



Scripts.com

6 Souls

By Michael Cooney

"Do you ever have emotions
that you can't explain?
"Have you ever lost control
of these emotions?
"Do these emotions have a name?"
These were the first three questions
that Dr Malicent asked of Joseph Kinkirk
just six hours after his arrest,
to which Kinkirk answered,
"Yes, yes, and Henry."
This course of exchange
laid the foundation
for a defence that failed
not only because of the meticulously
collected physical evidence, um,
but also because of
the currently accepted opinion
in modern psychology -
multiple personality syndrome
does not exist.
It was a psychological fad,
a therapist-induced disorder
perpetuated by an unending barrage
of TV talk shows and novels
and ill-conceived Hollywood movies.
Joseph Kinkirk
has been under observation
at various psychiatric institutions
for most of his adult life
and yet there has not been
one documented reference to Henry
until after his arrest.
Henry did not abduct Sarah McKenzie.
He didn't strip her naked
or tie her to a bed in the cellar.
He didn't rape her 12-year-old body
or attempt to remove her ovaries
with a box cutter.
And he didn't videotape
the two hours it took Sarah
to bleed to death
when that operation failed.
Henry did not commit
these atrocities because...

...Henry does not exist.
Joseph Kinkirk is fully aware
of his actions...
...just as he was
when he committed them.
It's after midnight, I'm afraid.
I know.
I need two shots of tequila, a waterback
and some volume on the TV.
Please.
Certainly.
At one minute past midnight.
The State of Missouri began the execution
of Joseph Kinkirk by lethal injection.
With no reprieve coming
from the Governor's office...
Oh, God.
Can I have two...
two more shots, please?
Would you like me
to change the channel?
No, that's fine.
...and Mr Kinkirk was pronounced dead
at 18 minutes past the hour.
As you've just heard.
Joseph Kinkirk has been put to death
in a Missouri state prison.
We will have further reaction
to this execution...
- Hello.
- Hi, Mommy!
Hi, sweetie.
I miss you.
I miss you too.
What's that noise?
Uncle Stephen's making breakfast.
OK, now can we go to Starbucks?
How was last night?
We watched 'Night of the Living Dead'.
Oh, no - secrets! Shh.
Put your uncle on the phone.
Mommy wants to talk to you.
So did you see them
fry the bad guy last night?

It was lethal injection. And no.
You get shit-faced as usual?
Watch your language in front of Sammy.
Sorry. Did you, as usual, get shit-faced?
I'm running late.
I'll see you this afternoon, OK?
Hello?
Hey. Hey! That's rude.
Your mother hung up on me.
Dad, can I call you back?
I'm just at the airport...
I need your opinion on a patient!
You 're shouting again.
Am I?
Sorry!
Look, I think you 'll find this one
to be very interesting.
Just send me the file and I'll look it over.
No, no, you have to meet him.
I'll pick you up at the airport.
Just give him one hour.
You can't expect me to rearrange my life
every time you dig up
some medical oddity.
Did you hang up?
Dad?
Hi.
So where'd you find
this David Bernburg?
He was referred to me by Dr Foster.
Charlie?
Mm-hm.
Well, that figures.
David was picked up for vagrancy
and then released into Charlie's care
the next day.
Well, how long has
he been a patient here?
Couple of days. Since the weekend.
That's all?
Mm-hm.
You usually like
to treat them for a month
before you let me pick them apart.

Ah, but this one
has a whole new kind of act.
Oh, yeah?
Enjoy.
Can we get a little heat going in here?
Sure.
Hi.
Hi.
Thank you.
Sure.
I'm Dr Cara Jessup.
And you must be David.
David Bernburg. Is that right?
Yes.
'Bernburg' - is that German?
I don't know.
Do you know why we're here?
You want to ask me some questions.
Is that alright with you?
Yes.
OK. Have you been in a wheelchair
your entire life?
No.
I had an accident a few years back.
OK.
Are you left- or right-handed?
Right.
And, um, in your childhood home,
how many windows are there?
11 if you count
the star window in the door.
But it didn't open.
OK, so when you 're
counting these windows,
are you inside or outside the house?
Inside. It's warmer.
Mm-hm.
Were you raised in any religion?
Ma'am, I was raised in the mountains.
God held our hand
and the devil waited for us to fall.
I'd like to show you
a series of abstract images
and I'd like you to just describe

any thought that comes to mind, OK?
Two small children.
Mm-hm.
And they're playing that game, um...
Patty cake, patty cake...
OK, OK. Good.
And this one?
It looks like an elephant in the circus.
Is it a big elephant?
No, a baby elephant.
Do you see any numbers in the circle?
OK.
How about this one?
Sure.
Do you ever have any emotions
you can't explain?
No.
Do you ever feel angry or violent
or depressed for no apparent reason?
No.
OK. Thank you very much.
Alright, Dad, I'm waiting.
For what?
Well, you didn't bring me here
to meet David, did you?
Mind if I make a call?
No, I got nothing but time.
Go right ahead.
Hello.
This is Dr Harding. Is Adam there?
I'm sorry, Dr Harding.
I'm the only one here.
I'd like you to look for him.
What was that?
This is Adam.
Adam, it's Dr Harding.
I wonder if you would have a moment
to speak with a colleague of mine?
Sure.
You didn't need to do that.
Do what?
Show off. It makes you
look like a charlatan.
Hello.

