but... This girl has a life. It's a life under our control at this point-- you have to respect that. And I am scared at the possibility of taking that away from her, and I'm sorry to put everyone through it all again... but I can't help thinking there's a piece we might be missing.

More looks of discontent.

BREE (CONT'D)

I think it's only fair.

Interrupting is our final Juror 12 - DENISE MICHAELS(20).
Darling, vibrant and delicate.

DENISE

Can we please not?

PAUL

Sorry... I am, but...

(decisive)

Listen. There's a lot at stake. It's the reason we're here.

CHAUNCEY

He's right. I have a family. I have two girls. I love my two girls. They're s'posed to show off science fair projects at school today. My oldest did hers on reactions with carbonation. She's gonna try to get the vice principal to drink a diet coke and eat a buncha Mentos in front of the whole school. Any idea how funny that's gonna be? I can't stand that vice principal. He's a dope. I'd pay bookoo bucks to see that go down today... My daughter's hilarious. My eldest is anyway. And still my daughters didn't wanna go to school today. Why? They wanna ride the couch to watch TV cuz they, like millions of

(MORE)

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

other people, are more interested in what's going on right here. And all my friends know I'm here and my kids' friends know I'm here...

(looking around)

And I'll bet we got eleven other stories here ending with all eyes on us. 'Cept for Jed. Nobody cares about Jed anymore 'cept for Jed. Sorry Jed. But you all know this case is top five wildest things ever happened to you. And the world watches itself only the wildest stuff the world can find... And it's watching now... So, so, so right now, we have to send the right message. 'Cause our decision will echo... It will. My kids'll hear it. I know that. And one of us has a doubt. And I'm pretty sure *she's* not crazy. So maybe I'm wrong. Maybe we're all wrong about something... I support watching this-- I support doing whatever, so we make the only decision none of us has to regret making once we've made it. Most of us, anyway... And that's good enough for me... Hit play.

ANDRE

For real, mang? You need to see all the shit we seen before?

MARVIN

(glaring at Andre)

Looks like we do.

A tense stare-down.

ANDRE

You really for it, tough guy?

MARVIN

Are you?... Two hits. I hit you. You hit the ground.

Andre shakes his head. A nervous grin.

MICHELLE

Boys. Please? You're both gonna work each other up and start sweating and

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
make the room smelly.

FAN-FEI
Icky.

MICHELLE
So icky.

Paul walks to the door and knocks. A middle-aged, thick SECURITY GUARD answers.

PAUL
Looks like we're going to have to dig into some of the footage from the trial. How do we do that?

SECURITY GUARD
Ya?
(as he leaves)
Be back in a sec.

Jurors wait.

A BUZZ from Chauncey's pocket. He quietly pulls his iPhone to read a message. His face shifts from secretive to spooked.

Something on his phone shakes him with fear when: --THUMP. The phone drops to the ground. Denise notices first.

DENISE
(whispering)
Oh crap.

CHAUNCEY
What?

Paul and a few others look under the table to see Chauncey grab his phone.

DENISE
What is that?

Chauncey's caught.

CHAUNCEY
Shit.

CARRIE
Is that, excuse me, a fucking phone?

DENISE
 (excited)
 How'd you get that in?

PAUL
 Not how, but why? You know we can't
 have phones.

CHAUNCEY
 Can I just l-

MARVIN
 - Idiot, this could mean a mistrial.
 You have to turn it in.

Chauncey reads something on his phone.

CARRIE
 I'll box your ears in if you get
 caught for that.

ANDRE
 (to Carrie)
 Honestly, how many children've you
 eaten in your lifetime?

CARRIE
 What the fuck you say to me?

ANDRE
 Fifteen? Fifteen-thousand?

RANDALL
 Whoa! Come on everyone. No need to get
 all banged up about it.
 (gesturing to Bree)
 If this woman's gonna keep us here
 mulling over the evidence, then at
 least let us have one little bite of
 5G.

CHAUNCEY
 Guys.

MARVIN
 It worries me. You better turn it off
 or they can track it.

DENISE
 Can I just check my D.M.--

PAUL

No!

CHAUNCEY

GUYS!

The Jurors quiet.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

(fear)

I got news...

A beat. Chauncey searching for the words. Finally, he reads from the iPhone.

CHAUNCEY (CONT'D)

It's serious. It's...

INT. COUNTY JAIL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two huge MALE CORRECTION OFFICERS run full speed down a corridor of prison cells.

CHAUNCEY (O.C.)

Says here two female inmates down at County just killed themselves.

One Officer stops at a cell. He looks in. Shocked.

The other Officer runs two cell blocks down. Pauses. The same reaction. And we see what they see:

Reverse Angle - In each room, A DEAD FEMALE PRISONER hunched over in their bunks. Their necks violently SLASHED. Their eyes wide-open. Blood everywhere.

Female detainees in other cells are worked into a panic.

CHAUNCEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

They... the fuck?... It happened within seconds of each other. Says they bled to death.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grave looks.

MICHELLE

That's messed up -

RANDALL
-and random.

CHAUNCEY
Random? Funny you say that...

INT. COUNTY PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Officers look to each other. Wide-eyed. Aghast. Then they look toward the cell in between.

CHAUNCEY (O.C.)
Because this is sayin' both of 'em were
in cells blocks right in between--

And placidly sitting on her bed in the cell between the two slain inmates, wearing prison-issued sweats-- Lila.

BREE (O.C.)
--Lila Yates.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A beat.

CHAUNCEY
(confirming)
... Lila Yates.

ANDRE
Fuck no.

DENISE
Crap.

RANDALL
We have no idea what the whole story
is. Don't get carried away.

CHAUNCEY
(reading, distraught)
They used their own hands. Both of
'em... just, ripped their own necks
open.

JED
Dear God.

FAN-FEI
You can't just do that on your own.

MICHELLE

When?

CHAUNCEY

Little over an hour ago. Media's goin'
ape-shit. Not much else yet...

Chauncey reads on. A long, silent beat. Eye contact minimal.

ANDRE

(shaking his head)

I just wanna' go home, man.

The doorknob MOVES. Chauncey quickly stashes the phone in his pocket. The jurors HUSH.

The Security Guard enters with a REMOTE CONTROL.

SECURITY GUARD

Let's see here...

He points it to the ceiling, pressing a button. A LARGE
MOTORIZED, RETRACTABLE 200 INCH PROJECTION SCREEN unit almost
spans an entire wall... its screen starts to unfurl down the
wall's expanse.

MICHELLE

Damn.

CHAUNCEY

Tax. Dollars. At. Work.

The projector BEEPS ON. BLUE LIGHT covers the entire screen.

JED

Good. I couldn't see anything on those
dinky TV's in the courtroom.

VIDEO SCREEN READS: **CASE_8738: LILA YATES**

The Guard CLICKS on the title.

SECURITY GUARD

So, you'll see it's pretty easy. You
click on clips from the menu. You have
your fast forward, your rewind - and
there's a zoom function as well,
prob'ly some other stuff.

He hands the remote to Paul.

PAUL

Thanks.

SECURITY GUARD

Knock if you need anything else.

Door shuts behind the Guard. A beat.

CARRIE

If this woman wants to view the evidence, then let's watch her kill him. Again.

BREE

That's not what I was referring to-

CARRIE

-I don't care.

RANDALL

Come on, be a sport.

(to Carrie)

I agree. Start the creep show at patient zero.

Marvin lowers the lights.

Raman puts on eyeglasses. They hug the tip of his nose. He takes a pen, ready for notes.

Paul clicks an ICON onscreen.

VIDEO FOOTAGE

A moment passes as the footage loads. Graphic over black:
SUNDAY, Feb. 28, 2012 - 2:06:00 AM - 3:14:23 AM.

--THEN-- WE'RE WATCHING A VIDEO RECORDING ON THE BIG SCREEN:

In a dark, windowless room... SOMEONE, likely James, breathing heavy, irregular. Frightened behind the camera. The lens rolls in and out of focus against dark forms. A feeble LIGHT throws out a two-foot beam from an on-board light source.

FEMALE VOICE

(faint, distorted)

James?

JAMES (O.C.)
(scared, quiet)
Shit... Lila?

A deafening SCREECH echoes through the darkness. Something alive, moving through the room - CRACK - an unseen force hits the camera.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Shit! Oh my god!

James, runs to a door, opens it and SLAMS it behind him.

He pans around a larger dark room. Minimal light seeps in through the walls. The camera light shines through soft falling particles.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(desperate whispers)
Jesus Christ... Lila?

His breathing quiets. Listening. Moving forward. A LOUD, OMINOUS, SLOW BREATHING from a far corner. Something's there.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Jess! Lila, come on!

No response, just breathing.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Who's there?!

He pans:

Several pairs of nondescript WHITE GLOWING DOTS race across the screen.

James' breathing turns desperate.

JAMES
(yelling)
Lil--

CRACK - the camera falls to the ground. A WEAK BEAM OF LIGHT thrown across a wood paneled floor. We just see James' shoes standing a few feet away at the edge of the light. In the looming darkness, the unfocused WHITE DOTS dash about, phasing in and out through the black air.

LILA (O.C.)
 (from a far corner)
 I'm right here.

JAMES (O.C.)
 Baby. Something's -

--SUDDENLY. James gets pulled into the darkness. HE SCREAMS.

A THUD on the ground. The sound of FLESH RIPPING. His voice contorted by the ripping of his throat. A bloodied BUCK KNIFE clangs to the floor as if dropped.

BLOODIED WHITE HUSHPUPPY BOOTS intermittently cross frame.

JAMES. His weak, dwindling yet endless attempts to scream over a faint different sound - Lila WHIMPERING and SNIFFLING.

DENISE (O.S.)
 Stop!

JURY ROOM--

Paul pauses the footage. Denise bent over-- pale.

DENISE
 (gripping her stomach)
 I'm gonna throw up.

CARRIE
 (glaring at Bree)
 We watched this again for those who want to hold the process up. We clearly hear her say, "I'm right here." She says it coldly, maliciously. It's as if she's there, because-- Wait for it... she obviously-fucking-ly is.

BREE
 It's not that simple.

CARRIE
 I've been sitting next to you for weeks now, and... Sweetie, I'm gonna give this about one more hour. Then, I will beat a guilty vote out of you.

Paul points to Carrie, reprimanding - *stop*.

Marvin examining the screen. A curious glint in his eye.

MARVIN

(to Denise)

Sorry to do this to you, Miss...

(to Paul)

But I want to go back to just after the camera fell down? Pause it right there.

PAUL

Sure... Why?

MARVIN

Saw something. Let's check it out.

CARRIE

(upset)

Here we go.

FOOTAGE REWINDS. Pauses on a DARK FRAME. Marvin stands, moving closer to the screen, casting his shadow across a portion of the wall. He points.

MARVIN

Zoom in right there.

ON SCREEN

Paul zooms in on the image, focusing on:

The strange pairings of SHINING WHITE DOTS. The image processes. The dots smooth out. All of them are PAIRED. The image processes again. The dots take on shape - like eyes. As if beastly, animal eyes. Several sets of them.

JURY ROOM

Marvin looks closer.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I may be out of my mind here, but don't those look like eyes? Seven sets of them.

ANDRE

The hell you talkin' about? I think your vision's a lil funky.

RANDALL

(to Andre)

Careful. Marv here was a war sniper in Afghanny... Jarhead, right?

MARVIN

(nods)

Three tours.

CHAUNCEY

Damn. Bodies?

MARVIN

Yeah...

(gestures to screen)

A lot more than her.

Randall squints at the screen, trying to make anything out. Then shakes his head. Doubting.

JED

(looking at screen)

Holy hell... They do.

Denise, Raman looking at the dots/eyes. Thinking... *ARE they?*

Bree doesn't need to look at all. As if she already knows.

Paul PLAYS the footage again.

PAUL

How long do they contin--

MARVIN

Wait. Can you go back? I want to take one more look.

PAUL

Okay?

FOOTAGE REWINDS TO THE SAME FRAME.. But - this time, the DOTS/EYES have moved. They're still paired and spaced apart like eyes, but they're in different locations now, as if watching.

MARVIN

Look. They're in different places... But still seven sets.

RAMAN

I remember them differently too.

