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# Regression

By Alejandro Amenábar

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Please God, help me.

Please God, help me.

Oh, you're already back,

John?

Oh-oh. What did our

boys break this time?

John!

Let's go in my office.

John, the reason I called you here...

take a seat will you?

Reverend Beaumont dropped by

a little while ago.

He said your daughter is living

in his church. Since when?

Since Tuesday.

This is very awkward.

He gave me this.

She signed it.

- Is there a problem, Boss?

- Shh.

This is Detective Bruce Kenner.

It is October

the 14th, 1990.

State your full name.

- John Gray.

- And your occupation.

Auto mechanic.

Okay, well you already know me,

I already know you so...

...why don't we not play any games and you

can start by telling me why you're here.

Well I'm... I'm really confused

and I've been thinking about...

I've been thinking about this

all night. And I've been praying.

- Does that help? Praying?

- Yeah. Yeah.

But I don't know, you see.

Part of me says it's impossible.

I... I don't remember anything.

It's just impossible.

All right, well then

what is the other part say?

Some things are obvious.

Such as?

First of all I'm completely sure about one thing.

Angela never lies.

She'd never do that.

Her mother was just like her, a saint.

And I don't know. Little details like not hugging or kissing me.

So she's...

she's been avoiding you?

Yeah.

And then... also the...

John.

Cut the shit,

take your hat off first of all.

- What?

- Take your hat off.

Why do you think she was avoiding you, John?

Cause I did it.

I did it.

He admits it, but he doesn't remember doing it? I don't get it.

He's just stalling for time. I need to talk to the girl as soon as possible.

Reverend says she doesn't want to see anybody.

Well I don't care about the Reverend, right. We need a psychologist.

- A psychologist?

- We need a good one.

Lean on him until he breaks. Do your thing.

It's child abuse, Chief.

Mrs. Gray.

I'll make you some tea, okay?

Mrs. Gray.

Did you know?

The Reverend called me and told me.

But I...

I talked to my son, and...

he flew into a rage. He denied everything.

Reverend, please...

I need to see her.

We've already discussed that, Rose.  
She'd rather stay at the church.  
Mrs. Gray. You think it would all right if  
I went, took a look at Angela's room?  
- It's upstairs.  
- Thank you.  
It's the last door.  
- What?  
- It's the last door.  
Hey Bruce.  
This isn't right, we  
need a warrant.  
She gave us permission. Are you asleep?  
Where's the son?  
Roy? He left two years ago.  
Where'd he go?  
You don't know?  
You're friends with the family and  
you don't know where he went?  
They've suffered a lot,  
I wouldn't bring that up.  
Mrs. Gray.  
Have you heard from your grandson?  
Not really. He calls sometimes  
to say he's okay.  
But...  
Why did he leave? You think  
he was running from his father?  
I asked my son last night.  
And what did he say?  
He took my hand...  
And...  
we prayed.  
It's not an urban legend.  
The Satanists are living among us.  
Like any religious group,  
they worship their lord,  
the Devil, and perform horrible rituals.  
The question we should ask ourselves...  
How can you listen to this right now.  
Can I turn it off?  
No, turn it off.  
It's your car.  
John... I knew he had problems

but molesting his daughter?

- I can't believe it.

- Why not?

Because you both go to the same church?

What if? I mean what if...

...it was a caress.

A show of affection?

His daughter exaggerated it.

She's kind of difficult.

Really?

That's not what I hear.

- Said she's a little shy.

- I saw her grow up, Bruce.

You've seen that house,  
you've seen the way that they live.

On top of that,  
she lost her mom.

She's had a pretty shitty life.

Maybe she just...  
wanted to get away from it all.

I don't know.

Well still, I mean you really think  
a seventeen year old girl is going to...  
...put her dad in prison just because  
she wants to change her life?

We can't rule that out.

Right?

Yeah right, can't rule it out.

The boy calls his grandmother from a bar.

Trace one of those calls damn it.

Don't call me again until you find him.

Well?

Well umm..

- His mental state appears to be normal.

- I already told you that.

Big question is, why the sudden amnesia?

No one's going to believe him.

Bruce. Mr. Raines is here.

Don't think he's after anything.

What?

If he doesn't want a lawyer, then he isn't

- trying to protect himself, right?

- I don't understand.

- Bruce!

- Yeah, I'm right here.  
Say that again, professor, will ya.  
I'm a bit of a dummy sometimes.  
I don't think what John is doing  
is a strategy,  
on the contrary I think  
he's trying to cooperate.

**He keeps saying:**

But speaks like he wasn't there.  
And to a certain  
extent, he wasn't.  
See this is a man who has spent years  
trying to stop drinking.  
And he does it by giving in to faith  
which is an explosive combination.  
Because on the one hand,  
he goes too far, does awful things.  
On the other hand he can't live  
with the awful things he's done. So now...  
...he can't find them in his head.

- He can't find them?

- He's repressed them.

The memories are behind some doors.  
It's not that difficult to find a key  
and free them. Provoke a regression.  
Look, I'm not an expert.  
But, I don't know.

- This all seems a little...

- It seems a little strange, doesn't it?

