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Armenian Haunting

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(buzzing and beeping)

(explosion booming)

(twinkling)

(dramatic music)

(insects chirping)

(squeaking)

(car alarm beeping)

[Sevan] Shit!

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the

promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

(tense music)

(sighing)

- (phone notification ringing)

- What was this?

What does he want?

(phone notification beeping)

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the

promise, promise, promise...

(tense music)

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

(phone ringing)

Hello?

(static buzzing and clicking)

(garbled screaming)

Hello?

(eerie raspy breathing)

Who's there?

Hello?

Hello?

(eerie raspy breathing)

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the

promise, promise, promise...

(eerie raspy breathing)

(shaky breathing)

(eerie growling)

(Sevan screaming)

(dramatic music)

Tatik, tell me about your tattoos.

But grandma, you never

told me who gave them to you?

Okay, okay, sorry grandma.

Grandma, you said your family was rich in Turkey?
Yes.
What about after you left?
What happened then?
Do you remember?
What about after?
What happened after you left?
Did you have enough food or water?
Did the guards tell you where they were taking you?
Disappeared?
What-what do you mean?
You don't remember what happened after your mother disappeared?
Oh, I, I didn't know we had Turkish relatives.
Grandma, did your uncle gave you those tattoos?
It doesn't make any sense.
Mom freaked out when I wanted to get a tiny tat, tiny ankle tattoo, and now you're saying Armenian children 100 years ago all had tattoos on their hands?
Grandma, it is for school!
Tatik...
(sighing)
I've been doing a lot of research and...
Those tattoos are the markings that were given to the women and children during the Armenian genocide.
Some of them signified belonging to a master as a slave.
In many cases, as a sex slave.
My grandma's 108 years old.
She...
It's very common in our family.
Her sister died a year ago.
She was almost 100 years old.
They are some of the last few remaining survivors of the Armenian genocide that took place

during the first World War.
Not many left, as it happened
exactly 100 years ago today.

[Eva] Maro-jan!

Dinner!

I'm busy, mom!

[Eva] So am I!

It's getting cold!

Today is April 24th, 2015.

The 100th anniversary of
the Armenian genocide.

1.5 million Armenian
women, children and men
were slaughtered by
the Turkish Government.

(sighing)

[Eva] Maro, now!

Ugh!

(sighing)

(knocking)

Babe?

Are you home?

I've been knocking.

(sighing)

I sent you like 100 text messages.

Sevan?

Babe, I thought we weren't
even gonna do this.

Hide from each other.

Whatever it is, you can tell me.

You know?

You can tell me anything.

(Clara gasping)

(Clara screaming)

(sighing)

Something terrible happened today.

One of my cousins was found
dead by his girlfriend
in his home.

I don't know the details,
but I overheard it was either
a heart attack, or a seizure of some sort.

My parents never tell me anything.

They-they still I'm a child.

(scoffs)

I guess that's their way of protecting me.

My grandma's still in shock.

But...

But I suspect there's something
they're not telling me
because when we heard from Sevan's father,
my grandma said, and-and I
repeat word for word, she said,
"It is finally here."

My parents think she's just in shock,
but what does it mean?

"It is finally here"?

[Eva] Maro-jan!

It's not the time for computers!

Go help your grandma!

Ugh!

Tatik?

Keep what promise?

Grandma?

[Maro] What are saying?

What-what curse?

Tatik?

How are you feeling, grandma?

Is there really a curse?

What did I tell you?

Something is really wrong here,
and they're not telling me.

Grandma threw a towel at me.

She's never laid a hand on me.

That's how I know something's wrong.

They're not telling me
something, the whole family.

(dramatic music)

Mom!

[Clara] Maro, you know...

I'm not sure I'm ready to talk about it.

I know you're heartbroken.

Clara, the whole family's in shock.

My grandma had an incident a few days ago.

Please, do this for Sevan?

Weeks before his death,
Sevan had become withdrawn.

I thought he was getting

cold feet about us.

Again.

Sevan started talking about the curse that his family carried, and that it was just a matter of time before every member of the bloodline would have to face the consequences.

A curse?

Did he say what kind of a curse?

I thought he was teasing me.

I don't know.

Think hard, Clara.

