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# Demons

By Miles Doleac

- It wasn't your fault.  
Don't listen to him,  
he's just superstitious.  
That's a stupid thing  
to say to a priest  
who came to perform  
an exorcism, huh?  
That's a stupid  
thing to say, period.  
Um, you should go now, before  
they come to take the body.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
you were never here.  
Not tonight at least, okay?  
And I want to see you again.  
Um...  
Need to see you again.  
- I'm sorry.  
I miscalculated.  
I don't know why  
I used that word.  
Goodbye, Kayleigh.  
- Colin?  
I'll see you.  
- Jewel?  
- Kayleigh?  
No!  
- We made it.  
- We did.  
- Did you ever  
think that afternoon  
at my parent's place that we...  
- I don't know what I thought.  
There was a lot to  
digest that day.  
A lot of the things I  
thought before were wrong.  
But...  
I'm happy to be  
here with you, now.  
- Maybe even bad things,  
terrible things,  
happen for a reason.  
I really want to believe that.

- I used to think everything happened for a reason.  
- I didn't.  
I don't think I ever believed that until Jewel.  
Until us.  
I know.  
Too much deep talk for the occasion.  
I'll shut up.  
Happy honeymoon, my soon-to-be-famous novelist husband.  
- Happy honeymoon, baby.  
What's wrong?  
Kayleigh?  
- May I join you?  
- Kayleigh?  
Baby?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey.  
It's okay.  
You're okay.  
- Jewely, no.  
- Bubbles!  
- Now you're playing with fire, dripping on mommy's magazine.  
Look at this.  
I know, I never get tired of it either.  
- Here it is.  
- Ugh.  
Why didn't you just let me read it on the iPad this morning?  
- Well, that would have been unceremonious.  
- That much is true.  
- Cool.  
- It's a good review.  
- It better be.  
- Oh, you're gonna like this.  
- I'm reading it too.  
- Well then read faster.  
Oh, what time do uh, Eddie and...  
- Um, Lara.

- Laura's flight get in?

- No, not Laura.

Lara.

No u, it's hipper.

- Okay.

- Um...

**2:**

- Okay.

I'll drop Jewel over at  
Ariel's before my class and  
I'll meet you all back here.

- Sounds good.

- Come on

Jewely, let's get dressed.

Give your daddy a kiss.

- Don't worry, daddy  
will clean up your mess.

- Say,

"thank you daddy."

- People say that  
god is a fiction,  
but a dangerous fiction  
at that, nowadays.

But the real danger  
is his obverse.

The very real father of evil,  
the fallen one.

In whose grasp the  
world is now but...

I suppose I'm  
preachin' to the choir.

Am I right, father Hampstead?

- Um, well, yes.

- Thank you, mama.

- Um, tell me...

How long has Jewel  
been acting strangely?

- Since we found her in  
the woods with that boy.

How long ago was that, mama?

- Oh, that's hardly strange  
behavior for a teenage girl.

Especially Jewel.

- Well there she goes.  
See father, my Kayleigh  
is about to graduate  
from a fancy private  
school in New Orleans.  
With a degree in philosophy.  
Decidedly secular philosophy.  
What is that German  
fella's name...  
- daddy, don't start.  
- You started it, darlin'.  
Individualism.  
Self-centeredness.  
Carnality.  
Now these things are the purview  
of Satan, plain and simple.  
But, I am proud of my daughter.  
She saved me a whole  
lot of money on school.  
I can only be a good steward.  
I cannot be the  
master of their fates.  
But my secret fear of her...  
Is that I would lose both my  
daughters to the adversary.  
To damnation.  
- Good god...  
- May I ask, have you taken  
Jewel to see a doctor?  
- A medical doctor?  
Now why would I do that?  
Her malady is spiritual.  
- The church requires that  
the individual be evaluated  
by a medical doctor  
or psychiatrist  
before the rite  
can be performed.  
- Hmm.  
My daughter is not insane.  
She is infected.  
- So, Kant's categorical  
imperative effectively states  
that the only thing that

gives an action moral worth,  
moral value, is not its outcome,  
but the motive behind it.  
So for Kant, the road to  
hell is in fact not paved  
with good intentions,  
because intention is everything.  
Okay, that's all for today.  
- So the money they gave  
me for the next movie  
is absolutely  
fuckin' outrageous.  
I mean to be honest,  
it's pretty terrifying.  
I mean...  
Does one hit movie really  
justify \$80 million dollars?  
I mean, is that really rational?  
No it's not.  
Alea iacta est, right?  
The die is cast.  
I bet that takes you back, eh?  
- Hey, you've made other  
good films, commercials.  
It was time.  
- Yeah but, not "torrent"...  
- jeez, Eddie.  
Jackass.  
- Sorry babe,  
sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry  
- sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.  
- Yep.  
- Um, yeah, but  
not like 'torrent...  
That's a great title.  
And that was yours,  
that was your novel.  
And I owe you, buddy.  
Give me a kiss, you  
righteous bastard.  
- I was just source material.  
I didn't even write  
the screenplay.  
- Uh, the source

