

"ARCHANGEL"

Written by
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Production Draft

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

The following material is the collated documentation record of INCIDENT 189.

Viewing this record is considered a COGNITO-HAZARD. Exposure to this documentation may cause negative psychological effects.

All file records and the information therein are the property of The Harrington Institute.

You are viewing at your own risk.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

File Record. TEMBY, PATRICK J.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Commence playback.

A STATIC SMASH
TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN - ROOM 189 - NIGHT

The point of view of a HIGH DEFINITION CAMERA. A dimly lit motel room.

What follows is ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT.

PATRICK TEMBY (30's) sits on the motel bed. The CAMERA ZOOMS and FOCUSES on him -- as if controlled by software.

Temby raises his trembling hand -- it has SELF-INFLICTED SCRATCHES, ITS FINGERNAILS HAVE BEEN RIPPED OUT TO BLOODY CUTICLES.

Temby shows his palm to the camera. Temby gives a VOICE COMMAND to the camera.

He speaks through fatigue and pain -- like a hostage whose will has been broken.

TEMBY

Drone command. Focus on subject.
Me.

The camera POV settles on Temby. Holding it focus.

Temby tilts his head. He's listening to something we can't hear. He nods.

Temby speaks to the SILENCE in the room.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
Yes. It's recording. They can see me.

Temby listens. Nods again.

Speaks again to the silence.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
Okay. I will tell them.

Temby takes a breath. Then speaks -- cradling his shaking hands in his lap.

Temby cradles his broken hand in his lap.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
You were so wrong. You thought you could look. You thought you could understand. You tried to give it words. You tried to give it rules. And they laugh at you.

Temby takes a moment -- another long breath -- then continues --

 TEMBY (cont'd)
We shouldn't have looked. We weren't supposed to look.

Temby takes another difficult breath.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
I cried out for God...but God has turned his back on me.

Temby starts to cry. He pleads to something we can't see.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
Please. Please don't.

Temby's trembling hand starts to slowly move towards his face. He can't stop it. But he's terrified of it.

 TEMBY (cont'd)
Please....

As if his hand was controlled by something else -- Temby DIGS INTO HIS OWN EYE WITH HIS FINGERS -- AND SCREAMS IN TERROR AND PAIN --

And he starts PULLING --

STATIC SMASH
CUT TO:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

A black and white photograph of an ABANDONED MOTEL north of Los Angeles.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

LOCATION 1108.

The Sunset Seven Motel.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

JULY 23. 14:48. Patrick Temby entered LOCATION 1108. Under the assignment of the Institute.

CUT TO:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

Black and white. From a surveillance camera. We see Temby entering the lobby door of a motel.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

JULY 29. 06:38. Patrick Temby is discovered by the Los Angeles Police Department. He is alive and conscious, but unresponsive.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

JULY 31. 11:11. The Institute recovers Patrick Temby at Good Samaritan Hospital. He was medically discharged to Institute Center 17.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

AUGUST 19. 09:00. Former Field Associate CAMILLA GREY is brought in for debriefing.

STATIC SMASH
TO:

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A room lit by blue, calming LED LIGHT.

We view this from two STATIC CAMERAS in the room.

CAMILLA GREY (33) enters, dressed casually. She sits across from LILITH HARRIS (50's).

Before Camilla speaks, she looks directly into the lens of the camera aimed at her. It catches focus. She turns back to Lilith.

CAMILLA

You have the cams running?

LILITH

It's for your own protection. The Institute records everything now. Even a conversation where you're going to tell me no.

(on task)

You saw the relevant data on Temby?

CAMILLA

Reviewed it. Yeah.

LILITH

And?

CAMILLA

Temby always had some gremlins in his head. Looks like a psychological break. Stress related? I know the divorce hit him hard. He lost the kids.

LILITH

You were close to Field Associate Temby, correct?

CAMILLA

He brought me in. You know that.

Camilla looks at the camera again. Realizes...

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Riiiiight. You're asking so they can hear it.

(deposition formal)

Yes, Patrick Temby and I were close. Once. He was a good friend.

We lock-in on Camilla's camera angle. Watching her.

LILITH

What we know. Location 1108 had a series of incidents reported by local teens who would break in and try to spend the night.

CAMILLA

What kind of incidents?

LILITH

Basic stuff. Voices. Other sounds. One of them saw a shadow. Items went missing.

(beat)

We sent Temby in for documentation. You saw the result of that.

CAMILLA

You have good people working. Why you calling me?

LILITH

Temby has only spoken once since he's been in our custody. The one word he did say was your name.

Beat.

Camilla puts together why she's here. And now she wants to leave.

CAMILLA

I have a research job for USC now. A cubicle with my name on it. They bring in donuts on Fridays. I'm simple, now. I like being simple.

LILITH

Temby said your name.

CAMILLA

And you want me to talk to him.

LILITH

The Institute feels you might be able to elicit responses from Associate Temby. He may give you more information about what he experienced.

CAMILLA

And he might just be nuts.

LILITH

Then you could provide an adequate diagnosis. You have specialization.

CAMILLA

I'm a psych major that never finished her PhD. I'm not qualified to diagnose.

LILITH

Informed opinions have value.

CAMILLA

And you want me to come back.

Lilith is silent. Camilla looks into the camera.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

They want me to come back.

Camilla returns her attention to Lilith.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I'm done chasing unicorns. Five years I was here. You never found anything. I've gone back to being rational.

LILITH

Rationality is what we need here. You were one of the best of us. "Steady Cammy."

Beat.

CAMILLA

No.

LILITH

The Old Man is willing to incentivize.

Lilith slides over a piece of paper to Camilla. She reads it.

LILITH (cont'd)

That should eliminate your credit card debt. And a little more for Christmas. The Old Man always liked you.

Camilla looks at the camera.

CAMILLA

No.

She returns to Lilith.

LILITH

Why?

CAMILLA

Because I think you're all under a collective delusion. Billionaire wants to find out what happens when we die. Billionaire funds Institute. Money's spent. Billionaire finds nothing. Because there is nothing to find. I was caught up in the hope of it. Then I grew up. You're all still children scared of the dark, looking for the boogeyman.

(beat)

That's my informed opinion.

Lilith writes notes in the notebook in front of her.

LILITH

So your belief is that the Institute is wasting its resources?

CAMILLA

Jesus. You're taking notes?

Camilla turns to the camera.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Waste all the money and time you want. It's a free world.

Lilith puts down her pencil. Slides the notebook away from her.

Lilith moves from professional to personal. A new tactic.

LILITH

Patrick said your name. Just talk to him. Please. I'm asking. It's not coming from the Old Man. You were his friend. He asked for you.

Camilla thinks.

The camera ZOOMS in on her -- hunting her emotional shift -- finding it.

After a long moment the gears stop moving behind her eyes.

CAMILLA

I talk to him. That's all. Then I go back to being normal.

LILITH

We'll make the preparations.
(beat)
And I'll make sure we've got donuts.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. INSTITUTE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

We view the space from THREE STATIC CAMERAS positioned in the room -- editing between angles.

Camilla enters the room. Professionally dressed.

She's holding a NOTEBOOK in one hand.

In the other is a PAPER PLATE with something wrapped in a napkin.

She speaks to someone we can't see on the other side of the door.

CAMILLA

Alone, please.

A VOICE speaks from the hallway beyond the camera's view.

VOICE (O.S.)

No one is supposed to be in there alone with him.

CAMILLA

I'm responsible for my own safety and this is how I work.

VOICE (O.S.)
Associate Grey --

Camilla looks up at the high angle camera.

CAMILLA
Lilith? Give the word.

LILITH'S VOICE comes from unseen speakers. Like the voice of God from above.

LILITH
(from speakers)
Do what she says.

Camilla closes the door.

ON TEMBY

Sitting behind the one table in the room. His hands are bandaged. He has bandages over both eyes. SCARS on his face. Bruises.

Temby did a lot of damage to himself. It's not easy to look at him.

But Camilla does.

She sits across from him with a notebook and pen.

If Temby could see -- he would be staring into space. Despondent.

CAMILLA
Patty. It's Cammy. Just me. No one else.

Temby turns his head towards the sound of Camilla's voice. He smiles. His words come out weak and cracked.

TEMBY
Cammy. I didn't think you would come.

CAMILLA
You were almost right.

Camilla slides the paper plate over to Temby.

She leans a little towards Temby. Whispering gently.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
I made Lilith bring donuts.

Temby "blind reaches" his good hand in front of him. He finds the donut. Unwrapping it from the napkin with his good hand.

Temby takes a bite.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
You wanna tell me why you hurt yourself?

Temby stops chewing. Camilla gently presses on.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
You hurt yourself pretty bad in there. Just want to know why.

Temby swallows. Then speaks --

TEMBY
Do you remember what I told you? On your first day here?

CAMILLA
You told me fear was a choice.

Temby smiles.

TEMBY
I chose. When they sang to me. I chose.

CAMILLA
When who sang to you?

Even with Temby's eye-bandages, we can see FEAR growing on his awful face.

