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## A Friend of Robyn

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# A Friend of Robyn

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TITLE

A Feature Screenplay presented to and approved  
by the Faculty Thesis Committee in the MFA Writing  
for the Screen Program in the School of Film &  
Television at Loyola Marymount University of Los  
Angeles, California.

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts  
Writing for the Screen

By

Megan Fay Raveneau

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MFA Candidate

## APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following graduate student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for a Masters in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen by completing the following requirements and portfolio:

- Three revised feature film screenplays
- One spec episodic teleplay (either a half-hour comedy or one hour drama)
- One original pilot teleplay (either a half-hour comedy or one hour drama)
- SCWR 690: Thesis feature screenplay workshop
- SCWR 691: Revised thesis feature screenplay workshop
- SCWR 692: Feature film portfolio workshop (revision of all projects written during the three-year program)



Megan Fay Raveneau



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Graduate Director: Patricia K. Meyer

Date: May 13, 2020



**Loyola Marymount University**  
**School of**  
**Film and Television**

This thesis is approved and accepted by the Graduate Director and all Thesis Committee Members in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen.

May 13, 2020

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Date

*Patricia K. Meyer*

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Graduate Director, Patricia K. Meyer

Thesis Committee Members:

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SCRW 690 Professor Karol Hoeffner

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SCRW 691 Professor Paul Chitlik

A FRIEND OF ROBYN

Written by

Megan Fay Raveneau

Draft #1 - 11-12-2019

Draft# 2 - 05-11-2020

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FADE IN:

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 2ND FLOOR - MORNING

The laughter of children and the pattering of little feet echo from outside in the hall, deadened by the door.

In contrast, only the steady scratching of a pencil on paper resounds inside the stark hospital room as the morning light softly illuminates the space.

A heavy wooden CROSS hangs above the door and a vase of wilted PEONIES idles next to the sterile, white bed. The wind gently stirs the stiff flowers in their greenish water.

ROBYN BREAM (11), small for her age with large, curious eyes and unruly hair, carefully draws in a sketchbook on the over-the-bed table.

Numerous ripped out PAGES cover the bed, all with the same person: a tall man in his 30s with shoulder length black hair, pale skin, and completely red eyes with black pupils.

Though each image varies in angle and seeming historical time period, they are each labeled with "Asa."

The full vase GROANS as it slides on the side table behind Robyn but she continues to draw.

An ornate, religiously themed MUSIC BOX clicks out a couple notes of "Hushaby Bay" from its spot on the pillow next to her. But the lid remains closed.

ROBYN

But I don't wanna go to sleep.

Robyn pulls back, looks her picture over, then keeps drawing.

Heavier footsteps sound from the other side of the room and Robyn covers a bit until they fade into the distance.

She rubs her arms as if she were cold, holding herself for a moment, then continues drawing. The Music Box sings again, this time an old, Isle of Man lullaby, "Ushag Veg Ruy."

Robyn yawns, rubbing her eyes, and pouts at the music box... then smiles with a huffed laugh.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

That's cheating.

The lid creaks open a bit and the volume increases -- the music had been in Robyn's head before.

The Music Box flips open fully, the little angel figurine inside spinning around on the painted clouds below it.

At the back of the music box, a mirror reflects Robyn, half of her face eclipsed in shadow.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
 (yawning)  
 Well, I'm not going to sleep.  
 (singing)  
 Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo, moanee  
 doo, moanee doo.

She continues drawing and her hair shifts, as if someone were petting it.

The morning light from the window illuminates the room, showing that Robyn is the only person in there.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 Ushag veg ruy ny moanee do, c'raad  
 chaddil riyr 'syn oie?

On the page, Robyn draws with disturbing photo realistic accuracy: a picture of Asa, hands bloodied, holding a human heart, and sitting on a throne of bones.

She holds the picture up to the mirror in the Music Box, leaning over to see herself in the mirror as well.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
 So... Whatcha think?

The Music Box sings with a bit more flourish. Robyn giggles and happily cringes the way children do when they get a kiss on the forehead.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
 I'm glad you like it. I work really  
 hard on these you know.

She sits back and starts a new picture.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 Nagh chaddil mish riyr er baare y  
 crow, baare y crow, baare y  
 crow...

The cross suddenly drops to the floor and splinters.

Robyn remains unphased, her hair ruffling like someone is playing with it -- messing it up and smoothing it down again.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS echo from the hall once more. The door swings open, revealing the alert and concerned face of DAVID REDMAN (35), a lean muscled security guard.

DAVID

Robyn! Are you okay? What happened?

Robyn flinches and the Music Box slams shut and the music quiets down again, back in her head. She lets out a breath and smiles at David as he carefully enters the room.

ROBYN

Oh... Hi, Mr. Redman! Sorry about that. We didn't mean to be loud.

David scans the room, locating the scattered pieces of the cross. He looks up at the nail where it used to hang, then at Robyn. She blinks back at him as if nothing strange happened.

DAVID

It's... fine. You couldn't possibly have caused this, Robyn.

He glances at the open window and the wind twirling the now fresh and living peonies in their crystal clear water.

David pushes the wood pieces to a side and walks over to the window, closing it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Probably just the wind.

ROBYN

No. It was Asa.

David turns to her, wincing slightly before smiling again.

DAVID

(hesitant)

Right. You're friend.

Robyn nods, picking up one of her drawings and handing it to David. She watches him expectantly and he looks over the horrific image.

ROBYN

I just drew that today. Asa really likes. He says it's my best so far!

David kneels down and hands the page back, about to speak when he cuts himself off, his expression becoming serious.

He leans forward, eyes focused on Robyn's forehead. Right on the edge of her hairline sits a dripping, bloody kiss mark.



DAVID  
You're bleeding... Did a piece of  
that cross hit you?

ROBYN  
No...?

David glances around for a stray piece of wood while Robyn pats her hairline, pulling her hand away to find blood.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
Oh! Yeah, that happens sometimes  
when Asa kisses me.

She returns to her drawing.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
He can be so gross and messy.

The Music Box falls to the side, swinging open and playing out loud again. Robyn huffs, side eyeing it.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
Not that that's a bad thing.  
(sotto)  
Still gross though...  
(singing)  
Ushag veg ruy ny moanee doo, moanee  
doo, moanee doo.

David looks at Robyn's head, wiping the blood and finding her uninjured. He leans back a bit, taking in the whole scene.

Rubbing the back of his neck, he makes his way to the door.

DAVID  
Well... I guess you're alright.  
I'll tell Dr. Lance just incase.

Robyn nods, humming in agreement, not looking up at him.

ROBYN  
If I'm hurt, I guess I can't have  
my operation today, right. I could  
end up, like... brain dead, right.  
And then Dr. Lance would get in  
trouble again.

She glances up, fear and hope in her expression as they make eye contact. David shakes his head, expression becoming sullen as he squeezes the door knob.

DAVID  
I'm sorry, Robyn.

He leaves, gently closing the door behind him.

Robyn swallows thickly, looking down at her pictures. The Music Box slows down to a stop as Robyn sniffles, tears filling in her eyes.

ROBYN

Asa... I think I'd like to go to sleep now.

The Music Box slams shut and Robyn drops against her pillow, unconscious. Again, her hair shifts, brushed away from her face, and another bloody kiss appears on her head.

On the wall next to her stands the shadow of a man, sitting up from leaning over her, caressing her hair. The Music Box creaks open again, playing the last couple notes of the song.

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - MARTLA CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

EMTs and NURSES scramble around, escorting various CHILDREN into waiting ambulances.

An old, black CAR steadily approaches the small half-Victorian, half-modern hospital.

At the top, a large sign reads "Martla Children's Hospital for Special Psychiatric Treatment."

The car pulls up across the street and out steps FR. JASON GREBE (39), bedraggled and sullen but still presenting a professional air.

Dressed in a wrinkled, black cassock with a white collar and rosary, everything about him screams "tired, young priest."

He pulls a BRIFECASE out of his car and crosses to the hospital. Jason pulls out a hospital ID Card that reads "Fr. Jason Grebe -- Patient Resources" as he reaches the door.

The SECURITY GUARD (50s) looks it over, checking it against a written list on his clipboard.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Sorry, sir, we're under an evacuation order. Approved personnel only.

JASON

Yes. I know. I should have been approved by Mr. Carver himself. For the Bream case. With Doctor...

JASON (CONT'D)  
 (clears throat)  
 With Dr. Lance?

The Guard reads the list again.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
 Not according to what I have.  
 You'll have to check-in with the  
 front office. They'll have an  
 updated list if you're on it.

JASON  
 Right, fine.

Jason holds up a hand, defeated and heads for the front of the building.

INT. HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

A group of NURSES and RESIDENT DOCTORS usher a pair of bed-bound CHILDREN to the elevator.

As the doors open, out steps HENRY CARVER (50s) dressed in a suit far too expensive for the "Manager" position his badge reads. He jostles out of the way, holding back one nurse.

MR. CARVER  
 That the last of 'em?

NURSE #1  
 Yeah, that's it.

MR. CARVER  
 (petty her arm)  
 Great, great. Alright, get 'em  
 outta here.

Mr. Carver hurries down the hall and banks a right to an area labeled "D Sector." He comes to a stop at room D-26 with the name "Robyn Bream" on the insert next to it.

He barely knocks once and the door swings open. On the other side, MR. BREAM (40s), tall and domineering, glares at Carver, a sneer on his lips.

MR. BREAM  
 Where the hell is Lance?

MR. CARVER  
 Now, now, Mr. Bream...

Mr. Carver eases his way into the room, checking the hall before closing the door behind him.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Mr. Carver's placating expression turns into tense frustration.

MR. CARVER

I have no doubt Dr. Lance is in the process of making sure everything is--

MR. BREAM

Do you know how long it took me to carve out time to be here today? With no questions asked!

MR. CARVER

(sighing)

I'm well aware that your position makes it difficult to--

MR. BREAM

I had to convince my secretary that a sudden burst of inspiration hit me and I couldn't make it to any of my meetings today.

Mr. Carver opens his mouth to speak but Mr. Bream cuts him off.

MR. BREAM (CONT'D)

Now I have to reschedule all of those and come up with an afternoon's worth of new outfit designs.

Behind them, seemingly forgotten, Robyn fiddles with the Music Box, opening and closing it. She glances at her father, guilty and remorseful.

ROBYN

You can go to work, Dad. I'm okay.

MR. BREAM

(not turning around)

Robyn, just... I can't. Okay, sweetie.

ROBYN

Alana will understand if you tell her you were inspired but then you lost it. She's really nice and she'd be able to get some of your meetings--

Mr. Bream swivels around on his heels, his expression frustrated and angry.

MR. BREAM  
 (cold and stern)  
 I said I couldn't go, Robyn. I know you're trying to help, but you don't understand how any of this works. Just... draw or something. I'll handle this, okay?

ROBYN  
 (head bowed)  
 Okay.

Mr. Bream sighs heavily and walks over to Robyn, kissing her temple and rubbing her back. He looks back to Mr. Carver who's turns his head away.

MR. BREAM  
 Get me Dr. Lance, Mr. Carver.

MR. CARVER  
 R-right. Yeah, sure.

With that, Mr. Carver scurries out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Carver hurries out of the elevator into the empty hallway. He glances into several operating rooms stopping at one labeled "Operating Room 6."

INT. OPERATING ROOM #6 - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

He swings open the door to find LORETTA (63), a no-nonsense, neat anesthesiologist, and ANDERSON (45), a tall, muscular, but soft spoken nurse.

They spare Mr. Carver a passing look, then return to setting up the room.