I suppose umm... I often tell my students  
that the mind is a whole universe.

I read an article about this.

Regressive hypnosis has made  
great progress, gentlemen.

Anyway, I hope you didn't...

...interrupt my classes,  
to discuss these topics with me.

Or did you?

I've been very confused ever since.

My father ordered me  
not to tell anyone.

He said, be a good girl and the Lord  
will watch over you.

But I know this is wrong.  
He touches me and forces me  
to have sex with him.  
I'm scared,  
I don't know if I should.  
Okay. John, again.  
Concentrate  
on the first sentence. Last year  
my father started coming into my room.  
Last year...  
Remember what I said, John,  
let the pendulum clear your mind.  
Look through it.  
This is no use.  
How long are we going to keep doing this?  
Just one more time.  
Let yourself go.  
I want you to relax every muscle  
in your body.  
Third sentence.  
My father ordered me not to tell anyone.  
He said, be a good girl  
and the Lord will  
watch over you.  
...and the Lord will watch over you.  
Yes, I said that.  
I said that to her plenty of times.  
But...  
He touches me and forces me  
to have sex with him.  
Your daughter wrote this. Right?  
You realize that?  
It's her handwriting, John.  
You yourself said, your  
daughter never lies.  
No, she would never lie.  
She would never lie to me.  
Well she must be, and  
if you don't remember it...  
Oh God! God please...  
- Oh God help me I...  
- John.  
John.  
Behind the pendulum...

Right behind...

Oh wait, wait-wait-wait.

I think I see something.

Okay, John. Tell us what you see.

I see... is it my house?

And I'm moving.

Jesus. Jesus it's just like I was there.

Just read it again, please.

Last year, my father  
started coming into my room.

I've been very confused ever since.

He touches me and  
forces me to have sex with him.

I see her.

She's sitting there on the bed.

I'm on top of her, Jesus!

- God no!

- What are you doing to her?

I tied her hands to the  
headboard.

You're tying her?

Can you see the rope?

Yeah... Yeah it's a rope.

It's a black rope.

Why is it black? Is it some type of ritual?

Hold on. Hold on. Now he's...

I'm tying her feet!

Wait, wait. You said "he".

Where are you watching this from?

I'm right there,  
I'm standing right there by the bed.

- Are you seeing yourself?

- I guess. It has to be me, right?

No, that's somebody else.

Focus on the face.

Why! Then why aren't I stopping it?

What the hell am I doing there!

Somebody you let in,  
somebody you must know.

Why aren't I stopping  
it! Jesus!

- Angela!

- A face, John. It's someone you know.

I don't know who it is!

It could be anybody!  
Who has been in your  
house in the last year?  
- You know who it is, John...  
- Detective...  
I guess... I'm holding a camera...  
I'm taking pictures!  
Hold on just a second...  
I see... I think I see.  
It's George!  
George Nesbitt?  
- Okay...  
- George Nesbitt?  
Hey George!  
Hey George.  
Hey Bruce. How'd it go with John?  
Where you doing?  
Where do you think?  
My shift is over.  
Is there a problem?  
Your name came up.  
My name?  
What'd he say?  
You tell me, huh George.  
You tell me.  
What if I told you I just looked at all the  
photos. Would you tell me you did it then?  
- We have the photos.  
- If you showed me.  
Oh I get it...  
Wait a minute, no. I'm not sure...  
This is all really weird.  
Five minutes ago I would have  
never believed it. Now I wanna kill you.  
- Give me your gun.  
- Bruce, take it easy okay.  
I am taking it easy.  
Give me your gun.  
What photos...  
Now you don't know what  
I'm talking about huh?  
- Fuck!  
- Son of a bitch!  
Oh please. Give me a break,

you assaulted him without saying a word.  
I would never do that Katie,  
and you know that. You know he's lying.  
That's enough.  
Nesbitt is my client now.  
And that whole thing  
about the photos,  
if you had them, you'd already  
have shown them to me, don't you think?  
So who's the one lying here, Bruce?  
Without saying a word...  
Do you hear this bull shit, Chief?  
We need to talk to the girl.  
If she identifies him.  
Just hold your horses.  
Sometimes I wish I was like you, Bruce.  
For me this is all...  
Nesbitt was one of our own.  
Just remember that, okay.  
Take your psychologist.  
Thanks Chief.  
We're leaving.  
You suspected Nesbitt  
before John said his name, why?  
There was something off about him.  
I am a Detective, Professor.  
I see. Nevertheless,  
But please do not interfere  
with my therapy again.  
You and your people can ask him  
anything you like. But after that...  
...it's my turn.  
Oh hey. Hello Angela.  
My name's Bruce. Bruce Kenner.  
Please, have a seat.  
We actually met before once  
in your father's workshop.  
You wouldn't remember,  
you were... smaller.  
We just want to have a little chat. This is  
Professor Raines. He's our psychologist.  
Angela, do you want me to stay?  
We're just going to ask  
you a few questions.