TEMBY
I can't speak what I want to say. But I can write it down. They can hear my words. They'll punish me again.

Camilla gives Temby a long look. His fear is real.

CAMILLA
"They." Who is "they" Patrick?

TEMBY
You have a pen? Paper? The Old Man wouldn't send you in here without them.

Temby sets his bandages hands on the table. Palm up.

A BLACK and WHITE photograph of Temby's body on a mortuary slab. The bandages have been removed from his SCARRED EYES. The WOUNDS on his neck are visible.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Temby, Patrick J.

Cause of death: Self-inflicted wounds to neck resulting in severe hemorrhaging and heart failure. 8/20/24. 20:28.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INSTITUTE DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

The camera angle focused on Camilla. Center framed in the cold, blue light.

She has blood on her clothes and hands. Adrenaline still running through her. Forcing her professionalism.

Lilith speaks from off camera.

LILITH
(off camera)
No one thinks you made him do that,
Cammy.

CAMILLA
Because I fuckin' didn't.

Camilla takes a breath. Centers herself.

LILITH
(off camera)
Did he say anything else to you
before he...acted?

CAMILLA
No. You can watch it. It's all on
tape.

(beat)
He was fragile. Being here.
Thinking the way the Old Man wants
everyone to think. It makes people
fragile.

LILITH
(off camera)
Did you see what he wrote on the pad?
Before he acted.

CAMILLA
I did.

LILITH
(off camera)
Does it have any specific meaning for
you?

CAMILLA
(certain)
No.
(beat)
Are we done here? I need to clean
myself up.

CUT TO BLACK:

FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

A flatly lit photograph of the blood-stained pages of a
notebook. Clearly written at the top of page -- in Temby's
scrawled handwriting -- is --

You don't want to understand

SUPER TITLE:

Evidence Record. Recovered from interrogation room 4C.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

AUDIO RECORDING. PHONE ACCESS.

HARRIS, LILITH. GREY, CAMILLA.

8/21/24 01:28.

CUT TO BLACK:

Wear hear two voices over the black.

LILITH (V.O.)
Cammy. It's one a.m.

CAMILLA (V.O.)
Like either one of us is sleeping.
(MORE)

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (beat)
 I know what you want. Ask it. You
 might get a yes.

Beat.

LILITH (V.O.)
 Let's move this to video conference.

CAMILLA (V.O.)
 They're not recording your calls
 anymore?

LILITH (V.O.)
 "Upstairs" prefers video
 documentation. Gimme five minutes
 and I'll get a link over.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO CONFERENCE - NIGHT

A ZOOM call. Lilith's waiting for Camilla. Drinking coffee.
 Camilla BLINKS into the video chat. Two TIRED FACES on
 opposite sides of the screen.

CAMILLA
 Who do you have on this?

LILITH
 I haven't confirmed there's anyone on
 this.

CAMILLA
 Don't bullshit me. You're on the
 Motel.

Lilith takes a moment to sip coffee.

LILITH
 We have a perimeter. Locals thinks
 it's about asbestos. No one's gone
 in yet.

CAMILLA
 I'll go. I'll do the walk and
 document.

LILITH
 You don't believe there's anything
 there.

CAMILLA
 You've got too many believers.
 That's the problem. You wanted me on
 this. Well, you got it.

LILITH
 Why?

CAMILLA
 Why what?

LILITH
 Why do you want to go?

Camilla thinks. Finds it.

CAMILLA
 Because Temby was wrong.
 (beat)
 I want to understand. Isn't that
 what you told me when I signed up?
 That The Institute just "wants to
 understand?"

Lilith nods. Satisfied.

LILITH
 Normal documentation procedures.
 Walk the halls. Take the photos.
 Nothing more.

CAMILLA
 There's nothing more we can do.

LILITH
 I'm assigning you an anchor. You're
 not going in there alone. He's an
 interesting man. You'll like him.
 Just not at first.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. INSTITUTE PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

VIEW FROM A HANDHELD CAMERA -- held by someone we can't see

In front of the lens --

Camilla, Lilith and JAMES GORMAN (30's).

Gorman's handsome and friendly like a high school
 quarterback.

NINA (30's), the FIELD TECHNICIAN is rigging them with DISCRETE TECH. On clinical task.

LILITH
Camilla. Gorman is new. But
capable. Be gentle.

CAMILLA
I'm always gentle.

LILITH
We're outfitting you both with body
cameras recording to high speed
cards. Microphones linked to them.
Nothing you need to manage.

Lilith nods to the Nina.

LILITH (cont'd)
The drone will follow you.

CAMILLA
Drone?

GORMAN
She hasn't seen the drone?
(to Camilla)
You're gonna LOVE the drone.

Nina switches on an efficiently designed DRONE CAMERA.

It floats -- settling into a viewing height angle of Camilla
and Gorman.

DRONE P.O.V.

We see Camilla and Gorman. A SMALL DIGITAL RECTANGLE
blinking around their faces. AUTO-TRACKING.

LILITH
Stand still for a moment.

CAMILLA
What's it doing?

LILITH
New gear. It's scanning your faces.
It's programmed to follow the sensor
we have built into your body cams.
(beat)
We call it the Third Eye.

CAMILLA
Jesus. Names for everything.

LILITH
The Old Man likes his branding.
(beat)
Move around the room please.

Camilla walks across the room. The DRONE ANGLE gently adjusts to keep her in frame.

LILITH (cont'd)
Gorman. Put distance between you
two.

Gorman walks to the opposite side of the room. The DRONE ANGLE gently moves backwards to keep them both in frame.

NINA
Third eye is good. It's locked onto
them.

LILITH
It's got a twelve hour battery. More
than enough for your walk through and
documentation.

Nina looks at Camilla -- says just for her --

NINA
Heard you left. You should have
stayed gone.

CAMILLA
Oh yeah? Why's that?

NINA
Because you don't deserve the faith
they have in you.

Before Camilla can respond, Nina walks away. Lilith takes over the room -- serious like concrete about to dry.

LILITH
Gorman. Camilla. Undivided
attention, please.

Gorman and Camilla move closer together. The DRONE ANGLE adjusts -- getting closer to them -- smooth in its movement.

Lilith addresses them both.

LILITH (cont'd)
This is documentation. Only that.
Key spaces in Location 1108 have been
outlined in your brief.
(MORE)

LILITH (cont'd)
Take the photos. Get the audio. Be efficient.

GORMAN
And what if we...see something?

CAMILLA
You won't.

Lilith ignores that.

LILITH
Any encounter should only be documented. No provocation. No interaction. Just get the record.

GORMAN
Copy.

LILITH
It's a tandem run. Stay together. At all times you need to be within the sight of the other. We will have a video record of all events and any deviation from protocol will be considered a violation.

CAMILLA
You gonna fire me? Because I don't work here, anymore.

LILITH
Just stay together. Please.

Camilla sees Lilith means it. She nods.

CAMILLA
Got it.

Lilith turns to the Technician.

LILITH
We're up nineteen hundred tomorrow.
(to Nina)
You can close the eye.

The DRONE ANGLE goes BLACK.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO CONFERENCE - NIGHT

Full screen of a ZOOM VIDEO CONFERENCE.

Camilla already on the screen.

Gorman signs on -- splitting the screen into two windows of equal size. One for each of them.

GORMAN
Camilla. What's up? I didn't know we had a conference scheduled.

CAMILLA
We don't. Just wanted a little bit of your time. Before tomorrow.

Gorman picks up his PHONE looks at it -- starts to type a text --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Can I get your undivided? Just for five minutes, please.

Gorman's a little ashamed. Puts down his phone. Now he's fully present.

GORMAN
My bad. What's up?

CAMILLA
I wanted to apologize.

GORMAN
For...what?

CAMILLA
I have issues with The Institute. It comes off in conversation, but I just met you and it's not fair for you to deal with it.

(beat)
Why are you looking at me like that?

GORMAN
Because that was a really thoughtful thing to say. It's fine. You were fine.

(making a show of it)
Very professional.

Camilla smiles. A little charmed.

GORMAN (cont'd)
But she can smile. Whoa. Look at that.

CAMILLA

I'm not a bitch. Mostly. It's just...people have a tendency to let this work run away with their common sense. They go in scientific and come out sleeping with the lights on.

GORMAN

I get it.

CAMILLA

Can I ask you something personal? We can trade questions if you want. But I go first.

GORMAN

Sure. Ask whatever.

CAMILLA

Lilith told me this is your first field work with them. They pulled you in from LAPD?

GORMAN

That's right. Robbery homicide. Only did a year of it.

CAMILLA

They don't just recruit cops. Usually they come to someone for a reason.

GORMAN

Show you mine? Sure. I'll play.

Gorman takes a beat to pull up the memory.

GORMAN (cont'd)

You ever hear about that house in Los Feliz? The one where the whole family was inside?

CAMILLA

I don't read the news much.

GORMAN

Well, I was first on scene with the *unis* -- uniformed officers. Neighbors complained about the smell. I knocked. No answer. Door was unlocked. I entered. One breath and I knew what I was gonna find. The whole family was dead. Mom, dad, Grandma and the two kids.