LORETTA  
 You need something, Barker?

She arranges her machines, sedatives, and syringes on a tray. Anderson hooks up an EEG CAP and an EEG HEADSET, connecting the two with a long cord.

Mr. Carver looks around, antsy.

MR. CARVER  
What the hell... Lance isn't here?

LORETTA  
(not looking up)  
Clearly not.

MR. CARVER  
He said he'd--  
(takes a deep breath)  
Well, do you--

Anderson shoos Mr. Carver over and pulls a cart of DEEP BRAIN STIMULATORS and a REMOTE CONTROL over to the operating table.

MR. CARVER (CONT'D)  
Do you at least know where the hell he is!? Bream's about ready to kill 'em. And me.

ANDERSON  
He went to his office with Pete. Maybe... a little under an hour ago.

Mr. Carver gives Loretta a quick side eye.

MR. CARVER  
Thank you, Mr. Anderson. Make sure this is all set to go as soon as possible. And no mistakes this time.

LORETTA  
Wasn't our mistake last time!  
(under her breath)  
Jackass...

He hurries out of the room, ignoring her comment.

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

As Mr. Carver heads back to the elevator, he sees Jason, steadily growing more frustrated as he speaks with the DESK ATTENDANT (20s), just as frustrated as Jason.

MR. CARVER  
(shouted)  
Father Grebe!

The Attendant and Jason look over at him as he jogs to them.

MR. CARVER (CONT'D)  
Hey, he's cleared. He's with me.

DESK ATTENDANT  
But he's not on the--

MR. CARVER  
It's fine. Stupid system wouldn't accept his name since his not in the medical department. It says "Unspecified Assistant" correct?

DESK ATTENDANT  
Yes...

MR. CARVER  
Well, that's him.

DESK ATTENDANT  
(surrendering)  
The security office needs a record of him for the lockdown.

Mr. Carver waves her comment off dismissively.

MR. CARVER  
It'll be done. And now that everyone is here and accounted for, best you head out, right. So we can get this started and over with?

The Desk Attendant stands, grabbing her bag and her coat.

DESK ATTENDANT  
Have a good day, Fr. Grebe. Mr. Carver.

She strolls out the front door, a SECURITY GUARD (30s) closing it behind her.

MR. CARVER  
(to the guard)  
Call down to your office. Let 'em know to start the lockdown.

The Guard nods and speaks into a walkie-talkie on his vest as Mr. Carver steers Jason towards the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

JASON  
Hey, sorry I'm late. I got... caught up.

MR. CARVER  
Well, you know Emil. If you're  
late, he's even later.

JASON  
(snorts)  
He's not ready yet?

MR. CARVER  
We're about to find out.

INT. HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

The pair exit the elevator and speed walk into the deserted hallway. They stop at an office door with the sign, "Dr. Emil Lance M.D. PhD - Psychiatrist."

Jason takes a little step back, swallowing hard and fidgeting with his collar till it opens as Mr. Carver opens the door and storms in.

He ambles in after Carver, tightening his grip on his briefcase and clearing his throat.

INT. EMIL'S OFFICE - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Amidst the organized chaos of books and files strewn across the desk and several chairs, PETER LIVINGSTON (28), slight with almost childlike youthfulness, works at the computer.

DR. EMIL LANCE (42), tall and lean with his own air of organized chaos between his neatly trimmed beard but disheveled hair, watches the screen over Peter's shoulder.

He waves in the direction of the door not looking up, grinning almost playfully.

MR. CARVER  
Do you have any idea what time it  
is?

EMIL  
(still not looking up)  
Oh, come on, Henry. All great  
scientific discoveries have  
their... setbacks.

MR. CARVER  
The only setback here is you, now  
get a move on. You've still gotta  
do your whole, spiel thing.



Emil chuckles, pretending to bang his head against Peter's, patting the younger man's shoulders.

EMIL  
(eyes closed)  
He's trying to rush genius, Pete.  
Whatever shall we do?

Jason lets out a little snort and Peter laughs, shaking his head. He powers off the computer and gathers his things.

PETER  
Like I said, everything looks good  
to go, Dr. Lance. I'll head down to  
the room and start the program.

Emil finally looks up and freezes, his expression going from amused to shocked as he sees Jason standing behind Carver.

EMIL  
(stunned)  
Jason.

Peter stands, giving a quick glance between the two, then hurries for the door.

PETER  
Mr. Carver. Father Grebe.

With that Peter leaves and Emil circles his desk.

MR. CARVER  
Alright, let's get back to Bream  
and Robyn and we should be on  
schedule--

Emil barks out an excited laugh and hurries over to Jason, giving him a tight hug. Jason carefully returns the hug with his free arm, giving a tight smile.

EMIL  
What are you doing here? I thought  
you had no interest in my work  
anymore.

Jason clears his throat, straightening his clothing to avoid making eye contact.

JASON  
Mr. Bream asked me to attend. He  
was rather... insistent.

EMIL

Huh. Yeah, I can see him doing that. At least it was you and not some close-minded luddite like Sister Rita.

Emil tilts his head, raising an eyebrow, and Jason huffs out a laugh.

MR. CARVER

Gentlemen! If we could please--

EMIL

I set Robyn's operation for one-thirty on the dot, Mr. Carver. That gives me exactly fifty-three minutes to briefly explain the process to Bream and Miss Robyn and bring them down to the OR. Since my little spiel thing only takes about ten minutes to do, I'd say I've got time to spare.

Mr. Carver opens his mouth to speak but Emil cuts him off.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Tell Bream that I'm discussing the procedure with Father Grebe as his attendance was never brought to my attention. Better to be safe than sorry, right?

MR. CARVER

Just make it quick.

With that Mr. Carver leaves the pair alone, Emil shaking his head as he watches him go.

EMIL

That man was born with a stick up his ass.

JASON

Emil...

Emil waves off his own comment and wraps an arm around Jason's shoulders, guiding him over the couch.

EMIL

Mea culpa, mea culpa.

He pushes aside the files and papers cluttered there and takes a seat, patting for Jason to join him. Jason fidgets on his feet a bit.

JASON

We should really follow Carver's lead and get started sooner rather than later.

Emil leans his head back with exaggerated distress.

EMIL

Don't go turning into a paranoid old lady on me just yet, Jas. I can only handle one Sister Rita in my lifetime.

JASON

Stop it, she's sweet.

EMIL

I'm pretty sure she hates kids.

JASON

...I'm pretty sure she eats kids.

EMIL

There's the Jason I know and love. Now sit down, you're making my neck hurt.

Jason drops onto the couch with a defeated sigh, resting the briefcase on the floor next to him.

EMIL (CONT'D)

So... tell me why you're really here. And don't say Bream. Carver would never waste the time to clear you just make him feel safer or whatever people hope for when dragging a priest along.

JASON

He would if they paid enough.

EMIL

Jason... here I thought clerical work would keep you from prostitution.

JASON

Don't be an ass, E. I'm not the one being paid anyway. Plus...

He fiddles with the rosary around his wrist a little.

JASON (CONT'D)

I wanted to see how you were doing.

Emil stiffens a bit but forces out a tight smile. He repositions, his posture straight and defensive.

EMIL

Like I told Carver, just another setback. Nothing to be worried about.

JASON

Yeah but I know how much you cared and... I just wanted to make sure you weren't, you know spiraling.

EMIL

When have I ever--

JASON

Finish that sentence and I will hit you over the head with one of these text books.

Emil holds up his hands in defeat, his posture softening again. He gives Jason a once over, taking in the neatly hidden dishevelment.

EMIL

And what about you? Been real busy since the church promoted you to visiting status. That is a promotion right?

Jason runs a hand through his hair leaning away a bit.

JASON

Yes, it is and I've been... fine.

EMIL

Uh huh. Do you want me to point it out or will you just come clean?

JASON

I'm just tired, E. Been busy with this place and--

EMIL

Your collar's open.

JASON

What?

EMIL

And several of your buttons are off.

Jason looks down at himself, noticing all of this for the first time. He quickly gets to work fixing the buttons, glancing up at Emil, caught.

JASON  
(mumbled)  
Thanks.

EMIL  
After you witness my wonderful little invention today you should go home and get some sleep. Tell Carver and that old blowhard, Fr. Tunney to get someone else for the next few days.

JASON  
Emil, I can't--

EMIL  
Doctor's orders. I'll even write you note if you need it.

JASON  
Fine. But only if you agree to sit down and talk to me about your last case every single one of those days.

Emil claps his hands on his knees and pushes himself into standing, rubbing his hands on his pants. He grabs a nearby TABLET and walks toward the door.

EMIL  
(back to Jason)  
Yeah, yeah, whatever you ask, Father. Now, how about we go help Miss Robyn.

Jason looks at Emil for a moment then pushes himself up, the move seemingly strenuous for him. He grabs his suitcase and joins Emil at the door.

JASON  
Lead the way, Doctor.

Emil beams at him, clasping a hand at the back of Jason's neck and steering him out into the hall.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Emil strolls into Robyn's room, passing Mr. Carver from his position near the door. Mr. Bream rises from his spot and hurries forward.

EMIL

Mr. Bream! My apologies for the delay.

Robyn smiles, bright and wide at the sight of Jason entering.

ROBYN

Fr. Grebe!

Jason gives Robyn a little wave and strides to her side, switching spots with Mr. Bream. Emil shakes Mr. Bream's hand.

EMIL

I just wanted to go over everything with Fr. Grebe. While I'm always happy to have one of our religious staff in attendance, I'm not a fan of sudden variables added to my procedures. They can often be... well, unnecessary risks.

Mr. Bream's anger dies down.

MR. BREAM

Well... thank you for being so thorough and accommodating.

EMIL

(gesturing toward the bed)  
If you will.

Mr. Bream sits on the other side of Robyn's bed as Emil pulls a chair forward, taking a seat and holding the tablet up.

He turns it on to a presentation titled, "Electroconvulsive Lobotomy."

EMIL (CONT'D)

Now, as we've discussed before, this procedure should ostensibly eradicate any mental ailment Robyn may have.

Emil taps the screen and it switches to a diagram of the human brain. The frontal, left temporal, right temporal, parietal, and occipital lobes blink, high lighted.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Considering that no one has been able to definitively pin-point which condition Robyn has, the basic form of the procedure will work best.

He taps the screen again, showing another diagram of a deep brain stimulator being inserted into each lobe.

EMIL (CONT'D)

The deep brain stimulators will be activated as needed, essentially resetting specific sections of Robyn's brain.

Robyn lets out a whimper, brows furrowed, her hand squeezing Jason's tightly.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Robyn, it's not gonna hurt. Dr. Loretta is going to help you fall asleep and make sure you don't feel a thing.

Robyn nods, clearly not comforted.

He taps the tablet again and a diagram of a patient wearing an EEG cap and a doctor wearing an EEG headset pops up. A long cord connects the two.

EMIL (CONT'D)

We'll use an EEG cap to monitor and track Robyn's brainwaves throughout. And using my own EEG headset I will serve as a sort of brainwave donor.

Emil taps the screen one last time and a picture of two brainwaves shows up. One labeled "Patient" seems erratic while the other, labeled "Donor" is more stable.

The donor wave floats over the patient wave and the patient wave adjusts until it matches the donor. The donor then floats back down to its spot. Then the screen goes black.

JASON

And you know this'll work?

EMIL

It's worked in the past.

MR. CARVER

It's failed in the past two.

Emil shoots Carver a vicious glare.

EMIL

(tight)

Nothing is perfect, Mr. Carver.  
Doesn't mean we shouldn't try.  
Especially if it will greatly  
improve a little girl's life.