CHAUNCEY

Look like a pack a Cujos, man.

MARVIN

Fast forward and rewind again.

Paul obliges. Footage rolls forward, backwards-- The eyes are in different places again. Some look closer than before. And they don't seem to look like just dots anymore. More like the eyeshine of wolves, reflecting the light.

DENISE

(clutching her stomach)

Crap. Why did they move?

MARVIN

Seven sets... You remember what the coroner said, that the mutilation from James' body was so severe, he wasn't sure how it was done by just one person, in such a short amount of time.

CARRIE

That was just a theory.

RAMAN

From an expert.

RANDALL

But she had the knife too.

CARRIE

And video forensics proved she was the only person in the room. I'm looking at the video now, and it's pretty damn clear.

JED

With the exception of those... eyes... lights. Whatever they are.

RANDALL

Seriously, let's move on. It's probably the result of some dippy, inbred technician who fucked up the video calibration or transfer process.

CHAUNCEY

True. Transfer it wrong, you can get weird artifacts in your footage. It's a technical thing...

(spooked)

But, man...

Marvin shrugs. Sits back down. Denise clutches her stomach.

BREE

I don't think there's anything technically wrong with this video.

CARRIE

Jesus. Again - EXPERTS, went on-and-on about this footage and never mentioned anything. They're stupid-bullshit-dots on shitty video. Stop it!

Bree shakes her head. Frustrated. Silence from the others.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Shall we call into question exhibit whatever-it-was?

Carrie flips open the folder in front of her.

ON SCREEN: The SHINING EYES still watch over everything. Denise can't take her own eyes off them.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

The journal entries... Here we go.

Denise convulses. A vicious dry heave.

DENISE

I need to-- Oh, god -

She runs for the bathroom. Bree follows her inside.

CARRIE

-and she's running away.

Carrie pulls a piece of paper.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Here we go. Page One-twenty-nine.

(to bathroom)

I'll read loud enough so you can hear me in there!

She reads loud enough to be heard in Times Square.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise hanging over the open toilet. HEAVES. We hear CARRIE

READING outside.

BREE

You okay, dear?

Denise stands. She's okay. Wait, NO - she PUKES into the toilet.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie reads over VOMITING in the bathroom.

CARRIE

James. My love. My heart and soul. My rising and setting sun. Why don't you take me seriously? He takes Jess seriously... She's so fucking perfect at, legit, everything. Is he just towing me along to keep her close by? I'll never share him...

JED

What's the point when she's in the bathroom?

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bree rubs Denise's back as she kneels in front of the toilet. Carrie READS ALOUD outside.

DENISE

Uh, god... This hasn't happened to me since I was younger.

BREE

Getting sick?

DENISE

Like this, ya. I'm just... creeped.

BREE

I know. It's a little scary.

Denise settles back, sitting on the floor against the wall, catching her breath. Bree sits next to her.

DENISE

I used to have night terrors. These... Like a feeling of a ghost hovering over me when I was sleeping. Holding me down, pressing my body down and it
(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)
made me so sick. I'd throw up in my
bed. When I got older it went away,
but I guess...

(ala Poltergeist)
"they're baaack".

BREE
I understand that feeling a lot
actually... I do.

DENISE
Yeah?

BREE
You know my mother... was very
spiritual. And in many ways she was a
very open-minded woman, but in others
she was a little more traditional. I,
uh-- before bed, sometimes she would
make me and my sisters pray. Ten Hail
Mary's each... Then when we were done,
she would ask, 'Hey, did you girls
hear the angels?'...

(reflecting, a smile)
OF course she was talking about me and
my sisters. We were the angels she
heard, praying. But... sometimes, on a
few occasions, I did hear... I heard
something. Angels. Ghosts. Energy. I
don't know exactly what it was, but...
They were there... And I could feel
it... The world we see is just the tip
of a vast iceberg when you experience
a bigger, even more wondrous world
that underlies it. Don't be afraid of
it. Let it in.

Bree lays a hand on Denise's forehead. Checking temperature.

We hear Carrie still READING LOUDLY.

CARRIE (O.S.)
...Revenge for his betrayal. He is
mine! I'll die before I let him go! I
fear for him if he even tries!...

Denise puts her hand over Bree's. Tender gratitude. A beat.

BREE
Look, I'm sorry... for not making this
(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)

easy.

DENISE

(struggling)

I know. I just hope it doesn't go on too long.

BREE

Me too.

DENISE

(deep sigh)

Man, if I knew the trial was going to be like this, I would have told the judge I was a witch or something... Coulda been dismissed from the start.

BREE

Hmm. I'm glad I'm here.

DENISE

Really?

BREE

I think it's - I see a little bit of Lila in myself.

(distant, haunted)

We share a lot, she and I. Our pain is very much the same.

DENISE

I'm sorry. I didn't...

A beat. Snapping out of her daze, Bree dabs vomit chunks off Denise's chin with toilet paper.

BREE

When they were making the selections, asking about possible sexual abuse in our own past, I... I kept my mouth shut. I guess I didn't want to be shooed out the door right then and there.

DENISE

You *wanted* to be on the jury?

BREE

(smiles)

I just want to make sure we do the

(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)
 right thing.
 (a beat)
 Just please, dear... Don't let your
 stomach or fear affect your
 decision... Don't be afraid.

Denise looks at Bree. A look understanding.

DENISE
 I think I'm better.
 (standing)
 Ya... I'll manage.

Suddenly - EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE - A DEAFENING, EERIE SCREECH cuts
 through the air.

--BOOM. The lights CUT OUT.

A beat... Denise VOMITS.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The jurors shudder. A black room. Pale moonlight glows
 through the window.

JED
 Lord what happened.

ANDRE
 That's Rivens for you.

PAUL
 Relax. Let's just listen for a sec.

The jurors go quiet. A beat.

Outside, the BUSTLING, CHATTERING of the crowd PROTESTING.
 PRAYING IN UNISON.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An uncomfortable silence. Finally:

CLANK - The door opens. Someone enters with a FLASHLIGHT.

FAN-FEI
 (startled)
 Who is that?

The someone is an UNRECOGNIZABLE GUARD. His face darkened by

the glare of the light. He says nothing. Looking.

PAUL
 (to Guard)
 Hey there. What's going on?

No response. The flashlight scanning each juror. He moves to the restroom door and opens it.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bree consoles a scared Denise. He moves the light across and:

--Stops on Bree. Probing her. The glare becomes too much.

BREE
 (shading her eyes)
 Uh, please lower the light. We're
 alright.

A beat. The beam CLICKS ON and OFF a number of times in a kind of random pattern.

DENISE
 Sir? What the heck are you doing?

Finally, the flashlight is lowered and CLICKED off. He leaves.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Guard steps to the entrance door. In one swift motion, he takes out a HEAVY SQUARE OBJECT about the size of a paperback, fixing it on a shelf by the door.

MARVIN
 Hey, can't you answer us? What's up?

Just before he walks back outside:

UNRECOGNIZABLE GUARD
 Everyone okay?

CARRIE
 We're fine. What's the deal?

No response as - Clank. Door closes. The Guard has left.

CHAUNCEY
 ... The hell?

A long moment of black before - BUZZ - SNAP.

Lights FLICKER back on. Sighs of relief. Paul shakes off a chill.

Bree and Denise return to their seats as Denise wipes her face. Bree looks over to the:

HEAVY SQUARE OBJECT placed by the Guard moments earlier. In the light, we see it's a STONE RELIEF CARVING with obscure symbols, perhaps from an ancient language. Bree looks it over, perhaps understanding its meaning, but as if it were some kind of secret meant for her.

CARRIE

So let's get back to Ms. Yates' flowery little memoir.

BREE

I'm aware of the journal entries, thank you.

Paul turns to Denise. Her turn to share.

PAUL

Your turn to speak up.

Denise waves him off, still shaken.

DENISE

Need a minute.

PAUL

Fair enough. Raman?

Raman removes his glasses.

RAMAN

We must consider the complications between Lila and James as... a reliable motivation... Considering her previous experiences with men--

MICHELLE

Yeah, she had some serious issues with the opposite sex.

(softly, to Fan Fei)

Only thing we got in common.

RAMAN

I suspect that a deep and profound
(MORE)

RAMAN (CONT'D)

rage had been building up in the psyche of this young woman... I do believe she loved him truly... But with that, conversely, any anger she felt would be amplified to a very high degree.

TAP TAP. Randall's finger raps on his note pad.

RANDALL

(to Paul)

May I jump in?

He analyzes the other jurors. An incorrigible facade. Wise. Smug. His gaze finds Bree as he smiles and stands. He circles the table. A total show boat.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Lila and James were involved in a one-year relationship. Now, let's break it down. James was an insurance claims-adjuster, and Lila fresh outta college, still getting over a serious relationship with one of her professors, thirty-two years her senior. Now as...

(facetious cough)

... intoxicating as that high-octane life with Father Time must've been, I suspect it wasn't much better with James. After all, you won't find rock-star next to claims adjuster in the thesaurus. So to add a little spice to their lives, they moonlight as ghost chasers. Sure it's nerdy... But everyone loves an easy thrill. I prefer strip-clubs and Adderall, but that's just me.

ANDRE

Chasing ghosts is chips. Stuff's only in your head. All imagination.

RAMAN

Unless your imagination runs away from you. Then, for you, that imagination might become real... And it starts doing whatever it wants.

RANDALL

Point is, it was Lila's hobby. Our little James, who was infatuated with her, clearly did not buy into it, but still tagged along... For those not so well versed in guy talk, we call this being 'pussy whipped' or 'in the trunk for some a that ba-dunk-a-dunk'.

CHAUNCEY

Nobody says that.

A few chuckles, a few shaking heads. Bree looks away.

PAUL

Get to your point.

RANDALL

So why did Lila feel the need to seek refuge in ghost chasing? That's the same question we could ask anyone who goes to church, prays to a wooden stick, or whatever. After all, any faith in god is its own form of ghost chasing... But Lila's issues run deeper - and darker. Her past has left scars, and they've shaded Lila's view on the world. And those views ain't pretty.

FAN-FEI

Paul asked for your point.

RANDALL

I love you, Fan-fei...

(to Paul)

Call up that Yates family video for me? The stuff with Ghost Aunt.

Paul clicks a MENU listing EVIDENCE FILES. Another click and:

PROJECTOR SCREEN

The home video with Lila and her Mom from the park we saw earlier. Randall continues as the video plays behind him.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

This video was central to Lila's cause. You watch this, you're like, Mom's a frail shell of herself, a weeknight sparring partner for Mr. Yates, who's the one, by the way, that

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)
fucked up his baby girl in sooo many ways.

(shaking his head)
Battered, beaten Lila... As the mother's written testimony claims, Lila was raped by this motherfucker-at fourteen.

BREE
Rape doesn't make a murderer.

RANDALL
In this case, it sure as hell helped. Matter of fact, Paul, pull up the Psych Eval...So maybe a handful of expert evaluations claimed that Lila... might be a few tacos short of a combination plate, but she knew exactly what she was doing.

PAUL
You want the whole recording, or which part?

RANDALL
Which part do you think?... The part where she talks about Daddy.

Paul sighs. Loads the menu, finds the link and presses play.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

PROJECTED TEXT: **CASE_8738: Lila Yates - Clinical Evaluation - March 3rd, 2012**

Lila sits in a sterile, green-walled interrogation room. Her hair in shambles. Scratches on her chin. She sits inert behind slack eyelids, half-listening and half-watching.

She is interviewed by an OFF-CAMERA CLINICIAN.

FAST FORWARD for a beat. Lila staring ahead. Silent, until playing on:

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
... Lila, when you were growing up, was it clear to you what was right and wrong?

LILA
Yes.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Did your parents ever talk to you
about sex?

Blank stare into the camera.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Was your family afraid to talk about
sex?

LILA

...No.

INTERVIEWER

What did your father say about it?

No response.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Lila, do you have any anger toward
your father?

LILA

... Not any more.

INTERVIEWER

If you want to talk about it L-

LILA

-He used to make me afraid. That's
different now.

INTERVIEWER

Lila... What's different?

LILA

... His weakness is now my strength.

INTERVIEWER

Tell me more.

LILA

I pretend to be human, but... way down
inside...