I'm not crazy.  
No, of course not.  
The reason I'm asking  
so many questions is because...  
We know there was  
someone else in the room.  
Your father told us.  
But why?  
Why did he say that?  
I need you to look at  
these photos closely.  
I don't want to go on  
with this.  
Angela. These people hurt you.  
And they could hurt  
someone else.  
Your father said something about a ritual?  
What's all that about?  
Would you like to write it down?  
Sometimes that helps.  
Alone.  
I want to do it alone.  
Okay.  
She was always sad.  
Like she was shutting herself in.  
It was in one of our seminars.  
...stay away from me  
Satan, I have Jesus.  
She just started crying all of a sudden.  
Then I realized...  
It was like, like God  
had spoken to me.  
I'd prefer to call that intuition,  
Reverend.  
Call it whatever you want.  
But I knew it was her father.  
And that it had happened  
more than once.  
Angela?  
These things they did to you?  
When they summoned the Devil.  
Who else was there with your father?  
Could you please tell me?  
His name?

You did great.  
I'm afraid I don't know  
anything about Satanism.  
Are you a man of faith?  
I'm afraid I'm in no mood  
to answer that question.  
Agnostic. You want to believe,  
but you can't.  
Don't worry.  
I went through that phase myself.  
I got a hold of a copy.  
You branded her with an inverted cross.  
Now I'm starting to understand  
why you came to us.  
It wasn't to get over  
your wife's death.  
It was to desecrate our church.  
Well Reverend,  
I...  
You don't know what I'm talking about.  
You don't remember  
the insults, or the torture?  
Or the excrement or...  
Okay John...  
Just do us all a favour.  
Try.  
...as part of a ritual  
involving black magic.  
One of his accomplices could even belong  
to the Hoyer Police Department.  
And tonight,  
don't miss our special segment...  
Wonderful. That's what  
I call not causing a panic.  
...keep the people of  
this city in suspense.  
- Hello?  
- It's Cleveland, turn on the TV.  
Yeah, all right.  
What channel?  
Yeah. Give me a second.  
We used to consider Satanic ritual abuse  
something from the middle ages,  
or literary fantasy.

But in the last few years,  
books like this one have opened our eyes.  
They branded his sign  
on my back, said that I was his slave.  
They made me attend  
their ceremonies for 15 years.  
One time I even saw  
them sacrifice...  
Yeah right I'll see you tomorrow.  
Maybe it's easier to think people  
aren't capable of doing things like this.  
It's very sad.  
No! No! I don't want to!  
Okay, Angela says that  
Nesbitt branded this...  
...on her stomach with a knife.  
John just corroborated it.  
That's not all.  
Now he remembers something about  
a black cat and someone wearing a hood.  
You can imagine what  
I'm talking about.  
Satanic Ritual Abuse.  
How long will you detain  
George without any proof?  
He's a cop, we can detain him  
as long as necessary.  
Tom. Find this book.  
Get everybody a copy.  
- Everybody?  
- S. Cooper, she was on TV last night.  
- Can I make photocopies?  
- Just a copy Tom.  
We're poor... I had to say it.  
Boss, I actually read that book.  
But it seemed like a pile of trash to me.  
Baby sacrifices and snuff movies? Come on.  
The FBI would be  
all over something like that.  
Really? What do you  
know about it?  
Have you even  
bothered to call the FBI?  
No, but...

This case is a little bit more complicated  
than taking a stroll  
and handing out parking tickets.  
We have to be on-point.  
No mistakes.  
Even if it's just this one time.  
What's that mean,  
just this one time.  
Okay, okay. Enough! Enough!  
Go on, get the job done.  
I thought this was a quiet town.  
Keep thinking of my granddaughters, Jesus.  
You don't look too good.  
You sleepin'?  
I just get the feeling  
with this case...  
- What?  
- I don't know.  
That look in your eyes scares me.  
It's a part of something bigger.  
You know much bigger.  
Charlie, how many times  
did I say, knock first.  
- Sorry Chief. Ahh, we found him.  
- Who?  
John's son. Roy.  
He lives in Pittsburgh.  
Okay. Where the hell is Tom?  
Ask him, if our department  
can afford two plane tickets to Pittsburgh.  
- Your father told us.  
- Why? Why did he say that?  
I need you to look at  
these photos closely.  
- I don't want to go on with this.  
- Angela, these people hurt you.  
Do you make your wife listen to this  
over and over again?  
- We're separated.  
- Well now you know why.  
Hey Roy.  
- A ritual?  
- Yeah.  
- It's a great story.

- Does it surprise you?  
My father worships the devil?  
What would you think?  
Good girl.  
Is that why you ran away?  
To get away from him?  
- Why don't you ask him.  
- I did. That's why I'm here.  
What about your mother?  
Was she good to you?  
Yeah. When she left us.  
She killed herself... Did you know that?  
I just know what it said in the report -  
a car accident. A lapse at the wheel.  
My Dad made her life hell for 20 years.  
He's a drunk, you know,  
it's probably not in the report.  
He got us all involved in that Evangelical  
stuff, like that would make things better.  
Why don't you tell us about that.  
What was he like when he drank?  
- I don't understand.  
- Yes, you do.  
Why don't you tell me  
what he did to you and Angela.  
Just forget it, okay.  
I understand how these things  
might be difficult...  
They're things that didn't happen!  
If they didn't happen, then why  
do you need to raise your voice to say it.  
You've been through something  
very traumatic.  
It's quite normal for the  
mechanisms in the brain...  
Are you deaf! Huh?  
All right, take it easy okay.  
Sit down. We're just talking.  
Roy, I'm a police officer.  
I'm going to tell you  
what I'm looking at.  
I'm looking at a young man.  
Who doesn't speak to his sister.  
Doesn't speak to his father.