material is the movie.  
Story is everything.  
It's the, it's the Clay,  
it's the Carrara marble.  
Despite the fact  
that the industry  
is fixated with spectacle,  
it all comes back to story.  
The character is  
everything, dude.  
And that's what you brought,  
the character, they're yours.  
So don't play the uh, false  
humility card, it's unbecoming.  
It was unbecoming when  
you were a priest.  
- Hey, how soon can I take my  
clothes off and get in a pool?  
- Uh, you do have a  
privacy fence, right?  
Plenty of Tequila?  
- Why the hell am I  
carrying and loading your bags?  
- I don't know,  
'cause I'm amazing?  
- Don't start helping now.  
- I want to play  
with you some more...  
- Jewelry?  
Hey babe.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah, I'm fine.  
What's up?  
- Can you pick up some pineapple  
juice and jalapeos on the way home?  
- Sure.  
I'm not one to judge, but um,  
what are the purple  
streaks about?  
- She had 'em done as a uh,  
tribute to prince when he died.  
I think it's fuckin' sexy.  
- Who knew high school  
girls were into prince?

- Hey, fuck you,  
she's almost 25 now.

- Eh, that's, that's something.

- I seem to recall that  
there's a significant few years  
between you and your much  
better half, you prick.  
All right.  
Kayleigh.  
Are you ready to  
experience seor Eduardo's  
pineapple cilantro  
jalapeo Margarita?

- Yeah, I'm coming out.  
I just have to put  
my swimsuit on.

- Well, Lara didn't.  
Just saying.

- How did I survive Ireland  
hanging around you all the time?

- Really?

The only reason you survived  
was my mentorship in debauchery.  
And a good few pints.  
God loves a drunk.

- Amen.

- In fact...

I'm the reason that  
you two got together.  
If I hadn't guided you  
down that rocky path  
towards self-destruction, and  
you hadn't reached the bottom,  
you'd never have  
found the church,  
and you'd never have  
performed that exorcism  
on her dead sister.

- Eddie...

- Sorry, was that insensitive?  
I, I, I have no filter.  
I, I'm the world's biggest  
prick, I'm so sorry.

- It's fine.



- You better go make  
sure Lara doesn't burn.  
Sun's a lot hotter down here.

- Good idea.

- Hey...

You okay?

- Yeah, I'm gonna  
go get my suit on.

- Come here.

Are you okay?

- Yeah, I was just thinking  
about the chain of causation.  
Responsibility.  
Moral responsibility.  
A person may appear  
on the surface  
to be entirely responsible  
for a given act,  
but is in fact in no way  
culpable and in theory,  
should suffer no legal or moral  
repercussions as a result.

- I was responsible.  
It could have gone  
a different way.

- Didn't you hear?  
Maybe Eddie was.  
Causation is a...  
Precarious thing.  
Get it together, Kayleigh.

- All right, so as it happened,  
the barman was a priest.  
At this little uh, country  
church outside Dublin.  
So these ulster jackasses,  
and this father...  
Ah, what was his name, Mike?

- Yep.

- Mike, yeah, Mike.  
And we're there most nights,  
and we're just getting shitfaced  
and talking about history  
and theology and all the  
important stuff, right?

And at one point, Colin asks,  
"so how have you  
managed to be a priest  
"and a barman at the same time?"  
It's like uh, a priest is a  
round-the-clock kind of job.  
And he's there  
every single night.  
And he goes...  
- he says, "the  
pub's my real church."  
"My... vocation",  
it was beautiful.  
He said, "the church building,  
that's just where I go  
to do my regular job."  
"So many lost souls, you know?"  
- Funny the two of  
you wound up in the  
entertainment business.  
It's just so surface, you know?  
- I don't really  
see myself as being  
in the entertainment business.  
- Oh, piss off.  
Of course you are.  
Anyway, I studied art history,  
which is history  
plus art, get it?  
- And you graduated from  
that to car commercials  
and Stoner comedies.  
- You know, she's pretty  
insightful for a high school girl.  
- She's a bitchy little force  
of nature is what she is.  
- So how did you two meet again?  
- Eddie was a frequent guest  
at the clinic where  
I used to work.  
- Mmhmm.  
Acupuncture, medical  
marijuana, and beautiful women.  
What more could a man ask?

- Okay, baby.

Jewely wants to  
talk to her daddy.

Ariel says she's been crying  
ever since she got there.

- That's weird.

Excuse me, guys.

Hey sweet girl.

What's the matter?

- She's burdened.

- What?

- Kayleigh, there's  
something attached to her.

- Let's not do this now, yeah?

- Emmie and Marcus just landed.

- Mmhmm.

- Mmm.

- Maybe you could give me a  
few minutes alone with her?

- I am her father.

I deserve to be here.

- I'm not concerned with  
what you deserve, Mr. Grant.

Only what's best for  
your daughter right now.

- Just listen to him, daddy.

Please?

- Look, I just need to  
do a brief evaluation.

It often helps if there  
aren't people with  
personal connections  
in the room.

- All right.

Evaluate her.

But do not proceed further  
without talkin' to me.

- Yes, sir.

- I'm going to pray  
with your mother.

I would ask if you'd  
like to join us but,  
I'm afraid I know the answer  
to that question already.

