

# KINGDOM COME

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**EXT. BEACH - FLORIDA - NIGHT**

We're looking up at a breathtaking view of the night sky. The Milky Way cuts a bold swath through the darkness, like an ethereal stroke from an impressionist's brush.

TWO ATTRACTIVE TEENAGERS lay head to head in the sand next to a bonfire. Gazing at the stars. RYAN COOPER and EMILY ANDERSON (both 17) make a perfect couple. A high school beach party goes on around them, but Ryan and Emily are in their own world. Ryan's battered acoustic guitar lays in the sand nearby, along with an empty bottle of wine.

It's a mellow party. About TWENTY KIDS. Some of them lounging by the fire drinking beer, a couple guys tossing a Frisbee, others hanging out by the moonlit water. Soft INDIE-ROCK MUSIC plays on a boombox.

Ryan admires Emily's profile. Emily feels his gaze, gives him a warm, content grin. This is young love at its best, unspoiled by age and cynicism or fear and self-doubt. Ryan and Emily kiss. Then Emily pulls back and looks intently at Ryan for a long moment.

RYAN

You okay?

Suddenly mischievous, she springs up and jogs down to the water. Ryan moves after her. Barefoot, they let the incoming water swirl around their feet. Emily stares out at the Gulf of Mexico, something important on her mind.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We going swimming?

EMILY

I got a better idea.

Emily puts her arms around Ryan's neck.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My dad's not going to be home for a couple hours...

She lets that hang for a moment. Ryan grins.

RYAN

Okay...

EMILY

I know you want to fuck me.

OFF Ryan's stunned reaction we CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. EMILY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Emily drives her white mustang convertible down a secluded road near the water. Ryan rides shotgun. The wind whips through their hair. Sand gusts across the road.

Ryan scans through Emily's iPod, which is hooked into the car's stereo system. He chooses a track, and a BEAUTIFUL SONG starts playing. It fits the mood perfectly.

Emily glances at him. Takes his hand. Ryan leans back, unable to believe his luck.

**EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Emily drives up to a waterfront Spanish-style mansion.

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The BEAUTIFUL SONG continues on the soundtrack as Emily and Ryan enter through the foyer. She leads him upstairs.

**INT. EMILY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Emily and Ryan enter. She shuts the door behind them. This is a teenage girl's dream room. Glass doors open onto a balcony that overlooks the Gulf. Thin white curtains billow in the breeze.

Ryan glances at an odd stack of oil paintings leaning against the wall. The canvas on top portrays a young man tearing his head open to reveal another head underneath. It's a haunting depiction of pain and madness.

Emily hugs Ryan from behind.

EMILY

Simon painted that... Before he got sent away. I'm keeping his paintings safe so Dad doesn't throw them out.

Emily nuzzles Ryan's shoulder as he looks at a photo on the wall. It shows Emily and her younger brother, SIMON ANDERSON, with their BEAUTIFUL MOTHER. The three of them look very happy together.

RYAN

How's Simon doing?

EMILY  
 (frowns)  
 No more talking.

She moves Ryan to the bed, sits him down.

Emily slowly pulls her top off, revealing a white bikini. Ryan watches as she undoes her shorts, and pushes them to the floor. She could not possibly look any better, standing there in the bikini, curtains flowing behind her. She helps Ryan out of his shirt. Then shoves him back onto the bed and climbs on top of him.

They kiss. Softly at first, but it quickly grows heated. Ryan runs his hands down Emily's tan back, to her hips. Emily stops the kiss for a moment. Looks at Ryan.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 I'm doing this because I love you,  
 Ryan.

And we can tell from Ryan's eyes that he loves her too, but he doesn't have time to respond because Emily's already kissing him again. Their hands are all over each other and things are progressing faster and faster. And Ryan's hands are unhooking her top and -

JIM (O.S.)  
 Emily?

Emily and Ryan look over to see Emily's father, JIM ANDERSON, poke his head in the room. The teenagers freeze as their perfect dream night comes to a screeching halt...

Jim is stunned. Emily leaps off the bed, covers her breasts. Jim advances on them, his shock giving way to pure rage.

JIM (CONT'D)  
*Goddamnit, Emily!*

EMILY  
 (starting to cry)  
 Dad...

RYAN  
 Look, sir, I'm sorry -

JIM  
 Get the hell out of here.

RYAN  
 This is my fault.

JIM  
 (screaming)  
*Get out, I said!*

EMILY  
But Dad -

JIM  
Shut up! Put on some goddamn  
clothes.

EMILY  
(crying harder now)  
I'm sorry, Daddy...

Jim slaps Emily hard across the cheek. It's sudden and it's shocking. Ryan is instantly on his feet. Almost as a reflex, he shoves Jim, sending the man sprawling to the floor.