(MORE)

GORMAN (cont'd)

Lacerations. Looked like the dad did it to everyone. Then gave his neck a new smile.

CAMILLA

Jesus. That's awful. But that's still real world.

Gorman nods.

GORMAN

There were symbols carved on the walls. Cheap table turned into some kind of shrine. Never seen anything like that.

CAMILLA

Still real world, though. Psychosis will do that.

GORMAN

Yeah, it will. But after the wagon got the bodies, I stayed on site. Just me alone. We put together what must have happened, but I wanted to walk through. Catch a detail. Make sure the story was the story, you know?

(beat)

The room got cold. Middle of July. Ninety percent humidity in a house with no central air. And the room got cold. Felt like I was being watched. So I turned around. I saw...something. Imma say the word "shadow" because that's the closest word that describes it. But it was darker than that. I've never seen a black as dark as it was. And it said my name. Not like a voice you hear. Like a thought in my mind. Then it was gone.

CAMILLA

And you put that in your report.

GORMAN

Because I saw it. Whatever it was. No one pursued it. How could they? But I couldn't get that sound out of my mind. I'd dream about it. Every night. Lasted a long time. LAPD told me I needed trauma counseling.

(MORE)

GORMAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Don't worry. I don't sleep with the light on.

CAMILLA

And Lilith came to you?

GORMAN

She did. My official report got to the Old Man. I get paid twice as much here. Better benefits. And if there's an answer to what I saw, the Institute is the way to find it.

CAMILLA

You know, I can explain to you all the reasons your mind would create that. Especially after what you saw that day. But I won't.

GORMAN

Appreciate that. I get why you left. Why'd you start?

Camilla thinks. Chooses.

CAMILLA

They're recording this conference, Gorman. Ask me again when there's no camera.

Gorman smiles.

GORMAN

Fair enough.

CAMILLA

We're pulling an overnight tomorrow. Get some sleep.

GORMAN

Yeah.

CAMILLA

Gorman.

GORMAN

Yeah?

CAMILLA

Nothing. Never mind. See you tomorrow.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

8/22/04. 10:21 Operatives Camilla Grey and James Gorman crossed the perimeter and entered LOCATION 1108.

Publicly named: "The Sunset Seven Motel."

STATIC CUT TO:

EXT. THE SUNSET MOTEL - NIGHT

DRONE ANGLE on Camilla and Gorman. There is a PERIMETER setup -- SUV's -- PEOPLE in THIN PLASTIC 'CLEAN SUITS' covering their clothes -- RED TAPE on WOODEN STAKES making a boundary -- LED LIGHTS blasting white in cones.

THE SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL

Standing solemn. Its windows dark. A secluded road.

Gorman rifles through a BLACK DUFFEL BAG. Slings it over his shoulder.

GORMAN

Gear's in check.

Camilla nods.

Lilith approaches them.

The DRONE ANGLE moves closer, capturing all three of them.

LILITH

Day crew did the sweep. It's clear. Rigged stationary cameras. They're already recording.

(beat)

Owner of this place is a bit of a nutjob. Boutique motel. Converted spaces. You might get lost so stay together.

GORMAN

Copy.

CAMILLA

It's just a motel. You're gonna get tape of an empty motel.

Lilith turns to Camilla -- total professionalism -- proper procedure for the camera.

LILITH
Do you understand, Camilla?

Camilla glances into the camera lens -- turns back to Lilith.

CAMILLA
Sure. I understand.

LILITH
I won't be monitoring in real time, but I do have the ability to communicate with you via your closed circuit comms. If I talk to you, stop whatever you're doing and listen.

(beat)
Do you understand?

CAMILLA
Yeah.

GORMAN
Sir.

Lilith nods to a TECHNICIAN in a CLEAN SUIT. The Technician walks over with a PELICAN CASE. Lilith opens the case -- inside it are TWO 9MM PISTOLS and FOUR MAGAZINES.

LILITH
Sidearm if you want it.

CAMILLA
We won't need guns.

Gorman takes one of the pistols -- takes the magazines -- slapping in a load and tucking it behind his back.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Really?

GORMAN
Can't hurt.

LILITH
Your body cameras are active. The drone will follow you. Keep the cameras going at all times. Full record of documentation is what the Old Man wants. Do you understand?

CAMILLA
Yup.

GORMAN

Ma'am.

LILITH

The location still has power. Should be lit. Do you need anything else before you commence?

CAMILLA

No.

GORMAN

I'm good.

Lilith nods to another TECHNICIAN in a Clean Suit.

LILITH

They're doing the walk.

The Technician leads Camilla and Gorman to a makeshift threshold in the perimeter.

Camilla and Gorman cross the perimeter and take slow steps towards the motel. Gorman glances behind him.

All of the Technicians and Lilith are standing solemn. Watching them.

Gorman turns back to the motel, walking with Camilla.

CAMILLA

Got the DSLR?

GORMAN

In the bag.

CAMILLA

Get a picture of the motel. Put the whole thing in frame.

Gorman takes out his camera. SNAPS a photo. Another.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

They're gonna want that. Come on.

STATIC CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

NOTE: For all following scenes we CUT between the drone angle and the POV body cams.

Camilla and Gorman at the Sunset Motel entrance. Camilla opens the door. They enter.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Camilla and Gorman standing in the lobby of the motel. It's liminal. Calm like a library. Neat and tidy and humble. Dimly lit by cheap fixtures.

Gorman SNAPS a series of photos. SNAP-FLASH! SNAP-FLASH!

Camilla walks to the --

LOBBY DESK

And sees the details. A paperback novel left on the mantle. A carton of cigarettes. An ashtray with butts in them.

Taped to the mantle -- something that only the person that worked there would see -- is a CANDID PHOTO of DISARMINGLY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN and her APPARENT BOYFRIEND, a charming playful moment.

The Photo Woman's name is HELEN GILLEY (30's).

Camilla picks up the photo. Considers it --

HOLDS it up so her BODY CAM can get a clear image.

SMASH CUT:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

It's the candid photo that Camilla was holding -- this is clearly a SCANNED IMAGE of it -- something that has been archived.

Helen and her Boyfriend.

SMASH CUT:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gorman walking up to Camilla, seeing her look at the photo.

GORMAN

That important?

CAMILLA

It was to someone.

Camilla CAREFULLY tapes the photograph back to its place on the mantle -- like she didn't want to disturb or damage it. Gentle.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Her name was Helen Gilley. She worked here. Before the motel closed.

GORMAN
Looked like she left in a hurry. Didn't even take her book.

Camilla looks at Gorman. Long enough to make Gorman ask --

GORMAN (cont'd)
What?

CAMILLA
Did you read the background file?

Gorman's quiet. Caught.

GORMAN
Scanned it.

Camilla rolls her eyes.

CAMILLA
You didn't read it. She left in a hurry. Yes. And then did other things.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Helen Gilley was reported missing on the final operation day of "The Sunset Seven Motel."

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Helen Gilley was discovered inside of her vehicle seven days later.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Helen Gilley self-immolated inside of her vehicle.

SMASH CUT:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

The saturated color of a FLASH PHOTO. We see the CHARRED and FLAKING BODY of Helen Gilley sitting in the passenger seat of her car -- her burned face still frozen in an excruciating scream.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Post the events of INCIDENT 189, the photograph of Helen Gilley was recovered by the Institute.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

The photograph Camilla was holding of Helen -- but HELEN in the photograph is beginning to SCREAM, as her Boyfriend smiles next to her.

CUT TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Post the events of INCIDENT 189, the photograph of the Gilley Family was institute classified as ITEM 431.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

ITEM 431 experienced a SELF-ALTERATION EVENT.

SMASH CUT TO:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

The SAME PHOTO of Helen Gilley except now Helen is BURNING ALIVE and SCREAMING -- as her Boyfriend smiles for the camera.

SMASH CUT TO:

A FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

A DIGITAL ZOOM ENHANCEMENT of Helen's burning and screaming face.

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

ITEM 431 is now classified as a COGNITO-HAZARD.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Camilla standing with Gorman in the dimly lit space.

GORMAN

She burned herself alive in her car?

CAMILLA

It helps when you read the files,
Gorman. Gotta do the homework, man.

(moving past it)

We should start with the main
hallway. It's in the notes.

Camilla starts walking out of the room.

GORMAN

Wait a second, Camilla.

Camilla stops. Turns around.

GORMAN (cont'd)

Can we drag the bullshit into the
light, here?

CAMILLA

Uh, I don't know what that means.

GORMAN

Be honest with me.

Beat.

CAMILLA

I haven't lied to you.

Gorman sits in a chair. Camilla stands over him.

GORMAN

A woman worked here and then set
herself on fire. Temby stayed here
one night and ripped out his own
eyes. And you're telling me there's
nothing going on, that The Institute
is full of shit?

Camilla doesn't answer -- because she knows Gorman has more to say.

GORMAN (cont'd)

I get being a skeptic. I was a cop. I think everyone is lying until I get evidence. But shit like this just doesn't happen. There's cause. Effect. And it's not normal.