- What could praying hurt?  
Jewel?  
Can you hear me?  
Lord, may your mercy descend  
upon us, upon Jewel Grant,  
at this moment, her  
moment of greatest need.  
- Have you come to save me...  
Or just to play with me?  
- So what's the verdict?  
On the Margarita?  
- It's nice.  
Sweet and hot at the same time.  
I like it.  
- See?  
I'm really becoming quite  
an excellent mixologist.  
- Is anybody else coming in?  
Kayleigh?  
Come in.  
- Why not?  
- Woo hoo!  
- Uh huh!  
Yes!  
- Hey there, naked girl.  
- Hello!  
- Hey.  
It's your wedding weekend.  
- Oh girl, don't.  
Now, you see I'm  
dressed, don't you?  
Now you know better than that.  
This place, it looks  
like a spread from  
"the Southern  
lifestyle", uh huh.  
Man, props hampsteads.  
- She's gonna wear clothes  
at the wedding, right?  
- Oh no, didn't I tell you?  
Uh no, we're both  
gonna be naked.  
The look on your face!  
You're such a gullible fucker.

- Is this him?

This is some dark-ass shit.

It spoke to me.

- Thank you.

- Oh, could you go ahead and sign my copy so we can get that awkward shit out the way?

- Sure.

- I'm Marcus, by the way.

- Colin.

- In the blessed name of our lord Jesus Christ, through whom all things were created.

Amen.

You have evaluated our daughter, I take it?

- Uh...

Yes.

But I'd like to get a second opinion.

I have a mentor, a former teacher, who has a great deal more experience in these matters than I do.

- Oh.

I had thought you were an expert in your own right.

- Well, um, look it's...

It's very important for your daughter's sake that we be sure about what's going on here.

- Hmm.

- I can come back tomorrow.

In the meantime, please, please, call a doctor.

- We will.

We'll see what we can do.

- Thank you.

- And father...

I don't want to have to take

matters into my own hands.

- Please...

- Right.

Well, I uh...

I will see you tomorrow.

- The hell

kind of priest is that?

- Father?

- What did he mean by that?

Taking matters

into his own hands?

- My daddy can be...

Unpredictable.

- What do you mean?

- I don't know.

He and I haven't gotten along

in these last years but,

I know he loves he

Jewel, in his own way.

- How'd she get the welts?

The ones on her back?

- Oh she had those

when I got here.

Said her body was

punishing itself

for the sin of carnality.

- Self-inflicted?

- Well priests and

penitents have been known

to mortify their own flesh

by whipping themselves, no?

- So she did it to herself

before the possession?

Or...

- do you really believe?

- In demons?

Absolutely.

- Oh no, no, it's, it's, it's,

I have it on great

authority that the ancients

preferred a small

penis to a large penis.

- Ooh!

- That's right, it's true.

It's absolutely true.

It's uh, that's why all the Roman and the Greek statues have men with tiny, little penises.

- Those with penises left?

- Uh, yes.

- Short and they steal...

- The Christians liked a small penis too, which is why they took 'em all away.

"Darling, look at that.

"It's a lovely little penis, let's have it."

- I, I gotta know.

Tell me about the naked thing.

When did it start?

I mean, what's it about?

- I don't know, I don't really consider myself a nudist or a naturist or, subscribe to any sort of label.

I just really enjoy being naked.

- Me too.

- No, I reject the idea that any sort of shame should be associated with the human body.

It's just so puritanical and damaging on so many levels.

- So, do you see yourself as exploiting a certain societal taboo?

- No, not really.

I wouldn't put it into some sort of box like that.

It's, it's not willful, really.

I would just say that I give myself the freedom to reject a conception of the human body and human sexuality that's, that's steeped in this twisted idea that the body is somehow evil.

And that sexuality

is corruptive.  
And that we'll all just go  
batshit and turn into these  
psycho, sex-crazed maniacs  
when we see the body  
in its a pure form.  
Like, sex is a fact.  
It's not something  
we should fear.  
I mean, it's just  
a body, people.  
- Bitch just like to run  
around with her titties out.  
- Well that too, yes.  
I mean hey, if it feels good  
and you're not hurting anyone,  
why the hell not?  
Life's too short.  
- My little pagan baby.  
I love you.  
- Wise beyond her  
years, and yours.  
How how old  
did you say she was again?  
- See now you  
want to be careful,  
she's gonna get onto the uh,  
reincarnation  
chapter in a minute.  
- Oh, oh.  
- Oh yeah, yeah.  
- I'm game.  
- I'd like to propose a  
toast, to Eddie and Lara.  
Eddie, may you not fuck  
up my amazing friend,  
or Marcus and I will kill you.  
- He's tougher than he looks.  
- Mhmm.  
This one?  
No, hell, she got superpowers.  
You don't need me.  
- And may you both find a home,  
a sanctuary, in each other.