I'm Dr Jessup.
Jessup? You 're Dr Harding's daughter?
Yes, I am. And you 're Adam.
Your husband was murdered, right?
Ooh.
Yes.
How?
His throat was slit by a mugger.
When?
Three years ago.
Where?
When we were walking home from
church on Christmas Eve.
You think that was rude of me?
Not at all.
I'm used to it.
Aggressive role manipulation
is a common avoidance technique
used by borderline personalities
during therapy.
But you knew that, didn't you?
Attagirl.
I have to watch out for your
exploitative pathological tendencies.
Ready to answer some questions?
Shoot.
In your childhood home,
how many windows are there?
One.
One?
Mm-hm.
Actually, two if you count the windshield.
I see.
Were you raised in any religion?
Catholic.
Mm-hm.
OK, Adam, I have a series
of abstract images here.
I'd like you to take a look at them...
Dancers, moth, elephants, the Devil.
I've seen all this stuff before, Doctor.
Yes, you have. Clearly.
OK, Adam.
Do you see any numbers in the circles?

Nope.
And this one?
No.
Great. Great.
What about this one?
The number seven.
OK.
OK, Adam, um...
may I look at your eyes?
Are you wearing contact lenses?
No. This is their natural colour.
Are you colourblind?
Red deficient, since birth.
OK, Adam, I think we're done here.
Thank you very much
for your cooperation.
Can I go now?
You set me up.
No, no. I offered you a chance
to reconsider some of your assumptions.
Adam is the host. David is the alter.
Why didn't you let me
interview Adam first?
Where's the fun in that?
Hello!
Mommy!
Hello!
Hello!
I missed you so much!
Yay!
Hey, Pop.
Hey, Stevo. This is quite a rig.
Mm-hm.
Hah.
Hey, Grandpa.
There's my angel. How you doing?
Go get your stuff, OK?
OK.
I'll help you.
She have fun?
Uh, she was pretty cranky
till that second beer set in.
You staying for dinner?
No.

Sammy's got school in the morning.

Mm-hm.

You OK? I mean, really OK?

Yeah, I'll be OK.

What are you working on?

Oh, I'm just offlining an industrial.

Oh, great.

You have no idea

what I'm talking about, do you?

No.

No.

OK, here we are.

Did you say thank you

to Uncle Stephen, honey?

Thank you, Uncle Stephen.

Sammy, next time

you bring the beers, OK?

OK.

I gotta tell you, I'm loving these
underage drinking jokes.

Thank you.

Just loving them.

Thank you very much.

Mm-hm. 'Bye!

Goodbye. Get off my property.

- 'Bye.

Don't pull all the way up
into the driveway.

Why?

It'll be too tight for me to get out.

You 'll be able to get out.

No, it's...

Yep.

Thanks, Pop. This is perfect.

Hey, honey, get in the bathtub, OK?

And then we'll have dinner.

OK, Mom!

What's that?

Adam's file. Take a look.

I'll think about it.

I don't seem to have much time
for God nowadays, Doctor.

It seems to work both ways.

Hows about you? Got your faith?

My daughter
lost her husband not too long ago.
He was a good, good man
and he was murdered
for no reason at all.
Murdered?
Mm-hm.
So I find it kind of hard to believe
in a God that could hurt my daughter...
...is Adam there?
I'm sorry,
Dr Harding. I'm the only one here.
Little CC.
Hey, Charlie. You look terrible.
Well, thank you.
A course of antibiotics, I'll be fine.
Alright.
To what do I owe the pleasure?
Um, Adam Saber.
I want to know how he came to you
and why you dumped him on my father.
The police found him laying in the street.
He didn't appear intoxicated.
Claimed he wasn't able to walk.
Gave his name as David Bernburg.
By the time I examined him,
he was up on his feet,
calling himself Adam Saber,
said he had no idea
how he got to the hospital.
Well, I thought of
your father immediately.
Well, yeah, sure.
Um, have you ever had a patient
who was colourblind in just one eye?
No. Why?
I was just thinking it might explain...
Never mind.
How's Sammy?
She's great.
Soccer-crazy.
There are tryouts at the school
this Friday. You should come.
I'd like that.