(whispers)

I'm different... Powerful.

INTERVIEWER

In what way do you feel powerful,
Lila? Can you explain what you mean?

A long beat.

LILA

(under her breath)

Now... I howl alone. Where God can't find me... and his forgiveness means nothing.

INTERVIEWER

Forgiveness for what?

A smile crosses Lila's face. No answer. Footage ends, freezing on Lila.

JURY ROOM--

Randall looks back to the jurors.

RANDALL

There's tragedy for a teenager, then there's fucking tragedy... And how she chose to handle it is even more tragic... Because she never did. No therapy. Very few ever knew. Lila's best friends never knew. But it had to manifest in some way... And that way was anger. Jealousy... And eventually murder. It was the only way her sane mind, could seek revenge for what had wronged her.

BREE

Sane? Look at her. Look. She is clearly not in her own mind... Lila Yates would not kill on her own.

MICHELLE

But she did.

RANDALL

(to Bree)

Please. Explain.

Bree takes a deep breath before...

BREE

Listen... most of you know what happened all those years ago. We might want to forget, but it's not going to let us. I was only a young girl, but it stays with me. If you were alive, then you know. Searcey. The name burns

(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)

a hole in all of us... And some of you might have known him. You saw how he changed. The way those kids were killed. Do you think it's a coincidence that Lila encountered the same fate?... It's got her--

CARRIE

--Oh my fucking god--

BREE

--Just like it got Searcey. There are forces at play here--

CARRIE

There it is--

BREE

--That's why she's not guilty!

CARRIE

(pointing outside)

You're as retarded those idiots outside! Demons? Lamasha-whatever-the-fuck-it's-called? You're buying into all this bullshit.

ANDRE

(to Bree)

Ain't you said you a school teacher too? You teach your kids demons are real?

CARRIE

Ya know, my kid use to believe in monsters too. The scary monster with razor teeth under his bed. He wouldn't sleep, even with the fucking Ambien. So what did I do?... For a week, I poured Tabasco sauce down his throat any time he mentioned monsters, and big surprise, after that, I never heard fuckin' *pip* from him about it ever again.

RANDALL

Why, Bree?

BREE

I'm sure you think all human nature
(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)

can be reduced to advertising trends or whatever it is you peddle, but I'm telling you that your reasoning is off. That goes for everybody. The less you recognize that, the further from the truth you get.

PAUL

(interrupting)

Bree... how do you intend to make this case?

A beat. Bree eyes the stone relief carving by the door. Then:

BREE

From the footage. Not the murder itself, but everything before.

CARRIE

That's not proof.

BREE

It's doubt!

MARVIN

Listen, I'm sick of all this back-and-forth. Let's just get through what she wants to watch, and if there's something, there's something.

MICHELLE

I agree.

(to Bree)

I don't agree with you, but I agree it's too big a d--

--INTERRUPTED by a gentle KNOCK at the door. Opening it is a large, OLDER SECURITY GUARD wearing darkly tinted, thick-rimmed glasses. A heavy brown beard. An OBVIOUS TOUPEE covering a bald head. He enters with a tray of piping hot coffee and bagels.

But strangely, a loud SET OF TONES rings out, coinciding with the Guard's entrance. Five loud chimes, three with dueling frequencies and two singular. We're unclear where the sounds come from.

CHAUNCEY

Anybody else hear that?

OLDER GUARD

Not sure, but I *did* hear you guys looked a little worn-down. We thought you all might need something to perk you up a bit.

ANDRE

(gestures to the corner)
We got coffee over there.

OLDER GUARD

You sure do... Just figured a fresh pot might do some good. Any takers?

JED

I'll have one.

MARVIN

Same here.

CARRIE

Sure...Actually, no. It'll just piss me off.

OLDER GUARD

Cream or sugar?

JED

Sugar in mine.

MARVIN

Black for me.

Coffee cups are filled. Handed out.

Paul begins to load the video menu, scrolling down the footage listings.

OLDER GUARD

Sorry to interrupt. Anyone else?
(to Bree)
Miss?

A large smile from the Older Guard.

BREE

Sure, I'll take a cup.

Bree does a double-take when the Guard nears, pouring her a cup of coffee. Bree thinks she knows this man. She dials into his face, not noticing:

He ADDS A SPLASH OF SOMETHING- CREAM?- INTO HER COFFEE.

BREE (CONT'D)

Oh no, I don't take cream.

OLDER GUARD

Oh, I'm sorry... And this pot is out.
Would you like me to go make a fresh
one?

BREE

(taking the cup)

It's fine. Thanks.

OLDER GUARD

(with a wink)

Who knows. Bet that little cream
splash brightens up your day.

The Older Guard steps to the door.

OLDER GUARD (CONT'D)

Alright, if you need anything else
just ask for Jake.

Older Guard leaves. Jurors fixing and stirring coffee. Paul
finds the start of the menu.

PAUL

Do we remember where they first talk
about, Searcey?

MICHELLE

The uncle's house. Right around there.

PAUL

Ah, yes. Uncle Avery.

Bree sips her coffee. Paul presses the first menu item.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

PROJECTED TEXT: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - Ford
Expedition - THURSDAY, Feb. 15th, 2012 - 1:47:27 PM**

James DRIVING an old SEDAN. Lila sits passenger, filming. The
wintery town passes by. We hear Lila laugh from behind the
camera.

JAMES

...I know. I know! I can't believe he
said that.

LILA (O.C.)
That's so crazy!... Alright... I hit
the button.

JAMES
We're rolling?

LILA (O.C.)
Yes, dummy.

JAMES
At least say action or something.

LILA (O.C.)
Something... So here we are in search
of the ghost of Searcey - Action!

JAMES
(Joking announcer voice)
Thank you, Lila.
(more serious)
We are now driving through the great
Rivens, Minnesota where I grew up as a
young punk ass. Rivens has a city pop
of about fifteen-thousand, it's along
the Mississippi and is what... about
forty-minutes north of Minneapolis?

LILA (O.S.)
Sure.

JAMES
Yep. It's a small city with a big
heart. Lived here all my life...

LILA (O.C.)
Uhg... Come on. Be more fascinating.

JAMES
What do you want me to say?

JURY ROOM--

Paul FAST-FORWARDS. Presses play when residential houses come
into view.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Lila recording James driving.

LILA (O.C.)
Where are we heading?

JAMES

Well, before we go to Searcey's we're going to pay a visit to my Uncle. He was the guard who actually shot him.

James notices-- out the window-- a much OLDER WOMAN feebly shoveling a sidewalk--

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh shit! There's Old Lady Grable. This woman's a riot. Let's see if she'll say anything-

Footage FAST FORWARDS.

PAUL (O.C.)

I'd say this's unnecessary.

JURY ROOM--

Denise Interjects.

DENISE

Can you just play it through? The fast forwarding makes me queasy.

Paul presses play.

PAUL

Sorry.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Footage stops on a silver haired, cockeyed MS. GRABLE(80s). Holding a shovel, and her equally ancient best friend DARLA stands next to her. Lila holds the camera with James in frame.

MS. GRABLE

...and he'd come out, least people'd say he'd come out late at night and snatch children off the streets and eat'm alive.

DARLA

His name got connected with everything bad'n Rivens.

JAMES

Any interesting stories?

DARLA
 (chuckles)
 Oh, my.

MS. GRABLE
 Well, of course, the one time
 everybody knows about is when he
 murdered those children... Some say
 supposedly, but-

DARLA
 -It wasn't supposedly.

MS. GRABLE
 Well. Left'm to bleed their bones out
 in the woods over in Jenkins Park,
 and--

JAMES
 How many kids were killed?

MS. GRABLE
 (pauses, perturbed)
 ... Well, d'you want me to tell ya the
 rundown'r don't ya?

DARLA
 (to Ms. Grable re: James)
 Likes talking, this fella, huh?

MS. GRABLE
 Like he's runnin' for county sheriff,
 this one...
 (a beat)
 Well let's see... It was two boys and
 two girls. Cut their private areas,
 cut their throats... so the story
 goes... Let's see, there were
 testimonies from a small group of
 witnesses. Your uncle, for sure, and a
 few parents of the kids, and--

DARLA
 Why aren't you saying anything about
 his special interests?

MS. GRABLE
 (perplexed)
 What does he care about that?

An OLD MAN, ARTHUR, walks by. He's been overhearing and

barges into the conversation.

ARTHUR

David Searcy? That squirrely homo.
Pure evil. Why the hell ya talking
about him for?

MS. GRABLE

(shooing Arthur)

Go on, Art. We don't need your
crotchety butt-

LILA (O.C.)

Wait. Did you say, *homo*?

ARTHUR

Oh, ya... that's what paid for all of
their cults and stuff. A nasty
prostitution ring for gays he started.
Bankrolled the whole damn operation.

MS. GRABLE

Oh, that's not true.

ARTHUR

Sure is...

DARLA

Those cults welcomed any kinda action.
I heard they're just excuses for
having orgies.

James looks at the camera. Shrugs. The Seniors have taken
over.

FAST FORWARD.

JURY ROOM--

RANDALL

(looking around)

... God, I'm glad I grew up in a city.

VIDEO FOOTAGE Fast Forwarding... and PLAYS at:

BACK IN THE CAR--

Lila Films. James drives.

JAMES

...and, according to testimony,
Searcy believed he had been the

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

victim of an evil spirit. After a series of run-ins with local law enforcement for minor B&E misdemeanors, he was placed in a detention facility that he ended up escaping from. Anyway, cops put out an APB, which includes my uncle. Shit goes down at Jenkins park, and he ends up being the guy who chases Searcy down and shoots him. That's how he was the last to see him alive, but as we just heard, that doesn't matter. The legend grows...

(spooky voice)

Searcey is still out there, peering at you through the shadows - waiting to get you.

LILA (O.C.)

Good stuff, Mister.

Camera shakes as they pull into a driveway leading to a double-wide trailer. UNCLE AVERY'S HOUSE. An old, paint-chipped fence wraps around a tiny front yard. A GERMAN SHEPHERD paces back and forth behind it, BARKING.

JAMES

Here we are. Good ol' Uncle Ave'.

FAST FORWARDING RESUMES

JURY ROOM--

Bree watching intently. Pats her brow. A hot sweat starts to bead. She drinks some more coffee. Paul presses play.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Inside the house. Rustic browns. Messy. Without a woman's touch for years.

VIDEO CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

INT. UNCLE AVERY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lila sits at a dining room table across from UNCLE AVERY. 60's. He wears a flannel button-down. Frail, leather-faced from hard drink. He cradles a tumbler of straight whiskey. No regard for the camera.

UNCLE AVERY

I caught up to the sunuva bitch. My
(MORE)

UNCLE AVERY (CONT'D)

gun drawn and he froze in mid-movement... crouched down a little, and... His fingers were moving really quick - like little feelers. It wasn't... normal. Then he arched his back and stuck his face out towards me.

He takes a drink.

UNCLE AVERY (CONT'D)

At first, I kept telling myself that it wasn't - none of it was real, but he looks at me and opens his mouth all slowly, and he sorta... hisses at me. His tongue moving in'n out'n in'n out'n, and I, shit, that was it for me... I shot him. One to the head, one to the chest. I saw bullets hit, blood come out, but all be damned if he kept standing, staring at me as if all I'd did was blow him a kiss... I was like fuck this, and ran the other way, scared as hell. After about fifty feet, I turned, saw him on the ground, dead, finally - but... I could still HEAR him. A sound, like growling dogs or somethin', and I started feeling sick ... Went back running full speed, breaking through branches towards the main road, just needing to get away. I don't remember how, but something pulled me and I fell right on my face. I rolled onto my back - and I didn't see it or couldn't see it, but I felt it near me and its... I dunno, hands closed in on me. I thought that was it.

A beat. Looks into the camera finally, then to James.

UNCLE AVERY (CONT'D)

...then I heard distant voices. My head hurt, and my nose was itchy... and I knew I wasn't dead.

JAMES

No injuries whatsoever?

UNCLE AVERY

Only one.

(pats his left thigh)

Guess it was when I fell down, maybe my keys in my pocket punctured the flesh on my right leg. Strange, though.

JAMES

What's strange about that?

UNCLE AVERY

Well... The keys that they said punctured my leg, they were never found.