RYAN  
*Don't touch her.*

Emily sobs, clutches her cheek in pain. Ryan moves over to her. Furious, Jim scrambles to his feet, pushes Ryan away.

JIM  
Don't tell me what to do in *my*  
house with *my* daughter!

Jim grabs Emily by the shoulder and starts shaking her violently.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I'm more ashamed of you than I am  
of your brother! Now get dressed,  
you slut -

Ryan suddenly snaps, charges forward and punches Jim in the face. Jim staggers back and Ryan punches him again. Jim hits the floor, blood spewing from his nose. Emily's SCREAMING but Ryan is caught up in his own fury. He descends on Jim, punching him again and again.

EMILY  
*NOOO!!!*

Ryan finally regains control of himself. Jim cowers on the floor. Gasping for air. Spitting blood.

Shaken, Ryan realizes that he has gone way too far, but it's too late now. Emily SCREAMS and CRIES and there's so much blood and everything has spiralled out of control so quickly and as things reach a fever pitch we CUT TO:

**EXT. MOUNTAINS - COLORADO - DAY**

In a HELICOPTER SHOT we zoom over snowy mountains. The landscape is impossibly vast.

A wilderness of both beauty and desolation. Far down on a narrow road a passenger van travels up into the mountains.

**INT./EXT. PASSENGER VAN - MOVING - DAY**

Ryan sits at the back of the van. Cold and miserable. In the seat in front of him is a skinny tweaker named BEN (16). Several rows of empty seats separate them from the driver - a bloated bear of a man named OWEN JONES (40's).

The road is a twisty one, with gusts of snow occasionally blowing across the pavement. Not an easy drive, but Owen handles the van with confidence.

Ryan stares out the window. There are no signs of civilization. Only snow-covered trees and craggy mountain peaks. Far removed from Florida's paradise climate.

BEN

Man, we are so screwed.

Ryan is not in the mood for conversation. He lets Ben's words wash over him.

BEN (CONT'D)

I've heard this place flat-out sucks. Freezing cold. No chicks. No drugs... God, I wanna get high.

Ryan just watches the passing landscape.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where you from?

RYAN

Florida.

BEN

No shit. You believe this cold? I mean, people live like this? I'm from Fresno and I can't handle snow and shit, no way. I don't know how I'm gonna make it here.

Ben is rambling, like his brain is fried from too many drugs.

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't tell anyone I said this, but I'm already homesick...

Ryan doesn't respond. He just looks out the window.

**INT./EXT. EMILY'S ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Emily is curled up on her bed, her eyes red from crying. She gazes listlessly out the open balcony doors at the Gulf.

RYAN (O.S.)

Emily!

Startled, Emily sits up. She quickly gets out of bed and races through the doors and onto the balcony. Ryan is standing on the manicured lawn below, staring up at her.

EMILY

Ryan! Oh my god!

RYAN

I tried to call you -

EMILY

I'm coming down. Don't let my dad see you!

RYAN

No, stay there. You'll just get in trouble.

EMILY

But -

RYAN

I love you, Emily. I just needed to tell you that before I leave... I snuck out and ran all the way here...

Emily starts to cry.

EMILY

I love you too, Ryan... I'll wait for you!

JIM (O.S.)

(furious)

*You will do no such thing.*

Emily spins around to find her father standing behind her, his face still battered and bruised. Emily stumbles away from him as he leans over the balcony to yell at Ryan.

JIM (CONT'D)

I just called the cops! You're in violation of the court order! I'll get you sent to jail instead of reform school, you hear me!?!

With a last look at Emily, Ryan takes off running, heading for the safety of the trees before the police arrive.

Emily turns to face her dad.

EMILY

You think you can just send all your problems away where you don't have to deal with them?! First Simon, now Ryan? You're a coward.

JIM

*Get back inside.*

Emily angrily brushes past him into her room, leaving her dad alone on the balcony.

**INT./EXT. PASSENGER VAN - MOVING - BACK TO PRESENT**

Ryan glances down at a small photo of Emily in his hand. He's holding it low behind the seat, where Ben can't see it. Ben just keeps talking, intent on filling any silence.

BEN

Second time I got popped for crystal, the judge says he's gonna send me to Briarcliff... He told me I needed the fear of God to go straight. I mean, there's supposed to be a separation of church and state! It doesn't -

Ryan and Ben are suddenly thrown against the side of the van as the vehicle hits a patch of ice while rounding a curve. The van careens, spinning out of control on the mountain road. Ben SCREAMS and Ryan holds on for dear life. Owen seems unfazed, calmly trying to regain control of the vehicle.

The van comes to a jagged halt right at the edge of a cliff, sending snow and ice cascading over the precipice.

Owen looks back at the boys with a disconcerting grin.

OWEN

Fun stuff, huh?