Good.

Um, can I get a copy of his hospital file?

I'll fax it this afternoon.

Thank you.

Take care of yourself, alright?

Yeah.

I will. You take care of that kid.

Yeah. Always.

Um, does Ellie still work in radiology?

Yeah, but she's up

on the third floor now.

Alright. Thanks again.

'Bye.

Is it possible that

when he wrenches his neck,

he's compressing,

decompressing a nerve

and causing some kind

of temporary paralysis?

Look.

This X-ray - the third, the fourth,

the fifth vertebrae...

Fused.

Mmm.

So we're looking at X-rays here

of two different people.

Two different people.

It's a hoax - a guy, the doctor.

The doctor?

Sure.

How well do you know him?

Well, some days, not at all.

Gets under your skin, doesn't he?

These aren't his films. They can't be.

Isn't it possible

that what you 're looking at

is actually what you 're seeing?

No, because this is not possible.

Adam is the real deal.

No.

He is a desperately ill young man,

but he's fully aware of David

and all of David's actions.

David is pure invention

and I'll prove it to you.
You know what? We haven't had
dinner together in over a month.
Well, you 're coming to Easter,
aren't you?
Uh-huh.
Do you want me to bring anything?
Just your delightful self.
That's my girl.
Yeah.
Thanks.
Thank you.
OK, what name?
So, David Bernburg,
Shadywood High School, Shadywood.
Shadywood.
Sorry, Doctor. Scared you a little
right there, huh?
Yeah, a little bit. Yeah.
Listen, uh, I didn't want you to leave
without having a chance
to say thank you.
For what?
For trying to help.
Thanks.
You 're welcome.
Excuse me. I'm looking for yearbooks.
Second aisle down to the back.
But you best be quick.
I'm locking up in 10 minutes.
No, I'll be quick. I promise.
OK.
Are you almost done?
Um, I'll be done in a minute.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lay on
Bless me as they lay me down to sleep
I give myself to God to keep
Five little angels round my bed
One to the foot and one to the head
One to sing and one to pray
And one to take my sins away.
Amen.
She doesn't mean it.

Right?
Hello.
Charlie?
Oh, little CC.
You sound terrible.
Listen, listen. Can I bring you anything?
Uh, no. I've got soup.
And, um, that antibiotic's
about to kick in.
I hate to ask, but you never
faxed me Adam Saber's file.
Oh, I'm sorry. Is first thing alright?
Yeah, yeah, of course.
Just get some rest, OK?
I will.
See you soon.
OK. Feel better.
Excuse me.
Do you know the way
to the Quarry House?
I don't know how I got to the hospital.
I have no idea
how I got to bed last night.
You know, I just wake up in my room
and I don't remember nothing.
The nurses
helped you into your bed.
Was I awake?
In a matter of speaking.
Hello?
They're ruined, aren't they?
I... I'm sorry. I knocked at the front door.
I was...
I found them this morning.
They must have been
in water for weeks.
All that music, all that life, all gone.
I think... I think some of it
can be saved, actually.
Well, there's always hope.
Now, who are you?
I'm looking for David Bernburg.
David?
Yeah.

You 're standing on him, aren't you?
Well, it happens around
this time of year -
some local reporter
inevitably stumbles onto
a story in the archives
and tries to resurrect it
as a cautionary tale.
Are you talking about David's accident?
No, my dear.
His murder.
How did his accident happen?
He fell.
Wet leaves on stone steps.
And just like that
his life had to begin again.
But he accepted his fate
with such nobility.
For three years,
David showed the world how brightly
the Holy Spirit shone within him.
But then... David lost his way.
He found a doctor in the city
who was experimenting with spinal
replacement or some such nonsense.
David came to believe
that this practitioner
would one day give him back his legs.
It seemed as if every month,
he'd ride into the city on the bus
with hope in his eyes...
...only to be injected and sliced open
and return broken-hearted.
And then one month he left home
and never returned.
It was one week later
when they found his remains.
He'd... been taken into the woods
and abused.
Tortured.
Can you imagine?
David sitting there, watching,
unable to fight back,
watching as they did those

unspeakable things to him?
I... I cannot. I...
And I pray you never will.
David turned his back on God
and looked to science for his answers.
The Lord told us quite plainly.
"Wane not, thy faith in me."
Hey, Art. I'll have a cup of coffee
and some of that apple pie, huh?
Hi, honey bun.
Did you have a good time, hmm?
No. We had a bird funeral.
Great. Great.
Mmm, yeah.
Well, do you want to pick out a treat
while I talk to Grandpa?
OK, go ahead.
What's the fundamental difference
between a disassociated personality
and a delusional one?
No hello?
'Cause I have something.
Yeah?
OK, so the real David Bernburg
was born on February 5, 1963.
He slipped and broke his back
in November of 1979.
In April of 1982, he was murdered.
Now, while every local TV station
and newspaper
was recounting the details
of his horrific death,
your Adam Saber was six years old,
his mother had just died
and he'd been placed in
the first of several foster homes.
His escape was this...
this macabre murder.
Now, everything
that Adam knew of David
he would have gleaned
from the media, right?
OK, well, say that I agree with these...
...somewhat shaky assumptions.