Camilla considers, then --

CAMILLA

You've got a thermos in your pack, right? Water?

GORMAN

You thirsty?

CAMILLA

Take out the thermos, please.

Gorman's game. He takes the thermos from his gear pack.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Pour a cup of water.

Gorman looks at Camilla -- "fine" -- he pours a cup of water.

Camilla takes the cup of water from Gorman's hands.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

You think this is a cup of water, right?

GORMAN

Because it is.

CAMILLA

No, it's not. It looks like water. It tastes like water. But it's not.

Camilla takes a moment -- Her mood dropping COLD. SERIOUS.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Before operatives go into a location, The Institute has three mystics of different faiths do a ritual of protection over filtered water. The ritual places spiritual energy within the liquid itself. The will of the mystics is infused into the water.

(MORE)

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 Drinking it will offer protection
 from evil, but it has risks.

GORMAN
 What kind of risks?

CAMILLA
 (matter of fact)
 Sometimes, the ritual goes wrong.
 These...mystics...what they
 practice...other things get into the
 water. Ingesting it can drive
 someone insane. Because of what it
 makes them feel. What it makes them
see. None of this is an exact
 science.

Camilla gives Gorman the cup of water.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 Now, drink it.

Gorman holds the water. But he doesn't drink it.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 Drink the fucking water, Gorman.

Gorman doesn't want to -- but Camilla is staring at him --
 he glances at the drone camera -- knowing he's being
 recorded.

Gorman slowly drinks the water. He's uneasy. Waiting for
 something to happen in the silence of the space.

GORMAN
 How do I know if it was safe?

CAMILLA
 You don't.
 (beat)
 But it is.
 (beat)
 Because I was bullshitting you. It's
 just water. Came from the coffee
 break room at The Institute. But you
 don't completely believe me, do you?
 How can you? Because I put the idea
in your mind. And now that I did,
 part of you -- no matter how small --
 is going to wonder what you just
 drank. You're gonna go back to the
 Institute and find that water cooler.
 You'll have a cup. Taste it.
 (MORE)

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Try to remember what the water you just drank tasted like. You're gonna need confirmation that I was lying. Human need. Nothing to be embarrassed about. But if you have a nightmare, hear a weird sound in your apartment, part of you is gonna wonder about that water.

GORMAN

(playful)

Yeah. Well, fuck you.

CAMILLA

Asshole move, but I'm trying to make a point. Power of Suggestion, Gorman. Ideas. They fester. Even if they're complete bullshit. This place was considered haunted while it was running. Helen Gilley worked here. Maybe she was depressed. Maybe she has a history of undiagnosed mental illness. She works in a place people think is haunted. She starts to see the world through all of that. It snowballs. Whatever was fragile in her breaks.

Camilla SNAPS her fingers.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Just like that. And the institute makes that worse. Lilith acting like every day is a funeral. All their fucking words and definitions. The Old Man has the money to look for things that aren't real, and it's a circle-jerk of spooky ideas working their way into our heads.

GORMAN

That's why you left?

CAMILLA

I left because I didn't want something fragile in me breaking too.

GORMAN

You were working with Lilith for four years. You never saw anything? Experienced anything?

Camilla takes a moment. Because she needs one.

CAMILLA

I've seen things. Things that didn't make sense. But here's the truth of it. Whether it's us, or kids on Tik Tok with phone cameras -- all anyone sees are things that never actually harm them. A sound. Maybe a shadow. Something moves on its own. It fucks with you, but it never causes harm.

(beat)

Even if it's real, it can't hurt us. We cause all the harm to ourselves.

Camilla turns from Gorman.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Take a couple more photos, and then we should go to the hallway.

Gorman takes out his camera. He SNAPS a photo -- SNAP-FLASH!

STATIC SMASH
CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla standing outside of the stalls. Gorman behind one of the closed stalls. The DRONE ANGLE on Camilla. Gorman speaks from behind the closed stall door.

GORMAN

I can't...with you standing there. You're close enough to hear me.

CAMILLA

Well, you should have gone before we came in here. Be glad the plumbing still works.

GORMAN

Camilla, just wait outside. We saw the bathroom. It's empty.

CAMILLA

We don't separate. That's the rule, Gorman.

GORMAN

Now, you care about the rules?

CAMILLA

I always care about the rules. And sticking together is a good rule. I'm the vet, rookie. And you're my responsibility.

(beat)

Now, go potty.

GORMAN

It's too quiet. Sing a song or something.

CAMILLA

I am not singing a song.

GORMAN

Run some water, then. I need noise.

CAMILLA

Your colon is very particular.

GORMAN

Just run some water, please. I have some MP3's with me. I'm putting in headphones.

CAMILLA

You do that.

Camilla walks to the sink. She runs each of the faucets -- the soft song of running water fills the space.

Camilla looks at her reflection. She sees the line of CLOSED BATHROOM STALLS behind her.

Something holds her gaze on the reflection in the mirror.

She hears a SOUND -- like a WHISPER -- there and gone.

Camilla takes a breath, looks at her reflection. She speaks quietly. Like making an agreement.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Okay. I'll play.

Camilla turns around. Looks into the dark.

She makes a HAND-SIGNAL -- the drone turns to see what she sees --

Nothing. Just shadows.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Does someone want to say hello?

Camilla hears a KNOCK.

She follows the sound -- the drone camera following her --

She sees into the WOMEN'S BATHROOM. Those stalls. Camilla speaks to the dark. Slowly. Like COAXING something nervous out of hiding.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Did you make that sound? It's okay.
Do it again.

In the darkest shadows, the LAST BATHROOM STALL DOOR OPENS -- a small gap -- then it closes again.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Okay. Okay.
(beat)
So you're watching us?

Slowly, the bathroom stall door opens and closes.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Do you want us here?

The bathroom stall door DOESN'T MOVE.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
You don't want us here?

The bathroom stall door DOESN'T MOVE.

Camilla thinks. A question rises in her -- one she doesn't want to ask.

She finds the calm to ask it --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Do you want me here?

The bathroom stall door opens and SLAMS closed.

Again.

Slamming closed again.

Impatient.

The BATHROOM LIGHTS FLICKER.

The bathroom stall door SLAMS.

POUNDING.

INSISTENT.

Like a JAW OPENING AND SLAMMING shut.

Camilla breathes deep --

And it all stops.

Silence.

A long moment of silence -- Camilla doesn't move --

SUDDENLY -- Gorman comes behind her -- STARTLING her -- a JUMP SCARE --

GORMAN

I saw the lights flicker. Heard a noise. You see something?

Camilla chooses not to tell him.

CAMILLA

No.

She's shaken off the moment. Back to her calm.

GORMAN

But the lights did flicker, right?

CAMILLA

Whatever it is, it's on tape. We can review it later.

Gorman knows Camilla is keeping something to herself -- but she's not letting him into her thoughts.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Wash your hands, Gorman.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla and Gorman standing in the hallway. Motel room doors like the hall -- a DEAD END DOOR at the end of the hallway.

Gorman aims his camera -- SNAP-FLASH!

CAMILLA

We should capture audio. Thirty seconds.

Gorman takes out his AUDIO RECORDER from the gear.

GORMAN
What we looking for?

CAMILLA
Sounds. Voices. Sometimes it hits
the tape.

GORMAN
I thought it was all in our heads.

CAMILLA
Usually is. But sometimes it hits
the tape.

GORMAN
You okay?

CAMILLA
Fine. Why?

GORMAN
Because you don't look okay.

CAMILLA
I'm fine. Thirty seconds. They
taught you the routine, yeah?

Gorman taps a button on the recorder. Gently sets it down.
He looks at Camilla.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Call it.

Gorman speaks with clear diction -- meant for the audio
recording.

GORMAN
This is James Gorman. On site.
Location 1108. The main hallway.
(checking his watch)
Eleven forty-two. I am with Camilla
Grey. We are the only ones present
on site. Voice ident for filtering.
(beat)
James Gorman. One. Two. Three.
Apple. Apple. This is my voice.

Gorman looks at Camilla. She knows the routine.

CAMILLA
Voice ident for filtering.
(MORE)

CAMILLA (cont'd)

(beat)

Camilla Grey. One. Two. Three.
Apple. Apple. This is my voice.

GORMAN

Commencing recording now.

Camilla and Gorman stand absolutely still in the hallway.

Camilla gives the drone a HAND-SIGNAL -- it floats down the hall -- through the dark -- thirty seconds of silence, then --

The drone returns to Camilla and Gorman --

GORMAN (cont'd)

End of recording.

(to Camilla)

Well, that was anti-climatic.

CAMILLA

Maybe the "voices of Hell" aren't in the mood, tonight.

The HALLWAY LIGHTS flicker.

The light at the END OF THE HALL goes out. Now, it's a DEAD END INTO DARKNESS.

GORMAN

Lemme guess. You think it's a power outage --

A STRONG KNOCK from behind the door at the dead end -- the door in darkness.

IN THE DARKNESS

The door at the end of the hall opens -- DIM LIGHT slipping through the room behind it.