MR. BREAM

So no more talking to herself and  
those... unnerving drawings. No  
more Asa?

EMIL

When we're done, Asa will be  
nothing more than a distant memory.

ROBYN

No!

All eyes turn to Robyn.

EMIL

I know it's scary but I promise you  
that this is for the better.

ROBYN

But I don't want to get rid of Asa.  
He's my friend. He takes care of  
me.

Mr. Bream glances up at Jason who doesn't return the look and  
instead takes Robyn's hands.

JASON

Robyn. I know you like Asa and that  
you've had fun playing pretend with  
him. But he's the symptom of  
something very bad for you. Right,  
Dr. Lance?

EMIL

Absolutely. Believe me, you will  
feel so much better when all is  
said and done.

Robyn shakes her head, tearing up.

ROBYN

No! We don't want to! We don't want  
to!



She struggles to get out of bed, fighting against Jason and Mr. Bream as they try to calm her down.

Robyn lets out a SCREAM and thrashes about, throwing Jason off. Emil hurries over to help hold her down, reaching under the bed and pulling out RESTRAINTS.

EMIL

(to Carver)

Get David in here and call down to the OR! Tell them to be ready with the sedative.

Mr. Carver runs out of the room as the other three men try their best to stop the thrashing eleven-year-old.

On the side table next to them, Robyn's Music Box tips over, silent but with the angel figurine still spinning around.

INT. OPERATING ROOM #6 - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Emil, David, Jason, and Mr. Bream struggle to carry Robyn, now bound in restraints, into the operating room.

They attempt to get her on the table, but even bound she throws them to the ground. Anderson runs over to help hold her down.

EMIL

Loretta get me that sedative!  
Peter, start up the program!

Startled by the sudden activity, Peter scrambles out to the adjoining observation room and Loretta hurries over with a syringe and a vial.

Robyn arches away from them with a SCREECH, easily throwing off Mr. Bream and Anderson. Jason presses an arm against Robyn's throat in an attempt to wrangle her down.

Loretta tries to inject Robyn but the little girl's arms keep thrashing. Anderson grabs hold of Robyn's arm and holds it out for her, isolating it out stretched.

She injects Robyn but the little girl keeps thrashing.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Sedate her already!

LORETTA

I'm trying to! The etomidate isn't taking.

EMIL  
Then give her more!

LORETTA  
Anymore and it'll kill her!

EMIL  
(checking her pulse)  
According to her pulse she's  
already tachycardic. To a nearly  
lethal level. You'd be saving her.

Loretta swallows and hurries over to her cart, grabbing a new syringe and a vile labeled Ketamine. When she returns Emil glares at her as she fills the syringe.

LORETTA  
It worked on the Hannigan boy.

Emil gives a tight nod and Loretta injects Robyn. A tense silence fills the room as Robyn's thrashing dies down to calm breathing and limp limbs.

He looks up at the others, all staring at him and Robyn in mixed fear and concern.

EMIL  
Like I said, we don't know what she  
has.  
(stands)  
But we can't leave her to have to  
deal with it on her own.  
(to Mr. Carver)  
Escort Mr. Bream to the chapel. I  
believe he'll be most comfortable  
there.  
(to Jason)  
Head out to the observation room  
with Peter.  
(to Everyone)  
Let's get a move on, people. We  
have a bright young girl to help.

Mr. Bream leaves with Mr. Carver, glancing back at his daughter one last time. Jason pats Emil on the shoulder then heads to the adjoined room.

Anderson and Emil easily transfer Robyn on to the table and strap her down with the restraints.

Loretta shakes her head, lips twisted into a scowl, as she attached Robyn to a heart monitor, placing a nasal canula in the little girl's nose.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - OPERATING ROOM #6 - DAY

Jason, panting, walks over to Peter who spares him a quick glance and sympathetic, tight lipped smile before returning to his work.

On one screen in front of him several lines of brain wave patterns show up with the label "Mapping Donor - Dr. Lance" under it.

Jason looks through the large glass window at the center of the operating room where Anderson hands Emil a long, thin drill from a tray.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Making first incision into  
patient's frontal lobe.

OPERATING ROOM #6

Emil turns the drill on a skillfully bores into Robyn's head, quickly pulling it right back out. Anderson picks up one of the stimulators from the tray.

ANDERSON  
Inserting first deep brain  
stimulator into patient's frontal  
lobe.

He gently places the stimulator into the hole Emil just made, patting away some blood with a gauze.

EMIL  
Making incision into patient's left  
temporal lobe.

He drills into the side of Robyn's head, Loretta quickly dabbing away more blood as Anderson inserts another stimulator.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Jason winces and looks back at Peter's computer screens, one showing a list of the four deep brain stimulators: frontal, left temporal, right temporal, parietal, and occipital.

Next to the frontal and left temporal ones flash the word "Ready" in green. He watches as "Ready" appears next to the other two as well.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Placing on EEG Cap.

Directly next to Emil's brain wave patterns appears a new set labeled "Patient - Robyn Bream."

Compared to Emil's, Robyn's brain waves move erratically and seem to double, one set moving in slow, large arcs while the other moves in quick, tight arcs.

PETER  
 (into speaker)  
 EEG Cap registering steadily.

OPERATING ROOM #6

Emil looks up at a screen next to him and scowls at it as he picks up the remote, with five dials and five buttons, each labeled with one of the lobes.

The final button and dial simply reads "All".

LORETTA  
 (sighed)  
 Jesus.

EMIL  
 This can't be right. Peter, check  
 you're wires, make sure it's  
 properly connected.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Peter ducks under her desk and fiddles with the wires then crosses the room to check the connections to both Robyn's EEG cap and Emil's EEG headset.

PETER  
 The connections are fine, Dr.  
 Lance. That's the actual reading.

JASON  
 What the does this mean?

PETER  
 It means that Robyn has two brain  
 waves. One...  
 (points at the large arcs)  
 Is in deep sleep while the other...  
 (points at tight arcs)  
 Is experiencing high brain  
 activity. But that's impossible.  
 There must be something wrong with  
 the equipment.

He hurries back to his desk, Jason following him.

PETER (CONT'D)  
We'll have to stop the procedure  
and try again-

EMIL (O.S.)  
We will continue as scheduled, Mr.  
Livingston.

PETER  
But Dr. La-

EMIL (O.S.)  
Robyn is a special case. She's  
exhibited the signs of everything  
from full psychosis to psychopathy.  
We knew going in that this wouldn't  
be run of the mill.

Peter hesitantly nods and turns back to his monitors.

OPERATING ROOM #6

Emil takes a deep breath.

EMIL  
Starting with the occipital lobe,  
2.5 Volts at a pulse width of 60,  
130 hertz.

He presses the occipital button and Robyn's eyelids flutter,  
her eye balls rolled back behind them.

JASON (O.S.)  
This isn't hurting her, right?

EMIL  
In theory...

PETER (O.S.)  
Charge ineffective.

EMIL  
Increasing to 3.5 Volts at a pulse  
width of 60, 130 hertz.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Jason glances back at the computer screen. The tight arcs  
fluctuate then return to normal. Jason squints at the screen  
and leans in closer.

PETER  
Charge still ineffective.  
Suggesting higher frequency.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Alright, 3.5 Volts at a pulse width  
of 60, 160 hertz.

The tight arcs spasm and turn red, splitting in two and opening like a crude drawing of an eye. Jason jolts back but the tight arcs return to normal again.

PETER  
That second reading is still  
registering, Dr. Lance.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Heart rate and breathing?

LORETTA (O.S.)  
Stable.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Trying parameters for Trail Patient  
Number 3. All lobes 8.3 Volts at a  
pulse width of 100, 180 hertz.

LORETTA (O.S.)  
You're on the boarder of you're  
programmer warning.

#### OPERATING ROOM #6

Emil turns up the All dial and presses the button. Robyn seizes and an inhuman SCREECH echoes through the room.

#### OBSERVATION ROOM

Jason glances at the screen. The tight arcs move more slowly, now colored red.

JASON  
Emil, I think you should stop.

EMIL (O.S.)  
What are the readings, Peter?

PETER  
The deep sleep reading is steady  
but the doubling's still there,  
though it seems to be weaker now.

LORETTA (O.S.)  
Heart rate and breathing still  
stable.

OPERATING ROOM #6

A MOAN, not sounding at all like Robyn, bubble up from deep in her throat. The cross above the entrance of the operating room cants to the side, sliding down a bit.

JASON  
(sotto)  
What the...

EMIL (O.S.)  
Still want me to stop?

Jason remains silent, glancing back down to Robyn.

OPERATING ROOM #6

Emil smiles brightly.

EMIL  
If I knew bringing you to a  
procedure was all it would take to  
bring you to my side, I'd have done  
it sooner. Alright, let's finish  
this up. 10.5 Volts at a pulse  
width of 80, 180 hertz.

PETER (O.S.)  
(swallowing thickly)  
To clarify, you want the parameters  
for Trail Patient Number 14?

EMIL  
Yes.

The room falls silent.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
This is going to work. Trust me.

A beat.

PETER (O.S.)  
Recording next attempt at same  
parameters as Trial Patient Number  
14.

## OBSERVATION ROOM

Jason closes his eyes and mumbles a prayer as Emil turns the dial and presses the button.

## OPERATING ROOM #6

A CRACK resounds throughout the room as the cross slams into the floor and explodes. The lights flicker until they smoke and at the center of it all, Robyn thrashes and SCREAMS.

The screen next to Emil shatters.

## OBSERVATION ROOM

Peter's computer sparks, forcing the young man away from it and onto the floor.

He looks up at the readings to see the deep sleep one still steady but the tight arc now form the words "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" Peter crawls further away, bumping into Jason.

Jason takes hold of Peter as the screen glitches into a GROTESQUE FACE, bloody with all flesh missing from its lower jaw, long matted black hair, and red eyes with black pupils.

## OPERATING ROOM #6

Robyn's scream doubles as the electricity surges. She drops, limp, and the lights burst, raining glass onto everyone in the room.

## OBSERVATION ROOM

Jason squints his eyes open catching a final glimpse of the Face before the computer cuts out, dropping the room into complete darkness.

## OVER BLACK

A series of coughs and the sounds of glass crunching under feet reverberate in the dark stillness.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Everyone alright?



INT. OPERATING ROOM #6 - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

A cellphone flashlight illuminates part of the room quickly followed by others, showing the full extent of the damage.

Jason looks down at a shell-shocked Peter in his arms. He gently lifts Peter's chin up to look the younger man in the eye, patting his cheek.

JASON

Peter? You still with me?

PETER

I-It... There w-was a...

Jason takes off his jacket and drops it over Peter's shoulders, resting the man against the wall.

He stands and wades his way through the destruction to Emil, now sporting a bleeding burn on his head from the headset.

JASON

You okay?

EMIL

Yeah, yeah I'm fine.

He pushes past Jason and hurries to Robyn's side, checking for a pulse. He reels back in shock.

EMIL (CONT'D)

She's... fine.

Anderson hobbles over, his leg bleeding.

ANDERSON

Just checked the hall, seems like the surge tripped a breaker. The emergency generator should have kicked in but, I don't, shit's broken or something.

Emil scans the room, nodding.

EMIL

Okay... okay, I'll go down with Richmond and turn the generator back on. You stay here and track of her vitals. And keep her bleeding under control.

Emil walks to the door, patting Becca on the shoulder as he goes, urging her to follow.

JASON  
Shouldn't they patch up her  
incisions and get her out of here?

EMIL  
Not until we get the system up and  
running and check to see if that  
last shock worked.

Jason grabs Emil's arm and pulls him aside.