Why would Adam create a delusion?
Give me your wallet.
Any wallet will do?
Mm-hm.
Alright.
So why do you carry
this picture of Mom?
To remind me of her.
Mm-hm, and experience the positive
effects that these memories evoke.
Yeah.
Yes.
Now, if this picture existed
but you had no awareness of it,
would you still be able
to benefit from its existence?
I suppose not, no.
Oh, OK.
So I believe, as a child,
Adam Saber began carrying around
a mental picture of David
so that no matter where he went,
no matter how horrific things became,
there was always someone
who had it worse -
David Bernburg
who was tortured to death
by Satan-worshipping
mountain witches.
But to benefit from this mental image,
he must be fully aware of it
and therefore
cannot be disassociated.
That is a very compelling diagnosis.
Thank you very much.
How are you gonna prove it?
Oh, oh, Dad, I'm not gonna prove it.
I'm gonna cure it.
Hello, Mrs Bernburg.
Thank you again for agreeing
to help me with this.
I wanted to tell you that, um, Adam has
created an impersonation of your son.
I, um... I don't want you to be alarmed.

I've raised three boys
and said prayers upon their graves.
Not much alarms me.
Thank you. I do appreciate it.
Here's... this is Adam now.
Hello, Adam.
Hey.
This is Dita Bernburg.
Is the name familiar to you at all?
Nope.
Er, her son David
was murdered 25 years ago.
Shit.
I'm sorry.
You may have heard of it.
It was in the papers.
25 years ago? I was, like, 6 years old.
I didn't read the papers much.
Mm-hm.
You gonna get that?
No-one knows I'm here.
It's probably for you.
Yo, this is Adam.
I'd like to speak with David, please.
There's no David here.
Momma?
You found me, Momma.
My son is dead.
No, Momma. I'm not dead.
You are not my son.
Yes, I am.
We live at the Quarry House
on Tull Road.
I was able to find
your address in the phone book.
My bedroom used to be a library.
You used to fold the clothes
on the shelves like books.
Stop it.
Yeah.
You used to say, "What clothes
shall we read today, David?"
No.
My bed.

My bed was made from harvest wood
to keep me safe from the spirits.
My son died 25 years ago.
You have a nail in your pocket.
How could you know that?
No-one knows that, only...
We found it in in Askern Mine.
You always carry it, Momma.
David.
Momma.
Iron from the earth...
...to ward off evil.
To ward off evil.
Yes.
Then it's not working.
I know there's a rational
explanation for this. Just wait for me.
Momma!
Yeah, this is it.
You can get him out of the van.
You want me to come with you?
No, we'll be fine.
Are you sure?
Yeah.
Alright.
I'll be fine.
Alright, David,
do you know where you are?
No, ma'am.
Well, there's no reason
that you should recognise this place.
What is it?
What's the matter.
I was here at night.
What?
That's why I didn't recognise this place.
Things are different.
It was snowing.
Right there, there was a shed.
David?
He's coming.
Who's coming?
Who's coming?
Shhh.

Just tell me.
It's alright. It's alright.
Tell me. Tell me, who is it?
Who is it? Who's coming?
The Devil.
I'm sorry. Alright, I'm sorry.
Please don't leave me.
Please don't leave me.
I'm gonna take you back to the van.
OK? I'm taking you...
Alright. Here we go, OK.
It's alright.
Please, please, please
get me out of here.
Listen, the chair is stuck.
I have to go back...
No! No, please.
Please don't leave me.
Alright, OK. Alright. OK.
Just... I need to get a signal.
I'm just gonna walk away
and get a signal, OK?
You 're alright. You 're alright.
Hey, Cara.
Hi, Virgil.
Something wrong?
No, no, I'm alright.
The chair is stuck
and I need you to push it out.
Alright. Let me find something.
I'll be right there.
Thanks. OK. 'Bye.
Let's see what we've got.
Stuck, huh?
Hi, Adam.
Who's Adam?
Here we go.
My name is Dr Caroline Jessup.
Yeah, we'll get to you later.
Adam...
I asked who Adam was.
Adam is a patient of mine.
Are you alright?
You feel confused?

Confused?

You don't tell me

when to be confused, lady.

You 're not the one who keeps waking up

in strange goddamn places

with no idea how you got there.

So I asked you a question.

Where am I?

And why would you think I was Adam?