I don't remember!

Try to remember.

Why are you doing this?

I have to figure this out!

After Sevan was found dead, I overheard my grandma talking to herself about...

A promise they didn't keep, and the curse.

Maro, she is a 100 year old woman.

She's probably delusional.

You don't know her.

She's as sharp as a kabob skewer.

Did he say anything else?

It's all so hazy now.

[Maro] Look, I have to figure out what happened to Sevan.

Think, Clara.

One day, we were at a restaurant, and Sevan got a phone call.

He was very secretive about it.

When he went to the men's room, I...

Looked through his cell.

The last call he got was from...

A psychic named Aida.

A psychic?

[Clara] Yes, you know, the clairvoyant?

I know what a psychic is but, but Sevan didn't seem like that kind of a guy...

[Clara] Exactly.

Did you ask him about it?

He said I wouldn't understand.

And then, something about his family
escaping Turkey in 1915.

(dramatic music)

Maro?

I gotta go.

Maro?

I've looked into every
psychic in LA named Aida.

There are literally 35 of them.

Who knows if that's even their real name?

After sifting through
all of these charlatans,
I came across one Aida
that hit all the marks.

Armenian?

Check.

Does coffee readings?

Check.

Lives in North Hollywood?

Check.

She might be able to
provide some information
about Sevan's last days
and this so-called curse.

(sighing)

I don't even know if I
believe in any of this
superstitious mumbo-jumbo.
Ugh, I can't believe I have
to drive to the Valley...

(mysterious music)

25 bucks, and you can't
afford better coffee?

If you came here for
coffee, go to Starbucks.

There's one on Sherman
Way, around the corner.

Now drink up.

What now?

Now, we wait.

I'm just being straightforward.

I'm not sure that I believe
in any of this abracadabra.

Is that so?

So why are you here?
You spoke to my cousin
Sevan a few weeks ago.
What did you tell him?
I never betray my
clients' confidentiality.
I have dozens of Sevans
walking through that door
on a weekly basis.
[Maro] This one died
a couple of weeks ago.
You need to start talking,
or I will have to ask you to leave.
No refund.
My cousin Sevan died
shortly after he visited you.
They said he had a heart attack.
But I know there's something
they're not telling me.
What did he say when he was here?
What did you tell him?
Nobody listens to what I have to say.
They come here, they pay for my advice,
but nobody ever listens.
Sevan had all the signs of
a marked man, a cursed man.
I read for him.
I told him the truth.
I always tell the truth,
no matter how bad it is.
His coffee...
It had a loop in it,
circling around like a snake.
Like a noose, ready to
squeeze at the right moment.
Tell me more about the curse.
[Aida] Your family had been
cursed a long, long time ago.
A sleeper curse.
Sleeper curse?
A curse placed by a
very patient person...
Is usually brought on by
the victims themselves.

What-what does that mean?
You are a part of this curse.
The loop is tightening.
(scoffs)
What about the promise?
[Aida] What promise?
Was there a promise?
(objects clattering)
(wind howling)
You must go now!
No, not until you answer me!
Get out!
Get out of my house now!
Tell me about the promise!
It's all in the family,
the family, the family...
(tense music)
(eerie raspy breathing)
(dramatic music)
(screaming)
(gasping)
(breathing heavily)
(gasping)
[David] Maro-jan?
Why are you awake?
Oh, bad dream.
[David] You and the whole family.
Come sit with your father.
[Maro] It's on, dad.
Oh.
Sometimes I question my sanity.
Sometimes I feel like the
whole world has gone mad.
It's been 100 years,
but the Armenian people are
still searching for answers.
They say we should move
on, but how can we?
The Turkish government
still has not accepted the responsibility.
But, mark my word,
nothing goes unpunished.
Not something like this.
The Armenian people

will have their answers.

We just need to be patient.

[Maro] Dad, has grandma told you about her experience in Turkey?

I've told you all you needed to know.

By the way, how did your school report go?

The professor said it was one-sided.

Dad, there was a specific detail that grandma is leaving off.

Was there a promise made?

And if so, was it kept?

Who-who was the promise made to?

W-when did this happen?

- Who are these people?

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

So many questions.

Settle down.

You're making my head spin.