JURYROOM - Continuous--

Bree clutches something tightly in her hand.

BACK TO VIDEO FOOTAGE--

LILA

Who else saw the murders?

UNCLE AVERY

Just some of the parents... Who,
(hollow laugh)

Oddly enough, three weeks later one of 'em drove him and his wife into an 18-wheeler at ninety miles an hour on I-35... sober.

Avery takes another long drink, finishing it.

UNCLE AVERY (CONT'D)

The other, the father of two a those slain kids'... He's now completely paralyzed. A mute. Just a whole system shut down, like that.

(snaps fingers)

Far as I know, he's been living with assisted care.

CARRIE (O.S.)

Fast forward! Zero relevancy to the case.

BREE (O.S.)

Please, just watch...

Lila pauses, before:

LILA

What do you think caused this?

A long beat, Avery looks her dead in the eye.

UNCLE AVERY

I hope I never ever know, but there's some shit in this world... impossible for us to understand.

JRUY ROOM--

Paul STOPS the footage.

Bree looks to Carrie and Randall with some sense of validation.

RANDALL

Well, thank you Officer Avery. The scotch-dipped demon slayer. Very credible.

BREE

(patting her brow)

Look at Lila at this point. Think about how she looked sitting next to her counsel compared to this. She has gone through an extreme psychological transformation. And she's libel to become even more dangerous.

RANDALL

From what again?

DENISE

The two friends go into detail about it. When they talk about possession with the... monster thing.

RAMAN

Lamashtu. Through the Lamashtu mythology they explain how such transformations work.

ANDRE

Fuckin... who?

MICHELLE

Lamashtu is the demon-

CARRIE

-Paul!? Please!

MARVIN

(over Carrie's GROAN)

We said we would review the footage.
Put it on.

(to Andre)

Might be a nice refresher for Chirag
over there, since he was paying such
good attention before.

ANDRE

(warning)

You on the verge, ya bitch-ass--

PAUL

Alright!

Paul sighs. Tired. Takes the remote and clicks the next
section. Jurors watching.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

In a PUBLIC LIBRARY. A small study lounge. Art Deco. Older.

Camera approaches two WILDLY ATTRACTIVE HIPSTER FEMALES
sitting at a table-- Lila's best friends seen earlier
testifying in the news footage.

JESS. In a tight ponytail and tiny spectacles. Brisk. Direct.

YARA. A spill of curly blond hair. Blithe. Brilliant.

Lila sits next to them surrounded by stacks of books.

YARA

(opening one of the books)

So...Look at this... My neighbor was
best friends with a co-worker whose
weirdo roommate was apparently...

(making quotes)

"involved" in the Kachi, which was the
ultra-vague name of David Searcey's
cult.

The books have PHOTOGRAPHS of groups of people participating
in cult rituals. Sometimes they're hooded. Some with knives
to the necks of smaller sacrificial animals.

YARA (CONT'D)

They were big into conjuring spirits
using gifted individuals,
clairvoyants, they sought out who
could experience other worlds, and if

(MORE)

YARA (CONT'D)

they're real, real lucky, can bring stuff from those worlds over to our own. I don't even know, but Searcey was one of these clairvoyants, and he seemed to focus his efforts on just one spirit or demon... I guess in this case, demon-ness.

Yara picks out a different book.

JAMES

Why the obsession with Demoneess-ess-ess-ez?

JESS

Cults are for damaged souls, ran by people who lust for power. Might be interested in bad things like a demon. Demons make perfect idols. They wreak havoc. They hurt people. They're the bitches of the Devil.

Yara flips through pages of a large, leather-bound TOME.

YARA

(finding the page)

Here we go.

James zooms in on the page depicting varieties of beautifully illustrated Demoneess illustrations with Gothic allure.

Yara points to one in particular. It features a naked woman's body, but with the head of a lioness posing sexually. The hands of the Demoneess are formed into claws grasping close to her neck.

YARA (CONT'D)

That's Lamashtu. Superbad demon - often considered female. Later became tied with the Jewish portrayal of Lilith, the first wife of Adam. Calls her a diminished husk of evil. Further back, in Mesopotamian Religions, she was the daughter of a powerful sky god. A wicked female who slew children by the neck and drank the blood of men - ate their flesh.

JAMES (O.C.)

Like Lila on her period.

LILA
 (hitting him)
 Schmuck!

YARA
 (to James, amused)
 You're a tool. A funny, broken little
 tool.

JESS
 She had seven names... In some
 incantations, she's called the seven
 witches, accompanied by six others. No
 clarification on 'others' yet.

JAMES (O.C.)
 Why would a chick demon, take over a
 man?

YARA
 Who can absolutely say a creature like
 this is actually a girl or anything. A
 female categorization could be in
 error. This thing, if it's real,
 probably transcends gender.

LILA
 Why David Searcey?

YARA
 Ah, back to Mister David Searcey. So,
 the Kachi must have known about
 Searcey's abilities, and used him as a
 sacrificial lamb to reach Lamashtu--
 for what reason we can't possibly
 know. Well, maybe Searcey legit got
 Lamashtu's attention, and from what
 happened in Jenkins Park, they might
 have even brought that ugly ball of
 hate over here.

LILA
 What do you mean?

YARA
 Meaning, that thing, over here... To
 our world, our dimension-- I have no
 idea where the fuck it came from. What
 I do know is that, from what's been
 written... when it finds the right
 person, it can like fully upload
 (MORE)

YARA (CONT'D)
itself into your body like software.

LILA
So Searcey was used to contact
Lamashtu. He was obviously successful.
Did it *make* Searcey do what he did?

JAMES (O.C.)
Can it possess *anybody*? Or...

Camera slowly zooms in on Jess.

JESS
I think that's unanswerable, but... Ya
know, in my opinion, we've all got
evils... They can wait inside us. And
demons... this Demon, takes these
evils already trapped inside... And
sets them free.

Zooming stops FULL FRAME on Jess' lips. A beat. Slow zoom
back out.

JAMES (O.C.)
That was sexy. Real sexy.

YARA
Okay, James. Keep it contained.

Pan to Lila. She's not happy.

JAMES (O.C.)
I'm kidding! Please, don't get mad!

Lila leaves with her bag- pissed off!

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(recording Jess)
Tell her I was just playing around.

JESS
Better watch yourself. You're lucky
she puts up with you.

JAMES (O.C.)
After dating you, I know how lucky I
am.

Jess pokes James.

JESS
 (slyly)
 Hey, man... be nice.

JAMES (O.C.)
 (giggling)
 Quit! Don't make me hafta restrain
 you.

CAMERA CUTS

JURY ROOM--
 The room settles back.

RANDALL
 (sniffing)
 Smell that? Smells like... Jealousy...
 and Lila's about to smash the rampage
 button.
 (to Paul)
 Next clip.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--
 Title Card over BLACK: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - JW
 Ford Expedition - Feb. 15th, 2012 - 5:32:18 PM**

EXT. FORD EXPEDITION - DRIVING - VIDEO FOOTAGE

Dusk. Snow piles line the streets.

Lila drives. James is passenger, holding the camera off-
 centered, paying no attention as he accidently records.

LILA
 (hostile)
 I thought you said left. What the fuck
 James? We can't keep driving around in
 the snow like this.

JAMES
 I'm looking for the street signs!
 Shit... Maybe your big daddy professor
 would've been a better navigator.

LILA
 You fucking LOVE to bring him up.

JAMES
 It lightens the mood.

LILA
Because I busted you eye-fucking Jess
just now?

JAMES
No, I wasn't. Jesus... Fucking Daddy
issues suck all the fun out of you.

LILA
My Daddy issues? Fuck you, James! Fuck
you!

JAMES
Whoa! Chill! Look at the road!

LILA
Fuck you!

A beat.

JAMES
I'm sorry... that was stupid of me to
say...

Uncomfortable silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(opens glove compartment)
Maybe you've gotta map or something--
the fuck is *this*?

James pulls out a BUCK KNIFE.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Holy fucking Rambo, babe. How long've
you had this thing in here?

RANDALL (O.S.)
Primary murder weapon. In the car.

LILA
My mom put it in there for protection,
I dunno. This use to be her whip,
dude.

JAMES
So naturally it's best to just keep it
around.

LILA
(to herself, extreme agitation)
Dear god, make him stop fucking
talking!

A beat. James opens his mouth to respond, but decides against it. Another beat.

JAMES
Alright. In my defense, I just--

LILA
--I just need you to shut the fuck up!

The camera records them. Heavy silence. James SIGHS. Lila upset. Tears swelling. A beat.

JAMES
(softly)
Turn here.

Lila turns the steering wheel. James realizes the camera's been running. He grabs for it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Dammit.

CAMERA CUTS

JURY ROOM--

Randall eyes Bree. Smug. A wide grin.

BREE
(sips coffee)
Feeling a little light-headed.

PAUL
It's a lot to take in.

RAMAN
It's helping a lot. Putting things
back into perspective.

RANDALL
She looked mighty angry right there.

CARRIE
Angery with intent.

PAUL
Let's continue.

Projector activates a new clip.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Title Card: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - 454 Willard Rd. -
Feb. 15th, 2012 - 5:54:17 PM**

Snow blankets the yard of a 1950's decrepit, single-story home. No other house around for hundreds of yards. James is filming the SEARCEY HOUSE. Lila scans the area.

Pan to the front yard. Beside the house, A RING OF POPLAR TREES. Another ring of a WHITE POWDERY SUBSTANCE circles the house.

JAMES (O.C.)
Fuck's this?
(bends down to touch it)
It's salt. Goes around the whole place.

LILA
Could be to secure the permitter.

JAMES (O.C.)
What, prevent stuff from getting inside?

LILA
Honestly, something like this gets put up to make sure something doesn't get out.

JAMES (O.C.)
Terrific. All the more reason to venture inside.

In the center of the poplar trees, a four-foot tall, burnt STONE PILLAR with a dark mound of LOOSE, ASHEN DEBRIS mixed with snow atop it.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Must be where they kill the Thanksgiving turkey.

Some yards away from the house is also a bank of four ENORMOUS HIGH-TECH POWER GENERATORS-- totally incongruous with the rest of the property. They are neatly encased in housing constructed of clear plexiglass and steel alloy

materials. It's clear by the noise and flumes of exhaust that they're hard at work.

Camera turns and we find Jess and Yara getting out of their car.

YARA
Come check this out!

Yara approaches carrying an equipment bag. Pulls out an aluminum aerosol can.

YARA (CONT'D)
Bam! See this? No, it's not for James' horrific body odor.

JAMES
Ha. Ha.

YARA
Certified Frozen Helium. It's like ghost mace. Let's say you've got a supernatural menace who's makin' life miserable for everybody... It tries to swoop in, tries to party and
(mimes spraying)
kssshhhhh--Demon-pop. Doesn't work with ghosts, but does the trick with demons, hellspawns, et cetera, so I'm told.

CARRIE (O.S.)
Fast forward. C'mon.

FAST FORWARD to--

Another gadget. Yara brandishes an ION DETECTOR.

YARA
Also... a new ion detector as well. Italian design, wood finish--

JAMES
That thing looks cheap and suspicious.

CARRIE (O.S.)
More! Paul, C'mon. I'm ready to swipe that goddamn remote from you if I have to.

FAST FORWARD to--

EXT. SEARCEY HOME - DAY - VIDEO FOOTAGE

Lila and the others walk up steps to the front door.

LILA

All I ask is that we keep it low profile. You don't want to upset the owners with all the equipment.

Jess points the frozen helium can at James as though to spray him. It's flirtatious and all behind Lila's back.

Lila KNOCKS, addressing the camera.

LILA (CONT'D)

Here we are at the former residence of David Searcey to see if in fact the home is haunted. I spoke ahead of time to the current resident who seemed very open to the idea of our exploration. Even more interesting though is that the current resident knew David Searcey first hand. I'm curious to find out more -

Answering the door is NATHANIAL BENOIT (60s). A large older man. Horn-rimmed glasses and bald. Broad shoulders and a wide, triangular jaw. He speaks with a gentle, high-pitched voice.

NATHANIAL

Hi there... You must be Lila--

LILA

Hi... Yes, and this is my team.