JASON  
(hushed whisper)  
You've gotta be out of your damn  
mind! You just lucked out on an  
impromptu exorcism and you want to  
stay?

EMIL  
It was mental chimerism, Jason, not  
some demonic bullshit. You wanna  
know something scary, losing your  
life's work because of one mistake,  
one stupid miscalculation. Now  
either you help me make this right  
or stay out of my way.

Emil wrenches his arm away from Jason.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
You know, I used to think you  
actually gave a damn about what  
happened to me. Second  
miscalculation.

He storms off before Jason can say another word. Jason looks  
back at Robyn and rubbing the back of his head walks over to  
her and Anderson.

JASON  
Peter's out of commission. How can  
I help?

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Becca hurries to follow after Emil.

BECCA  
That was a dirty thing to pull on  
him.

EMIL  
(shrugs)  
He should be used to it by now.

Emil catches sight of David headed their way with a flashlight and jogs up to him, leaning in close.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
I need you to put the hospital on lockdown for me. I don't think this was an accident.

David nods and steps back as Becca catches up.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
You have to keys to the electrical room, right? We're gonna try and get the power back up.

DAVID  
(handing over the key)  
Yes, of course. They need any help in there?

EMIL  
They should be fine. Though you may want to check on Mr. Carver and Mr. Bream on 3. Might be a bit rattled.

Emil winks out of sight of Becca and David smiles, directing his flashlight in the direction of the stairs.

DAVID  
Use the south stairwell, it'll get you there faster.

Emil holds up the keys in thanks and hurries off with Becca as David heads up the opposite staircase.

INT. CORRIDOR - SUBBASEMENT 0 - DAY

Emil guides Becca down the long, darkened corridor, their footsteps echoing loudly.

BECCA  
You shouldn't be too hard on Jason. They didn't give him much of a choice.

EMIL

What? Threatening to fire him?  
Please, he'd find a job in no time  
with his background.

BECCA

(somber)

So he didn't tell you.

He whips around to look Becca hard in the eye.

EMIL

Didn't tell me what?

She fidgets in her spot then pushes around him, holding her own phone light up against the darkness.

BECCA

Ask him yourself. It's not my place  
to tell. I just figured... he'd  
tell you of all people.

Emil hurries after her, about to speak but a WHIMPER cuts him off and the pair freeze. More WHIMPERS and SOBS resound, slightly muffled from their left.

They focus their lights on the wall next to them. It looks like a normal wall with a BREAKER BOX on it. Emil shines his light on the rest of the wall and then the ceiling.

The light catches on another BREAKER BOX further down the corridor next to a door labeled "POWER SUPPLY ROOM."

EMIL

This shouldn't be here...

Emil opens the breaker box to find a CARD READER DOOR KNOB.

BECCA

Emil, we should really--

He bangs on the wall, a metallic thud emanating rather than the sound of drywall. More whimpering and sobbing.

Emil twists the knob and pulls, the wall opening like a door. Becca shines her light inside and gasps. Emil stares, his expression a mix of shock and disbelief.

Inside stands a large children's ward, decorated nicely and filled with toys, with KIDS and two NURSES inside.

INT. SECRET WARD - SUBBASEMENT 0 - DAY

Emil carefully steps inside, looking all around and the well furnished ward. A small, grey CAT with an "emotional support animal" harness, runs out passed him.

A little boy, NATHAN (7) lunges for the cat with a yelp only for one of the nurses, VIVIAN (27), to hold him back.

NATHAN

(sobs)

BINX!

VIVIAN

Shhh. It's okay, Nathan, we'll get him back for you. You're okay.

NATHAN

No! No, now something bad is gonna happen!

Nathan grips his hair and drops to the floor, pulling his knees to his chest and whimpering, Vivian following him down.

EMIL

What the hell is going on here? And don't bullshit me.

The other nurse, KATE (38), gently pulls a blanket over a catatonic CHILD, rubbing their shoulder.

KATE

We're a private hospital specializing in experimental care for childhood mental illness. Take a wild guess, Dr. Lance.

EMIL

Katelyn? They said you left after--

KATE

They're putting me through my residency, Emil. I couldn't.

BECCA

You still haven't told us what this is. Whose children are these and why weren't they evacuated with the others?

KATE

Officially speaking, these children don't exist and neither does this ward.

KATE (CONT'D)

Those same deep pocketed parents that pay for your procedure are also willing to pay to just have the problem "put away."

Emil wanders further into the lavish ward, counting eight children in total. He stops at an empty bed with the name, "KURT HANNIGAN" above it. Emil freezes.

EMIL

The Hannigan boy was...

KATE

How do you think they were able to shut down that lawsuit after he died on your table? He'd been here for nearly three years when his parents found out about your procedure. Can't very well sue a hospital that you paid to secretly stow away your child and then paid more to use an experimental treatment on.

He scans the bed, eyes flitting quickly over the picture of the little boy sitting in a wheelchair with a protective helmet on. Emil swallows thickly and hurries back.

EMIL

(steadily getting angrier)  
These children should have been moved regardless. You're lucky none of them were on machines. A short like that would've killed them which would of course fall on my shoulders!

Emil stops at the door and sighs.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Becca, you stay here and keep an eye on things while I turn the generator back on. We'll figure out what the hell to do once the power's back on. And *don't* close the door.

Before anyone can speak again, Emil all but runs out, swinging open the door to the power supply room, and slamming it after him.

INT. OPERATING ROOM #6 - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Jason presses a hand pumped oxygen mask against Robyn's face as Loretta checks her pulse, the heart monitor BEEPING.

LORETTA

She's going into shock. We have to bandage these incisions and get her to her room. Anderson!

ANDERSON

On my way!

Anderson finishes taping gauze to a cut on Peter's cheek and hurries over to Loretta and Jason. He grabs SUTURES as Loretta holds her phone light over Robyn's head.

Anderson deftly sews up the incisions, taping gauze over each, then wrapping Robyn's head.

LORETTA

Alright, Jason, let me take over, you two, lift her onto the gurney.

Jason passes her the pump and gets a hold of Robyn's legs while Anderson gets her shoulders.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

On my three. One. Two. Three.

Anderson and Jason easily switch Robyn onto the gurney, Loretta consistently giving her oxygen.

ANDERSON

We should reconvene in Robyn's room. Jason, Peter seems most responsive to you. If you can get him to follow us, Loretta can contact Lance on the security intercom and catch him up, the office runs on a separate generator.

JASON

I could get Emil--

ANDERSON

Elevators are shot, I need you to help me carry her up.

JASON

Right, sorry, of course.

Jason hurries over to Peter, gently resting a hand on the young man's shoulder. Peter jerks away, staring at Jason with wide eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Peter, we need to go back to  
Robyn's room now, okay. Come on.

Peter grapples onto Jason's arms as Jason helps him into a standing position.

JASON (CONT'D)  
That's it, Pete, nice and easy.

Jason hobbles Peter over to the door where Loretta lights the way for him. She pats him on the shoulder as he heads after Anderson toward the stairs.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Loretta runs into the security office, lit up by its many CCTV screens.

As she looks around for the intercom to the power room, one of the screens shows David climbing the stairs only to freeze and then run back down.

On another screen showing the corridor where Emil and Becca were, David eases down, flashlight up. The screen GLITCHES and shows David bloody and dead on the floor.

Loretta shine the light over the intercom and presses the button for "Power Supply Room." The glitches again, showing David's body being pulled into the darkened corridor.

LORETTA  
(into intercom)  
Dr. Lance! Robyn's gone into shock.  
We've sutured her wounds and moved  
her to her room.

INTERCOM  
I'm sorry. The staff member you  
were contacting seems to be away.

The intercom hisses back static. Another glitch and the screen shows Emil racing out of the secret room and into the power room, followed by the cat, BINX.

LORETTA  
Come on! Stupid thing!  
(into intercom)  
Emil!



LORETTA (CONT'D)  
If you're hearing this, we're in  
Robyn's room. We can figure out  
what's going on there but we needed  
to take care of her first.

One more glitch and it shows David again climbing the stairs  
like before. Loretta looks over the screens to see David  
patrolling the third floor.

She presses the intercom for the "Third Floor Hallway."

LORETTA (CONT'D)  
David!

On the screen, David hurries back and presses the intercom.

DAVID  
Loretta? What's wrong?

Loretta breathes a sigh of relief and as she bends her head,  
the screen glitches revealing no one there only to quickly  
glitch back to David.

LORETTA  
Nothing... Everything. I'm just  
glad this stupid thing got you.  
Could you go down and find Dr.  
Lance. He went to turn the power  
back on and I need to let him know  
that we've moved Robyn back to her  
room, she went into shock.

DAVID  
Is she gonna be okay?

LORETTA  
She should be. I just need Emil to  
know we've moved her.

DAVID  
Poor thing. Yeah, I'll tell him.  
You should stay in the security  
room though. At least until the  
power turns back on.

LORETTA  
You're a life saver, David.

DAVID  
Just doing what I do, Miss.

Loretta leans back and watches David walk from one screen to  
the next, finally disappearing into the power supply room.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

The door to Robyn's room swings open as Jason and Anderson rush Robyn in, Peter lagging behind. Mr. Bream shoot up from his seat next to Robyn's bed, giving them room.

Mr. Carver hurries over from his spot near the window, cellphone in hand.

MR. CARVER  
What the hell happened?

MR. BREAM  
Is the procedure over? Did it work?

ANDERSON  
We're not sure. The power shorted out just as we were finishing up.

Anderson and Jason transfer Robyn to her bed. Anderson, checks her vitals with a STETHESCOPE as Mr. Bream pulls Jason aside.

MR. BREAM  
And was it... you know...

Jason gives Mr. Bream a hard look then shakes his head, forcing a tight smile.

JASON  
No, Mr. Bream. Like I told you, it was just run of the mill mental illness.

MR. BREAM  
(patting Jason's shoulder)  
Well, you can never be too sure of these things.

ROBYN (O.S.)  
(weakly)  
No... Asa...

Jason hurries to Robyn's side and kneels next to her bed, Mr. Bream only moving forward slightly. Robyn whimpers and tears roll down her cheeks.

JASON  
Robyn... Sweetie, what is it?

ROBYN  
(sobbing)  
He's hurt. You hurt him and now he's all alone.

Jason stares at Robyn, brows furrowed with concern and fear, as Anderson checks her temperature.

ANDERSON

She'd burning up. Mr. Carver, go grab some cold compresses from the supply closet.

Mr. Carver stumbles a bit but jogs out of the room as Jason takes a hold of Robyn's hand.

JASON

(quietly)

Robyn. I need you to tell me the truth now, okay. I need you to tell me what Asa's real name is.

Robyn shakes her head, groaning and whimpering.

JASON (CONT'D)

(more forcefully)

I know you came up with the name Asa, so what is his real name, Robyn.

ROBYN

He's my friend and you hurt him.

JASON

We didn't mean to hurt your friend, Robyn, but we -- I need to know his name.

ROBYN

(sobbing)

I can't...

JASON

Robyn... Is you're friend's name Asaeliel?

Robyn looks Jason in the eyes, expression heartbroken, and she nods, breaking down. Jason breathes heavily, glancing at the door where the pieces of broken cross lay.

He pats her hand and wipes a tear from her cheek.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's okay, Robyn. Thank you.

INT. POWER SUPPLY ROOM - SUBBASEMENT 0 - DAY

Emil works his way through the room, checking numerous switches, buttons, and valves.

He comes to a large breaker box labeled, "BACK SUPPLY RESTART." Emil quickly scans the box finding a large switch and a button, labeled "HOLD TILL GENERATOR REVS."