You 're at Walker's Mill.

And you look like Adam.

Hey!

Caroline, are you alright?

Yeah. We're fine.

I was, um... I'm just... I'm talking to, er...

Wes.

Wes.

Morning, Virgil.

Hey, Wesley.

Right. There we go. Beautiful.

- Catch. Catch it.

Nice, alright. Take a shot.

Dad!

Dad.

Yeah.

I need to talk to you.

OK. I'll be right back.

Why are you...

I just met Wes!

Wh...

Why, Dad? Why?

Why do you do this to me?

Because you 've stopped

asking questions.

That's all I do. That's all I do all day long.

That's all I do, Dad.

No, no!

You 've stopped asking questions

of yourself, Caroline!

You 've developed

this fixed system of beliefs

which you refuse to submit

to any kind of introspection.

So what that means is

that you will never have
a new thought in your professional life.
You have got to learn to
take those ideas, set them to one side
and try to move ahead with
one big question, which is, "Why?"!
And simply ask, "What?"
To just say, "I don't know."
Just because you 're older,
it doesn't mean you 're right.
It might mean
that you 've been wrong for longer.
What has been your motivation here?
Has it been to help Adam
to discover whatever...
...crisis it is that caused him
to fracture his psyche?
Or has it been to simply flat out
prove me wrong?
Hmm?
Oh, hon.
Come on, don't!
Alright, everybody go take a shower now.
Honey!
OK, so, Wesley Crite was a frontman
for an underground rock band.
He died November 1994.
It was a possible suicide.
At this exact point,
Adam Saber is in prison.
He's just been placed
in solitary confinement.
So at this low, low moment in his life,
he assumes yet another person
who has a story worse than his own.
OK.
OK.
Good.
Hello, Wesley.
I'm sorry to keep you waiting.
I have all the time
in the world, Dr Jessup.
I'd like to ask you a few questions,
if that's alright with you.

I would first like to ask you a question.

Yes?

Do you hold that doctorate
in the name of science or God?

Why do you ask?

That thing around your neck.

Mmm.

I'd-I'd like to consider myself
a doctor of science...

...but a woman of God.

There's something I'd like to show you.

November 18, 1994.

Does that mean anything to you?

Get away from me.

Do you know what happened that day?

Get away.

What happened that day?

What do you know about that day?

Get away from me.

Wes.

GET AWAY FROM ME!

David?

Are you alright?

He was here.

Who? Who was here?

Where did you hear that?

I didn't hear it.

I've wrote it.

That's David's song.

Was it ever published?

No.

David made it up in the hospital
after his accident,
and he'd sing it to himself
whenever he became sad or scared.

When he was scared?

It seemed to be a sanctuary for him,
a shelter in the storm.

Is it possible that, um...

...the night he was murdered,

when he was in the woods,

is it possible that he sang this lullaby?

I pray he did.

Hello?

Hey, Dad.
I think that when Adam Saber
was a little boy,
he may have witnessed
David Bernburg's murder.
And David is an escape
from that memory. Maybe Wes is too.
Do you have a home address for Adam?
Why?
Because I wanna know what kind of life
Adam is trying to escape from.
Hey.
Hey there, buddy.
Good boy. Good boy.
Hello!
Hello?
Hey, buddy. Are you all alone?
It's alright. It's alright. I'm gonna come in.
I'm coming in. I'm not gonna hurt you.
Hello?
Oh, shit.
OK. OK, OK.
OK, buddy. Alright.
See if I can find anything.
Here you go. Here you go.
There. Poor thing.
Ugh.
Hello?
Is anybody here?
Hello?
Oh, God. Oh, gosh.
Mmm... Ohh...
Ohh.
Ohh.
OK.
Oh, God.
Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.
First dead body?
No.
We sent someone to pick up
this Adam Saber for questioning.
Shit! Shit.
Um, I-I... I forgot to pick up
my daughter. I can't stay.

You don't have to be here.
Thanks.
I got it.
Thank you.
- Did you see me?
- You did a great job, honey.
Really, Dad?
Kenna, come on, we're leaving.
I'll be there in one second.
Hello?
Detective Danton?
It's Caroline Jessup.
Hello.
Adam Saber is at my daughter's
elementary school.
You 're sure it's him?
Yeah.
Yeah, it's Brockhurst Elementary.
Alright.
At the soccer fields.
Alright, I'll...
Hi.
...send the car and I'll be there.
As soon as you can. Thanks.
Sammy!
Sammy!
You see?
Samantha!
I told you she'd be here.
No need to worry.
Samantha!
Sammy.
Samantha. Samantha.
I'm sorry I'm late.
I need you to come over here right now.
But, Mom...
Right now! Get over here!
Come on. Come on.
I want you to go and wait
with Brody's mom, OK?
Is everything alright?
How did you get here?
I'm not entirely sure.
Sammy was wonderful!