[Maro] Sorry, there's just...

So much void in this story.

First of all, you have to quit asking grandma about those tats.

You're a big girl.

By now you've figured out what they mean.

(sighing)

For an Armenian woman, to talk about rape...

Is like betraying all the generations of women before her.

Being a woman is very sacred.

Her-her memory with these events is becoming more muddled over the years.

But there is something that has stuck in my head.

She said...

There was a man who sacrificed his seat on the boat for grandma and her pregnant mother.

They were crossing the river the night before the Turkish guards entered the village.

Yeah.

Her dad was arrested earlier.

She was only eight.

So...

Some of the details on that event are not quite defined.

She told me the man and her mother had a secretive conversation as he was stepping off the boat.

[Maro] A relative maybe?

All I know is the man asked your mom to keep the promise.

I overheard Tatik, uh, mumbling to herself before she collapsed.

Something about keeping the promise, and the curse.

[David] The curse?

Yeah, the curse, and that they didn't keep the promise.

Dad, you have to help me.

Is there anybody else who might know more?

This might be useless to you, but your mom and your grandma have been visiting a psychic in the Valley.

What?

I always tease your mom about it.

You know, we're just not those kind of people.

(dramatic music)

Aida!

Aida!

Aida!

Aida please, you have to help me!

I'm not working today.

I have questions about my grandmother!

What did she tell you?

Aida, please!

I thought you didn't believe in curses.

Leave me alone!

You are harassing me!

Please, help me!

My family's in danger!

Are you ready?

Should I start?

Your grandmother and your
mother came to my shop
a few weeks ago, around
the same time Sevan,
may he rest in peace, knocked on my door.
They had the same
questions as you have now.
I put the puzzle pieces together quickly.
And I knew almost instantly
that this was a family affair.
A curse of some sorts.
[Maro] So I was right.
Sevan knew about all this.
It seemed he wasn't convinced,
but he told me about the
dreams he was having.
Dreams he'd wake up from
that would still continue moments later.
[Maro] Dreams?
A man with broken legs and arms.
It can't be.
Your grandmother asked me if
I could stop a family curse.
I asked her what the curse was.
She told me it came from a man
when she was a young girl in Turkey.
Her mother broke a promise
she'd given to this man.
Did you ask her what the promise was?
Before she answered,
your mother stepped in and
they just left.
A piece of work your mother is.
That's it?
Nothing else?
I told you all I know.
Sevan didn't seem to know the
specifics of that promise,
but I knew that man was doomed
the minute I laid eyes on him.
I told him to be careful.
Nobody listens.
You too, I told you.
It's all in the family.

You're having those dreams, huh?
I loved my brother, and I do miss him.
No question about it.
My mom is devastated.
[Maro] Have you been
having strange dreams?
Like what?
[Maro] Like scary
shit, ghosts, monsters?
Not since I was four.
I'm being serious.
Sevan had one of those
dreams before he died.
How did you know?
[Maro] I talked to a psychic.
(chuckling)
Oh, what are you doing, cousin?
There's something suspicious
about your brother's death
and I need to know the answers.
[Arsen] What are you talking about?
I overheard Tatik talking
to herself about some curse,
and a promise that was made.
Tatik is old as fuck, man.
That's what old people
do, talk to themselves.
[Maro] Did he say anything to you?
Did he behave in a strange way?
Look, Sevan had been distant
since he had that fight with dad about
his non-Armenian girlfriend.
Who's hot as hell, by the way.
But you know our dad,
he's a hardcore Armenian.
He was really fuckin' angry
when Sevan brought Clara to dinner.
I'm like, "It's 2015,
can we just like move on
"with the whole Armenians
must marry Armenian bullshit?"
After that, Sevan sort
of drifted away a little.
He did let me use bimmer though.