Almost immediately, he pulls out a small hand-held device, pressing a button on it that emits a set of five STRANGE TONES at different lengths and frequencies.

JURY ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Several jurors are noticeably affected by the jarring sounds coming from Nathaniel's device. Denise and Jed have to cover their ears. Bree already has her ears tightly plugged with her fingers-- aware of something the others aren't.

VIDEO FOOTAGE-- CONTINUOUS

After a few seconds of the sound patterns, Nathaniel silences and pockets the device.

LILA (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. Wasn't expecting that.

NATHANIAL

Nothing at all. It just helps to establish harmonic resonance. Apologies. Gosh, I can sound a bit silly sometimes.

LILA

Umm... yeah, so, well, like I said, here's the team-- Yara, Jess, and camera-boy is James.

NATHANIAL

Oh welcome... Welcome... Please come in.

They shake hands and enter.

INT. SEARCEY HOME - CONTINUOUS VIDEO FOOTAGE

Decor is subdued and musty. Something feels wrong about it. Creepy can't describe. We follow Nathaniel into a living room.

Walls are wood-paneled with amber-tinted windows. Odd, horned antlers are mounted in haphazard positions jutting out, racing along in twisted, tortured shapes. Fractal patterns seem to appear in several areas-- on hanging artwork, much of the furniture, floor paneling designs.

In a corner, a PARALYZED, MUTE OLD MAN, SEVEREN(60s), sits in a wheelchair. Legs blanketed. A virtual statue.

NATHANIAL

Please have a seat.

They all sit on old brown-fabric furniture, the seams splitting with age.

LILA

Thank you for letting us come in and shoot.

NATHANIAL

By all means. It's nice to see such young people so interested in the rich history of Rivens and this home.

Yara is meddling with the ion detector. Nathaniel points to

it.

NATHANIAL (CONT'D)

Oh, I see you have the new Vocelli Ion Reader. Handsome.

YARA

You know the model?

NATHANIAL

I am familiar.

YARA

It's super cool.

LILA

So, just for confirmation on-camera, we'd like to know... is this, in fact, the former home of the notorious David Searcey?

There's an awkward silence, but eventually, Nathaniel musters a half smile.

NATHANIAL

Yes. You've made it to the right place.

Lila smiles. A long beat as Nathaniel pleasantly STARES dead into the camera. Not a care in the world.

LILA

Yes... Alright. Let's get started.

VIDEO CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

The living room is dark. Window curtains closed. Camera's recording on NIGHT VISION, capturing noisy greens and grays. Lila and the other girls set up equipment.

LILA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We're on night vision?

JAMES (O.C.)

Yeah.

LILA

(addresses camera)

Okay...So right down here are the audio recorders. We use these to record EVPs which are any strange

(MORE)

LILA (CONT'D)
noises that we can go back and
analyze.

Camera moves. We see Nathaniel tending to Severen sitting in
a corner of the living room.

JAMES (O.C.)
(under his breath)
Dudes are weird, man.

LILA
Shut up... Film over there.

James pans to a dark empty section of the room.

LILA (O.C.)
(quietly)
Okay, first level...
(louder)
Are there any spirits present in this
room? ... Can you show yourself?

The camera holds for a beat.

JAMES (O.C.)
(to Lila)
That doesn't make you feel a little
stupi--

Lila holds up a finger. *Shut up!*

Jess gets no readings on her device.

JESS
(whispering)
Nothing.

YARA
(whispering)
Ion levels are sorta higher than
normal, but...

JESS
Could be electrical outlets.

YARA
Wait I... I don't know. They're going
up.

Camera pans. A HUGE FIGURE POPS INTO FRAME.

JAMES (O.C.)

Jesus!

James - SPOOKED - zooms the camera back. It's Nathaniel trying to move past him.

NATHANIAL

Sorry to frighten you. Just getting around you.

JAMES (O.C.)

(disingenuous)

All good, pal.

Lila is now further across the room. Nathaniel approaches her. James follows.

NATHANIAL

How's it coming along?

LILA

Alright. Still just getting started.

NATHANIAL

(quietly to Lila)

So wonderful to finally have you in my company today.

Lila, perplexed. Creeped.

LILA

Thank you. Thanks... You mind if we go further into the house?

NATHANIAL

Please.

Lila walks to James.

JAMES (O.C.)

(whispering)

The hell's that about?

Lila shrugs her shoulders - she doesn't know.

LILA

Does the room... Does it smell funny or... It's like the taste of iron in my mouth. You guys taste it?

YARA / JESS

Nope... Nada.

Lila smacks her tongue on the roof of her mouth.

LILA

Ugh... Weird.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDINGS

Stairwell area. An assortment of potted fungi and mushrooms line the walls.

JAMES (O.C.)

Indoor shroom collection... Trippy.

YARA

Some of these I'm not really familiar with-- I only see one species, I think, with sufficient enough psychoactive compounds that you could actually trip on. Like that--

(pointing)

That's *Psilocybe acutifolia*. It's an asskicker.

JAMES (O.C.)

... Nerd alert.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

The camera is off night vision moving down a dim hallway.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Recording. Off night vision for now.

A long row of doors on either side. Most of them closed. Except one at the end. Unlike the rest of the mostly wood-finished house, this door frame is made entirely of a kind of THICK STEEL ALLOY. The metal appears to extend into the room's interior. Lila holds up an audio recorder.

LILA

(announcing)

Is there a presence here? We ask you to show yourself...

They near the open door. Inside is completely black. A starless outer space. The camera attempts to find focus but can't.

JAMES (O.C.)
 ... Weird, man.

Eerie quiet. No response. James zooms in on a side of the door frame to: an intricate AMULET with the head of a gnarly beast and spread wings on either side.

LILA
 (announcing)
 If someone is here, I would like to see you. I would like to speak with you.

Suddenly, we hear the same STRANGE TONES from Nathaniel's device. The sound RINGS OUT from the darkness.

LILA (CONT'D)
 That same sound when we got here. I think it came from that room--

--footage FLICKERS. A SWATCH OF STATIC quickly wipes across the screen when:

SHINING EYES? Same as before. Seven sets of them.

--A PIERCING SCREECH slices through the air.

--THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

--FOOTAGE CUTS TO BLACK -- THE SCREECHING STOPS

JURY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY--
 The lights cut here too-- BLACK OUT.

MICHELLE
 (startled)
 Jesus! Again?!

Commotion from the Jurors.

BREE
 What was that?! Did you see that?

DENISE
 The fucking eyes!

MARVIN
 I saw'em too!

ANDRE
 Oh lord.

PAUL

Relax! Everyone. Please calm down!

The jurors quiet. Waiting and listening. More commotion in the hallway. Suddenly, a glow--

Chauncey waves around his iPhone. The monitor glowing.

CHAUNCEY

No bars all the sudden. Fuck.

A Guard KNOCKS on the door.

GUARD

(behind door)

Sorry in there. Electrical problems.
Be a few minutes.

Michelle gets up, moving to the window.

MICHELLE'S POV:

In the distance, a group of protestors hold signs. In the center of it all is a large BONFIRE. A couple of kids throw logs onto it.

ANGLE ON MICHELLE--

and a look of recognition.

MICHELLE

Holy she-ite. That's my step-sister
out there.

Denise gets up and joins her.

POV TO OUTSIDE--

A fired-up FEMALE PROTESTOR pumps her fist in the air, on beat with an aggressive GROUP CHANT. We barely hear it through the glass.

JURY ROOM--

Denise and Michelle looking out the window.

DENISE

Really? She's that crazy protester?

MICHELLE

I guess so. Had an affair two years ago with one of those fire-and-brimstone Pentecostal types. And her life just completely--

(mimics crashing rocket)

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

--boom. Poor woman. My brother was cool with it.

POV TO OUTSIDE--

Michelle's Step-Sister looks savage as she raves like an intoxicated extra from Mad Max.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

She's got three kids too.

DENISE (O.S.)

Bet they're proud.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I wish I had a camera.

JURY ROOM--

Denise and Michelle are joined by Fan Fei. All three look out the window.

POV TO OUTSIDE--

Michelle's Step-Sister is doing a half protest, half hippy dance now. Barely able to stand up, shouting at full-blast. OTHER REVELERS/PROTESTORS carry TORCHES nearby.

FAN FEI (O.S.)

Your step-sister looks like she's on uppers.

JURY ROOM--

Michelle shaking her head. Then:

MICHELLE

Nah, just tequila and disappointment.
Jesus!--

(pained to look)

Her hair just caught on fire.

Hold on all three staring in shock.

POV TO OUTSIDE--

Protestors surround the Step-sister, slapping at her smoking head. Trying to put the fire out.

JURY ROOM--

All three giggle at the spectacle.

CLANK - The lights turn on

--Simultaneously the Video Projector shoots on where the clip

had left off.

--LILA SCREAMING ON SCREEN.

--Startled, DENISE YELPS.

The Jurors - shaken. Except Randall-- calm as Buddha.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Lila panicking, pinned to the wall in fear.

LILA

Shit! Oh my god. Oh my god! Did you get that? James did you see that? Holy shite. Did you see that?

JAMES (O.C.)

I was filming, but - Are you okay?

CAMERA CUTS TO:

INT. AN OLD KITCHEN - LATER - VIDEO FOOTAGE

Yellow sodium lights. Yellow tile. Green plants everywhere. Jess, Yara and Lila pack equipment, quietly whispering to each other.

Nathanial wheels Severen into the room. A subtle, hostile energy seems to consume the crippled old man.

Yara clicks on the ion detector. It BUZZES way into the RED, causing her to:

JESS

Whoa!

She JUMPS, JERKS her elbow back, BUMPING INTO a counter-top edge. She DROPS the ion detector.

CRACK - the batteries pop out on impact, rolling on the ground.

JESS (CONT'D)

Damnit! Sorry.

Jess and Yara bend down looking. Nathanial moves to a steaming tea pot at a stovetop, removing it from a hot unit.

NATHANIAL

Some tea?

JAMES (O.C.)

No thanks.

JESS / YARA

All good. / Thanks. No.

LILA

... Sure. Tea.

NATHANIAL

Very good. I certainly think you could use it.

Nathanial drops a homemade teabag into a mug and pours in the hot water. He hands it to Lila.

LILA

Thanks.

NATHANIAL

Find anything? I heard a little yelp earlier.

LILA

Ya, I get like that sometimes, but nothing yet really. We'll check the footage at home.

NATHANIAL

I see.

LILA

So, you mentioned on the phone you had experience in the paranormal?

NATHANIAL

Ah, yes. I worked for a very special group of individuals many years ago... as a medium of sorts.

(looks at Severen)

...but it was so much more.

Yara finds one of the batteries.

YARA

(giving up)

I can't find the other one.

Lila sips her tea.

LILA

So... Where does your talent as a -
medium, you know like... where does
the magic come from?

Nathaniel pours a fresh cup of tea for himself.

NATHANIAL

Be careful... Magic is a loaded
word... It's taken lightly by academia
because it's something that shuns
logic, but we... we were far beyond
that...

Nathaniel takes a long, satisfying sip.

NATHANIAL (CONT'D)

Delightful... Well, I was a
neurophysiologist commissioned by the
U.S. Department of Defense... At the
time, our tests were directed at
anything that might deter communist
aggression. Including neuro-biological
experiments meant to disrupt human
thought, interfere with brainwave
patterns, that sort of thing.

JURY ROOM--

Marvin chimes in.

MARVIN (O.C.)

Some MK Ultra stuff right there.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

NATHANIAL

... Some years later, several of us
acquired a proclivity toward the
paranormal and consequently, found
ourselves exploring areas exceeding
the expanses of the human mind.

Yara looks back at James but addresses Nathaniel.

YARA

Saw the mushrooms. You do any
hallucinogenic or acid-type
experiments?

JESS

LSD? Peyote? PCP?

YARA
Ayahuasca? Ibogaine?

JAMES (O.C.)
Now you're just showing off.

NATHANIAL
(chuckles)
We always love nature's wonderful toys, don't we?... Yes, we were at first, and they of course have certain interesting merits... but those compounds make you see things that are not really there-- their revelations are wholly unique to the user... See, my chemical components worked in an opposite direction. They made people more receptive to... how we say... other dimensions, and trust me when I say... what my subjects encountered, were very - very real.