Ben holds onto the seat, afraid to move. Ryan catches his breath. Stares forward. They're safe for the moment, but the van is still stuck in the road and there's a blind turn directly in front of them.

OWEN (CONT'D)

My name's Owen, by the way. Owen Jones.

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 I used to go by "OJ," but I ditched  
 that handle in the nineties. Now  
 everybody calls me Big Juicy -

RYAN  
 Um, sir?

Owen gives him a petulant look.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I mean, Big Juicy? Shouldn't we get  
 moving? If someone comes around  
 that corner we'll get hit.

Owen glances at the road. Shrugs.

OWEN  
 We don't get much traffic this time  
 of year. You two are the last  
 arrivals... Ten to one we could sit  
 here a couple hours and be okay.  
 I'm happy to put my fate in the  
 Lord's hands... Aren't you?

Ryan and Ben stare at Owen for a long moment, all too aware  
 of that looming curve right in front of them.

Then Owen cracks up laughing. A deep throaty bellow.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 Just messing with you!

Owen backs the van up fully onto the road. Starts driving up  
 the mountain again. Ryan breathes a sigh of relief.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 Look, I know exactly what you boys  
 are going through right now.

BEN  
 (muttering)  
 Doubt it.

OWEN  
 I'm serious. When I was your age? I  
 was a mean little sonuvagun. My  
 butt got hauled up this mountain to  
 Briarcliff too... It was the best  
 thing that ever happened to me.

An SUV rapidly approaches, coming down the mountain.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 Well, what d'ya know?

Owen waves at the DRIVER as the car passes.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 Guess the good Lord was smiling on  
 us today, boys!

Ryan slumps back in his seat, as Ben cackles nervously.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - DAY**

The van pulls off the main road and onto a massive, circular snow-covered driveway.

Beyond the driveway, looming up from the snow and the trees, is a huge, terrifying-looking building. This is Briarcliff. Five stories tall, with wings and turrets and sweeping walls of crumbling brick, like an abandoned medieval monastery. It sits in utter isolation and decayed grandeur. Large windows reflect back the snow and the ice, like unseeing eyes.

**INT. PASSENGER VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

The van slows. Ryan and Ben peer out at the school.

BEN  
 Jesus...

OWEN  
 I'll ignore your blaspheming for  
 now. But you better watch your  
 mouth 'round here.

Owen brings the van to a stop in front of a massive stone walkway that leads to Briarcliff's front doors.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
 Home sweet home.

He puts the van in park and pushes open his door.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan and Ben get out of the van, their feet sinking into the calf-deep snowdrifts. Grey sky hangs heavily above them. Thick with ominous clouds.

Ryan and Ben are both shivering.

OWEN  
 (amused)  
 It never gets above twenty in the  
 winter... Me, I don't feel the cold  
 anymore.

BEN  
(muttering)  
It's 'cause you got so much fucking  
blubber.

Owen tilts his head.

OWEN  
Briarcliff's gonna do great things  
for you, Ben. Maybe even teach you  
to respect other people's feelings.

BEN  
What about my feelings, man! This  
place sucks donkey balls. You're  
hurting *my* feelings...

Ryan ignores the two of them. Gazes up at the building. It  
seems nearly abandoned. He scans the windows of the imposing  
structure for signs of life.

A flash of movement in one of the top windows catches his  
eye. Like someone has been standing there, watching, and just  
now turned away. The movement startles Ryan.

OWEN  
Something spook ya?

RYAN  
No, sir.  
(tiredly)  
I mean, Big Juicy.

OWEN  
When I was a kid here, we used to  
say the school was haunted...  
Course now I know the only ghost  
'round here is the Holy Ghost... So  
come this way, why don't you?

Owen starts rapidly waddling through the snow to a long  
walkway lined with creepy stone statues. Some are religious  
icons, others are of seemingly lost children. Ryan and Ben  
follow, as Ben rants inaudible gibberish under his breath.

RYAN  
Uh, Big Juicy?

Owen doesn't even turn around. Just keeps waddling.

OWEN  
Yeeees?

RYAN  
You know a kid here named Simon?  
Simon Anderson?

Owen stops in his tracks as Ryan catches up with him. Owen turns around. There's a strange, almost hostile look in his eyes.

OWEN

What do you know about Simon Anderson?

RYAN

(taken aback)

Nothing. Just some guy from back home. Don't worry about it.

Owen continues staring at him for a tense moment, but then turns around and starts walking again. Ben flips out at Ryan as they trail after Owen.

BEN

Dude, you already know someone at Briarcliff? You got a friend from back home here?! That sucks! Why am I always the one who's on his own? Fuck!

#### **INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan and Ben step into the massive foyer. Owen shuts the door behind them. Electric candelabras hang on the walls and down from the ceiling, casting flickering shadows across the cracked marble floor.