And is living in an abandoned building.  
What's wrong with you?  
You need to stop fighting everybody  
and find the real enemy,  
the person who made you feel  
exactly like him.  
A loser.  
I have a very simple  
proposition for you, Roy.  
Let's go back to your bedroom, search your  
adolescence, even your childhood.  
Review all those moments  
that were... weird.  
Weird? What do you mean weird?  
We're looking for someone in a hood, Roy.  
I hear voices.  
Where?  
Behind the door.  
Whispering.  
Which door are you talking about.  
It's my old room.  
It's opening.  
I... I see them.  
Wearing hoods.  
Can you see your father?  
I don't know.  
I can't make out their faces.  
Why not? Make up, maybe?  
Yeah... they look like... witches.  
What are they doing?  
Come on, you know.  
I don't know...  
It's not what you think Roy.  
It's what you don't want to think.  
I don't know...  
I can't stop...  
Something doesn't fit.  
In his vision, Roy saw himself as a child.  
Yes?  
And the other sister says the abuse  
began only last year.  
Yeah but see, for me that's the  
typical progressive revelation.  
For me, what doesn't fit is

he said there was six  
people in his room. How do you get six  
people in and out of that room without...

The grandmother.

And she had John when she was  
barely sixteen years old.

Everybody knew she was into some bad stuff,  
I see no reason for us to rule her out.

Of course I should have realized.

Some of us can use

our heads too, Professor.

- What is the meaning of all this!

- Mrs. Gray!

- You already searched the house yesterday.

- Rose. Rose.

- Today they're destroying it!

- You need to stay calm.

- Nobody has explained anything to me.

- Rose! Rose! Listen to me!

None of this is necessary. All right.

I'll talk to Brody and right now we'll  
get these men out of your house.

Yeah? Well then why don't you?

You know where the photographs are.

I talked to Roy and he told us.

- You're lying!

- You are lying!

My Grandson didn't...

She's been drinking.

How you doin' boss?

Listen, Brody and I are

going bowling later.

You should join us.

Gonna blow off some steam.

What?

You need to disconnect, Boss.

Yeah, no thanks boys.

Don't you disconnect too much all right?

Are you a police officer?

Yes.

Did you sexually abuse Angela Gray?

No.

- Is today Friday?

- Yes.

- Did you sexually abuse Roy Gray.

- No.

An FBI report.

I hate it when you're always right.

This could be huge Bruce.

A cult of Satanists.

They've suspected it for seven years.

Ever since the book came out.

They shelved it last month,

can you believe it? I mean, take a look.

Rumours about rituals everywhere,

like they're connected.

But not a shred of evidence what-so-ever.

We'll find the proof.

Kate just called me,

if we don't find something,

- we're going to have to release him.

- What? Nesbitt?

It's the law, Bruce.

You mean that this guy is part of a

Satanic cult and we're going to let him go?

Do you know any pornographic

pictures of Angela Gray?

- No.

- You're lying!

Kenner speaking.

All we tried to do was

lift her shirt and she panicked.

Hey Angela, it's Bruce. Bruce Kenner.

Will you open the door?

Listen, Doctor just wants to

inspect your mark.

What's the problem?

- Would you prefer if it was a female?

- It's not that.

What is it?

Tell me, what is it?

If I show it to you, they'll kill me

You listen to me. Right now it's incredibly important that you tell us everything.

We think that your grandmother...

Come on there were more

people there, with painted faces.

Why won't you confirm it?

The Devil is on their side.  
The Devil doesn't exist.  
There's good people, okay.  
And there's bad people.  
And unfortunately these  
people are real scum.  
But good people, like you,  
are stronger than they are.  
Yes you are.  
People say that you're shy.  
But I don't see that.  
I see someone who is incredibly brave.  
Someone who has been through living  
hell and made it stop, all by yourself.  
Now you just need to take  
one more step, okay, and trust me.  
Now they'll kill you too.  
...their headlights woke me up.  
I saw them get out of the cars,  
and they were wearing robes.  
They were headed for my  
Dad's workshop.  
After a while I heard  
a knock at the door.  
They were going to break it down  
like the other times.  
So I opened it.  
Who were they?  
It was my Grandmother,  
dressed like them.  
She took me downstairs.  
She had this weird smile on her face.  
- Like...  
- Like she was drugged.  
Yeah.  
I saw that we were headed  
for my Dad's workshop.  
I could hear chanting and...  
...squealing inside.  
It was a black mass.  
I know they were  
doing stuff in the corners.  
Like fornicating.  
Torture.

