

The Demon Files

A Serial in Seven Episodes

Episode One: THE POSSESSION

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Final Draft

EXT. MOUNTAINS-NIGHT

The stars twinkle brightly in the clear, cold sky which blankets the remote snow covered mountains.

TITLE CARD: NORTHERN SOVIET UNION - NINE YEARS EARLIER

Under the night sky, KYLE and DIMITRI, covered in fur and wearing their worn sable hats, stand around a large campfire, warming their hands.

DIMITRI

(in Russian)

The night is bitter cold. And they say
hell is fire.

(he warms his hands)

No, nothing is as lifeless as a Ukranian
winter.

Kyle's eyes look cautiously into the dark woods.

KYLE

(in Russian)

And they say the demons walk in these
woods. Lets go home!

DIMITRI

(in Russian)

You still believe in those folk tales!?!

Dimitri heartily laughs. Kyle's eyes suddenly focus on the sky. His face stares in awe.

DIMITRI

(in Russian)

Kyle?

Kyle's face slowly tints orange.

KYLE

(in Russian)

My God...

Dimitri turns around. A large glowing meteor streaks toward them. Dimitri and Kyle dive onto the hard snowy ground.

The meteor races over their heads and skips off the ground, finally crashing through the ice of a neighboring frozen lake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dimitri and Kyle look up. The ice covering the lake starts to glow orange. The quiet night sky is suddenly filled with a PAIR of EVIL, DISTANT HOWLINGS.

The orange glow slowly diminishes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE-EVENING

Rippling water quietly caresses the sandy lake shore.

TITLE CARD: UNITED STATES, TAMPA, FLORIDA - PRESENT DAY

We move down the shore line, coming upon a shadow of a man fiercely stabbing a young woman, the sound of the KNIFE entering the flesh grows LOUDER with each swing.

The rippling water is suddenly tinted with red as a drop of blood flows into the lake. The tint of red darkens as the attack continues.

The bloodied hand of the victim falls into the water, clutching a necklace with a distinctive golden anchor. The hand soon releases its grip as the woman takes her LAST BREATH.

The bloodied ripples caress over the motionless hand.

The feet of the man step next to the hand and continue into the water. After a moment a DISTANT EVIL HOWLING sound fills the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

The words: STABBED NUMEROUS TIMES pan across the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

The words: BLOODIED KNIFE pan across the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

The words: ANCHOR NECKLACE pan then stop on the screen, before ZOOMING out onto the front page of a newspaper. Next to the article is a picture of a young man named ERIC POOLE, ATTORNEY.

MILES, a ragged looking man with a breath to match speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

...I said excuse me, may I sit there?

MICHAEL POOLE looks up from the paper and we see his face for the first time. Upon first glance his unclean appearance would lead one to believe he was older than his actual age.

His hand clutches a duplicate of the distinctive golden anchor which hangs loosely from his neck.

POOLE

I'm sorry.

He moves over to the window. Miles sits next to him. Poole continues reading with great interest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS-MORNING

Miles lays asleep. Poole writes in his diary from the light of the setting sun.

POOLE (V.O.)

March 5th. There are only a few days, a few moments in one's life that can be considered crossroads. And today I faced one. Granted, my path has often been a fruitless search for something tangible, and when my eyes unexpectedly laid upon the picture of my brother, I faced a difficult crossroad. But, as I approach the home of my youth, I feel I've made the right choice. As if something more, something finally tangible, awaits my arrival.

EXT. STREET-EVENING

The bus travels down the lonesome road across a barren horizon.

POOLE (V.O.)

It amazes me sometimes how an invisible thing such as shame can choke the dreams out of a man... out of me. And how, over time, that strangle-hold can keeps us from ever trying to dream again. But, in spite of my numerous failings, where I am going lies the biggest shame of all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOLE (cont'd)
Unrealized potential and the disappointed
eyes of distant parental aspirations.

INT. BUS-MORNING

Poole lays asleep, his diary laying open on his chest, his back-
pack full of half-filled notebooks laying open next to him.
Miles reaches over and pulls out one of the notebooks.