Owen hangs back against the wall, as a tall, thin priest named FATHER CLEARY (60's) walks forward through a large, open common room toward Ryan and Ben. He's accompanied by TWO THUGGISH-LOOKING MEN who each walk a step behind him.

BEN

(under his breath)

This is some freaky shit right here, man.

Father Cleary gets closer and more of his features are revealed. His face is thin and scarred, marked with hundreds of tiny pockmarks.

The thuggish men, both with the thick necks and ramrod posture of drill instructors, step up next to Father Cleary, glaring at Ryan and Ben. Ryan swallows hard. Ben sways back and forth.

Father Cleary eyes the two teenagers imperiously. He makes the sign of the cross with a black-gloved hand.

FATHER CLEARY  
 (gentle lisp)  
 Welcome to Briarcliff, my children.

**INT. STOCKROOM B - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan is violently thrown up against a white wall, an arm pressed against his neck. Choking and gasping for air.

One of the two thuggish men, BROTHER GRIMES (late 20's), has pinned Ryan to the wall. He and Ryan are alone.

The stockroom is small and narrow, with harsh fluorescent lights on the ceiling, and a cement floor. Against one wall are stacks of uniforms on plywood shelves. Three large laundry carts are parked against another wall.

RYAN  
 (gasping)  
 Please -

Ryan is about to pass out. His eyes are closing, the lids flickering...

**EXT. BEACH - FLORIDA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

*For a second Ryan is on the beach with Emily. Her face hovers above him...*

EMILY  
 I love you, Ryan...

**INT. STOCKROOM B - BACK TO THE PRESENT**

Ryan opens his eyes again. Brother Grimes leans in and presses his face against Ryan's.

BROTHER GRIMES  
*For the next five months, your ass belongs to me!*

He shoves Ryan down and moves into the center of the room. Surprisingly graceful, like a boxer dancing in the ring. Ryan sinks against the wall, struggling to catch his breath.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 What the priests don't see, the priests don't know. Got it?

RYAN  
 (whispers)  
 Got it.

BROTHER GRIMES

In your file, it says you're a tough guy. You like to beat people up. You don't seem so tough to me.

Ryan is slowly recovering. Rubs his throat and coughs.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

Get up, Mr. Cooper. We're gonna get those duds off you and give you a brand new uniform.

Ryan clambers to his feet. Looks extremely pissed off, but manages to hold his rage in check. Brother Grimes rummages in a laundry bin. He grabs a pair of dress slacks, underwear, a button-down shirt, and a tie. He flings them at Ryan's feet.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

Strip and put these on. Everything off, even your skivvies. I gotta check for contraband.

RYAN

Strip right here?

BROTHER GRIMES

You ain't got nothing I haven't seen before. Unless you're a tranny wearing ladies underwear! Are you a tranny, Mr. Cooper?

RYAN

No, sir.

BROTHER GRIMES

Well, that's one good thing about you then.

He finds a pair of shoes and socks and throws them at Ryan.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?!

Ryan takes off his shirt.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

Anything in your pockets?

Ryan hesitates. Grimes cracks his knuckles.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

The truth will hurt less than a lie.

Ryan pulls out the photo of Emily. Reluctantly hands it over. Grimes studies it with a smirk.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 Well, ain't that romantic.  
 (holds it up to the light)  
 Take your last look, kid. Cause by  
 the time you get outta here, she  
 won't even remember your name...

**INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Dressed in his new uniform, Ryan is escorted down an  
 incredibly long corridor by Brother Grimes.

A mean-looking kid comes out from around a corner. He wears  
 the same uniform as Ryan. His name is JAY YOUNG (17). He  
 glares hard at Ryan. Menacing eyes under thick brows.

BROTHER GRIMES  
 Late for supper are we, Mr. Young?

JAY  
 Just a little, sir.

BROTHER GRIMES  
 Then get your ass in gear!

Jay picks up his pace. Then suddenly he lurches forward,  
 pretending to trip. But instead, he nails Ryan in the balls  
with a rabbit punch.

Stunned, Ryan doubles over in pain, gasping for air. Jay  
 hurries away down the corridor, towards the cafeteria.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 (amused)  
 Keep moving.

Ryan manages to start walking down the hallway again. His  
 face is red from pain, embarrassment, and anger.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 So, you hungry?

RYAN  
 (trying to recover)  
 Yes... sir...

BROTHER GRIMES  
 Well, too bad. Supper is 1800  
 hours. No exceptions.

Ryan realizes that Grimes is screwing with him, but keeps  
 silent.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
 You won't be eating anything  
 tonight but air, my friend...

**EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Brother Grimes leads Ryan outside into the freezing cold night. This large courtyard is in the middle of the vast school. A rickety wooden chapel sits in the center of the courtyard. Over a hundred years old. It has a lopsided ramshackle appearance. Candlelight flickers from within.