Emil flips the switch and presses the button. The generator groans and then hums, steadily getting louder and louder until it's hit a constant drone.

He breathes a sigh of relief as the lights in the room slowly flicker on. Behind him, Binx creeps forward, his shadow distinctly not that of a cat.

A sweet MEOW startles Emil and he flips around to see the small cat, sitting poised and focused a foot away from him. Emil glances at the cat's vest and sighs.

EMIL

Guess I can't leave you down here,  
can I.

Binx meows and walks over to Emil, rubbing himself against Emil's leg. Emil picks up the cat with ease, cradling it.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Let's get you back to you're owner.

The cat meows again, nuzzling against Emil as he walks back to the door.

INT. SECRET WARD - SUBBASEMENT 0 - DAY

Emil enters the secret ward to find Becca typing information into her phone, the rest of the kids huddled in the center of the room.

He finally sees Vivian still comforting Nathan, now leaning against the wall. Emil crosses the room and stoops down in front of the young boy.

Emil looks the kid over then up at Vivian.

EMIL

Autism?

VIVIAN

Schizophrenia and OCD. He's on meds  
for both but, well, the cat helps.

Emil holds Binx out to Nathan and smiles.

EMIL  
Well then, here you go, kid.

Nathan looks at the cat then at Emil, clearly confused.

NATHAN  
That's not Binx.

Emil and Vivian exchange a look.

EMIL  
(to Vivian)  
Is he still on his medication?

VIVIAN  
Of course.

NATHAN (O.S.)  
Oh, okay.

They look back down at Nathan as he stares at the cat, nodding and smiling.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
If you say so, then sure.

He reaches out his arms and Emil hands the cat over. Nathan gently strokes the cat as it nuzzles its tiny nose against his face.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
My name's Nathan. I'm seven.

Nathan stands and walks over to the other kids.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Hey guys, look at this.

The children all circle around the cat, petting it silently. They nod and then burst into giggles. Binx pads away, over to the one catatonic child and jumps up onto her stomach.

The child blinks, gasping a little, then sits up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Anna! He woke you up!

The child, ANNA, pets Binx then picks him up and joins the other kids. Emil and Vivian stand up and join Becca and Kate, watching the strange display.

Emil looks around the room, even more impressive now that it's lit up. Less of a hospital ward and more like a boarding school dorm.

But with no windows and one door, the lighting makes the room look like a well kept prison.

EMIL

We should get these kids upstairs.  
Mr. Carver has a lot to answer for.

Becca looks at Emil then nods and turns to the kids with a wide smile.

BECCA

(very sweetly)  
Alright everyone, let's get up.  
We're going to follow Dr. Lance  
upstairs.

The child get to their feet and form a neat set of double lines, Nathan and Anna at the front, Binx in Nathan's arms.

NATHAN

Are we going to see Robyn now?

Emil looks down at Nathan, expression tight with confusion.

EMIL

W-what did you say?

Nathan looks at the adults innocently, a little scared.

NATHAN

R-Robyn? She's upstairs in her  
room.

BECCA

Nathan, where did you hear that?

NATHAN

(hold up Binx)  
Binx said it. When he was in the  
hallway.

KATE

The intercom. He must have heard  
someone on the intercom, thought it  
was Binx.

Emil breathes a sigh. And pushes open the door wider.

EMIL

Might I suggest reevaluating the effectiveness of his schizophrenia medication when we get upstairs.

Vivian, Kate, and Becca walk out with most of the children following except for Nathan who stops next to Emil.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Come on. Follow the others.

NATHAN

But I want to walk with you.

Emil sighs, resting his hand on Nathan's head, ruffling his hair and guiding him out the door, side by side.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Emil storms into the room, Nathan holding his hand, the other children following behind him.

Mr. Carver steps back at the sight as Mr. Bream sneers in confusion at the sight.

Robyn focuses on Binx and smiles.

JASON

Emil. Who -- Where did these children come from?

Jason steps forward, looking the children over in confusion, reaching out to gently pet Binx. The small cat HISSES and lashes out at Jason's hand.

MR. BREAM

What the hell is going on here!

EMIL

I think that question is best aimed at Mr. Mr. Carver.

(to Mr. Carver)

Care to tell our esteemed donor why these undocumented children were still in my hospital during an evacuation order.

MR. CARVER

You have no right--

EMIL

No, you had no right jeopardizing my work for a little extra cash--

MR. CARVER

That extra cash keeps this place running when so called geniuses like you screw up!

EMIL

Well maybe I wouldn't screw up if you did as I said! You know damn well that any excess power usage can disrupt the procedure.

Mr. Bream looks between the kids and Mr. Carver.

MR. BREAM

This is the reason my daughter's operation was interrupted.

MR. CARVER

Now, Mr.--

EMIL

Yes, Mr. Bream. I assure you, had things been done as I asked, none of this would have happened.

Mr. Bream stalks over to Mr. Carver.

MR. BREAM

My daughter could have been killed because of your underhanded dealing.

MR. CARVER

Oh, come off it, Bream. You're just as responsible as the rest of us. Or did you forget that this procedure hasn't even been peer reviewed and approved yet.

MR. BREAM

(to Emil)

Where is your security office, I'm calling the authorities.

EMIL

(smirking)

First floor, near the entrance. I have a colleague there who'd be more than happy to help you.

Mr. Bream storms out of the room, wading through the small group of children.



MR. CARVER

Mr. Bream!

Emil bodily stopping Mr. Carver from following him.

EMIL

No, no, no. You aren't weaseling  
your way out of this this time.

MR. CARVER

Get your damn hands off of me!

Feeling the tension in the room, the children let out soft WHIMPERS and WHINES, some tearing up while others flat out start crying.

JASON

(to Becca)

Take these kids to the play area.

BECCA

But--

JASON

Now, Rebecca.

Kate and Vivian usher the other children out as Becca wrangles Nathan as he fights to get to Robyn.

BECCA

Nathan, come on, it's time to go  
with the others.

Jason grabs Binx by the scruff and pulls him from Nathan's arms, allowing Becca to maneuver Nathan out of the room.

He releasing the hissing and squirming Binx into the hall. Binx runs off after the rest of the kids.

Becca looks at Jason through the glass.

JASON

Do a head count every few minutes.  
I'll meet up with you in a moment.

She nods and all but carries the now sobbing Nathan towards the play area.

Jason treads back to Robyn as she cries into her hands.

ROBYN

(heartbroken)

Why... What did I ever do to you?

JASON  
I'm sorry, Robyn but this is for  
your own good.

ROBYN  
(angry)  
No it's not! You don't know  
anything!

Jason gives her a bitter smile.

JASON  
You're right. I don't.  
(to Emil)  
Dr. Lance! Didn't you say that once  
the power came back on, you'd have  
definitive proof that the procedure  
worked.

Emil and Mr. Carver turn to him.

JASON (CONT'D)  
With Mr. Bream calling the  
authorities, you may want to have  
that proof in hand.

MR. CARVER  
(disbelief)  
It worked? But that's... This was  
just like the Hannigan boy...

EMIL  
Like I said, I wasn't the one who  
made the mistake.

Mr. Carver scrutinizes Emil for a moment.

MR. CARVER  
You're bluffing. Show me.

Emil opens the door and hurries out behind Mr. Carver.

The room falls silent. Jason gives a quick glance to Peter,  
still mostly catatonic in his chair on the side of the room.

ROBYN  
What do you want?

Jason walks over to Robyn's side table, blocking her view of  
it as he pours a small bottle of HOLY WATER in her half full  
cup of water.

JASON  
(picking up the cup)  
For you to be safe. And happy.

ROBYN  
Then let me have Asa back!

Jason freezes in his spot and turns to look her in the eye.

JASON  
Robyn... whatever that thing has  
told you, it's lying. It wants to  
kill you.

ROBYN  
No he doesn't! He makes me feel  
better and, and he's always there  
for me and he teaches me cool  
things. Asa is the only real friend  
I have...

He kneels down next to her, whips a tear from her cheek

JASON  
(handing Robyn the cup)  
I'm sorry, Robyn.

She snuffles but takes the cup and drinks it all. Jason pats  
her on the shoulder as he stands up.

JASON (CONT'D)  
When this is all over, I'll prove  
to you that you are wrong about  
Asa.

Robyn circles the rim of the cup with her finger, not looking  
at Jason.

ROBYN  
No you won't.  
(looking at him)  
When this is over, you'll agree  
with him too.

Jason holds a hard stare at her for a moment then shakes his  
head. He nods to Peter as he walks to the door.

JASON  
Keep an eye on him. Your friend  
gave him quite a scare.

He leaves the room and Robyn looks over at Peter. She tilts  
her head at his vacant gaze then goes back to fiddling with  
the cup.

ROBYN

Don't be afraid, Mr. Peter. If Asa didn't like you, he'd have already of gotten rid of you. Like he does with the crosses. Unless he's playing... or angry. He's really patient when he's angry.

Robyn's music box CLINGS a few of the notes to the lullaby she sang earlier in the day next to her and she whips around to look at it, a smile forming on her face.

She glances out her window, humming to herself watching the sun as it begins to set.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - OPERATING ROOM #6 - AFTERNOON

Mitchell watches, arms crossed, as Emil boots up the computers in the observation room Jason had been in.

MR. CARVER

You aren't really going to throw me under the bus for those kids. You need this place.

EMIL

I need you to do what I say, when I say it.

The computer beeps and the EEG results fill the screen -- but they're the monstrous faces Peter and Jason saw rather than the positive results Emil saw.

EMIL (CONT'D)

What the--

Emil hurries into the main operating room and boots up the computers there as Mr. Carver stares at the computer in his room in a mix of confusion and fear.

MR. CARVER

This part of that power surge, too?

Emil stalks back into the room, breathing heavily.

EMIL

This wasn't... they were normal, perfectly normally. These were tampered with or--  
(angry)  
Jason...

He storms out of the room, Mr. Carver hurrying after him.

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Mr. Bream speed walks down the hall, fiddling with his phone trying to get a signal. He bumps into someone and stumble back a bit.

DAVID

Oh, Mr. Bream. Sorry about that,  
are you alright?

MR. BREAM

Yes, yes. I need to use you're  
phone to call the police.

David's brows furrow in concern and he grasps the taser on his belt.

DAVID

Is everyone alright? What happened?

MR. BREAM

No, no, nothing like that, just...  
I can handle this, I just need a  
working phone.

DAVID

Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Bream, but the  
security office doesn't have it's  
own phone. But most of the doctors  
and nurses are able to get service  
in the chapel.

Mr. Bream chuckles.

MR. BREAM

If that isn't a sign from God than  
I don't know what is.

David smiles and gestures for Mr. Bream to follow him.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Emil barrels into the office, startling Loretta.

EMIL

Mr. Bream, wait!

He scans the small room, finding only Loretta staring at him.

LORETTA

Mr. Bream isn't here.

EMIL

Probably got service near the chapel... It doesn't matter now. I know what all of this was.

LORETTA

Did the program overcharge the system? I knew that we should have used room eight--

EMIL

No, it wasn't me--us at all. It was Mr. Carver and his little secret daycare in the basement.

Emil glances at her and she glances away, guilty. He faces the CCTVs and scans them,

EMIL (CONT'D)

Which I'm assuming you already knew about...

LORETTA

Emil, I'm--

EMIL

But, it's not just all of your faults. Seems our dear defrocked Jason is trying to get his old job back.

LORETTA

What!?

EMIL

My results were all... distorted. Made to look like weird faces. He's been going on about this being a demon since this morning...