There was blood, everywhere.  
There was a woman with a pitcher.  
She said, this isn't happening.  
It's all a dream.  
But there was like this altar.  
And my Grandmother's:  
"look at your Dad."  
"It's his big night."  
Then... they brought out a baby.  
...and they each brought out a knife.  
And they started stabbing it!  
And they started eating it!  
I know they did this  
to other mothers of the sect.  
They burned the remains and  
buried them on my dad's property!  
Please find them!  
They got to be there.  
...can't alter the bottom.  
Okay. So just the grass...  
- How long is it going to take?  
- ...two or three inches...  
Okay, it's very big.  
We got to do it in sections.  
- How long?  
- We got to locate places where ditches...  
- How long is it going to take?  
- I don't know, Bruce, maybe a month!  
You're all about not making any mistakes.  
What are you doing? You come down here...  
We don't have a month, Farrell!  
Do you have any idea  
what we are up against!  
No, why would I? Why would I, Bruce?  
You're the one with all the answers. Right?  
You're right. You're right, okay.  
Give this a listen. I already have it  
memorized. Okay. Knock yourself out.  
- What about the FBI?  
- It's not going to lift a finger...  
...until we have some hard evidence.  
So we are on our own.  
We got another call.  
About twenty people in dark clothes.

- Somebody heard "weird music."  
- Send someone over.  
It's probably those Goth's again.  
- Who do we send, Chief? Everybody's here.  
- Find someone, Tom!  
Call the D.A. and tell him we can't  
keep this up. And shut that damn door.  
All right. Professor Raines?  
Well John is responding well to therapy.  
But he hasn't been able to identify  
any of the faces that he's sees.  
- You think he's trying to buy time?  
- No, no. I don't think so.  
You know Chief, I don't think he's telling  
us everything. Let me talk to him a bit.  
Work him, try to get  
something out of him.  
You don't know what you're talking about.  
Keep your mouth closed.  
Angela, what are you doing here?  
Are you all right?  
I was looking for you.  
All right. Well...  
Please. Sit down.  
- You're not going to believe me.  
- What happened?  
I think they were following me.  
- Just now as I was leaving the bookstore.  
- Well who was?  
I don't know who they are. But...  
I could feel 'em mixed in with  
everyone on the street. Just...  
Watching me.  
- You don't believe me.  
- It's not that, Angela.  
Please. Sit down.  
Half the city is in shock right now.  
I went to your father's  
workshop the other day.  
And I saw everything.  
I was terrified.  
It was just suggestion.  
My mother was followed.  
She told me just before the accident.

Your brother told us.

- I should get your statement.

- I don't want to burden anyone.

You're not a burden.

All right, it's my job to protect you.

Let me go get my recorder,

and I'll be right back.

You okay?

- Thank you but I...

- It's to protect you.

All right. I appreciate it.

My Dad said you were a jerk.

That you always complained

when he fixed your car.

Sometimes I get pissed off

when people don't do their job well.

I'm not exactly what you

might call a nice guy. You know?

Yes you are.

To me, at least.

- Good night.

- Good night.

And hey, hey. Thank you.

This happened today?

What time?

Around three o'clock.

Between Main and Timothy.

And what exactly did

your mother tell you?

It was one of their tactics.

They blend in with people on the  
street and start staring at someone.

What for?

- It's a death threat.

- How did she know?

She never said.

But she died right after.

Sometimes they'd call in the  
middle of the night and hang up.

That's a warning.

A warning?

Yeah, it's like...

An invitation. To be one of them.

Shh...

So much depravity.

So much evil.

How...

How does he fool us? Just when  
I thought my life was back on track,  
my mother and I away  
from temptation from the Devil.

That's right when I was closest to him.

You don't know, John?

- You really don't know?

- Bruce.

You had no idea what you were getting into?

There's no Devil, John.

There's only you. You're the Devil.

What about your wife?

You ready to confess to killing her?

- No... I didn't... It was an accident.

- Bull shit!

The threats, the anonymous phone calls.

People stalking her.

You didn't know anything about that.

Quit praying and drawing things  
and give me names!

- Are you sure you can handle this?

- What are you talking about?

This case is affecting everyone.

And you as well.

No need to play the tough guy.

Half the cops on this case are dragging ass  
because I put one of our own behind bars.

The other half are complete idiots  
to begin with. That's what's affecting me.

What about the nightmares?

Are you going to tell me  
you're the only one not having any?

No, no I'm having them.

Luckily we all have you  
to take care of us Professor.

Angela.

Clear something up for me and...  
these gentlemen.

Why did you let the Reverend  
tell me what your father did.

Why? If you already

knew I was involved?  
Because you don't  
remember, Grandma.  
I thought I was going crazy.  
Because you'd walk around as if...  
everything was normal.  
But then I realized...  
That's a lie!  
Hey. Rose. Rose.  
I want to talk to my grandson!  
Talk to Roy! He knows me!  
He knows that I would  
never do such a thing.  
Listen Rose, it's your own son that's  
telling us, Rose. You understand that?  
Take another look  
at John's drawings  
- and see if there's something...  
- I don't kill babies!  
I know who I am.  
I think you and I  
should go on with the therapy.  
You just don't...  
just don't remember.  
- I know who I am!  
- I know who I am!  
I think I better take you home.  
Come Rose.  
You will pay for this!  
You were right.  
This case is getting to me.  
Since we've had  
absolutely no progress.  
Nothing. This is impossible.  
There are too many pieces here.  
John blocked his memories  
because they defied his morality.  
And his son Roy is a defence mechanism.  
All right, very well. But now Rose.  
You're the one that said  
the mind is a whole universe.  
Oh God I say that crap sometimes.  
What about from a  
non-scientific standpoint?