Ryan huddles against the cold, looking glum, as Grimes leads him to the chapel. Their breath is visible in the night air. Ryan looks up at the sky. The number of stars is staggering.

Grimes opens the ornate chapel door, pushes Ryan inside.

**INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS**

Grimes leads Ryan down the center aisle. An enormous wooden sculpture of Christ on the cross dominates the far wall. Everything is intricately crafted, old, and intimidating. Candles burn everywhere. The only modern touch is a glass baptismal tank.

Grimes opens the door to a confessional booth set into one wall. Dark inside. Ryan looks at Grimes.

BROTHER GRIMES  
 Time to confess your sins.

Ryan steps hesitantly into the booth, and Grimes slams the door behind him.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

It's pitch black. For a moment all we hear is Ryan's nervous BREATHING. Then a small shutter is pushed open in the wall, letting in errant candlelight. From behind a mesh screen we glimpse Father Cleary's gaunt profile.

Ryan sits down. Unsure what to do. For an uncomfortably long moment, there is silence. Finally Ryan can bear it no more:

RYAN  
 Hello?

Father Cleary coughs and then clears his throat.

FATHER CLEARY  
 How long has it been since your  
 last confession, child?

RYAN

I, um... I've never been to confession. I'm not Catholic.

FATHER CLEARY

Then we have a long night ahead of us, you and I... Tell me why you have been sent to Briarcliff.

Ryan hesitates. He's tired. Hungry. Homesick. Cold.

FATHER CLEARY (CONT'D)

(prompting)

You have nothing to fear. This house of worship is one hundred and sixty years old. The school itself was built around the chapel much later... Generations have found absolution within these walls.

Ryan sighs. Gazes into the flickering candle through the mesh screen.

RYAN

Okay, well, I've been in love with Emily Anderson since the sixth grade. It wasn't until last summer that I finally got the nerve to ask her out. She said yes... I couldn't believe it. I took her miniature golfing on our first date.

(smiles)

She accidentally whacked me in the shin on one hole. We still laugh about that -

**INT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - LATER**

Brother Grimes walks Ryan down another long corridor in the maze-like building. Ryan holds a few items: a towel, a nightgown, a toothbrush. He looks exhausted.

BROTHER GRIMES

Since you apparently had so many sins to confess, you're late for lights out.

Grimes stops in front of a large pair of doors. Carved into the dark wood above them: *SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN UNTO ME.*

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)

Your friend Ben will be spending the night in solitary. Seems like he needs an attitude adjustment.

Grimes turns and flings open the doors, revealing a huge dimly lit space filled with bunk beds. Many are occupied by sleeping TEENAGE BOYS.

**INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan peers around the room. Huge windows opposite the door let in stark moonlight, and reveal a stunning view of the icy Colorado wilderness. It looks like a polar landscape - just ice, snow, and mountains as far as the eye can see.

We also see that up high in the corners of the room are surveillance cameras, hidden behind Plexiglas shields.

Brother Grimes strides inside the room, clutching Ryan by the shoulder.

BROTHER GRIMES  
(screaming)  
HELEN!!! Got a new one for you!

Several BOYS in nearby bunks wake up, peer at Grimes and Ryan sleepily.

HELEN (16) comes running... But Helen is not a girl. He's a short nerdy boy with a pink plastic hearing aid in one ear. Wearing a white nightgown.

He reaches Ryan and Brother Grimes. We hear A FEW KIDS call out RUDE NAMES and JEERS at Helen. Brother Grimes silences them with a stare.

HELEN  
Here, Brother Grimes, sir.

BROTHER GRIMES  
You're gonna show this kid his bunk. His name's Ryan Cooper and he's from Florida.

Some kids start JEERING again, hidden in shadows. One voice emerges from the crowd:

RANDOM VOICE  
Florida sucks dick!

BROTHER GRIMES  
Quiet! Or I'll make you do push-ups 'til you bleed!

The threat is met with immediate silence. Grimes glances contemptuously at Helen.

BROTHER GRIMES (CONT'D)  
Take it from here, Helen.

He turns on his heel and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. Helen looks inquisitively at Ryan for a moment.

HELEN  
(gentle, asthmatic voice)  
I'll take you to your bunk, okay?

RYAN  
Sure.

Ryan walks with Helen down a labyrinthine row of bunks. He feels the stares of other boys coming from the shadows and hears HISSES and threatening MURMURS...

They finally reach an empty bottom bunk and Helen stops. They whisper to each other:

HELEN  
This one's yours, Ryan. Mine's the one across.

RYAN  
Thanks... Hey, why do they call you Helen?

Helen looks depressed. Points to his hearing aid.

HELEN  
It's pink, and I have a mild hearing disability... Helen Keller, I guess?