- Well put.  
To Eddie and Lara.  
- Cheers!  
- May I join you?  
- Why is she bleeding?  
- Jewel!  
- It was suicide.  
- Talk to me.  
- What good does talking do?  
We've tried that.  
We've done so much talking.  
- Take a little more time,  
present your findings  
to the bishop.  
Let him decide.  
- I want to know what you think.  
- I think she got  
under your skin.  
- I don't know how  
much time she has left.  
- You got  
concerns about the father.  
- 80% of demoniacs  
have suffered abuse,  
commonly sexual abuse.  
Apparently the infestation  
was preceded by his  
finding her having sex  
in the woods with a boy.  
- A challenge to  
his control of her.  
- Maybe.  
- What about the sister?  
If he abused one girl,  
he most likely abused the other.  
- She seems...  
Surprisingly normal, grounded.  
Although, she's been  
away for a while.  
- Colin, you've been their  
parish priest for three years.  
Did you notice anything unusual  
before he made that request?  
- No, but, I think maybe

I wasn't paying attention.  
- Just make sure you're not projecting your own situation onto this one.  
- Jasper Grant is nothing like my father.  
- Really?  
Remember, you ran all the way to Ireland to get away?  
- You're seeing her again?  
- I never stopped seeing her, Colin.  
Don't pretend like you haven't seen her too.  
Don't act like you don't know exactly what this is.  
- I thought I may have seen her, yes.  
- Oh, backpedaling looks so sexy on you, Colin.  
- Really.  
- That's, that's not what I'm doing.  
Look, I'm just worried about my wife, okay?  
- Oh, I am so fucking embarrassed.  
- Everybody has their shit. These people are our friends.  
- I barely know three of the four of them.  
All they see is some psychotic bitch they hardly know who dove randomly screaming into the pool with her clothes on.  
I mean, what would you think?  
- I'm probably the wrong person to ask.  
Hey.  
Look at me.  
I love you.  
- I love you too.  
I'm just...

Tired of carrying this around.

- Carrying what around?

- Oh, it's nothing.

Um, we'll be down in a minute.

- That didn't look like nothing.

- Lara, you're very kind to come and check on Kayleigh but, this is something that's between us.

- What do you think your sister wants from you?

I'm um, claircognizant.

I've always been able to sense what's happening beyond the veil.

And beyond the facade that people put up to hide their interactions with the other side.

I can't see but, I know.

I know your sister haunts you.

Maybe haunts isn't the right word.

- No, I...

Think it's pretty appropriate.

Are we expecting someone else?

- Mrs. Grant.

We weren't expecting you.

- I need to see my daughter, please.

- Come here.

How you doing?

- Afternoon, father.

You're just in time to meet Dr. Connor and hear what he has to say.

- Dr. Connor.

- Reverend.

- I'm glad you're here.

- Thank you.

- Well, enough pleasantries.

Let's have it.

- Jewel is, on the surface, in fine health.

Her heart rate is slightly elevated, and she's dehydrated.

- She can't eat or drink.

- Meaning, she can't hold anything down?

- Meaning she cannot eat or drink.

- Which is something I suspected,

so I put her on a drip and I gave her something to calm her nerves.

- She was coughing up blood yesterday.

That's unusual, right?

- Yes, that would be very unusual, right.

- So, do you have some medical explanation as to why a teenage girl in seemingly fine health would be coughing up blood?

- Hand to god.

How many times do

I have to say it?

There is no medical explanation.

My daughter's in the grip of the master defiler.

Now, will you help me rid my baby girl of this evil or not?

- Father, do something please!

Sweet lord Jesus!

- Go fuck yourself, priest!

- It speaks.

Now do you believe, father?

- Somebody take him out of here.

- Daddy, please.

- Don't put your hand on me, girl.

- What is this?

Why is she bleeding?

- Demon, you will not take my child then...

- darling, please...

- No thanks, darling.  
Why are you here, father?  
To purge me of evil?  
Each vessel...  
Has been corrupted.  
Each vessel...  
Has been overcome.  
Get away!

- She should rest now.  
- So that's it, you're leaving?  
- I have to respect  
the family's wishes.  
I don't have much of  
a say in the matter.  
Look these are...  
These are very good,  
very Christian people.  
Okay, I've know  
them a long time.  
Jasper's helped me out in  
more than one tight fix.  
Who am I to judge?  
I'm just a country doctor.  
You're their priest,  
it's in your realm now.  
- What?  
- It's possible that  
Jewel is suffering  
from an ectopic pregnancy.  
An ectopic pregnancy is where  
the embryo implants itself  
outside of the uterus.  
If that's what's going on then  
it's quite possible  
that it could be  
causing Jewel's symptoms.  
- It's quite possible?  
So, why didn't you share this  
information with the grants?  
- Because I can't be sure  
unless I do more tests,  
and I'll be damned if I'm gonna  
put the grants through that.  
Besides, if the

pregnancy is ectopic,  
then it's likely the  
fetus will abort itself,  
if it hasn't already.

- And kill Jewel in the process?

- I suggest you do whatever  
the grants are asking.  
God be with you, father.

- I couldn't bring  
myself just to call.  
You're all I have left now.  
I owed it to you to  
tell you in person.

- Colin, please tell our  
guests what's going on but  
tell them that the wedding  
will happen as scheduled.

- Honey, no one would blame you.

- Just tell them, baby.  
Please?

- He left this for you.