Non-scientific.

What are you implying -  
that we were all possessed by the Devil?  
I'm just trying to keep  
an open mind.

It wasn't you, Rose.

It was his will.

And he is the one we're up against.

You can't be too careful. The men and women  
who have sworn to serve Satan  
will do anything to spread  
the fear among us.

No one can...

Yeah Chief, I'm watching it.

Who is this?

Hello?

Hello?

...I saw them kill

all kinds of animals.

One time I even saw them sacrifice...

...a baby.

I know they took photos  
and videotaped it.

We recall the case  
in Jordan, Minnesota.

And the case of Paul Ingram,  
in Olympia, Washington.

Who was accused of  
being a Satanist.

This could mean that  
Satanic activity has branched out.

Creating a network that is  
terrifying as it is invisible.

We asked Professor Jennings,  
an expert in Demonology  
to explain to us, what exactly we're up  
against when we talk about Satan.

Well that's the problem.

We think we live in modern times,  
protected in our homes,  
with alarms and our modern cars.

But it's the eternal battle.

The Devil will do everything  
to make us forget that he exists.

It's easier to fall into his trap when you don't suspect his existence.

Do you believe

the Devil is a real entity...

Lacy?

Lacy?

Lacy?

Lacy?

Kitty-kitty-kitty.

Lacy?

Kitty-kitty-kitty.

Come on kitty.

What's wrong with you?

You silly cat.

Come out of there.

Come on will you.

Come on Lacy.

Oh God in heaven, hallowed be thy name!

Thy kingdom come...

You filthy liar!

We know what you did! You killed a baby!

Fucking bitch!

You're a filthy liar!

You know what you did!

You killed a baby!

Whore! Whore!

Did you look at that window?

Looks like she was trying to get away.

See, what did I tell you, man.

The somebody pushed her.

And the house is clean.

You know exactly what I said.

What's going on, Charlie?

Boss, I never really believe

in this sort of stuff.

But?

But I'm starting to think this won't help.

Those people are just flesh and bone.

I'm not talking about people, Boss.

We're waiting for her to confess.

So right now she'll stay in the hospital.

- I feel like this is all my fault.

- No, God...

It's true. I've ruined their lives, Bruce.

- Please don't say that again.  
- You don't understand.  
I know I should hate them.  
But they're my family.  
I talk to her every day.  
She left us.  
All of us.  
Despite everything my Dad  
put her through.  
You don't believe, do you?  
In praying.  
I believe in you, Angela. I do.  
I really do.  
You're all I've got, Bruce.  
- Sorry.  
- Angela, I'm sorry.  
- I've never...  
- Now listen.  
Listen, forgive me, okay.  
I'm sorry. I have to go.  
What are you doing, Bruce?  
What are you doing?  
Roy...  
Oh Roy.  
Grandma, what happened?  
They hounded me.  
So I wouldn't tell,  
what I did to you.  
Grandma, you never did anything to me.  
You were always good to  
me.  
Accepted me as I am.  
Horrible things.  
Horrible things...  
I know that now.  
Don't talk to her anymore.  
- You're making her crazy.  
- What happened?  
- You really think she saw the Devil?  
- Roy.  
She suffered a  
spontaneous regression.  
Now we need to separate  
the real from the imagined.

She started drinking again,  
she's delirious.

- Roy.

- You're a fraud.

Just like him.

You think I don't remember?

Always preaching, sticking your nose into  
other people's lives,  
like you did with mine!

You and your fucking church!

I'm very sorry you feel that way, Roy.

Will you at least come  
and see your sister?

I should go.

I got a better idea.

Why don't all of your just go.

Leave us alone.

He's only trying to protect Rose.

We have to talk to him again.

You don't know what  
you're up against.

Don't you see it?

He's with them now.

And I don't think even he knows it.

- All of this is Satan's work.

- Oh come on.

I'm talking about evil.

- Evil itself.

- Evil itself? Listen, Reverend.

No. The Devil will do  
the same thing to you.

As he's doing to John's family.

He'll find a way to confuse you.

To tempt you.

I've already handed out  
quite a few at the station.

- You did what?

- It can't do any harm.

Good night.

- Why don't you just admit it?

- Admit what?

That you're scared to death.

You're not using your head anymore.

Raines...