RYAN  
What's your real name?

Helen shakes his head ruefully, sits down opposite him.

HELEN  
You don't want to know. Most people can't pronounce it right anyway.

RYAN  
Try me.

HELEN  
No, really. It's okay... I can live with Helen.

Ryan has a seat on the metal bunk bed. Helen points to a dented trunk at the base of the bed.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Put your stuff in there.

Ryan picks up his nightgown, peers at it with distaste.

HELEN (CONT'D)

They love to humiliate us.

Ryan pulls off his shirt, too tired to complain. He starts taking off his shoes.

RYAN

Listen, do you know a kid named Simon Anderson? Black hair, kind of thin... Fifteen, but he looks twelve? He's my girlfriend's kid brother.

Helen tilts his head and gives Ryan a strange look, like he's reevaluating him.

HELEN

Simon's the weirdest kid at Briarcliff...

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - LATER**

The school is bathed in moonlight. From somewhere in the distance comes a strange HOWLING/WHISTLING sound. A chilling, otherworldly noise.

**EXT. GOLF N' STUFF - FLORIDA - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT**

Ryan and Emily are at a miniature golf course with a cheesy tropical theme. They're at a hole that ramps up steeply to a faux waterfall. It's their first date.

Ryan is standing right behind Emily, his hands over hers, showing her how to grip the putter.

EMILY

Like this?

RYAN

Yeah. You got it... Now just hit it hard enough to get the ball up the hill.

He takes his hands off hers. Emily grins at him, tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

EMILY

Here goes nothing...

Emily pulls the putter back and whacks the ball - accidentally bashing Ryan's shin on the follow-through.

Ryan yelps, going down to one knee and clutching his shin.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 (gasps)  
 Oh my god, are you okay?

RYAN  
 (smiling through the pain)  
 Yeah, I'm fine.

EMILY  
 I'm so sorry, oh god...  
 (she bursts out laughing)  
 I don't mean to laugh, it's just -

She's staring up the ramp at the waterfall. There's no sign of the ball.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 I think I got a hole in one!

Ryan starts laughing too, as he begins clambering to his feet.

RYAN  
 Nice.

Ryan looks up right as -

Emily smashes the putter brutally down onto his head. Blood gushes down his face as Emily rears back for another blow. He SCREAMS, and tries to scabble away from her, but she's too fast.

Emily's eyes have gone completely black. She opens her mouth, but what comes out is not her voice but a terrible HOWLING/WHISTLING sound. She brings the putter down with superhuman strength as we SMASH CUT TO:

#### **INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan jerks violently awake in bed. He gets his bearings, breathing heavily, coming down off the disturbing dream. That CREEPY WHISTLING sound continues outside.

Ryan looks over at Helen's bunk. The kid is sound asleep. Ryan looks around the room, freaked out.

He's surprised to see a BOY in a white nightgown standing over at the massive picture window. The boy's back is to Ryan, like he's gazing out at the icy wilderness.

Ryan sits up. Puts his bare feet down. The floor is ice cold. Ryan stands, walks over to the boy.

RYAN  
 (whisper)  
 Simon?

The kid doesn't turn around. He just keeps staring out the window. Ryan moves to his side, looks at SIMON ANDERSON (15). He's a small boy. Pale with sickly dark hollows beneath his eyes. He ignores Ryan, his vacant gaze fixed on some upper part of the large mountain visible behind the school.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Simon, it's me. Ryan. Emily's  
 boyfriend?  
 (no response)  
 You okay?

Simon doesn't even turn his head. Transfixed by something outside.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Simon?

Still no response. Freezing and frustrated, Ryan gives up and walks back over to his bunk. Helen's awake, looking at him. He puts on his hearing aid.

HELEN  
 (whispers)  
 Simon's a sleepwalker.

Ryan sits on his bed, finally understanding.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 Happens every night.

Ryan's eyes linger on Simon. There's something disturbing about the image of this small boy framed by the vast wilderness.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 Hey, why'd he even get sent here?  
 No one knows.

RYAN  
 After his mom died, he kept saying  
 her ghost was talking to him... He  
 got in a big fight with his dad  
 about it. Then he tried to kill  
 himself.

HELEN  
 They sent him here for *that*?

RYAN  
 That's the kind of guy his dad is.

Ryan gets under the covers. The WHISTLING noise howls away.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that sound?

HELEN  
There's a crevice up in the mountains somewhere. Hundreds of feet deep is what the priests say. Maybe thousands. When the wind blows over the top, it makes the noise. Like when you blow over the rim of a bottle.

Ryan listens.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
They say it's the sound of dead souls trapped in the mountain. Total hogwash.

RYAN  
How can you stand it?

Helen smiles at Ryan and then takes out his hearing aid, stashing it under his pillow. Then he reaches beneath his mattress and pulls out a mini iPod.