I really miss him.
(car horn honking)
I gotta go, cousin.
[Maro] We're not done yet!
[Arsen] Sorry, we can continue later.
Hey bro, what took you so long?
That little shit is lying.
I can tell, he knows something.
He either doesn't want
to admit it to himself
that something's wrong, or
he's embarrassed to tell me.
Typical Armenian guy.
This fucking door...
Where are they?
Here you are.
(skewers clattering)
(electricity buzzing)
Oh, come on!
(speaking foreign language)
(garage door creaking)
This goddamn door!
(eerie growling)
(garage door creaking)
(eerie growling)
(dramatic music)
(skewer whooshing)
(Arsen gasping)
(ragged breathing)
(skewer whooshing)
(Arsen choking)
I can't believe this is happening.
I just talked to him yesterday.
Arsen is dead.
Dead!
And they-they arrested
some man in suspicion.
He and my cousin had a fight
about the money he borrowed.
I know it wasn't that man who killed him.
The curse is here.
I'm scared for my life.
I'm scared for my family.
There has to be something

that I can do to stop it.
I-I know I can stop it.
I have to find it.
(water running)
How are you doing, mom?
To lose two children...
I can't imagine what that
family is going through.
(speaking foreign language)
I don't know what I would do if...
Maro!
(speaking foreign language)
Turn that off!
This is not the time for this!
[Maro] Sorry, mom.
How inappropriate!
I'm sorry, it's off!
I turned it off!
[Eva] Did you find that
black dress for tomorrow?
Um, I'll look for it tonight, I promise.
Mama?
What do you know about the
family curse and the promise?
(dramatic music)
I overheard Tatik talking to herself...
You overheard nothing!
Mom, please don't lie
to me, I'm not a child.
I understand everything.
You don't understand,
and you won't understand.
Your grandmother went through
a lot when she was little.
Those knuckle tattoos...
[Maro] I know.
Well...
There's no sense in keeping
it a secret any longer.
She told me everything.
(dramatic music)
She could no longer keep it inside.
And your dad...
She couldn't even tell her own son.

But I guess confiding
in a stranger is easier.
And, woman to woman, she
finally felt she could trust me.
I thought that day would never come.
When she was eight years old,
her pregnant mother took her
in the middle of the night
to cross the river to
escape the Turkish guards.
They arrested her father a day before.
They told them it was
a suspicion of treason
to the Turkish government.
There was a boat.
But there was no space left.
And a kind man offered his to them.
In exchange, he made them promise
that they would deliver a
bundle of jewelry and valuables
to his wife and children.
They swore they would.
Later, they found out that
the guards had beaten him,
his arms and legs broken.
And he died a slow death on the street.
They never looked for the wife.
And instead, they kept all that jewelry
and used it to survive.
I told you to turn that off!
It's off, mom!
No!
You liar, how dare you?
[Dr. Freedman] I love Armenian food.
Thank you.
[Maro] No, thank you, Dr. Freedman.
I really appreciate you taking
the time to speak with me.
How did you find me again?
A clairvoyant, Aida, recommended you.
Your particular case is very intriguing.
This kind of dormant
imprecation is very rare,
but as you're experiencing

now, extremely potent.

So according to what you've
told me over the phone,
your two cousins and their mother
have fallen victims within two weeks?

Yes, Dr. Freedman.

Sevan was first.

Everyone thinks he
suffered a heart failure.

But you saw something nobody else did.

Your grandmother talking to
herself was a turning point.

[Maro] Yes.

Now, we know that the curse was placed
as a response to the
promise that was broken
by your great-grandmother,
while she was pregnant.

See, I believe that the state of gestation
is a very powerful transitional state
where any emotion aimed
at the expecting woman
can become genetic, and
maintains its potency
for hundreds of years.

Therefore, affecting many generations.

We have to find the source.

The source?

But-but he's dead.

His body is.

If your suspicions are correct,
and all three victims died
at the hand of someone,
something, then we need
to find the manifestation
of that something.

[Maro] Something that
caused their deaths?

Exactly.

But I don't know what that is.

Officially, Sevan died of a heart failure.

Arsen was stabbed to death by...

A suspected man.

And their mother fell and broke her neck.

(humming gently)
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise...
Keep the promise...
(dramatic music)
Keep the promise...
(bones snapping)
(groaning)
Who would be next in line?
It's your family, isn't it?
(dramatic music)
(electronic buzzing)
So, why did you bring me here?
You know your mom can't stand me.
What are you talking about?
She adores you.
Oh really?
The last time that she
saw me, she was like,
"Garo-jan!
"Why are you like this?"
You're the only who would understand
what I'm about to say.
Um...
Is that on?
(electronic buzzing)
Oh my God.
Oh my God, oh my God, oh
my God, oh my God, yes!
Hi!
(humming happily)
Hey, come on!
Rude!
There.
(electronic buzzing)
Now it's off, now you can relax.
(Garo sighing)
Okay.
So what is it?
Okay.
You know how you're into the supernatural?
Okay?
My family's cursed.
(Garo laughing)
See, I knew it would be a waste of time!