And what exactly did  
your mother tell you?  
It was one of their tactics.  
They blend in with people on the street  
and start staring at someone.  
What for?  
It's a death threat.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Listen I am sick...  
Sometimes they'd call  
in the middle of the night and hang up.  
That's a warning.  
- A warning?  
- Yeah, it's like...  
an invitation to be one of them.  
Bruce?  
Are you all right?  
- Where am I...  
- Shh...  
Tell them he's ready.  
Nesbitt...  
- This can't be real.  
- Of course it's not real.  
- You're in custody.  
- It's not happening, Bruce.  
- This is a dream.  
- Come on.  
Walk slowly.  
Hold him,  
he's still a bit dizzy.  
- Watch your step, Bruce.  
- What are you all doing in my house?  
- Let him through.  
- Get out of my house.  
Make way. Make way.  
- Get out of my house!  
- This is not your house.  
You're dreaming, Bruce.  
This isn't real.  
Give him the knife.  
No! No!  
No! No!  
Don't cry sweetheart.

It's only a dream.  
Our secret recipe.  
Go on. Drink.  
I'm not one of you!  
I'm not one of you!  
I'm not one of you!  
Come on Lady.  
Tough luck.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Come on!  
Come on.  
Morning.  
What are you doing here?  
What the fuck are you doing here!  
- Hey! Hey!  
- Jesus Christ, Bruce!  
This man is under arrest! Get off me!  
Who authorized his release!  
Get the fuck off me!  
He came here to pick up his stuff.  
They released him  
yesterday afternoon.  
I tried to call you  
but you never answered.  
- But why! Why did you release him?  
- He passed the polygraph twice.  
- Polygraph...  
- We had no choice.  
- That's the deal we had with his lawyer...  
- What deal?  
I know he's lying, Chief! I know it.  
Bruce, relax. Relax okay.  
He'll never work here again.  
Look. Look.  
May I? It's not just the test.  
We got back the results  
of Angela's medical report.  
And the mark's superficial, it was recent,  
it was probably self-inflicted.  
- I saw... I saw...  
- Oh for Christ's sake. You're not a doctor.  
- But I saw...  
- You saw wrong.  
It's typical in trauma victims to want to

strengthen their testimony

by adding little details.

Do we know who signed this report?

- Bruce.

- No, they already be among us!

I don't believe any of it.

I got my hands full with these guys.

Please, don't let all this get to you.

- Not to you.

- What...

You said you were being

watched on the street today.

Have you seen yourself

in the mirror recently?

Why don't you just go home and

forget about the case for a few days.

Something's happening to you.

This is Detective Bruce Kenner.

It is October the fourteenth, 1990.

- State your full name.

- John Gray.

- ...hugging or kissing me...

- So she's been avoiding you?

Yeah. And also...

John, cut the shit okay.

Take your hat off.

Yeah and then also...

John, cut the shit okay.

Take your hat...

Shit.

- She's been avoiding you?

- Yeah.

And then also the...

John, cut the shit okay.

Take your...

You were making a list of things

that were obvious and I cut you off.

What was it you were going to say?

What made you feel guilty.

Well I think it had to

do with my son, Roy.

He's umm...

Just saying the word makes me sick.

What word?

He's a sodomite.  
He's a what?  
That's why I kicked him out.  
That means he's gay?  
No... well at church we  
call them sodomites.  
Those are sins that people  
always learn from some pervert.  
And then when Angela  
started accusing me,  
I... I saw it clearly. It was me.  
I was the pervert.  
Wait a second.  
Are you telling me that you're taking the  
blame for sexually abusing your daughter  
- because your son is gay?  
- Yeah.  
John, and you waited  
to tell me that until now!  
- Why... Why are you angry?  
- Now you tell me!  
- Why are you so angry?  
- Oh God, John!  
- I'm only trying to help you.  
- Bullshit you're trying to help me!  
- Are you playing games with me?  
- No sir!  
Hey look at me,  
are you playing games!  
No, I never lied to you. sir!  
You don't think I want to put an end  
to all of this? I'd do anything, Bruce.  
Anything to pay for what I've done.  
To my children.  
And I don't know what else to do.  
Move.  
You never rest, do you?  
I have a question.  
Just need a simple yes or no answer.  
Please just for a second  
can you just listen to me...  
Can these dogs please shut up!  
Look at this, please.  
You see this picture?

I thought I knew her, I was sure that  
I knew her but it's an advertisement.  
Obviously. It's been up  
all over town. It's a drawing.  
Right? But ever since the case began, I've  
been thinking about her. I put her there.  
I don't know her.  
She's not even real.  
What if the regressions  
are the same thing.  
They're not memories.  
They're fantasies.  
- They're induced fantasies.  
- Induced by who?  
By us. By the therapy.  
By police, by the media.  
We bombard them with  
the same thing over and over.  
And their imagination  
just does the rest.  
We're not freeing their memories.  
This is a nightmare produced by all of us.  
- Collective hysteria.  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
It doesn't make sense.  
What about Nesbitt?  
You know he's guilty or  
are you doubting that now?  
No. No. George Nesbitt  
is guilty, but maybe...  
- Maybe what?  
- I don't know.  
Stop clutching at straws.  
I'm not clutching at straws.  
I'm trying to find the truth.  
You're demolishing my work!  
- Okay, all right...  
- This is science.  
- This is science!  
- I'm starting to use my head again!  
Goodbye Professor.  
Nesbitt, what did you do?  
What did you do.  
Drop that! Get over there!