I think she's gonna make...
I want you to stay away from my family!
But you invited me.
I did no such thing.
At the hospital.
What hospital?
When you came to see me.
CC, are you alright?
What did you call me?
Little CC.
Who are you?
Oh, for heaven's sake.
Caroline, it's me.
Charles.
I thought we had a rule
about not talking to strangers.
But he knew my name.
And he just wanted to talk to me
until you got there.
What did he want to talk about?
First he wanted to know family stuff.
Yeah?
Like what we did this summer.
And my birthday.
What about your birthday?
If I liked the books he sent me.
What else?
Then he wanted to know
about God and stuff.
What did you tell him?
That I didn't believe.
Why would you say that, honey?
Because if God was real
he wouldn't have let Daddy die.
You know, I think...
...I think that God knew
how wonderful Daddy was.
And he wanted him in heaven
to make it a better place.
It's alright that I don't believe, Mommy.
Why?
Grandpa doesn't believe anymore.
So whatever happens, I'll be with him.
Here.

God loves you.
And he always will, OK?
OK.
What did you do to your back?
Don't know.
It kind of itches.
Oh.
I'll put something on it, OK?
He, Dad, it's me.
Look, I think there's a connection
between Adam and his alters.
They all seem to want to know
if you have faith.
Adam asked you, Wes asked me,
Charles asked Sammy.
Charles?
Well...
Adam came to Sammy's school
pretending to be Charles.
Caroline, Charles is dead.
What? I... Dad, I just talked to him.
He was sick, but he didn't... I mean...
Dad, I'm so sorry.
Me too.
He always had to do everything first.
Are you alright?
Yeah.
It's just a tickle.
I love you, sweetheart.
I love you too, Daddy.
Bye-bye.
I noticed a sketchbook in your room.
You like to draw, huh?
Idle hands.
Moses drowning in an unparted sea.
Mm-hm.
So, I'm seeing this, right?
The shadow's moving. It looks like
there's somebody else there, right?
Yeah, but...
But...
...you know.
But... But what?
Cara, this is... Come on, this is Dad.

He's doing what he always does.
He's messing with you.
Can you just find out what it is?
Yeah, sure.
So, uh...
What's the deal?
The deal, Mr Saber,
is a body found at your house.
Excuse me?
Male. Approximately 30-50 years of age.
You know him?
OK.
Are you a religious man, Mr Saber?
I only ask as this cross
was etched into the victim's back.
Do you recognise this?
Maybe it was burnt
or carved in, we're not sure yet.
Does this mean anything to you?
No.
Adam, do you recognise any of these?
Do you recognise them?
Does this cross mean anything to you?
Do you recognise any of these?
I said, "I don't recognise them!"
Are you deaf?!
OK. Excuse me. Excuse me, Detective.
Can I speak to you for a second?
Don't push him on this right now.
You 're not gonna get anywhere.
And I... I think I can help you
with that cross.
I've seen it somewhere before.
Yeah.
I saw markings like this in town.
I'm sorry. I didn't know who else to ask.
Dr Jessup, why are you here?
Your textbooks have failed you,
isn't that right?
Yes.
So listen.
That's why God gave us two ears
but one mouth.
There's the Devil's magic in these hills,

that some may try to tend an ailing child
or take revenge for a terrible wrongdoing.
Remember this.
Your books may have failed you,
but your God has not.
Follow on where the road ends
to the very top of the valley.
You 'll see a Holler there.
Ask for the Granny.
Excuse me?
I... I'm looking for the Granny.
It's important that I find her.
I need... I need to...
I need to find out what this is.
I-I think it's some kind of a cross.
Do you know what it is?
Do you... Do you know?
Let me see.
It's no cross.
How are you doing that?
With better eyes than yours.
Can you tell me what it means?
You won't believe. Child!
What the hell is that?
Want a soda?
Mm-mm.
You sure?
Mm-hm.
No way. No freaking way.
Ow! What are you doing?
Sorry, pal.
I need to try something.
Uncle Stephen.
What are you doing?
I gotta check something.
Arggh!
Hold him down. Hold him down!
Keep still!
He'll be fine.
Now will you believe?
It's the writing of the mountains.
This... is shelter.
You have two new messages.
Dr Jessup,

this is Detective Danton.
Just wanted to let you know
there wasn't enough to hold Adam Saber
but we released him
into your father's care.
Any luck with that cross? Call me.
Next message.
Jesus, Carrie,
where the hell are you?
OK, the darkness on the video,
the thing that moves...
...it's a sound wave.
It's a voice.
Carrie, it's a fricking voice. Listen.
Reverend Christian Moore...
...shelter now the faithless!
Hear that?
Cara.
What was that?
Uh, I have no idea. But I do know
who Christian Moore is. Or was.
He was born in Burlington,
Alabama, in 1889.
He's one of those good ol' boys,
southern faith healers.
He died in... 1918.
That's all the info I got.
However, listen to this. OK.
There's some sort of historical society
in Milling Junction.
Now, there's a guy there
by the name of Monty.
He has all this information on him.
OK, I'm-I'm... I'm about 50 miles
from Milling Junction now.
You can be there in an hour. Go.
You alright?
My throat scratches.
Let me see what I got.
No cough medicines.
Mom says it's not good for you.
Seriously?
Honey works though.
Yeah? OK.