- He's made the very  
emblem of honor, of salvation.  
Over and again, the  
rich man is their own...  
What kind of crazy person  
claims a filthy beggar  
is more honorable than that guy?  
More worthy of  
attention and care?  
That's the really  
subversive and of course  
really dangerous message  
of what Jesus said,  
of your care, your  
concern, your honor.  
To those who can't  
care for themselves,  
and who have been  
pushed to the fringes,  
even beyond the fringes  
of polite society,  
who see real suffering,  
who've been repulsed,

reviled, and disheartened...

- I know...

I probably haven't spoken to  
you properly much of late.

Forgive me.

But I need your counsel  
now, not for me, not for me.

You know why this  
is more difficult.

I believe in evil...

I just don't know what  
kind of evil this is.

What are you telling me?

- Hi.

- Come in.

Dear Kayleigh,

I'm sorry I failed you and  
your sister so completely.

Although I am not worthy of it,

I beg the forgiveness not  
only of our lord Jesus Christ,

but of you, my  
precious daughter.

Pray for my eternal soul.

I love you dearly.

Daddy.

- This is a beautiful place  
that you and Colin have  
built for yourselves.

I've read about  
what you've done,  
been doing, in magazines.

You must stay so busy.

Come home and help  
me bury him...

- What was it Jesus said?

That the dead bury the dead?

- Hung himself in the barn.

- Fuckin' hell.

- When did it happen?

- This morning.

- So her mum drove from  
Louisiana, same day?

- Left as soon as they

picked up the body.

- Listen, col.

I don't really know what  
the fuck's going on here so,  
maybe we should just take our  
little nuptials on the road  
and just get out of your hair?

- Kayleigh...

Insists that the wedding  
go on as planned.

- Is there something we can do?

- Uh...

I think everyone just  
needs to try to act normal.

- Say when.

- When.

- Yeah, I only have  
one wine glass.

That's uh, an  
interesting tattoo.

Can't imagine your  
father approves.

- Yeah...

He accused me of defiling the temple  
of the holy spirit and all that.

- Hmm.

What does it mean?

- The golden apples  
of the hesperides  
were sought by basically  
everybody in the ancient world.

Regarded by the nymph  
daughters of atlas,  
the sisters of the evening.

Their father was  
tricked by Heracles,  
the so-called hero and,  
he stole the apples  
from the sisters.

For his own glory, to say  
she had a lust for something  
that by right should  
never have been his.

And when he left them,



the sisters crumbled into dust.

I learned about it

in a mythology class,

the semester after Katrina.

That storm took so much from  
New Orleans, south Louisiana,  
and from us.

But you know,

the nymphs, this place,

me, when something

precious is taken from you,

it leaves a permanent mark.

It has to be acknowledged.

- Hmm.

- I take it you don't uh,

have women over

for wine very often.

- What gave me away?

The only reason I offered you  
a glass is because this is...

- uncomfortable.

- Actually I normally don't

see anyone at this hour

unless I'm...

Administering an

anointing of the sick,

much less an

attractive young woman.

What are you doing

here, Kayleigh?

- What are you gonna

do about my sister?

I mean, why aren't

you there now?

- Why aren't you?

- It was my daddy.

- What?

- The welts.

He beat her.

He beat the shit out

of her with his belt,

when he found her with that boy.

He cried like a baby

while he did it.

He thought he'd beat the  
sin right out of her.

I think he honestly  
believed he could.

- You saw it?

- No, she called me after,  
that's why I came home.

- Tell me what  
else he did to her.

To both of you.

- What do you mean?

- Look, I know what's it like.

My father was...

A drunk.

A bad drunk.

Sometimes he'd have too  
much, and he'd get violent.

Sometimes in some  
pretty twisted ways.

But, you don't want  
to hear about that.

- Yes I do.

- Honestly, it was a lot worse  
on my mom than it was on me.

Didn't help that he  
was the local sheriff.

Said he'd lay down the law in  
his house with his bare hands  
and anything he could  
find to swing in 'em  
and he meant anything.

- I'm so sorry.

- Don't be.

I think ultimately...

It was because of him  
that I turned to god.

'Cause, uh...

'Cause of him, I lost  
all faith in humanity.

- Where is he now?

- His heart exploded one night.

The widow-maker, they call it.

It was gonna be  
that or his liver.

You can only rage  
so long, until...  
I just wish, so much damage  
hadn't been done, you know?  
Sometimes I can still  
feel him, gnawing at me.  
I'm making this about me,  
that's not my intention.  
Please, tell me.  
What else did Jasper  
do to you and Jewel?  
Hey.  
Everything all right?  
- Yeah.  
- Where's your mom?  
- I got her a hotel.  
- We've got plenty of room.  
I just thought...  
After what happened...  
I don't know.  
- Eddie, what do you  
say we get wasted?  
- I would say, that's a  
fucking brilliant idea.  
- So what made you want to  
start a bed and breakfast?  
- Well I guess I've always  
liked the idea of being a host.  
Of showing people  
my idea of home.  
- Meaning, she's a bit  
of a control freak.  
- Hey...  
- It's true.  
- Well that's not a bad thing.  
- So you say.  
- And I'm right.  
- Why Savannah?  
- It's old, and near the water.  
- And it's not south Louisiana.  
- Hmm.  
It's a spirit-rich place,  
that city.  
- It seems the spirits

approve the view, my darling.