Let me see your faces!  
Both of you, let me see your faces!  
You had it coming.  
For ruining his life you bastard.  
His life? They just let him go!  
- What you came over here to celebrate?  
- What am I supposed to do now, huh?  
- What about my career?  
- Your career...  
Fine. Yeah I made some mistakes.  
But I shouldn't have to pay for all this!  
You got what you wanted. Two stooges for  
your bull shit case! You'll get a medal!  
All right, listen to me right now.  
I'm not going to report this.  
This stays between us.  
Just tell me what you know, Nesbitt!  
- Tell you what?  
- What you kept from us.  
What only you know about it.  
Only me?  
I told you that day in the car.  
Am I right?  
I need to speak with Angela.  
- What happened?  
- I've solved the case.  
We've got them all.  
I'll get her.  
Hello, Angela.  
Did you really?  
Nesbitt gave us all the names.  
Yeah I know, I know.  
I know. Sit down. Sit down.  
You'll be fine.  
Angela. I know something  
terrible happened to you.  
And I understand why maybe you  
didn't want to tell me this until now.  
Nesbitt said they got you pregnant.  
Did they want you to have  
a baby for the sect?  
Angela. Don't hold  
anything back. Tell us everything.  
He also told us...

...that there was a ceremony  
where they gave you an abortion.  
Please tell me they didn't...  
Put a foetus...  
Angela.  
What is the meaning of this?  
What's the meaning of it?  
It means I made it all up.  
- Why are you lying?  
- Angela.  
You have been playing us  
from the start, all right. Was it you?  
- You were the one calling my house?  
- I didn't call anyone.  
You were calling my house.  
You know what  
Nesbitt really told me?  
He told me that you hate your family.  
That you think they're all  
a bunch of drunk losers.  
And that your mother killed herself  
because she couldn't take it anymore.  
That's a lie.  
You really opened up to George. And then  
you guys were sleeping together, right.  
I mean, when he told you  
he would never run away with a minor...  
And you saw that your life was going to be  
like your mothers, you wanted to change it.  
Why were you crying  
that day at the seminar?  
I already told you why,  
her father raped her.  
No. Can I talk to you for a second.  
- What are you doing?  
- Just come, speak with me for one second.  
Next time you hear  
the voice of God, don't call us.  
Are you out of your mind!  
Open this door right now! Mr. Kenner!  
You just told us  
what we wanted to hear  
while getting rid of your family.  
Isn't that right Angela?

Then you went too far,  
and now you can't stop. Isn't that right?  
Who's going to believe you, Bruce?  
Especially when I tell everyone  
what you did in the cemetery.  
In front of my mother's grave.  
You just offended someone  
who loved you very much.  
I offended you?  
You think I care?  
I was talking about your mother.  
Get out of my church.  
You were right, Reverend.  
Get out!  
It does exist. Evil itself.  
Now the police have no leads. Which is very  
common in cases of Satanic Ritual abuse.  
But that begs the question,  
where's the proof?  
The Devil knows where the proof is.  
He's the one guiding and  
helping his henchmen conceal it.  
To make us believe  
that he doesn't exist.  
I saw what they did! They killed  
babies and sometimes they ate them.  
Then they'd burn the remains  
and bury them on my Dad's property.  
They said they would kill me.  
I chose to speak out about this  
so the people would know the truth.  
This is so much bigger  
than what it seems.  
I only hope that people realize  
the enormous danger we're in.  
People need to believe us.  
Believe us.  
That's the scariest part.  
We believed it.  
Hey, you did good.  
Let's go.  
Angela must've read it.  
Or else she saw one of those shows  
she's doing interviews on now.

Doesn't matter, it's all trash.  
The rest is just outbreaks of panic  
like the one we had here.  
The FBI had already filed all this.  
But... I don't get it. What about my  
visions, and my mothers and Roy's?  
They all match,  
how is that possible?  
You saw what we made you believe,  
and we believed what you saw.  
We just went around in a circle. The  
tortures, the photographs, the sacrifices.  
We all just made it up.  
I spoke with the D.A.  
All right, now listen.  
Nobody wants to take  
the blame for this mess, okay.  
They're going to want you  
to confess to child molestation,  
but you can't do it  
because they don't have a case.  
The only one who should  
be worried right now is Angela.  
No you just...  
Leave Angela alone.  
Please leave her alone.  
First you said I was the Devil. Remember?  
All those years, drinkin'  
and destroying myself  
and not taking care  
of my family until Emily...  
John. You have to stop punishing yourself.  
Emily gave up.  
My wife gave up.  
And Angela never complained.  
She never said anything.  
All this hate now.  
It's my fault.  
- I'm the one that made her into this.  
- I am the one who failed you.  
Don't you see? From the beginning,  
I couldn't see what was happening.  
I thought that this case...  
That I was the only one...

I was so stupid, John.

Please. Please, you have to at least let me help you get out of here.

- You really want to help me?

- Yes.

Then you tell the D.A.

that I plead guilty.

No. John, you'll get a minimum of five years.

I don't care, doesn't matter. As long as you leave Angela alone. Don't go after her.

She'll realize I'm doing this for her, to protect her.

And that way, maybe...

Maybe one day she'll hate me less.

And that's all I want, see?