LORETTA

As... unbelievable as that sounds, Emil, you can't seriously believe Jason would do this.

EMIL

The only thing Jason hated more than the church was me.

LORETTA

You know that's not true.

Emil looks down at his hands then back at the screens.

EMIL

What other explanation is there...  
what in the...

Loretta follows his gaze to one of the screens where David guides Mr. Bream into the chapel. The screen glitches and the dark form shows up controlling David again.

LORETTA

What the hell was that!

Emil switches to another camera inside the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - 1ST FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Mr. Bream hurries to the other end of the room, checking his phone. He sucks his teeth, the phone showing no signal.

MR. BREAM

(turning to David)  
Looks like there's still no--

David looms over Mr. Bream, his body glitching between him looking like a living body and a dead puppet. Mr. Bream backs up, gaping in horror about.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Emil and Loretta jump as the screen turns to static. Loretta fiddles with the switches on the board frantically.

The screen pops back up showing David sitting in a pew while Mr. Bream kneels in front of the altar.

EMIL

I'm... gonna go find Jason. You  
keep an eye on these cameras, I  
think they're acting up.

Emil pats the still shaken Loretta.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Wiping sweat from his brow, Emil hurries back into Robyn's room pushing a MEDICAL CART. Mr. Carver hurries in after him, all but slamming the door shut, breathing heavy against it.

JASON

What's going on? What happened?

MR. CARVER

Nothing... It's nothing. Just a slight... snag.

(muttering)

Oh God. Oh God...

Emil remains quiet and focused, as he sets up the cart next to Robyn's bed, completely ignoring her sobbing.

JASON

Emil. Tell me what happened down there.

EMIL

You heard Mr. Carver. Nothing.

JASON

Clearly not--

EMIL

Could you get out of my way? I need to test her.

JASON

Test her? For what? You said this stupid procedure worked.

Emil manhandles him out of the way, strapping a ELECTRIC SHOCK PAD onto her arms, chest, and head. Jason storms over to Mr. Carver and makes him look at him.

JASON (CONT'D)

Would someone tell me what the hell is going on here!

MR. CARVER

David's dead.

Silence falls over the room save for Robyn's quieting cries and the ELECTRIC SHOCK MACHINE starting up.

JASON

But... Loretta said that he...

EMIL

Doesn't matter what Loretta said. David's dead and by the looks of it he's been dead since this morning.

(turns up the charge)

Must have gotten electrocuted when the power surged.



Jason crosses himself as Emil opens the desk drawer and pulls out Robyn's drawings. He holds up one of Asa dressed as Victorian aristocrat. His other hand hovers over the machine.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Robyn. Do you remember who this is?

ROBYN

(sniffles)

Yes...

EMIL

And who is that?

ROBYN

Asa.

EMIL

And who is Asa to you?

ROBYN

He's my friend.

EMIL

(frustrated sigh)

You mean you're imaginary friend, right? A friend you made up in your head.

ROBYN

No! Asa's real and you took him--

Robyn SCREECHES as Emil sets off the machine, shocking her. Jason moves to stop him but Mr. Carver grabs him.

JASON

What-- Let go of me! He's hurting her!

MR. CARVER

After what happened today, we need this win.

JASON

(struggling)

Why run the damn test if he's just going to *torture* her until he gets the results he wants!

EMIL

(to Jason)

Shut up!

(to Robyn)

Robyn. Asa isn't real, remember.

EMIL (CONT'D)

You made him up. I need you to tell me that.

ROBYN

But he is real! Fr. Jason saw him!

Emil's lips twist into a frown as he shoots Jason a glare.

EMIL

And who was forcing results.

He sets off another, quick charge. Robyn whimpers, hiccupping as she feebly tries to move away from Emil. Blood drops down from the bandages on her head.

ROBYN

I w-wanna go home...

EMIL

Then tell me Asa isn't real, Robyn.

ROBYN

Please... I just wanna go home...

INT. PLAYROOM - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Peter screams, holding his head and curling in on himself. Kate rushes over, cradling him.

KATE

Peter? Peter, tell me what's wrong.

He just screams again, throwing himself flat against the floor, contorting and clawing at the ground. Blood begins to drip from his mouth.

The lights in the room flicker.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

The lights flicker as another charge goes off. Jason elbows Mr. Carver in the throat, rushing over the Emil and prying him away from the machine.

JASON

For Christs sake, Emil!

EMIL

Get off me!  
(to Robyn)

EMIL (CONT'D)

Just say he's made up and you'll  
get to go home, Robyn, I swear. You  
know I do what I say I will.

ROBYN

He's not real.

JASON

Robyn, no--

INT. PLAYROOM - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Peter claws at his head and rolls onto his knees, coughing up  
more blood.

KATE

(to Becca)

Get me some towels and an  
anticonvulsive!

(to Anderson)

Get the kids to another room!

Becca hurries over to the supply cabinet as Anderson rounds  
up the other children.

ANDERSON

Don't look. Come on, everyone to  
the other side of the room.

NATHAN

But we wanna stay here and wait for  
Asa.

CHILD #2

Yeah! He'll be out in just a little  
bit and we wanna play with him.

Anderson stares down at the children in confused horror as  
Becca rushes back to Kate and Peter, pressing the towels to  
Peter's now bleeding eyes.

He stares up at them, terrified.

PETER

P-P-Please...

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Emil shoves Jason off while he's distracted and pulls out his  
phone, opening the recorder and holding it up to Robyn.

EMIL

Just say that again for me, Robyn.  
Remember what I told you.

Robyn holds a scared look and nods.

INT. PLAYROOM - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Peter seizes, his eyes rolling back into his head as Kate administers the anticonvulsive and Becca holds him still.

KATE

Peter! Peter, I need you to stay  
with me!

He gags, more blood bubbling up from deep in his throat.

ROBYN (O.S.)

A-Asa isn't real. I... I made him  
up.

Anderson jiggles the door knob but it won't budge. He steps back and kicks the glass. It SPLINTERS but quickly fuses back together. He stumbles back at the sight.

Behind him the kids start cheering as Kate and Becca SCREECH in terror. A loud CRACK resounds through the room as Peter's skull splits open.

Kate and Becca skitter back as a massive BLACK SCORPION crawls out of Peter's head.

The scorpion stings itself and its body swells and bulges like an obscene, pregnant stomach.

It's body cracks and a humanoid creature, ASELIEL, stands up in its remains, covered in blood as pieces of the shell slipping off like egg shells off a new born bird.

EMIL (O.S.)

Thank you, Robyn. We'll go find  
you're dad so you can get out of  
here.

Aseliel, tall and lanky with patches of flesh missing as if burnt off of various parts of his body staggers forward on legs that end with eagle-like feet, talons long and black.

He takes another step forward, his long blood soaked black hair trailing behind it, split by half moon shaped bones protruding at the front and back of his head.

Aseliel rolls his head revealing that the tips of the half moon bones are broken as if the two pieces had once formed a ring that broke and fuse into the front and back of his head.

Kate gags and crawls away more as Aseliel's hair falls away from his face revealing a fleshless lower jaw and jackal like rows of teeth.

His two foot tongue hangs through the open bottom, resting against his throat. It swipes up and licks his jowls from outside of his mouth, then drops again.

He shifts his red and black eyes to the children who giggle and wave at him. Aseliel waves a boney hand at them.

ROBYN (O.S.)

Thank you, Dr. Lance.

He a finger to his mouth and the music box begins playing a chilling Nordic ballad. The children sit down, yawning and rubbing their eyes, suddenly tired.

Nathan pouts at the demon with wide eyes.

NATHAN

But we'll play later, right?

Aseliel nods and the kids quickly fall asleep, the music box still playing in the background, it's colorful lights painting the walls in cycling pastel colors.

Turning back to Becca, his skeletal fingers claw through her cheek, grabbing hold of her upper jaw. Pained whining reverberates from her throat as tears stream from her eyes.

Kate continues to crawl away, slipping on blood as she turns to run toward Anderson.

Aseliel hops up, much like a bird and like he weighs nothing, and STOMPS on her leg, shattering the bones. Kate gasps in pain, barely able to scream.

Anderson, frozen in his spot, sinks to the floor starring in horror as Aseliel leaves one clawed foot holding Kate while he raises the other and hooks onto Becca's lower jaw.

He jerks his foot down, breaking her jaw and tearing it from her head in one fluid motion. Becca seizes in his hand as he raises her to his face, her tongue hanging much like his.

Aseliel tilts his head left and right, then surges forward, opening his mouth and clamping down on her tongue.

He pulls his fingers free of her skull and as she drops, her tongue shreds off. Leaning his head back like a hawk, Aseliel swallows down the mutilated organ.

Kate glances up at Anderson as Aseliel crouches down over her, toying with her hair. She feebly reaches out to him.

KATE

P-please... help me...

Anderson mouths "I'm sorry" as Aseliel jabs one of his taloned feet through her back, her ribs crushing with ease.

Her dead stare remains on Anderson as Aseliel pulls back his bloodied foot and proceeds to dig out her heart and lung.

He brings the lung to his mouth and takes a bite, his tongue forcing the piece down his throat then lapping up streams of blood dripping down its jowls, locking eyes with Anderson.

Anderson winces as Aseliel drops the lung and picks up the heart, taking a bite but not.

Aseliel stands to his full height and stalks over to Anderson, careful not to wake the children. He kneels in front of Anderson and unfurls his tongue.

The chunk of heart drops on into Aseliel's hand and he holds it up to Anderson. Anderson shakes his head, squeezing his eyes shut.

ANDERSON

O-Our Father, w-who art in Heaven--

Aseliel's tongue wraps around Anderson's throat and squeezing until Anderson's mouth lolls open for air.

ASELIEL

(raspy but angelic)

Hallowed be thy name.

He shoves the lump of organ down Anderson's throat.

ASELIEL (CONT'D)

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.

Aseliel shoves his hand down Anderson's throat, spreading his fingers and ripping it open from the inside out as he retrieves the piece of Kate's heart.

ASELIEL (CONT'D)

On Earth as it is in Heaven.

He withdraws his hand and Anderson's body, curling his tongue around it and swallowing.

Aseliel rubs his hands together, smearing the blood up his arms as he turns to the sleeping children. He walks over to Nathan and gently caresses the boy's cheek, smearing blood.

The music box stops and shuts suddenly and the children startle awake. They turn to face Aseliel, beaming at him as he stands up.

KIDS' POV

Aseliel (30s), tall and fit with the grace and beauty of a fairytale knight dressed in stunning medieval clothes, gives the children a little bow.

Around him, Anderson, Kate, Vivian, and Peter lie fast asleep on the floor.

No blood. No carnage. No monstrosity.

He helps Nathan stand up, gently patting the little boy on his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Nathan holds tightly to Aseliel's bloody hand as they walk to the door the rest of the kids following them, Aseliel's hair slithering behind them leaving a bloody trail in their wake.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

The beep of the intercom echoes through the room.

LORETTA (O.S.)  
(weak)  
E-Emil...

Emil pushes up from his spot next to Robyn, Jason taking his place and removing the electric shock pads, and walks out into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

He presses the button on the intercom.

EMIL  
What?

LORETTA  
(swallows)  
P-Peter... he...

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Loretta stares in horror at a screen showing Peter attacking and killing Becca, Kate, and Anderson instead of Asieliel.

LORETTA  
We need to get out of here. We need  
to get out of here right now.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Alright. We'll go up and grab the  
others--

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

LORETTA (O.S.)  
No! Just get Robyn and the others  
out! Please... I'll get the kids.  
Just get out.

Emil steps away from the intercom and turns to see Jason looking at him, brows drawn with worry.