HELEN  
My secret weapon.  
(his smile fades...)  
You won't tell anybody, will you?

Ryan smiles, shakes his head. Helen grins, relieved. He lays his head on his pillow.

Ryan watches Simon at the window for another moment. Then closes his eyes.

#### **INT. CHAPEL - MORNING**

The chapel is packed to capacity as the BOYS stand in the pews, singing a HYMN. There are about FIFTY of them in all, ranging in age from 13-17. Everybody in uniform.

Ryan stands next to Helen, shivering and mouthing the words from his hymn book as he looks around. He sees Simon toward the front. The kid mumbles his way along with the group.

Father Cleary stands at the pulpit, leading the song. There are about TEN PRIESTS sitting near the front, singing along. Owen stands behind them, crooning away like Pavarotti.

Grimes and several other big "BROTHERS" move slowly down the aisles, making sure every boy is singing.

Jay pretends to sing as they pass him. His beefy lackeys, IKE and SAMMY (both 17), stand on either side of him looking tired and sullen.

Off to the side, THREE NUNS stand together, singing as well. Two of them are older and rotund. The third is young and rather beautiful, though she seems intent on covering up that fact with her habit. This is SISTER FIONA (mid-20's).

**INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING**

Ryan and Helen shuffle through the food line. The three nuns are behind the counter, dishing out breakfast. As they pass the first nun, Helen whispers to Ryan:

HELEN  
That's Sister Mister.

RYAN  
Huh?

HELEN  
'Cause she looks like a man.

Ryan can't help but laugh to himself. The next nun serves them more food...

HELEN (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
And that's Sister Fist-Her, cause they say that's what she does at night to Sister Mister...

Ryan tries to contain his laughter. He's able to as they reach Sister Fiona - he's struck by her simple beauty. Ryan smiles at her as she dishes him out more food... Sister Fiona smiles back.

Ryan breaks off from the line, Helen tagging along behind him. Ryan scans the cafeteria. He spots Simon sitting alone, way off in the corner. He heads toward him.

Jay sits at a table with Ike and Sammy. Jay smirks at Ryan and Helen as they move past.

JAY  
(under his breath)  
Get a room, homos...

Ike and Sammy crack up like it's the wittiest joke ever. Ryan ignores all of them and keeps walking.

HELEN  
That's Jay. I suggest you stay away from him.

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)  
They say he got sent here because  
he burned down his school... With  
the principal still inside.

But Ryan is more interested in Simon. He reaches Simon's  
table and puts down his tray.

RYAN  
Hey, Simon. Long time no see.

Simon looks up at him for a long moment. Like he's confused.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
It's Ryan from home. Remember?

SIMON  
(dazed)  
Oh, yeah, hey...

RYAN  
Okay if we sit down?

Simon nods. Ryan and Helen have a seat, start to eat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
So your dad got me sent here too...  
I got in a good punch first though!  
(takes a bite of food)  
How you holding up?

SIMON  
Okay.

Simon is extremely withdrawn. Ryan tries to coax him out of  
his shell.

RYAN  
Emily misses the hell out of you.  
But she's doing good. She wants me  
to tell you how much she loves  
you... And she's saved all your  
paintings.

Simon just stares at Ryan for a long uncomfortable moment.

SIMON  
You shouldn't have come here.

The way Simon says it makes Ryan uneasy. He laughs it off.

RYAN  
I didn't have a choice -

Simon abruptly stands up, clutching his tray. Ryan watches,  
perplexed, as Simon walks away.

**EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY**

A burly Irish priest, FATHER O'BRIEN, stands on the rugby pitch, surrounded by boys. Half of them wear black rugby outfits, the other half (including Ryan and Helen) wear white. Father O'Brien is a fiery redhead with a smattering of scarlet gin blossoms across his mug.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
*You boys ready to become men?! If  
 only for the afternoon?!*

BOYS  
 (in unison)  
*Yes, Father!*

Even though the sun is shining, it's extremely cold. The ground looks frozen.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
 You know the drill. Hold nothing  
 back! And if I catch any of you  
 yanks half-arseing it, I'll feed ya  
 to Sister Mister's cunt!

The boys LAUGH. O'Brien tosses the rugby ball to Jay - who wears a black uniform (as do his lackeys, Ike and Sammy).

Helen looks depressed. He's not wearing his hearing aid.

O'Brien eyes Ryan.

FATHER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)  
 You're the new cock on the block,  
 eh?

RYAN  
 Yes, Father. Ryan Cooper. I -

He hesitates for a second.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
 Spit it out, lad.

RYAN  
 I don't know how to play rugby.

FATHER O'BRIEN  
 Well I don't know how to play  
 pansy, but I'm talkin' to you,  
 aren't I?