A SILHOUETTE enters the doorway. Not masculine. Not feminine. Something seemingly entirely made of shadow.

Standing there. Staring at them.

Gorman can't move. He's staring back. Already shaken. Camilla still has her reason with her.

CAMILLA

Hello. We're conducting an investigation. You shouldn't be here.

The SHADOW-THING doesn't move. But it seems to WHEEZE its breathing, in long, wet, awful breaths.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
I'm gonna need you to identify yourself.

Gorman blurts out --

GORMAN
We have a weapon.

CAMILLA
Gorman. Chill.
(to the Shadow Man)
We need time here alone for our investigation. We don't want trouble. Just need you to identify yourself. I'm Camilla. That's Gorman.

The SHADOW-THING doesn't move.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
I need you to speak to me. Right now, my partner and I consider you a possible threat. We have been trained and equipped to respond to threats. I need you to identify yourself.

The SHADOW-THING moves its arms. ELEGANT, but INHUMAN. AN UNCANNY GRACE.

For a moment -- its LIMBS TREMBLE WITH UNNATURAL SPEED -- like the WINGS of a fly -- with the SOUND OF CRACKING BONE --

THE SHADOW-THING

Poses. One hand palm up...like CHRIST in a painting.

It's LEFT HAND pointed down, palm out.

It stops in its OCCULT POSE.

GORMAN
Christ in Heaven...

CAMILLA
Gorman. Quiet. It's theater. It can't hurt us. Just stand there and be quiet.

Camilla wills up her strength to speak to it.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Why are you here?

The SHADOW-THING TREMBLES again -- more CRUNCHING OF BONE.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Why are you here?

The SHADOW-THING slowly leans his head to one side -- like a family dog trying to understand a command.

Then it speaks -- an OLD VOICE -- neither male or female -- the sound crawling through the space like a WHEEZE.

SHADOW MAN
You...eyes...offend me...

Gorman fumbles his DIGITAL CAMERA forward -- tries to SNAP a photo -- the FALLS from his hand --

GORMAN
Ah, fuck!

Gorman GROANS -- standing ABSOLUTELY STILL -- his jaw CLENCHED SHUT -- he forces words out -- FIGHTING to get them out --

GORMAN (cont'd)
I can't...move...

Camilla turns to Gorman -- about to try and help him --

SHADOW MAN
The man...remains. Do not touch him.
(beat)
His eyes...offend me...Camilla.

CAMILLA
You know my name.

The Shadow-Thing WHEEZES out a laugh.

SHADOW MAN
*Your eyes were meant to look...
Camilla. You were...made...to look...*

Gorman's STRUGGLING TO BREATHE -- and he CAN'T MOVE --

CAMILLA
Please don't hurt my friend.

SHADOW MAN
Your friend.

The Shadow-Thing WHEEZES again -- almost like a LAUGH.

SHADOW MAN (cont'd)
*I am...your friend...Camilla. And
 he...was not meant...to see...*

SUDDENLY --

Gorman SCREAMS -- slapping his hands over his eyes --

GORMAN
 My eyes! They're burning! I'm on
 fire!

The Shadow-Thing LAUGHS again --

Gorman falls to his knees. SCREAMING. HE BELIEVES HE'S
 BURNING ALIVE -- WRITHING --

The SHADOW-THING STARTS to MOVE -- SLOWLY -- LIKE ITS
 DANCING TO GORMAN'S SCREAMS -- moving in elegant, uncanny
 ways --

Camilla runs to Gorman -- trying to help him -- pulling at
 him -- but Gorman's PANICKING --

CAMILLA
 They're not burning! You're okay!
 YOU'RE NOT BURNING! IT'S IN YOUR
 MIND! YOU'RE NOT BURNING! LISTEN TO
 ME!!

Another WHEEZE from the Shadow-Thing.

And in a moment --

Gorman's suffering ends. He's sweating. On the floor of
 the hallway. Dazed. Gasping for air.

Camilla looks to the doorway.

The SHADOW THING is gone.

The door is closed.

STATIC CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

The follow is an enhanced recording recovered after the
 events of INCIDENT 237.

The voices captured on the recording are confirmed to be neither Camilla Grey or James Gorman.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

The language of the voices has yet to be identified.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Commencing Audio Playback.

GORMAN (V.O.)
Commencing recording now.

It's the same recording we saw Gorman capture -- for a moment it's the same silence -- then --

VOICES.

VOICES like swirls of smoke and fire -- words blending into each other -- a language that sounds ANCIENT -- seething, angry words -- the chorus of the voices growing louder --

Louder.

LOUDER.

And then SILENCE.

GORMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
End of recording.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Camilla sitting across from Gorman. Dim light in the room. Only one lamp working. Gorman's wiping his face with a towel.

CAMILLA
We can leave. Right now. We can leave.

Gorman's still gathering himself.

GORMAN
Have you ever seen anything like that? Been through anything like that?

Camilla doesn't answer.

GORMAN (cont'd)
"Theater," you said. That thing
almost fuckin' drowned me. And I
don't know how. What is this,
Camilla?

Camilla doesn't answer.

GORMAN (cont'd)
Tell me what the fuck you're
thinking!

Camilla understands Gorman's anger. No answers for it --
none she's willing to give --

GORMAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
(beat)
It's just....I guess this is what
signed up to see, right?

CAMILLA
We can leave, Gorman. We don't have
to be here. Neither of us owes them
anything.

Gorman wants to -- but --

GORMAN
You wouldn't run. Would you? If I
wasn't here with you, you would
finish the documentation. Be honest.

CAMILLA
Yes, I would finish it.

GORMAN
You think you're stronger than me.
Don't lie.

Camilla takes a long beat.

CAMILLA
In some ways. Yes.

GORMAN
Why? After that shit -- what makes
you want to stay?

Camilla thinks. Like lowering a drawbridge, she answers
sincerely.

CAMILLA

I'm an orphan, Gorman. I don't know my parents. Can't remember them. I don't know them...but I know of them. I know he killed my mother and then killed himself. I know people found me because I was a malnourished infant screaming in a shitty apartment downtown.

Gorman's paying attention. He knows this isn't bullshit. There's real pain on Camilla's face.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

He left a letter. I had to fight the state to read it. But I finally did. It said something told him it's what he had to do. Something "made of light," he said. So he was fucking crazy, right? Fine. I come from crazy people. And I studied psychology to protect myself from that crazy. To prove I would never be what they were.

GORMAN

So why join The Institute?

A little anger rises in Camilla.

CAMILLA

Because I found them watching me. Some sloppy photographer in the Old Man's pocket. Following me. I confronted him. Then I did my own digging. Led me to The Institute. They had a file on my parents that they wouldn't let me see unless I joined them. The Old Man makes one hell of a sales pitch. So I joined. I wanted to believe it would lead me to some kind of answer. Maybe I wanted my father's letter to be something real. So I wasn't just a kid born to crazy people. So I didn't have to hate them.

GORMAN

What happened in there. To us. That was real.

Camilla considers.

CAMILLA

Maybe. But it doesn't matter. You think something like that sits you down and explains the secrets of the whole universe? No. The only thing that happens is your mind breaks trying to make it all make sense. And Lilith gets video of lights and shadows, and whispers. Coming here was a mistake.

(beat)

We can leave.

Gorman considers -- nearly all of him wants to get out of here as soon as he can -- but --

GORMAN

And what happens to this fuckin' place?

CAMILLA

I don't know.

GORMAN

Some kids sneak in here and they go through this? It just...waits for someone else to do this to? More Tembys? More Helens burning themselves alive?

CAMILLA

I don't know.

GORMAN

How many more spaces here do we have to document?

CAMILLA

Just Temby's room. Number Two-three seven.

Gorman nods. Finding his mettle.

SUDDENLY -- a GLASS flies across the room -- SHATTERING against the wall. Gorman jumps. Camilla doesn't move.

GORMAN

Fuck me.

CAMILLA

Don't give it energy. Fear is a choice, Gorman.

Another GLASS flies across the room -- SHATTERING against the wall.

A CHAIR slides across the floor. Gorman's boiling over -- calling on anger to fight his fear --

GORMAN
 FUCK YOU!!!! WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU
 ARE!! FUCK YOU!!!

A CHILD'S LAUGH -- echoed and twisted -- MOCKS him from somewhere deeper in the motel.

Gorman puts his head in his hands.

GORMAN (cont'd)
 Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ help me.

Now, Camilla's heart is breaking for him. She makes a choice --

CAMILLA
 I'm calling it. We're leaving. It's
 not on you. It's on me.

Gorman's still got his face in his hands. He can't hear her now.

STATIC CUT TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

The following documentation is of Camilla Grey, pre-contact.

At this time she had no knowledge of The Institute.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Camilla Gray was not aware of domestic surveillance protocols.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. CAMILLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A LOW-QUALITY, BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO IMAGE FROM A HIDDEN CAMERA. ONE STATIC ANGLE -- CONTINUOUS SHOT.

Camilla -- from YEARS AGO -- sleeps in her bed.