INT. ROBYN'S ROOM - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Jason and Emil hurry back into Robyn's room, closing the door behind them. Mitchell's rises from his seat, his jacket and tie removed and his shirt covered in sweat.

MR. CARVER  
So? Did Loretta find a way out?

EMIL  
(flat)  
Loretta's dead.

Emil starts disconnecting Robyn from the IV's and machines.

JASON  
Is she safe to move like this?

EMIL  
Probably not, but we don't have  
much of a choice, do we. And you're  
sure the chapel will be able to  
protect her?



JASON

I've never heard of a demon being able to enter hollowed ground on it's own.

Emil hefts Robyn up, bridal style and heads to the door. Mr. Carver steps between them and the door, a crazed panicking expression on his face.

MR. CARVER

You're gonna tell me what the hell is going on or I swear--

JASON

We are locked in your hospital with a demon that feeds on the pain and isolation of children surrounded by abandoned children you locked away. So I'd be very careful swearing if I were you, Mr. Mr. Carver, okay.

Mr. Carver nods, subdued but terrified.

JASON (CONT'D)

You and Robyn are gonna hunker down in the chapel while Emil and I do our best to get that thing away from those kids.

MR. CARVER

You're gonna exorcise it?

EMIL

(scoffs)

Hardly. A simple power surge from my procedure got rid of it once, I'm sure it can do it again.

JASON

Emil. That was a fluke.

EMIL

No. It was proof that even you're demons can't escape cold, hard scientific fact.

Emil steps forward, Mr. Carver instinctively opening the door for him, following after with Jason trailing behind.

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

The trio hurry down the hallway towards the stairs, Mr. Carver turning toward the elevator.

JASON

Don't. It's much more powerful now.  
If it can control the cameras, it  
can plummet an elevator.

Mr. Carver follows them to the stairs, heading up.

INT. HALLWAY - CHAPEL/OFFICES FLOOR - NIGHT

Their footsteps echo through the empty hall when suddenly  
CHILDREN'S HUMMING resounds from the hall speakers.

ASELIEL (O.S.)

(through the speakers)

*Ramund tog til sin store kniv, Den  
han kaldte dymlingen dyre.*

Emil freezes in his spot and looks up at the speakers, his  
expression that of frozen fear. Jason looks over at him as  
his arms begin to shake.

JASON

Emil?

ASELIEL (O.S.)

*Skilte han kejseren ved hans liv,  
At hovedet fløj femten mile.*

ROBYN

I've never heard this one before.

She looks over Emil's face, her furrowed brow softening with  
recognition, and she weakly pat his arm.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

I was scared too when it first  
happened to me.

Emil whips his gaze down to her, his lips draw tight.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

It's always your favorite, from  
when you were really little and  
really happy. And he knows every  
word. And when you hear it, it  
makes you feel... safe. It means he  
likes you.

ASELIEL (O.S.)

(chuckling)

*Jeg mente den ej bed, sagde Ramund.  
Dog rinder blodet ned, sagde Ramund  
hin unge.*

JASON

This time it doesn't.

The song restarts with the children singing along, getting louder and louder, the sound of tiny stampeding footsteps and giggling emanating from the stairs.

JASON (CONT'D)

Quickly!

They rush into the chapel slamming the door shut as the secret children, lead by Nathan, crest the steps, they're smiles to wide and their eyes too unfocused.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The pattering of tiny fists on the wooden doors fill the tiny chapel space as Mr. Carver and Jason bar the door with a pew.

EMIL

No offense, but I don't think that'll be much help.

Emil gently rests Robyn down on the alter, as far from the door as she can be. His printed results fall from his jacket and onto her.

Robyn feebly tries to hand it back. Emil carefully takes it, giving her a slight smile.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He looks over her injuries, grimacing a bit.

ROBYN

He'll stop if you just help us get back together.

EMIL

Jason tells me that's a bad idea. And as much as I hate to admit it, I think he might be right.

Robyn sighs, glancing away, eyes focusing on the cross plastered to the wall behind her. Asiel's singing softly continues and she hums along.

ROBYN

What does it mean?

EMIL  
(following her gaze)  
Not my field of expertise but I  
think it's supposed to be hope.

ROBYN  
(turns to face Emil)  
I know what the cross means. What  
does the song mean? It's a lullaby  
right?

Emil pauses, a slightly hurt expression flashing across his  
face only to quickly get replaced by clinical focus.

EMIL  
It's a Danish folksong called  
Ramund about a man named Ramund the  
Young.

ROBYN  
You still didn't tell me what it  
means.

Emil fidgets, needlessly readjusting Robyn's bandages.

EMIL  
It's a very long song.

ROBYN  
Then just tell me the part Asa  
said. Please?

He holds her gaze then breaks away, watching Jason and Mr.  
Carver mark crosses on the door and walls with holy oil and  
holy water.

EMIL  
It roughly translates to... Ramund  
grabbed his big knife, the one he  
called Quick Dimling. He parted the  
emperor with his life, so that the  
head flew fifteen miles. I didn't  
mean it bad, said Ramund. And yet  
your blood is flowing out, said  
Ramund the Young.

Robyn tilts her head a bit, trying to catch his eyes.

ROBYN  
Was Ramund a good guy?

EMIL  
I like to think so.

She nods, eyes focused on nothing, lost in thought.

ROBYN

I think so too.

EMIL

Really?

ROBYN

Yeah. He sounds like Asa. He didn't hurt anyone to be mean or bad. It's just... kinda what he does, sometimes. And you can't get mad at a crow for being black. My aunt used to say that all the time... You can't get mad at a crow for being black and you can't get mad at the weeds for growing back.

Robyn smiles at Emil.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Can I have my friend back, now?

Emil patted her head while shaking his, no words left to say.

Robyn glanced up as Jason approached them. She started humming again, reverent and resigned, with pity in her eyes.

JASON

We'll have to go through the maintenance access door. I assume it'll follow us once it sees we're out.

EMIL

Good. We can lead it back to the security room, lock it in, and blow the fuse. There's enough tech in there to fry an elephant. You sure the kids won't get hurt.

JASON

(glancing at Robyn)

Her incisions didn't start bleeding until after I severed their connection. The kids should be fine.

Emil patted Jason's shoulder and headed to the access door at the side of the small room. Jason kneels down in front of Robyn, pushing some hair from her face.

ROBYN  
Please don't do this.

JASON  
It won't hurt it. Just send it  
away.

She weakly shakes her head.

ROBYN  
He'll hurt you. I don't want him to  
hurt you. Please, please don't go.  
If you go and Asa can't get back to  
me I'll be all alone again!

Jason rests a hand on her head, shushing her as she starts to  
hyperventilate and gasp with dry sobs.

JASON  
I'm coming back, Robyn. I promise.

ROBYN  
But no one keeps their promises!

JASON  
Not even you?

ROBYN  
What?

He pulls out a black ROSARY and presses it into Robyn's hand,  
wrapping her fingers around it.

JASON  
I want you to promise to return  
this when I get back, okay.

Robyn drops her desperate gaze and nods.

ROBYN  
(quietly)  
I promise...

Jason stands and walks over to Emil.

JASON  
(to Mr. Carver)  
Keep an eye on her. Her connection  
to it is severed but they were  
connected. She might notice if  
something is up.

EMIL

If we're not back in twenty minutes, bar this door, break the window, and do what ever you can to get someone's attention.

Mr. Carver nods pacing over to Robyn, tentatively sparing her a glance.

Jason and Emil creep out the access door and Mr. Carver quietly but quickly closes and locks it behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CHAPEL/OFFICES FLOOR - NIGHT

Emil and Jason emerge from the other side of the hall. The children and the singing falls silent and they clamor to face the pair, not moving to get any closer.

Nathan steps forward, tilts his head to the side and grins.

NATHAN

Can we play with Robyn now?

JASON

I'm sorry, Nathan, but it's time for you to go home.

Nathan's face contorts into anger and he opens his mouth, letting out an unnatural SCREECH, the other children following suit.

The lights flicker off and when they turn back on, the children are missing, only claw marks in their wake.

JASON (CONT'D)

What the hell...

EMIL

Shit, it must know! It's gonna try to destroy the security office!

Emil bolts to the other staircase and heads down, Jason close behind him.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Emil and Jason barrel into the security office and freeze upon seeing the secret children sitting calmly and very much back to normal on the floor.

They clap and sing the song Asa was singing in perfect Danish as if it were there native tongue.

Jason cautiously steps inside, counting the children. He kneels in front of one girl and blesses her with holy oil. She giggles at the sensation, then continues singing.

JASON  
(looking over at Emil)  
It's not possessing them.

Jason clips the last word, his eyes going wide as his mouth falls open and choked gasp escapes his throat.

The door behind Emil slams shut, the lock and knob twisting till they seal the room shut.

Emil stumble over to Jason, grasping at the other man's face as if trying to keep him conscious.

EMIL  
Jason! Come on, Jason! Stay with  
me!

Tears stream from Jason's eyes quickly turning to blood as Jason's neck and spine contort inhumanly, an agonized cry tumbling from his lips.

Jason body seizes and his eyes roll back, blood bubbling up from his throat and flowing down his front.

Emil tries to lie Jason down and keep him from choking, his hand covered in blood. He hisses in pain and pulls his hand away from the gore.

Looking down, he sees numerous BLACK SCORPIONS, spilling from Jason's mouth with his blood.

Meanwhile, around them, the children continue clapping and singing, each an earnest and willing participant to something they can't even see.

Blood spills over into Jason's eyes, staining them completely till only a small pin prick of his pupil remains. Jason's pain stricken face softens to a contented smile.

He sits up and the children cheer, Emil crawl backwards away from him.

JASON-ASELIEL  
It's a pleasure to finally meet  
you, Dr. Lance. Robyn's spoken so  
much about you.

EMIL  
G-Get the hell out of him!



JASON-ASELIEL

(pouting)

I thought you didn't believe in me.

Emil scrambles to grab the fallen bottle of holy oil but Jason-Asieliel grasps his ankle, pulling Emil forward.

A yelp escapes Emil as his head rebounds off the floor and he stares up in horror as Jason-Asieliel crouches over him.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)

This one is very fond of you, isn't he. I can see why. Such a lonely little thing you are...

Jason-Asieliel gently runs a bloody finger down Emil's cheek. Emil cringes and tries to crawl away and Jason-Asieliel tightens his grip on the man's ankle, giving it a quick jerk.

A POP and SHREAD follows the action and Emil cries out in pain, his ankle falling limp, the joint dislocated, the tendons severed.

EMIL

You...

He gasps for air against the sudden pain.

EMIL (CONT'D)

You only go after children.

Jason-Asieliel chuckles, tightly grabbing hold of Emil's chin with one hand and pulling him closer.

JASON-ASELIEL

Lonely children never really grow up.

He leans in and kisses Emil's jaw, then slowly licking up to the man's ear, leaving a trail of saliva and blood, finishing with a kiss to Emil's forehead.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)

They just grow bitter.

Shivering, Emil glances at the children, their blood splattered hands clapping along to an unheard song, their eyes suddenly milky white and blind with focused nothingness.

EMIL

Just let us go.

(Swallows)

Let them go.

JASON-ASELIEL

Return me to Robyn and you have my word, the priest and these darling little trinkets will live to see many days to come. You have my word.

EMIL

What makes your word worth anything?

Jason-Asieliel barks out a laugh as he gently picks up a bloodied scorpion.

JASON-ASELIEL

Demons are nothing but words. Words and names and promises.