MILES
(reading)
The mists of the great Alaskan forest
covered it in the kind of mystery children
dream of under their warm blankets on a
cold winters night.

Poole awakens to his own words and looks to him.

MILES
What are you, some kind of writer?

POOLE
(taking the notebook)
Almost.

MILES
Well, I was a writer once. Sure. You
ever hear of "Catcher on the Rye?" Well,
that was based on my first book "Pitcher
on the Mound."

Miles burst into drunken laughter.

EXT. STREET-MORNING

Poole walks away from the bus terminal and down an empty
street.

POOLE (V.O.)
If only life were anything like the books
I constantly read as a child and which
practically forged my vision of the world.
But, never, in any of those childhood
books, did a man have to stare at the face
of a brother turned killer.

INT. POLICE STATION-MORNING

Poole sits alone at a table, surrounded by empty walls, the
room reeking of cigarettes long since extinguished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A detective, LIEUTENANT KASEY, enters the room. She is a beautiful woman with hard eyes.

KASEY

Your name?

POOLE

Michael Poole.

KASEY

A relative?

POOLE

His brother.

KASEY

And what do you do, Mr. Poole?

POOLE

I'm a writer, of sorts.

KASEY

And what do you write?

POOLE

Currently I'm working on a novel about my experiences as I travel across the country.

KASEY

What's in the back-pack?

POOLE

Notebooks. And a few worn pencils.

She looks through it.

POOLE

I was already searched before I came in.

KASEY

Your brother is responsible for one of the most brutal and evil crimes this city has ever had. You won't mind if I'm just a little careful.

POOLE

When can I see him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KASEY

(examining the notebooks)
Where's the rest of your family?

POOLE

Our parents are dead.
(snatches notebook)
When can I see him!?!

The door opens and Eric struggles to walk into the room as the chains on his hand and feet keep his mobility to a minimum.

Poole rises, in horror at the sight of his brother, who's blank face contradicts his active eyes.

Kasey sits Eric at the table and closes the door before moving to a darkened corner of the room and sitting in the shadows.

Poole sits across from his brother, staring at Eric's face.

POOLE

Eric?

Eric's face remains blank.

POOLE

Eric, it's Michael. It's your brother
Mike!

Eric's eyes try to focus on his face.

ERIC

Mikey? Shakespeare?

POOLE

Yes, Shakespeare. Eric... what happened?

Eric's eyes are suddenly filled with intensity.

ERIC

It was the devil! The devil, Mikey.

POOLE

The devil?

ERIC

Yeah, the devil. The devil made me do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POOLE

I don't understand, Eric-

ERIC

I didn't want to. I fought it with everything I had inside, Mikey! But, it was so strong. The devil is so strong.

POOLE

The devil? Satan made you kill her?

ERIC

She was so sweet. I had just met her that day. At the lake. I went for a swim. A short swim, and when I got out I had to kill her. The devil told me I had to. He made me take the knife out of my bag, you know, the hunting knife I got for my seventeenth birthday?

POOLE

With the ivory handle.

ERIC

That's right! And the devil, the devil made me do it. The devil liked it. The way he liked it in Kansas City, in Denver, in Apopka, Dallas, London, a hundred others! I didn't want to! But he made me do it. I swear. You have to believe me, he made me do it!

Eric suddenly breaks down into uncontrollable sobbing.

Kasey rises and calls for the OFFICERS standing outside the door. They quickly come in and help Eric out of the chair.

KASEY

Take him back to his cell.

The Officers quickly carry him down the hall. Kasey turns to Poole.

KASEY

He's been saying that all morning.

POOLE

How old was she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KASEY

Sixteen.

POOLE

Oh God.

KASEY

Sixty-four stab wounds. Covered her entire body. Has your brother ever been to London, Dallas, any of those other places?

POOLE

Eric's never been out of this city.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

KASEY

Come in.

The door opens and NICOLE MARQUETTE, who has been blessed with a beauty that only increases with age and with a will stronger than most men, enters.

NICOLE

Lieutenant Kasey, I brought in Eric's medication. They said I should give it to you.