The lamp on her nightstand is on. There are papers disheveled next to her. She fell asleep while studying.

Camilla stirs.

Slowly wakes up.

She gathers her papers, placing them on the nightstand.

Camilla stands up -- and heads to her kitchen.

We watch her on the HIDDEN CAMERA and she drinks a glass of water at her sink.

Camilla walks back to her bed.

Settles in for a real night's sleep.

She reaches over to her nightstand lamp.

She turns it off -- the room goes DARK.

Camilla doesn't see --

A HUMANOID SHAPE MADE OF DEEP BLACK SHADOW -- facing the wall beside her bed.

Standing over her.

Camilla sleeps soundly.

The SHAPE does not move.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Camilla Grey has no knowledge of the previous recording. It is filed under the classification: ITEM 189-1.

Analysis of ITEM 189-1 is still ongoing.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The DRONE ANGLE on Camilla standing in the center of the room.

Gorman sits solem, behind her. Camilla is speaking to Lilith on her SPECIAL FREQUENCY COMMS. We've cut late into their conversation.

And Camilla is lying.

CAMILLA
 ...all the cameras are down. Audio
 devices too. We need to call it,
 Lilith.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Your comms are working.

CAMILLA
 Only thing that is. Tell them we're
 coming out. Or don't tell them. I
 don't give a shit. Told you this was
 a waste of time.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 What about Gorman? He on the same
 page with you?

CAMILLA
 Doesn't matter. I'm the lead. I
 make the call.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Temby's room. Did you get anything
 there?

CAMILLA
 Tech went down before we got there.

A long silence from Lilith.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 I'm not asking you, Lilith. I'm
 telling you. We're done.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 I'd like to speak to Gorman.

CAMILLA
 No.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 I'd like to speak to Gorman, please.

CAMILLA
 You can talk to him when we
 debrief --

Camilla looks across the room -- Gorman isn't there.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Gorman?

No answer.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Gorman?!

Camilla's looking across the room. No trace of him.

LILITH
(from comms)
The Old Man will be disappointed.

Camilla's barely paying attention to Lilith --

CAMILLA
He can fuck off.

Lilith's voice CHANGES -- DARKENS -- the SAME VOICE from the SHADOW-THING -- coming from the comms.

VOICE
(from comms)
So disappointed in you. Camilla.

Now, Camilla's staring at her COMMUNICATOR. That's NOT Lilith speaking to her --

-- but WHATEVER IS keeps talking.

VOICE (cont'd)
(from comms)
It took great effort to bring you here. They had to suffer. For you.

Camilla stares at her COMMS.

VOICE (cont'd)
(from comms)
The girl. And the fire. It was supposed to bring you closer.

SOUNDS FROM THE COMMS -- we hear HELEN GILLEY setting herself on fire -- SCREAMING in pain.

CAMILLA
Stop.

VOICE
 (from comms)
*She is still with us. Burning. We
 never let her stop burning.*

CAMILLA
 Please stop.

VOICE
 (from comms)
*Temby is still with us too. Would
 you like to hear him?*

CAMILLA
 No.

Temby's DESPERATE voice comes from the comms.

TEMBY
 (from comms)
...they...keep hurting me...Cammy...

Temby WHIMPERS from the comms.

TEMBY (cont'd)
 (from comms)
*...they give me eyes...and then...and
 then...they rip them out...but I can
 still see...Cammy...I can still
 see...*

CAMILLA
 PLEASE!! STOP!!

A WHEEZE from the comms.

VOICE
 (from comms)
We are not theatre.

GORMAN'S SCREAMS erupts from deeper in the building.

The COMMS in Camilla's hand SPARKS out -- she drops it.

CAMILLA
 Gorman! Gorman!

Camilla's barely holding herself together -- all she can do
 is SCREAM --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 GORMAN!!

STATIC CUT TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

After INCIDENT 189 audio was analyzed from the third eye drone.

It has been confirmed the audio is the voice of Helen Gilley.

BLACK SCREEN:

We hear the SOUNDS of Helen Gilley burning to death -- the SAME SOUNDS Camilla heard --

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Through further analysis another voice was discovered in the lower frequencies of the recording.

The following playback is of those isolated sounds.

Visual Transcript Provided.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER THE BLACK SCREEN

We hear WHISPERS -- swirling -- an inhuman voice --

TEXT ON SCREEN:

You are not worthy to know.

You should blind your eyes.

You should pierce your ears.

You have different work to do.

The Great Work for what is to come.

You are not worthy.

But you can be used.

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla enters the room.

CAMILLA

There you are.

AT A TABLE

Gorman sits in nearly total shadow. Absolutely still.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Gorman. We're leaving. Come with me
and we're leaving.

Gorman doesn't look at Camilla. He speaks -- pacing through
the words -- no emotion in them --

GORMAN

We have to finish the documentation.

Camilla takes a STEP towards Gorman -- he sets his hand on
the table in front of him -- and he's holding his PISTOL.

Camilla stops moving.

Gorman slowly TAPS the pistol on the table.

GORMAN (cont'd)

We have more work to do.

Camilla forces herself calm. Like talking to someone
holding a hostage.

Gorman keeps TAPPING the pistol.

CAMILLA

Gorman. Why don't you slide that
pistol over to me. We don't need it.

GORMAN

Pistol? Oh. Yeah.

CAMILLA

Just drop it on the floor and kick it
over. Then we'll leave. We'll walk
right through that door.

GORMAN

Hand in hand?

Gorman lets out a DARK CHUCKLE.

CAMILLA

However you want. Just slide that
pistol over. Gorman. Please.

Gorman tightens his grip on his pistol. His knuckles CRACK as he squeezes the metal.

GORMAN
Remember the voice I heard in that house. In the space where I found the bodies. Remember?

CAMILLA
I remember.

GORMAN
I know what it was now. They showed me.

Camilla doesn't want to ask, but she finds the strength --

CAMILLA
Who showed you?

GORMAN
You'll see.
(beat)
We're running out of time. All of it is. And all our files, and words and tapes won't change it.
(beat)
I see dragons made of fire. The branches break and the trees weep with blood. They will roar. And we will scream. We're fools, Camilla.

Gorman turns his head -- in the shadow -- and faces Camilla.

GORMAN (cont'd)
We see the darkness and all we do is give it names.

CAMILLA
We just have to leave. And it's over.

GORMAN
Leave and go where?

QUICKLY -- Gorman puts the pistol in his mouth and FIRES.

Camilla SCREAMS.

Gorman's body slumped in his chair.

Camilla pads towards him. Controlling her emotions. She slowly -- gently -- slides the pistol from his dead hand.

She makes a choice to tuck it behind her waist.

SUDDENLY --

Gorman's NOW-DEAD BODY starts to MOVE --

TREMBLING in the chair -- VIBRATING at unnatural speed --

IN THE SHADOWS

We barely see Gorman in the darkness -- he SCREAMS with the SOUND OF A THOUSAND LOCUSTS --

DEAFENING

As the SOUND OF LOCUSTS continues --

The DRONE CAMERA turns from Gorman -- to Camilla --

She's COVERING HER EARS -- and SHE SCREAMS --

But her voice is LOST in the SOUND OF LOCUSTS.

STATIC SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT
(MOMENTS LATER)

The DRONE ANGLE on Camilla -- seeing the wide room.

It's completely empty. No blood. No trace of Gorman at all.

Everything in place.

The DRONE ANGLE moves closer to Camilla -- watching her hold her fear steady inside her.

STATIC SMASH
CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Camilla in the bathroom. Splashing water on her face. Trying to keep her mind steady. She speaks to herself. To her REFLECTION.

Mantras to fight madness growing inside of her.

CAMILLA

The world still has rules. People
can't shoot themselves in head and
keep moving. Gorman is still here.
It's this place fucking with me.
It's this place...

Camilla's voice drifts because SOMETHING in her reflection
is holding her.

Her hand drifts up to her face.

Touches her cheek.

The flesh of her cheek RIPS like paper.

BLOOD cries down her chin.

Camilla's fingers pull at the flap of skin.

The peeling skin reveals something BLACK and GLISTENING
underneath -- something...INHUMAN.

AN ELECTRONIC RING

Breaks her thoughts. Camilla snaps her attention to the far
side of the bathroom sink.

HER COMMUNICATOR

Sits there. CHIMING. It shouldn't be there -- but it is.

CHIMING.

Camilla turns to her reflection. It's NORMAL. No wounds.
No blood.

Just her face on the surface of the glass staring back at
her.

The communicator CHIMES. The only sound in the bathroom.

Camilla picks it up. Answers -- but doesn't speak.

Lilith's voice -- the REAL Lilith -- comes through the small
speaker.

LILITH

(from comms)

Cammy. Tell me you're there.

CAMILLA

Lilith.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Christ in heaven. Okay. Okay.
 You're okay. You have to get out of
 there.

Camilla grounds herself. Returns to task. To BALANCE.

CAMILLA
 I have to find Gorman. He's in here
 somewhere. We got separated.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 I heard from Gorman five hours ago.
 What he said didn't make sense.