He quickly swipes the tail across his neck, spitting Jason's throat open.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)

And threats. Do we have a deal, Doctor? Sweet little Jason only has so much blood to bleed.

Emil glances between the bleeding wound and Jason-Asieliel's eyes. He nods weakly, his breathing hard and unsteady, his posture defeated.

Around him the kids cheer blindly, their hands sticky and tacky from the quickly drying blood.

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Jason-Asieliel hurls Emil out of the security office the door locking behind them. Emil reaches for the handle but Jason-Asieliel restrains him.

JASON-ASELIEL

Leave them. They are perfectly safe.

Hesitantly, Emil steps away from the office and limps towards the stairs. Only a few steps in, he crumbles to the floor, his injured ankle unable to hold him up.

Jason-Asieliel kneels next to him, grasping Emil's ankle and squeezing again.

Emil screeches as a series of loud pops and cracks ring from his leg, the bones adjusting back into place.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)  
Best keep moving, Doctor.

Jason-Asieliel stands up and watches as Emil carefully rises. He grabs a hold of Emil's shoulder and forcefully steers him up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CHAPEL/OFFICES FLOOR - NIGHT

The pair come to a stop at the door to the chapel.

Jason-Asieliel clasps a hand over Emil's mouth, twisting and stretching his neck before settling again, looking exactly like normal Jason.

JASON-ASELIEL  
(whispered)  
Say a word and everything in this building dies.

Emil carefully nods and Jason-Asieliel releases him, dropping his hand to Emil's neck.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)  
(knocking on the door)  
Mr. Mr. Carver! It's Jason and Emil!

Shuffling sounds from the other side of the door.

MR. CARVER (O.S.)  
Is...  
(clear his throat)  
Is it really you?

JASON-ASELIEL  
Yes. Yes, it is. Please, we need to get Robyn and get out of here.

Jason-Asieliel squeezes Emil's neck, his nails elongating to prick Emil's neck till it bleeds.

EMIL  
(clears his throat)  
Like I said... first grade science. Let's get the hell out of here, Mr. Carver. It's over.

The scrapping of furniture being moved echoes in the empty hall, quickly replaced by the jiggling of the door knob.

Mr. Carver opens the door to the chapel, beaming in spite of his sweaty state. He steps aside to let the pair in.

Emil barely restrains a flinch as he watches Jason-Asieliel steps inside first, unaffected by walking on holy ground. Mr. Carver looks the two over mortified.

MR. CARVER

You two okay? Where'd all that blood come from!

EMIL

We fought off a demon. Last I heard lots of blood was to be expected.

MR. CARVER

It's not the kids, right? We're sunk if you killed those kids.

EMIL

The kids are just fine, Mr. Carver. Probably, safer than they've ever been.

Emil ambles into the room, a somber expression settling on his face.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Jason-Asieliel hurries over to Robyn, kneeling next to the alter. She turns to face him and gasps, horror spreading across her face.

Robyn gently reaches out to touch Jason-Asieliel's face.

ROBYN

(whispered)  
What did you do?

JASON-ASELIEL

It's all gonna be alright now, Robyn.

ROBYN

He never did anything to you!

JASON-ASELIEL

(enraged)  
He took you away from me!  
(sullen)  
He kept you away from me...

Jason-Asieliel leans his forehead against hers.

MR. CARVER (O.S.)  
Grebe, come on. We need to get out  
of this place.

JASON-ASELIEL  
But he knows better now.

He stands up and easily lifts Robyn into his arms, turning to face Emil and Mr. Carver. The trio carefully make their way back to the door.

MR. CARVER  
And she's all cured, right? Not  
crazy, not possessed?

EMIL  
No. She... Robyn's fine now.

Emil pulls the printed proof from his inner jacket pocket and Mr. Carver grabs it from Emil, looking it over.

MR. CARVER  
This is what we need to fix this  
mess of yours, Lance. Who knows how  
much someone would pay to have  
their child exorcised in a medical  
way. This is gonna set everything  
right. And think about it, Martla  
Children's Hospital, the first and  
only hospital to scientifically  
prove and discard of a demonic  
spirit. We could get Vatican  
support with that.

Jason-Asieliel's face hardens and Robyn tugs on his sleeve.

ROBYN  
(whispered)  
Asa. Please... Let's just go home.

He ignores Robyn and loudly clears his throat.

JASON-ASELIEL  
Careful, Mr. Mr. Carver. Over  
ambition is a sin.

MR. CARVER  
You'll get your cut too, Mr.  
McCar...

Mr. Carver turns to Jason-Asieliel and freezes in his spot, his eyes wide with terror.

In front of him, Jason-Aseliel's red and black eye have returned and his expression is cold and twisted.

He tilts his head to the side and Craver's neck does the same with a loud snap. Mr. Carver gasp and gargles as blood bubbles out of his throat.

Mr. Carver crumples to the floor in front of Aseliel who gently rest Robyn down to crouch before the fallen but still living man. Emil hurries over to Robyn turning her away.

Jason-Aseliel grins as he shoves his hand into Mr. Carver mouth, grabbing hold of his tongue and ripping it out.

Muffled screaming gurgles out of Mr. Carver as Jason-Aseliel swallows down the organ whole. He turns back to Emil and Robyn, lifts her up again and walks to the door.

Emil watches the life leave Mr. Carver eyes. He grabs the printed proof from Craver's body, pushes himself up, and follows Jason-Aseliel and Robyn out.

INT. OPERATING ROOM #6 - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Jason-Aseliel gently rests Robyn on the operating table, fitting the EEG cap and deep brain stimulators onto her head as Emil starts up the computers and the equipment.

He puts on his own EEG headset and turns to Jason-Aseliel.

EMIL

We need to knock her out or it's going to hurt her.

JASON-ASELIEL

It's going to hurt her either way.

Emil swallows thickly and breaks eye contact.

EMIL

Then what do you want me to do.

JASON-ASELIEL

Do you love this human?

He meets Jason-Aseliel's gaze again. Though Jason's expression is calm, almost blank, tears stream down his face almost of their own volition.

Emil opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. So, squeezing his eyes shut, he nods his head.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)

Good.

He opens his eyes again at the feeling of warm breath on his lips. Face to face with him stands Jason-Asieliel, tears still falling even as he smiles.

JASON-ASELIEL (CONT'D)

Than this shouldn't be entirely unpleasant for you.

With that, Jason-Asieliel surges forward and kisses Emil hard on the lips, squeezing the back of Emil's jaw to force his mouth open.

Emil gasps and his eyes roll back in his head, blood seeping from his nose, ears, and out the corner of his mouth.

Jason's body goes limp and collapses to the floor, unconscious, as Emil gags and seizes. Blood trickles from his eyes as the sclera and irises fill red.

With jerky movements, Emil turns on the procedure's program. On the screen, Robyn's EEG reads normal while Emil's resembles hers from the beginning.

He turns up the dials on the controls to as high as they can get and presses the button for all of the stimulators.

Robyn screams and cries, thrashing on the table as an inhuman sound escapes Emil. On each of them, the EEG nodes burn into their flesh.

The lights in the flicker again and through the flickering, Asieliel's gaunt form appears, lumbering over to Robyn and rest his head against hers just as the power surges and cuts.

Slowly, the lights come back on, revealing Robyn sitting straight up, EEG burns and all her other injuries completely healed. On the floor across from her, Emil sucks in air.

Emil turns to look at Jason, still unconscious next to him.

ROBYN

He's alive. Just sleeping.

EMIL

His throat. You got what you wanted, now fix him.

She hops off the table and walks up to Emil, gazing down at him. He keeps his eyes focused on Jason.

ROBYN  
It's just blood. Asa patched him up  
on the way out.

Emil reaches out and gently caresses Jason's wrist.

ROBYN (CONT'D)  
We should leave now.

He leans back to meet Robyn's gaze.

EMIL  
I'm staying.

ROBYN  
But... you'll get arrested.

EMIL  
No I won't.

Robyn holds a hard stare, a frown forming on her otherwise tranquil face.

ROBYN  
Jason wouldn't want you to do this.

EMIL  
My career is ruined. My research,  
my life's work, will be blacklisted  
by sunrise. And living with a  
wanted fugitive is hardly what  
Jason wanted out of life.

Emil looks back at Jason with a slight, mournful smile.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
He did want a kid though. And you  
need someone who... gets what's up  
with you.

Robyn eyes the piece of paper sticking out of his inner jacket pocket.

ROBYN  
We could send out your findings.

EMIL  
And let someone else take the  
credit for what I made? I'd rather  
die of irrelevance.

Robyn presses a kiss to Emil's forehead, a bloody kiss mark left in her wake.



ROBYN

Then thank you for your help, Dr.  
Lance.

She steps back and watches as Emil reaches for one of the fallen syringes and vials from the anesthesia tray. He fills the needle and injects the full dosage into his arm.

Emil pulls out his lighter and his proof, setting it on fire then tossing it onto the equipment. He turns his head away from Jason and Robyn, watching his work burn.

Robyn hurries over to Jason and jostles him awake. He coughs, partially from the memory of his injuries and partially due to the smoking filling the room.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Hurry, we have to go!

Jason looks around and sees Emil's limp body getting overtaken by the growing flames. He lunges for Emil but Robyn pushes back.

JASON

Emil!

ROBYN

It's too late! Please, we have to  
get the others and go!

Scrambling to his feet, Jason spares a final look at Emil, then pulls Robyn close and hurries out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Robyn and Jason run to the security office, swinging the door open and urging the secret children to follow them.

The kids, now scared, confused, and crying, hurry along with them to the main doors. Behind them, the fire spreads, devouring the entire operating room.

EXT. MARTLA CHILDREN'S MEDICAL HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAWN

Jason holds the door open for the children and runs after them as the flames fill the first floor. He ushers them to a safe distance and watches as the fire consumes the building.

Tears fall down his face, his brows furrowed with pain and sorrow. Robyn, also watching the fire, takes a hold of his hand, squeezing it slightly.

He looks down at her, wiping a tear away.

ROBYN

I'm sorry.

Jason kneels down and hugs Robyn which she returns.

JASON

It wasn't your fault.

Robyn stiffens, shifts in her spot.

ROBYN

We're sorry.

Jason leans back and lifts Robyn's chin to meet her gaze.

JASON

I-I know. I know you are.

He looks back at the burning hospital as the sunrise colors the sky orange.

EXT. MARTLA CHILDREN'S MEDICAL HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars fill the area. Where Martla Children's Medical Hospital once stood, only a charred steel frame and ashes remain.

A POLICE OFFICER questions Robyn leaning against Jason's side. In spite of the blankets wrapped around them, neither has a scar on them.

POLICE OFFICER

Thank you, Ms. Ealy, we're almost done here. And how do you know Fr. Grebe here?

ROBYN

My dad asked him to look after me while I was in the hospital.

POLICE OFFICER

(to Jason)

So, you were hired by the family?

JASON

Sort of. I'm a family friend.

EMTs escort the secret children into an ambulance across from them and Nathan runs over and gives Jason a quick hug.

NATHAN  
Bye, Binx!

The Police Officer pats Nathan's head.

POLICE OFFICER  
(to Jason)  
Binx?

NATHAN  
Yeah, he's a friend of Robyn.

The ambulance Nathan waves at Robyn then runs back to the other secret kids. Jason refocuses on the Police Officer.

JASON  
Kids and their nicknames.

The Police Officer shakes Jason's hand and heads back to the rest of his squad. Robyn looks up at Jason.

ROBYN  
Can we go home now?

JASON  
Of course.

He pulls her close to his side and the pair walk off. On the ground behind them, they share one shadow, Asaeliel's.

FADE TO BLACK.