- Is that what that meant?

'Cause I, I wasn't sure.

- You guys want  
to take it inside?

- Colin, it's just  
an electrical storm.

And it's beautiful.

And I wanna dance.

Do you wanna dance with me?

- Maybe.

I'm gonna call Ariel and  
check on Jewel first.

Be right back.

- Turn the music up  
while you're in there.

- You got it.

- I'll dance with you.

- Score, I got the hot  
chick with the purple hair.

- Don't get too excited, Eddie.

- Did I say something?

What did I say?

- Well it's not a party 'til  
some lesbian shit go down.

Now look, I'm gonna go  
ahead, I'mma tell ya,  
I don't do body shots.

- Kayleigh, I can help you.

- Oh, lord.

- What the fuck?

- Col?

Check the breaker.

- Hey Eddie.

Wanna go on a little adventure?

- Come in.

Colin?

- Sir.

I decided to move  
forward with Jewel Grant,  
pending approval  
of the archdiocese.

- Something changed your mind.

- Yeah.

- What?

Well, don't leave me hangin'.

- Uh, the doctor's findings I guess.

- Which were?

- Inconclusive.

Sort of.

- You still don't believe she's possessed.

- I believe something terrible has happened to her.

And, this may be the only way to fix it.

In a way I feel, doubly guilty.

Not only was I

there when she died,

I'm profiting from her

death, I wrote books,

made all this money.

- Welcome to the entertainment industry, mate.

- Kayleigh's really the one who can't shake it.

Especially this time of year.

- What time of year?

- Tomorrow's her sister's birthday.

- Oh, fuck.

- I forgot myself, until her mom said something.

- Yeah, and I'm the prick who poured salt into the wounds.

- It never goes away.

Guess she's used it to by now.

- Why didn't she say something to me when I asked her about the wedding here?

- She doesn't want to think of it.

She thinks that gives it power over her.

- You are some fucked up people.

From my extensive  
experiences as an electrician  
in the merchant Navy...

- priest.

- I can tell you that I know  
fuck all about electricity.

What the fuck?

You bring your friend down  
into a creepy basement  
and then scare the  
shit out of him?

What's the matter with you?

What?

- Nothing.

Let's go.

Hope it doesn't get nasty.

Power company's  
doing what they can.

No estimate as to  
when it'll be back on.

- Great.

I was just uh, telling  
everybody about the first time  
I met your lovely wife.

- Oh boy.

- No seriously, it was uh,  
it was a pretty weird  
situation 'cause,  
he was my priest friend,  
and his girlfriend,  
and she was smokin' hot.

I mean, I guess she'd  
have to be, right?

- Well, you don't give up  
celibacy for an ugly person.

- That's deep.

- You know, ugly people  
need to get laid too.

Stop it.

- I was really flattered  
that he'd flown her  
all the way to la to met  
me and get my approval.

- I'm sure that

was his rationale.

- Sort of.

- Yeah.

- So um, we'd finished dinner and were sitting around, having this brilliant conversation over several bottles of really nice red wine, and all of a sudden, do you remember this, Kayleigh?

She just stopped in the middle of a fuckin' sentence, picked up half a bottle of wine, tipped it up, and chugged the whole thing. Slammed it back down on the table and I looked to Colin and I went, "all right buddy, permission granted."

I even forgave her for being catatonic for the rest of the night.

- You saw something that night. You've been holding this weight for a long time.

- I have to go to the bathroom.

- Please.

Oh, fuck!

Shit.

- What happened?

- Tell me how you can help me.

- You've come to a moment of convergence.

That's why everything is crushing in on you right now.

You've become sort of a wormhole, connecting this realm to the realm of the spirit.

Why would this be happening to you right now?

- My sister...

- Talk to me.

- She would have

been 26 tomorrow.

Today.

- 26.

Do you know anything  
about numerology?

- Not really.

- The number 26...

- The numeric value

of the name of god in Hebrew.

- And, containing

the number six,

god's diametrical opposition.

The number of

imbalance, of lack.

26 is the number of

the cosmic messenger,

of angels and powers

not of this plane,

who have something

to impart or need of

or connection to

this place and time,

for the good or ill of those

of us who reside in it.

They're all, each

of them, emanations.

They're the 26 dimensions

of ultimate reality.

From a singularity,

a divine mind,

god.

Your sister will

never be closer to you

than she is right now.

Whatever it is that's

between you two,

now is the time to solve it.

- You believe in god?

- I believe in everything.

- Is that the police?

Do I smell of weed?

Is it legal here?

I'm gonna hide.

- Mr. Hampstead, I



apologize for disturbing you,  
but this woman says she's  
a relative of yours?

- Yes, you could say that.

What's the trouble?

- This lightning storm's  
kind of wreaked havoc  
around the area.

Power outages, as you know.  
Big ol' oak tree got struck a  
little piece down the road some  
downed limbs are blocking  
the thoroughfare.

Found this young lady sitting  
cross-legged in the street,  
bawling her eyes out.