Maro-jan, your family is cursed
with what I call Armenicus-misogynisticus.

Ugh, I'm serious!

Mmhmm.

Two of my cousins and their mother died
within two weeks of each other.

My grandma talked to herself about a,
about a promise and a curse.

After doing some research
and talking to people,
I found out that my family
made a promise 100 years ago
that wasn't kept, and-and now there's,
there's something or someone set out
to wipe out the whole family!

My parents and I are next,
and grandma of course...

(thumping)

Tatik, are you okay?

I don't know what to do.

Look, I'm really sorry, and
I wish I could help you but...

Just tell me what you see.

Please?

No.

- Help...

- Absolutely not.

The last time that I
connected, I lost all my hair,
and my nails chipped for a month!

Please, I beg you!

I...

I don't know what to do,
I don't know where to go.

Please help my family.

(electronic buzzing)

Fine.

Fine.

Fine.

(Garó sighing)

Are those new glasses?

Please.

(dramatic music)

(Garó breathing heavily)

(electronic buzzing)
(eerie music)
There is a man.
An Armenian man.
His heart is broken.
His grief...
Is endless.
He wants a resolution.
An acknowledgement.
An acknowledgement of what?
[Demonic Voice] Shut up!
(garbled mumbling)
He knows that...
His wife and children suffered.
But, he feels that
that night on the river,
he sacrificed his family
(electronic buzzing)
for...
Another family.
[Demonic Voice] A
family who didn't pay...
Their dues.
(electronic buzzing)
[Demonic Voice] The
family who didn't manifest
their gratefulness.
A family who broke the promise.
And now (chuckling)
Now he wants to go.
But before he goes...
He must get his pay-off.
He wants his family to have
the recognition they deserve.
He must receive request for pardon.
(Garo breathing heavily)
Can I have some water?
(electronic buzzing)
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise...
Keep the promise...
Thank you.
(Garo breathing heavily)
(chuckling)
I'm tired.

Let's go to Akbar!
Wait, how-how do I
ask for his forgiveness?
How-how do I find him?
Look...
Now that you know that you
have to ask for his forgiveness
to save your family, try to make contact.
But how?
(Garo sighing)
Okay.
(electronic buzzing)
Before you go to sleep, stir
yourself in that direction.
See what happens.
And when you wake up,
try to recall as many details as possible.
Things like the place and
the time, stuff like that.
But...
Do not force it.
Let it come to you.
Now girl, let's get a drink.
(dramatic music)
(electronic buzzing)
(eerie raspy breathing)
I'm home.
(gasping)
Jesus, grandma!
I didn't see you standing there.
(sighing)
You scared the shit out of me.
I'm sorry.
I know it's not an easy
time for you, for any of us,
but especially you.
I know you're heartbroken.
You've barely said a word
to me this whole week.
Look, I understand what
you're going through.
It's just...
Just so sad.
It hurts so much to know

what you experienced
when you were a child, just a little girl.
And I promise you, I'll tell your story.
I'll-I'll never stop telling
your story until people listen,
and everything that's been
happening to our family,
I know that you're blaming yourself,
but, I want you to know that
I don't think it's your fault
and you have to stop tormenting yourself.
You've lived through enough heartbreak.
I know what you think.
A spoiled brat, how could
I comprehend any of it?
I'm too young and immature to see things.
But I've been trying really hard and
(chuckles) I know you think I'm spoon-fed
and have all these privileges and freedom,
but I understand you now,
more than ever, and...
I think you're the most incredible woman
for having lived through
the genocide and both wars.
And you have the strength to carry on.
I need you back in my life so bad...
Please, grandma...
Mom?
Something's wrong with Tatic!
Mom!
Tatic?
(Maro screaming)
This is it.
Grandma's given up.
And if she gave up, then what
else is there to be done?
(tense music)
I...
I couldn't figure this
out, I failed my family.
She might be leaving us soon.
And that thing...
That man...
I am not scared of him.