Nicole glances at Poole, then looks again upon recognition.

POOLE

Hey, Nicole.

NICOLE

Hi Michael.

Nicole hands Kasey the medication.

NICOLE

The dosage and instructions are on the bottle.

KASEY

I'll bring this down to the infirmary.

She looks to Poole, then back to Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KASEY

Will you be all right here?

NICOLE

I'll be fine.

KASEY

(to Poole)

I won't be long.

Kasey exits.

POOLE

Sit down.

NICOLE

No... no thank you.

POOLE

How have you been?

NICOLE

I thought you were dead. Nineteen months
of silence is a long time.

POOLE

I got... sidetracked. I hear you and Eric
are engaged.

NICOLE

Yeah, next November... well, maybe.

(beat)

Where have you been?

POOLE

...Researching.

NICOLE

Yeah, well, look, I gotta go.

She starts to leave. Poole stands.

POOLE

Nicole... has Eric ever been to Kansas
City?

NICOLE

Eric's never been out of this city, you
know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

POOLE

Yeah, thanks. Hey... it's good to see you.

She stares at him for a moment longer before leaving.

INT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

Poole sits alone, looking through microfiche. The pages flip through at a rapid rate. The boxes labelled KANSAS CITY HERALD lay awkwardly stacked.

His eyes suddenly widen with realization. A worn pencil moves fluidly in his hand as he writes in one of his half-filled notebooks.

EXT. SELF STORAGE UNITS-MORNING

Poole appears over a hill in the storage unit driveway and walks down the rows of storage units.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN-MORNING

Poole enters a hall leading to the individual storage units. He arrives at one marked 11D and knocks. After a few moments he slips a piece of paper under the door.

ED

(from inside)

Holy... Damn!

The door bursts open, revealing EDWARD DANIELSON, a chubby man with innocent looks, but his face reveals a harder life.

ED

Well piss in a bucket and drink it dry!

Suddenly aware of his voice, he pulls Poole inside.

INT. ED'S PLACE-MORNING

The inside of the storage unit has been converted into a small pseudo apartment, minus running water.

POOLE

Well, this in inventive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
You know me, Mike, adaptable to any
hand life deals me.

POOLE
If I were you Ed, I'd fold.

ED
It's not in my nature.

He moves close to Poole.

ED
Now, I take it you weren't followed.

He pats Poole down.

ED
And you're not wired.

POOLE
It's good to know our relationship is
based on trust.

ED
(laughs sarcastically)
Yeah.

Ed moves back over to a pile of cellular phones.

POOLE
What are you doing?

ED
Just adjusting a few frequencies.

Poole looks around the room.

POOLE
What're you hiding from this time?

ED
This time? Oh, jeez, just about everyone.

POOLE
A big job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED

Yeah! Well, almost. It was a big shipment, but at the last minute they tried to change the game... unexpectedly dealt a "pair of deuces." I tried to bluff... you know how I love to bluff, but they called me on it.

POOLE

I don't want to know anything else. My family's in enough trouble.

ED

Yeah, sorry to hear about it.
(beat)
Now, what's brought you to my humble abode?

POOLE

I need you to do me a favor.

ED

Name it.

POOLE

When's your next shipment to Orlando?

ED

It's scheduled for tomorrow, if all goes well.

POOLE

I need you to stop by a little town called Apopka.

INT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Eric and Poole again sit across from each other in the smoke stench room.

POOLE

You're what?

ERIC

Pleading guilty. And... I'm pleading sane.

POOLE

That's a quick ticket to Sparky, you know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

That's why I'm doing it. It's the only way I can get rid of him.

POOLE

I don't understand.

Eric leans forward.

ERIC

It's the only way I can save my soul.

EXT. PARK-EVENING

Poole sits on a park bench, overlooking a peaceful lake. Next to him sits a telephone booth.

POOLE (V.O.)

Doubts and questions. These have crowded the majority of my adult life. But now, now these questions have grown, along with the doubt. Is my brother's sanity wavering, or is he, as he says, fighting to save his soul? And Nicole... the questions are too numerous and the doubts too large for me to approach right now.