JESS
Do tell-

LILA
David Searcey. How'd you get tangled up with him?

NATHANIAL
(conjuring fond memories)
David... was a valuable creature. We became close in those days. He possessed certain gifts. Wonderful gifts. Some that others might consider to be dangerous. But really, you see... Anyone can be an inter-dimensional bridge. Even you. With the right stimuli for programming-- be it images, chemicals or the right combination of sound waves. We can be the medium. All it takes is a little push and a little patience.

Severen starts MUMBLING something under his breath, loud enough to be noticeable. Lila and the girls share awkward glances. Lila puts her tea back on the table, pushing it away.

LILA
 (eyeing Severen)
 Okay...

NATHANIAL
 Oh, fear not. That was a long, long
 time ago.

Severen's EYES. His pupils hemorrhaging black, growing in size. Only Lila gives subtle attention to it, not really trusting what she's seeing is real.

NATHANIAL (CONT'D)
 Nowadays, I spend my time assisting
 those with their journey to the other
 side. Those like our friend Severen,
 here.

Severen's eyes are full - BLACK ORBS. Yet he sits, now taking short, rapid breaths.

Now Lila can't help staring. Yara notices too.

YARA
 Sorry... Is he okay?

NATHANIAL
 Oh... His eyes are quite sensitive to
 the light. He should have his
 protection on.

Severen starts chanting softly, as if to himself, but his eyes locked on Lila suggest this is an incantation meant for her. Nathaniel stands, looking for something nearby.

LILA
 What is he doing?

Nathaniel holds the handheld device that emits a HIGH-PITCHED TONE, a little different from the sound we heard before. Severen stops chanting. He sits completely still, eyeing Lila. Nathaniel places SUNGLASSES with huge lenses over Severen's eyes. He uses the device to emit another set of HIGH-PITCHED TONES. Severen lowers his head as if powering down.

NATHANIAL
 My apologies. He should be fine now.

CARRIE (O.S.)
 Stop it. C'mon.

VIDEO FOOTAGE STOPS.

JURY ROOM--

Jurors pondering the footage. Jed and Denise, staring ahead as if in a daze. Chauncey snaps a finger in Jed's face.

CHAUNCEY

(snapping)

You in there, Jed? You good?

CARRIE

(at Denise)

Hey! Wake up!

Jed and Denise snap out of their trance. They look surprised, as if unaware of their actions for the past few moments.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Damn you two. Get some more coffee or something, because we're not doing any more breaks.

PAUL

Interesting. I don't recall his eyes turning like that during the trial screening.

CHAUNCEY

Me neither.

JED

(shaking out cobwebs)

Uh, the monitor was smaller.

MICHELLE

But that was crazy. We all missed that before?

Bree's forehead now sweaty. Her composure slowly fading.

BREE

(under her breath)

Severen was a vessel.

FAN FEI

What I'm more curious about is why that Nathaniel guy - is that his name?... I forget why didn't he testify personally?

CARRIE

He gave a written testimony but had no involvement since the murder happened in the house after he and his entourage moved away.

ANDRE

That's right. House was empty when all this happened.

BREE

(feebly)

But only by a two weeks.

MARVIN

Doesn't matter, he wasn't there. Hell, he could've got some kind of immunity with his government involvement. Let's move on...

Carrie GRABS the remote from Paul.

CARRIE

Goddamnit, you're slow.

Paul looks to the jurors. A few consoling looks in return.

Carrie CLICKS the remote.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Title Card over BLACK: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - 1319
Buckley St. #2 RESIDENCE - Feb. 18th, 2012 - 3:07 AM**

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - DAY - VIDEO FOOTAGE

Lila's bedroom. On a huge, cushy bed. James films Lila as she sleeps soundly.

JAMES (O.C.)

(whisper)

Babe?... Babe?

Lila stirs, barely awake? She utters something like a faint response.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Did you hear that? It was like that those loud tones coming from Nathaniel's little instrument he was holding... I swear I thought I heard it. Babe?

Lila's not waking up. She's completely out.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Nevermind, I guess. Good night.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING--

Still in Lila's bedroom. James recording again, just as Lila finally awakens. The morning sun shining through linen drapes.

LILA
Wha-?

JAMES (O.C.)
Babe... You were totally talking in your sleep earlier... pretty weird. Did you hear anything weird last night? I tried to wake you.

LILA
(tired, distressed)
Hear something? No...
(rubbing her eyes)
God... I had the worst dream.

JAMES (O.C.)
Of what?

Lila pauses. Darts to her desk. She pulls a pen and paper and starts scribbling.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LILA
Trying to remember.

JAMES (O.C.)
Remember what?

LILA
Fish... in my dream swimming around me. They were beautiful... Then they changed... like... deformed... really monstrous.

Continues scribbling.

LILA (CONT'D)
Then flat desert. Nothing... And a
(MORE)

LILA (CONT'D)
 woman... hunched down on all fours,
 like an animal.

JAMES (O.C.)
 Was she hot, or--

LILA
 No-- Fuck! I'm serious... She had the
 head of an animal. A crazy like...
 beast.

JAMES (O.C.)
 Whoa.

LILA
 Then, out of nowhere are these little
 fucking - things... Like little pigs
 that start suckling her boobs. And
 then she sees me... and she starts
 barking. Like she's yelling at me, but
 she can't yell, so she barks-- this
 horrible, howling, lingering sound. I
 just need this sound to stop... But
 then... Fuck, I *understand* the sound.
 I think I know what it means...
 (referring to what she writes)
 This. Look.

She holds her drawing to the camera: A sharply drawn sketch
 of diamond shapes connected to long, angled lines in almost
 code-like fashion (an actual Sumerian language code).

JAMES (O.C.)
 My god, babe...You learned how to
 speak Moon Language.

LILA
 Fucking take this seriously for one
 minute!

JURY ROOM--
 Jed and Denise share a glance, then look to:

The STONE RELIEF CARVING-- the patterns in the relief's
 design look strikingly similar to Lila's drawing.

Jed and Denise both take deep breaths at the same time,
 appearing equally nonplussed despite this coincidence.

VIDEO FOOTAGE-- CONTINUOUS

JAMES (O.C.)
 Fine. What is that?

LILA
 I think something tried to contact
 me... And there was more, but...

Camera shakes. About to be turned off.

JAMES (O.C.)
 What?

LILA
 I don't know how to tell you.

JAMES (O.C.)
 No jokes. Promise.

LILA
 No, I can't. I... It was about you.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING--

INT. LILA'S KITCHEN - DAY - VIDEO RECORDING

Bright kitchen area in Lila's house. James films. Lila, Jess
 and Yara sit around a small, fold-out table eating cereal,
 drinking coffee. Jess and Yara on iPads.

Lila pushes her cereal away, licking her teeth. She's
 withdrawn, distant.

LILA
 God... Can't eat this.

JESS
 Still?

LILA
 Yeah... this taste of metal in my
 mouth.

YARA
 Strange.

JESS
 No. Strange was that old man the other
 day. The gimp.

A beat.

LILA
(quiet whisper)
I think he was...

James pans to Lila.

JAMES (O.C.)
What babe?

LILA
No. You're gonna call it ridiculous.

JAMES (O.C.)
Nope. Try me. Serious face.

LILA
I just think... Something was trying
to communicate with us, or me?...
Through him.

YARA
Severen was a vessel.

JESS
Oh shit, girl. Yes. Thought the exact
same thing.

YARA
Turned that fella into a demon veggie.

JESS
Preach.

YARA
(to Lila)
And he was dagger eyes on you.

JESS / YARA
That was fucking weird.

A beat. James quiet behind the camera.

JAMES (O.C.)
Oh, God... Ok, I'm sorry for real,
but... A few hours in that house and
everybody's flipped. I think all three
of you are insane.

Randall speaks over footage--

RANDALL (O.S.)
Victim's words. Don't start turning
your wheels over there, Bree.

JESS
The hell's your problem?

Lila looks to James. Angry. Tired. She stands, walking to
confront him.

LILA
Turn that off. I want to talk to you.

JAMES
Uh-oh... I'm in troub--

CAMERA CUTS

JURY ROOM--
Randall smiles.

RANDALL
Pay attention here. This is the good
part.

VIDEO FOOTAGE - NEXT RECORDING - MOMENTS LATER--
Yara films, fumbling the camera around. Muffled sounds of an
argument in the distance. Yara points the camera to Jess.
Jess shhh's for quiet then motions for Yara to follow her.

At the base of a stairway, she points her frame to the top.
Through the crack of a bedroom door, we see Lila and James in
mid-argument.

LILA
What is my problem, James? Can you
tell me?

JAMES
You're getting way too into this
shit... wiggig-the-fuck-out over
something that's not real-

LILA
-How can you stand there and say that?
You saw what happened over there!

JAMES
It's ridiculous. What's happening is
ridiculous... You go too hard into
this shit. You wanna believe so much
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

it's making you sick. I'm starting to think I'm hearing shit at night now...

LILA

This IS real. Can't you take me seriously for once instead of just - talking shit about it - flirting with Jess!

JAMES

What?... Jess? For real?

LILA

You still like her. My best fucking friend and you still go there.

JAMES

Oh god.

LILA

She doesn't flirt with you!

JAMES

You know what? All of this. Whatever you're thinking, it's all in your head!... Stupid-ass ghosts? And Jess?... Jesus Christ, nothing is fucking happening, Lila, except by your hands!

James leaves the room, down the hall. Lila, begins crying. Camera zooms tight on Lila.

LILA

(to herself)

But something is happening, James. I feel it... And I'm worried I can't stop it.

Yara points the camera back to Jess. A worried look. She quickly gestures to turn the camera off.

CAMERA CUTS

JURY ROOM--

Randall looks over.

RANDALL

It's going to happen. Pre-meditation.

ANDRE

That's right.

CARRIE

Consciousness of guilt and planning.
Witness testimony said Lila kept
making threatening insinuations off-
camera.

Bree tries to collect herself, her condition worsening. A
deep breath.

BREE

(feebly)

Remember what the uncle said about
this demon. Lamashtu... and the
personality type most likely to invite
it--

RANDALL

Avery never said that. It was hipster
chick.

CARRIE

(at Bree)

Get your story straight, Dumbo.

Paul opens his mouth, ready to reproach, but stops. Maybe he
agrees.

RAMAN

Regardless, she's right... Lila was
searching - practically inviting these
things.

RANDALL

(sarcastic)

Makes Bree a perfect candidate.

Bree shakes her head. Too faint to respond.

PAUL

Should we make another pot of coffee?

BREE

(feigning lucidity)

... I'm fine. Let's continue.

Carrie presses the remote.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Back in Lila's kitchen. James films. Yara holds up the ION DETECTOR. It's meter ALL THE WAY IN THE RED.

YARA

Check it out. This thing is either broken, or...maybe... there's a ginormous river of ecto-plasm underneath the house.

JAMES (O.C.)

You already broke it?

YARA

I'm so positive it's not broken. What the hell's driving it so friggin high?

Camera pans to Lila. Attempting to eat. Dazed and distant. Then:

CUT TO NEW VIDEO FOOTAGE--

OUT OF NOWHERE-- James and Lila having VIOLENT SEX. DOGGY-STYLE-- Lila is climaxing, James' face blurred. Something with the camera. A semblance of James, but... is it?

JAMES FIGURE

(distorted)

Gibila sung dumu! Lah ama stro da tir!

JURY ROOM--

Jurors SHOCKED. Carrie tries to STOP the footage, but-

CARRIE

(working remote)

C'mon.

RAMAN

Stop this!

CARRIE

I'm fucking *trying*!

NONE OF THE BUTTONS ARE WORKING. Chauncey takes the remote.

CHAUNCEY

Lemme have it.

CARRIE

I pushed everything!

He aims it at the projector, pressing every button. The footage doesn't stop. LOUD GUTTURAL VIOLENT SEXUAL NOISES

match the image on screen.

Some Jurors look away. Raman covers his eyes. Randall looks on with dull amusement.

RANDALL

She's gonna need a mouth piece if that goes any farther.

FOOTAGE--

Lila SCREAMING. Pleasure. Mostly pain.