- Kayleigh gave me  
directions to the hotel.

I didn't know what  
other route to take.

- You don't have  
GPS on your phone?

Never mind,  
we'll take care of her.

- Thank you, sir.

Sir, is everything okay?

- Yeah, everything's fine.

- My partner drove her car back.  
It's parked right out  
on the street there.

- Thank you.

- Have a good night.

Y'all stay safe in there.

- Yeah, okay, fine, fine, fine.

- Thought this was  
in my realm now.

- Couldn't bring  
myself to stay away.

Had to come out and  
check up on her.

Make sure she's comfortable.

As comfortable as  
can be expected.

But I sense I'm not

welcome here anymore.

I care about that little girl, father, both of them.

And you had better act quickly if you want to save her life.

Remember what I told you.

That, and malnourishment, doesn't bode well.

- What was that about?

What did he tell you?

- I need to see your sister.

- Goddamn it,

what did he tell you?

I deserve to know.

- You better not let your father hear you blaspheme.

- You think he scares me anymore?

- I think...

You're not as hard as you think you are.

- Your father was a complicated man, he kept me at arm's length.

- Oh fuck off, mom.

Just take some responsibility for once, for one time, in your miserable life.

Just admit your share of the blame.

Your daughter died!

Has that still not sunken in?

- For a multiplicity of reasons.

- What?

What does that even mean?

- We failed her, all of us.

Even you, father.

- Please don't call me that.

- Dr. Connor said he gave her something to make her more comfortable, but I don't think it's working.

- Where's Mr. Grant?

- He's gotta work for a livin'.

- When will he be home?

Kayleigh.

Would you grab my satchel  
out of my car, please?

- Yeah.

Now's as good a time as any.

I know it's been rough.

That's an

understatement, I'm sure.

But there's a way through this.

I'm here to help  
you through this.

- How do you know Latin?

- Fuck off!

You wanna play?

I'm good at playing.

- Close the door.

- You!

- In the name of Jesus

Christ our god and our lord,  
by the strength and intercession

of the immaculate

virgin Mary, mother of god,

and blessed Michael

the archangel,

and the apostles Peter and

Paul and all the saints,

all powerful and holy

authority of our ministry,

we confidently undertake to

repulse the attacks and deceit

of the devil!

- I should do something.

- What you gonna do?

Bitch please.

You can't save every

living soul, okay?

- I am so

sorry this is happening

on your wedding weekend.

- I'm not.

This is why I'm

supposed to be here.

Not the wedding.

No offense, love.

- Ugh.

I'm way too stoned  
to be offended.

- Yeah.

The uninhibited mind lies open  
to the domain of the spirit.

- Can you say that again so  
that it makes some sense?

- Native American vision  
quests, ancient oracles,  
intoxicants, they're  
all commonly used to  
free the mind and bridge  
the gap between worlds.

Kayleigh's drunk, and my guess  
is drunker than she's been  
in a long time.

Her guard's down.

- Oh.

I understand completely.

- I love you.

- Oh, lord.

- Mama?

- He started it.

- Well why in the hell  
didn't you call me, woman?  
My god!

- What in the name  
of holy god is going on?

- I'm doing exactly  
as you asked.

Please give me some time.

- I'm gonna be here  
for my daughter.

- Daddy, please!

- Oh sweet Jesus, help us!

- Let me out!

Let me the fuck out!

- Is that you talkin',  
or the demon?

- Kayleigh, don't!

- Listen to me, Jewelry...

- We need something

to tie her down with.  
You finish the exorcism.  
No, Jewel!  
No, no, I wasn't...  
- go ahead, daddy.  
Jewel?  
Oh come on...  
- Kayleigh?  
Jewel!  
- I just want to know  
why are you still  
so angry with me?  
- Mrs. Grant, you  
can't possibly not know  
the answer to that question.  
- I made some mistakes.  
I was alone.  
And now I'm more  
alone than ever.  
Haven't you ever felt helpless?  
- Can you feel her?  
She's here.  
Maybe she's come to kill you.  
- Kayleigh baby, come on.  
Let's go outside  
and get some air.  
- I'm fine right here.  
- What's happening?  
- Take my hand.  
Kayleigh, take my hand.  
Kayleigh, take my hand now.  
It's okay.  
- May I join you?  
- Where are we going?  
She'd come here  
whenever she was upset.  
We used to have horses.  
She's always had an  
affinity for animals.  
Jewel?  
Jewely?  
- Jewel!  
Let us help you.  
- Finish the exorcism,

father Hampstead.

- Oh, Jewel...

- You weren't here.

- Finish the

exorcism, father Hampstead.

- There is no demon.

- What did you say?

- She's not possessed.

She's in terrible pain.

She's been tortured,

beaten, raped, drugged.

She's had a psychotic break.

Who wouldn't?

- Better stop talkin'

nonsense about my daughter.

She just dove out a

second story window.

- Adrenaline is a powerful drug.

- Jasper, stop!

- She is and has been in

the grip of the devil.

- No!

It's you.

It's both of you.

- No, please,

I don't want to play

today, it hurts...

- I don't want to open it.

- You don't have to.