(beat)

But, in spite of my insecurities, my search for, well, for lack of a better word, meaning, continues for I can't help but feel that this is indeed the right path, no matter how rocky the road may become.

The phone in the booth RINGS. Poole bolts up and answers.

POOLE

Yeah... Ed, what've you got?

EXT. NICOLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Poole walks up and tentatively knocks on the door. After a few anxious moments Nicole opens the door.

NICOLE

Twice in two days. You're going to spoil me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOLE
(serious)
May I come in?

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Poole and Nicole walk toward the living room.

NICOLE
So, in what state did you lose your sense
of humor?

POOLE
Washington.
She stops.

NICOLE
I was joking.

POOLE
I wasn't.

Nicole enters the living room and sits on the couch.

NICOLE
Sit down.

POOLE
No thanks.

NICOLE
Look, if it's about Eric and me-

POOLE
No, it's about Eric.
(beat)
I need to borrow your car.

NICOLE
Why?

POOLE
I have to go to Apopka.

NICOLE
What's Apopka have to do with Eric?

POOLE
I don't know yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Can you be anymore vague?

POOLE

No, but I can't be anymore specific either.

After a moment's thought.

NICOLE

We'll leave tomorrow at eight. I'm driving.

POOLE

Nicole-

NICOLE

And where are you staying?

POOLE

At the Y.

NICOLE

Use the couch. Sheets and pillows are in the hall closet.

POOLE

I remember.

She looks at him for a moment.

NICOLE

No smoking or drinking in the house. I'll wake you at seven.

She walks to her bedroom. Poole looks after her for a moment and smiles.

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE-MORNING

Nicole and Poole walk past the FOR SALE sign in the front yard and approach the door.

INT. CALDWELL HOUSE-MORNING

Nicole and Poole sit on the couch. LINDA CALDWELL sits in front of a window, her figure hidden in a silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOLE

Thank you for letting us talk to you, Mrs. Caldwell.

NICOLE

We're not reporters or anything.

LINDA

Of course not, I'm old news.

POOLE

I'm Michael Poole. This is Nicole Marquette.

LINDA

Poole... you Eric Poole's brother?

POOLE

(surprised)

Yes.

LINDA

Then you must be here about my husband.

Nicole and Poole shoot each other a look.

INT. ATTIC-MORNING

Nicole and Poole stand in the center of the high-roofed, empty attic. Linda stands in front a window, her figure hidden in silhouette.

POOLE

This is where it happened?

LINDA

Yeah, Paul, my husband, was down stairs taking a shower. I was up here looking for our Christmas decorations when I heard someone running up the stairs. I turned and saw Paul running at me with one of our large kitchen knives. Well, I tried to get away, but he was so quick. And he caught me in the corner and stabbed me. Then he went down and finished taking his shower.

POOLE

Over here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves to a corner of the attic.

LINDA
Yes, right there.

Poole bends down and inspects the floor. Nicole comes and stands next to him.

NICOLE
It's freezing over here!

Nicole looks at a thermometer hanging on the wall next to her. The thermometer reads 89 degrees.

NICOLE
(to herself)
That's impossible.

Poole's hand moves over small cuts in the wood floor where the knife entered.

POOLE
How many times?

LINDA
Doctor's estimate around seventy.

NICOLE
How did you survive?

LINDA
Luck, I guess. Do you have a light?

Poole pulls out a lighter. Linda's hand appears in the light, the scars from the attack covering her skin.

Nicole reacts at the sight.

Linda pulls the cigarette back to her shaded face.

LINDA
My husband's right. It must have been the devil.

POOLE
What did you say?

LINDA
He kept saying it over and over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE

What?

LINDA

That the devil made him do it.

Nicole looks to Poole, then back to Linda.

NICOLE

Do you think it was the devil?

LINDA

It's two flights of stairs from the shower
to the attic.

NICOLE

I don't understand.

LINDA

Paul is paralyzed from the waist down.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Nicole and Poole enter the room carrying silverware. After
setting the table, Nicole sits down, weary.

NICOLE

But, how is that possible?

Poole sits.