FINALLY. The footage cuts to BLACK.

Paul, and others sit back, winded, shocked. Jed pops a pill.

FAN-FEI

I am POSITIVE that footage was not in the trial.

Marvin flips through his folder.

MARVIN

It wasn't even logged.

Raman BOLTS up and runs into the bathroom, furious.

BATHROOM--

Raman pulls off his jacket. Lays it under him like a rug and kneels to the floor.

JURY ROOM--

CHAUNCEY

Probably just another glitch in the system?

MARVIN

That sure as shit wasn't any glitch.

PAUL

Should we notify the judge?

RANDALL

Of what?... A little sex show? Not like it changes anything.

MICHELLE

Pretty sure not every second of footage was viewed at trial.

FAN FEI
Kind of understandable considering?

MARVIN
(at Raman, in bathroom)
What's Johnny Fatwa doing in there?

Raman SLAMS the door.

BREE
I'm sure he believes he's sinned by
witnessing a sexual act. He's praying.

MARVIN
(under his breath)
Fucking--

PAUL
Let him pray.

RANDALL
If that was me in there, after what I
just saw, I wouldn't be praying.

PAUL
Why don't we all just take a few
minutes.

Deep breaths. Jurors nod. Sit back. Denise and Jed still seem fixated on the Stone Relief Carving-- like it's speaking to them. Chauncey notices.

CHAUNCEY
Hey, you two all the sudden acting
like Cheech and Chong. The hell's
going on?

Denise and Jed taken aback-- as if unaware of their behavior. Jed lifts himself from his seat, needing to stand, move around, get blood flowing.

BREAK TIME.

Some get coffee. Michelle addresses the closed-door bathroom with Jed close behind.

MICHELLE
(knocking)
Please pray quickly. I really need to
use the restroom.

JED

Me too.

Sighs. Michelle looks to Jed, analyzing him.

MICHELLE

Hey... Anybody ever tell you, you look like that guy from the Shawshank Redemption? Remember that movie?

JED

I think so. Which character was that?

MICHELLE

Remember the guy who'd been locked up for, like, sixty years and he gets out and he's bagging groceries and then decides he misses prison and then hangs himself? Yeah, the older guy. That's exactly who you look like.

Jed looks horrified, unsure.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Watch it again.

Clock ticks away...

MINUTES LATER

Raman has returned to his seat. Carrie sits, impatiently tapping her fingers. Bree's condition seems to be worsening.

Paul sits next to her.

PAUL

Bree, to be really honest, as a physician, I'm a little concerned about you.

BREE

Really, I'm... fine...

CARRIE

Time to start. Time to go.

FAN-FEI

Is she gonna pass out?

BREE

I am fine... Seriously. Just tired.

MICHELLE

Was it something you ate? The coffee?

MARVIN

I had the coffee too. I'm fine.

Paul gets up. Walks to the door.

PAUL

I want to ask the guard if -

He opens the door. The original security guard sits reading.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay?

PAUL

One of us is a little sick. Where's the guard who brought the coffee?

SECURITY GUARD

Who?

PAUL

(to jurors)

Uh... What's his name?

FAN-FEI

Jake.

PAUL

Jake. Where is Jake?

SECURITY GUARD

Um, there's no guard here named Jake.

MARVIN

What?

ANDRE

Hey man... Who's in charge here?

SECURITY GUARD

Relax. We've all been dealing with a lot of new guys brought in for the trial. Jake, you said?

PAUL

That's the name he gave us.

SECURITY GUARD

Lemme check it out. Everything else okay?

PAUL

For now. Yes. Thanks.

The guard leaves. Raman wipes his glasses clean, still a little shaken. Denise gives him a pat on the back in quiet support.

A COLD BREEZE curls through the room. Everyone turns to:

Bree. She's opened a window.

BREE

(quietly)

I need air.

The wind blows hard and frosty.

CARRIE

Shut the fucking window. We're moving on.

Carrie scoffs, presses play. Fan-Fei walks over and slams the window shut.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Title Card over BLACK: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - 454 Willard Rd. RESIDENCE - February 25th, 2012 - 7:31:10 PM**

Dusk back at the Searcey House.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Looks like we skipped some stuff, but this is back at the Searcey compound. If you all remember, text messages and witness testimony claimed Lila was incoherent, yet unrelenting at this point.

Yara holding the camera. She records Lila sitting in the passenger seat of James' car. She looks out of sorts, tired.

RAMAN (O.S.)

She had to get back there. She'd stopped eating. Was barely speaking to anyone at this point.

BREE (O.S.)
 She was looking for an answer to a
 question she didn't understand.

DENISE (O.S.)
 It sounded horrible.

CUT TO--

Pan to Lila at the front door of the home, then pan to Jess
 peering into a darkened window.

YARA (O.C.)
 I don't think anyone's home.

Jess hands the camera to James. They walk up to Lila.

JAMES (O.C.)
 I really don't think it's smart to
 come back. That dude could come home,
 murder the shit out of us. Nobody'd
 find out.

He tracks behind the girls as they approach the door.

JESS
 Let's get inside and just... poke.

YARA
 On-camera? Bad idea.

LILA
 I don't care.

JAMES (O.C.)
 I think Yara's right--

JESS
 (trying doorknob)
 Come on, Jimbo. Be a sport.

Jess pulls something from her hair.

YARA
 I'm not going. No breaking and
 entering for me. How bout this: I'll
 yell if someone comes.

LILA
 I need to get in there.

JAMES (O.C.)
How are you gonna' unlock the-

CLICK - With a hair pin, Jess picks open the lock. The door creeps open.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Jesus... Let's make this quick.

JURY ROOM--
Bree's eyes are half shut.

BREE
(under her breath)
Go inside...

VIDEO FOOTAGE--
Inside the Searcey house. Deep amber light creeps through the windows. Crushed black shadows.

Jess and Lila sneak down a hallway, peering into open doors.

JESS
Man... Ion readings are way high.

LILA
There's something here.

JAMES (O.C.)
Smells like shit in here.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING--
Fluorescent lights flicker on to a long, narrow storage room. Shelves of smartly labeled three ring binders, books, large stone and wooden tablets of various dimensions, an assortment of palm-sized amulets, and LOTS OF VHS TAPES. Some labeled, some not.

Lila searches through them.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Bet there's some weird shit on some a these.

Lila fingers through the tapes. She stops on one.

LILA
(recognition)
James...

She pulls it out, showing it to the camera. It's the SAME

SYMBOL Lila wrote from her dream.

JURY ROOM--

The jurors are glued to the screen except - Bree. Quietly falling further apart. Eyes waning. Sweat on her brow.

No one notices.

LILA (O.S.)

Just a dream, huh, James?

JAMES (O.S.)

Exact same. That's crazy.

VIDEO FOOTAGE--

Lila fingers through more tapes, putting some in her bag.

JAMES (O.C.)

Don't take them.

Ignores him.

LILA

This one says, "Contact - Gershwin, Severen - 1996, part one of two"

JAMES (O.C.)

What does 'contact' mean?

Suddenly, from a nearby speaker/intercom system, the FIVE TONES BOOM OUT-- ON AN AUDIO LOOP-- REPEATING and very loud. Jess has to cover her ears. Lila is unphased.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Fuck is that coming from? Goddamn!
Dude, I know that sound!

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING--

With the FIVE TONES CONTINUING TO SOUND OFF.

James follows the girls down a stairwell. Lila seems to know right where to go. They all have to YELL over the noise.

They pass a HIGHLY FORTIFIED STEEL DOOR. Several dials, meters, scanners and electronic displays are mounted on the wall by the door frame. Steel piping and encased electrical wiring extending the length of the hallway all end here. There are three large deadbolts and some kind of mechanical alarm at the top. This room clearly has something major on the other side of it. James holds on it for a beat.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 What's on the other side of that? We
 didn't see this shit last time!

Jess pauses. Holds the EMF reader to the camera.

JESS
 There is a lot of energy in this
 house! Jesus!

JAMES (O.C.)
 Where's Lila?!

James pans. Hard to see anything.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Lila?!

JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS--
 The LOUD TONES ring out prominently in the spanning room.
 Every Juror except Bree stares ahead-- but not at the screen.
 They are all staring at: The Stone Relief Carving, which is
 now, very subtly, vibrating on the shelf. No one blinks. No
 one moves. No one speaks. Bree concentrates on keeping her
 strength as her own body seems to be failing her.

VIDEO RECORDING - CONTINUOUS--
 Jess clicks on a dim flashlight in the hallway's failing
 light. She turns a corner, leading us down another hallway--
 where AT THE END IS A FIGURE:

It's in a wheelchair. Severen? Too dark to tell, but it
 barely resembles a human form. It's something far more
 grotesque. Where the head should be are two shining eyes,
 looking towards them. Its breathing is labored. Its skin
 blackened, as if charred.

JESS
 (freaked out)
 Oh fuck!... Hello? Lila?!

JAMES (O.C.)
 Is that Severen?

We can barely hear the Severen Figure, it's breathing
 sounding almost painful. The Figure somehow wheels itself
 into a room and out of sight. James starts moving down the
 hallway.

JESS
 Don't follow that thing, James!

JAMES (O.C.)

Lila!

(to Jess)

What if she's down there? Lila!

We pass a few closed doors... Then a dark open one-- the same mysterious black doorway from their last visit-- the same one the Severen Figure just entered. James zooms in on the metal door frame where the amulet was previously. NOW IT'S GONE.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hey that little amulet thing's missing.

A beat. What to do? Enter the room? Wait? Jess turns toward James, unsure of the next move.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Did she go in there? Lila!

Jess moves to enter the room when - THUMP.

The open doorway hits her like a wall. An invisible wall.

JESS

The heck?

JAMES (O.C.)

What?

JESS

I just hit something.

JAMES (O.C.)

What? There's nothing there.

A quick pan back down the hall reveals Lila standing at a far corner. Watching calmly.

JAMES

There you are. Isn't this the room you freaked out about last week?

James knocks on the invisible barrier. A hollow ECHO.

JAMES (O.C.)

Fucking weird. Is that glass?

JESS

I mean, you can't see it.

Lila slowly approaches the open doorway. Extends her hand.

--And walks straight through. Nothing resists her. She takes a few steps forward.

JAMES (O.C.)

Woah! What the hell? Baby how'd you do that?

No answer. As if unable to hear them on the other side.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Lila? You okay?...

JESS

Lila. Hey!

JAMES (O.C.)

(panic)

Fuck. What is this?

He slaps hard at the invisible wall. Jess joins him.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Lila!... Can you hear me?

Lila turns back. Emotionless. Staring back at James. Then moving deeper into the inky black shroud.

JESS

Lila, sweetie, what's happening?

James pounding on the barrier. Impenetrable.

JAMES (O.C.)

Lila!

Camera holds on Lila. A BLACK SHADOW - OR A HAND - wraps its fingers around Lila's shoulder as she DISAPPEARS into the void.

Finally, the LOUD TONES STOP, leaving the hallway relatively quiet.

JESS

It finally stopped.

JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS--

Footage plays. The Jurors, as if coming out of a trance, shake their heads, rub their eyes-- as if waking from a momentary daydream.

CARRIE

Woah, what just happened? Did I just
pass out?

MARVIN

(confused, alarmed)
I think we all just passed out.

Randall stares hard at the Stone Relief Carving. He's drawn to it. He's not alone as Denise, Jed and now Andre and Raman all stare with a strange intent at the stone object.

PAUL

(watching screen)
Where are they? I'm lost.

BREE

(whispering)
They are with her now.

Her eyes roll back... they close.

VIDEO FOOTAGE - CONTINUOUS--
James sounds frantic.

JAMES (O.C.)

Where did she go?

JESS

How would I know?

JAMES (O.C.)

Lila?!

James SLAMS the barrier.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What the hell is this? Lila?!

--A LOUD BANG-- but from up stairs.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(startled)
Shit!

JESS (O.C.)

Someone's here!

JAMES (O.C.)

(loud whisper)
Lila, we have to go! Come back!

Finally, Lila emerges from the black.

A strange physical transformation. Her eyes appear sunken. Ghostly. A child-like smile on her face.

She walks back. James grabs her. Time to leave.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Baby what was that?