CAMILLA
Five hours? We haven't been in here
 five hours.

Beat.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Cammy, it's been three days. You've
 been at the location for three days.
 I couldn't get through to you. The
 Old Man didn't want anyone else to go
 in...you have to leave, Cammy. Now.

CAMILLA
 Three days. No. No. That's not
 possible.

Camilla looks into the drone camera.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 The drone is still charged.

Camilla checks her watch.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 We've been here less than two hours.

A long beat.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 I'm ending this --

CAMILLA
 I have to find Gorman.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Get out. That's a direct command.

CAMILLA
 He's here. I won't leave him here.
 (realizing)
 Temby's room. That's where he is.
 It has to be where --

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Goddamnit! Listen to me. Get out
 and we'll send a team in for him.
 But he's not...just get the fuck out
 of there.

Camilla lies --

CAMILLA
 I'm not afraid. I choose not to be.

LILITH
 (from comms)
 Cammy? Cammy, I can't hear you. Are
 you there? Cammy, you have to leave!
 Can you hear me?! Cammy --

CAMILLA
 I have to find Gorman.

Camilla shuts off the communicator.

Camilla exits the bathroom.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Relevant Data.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

During INCIDENT 189, the following communication was recorded between Field Director Lilith Harris and Field Associate James Gorman.

The audio has not been altered in any way.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Listener discretion is mandatory.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

We hear the communication between Gorman and Lilith.

LILITH (V.O.)

-- Gorman, Goddamnit what's happening in there?

Gorman WHEEZES -- his strained breath like wind --

GORMAN (V.O.)

They...hate you. They want to speak to you...through me.

LILITH (V.O.)

Gorman, what are you talking about --

GORMAN (V.O.)

SILENCE!

(beat)

You will listen or the one you call Camilla will die. Speak a single word and she will die. Your silence will tell them you understand.

A long beat of silence.

Gorman's voice -- twisted and strange -- eventually speaks.

GORMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Good. Good.

(beat)

This song is for you, Lilith. For the ones that have faith in their science. Their *knowledge*. You believe curiosity gives you the right. You do not fear the darkness. You seek it. We gave you the fear to protect you. To teach you where not to look.

(beat)

But you were deaf to our warnings.

(beat)

And now you have awakened the dark. You have set in motion the end of all things. They have seen you now. And they are coming.

(beat)

The world is not good. The world is pain. And terror. And suffering. We gave you the fear...and you wanted more.

(MORE)

GORMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

(beat)

We will help you. That is our charge. To help you. It must be hatred. It must be cruel and made of fury. That is the only thing the dark understands. You have forced the birth of the flaming sword and it must burn.

(beat)

Pray the help will be enough. Tell your masters they should be on their knees.

Silence.

LILITH (V.O.)

Gorman. Gorman? Where is Camilla?

Nothing comes back to Lilith.

LILITH (V.O.) (cont'd)

Gorman. GORMAN!

STATIC SMASH
CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla holds Gorman's pistol -- walking down the hallway. Carefully. As the LIGHTS flicker in the space.

Camilla arrives at ROOM 189. The closed door at the end of the hall.

Where the Shadow-Thing was standing.

One hand on the pistol, Camilla reaches her hand to --

THE DOORKNOB

And it opens before she touches it. Like an invitation.

Camilla enters --

STATIC SMASH
CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - ROOM 237 - NIGHT

Camilla steps forward into the room and sees --

GORMAN

Sitting in a chair in the dim light of the room. Pale. Sweaty. Very much alive.

And terrified.

CAMILLA

Gorman.

GORMAN

Hi Cammy.

CAMILLA

I'm getting us out of here.

Gorman smiles gently. As if he appreciates her resolve.

GORMAN

They want you to stay.

Gorman looks at Camilla. Certain.

GORMAN (cont'd)

You can be the flaming sword.

CAMILLA

Gorman. I don't know what the fuck you're talking about -- but I'm getting us out of here. None of this is real. It's this place fucking with us. We're gonna leave and then we're gonna make the Old Man burn it all down to ash.

Gorman turns his head -- as if he can hear something we can't -- something Camilla can't --

Gorman nods. His response to what he heard in the silence.

Gorman stands -- takes a step towards Camilla --

Camilla draws the pistol.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Stop. Please.

Gorman stops. Remains silent.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

You're not well. So we have to do this the hard way. You're gonna do what I say. Follow my lead.

Gorman cocks his head -- LISTENING to the silence again.
He turns his attention back to Camilla.

GORMAN

They brought you here to show you.

Gorman takes another step -- BANG! -- Camilla FIRES a warning shot. Gorman stops.

CAMILLA

Don't. I will blow out your fucking knee and drag you. This place won't win. I won't let it.

Gorman sneers. His anger fades.

A DEEP FATIGUE comes over him. With a twin-sadness.

GORMAN

You're right, Cammy. You are stronger than me. I want to fight them...but I can't. I understand Temby now. Why Helen burned herself. They don't stop. What they want fills you. It's scraping me inside.

Gorman's nose starts to bleed. He doesn't wipe it.

But he does cry.

GORMAN (cont'd)

I can't fight them, anymore. They want to use me and I can't fight them. I want it to end. It hurts, Cammy. I'm...sorry. I just want it to end.

Gorman tilts his head back -- like a man talking to God.

GORMAN (cont'd)

This time...let me burn.

Gorman looks at Camilla. His eyes lost. He speaks his next two words like they're last he gets before SOMETHING ELSE takes control of him.

GORMAN (cont'd)

Camilla...
(beat)

RUN.

Gorman BUCKLES to his knees -- SCREAMING --

OBJECTS in the room SHAKE VIOLENTLY --

The sound of BUZZING WINGS fills the room -- joined by a CHORUS OF VOICES speaking in a language we can't understand --

An ANCIENT, THROBBING CHANT -- growing louder -- as Gorman SCREAMS louder --

Gorman SNAPS his head to face Camilla -- BLOOD RUNS FROM HIS NOSE --

He OPENS his mouth -- his JAW CRACKING AT THE HINGES -- HIS MOUTH GAPING --

A BRIGHT YELLOW LIGHT shines from it -- GLOWING LIKE A STAR --

GORMAN'S SCREAM TURNS INTO A CHORUS OF SUFFERING VOICES -- the SAME LIGHT GLOWING FROM HIS EYES -- he stands -- the SOUND OF HIS BONES CRACKING UNDER HIS SKIN --

FROM THE ANGLE OF THE DRONE CAMERA

We're in its perspective as the THIRD EYE DRONE flies across the room -- the VIEW SHATTERING to static

STATIC CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla stumbles down the hallway, panting -- trying to hold herself together.

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL BAR - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla's sitting on the floor.

She's got Gorman's pistol in her hands.

The lights FLICKER in a pulse.

She's forcing her breath calm.

Keeping panic away.

We hear an AWFUL, HOLLOW SCREAM from deeper inside of the building.

CAMILLA
I won't let you take him. I won't...

Camilla takes a breath.

Stands.

We hear another HOLLOW SCREAM from deeper inside of the building.

Camilla walks to the exit of the bar --

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL - CELLAR STAIRCASE - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla fighting her fear to move forward.

Moving down the stairs.

Holding the gun.

Another AWFUL INHUMAN HOWL -- CLOSER --

Coming from the bottom of the stairs.

Camilla reaches the bottom of the stairs and turns into --

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL CELLAR - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla moving slowly forward.

Her BODY CAM light is the only light cutting the darkness.

CAMILLA
Gorman! You have to FIGHT!

She stands still.

Nothing from the darkness around her.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
I WON'T LEAVE YOU HERE!
(to herself)
I...I won't leave you here...

Nothing from the darkness around her.

Then -- Gorman's voice --

GORMAN (O.C.)
Camilla! PLEASE!

Camilla heads deeper into the cellar -- turning a corner
to --

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL CELLAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Panting as she moves.

The light from her body cam cutting into the dark.

She hears another AWFUL SCREAM -- WHAT SOUNDS LIKE TORTURE
coming from deeper in the cellar.

Then silence.

Camilla follows the source of the sound into --

INT. SUNSET SEVEN BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla enters the boiler room.

She sees -- in the light of her body cam --

A TRAIL OF HUMAN BLOOD

Camilla follows it.

Deeper into the boiler room.

And she sees WET SLICES OF HUMAN skin -- along the trail of
the blood --

Camilla keeps following the trail.

And she sees a BLOODY KNIFE.

A pool of BLOOD and SHAVED human skin.

Camilla picks up a FLAP OF HUMAN SKIN --

It looks like a CHUNK OF A CHIN and MOUTH -- recently cut.

CAMILLA
 What did you do?
 (beat)
 What did they make you do?

Camilla drops the flesh.

Follows the trail to the end of it.

And finds a HUMAN EYE sitting in a pool of blood.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 Oh, Gorman...no....

The SOUND OF LOCUSTS coming closer in the distance.

Another INHUMAN HOWL from deeper into the cellar.

She follows the sound.

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL CELLAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla enters.

Mostly blanketed in shadow.

Vacant and liminal.