You were there.

- Mama, why?

Why?

- Jewel...

Jewel, they're not worth it.

- Daddy!

- It mocks me.

- Don't be so surprised, Jasper.

She heard it all from you.

- No!

- What are you gonna do?

- I gotcha, Kayleigh.

I gotcha.

- Just, hold on.

- No...

Goodbye, mama.

- She was coming to me.

She was coming to me.

- You are no man of god.

You're an instrument of evil.

Precious daughter's

blood is on your hands.

That means far less

than the welfare of her soul,

which if it descends

to the bowels of hell,

the very destination

the demon intended,

well then, by

great heavenly god,

that too is on you, sir.

Help me, mama.

- What are you doing?

- You may be the only

person in this world

who means anything right now.

- There's something missing.

- Kayleigh!

Please forgive me!

You're all I have!

You're all I have!

- No, mom!

You have nothing!

Nothing at all.

You can stay here

tonight but I want you

gone first thing in the morning.

- Please stay and talk to me.

- Colin will show you to your

bedroom when you're ready.

Goodbye, mama.

- It was you.

The universe always

balances the scales.

- I spoke with the bishop,

and for the record,

you decided not to

proceed with the exorcism.

- So that's what happened.

- And, you were not at the grants when the girl died.

- Because that's what's best for the archdiocese?

- It's what's best for everybody.

I think you know that.

- What about the grants?

- The grants are just happy it's been ruled an accident by both the sheriff's department and the archdiocese.

Based on your report, smacks a bit like suicide or something even more sinister.

- Yeah, maybe it was a suicide.

Maybe, she'd been through too much to go on.

- Maybe.

And then there's the not insignificant matter of Mr. Grant assaulting a priest.

And that's important to Mr. Grant that Jewel has a church funeral, is buried within the church.

Colin, you got into an impossible situation.

You tried.

That's all you can do.

- I tried, and failed.

I was completely out of my depth!

- Aren't we all?

- No, that's not good enough.

There has to be a reason.

There has to be a consequence for what happened.

- There will be.

God will handle it.

Colin, listen to me.

You have something special to offer.

That is rare.



Do you understand me?

- She was pregnant.

- Use your anger, use  
your rage to do some good.

You understand better than most  
what it means to overcome  
impossible obstacles.

Honor her.

That's all you can do.

- It's not a  
good time, Kayleigh.

You should be with family now.

- Why?

The only one of them that  
mattered to me is dead.

- What do you want?

- What do I want?

My sister just died.

My mother and father  
may as well be dead.

- And I'm...

So sorry...

I didn't do enough.

- I need to  
talk to the only priest  
that I feel  
comfortable talking to.

- So you've come for  
spiritual reasons.

- I've come seeking peace.

I need to understand.

- Have you heard the  
term trauma bonding?

That's what's happening here.

We've been through a  
difficult situation together.

We share similar histories.

- Hey, I went to  
college, remember?

Philosophy major?

Psych 101 was a requirement.

- I have to be concerned  
with the consequences  
of my relationships.

Of my actions, especially now.

- You're right.

There must be a  
consequence for all of this.

But maybe the things  
that haunt us both...

That we share, were supposed  
to bring us together.

At least right now.

Maybe that was the intention.

- Whose intention?

- I don't know.

Maybe this god of  
yours has a plan.

- Kayleigh, please.

- I never said goodbye.

I never even went  
to the funeral.

I just ran to you.

- Maybe she's giving  
you another chance.

- Sometimes, they come to help.

- It is with great happiness  
in my pretty Lil' soul  
that I pronounce you  
now wife, and husband.

You may now kiss  
your hot-ass bride.

- I have to confess, I  
woefully underestimated you.

And when you were lying  
there by the pool,  
naked with your purple hair  
I thought...

- I know.

I know things.

But you should know  
better than anybody,  
things aren't always what  
they seem on the surface.

- Bet you're ready for  
that honeymoon, huh?

- Greek islands, nude beaches.

Yeah, it's kinda my thing.

You should probably  
take that trip soon too.

- Yeah.

- You have a beautiful family.

It doesn't matter how the two  
of you got to this moment.

Just that you're here.

- Thank you.

- Mmmmm, mmmmm, mmmmm.

- Another one.

- Oh man,

it just went down my shirt.

- Another one.

- - Okay.

- Don't get too

drunk, you bastard.

You have some business  
to attend to later.

That business is me.

- Ooh!

- It's perfect.

- Jewel, I want you  
to meet your niece.

This is Jewel.

- Come on, sweet girl.

- Bye, Jewely.

- That's it, I won again.

Now you gotta go read  
a book or something.

I got stuff to do.

- I want to play

with you some more.

- May I join you?

- You want to play with me?

My sister doesn't

want to play no more.

- Oh, she's mean.

I would love to play with you.

But how about some other game?

How about one inside, huh?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, show me.

Where's daddy?

- Off overseeing

the building of some  
shelter for the church.

Said he'd be home late.

What are you gonna do?

- Kayleigh, come play with us.

- Yeah, Kayleigh, come  
play with us, it'll be fun.

Kayleigh doesn't  
wanna play with us.

- Mmm...