MORE BANGING from upstairs. James shoots the camera up the stairwell.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

Approaching the front door, Jess opens it to find: Yara.

YARA

The hell is taking you guys? It's cold out here.

JAMES (O.C.)

Why were you banging?

YARA

What are you talking about?

JAMES (O.C.)

The banging! We heard it loud from downstairs.

YARA

What banging? I've just been sitting here.

JAMES (O.C.)

What?

YARA

What's happening?

JAMES (O.C.)

Fuck it. We're leaving.

Jess carries a stack of VHS cassettes in her arms as they all run to the car.

The sky above darkening.

LILA

(quietly)

I don't want to go.

JAMES (O.C.)
I said, we're leaving!

JESS
What happened in that room? Lila?

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

Title Card over BLACK: **CASE_8738: SONY EX3 RECORDING - 1319
Buckley St. #2 - Feb. 25th, 2012 - 10:15:12 PM**

INT. LILA'S HOUSE - DAY - VIDEO FOOTAGE

James films. Jess, Yara and Lila watch TV on a couch. They're fast-forwarding through something. Lila looks disheveled, lost in her head.

Lila's MOTHER passes through. James pans on her. She keeps an open palm out, blocking her face. TWO CATS follow her every step, as if on guard.

LILA'S MOTHER
James! Do not!

FAN FEI(O.S.)
There's that deadbeat mother.

James pans back to the girls on the couch.

JESS
This one's literally just four hours
of static.

YARA
Let's look at the other.

Jess switches the stolen VHS tapes. Plays. Onscreen, a quick wash of static then:
A black, stone tablet with faint carvings etched on its face. It stands upright on its own on a table in a room lit brightly by sunlight from a nearby window. Next to the tablet burns a single candle. Every few seconds, the tablet vibrates and we see the candle light flicker hard.

YARA (CONT'D)
... Ok?

JAMES (O.C.)
Is that all it is?

Jess fast forwards. We see the candle melt away on the

accelerated frames. Nothing else.

JESS

So yeah.

CAMERA CUTS - NEXT RECORDING

James still recording the footage on the TV screen. It's Nathaniel but from several years ago. He's in some kind of hi-tech lab with a slew of metal tools and computer equipment all around. He's tinkering with something that looks a lot like the handheld sound device he was using earlier. He speaks to the camera as he tinkers.

TV NATHANIAL

So now with directional ultrasonic emitters, we can focus the sound on precise points in space. And here, I've placed sensors that can detect and measure the subject's brainwave patterns in real-time.

YARA (O.S.)

That's the thing he had! I think he fucking used that thing on us.

James pans to Jess. She's speechless but it looks like she agrees. James pans to Lila, just a vegetable on the couch.

JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS--
Denise's hand shoots up.

DENISE

(to Paul)

I've changed my mind.

JED

I think I have too.

Carrie, looking confused, bewildered. For once, she's at a loss for words. Randall stands. For the first time, he appears unnerved, unsure. Something catches his eye:

The Stone Relief Carving. Randall can't take his eyes off it. He walks over to it.

RANDALL

Does anybody have any idea how or when this thing got here?

MICHELLE

It wasn't here the whole time?

Randall holds the mysterious object in his hands, examine each side.

RANDALL

Not that I was aware of.

PAUL

Ok, I think we're getting a little tired. It's been a long day, think we can all agree on that. Maybe now's a good time to get another tally from everyone, see where we're at. Maybe need to call it day at some point.

Suddenly, the screen flashes on to a different scene. It's Nathaniel at his lab again. He's flanked by a small group of what seem like other scientists in lab coats. In front of Nathaniel under a group of bright LAMPS is a SMALL, FLESHY, BLACK ORGANIC COMPOUND. It pulsates in real time, while connected to a network of electronic sensors and measuring devices.

NATHANIAL

What we're looking at is a cerebral organoid of what will eventually be the Lamashtu entity. This is a mini brain in essence-- made from its own stem cells, albeit connected to a robotic skeletal structure. This brainlet actually controls physical movement. It can manipulate and even dodge objects, it even shows signs of synaptic plasticity-- all embedded into a brain-on-chip system, combining neural tissue with silicon circuitry-- Essentially a hybrid bio-digital processor. A machine, my friends, that doesn't simply simulate thought, but actually has it.

JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS--

A THUMP- A small sound from a corner in the JURY ROOM. None of the Jurors notice.

Randall stands up. Looks over toward the windows.

RANDALL

That came from outside.

Chauncey reading something on his phone.

CHAUNCEY

Hey gang-- this feed's saying they got big problems outside the courthouse.

Now Michelle, Fan-Fei and Paul stand, making their way to the windows too.

MICHELLE

Oh my--

A hard PLANK sound-A projectile bouncing off the windows, causing most of the onlookers to FLINCH.

CHAUNCEY

Says authorities are having trouble controlling it.

RAMAN

It has become the angry mob.

MORE HEAVY ROCKS HIT the window. Marvin gets up, walks to the window.

MARVIN POV TO THE OUTSIDE--

The Source of the Rock Throwing: a large group of RURAL EVANGELICAL PROTESTORS with picket signs that read: Kill What Cannot Be Saved! Deliverance is Nigh!

They carry candles, crucifixes and bats, throwing LARGE ROCKS at the window.

JURY ROOM--

AND MORE and MORE ROCKS hit the glass. The reinforced GLASS now SPLINTERING into jagged stars from the heavy onslaught of projectiles. Carrie, Jed, Denise and all the other Jurors-- except Bree-- now looking out the window at the spectacle outside.

MARVIN

(startled)

Damn. That is a mess.

Suddenly a SHOWER OF ROCKS is thrown at the windows. NONSTOP CRASHING BANGS. Hundreds at once. SPLINTERING GLASS CRACKS across the span of windows.

OUTSIDE--

A scuffle between Protestors and Police breaks out.

JURY ROOM--

Bree, now with a renewed strength. Picks up the Stone Relief

Carving. She examines it, deep affection in her eyes. She brings it to the conference table and places it, dead at the center. She picks up the remote control. Turns the projector OFF. Now she presses something on the Stone Carving. It starts the subtle vibrations. The FIVE TONES from before emit loudly from the Stone Carving. The sound repeats on an endless loop.

All eleven Jurors slowly turn around, they look ahead without blinking. Some are even slack jawed. They are entranced.

BREE

Paul, would you be so kind as to conduct another vote? See where the room's at?

Paul nods. He moves to his spot at the head of the table.

BREE (CONT'D)

And if everyone else would be so kind as to take their seats?

The other Jurors follow suit. Each walking calmly to their respective seat.

BREE (CONT'D)

Right. Paul?

PAUL'S POV--

Paul looks around. Behind Bree:

LAMASHTU. Over seven feet tall. Head of a blood-drenched Jackal. Body of a supple, naked woman. Hands grotesque with wicked claws. Legs and hooves of giant ram. The Demoness stands tall, brooding behind Bree.

JURY ROOM--

Outside of the 11 Jurors' perspectives, there's no Lamashtu creature. It could be an illusion brought upon the Jurors from the influences of the FIVE TONE soundscape. Bree pulls the amulet from her pocket. She regards it affectionately just before kissing it. Then:

BREE (CONT'D)

Paul? Would you do the honors please?

CUT TO BALCK:

FADE IN ON:

INT. COURTROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A side door. Closed. A bailiff walks up, opens it and lets a GUARD step through, followed by our twelve Jurors. They take their seats in two rows of six. Paul at the end.

Lila is escorted to the defense table by police. She is haggard. Ghostly. She sits next to two UNDER-WHELMING DEFENSE LAWYERS with suits that look too big for their frames.

A guard SLAMS the gavel. The courtroom quiets.

GUARD

All rise, the Honorable Judge Eric Bryan presiding.

The court stands. The lawyers around Lila nudge her. Finally, she rises. Her gaze always in and around Bree's vicinity. The judge enters. Sits at the front of the room.

JUDGE BRYAN

Please take your seats.

The court ATTENDEES oblige.

JUDGE BRYAN (CONT'D)

Good morning, everyone. Hope you all got at least a little bit of rest last night.

Quiet.

JUDGE BRYAN (CONT'D)

And then to the order of the day... Mr. Castel, has the jury reached a verdict?

PAUL

We have, your honor.

The bailiff approaches the jurors. Paul hands him an official document. Folded. Containing the verdict.

The bailiff hands it to Judge Bryan. He unfolds it and reads.

JUDGE BRYAN

(nodding)

Huh...

The Judge puts the note to the side.

JUDGE BRYAN (CONT'D)

Alright... Ms. Yates please stand to face the jury.

Her lawyers help her up. Bree avoids eye contact, but out of the corner of her eye: Lila staring at her.

JUDGE BRYAN (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready, Mr. Castel.

A QUICK FLICKER OF THE LIGHTS then - FLASH revealing the blood- drenched WOMAN WITH A JACKAL'S HEAD standing in the empty courtroom. Then black. And back on--and it's gone.

BREE (CONT'D)

Please no... stop.

LILA (O.C.)

Shhh... My dear. Shhhh. Take comfort.
You have no control.

Quiet. Total darkness. The only sound is Bree's breath. Her heartbeat... And the ascending sound of a beast like RUMBLE.

The courtroom lights FLASH BACK ON.

All appears. normal. A SOUNDS OF RELIEF from the courtroom crowd.

GUARD

Sorry your honor. They've routed to back-up generators. Shouldn't happen again.

JUDGE BRYAN

Sure as hell better not. It's becoming embarrassing (addressing the court)
I'm very sorry everyone... Paul, once again. Continue.

Paul stands to the side, he looks back to the jurors. Bree, a sullen, saddened look.

PAUL

(clears throat)

Alright. We the jury find Lila Yates... Not guilty of the First Degree Murder of James Winston-

The room explodes again. Most in the crowd can't believe it. An OLDER COUPLE, likely James' parents, embrace, their hearts broken.

LILA

(confused)

What happened to James?

JUDGE BRYAN

Bailiff, get her out of here! I want Order! Order!

The crowd in a big commotion as Lila looks on, terrified. She stands by the host of the guards. They escort her out of the room.

Some distance away, centered in a wide expanse of grass, is a WOMAN in her late teens or early twenties. This is YOUNG BREE. She approaches Young Lila, an affectionate smile crossing her face. Young Bree waves at Young Lila. Young Lila reluctantly waves back, unsure of the stranger approaching.

YOUNG BREE

Hello!

Young Lila stands as if frozen in place. Her stranger/danger radar is in full effect, but her fight or flight response arrests her movements.

YOUNG BREE (CONT'D)

That your family's party over there?

Young Lila shyly nods.

YOUNG BREE (CONT'D)

Oh. Looks pretty fun. My name's Bree.
What's your name?

YOUNG LILA

... Lila.

YOUNG BREE

Now that is a pretty cool name.

Young Lila smiles. She's starting to like this lady.

YOUNG BREE (CONT'D)

Well nice to meet you Lila. You look like a very special young lady. I could tell as soon as I saw you. You have a strong aura about you.

YOUNG LILA

What's an aura?

YOUNG BREE

Oh my goodness that's a great question!

(kneeling down to be at eye level)

An aura is like a glow or a kind of power that just comes out of someone. You can't really see it, but you can sense it...

(points to her heart)

Right here.

YOUNG LILA

Oh, that's nice.

YOUNG BREE

Yes it is.

PARTY ATTENDEE

Lila! Sweety, can you come back over here?

YOUNG LILA

I have to go.

Young Bree doesn't show the slightest concern. She's calmly enamored with Young Lila.

YOUNG BREE

Oh, that's okay. I understand.

YOUNG LILA

Bye! Nice to meet ya!

YOUNG BREE

You too! Hope we meet again real soon.

Young Lila hurries off back to her group Young Bree watches her leave. Young Bree waves kindly at Lila's departure-- Just as the SCREAMING INTENSIFIES-- SEVERAL PEOPLE INVOLVED NOW and we see:

A CLUSTER OF POLICE OFFICERS running at full speed toward the screaming commotion. Another GROUP OF PARK GOERS running away from where the Police are going.

Over the sound of ANGUISHED SCREAMING AND CRYING, we hold on Young Bree, unconcerned. She offers a final, closing wave then:

CUT TO BLACK.

END.