I want him to show himself.
I want to confront him.
So what are you waiting for?
Come out and confront me, I'm waiting!
Come and take it all, I-I dare you!
Mom!
(bell tolling)
(eerie music)
[Maro Voiceover] Grandma is gone.
The curse is in motion and
seems to be unstoppable.
I am lost.
She didn't particularly like coming here.
It reminded her of a lifelong betrayal
she and millions like her suffered.
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the
promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
[Maro Voiceover] How could
I ever understand her pain?
The loss, the betrayal?
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the
promise, promise, promise...
[Maro Voiceover] My family
has carried this curse
for 100 years.
I will keep the promise
I made to my grandma,
the promise to never stop,
now matter how bad it gets.
I am following Garo's
and Dr. Freedman's advice
and I am trying to establish contact.
I think I'm getting close.
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the
promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
(dramatic music)
Keep the promise, promise, promise...
Keep the promise, promise, promise...

(water trickling)
[Maro Voiceover]
Dr.Freedman talked about
the power of grief.
Garo said that sleeping is
like swimming in the river
between two worlds,
reality and subconscious.
Grandma's deepest pain had always been
her childhood memory of Turkey.
I have all the puzzle pieces now.
(dramatic music)
People everywhere.
Crowds.
Women.
Children.
It's hot, there is no water.
Everyone is disoriented.
They feel like they're
walking in a giant circle.
No one had any food for days.
They began to hallucinate.
The guards are circling
around on their horses.
They were told they are
being taken to a safe place,
away from war.
Taken out of their homes,
with not much to carry.
Girls are taken away into slavery.
Children orphaned by hunger and illness.
They run in gangs, begging
for food, stealing.
Many die untreated.
Bodies everywhere.
Broken legs.
Broken arms.
Broken spirits...
(sighing)
(gagging)
This is not happening, this is not real...
(gasping)
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the
promise, promise, promise...

I'm not scared of you!
Show yourself!
I know who you are, I know all about you!
(eerie raspy breathing)
I know why you're here!
Show yourself, come face to face!
(eerie growling)
Stop killing my family!
(eerie growling)
I have something to tell you.
And you must listen, do you hear?
(eerie growling)
(tense music)
(sighing)
This is all just a dream.
It's only a dream.
(gasping)
(dramatic music)
This is a dream, you're not real.
(eerie growling)
This isn't real...
I know why you're here.
I'm sorry.
(eerie growling)
I'm sorry for, I'm sorry
for what happened to you,
I'm sorry for what we did
to your wife and children.
I'm, I'm sorry for all
the pain we caused you.
Please!
Please forgive us!
Please!
Please forgive my family!
(eerie growling)
(dramatic music)
(water trickling)
(breathing heavily)
(dramatic music)
(eerie raspy breathing)
(electricity buzzing)
[David] I'll fix it.
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the
promise, promise, promise...

David?

David?

(dramatic music)

(gasping and shuddering)

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the

promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

David, where are you?

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the

promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise, promise, promise...

Keep the promise...

Keep the promise...

(dramatic music)

(ragged breathing)

(plastic crinkling)

(Eva gasping)

[David] Eva!

Eva!

No!

No, Eva!

No!

Papa!

(Maro breathing heavily)

Mom!

Mom?

(Maro gasping)

Mom!

Mom!

No!

(dramatic music)

(Maro sobbing)

Dad?

Dad!

(eerie raspy breathing)

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise...

Keep the promise...

Keep the promise...

Keep the promise, keep the promise...

(eerie raspy breathing)

(Maro screaming)

I'm sorry!

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise!
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise!
- Keep the promise!
- I'm sorry!
[Mysterious Voice] Keep the promise!
Keep the promise!
Keep the promise!
Keep the promise!
[Both] Keep the promise!
Keep the promise!
Keep the promise!
Keep the promise...
Keep the promise.
Keep the promise.
Keep the promise.
Keep the promise.
(dramatic music)
(keyboard clacking)
Miss Grigorian?
(dramatic music)