Uncle Stephen.

Yeah?

I think there's something on my back.

Well, my late father

made these films

right after the Great War.

That's when it came.

The influenza epidemic.

And that's when we met him.

The Reverend Christian Moore.

He was a self-proclaimed faith healer

and he told the Holler folks that

they didn't need their voodoo medicine.

Just faith in the Lord.

And he had a good number of Holler folk

turn their backs on the Granny.

You see, he used, as an example,

his own two children.

They were full of health

and apparently immune

to the ravages of the disease.

And they were strange children,

as I remember. Quiet.

Turns out that their silence

was for a good reason.

The Reverend had lost his faith

and he had had his own kin inoculated

against the disease,

leaving the others to die.

That's awful.

And that's why the Holler folk

did what they did.

What was that?

My father was filming as usual

and I accompanied him.

And that's when I found them -

the Reverend's children.

They dragged the Reverend

to the Granny.

And she handed down

her own form of mountain justice

for his faithless ways.

And I can't really tell you

what happened...

...but to a child of eight...
...it sure as hell looked like that old hag
had sucked out Christian Moore's soul...
...and stuffed his gullet with dirt
so that it couldn't get back in.
And then she said something
that I... I'll never forget.
Reverend Christian Moore,
shelter now the faithless.
Excuse me.
Hello.
Doctor Jessup, it's Detective Danton.
Can you hear me?
Yeah. What... Wh-what's the matter?
I just wanna let you know
we've dispatched a squad car
to your father's location.
They'll be there in a few minutes.
I'm on my way now.
Why?! Why? What's happened?!
There's been a mistake.
Hello?
Dad?
Oh, hey, sweetie.
Dad, is Adam with you now?
Yes. The police
dropped him off a while ago.
Can he hear what I'm saying?
I shouldn't think so. He's in his room.
OK, um, Dad, I need you to leave.
Why? What's going on?
You 're in danger.
What are you talking about?
Dad, Adam Saber is dead.
Can you hear me?
Yes, but you 're not making any sense.
The body that I found - that was Adam.
Whoever's with you now
is not Adam Saber.
Well, then, who is he?
I don't know who he...
Oh, my God.
Dad...
Dad... Dad!

Dad, can you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Dad?
Dad, w...
Da...
Dad...
No...
Just pick up, please.
Latham Institute.
Virgil, I need you to run upstairs
and check on my dad, OK?
OK. I'll check on him. I'll put you on hold.
Dr Harding? Shit. Shit.
No! Jesus Christ!
Dr... Dr Harding...
Cara... Cara... Cara, you...
Virgil, where... where's my dad?
Something terrible's happened, Cara. I...
He's gone.
He's dead.
What?
I couldn't...
There was nothing I could do.
He's gone.
Wh... Wha...
Wh... What?
I'm so sorry, Cara. So sorry...
Hello?
Hi, sweetie. It's Mommy.
Can you... Can you...
Can you put your uncle on?
Mom wants to talk to you.
He's getting his car keys.
Wh-why? Where are you going?
Come on. Come on.
Sammy, are you alright?
Hey. Sammy's coughing up a storm.
She's got some rash on her back.
Her paediatrician's closed.
They said I should start
heading to General.
Cara?
Cara?
Are you there?

A doctor can't help her.
Are you out of your mind, Cara?
She needs to see a doctor.
Think about what you heard
on that video.
This man is so dangerous.
Please, you have to bring her up here.
No, you have to listen to yourself.
I'm not taking my niece
to a goddamn witchdoctor.
I'm taking her to a hospital.
Please listen to me and bring her here.
No!
Where are we going?
To the hospital. You 're gonna be fine.
Stevo! Wait.
Stay the hell away from us.
Stevo! You have no idea
what's going on here, Stevie.
Samantha Jane! Come with me!
Samantha Jane!
Go, go, go, go! Up the stairs.
Come on. In the bathroom.
In the bathroom. Go, go, go.
You 're in great danger, buckaroo.
Hey. Your freak show just showed up
in Dad's car.
Keep him away from her, OK?
Stephen, for once in your life,
will you listen to your father?!
Here.
Hi, Mommy.
Hey, baby. Hey, do whatever
your Uncle Stephen says, OK?
OK.
Now, everything's gonna be OK
and I'm gonna stay on the phone
with you the whole time, alright?
I'm scared, Mommy.
I know. I know.
The man from the soccer field -
he's here.
I know, honey. I know. I know.
Stevo!