POOLE

It's not. Look.

Poole hands Nicole a copy of the newspaper account of the
Caldwell stabbing.

POOLE

Mr. Caldwell was about as violent as a
slug.

NICOLE

So, what, you really think Satan is making
these people kill?

POOLE

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Well, can we talk to Mr. Caldwell?

POOLE

No, he died in prison shortly after he was arrested.

Nicole suddenly saddens as her thoughts drift to Eric. Poole realizes the effect of his statement.

POOLE

Sorry.

NICOLE

No.

(beat)

I'm... I'm going to finish getting dinner ready.

Nicole stands and enters the kitchen. Poole lowers his head, angered with himself.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE-LATE NIGHT

Poole sits next to the couch, reading over the Caldwell story. He looks up.

POOLE

It's says here that Caldwell-

P.O.V. Poole. Nicole sits asleep on the couch, her body slightly slouched.

Poole laughs to himself. But, the laughter slowly dissipates the longer he looks at her beauty. All of his feelings for her rise to the surface and, after a moment, he stands and walks over to her. Slowly, he bends down, his lips moving closer to her's. Just as their lips are about to touch, he suddenly stops, and pulls away.

POOLE

Nicole. Nicole!

NICOLE

(sleepy)

Um?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOLE

Go to bed.

NICOLE

Okay.

Nicole stands and stumbles toward her room. Poole watches her as he sits on the couch. She stops before entering the hall.

NICOLE

Good night.

POOLE

Good night.

Poole's smiles slowly fades as she exits, revealing the pain he feels inside.

INT. POLICE STATION-MORNING

Through the glass in the door, Poole watches Nicole and Eric, sitting opposite each other at the table, as they talk. Poole turns, his face filled with sadness.

EXT. PARK-MORNING

Poole sits on the park bench, looking out over the water.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE-EVENING

Poole sits alone in the house, copies of newspaper articles spread across the coffee table, his pencil frantically writing in his half-filled notebook.

Nicole enters, looking drained, placing her purse on the coffee table.

POOLE

Hey.

NICOLE

Hi.

She walks into the kitchen.

NICOLE (cont'd)

I'm making some tea, would you like some?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOLE

No thanks.

She turns on the faucet. The teapot fills with water.

POOLE (cont'd)

How's is he?

NICOLE

The same. He'll be sentenced in a few weeks. The twentieth.

The teapot is almost filled.

Nicole goes to shut off the water, but the faucet doesn't move. After some concerted effort, it finally turns off.

She looks at the faucet for a moment before she places the teapot on the oven. Her hand turns the dial on. She walks out to Poole.

NICOLE

What're you doing?

POOLE

Researching.

NICOLE

Of course.

She stares at him for a moment.

NICOLE (cont'd)

What's with you?

He looks up from his notebook.

POOLE

What?

NICOLE

You're so... different. What happened to you?

He stares at her as if he wants to speak, but is unable.

The teapot WHISTLES. Nicole turns and enters the kitchen.

The hot water flows into her cup. She dips the tea bag into the cup as she walks back out into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE (cont'd)
You sure you don't want some? Tea's
about the only thing I don't burn.

Poole nods No.

Nicole starts to take a sip from the cup. Her body suddenly jerks as the liquid jumps into her throat.

POOLE
Are you okay?

Nicole's body starts to ripple, like when a stone is thrown into a still water. The ripple flows from her stomach outward and that distinctive DISTANT HOWLING echoes within her. Her body then returns to it's original image.

POOLE
Nicole?

Poole rises.

Nicole takes a deep breath as if she is breathing for the first time.

POOLE
Nicole!

She slowly turns and walks into the kitchen. Poole approaches her. In one quick move Nicole grabs a large knife out of the kitchen and races at Poole.

She dives and tackles him, the knife sticking in the floor next to Poole's head.

They struggle. Nicole, filled with almost supernatural strength, picks up and throws Poole across the room, knocking over the table.

POOLE
Who are you?

She bends down and pulls the knife out of the floor.

She stands, an evil grin grows on Nicole's face.

NICOLE
The devil!

END, EPISODE ONE