A WOMAN'S VOICE from behind her.

WOMAN
 (from behind)
 Miss?

Camilla turns around.

Sitting at a table -- a TABLE that is somehow sitting in the center of the hallway --

A woman.

We've seen this woman before.

It's HELEN GILLEY. From the photograp.

Sitting gently in the darkness.

Staring at Camilla.

At US.

HELEN
Do you want to see what they made me
do?

(beat)
For you?

Camilla doesn't speak.

Helen doesn't care.

Helen speaks like she's talking to someone else.

HELEN (cont'd)
*"I left something in the car. I'll
be right back, honey. I just have to
get something from the car."*

Helen raises one of her hands in front of her.

The METAL STRIKE of a CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

In the FIRELIGHT we can barely see Helen's face.

And what we see...is WRONG.

Too pale.

Skin too dry.

Helen smiles.

Then SHE SETS HERSELF ON FIRE.

She doesn't scream.

She just burns.

And stares at Camilla.

At US.

Camilla whispers.

CAMILLA
I'm sorry...I'm so sorry....

Camilla turns away from Burning Helen.

And she exits the room into --

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL CELLAR -- WIDE ROOM - NIGHT

NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY CAM.

Camilla's body cam angle swings light onto GORMAN --

But the body cam light SNAPS off.

For a GLIMPSE we saw Gorman's AWFUL FACE --

But now he's standing in darkness.

Dim light behind him.

Camilla turns from him.

Not running.

Just not facing Gorman -- or whatever THING Gorman has become.

The VOICE that comes from Gorman isn't human.

Neither male or female.

But ancient.

With AUTHORITY.

And CERTAINTY.

GORMAN/THING

(from behind)

Camilla. You're not a coward. Don't run.

(beat)

For so long, we've watched you run.

CAMILLA

What do you want from me?

No answer.

Only the LOW HUM OF LOCUSTS.

Camilla speaks in anger --

CAMILLA (cont'd)

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!!!

GORMAN/THING
 (from behind)
*You were born to see. So turn around
 and see.*

CAMILLA
 No...I can't...I don't want to...

The VOICE WHEEZES again.

GORMAN/THING
 (from behind)
*You want more suffering. More
 screams to bring you closer? We can
 do more. Much more.*

CAMILLA
 No. Don't hurt anyone else. Please.

GORMAN/THING
 (from behind)
Turn. Around.

Slowly Camilla turns around.

What WAS Gorman stands in shadow.

Hunching in the dark.

WHEEZING.

As if Gorman's body can't maintain what is inside it.

GORMAN/THING (cont'd)
*We gave you the dark. But you had to
 look. You could not embrace your
 fear. You searched. And now the
 shadows will come.*

Camilla grabs her head -- GRUNTS --

She's in pain.

The BODY CAM GLITCHES -- like INTERFERENCE attacking the
 image.

GORMAN/THING (cont'd)
*See how the world will burn. The
 gates will open. And none of your
 science can save you.*

Camilla FALLS to her knees.

The BODY CAM GLITCHES -- VIOLENTLY -- the image CORRUPTING.

Finding focus.

Then CORRUPTING again.

GORMAN/THING (cont'd)
See how your world will end.

Camilla sits on the floor.

The BODY CAM looking up at the GORMAN-THING in shadow.

GORMAN/THING (cont'd)
You are favored. We can give you the strength. You were born to stop it all.

(beat)
We told your father with our light.

The SOUND OF LOCUSTS rises.

In ANTICIPATION.

GORMAN/THING (cont'd)
You can save them all.

Camilla pants.

Then a single world slips from her.

CAMILLA
 ...how?

GORMAN/THING
You must choose. To understand.
 (beat)
Do you choose?

CAMILLA
The things you've shown me. They don't have to happen?

GORMAN/THING
You are the flaming sword. They will scream. And you will rise. Your fury and rage will rise. You will burn the shadows. And return the fear to mankind.

(beat)
Men will see your glory. And they will hide their eyes.

(beat)
And no longer will they look into the dark.

Camilla takes a long moment.

The LOCUST SOUNDS like a joyous chorus.

The GORMAN-THING wheezing as Gorman's body lumbers.

THE GORMAN-THING

Walks into the light -- we can see Gorman's face --

He's RIPPED OUT ONE OF HIS EYES AND SHAVED OFF THE FLESH
BELOW HIS MOUTH.

But he -- IT -- stands proud -- waiting to hear Camilla
SPEAK what she speaks --

Finally, she does --

CAMILLA

I am the flaming sword.

(beat)

And I choose.

OBJECTS TREMBLE in the room like INVISIBLE POWER COURSING
THROUGH THE AIR.

The GORMAN-THING opens its mouth.

THE LIGHT RADIATES FROM ITS MOUTH.

The glow FILLING THE ROOM LIKE A BIRTHING STAR.

Camilla SCREAMS in PAIN.

UNTIL THE LIGHT FILLS EVERYTHING.

SMASH FROM
WHITE:

INT. SUNSET SEVEN MOTEL CELLAR -- WIDE ROOM - NIGHT

**NOTE: We experience this in FIRST PERSON from Camilla's BODY
CAM.**

A LOW ANGLE view.

Camilla must be leaning against the wall.

Camilla pants and wheezes.

Like a thing learning to breathe.

PEOPLE IN CLEAN SUITS

Enter the room, holding weapons.

They stand over Camilla.

We can't see her.

But they can.

And the sight of her slows them.

One of them takes off his PROTECTIVE MASK.

It's Lilith.

With tears in her eyes.

LILITH
Camilla. My God.

Lilith clenches her jaw. She returns to task. Someone needs to tell the room what to do.

LILITH (cont'd)
Get the harness. Put the transport precautions in place. Now.

Lilith takes a step towards Camilla.

Camilla only wheezes and pants.

Lilith looks down into the camera angle.

A DEEP SADNESS in her. Sadness wrapped in guilt.

LILITH (cont'd)
I'll call the Old Man myself.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Post the events of INCIDENT 189 the body of James Gorman was recovered on site.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of Gorman -- with his awful wounds -- on a slab in a morgue.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

James Gorman's cause of death is officially listed as cardiac arrest.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

A cremation protocol was issued posthumously in James Gorman's name. The Gorman family received ashes for memorial procedure.

James Gorman's actual remains are the property of The Harrington Institute -- under the new classification ITEM 189-2.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN PHOTO:

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of The Sunset Seven Motel.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

The Sunset Seven Motel is currently receiving renovations under new management.

New management is unaware of the events of INCIDENT 189.

No further anomalous events have been reported at the former Sunset Seven Motel -- known in file as LOCATION 1108.

The Harrington Institute has classified LOCATION 1108 as: SAFE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A DRONE CAMERA ANGLE --

ON LILITH

Standing in the DARK BLUE light of the room. She is speaking with someone we cannot see.

But we can hear the SOFT WHEEZING BREATHS in the room.

LILITH

Are they keeping you comfortable? I told them to keep you comfortable.

Camilla's voice -- MOSTLY Camilla's voice speaks from off camera.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

I am waiting.

Lilith speaks like she's talking to Camilla. But she knows she isn't. Not anymore.

LILITH

Waiting for what?

CAMILLA (O.S.)

For the time that is coming. When you all will call for me. When your science and your words fall before the dark. When there are nothing but screams in the air.

LILITH

More reports are coming in... events...are happening. More than before.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Oh yes. And more. And many more. You shouldn't have looked. Fear is a choice. And you should have chosen...fear.

LILITH

The Old man wants to move you. There is...concern...about being able to contain you here, Cammy.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

I am the flaming sword. You cannot contain me. But I am waiting.

LILITH

This is the last time I'll be able to talk to you. I just came -- to tell you that I'm sorry.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

You are a fragile thing, Lilith. Even when you stand you are on your knees.

LILITH

Good-bye, Cammy.

Lilith starts to leave the room, then -- she hears in Camilla's VOICE.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

I'm still in here. I'm not gone.

Lilith stares. Processing. The OTHER voice comes back from Camilla.

CAMILLA
Good-bye, Lilith.

Lilith nods. Accepting that. She exits.

THE DRONE CAMERA ANGLE

Slowly turns on its axis, looking for a subject.

It finds --

CAMILLA

FLOATING ABOVE THE FLOOR -- nearly covered in shadow --
little more than a silhouette in the shadowed corner of the
room.

Her hand reaches out from the shadow -- into the blue
light --

It's NOT HUMAN. Long and sinewed like a CLAW.

The claw SPREADS its fingers --

THE DRONE CAMERA is PULLED INTO IT --

The SOUNDS of TECHNOLOGY CRACKING under pressure.

The IMAGE goes to STATIC.

Then BLACK.

CUT TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Former Field Associate Camilla Grey is officially listed as
deceased.

What remains of Camilla Grey is now classified as "The
Flaming Sword."

THE FLAMING SWORD is property of The Harrington Institute.

The current containment location of THE FLAMING SWORD is
classified.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Knowledge of its existence is considered a COGNITO-HAZARD.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

There is no further information on file.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END.

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