He's coming up the stairs.
He's in the house.
Stephen?
Samantha Jane!
Stephen, this is your father.
This is no time to be playing games,
Stephen.
Shh...
Sammy?
Samantha Jane, honey.
You gotta come with your grandpa,
Samantha Jane.
Shh.
Honey?
Please! Damn it, Stevie, open the door!
We don't have much time!
There's a very bad man coming, Stevie!
Open the door!
I can't help you if you don't
open the door to your father!
I don't care, man!
Get out of this house now!
Stevie! Stevie!
Stevie!
Ugh!
Sammy!
Arrgh!
Samantha Jane...
Sammy! Sammy! Stephen?
That was an accident, honey.
Listen to me.
You gotta come with me,
Samantha Jane.
Sammy, tell him
to put David on the phone.
She wants to speak to David.
David? David's not here, sweetie.
Sammy, put me...
Put me on speaker phone.
Caroline?
Put David on the fucking phone now!
Sammy? Sam... Stephen? Stephen?
Mommy...
...he fell.

Sammy?
Can you come here and get me?
Before he wakes up. Uncle Stephen?
Are you OK?
Tell me where this witchdoctor is.
Come on. You 're fine.
I'm scared!
Don't be scared.
Buckle up.
Come on!
When I cough, it feels like
I wanna throw up, Uncle Stephen.
We're gonna see your mom
real soon, OK?
I promise.
Hey! Hey!
Mommy!
I'll carry you, baby.
Give me your hands. It's OK.
Oh, my God. Come on.
Ow! Ow, Mommy!
Let me see.
OK. Drive, Stephen.
Drive straight ahead.
How much further?
It's just a couple more miles.
We're in the middle of nowhere.
I know. I know.
Just go straight. We'll be there soon.
Jesus, I hope you know
what you 're doing.
Just keep going straight!
Watch out!
Shit!
Oh, God! Oh, good.
What the hell is that?
It's alright. It's alright.
We're here. It's alright.
You stay here. Stay right here, Stephen.
Come on, honey. Come on.
Oh, it's OK. You 're alright.
I know, I know. It's OK.
Oh, f... Fu...
Shit.

Ah, come on.
Arrgh! Arrgh!
Mom, I don't want to...
No. It's alright. It's OK.
Just show her your back.
She looks scary.
Show her your back.
She's gonna help you. It's OK.
I'm gonna be right here.
Do I have to?
I'm gonna be right here, OK?
Lost your way, did you, child?
From God?
My daddy died.
Terrible thing, to lose a loved one.
Worse thing to lose your faith.
I'm sorry, child.
Why?
Once the sheltering has begun,
he will find you.
No. No.
No, no, you have to do something.
She's made her choice.
She didn't make a choice.
She didn't make a choice. She's a child.
We are all God's children.
Please help us. Help... Help her.
She will not be alone.
She will rest with the sheltered ones.
No. No!
Mommy!
Stephen! Stephen!
Cover your eyes, OK?
Don't look. Don't look. Don't.
OK.
Stephen... Stephen?
Stephen...
Don't... Keys... Keys...
Sammy!
Mom!
Come on.
Arggh!
Mommy!
Sammy...

OK. OK. Are you OK?
Alright, baby. OK. Come on.
Come on. Come on.
OK, I'm sorry. OK, sorry.
It's OK. You 're OK. It's OK.
Shh.
Sammy? Sammy, what is it?
Oh, my God. It's OK, baby.
Get it out. Get it out.
Oh, my God. OK.
Mommy, I can't feel my fingers.
OK, baby. It's OK. You 're alright.
It's gonna be alright.
You 're gonna be al...
Ugh!
Sammy!
Mommy?
You 're bleeding, Mommy.
I hit my head.
It's OK. It's OK.
I'm really scared, Mommy.
It's OK. It's OK. Shh... Shh...
Shh. Come on. Come here. Come here.
Come here. It's OK. It's OK.
It's OK. It's alright. It's alright. It's OK.
Shh...
OK, OK, OK, OK, OK.
Shh... OK, OK. OK. OK.
Alright. Alright. It's alright.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lay on
Bless me as I lay me down to sleep
I give myself to God to keep
Five little angels round my bed
One to the foot and one to the head
One to sing and one to pray...
...and one to take my sins away.
Amen.
Mommy...
Mommy...
It's OK.
Mommy!
Arggh!
Sammy.

Sammy?

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

Breathe, Sammy.

Oh, God.

Sammy?