Jay cackles, and the other boys all start laughing at Ryan.

FATHER O'BRIEN (CONT'D)  
 Man up, Cooper! Man up! It's no  
 different than a street fight,  
 except there's a ball involved!

Jay tosses the ball hard at Ryan's chest and we CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Sister Fiona sits behind a massive oak desk, framed by a large window. Simon sits in front of the desk, his gaze fixed on the mountain outside the window.

SISTER FIONA  
 How are you feeling today, Simon?

He doesn't respond. Sister Fiona turns and looks outside.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)  
 The mountain. It's beautiful, isn't  
 it?

SIMON  
 (low voice)  
 No.

Sister Fiona gets up, moves around the desk. She sits in a chair next to Simon. He still doesn't take his eyes off the mountain...

SISTER FIONA  
 Simon?

No response, like he's autistic. Sister Fiona leans close to him.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)  
 (more firmly)  
 Simon.

He finally looks at her.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)  
 How have the headaches been?

SIMON  
 Bad.

SISTER FIONA  
 And you're taking your medication?

SIMON  
 Just makes them worse.

SISTER FIONA

It may seem that way at first, but  
the medicine will help you... Along  
with talking and prayers.

Simon's gaze drifts back to the window. Fiona regards him for  
a moment. Clearly she wants to help this troubled boy.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)

What about your dreams? Are they  
still really scary?

Simon doesn't take his eyes off the mountain as he replies:

SIMON

They are *not* dreams.

**EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS**

A kid on the black team kicks the rugby ball and the game  
begins. The black team rushes forward, several of them  
actually SCREAMING, as the ball is caught by a boy on the  
white team. The kid starts running down the field...

Ryan runs along nearby, trying to figure out what's going on.  
Just as members of the black team come careening at the kid  
with the ball, he tosses it to Ryan.

Owen sits in the bleachers, wolfing down a huge sandwich.  
Several priests sit with him, watching as Ryan dodges  
opponents while boys HOLLER and SHOUT around him...

BAM!!! Jay and Ike and Sammy smash into Ryan simultaneously  
at full speed, driving him down into the cold hard ground.

The ball tumbles out of Ryan's hands and Jay scoops it up,  
then punts it down field...

Ryan gasps for air, the wind knocked out him. He sees Jay's  
face loom over him.

JAY

Welcome to Briarcliff, asshole.

**INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon continues to stare out at the mountain.

SISTER FIONA

Why do you keep looking outside,  
Simon?

No response. Sister Fiona reaches out, puts her hand on his  
shoulder.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)  
It's not polite to ignore people,  
Simon.

SIMON  
(barely audible)  
Bradley Tachuk.

Fiona recoils. Simon slowly turns to look at her.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Bradley Tachuk.

The name clearly has some terrible meaning to Sister Fiona.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
He's the reason you're here.

SISTER FIONA  
How -

She takes a deep breath, trying to regain her composure.

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)  
What do you mean?

SIMON  
The reason you became a nun.

**EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS**

The ball rolls to Helen, who does his best to avoid it...  
Helen catches Father O'Brien's insane gaze:

HELEN'S POV (AURAL & VISUAL): Father O'Brien SCREAMS at him,  
but the sound is LOW and DISTORTED as Helen would hear it...

Helen picks up the ball, halfheartedly runs with it...

THE SOUND RUSHES BACK IN as Helen is brutally tackled by  
several boys... He makes no attempt to hold onto the ball...

Ryan is horrified. He rushes to Helen's side.

RYAN  
Helen! You okay?

Helen just writhes on the ground, totally dazed...

**INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon rubs his forehead, as if his head is hurting.

SIMON

It happened on the... uh, retreat.  
The St. Stephen's retreat. You  
thought you'd marry him someday...

It's like he's hearing a voice inaudible to us, and dictating it. Sister Fiona hangs on every word, looking stunned.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But he came into your room. It was  
late and you were sleeping. You  
woke up and... you weren't scared  
at first... You wanted him to be  
there. But that changed...

**EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan gets caught in the middle of a nasty RUGBY SCRUM... He collapses beneath a PILE OF CRAZED BOYS...

**INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

A silent tear slides down Sister Fiona's cheek. She sits frozen, listening. Simon talks faster now:

SIMON

He forced you down on the bed and  
the springs were hard and squeaky,  
really squeaky, and he smelled like  
altar wine and tic tacs, peppermint  
I think, and some kind of shampoo  
that he liked from the drug store,  
and he -

SISTER FIONA

*Stop!*

**EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan runs with the ball. He shakes off a couple opponents as he races across the goal-line and scores...

He stops to catch his breath while the white team CHEERS -

IKE SUDDENLY COLLIDES INTO RYAN AT FULL SPEED. Ryan sprawls to the ground, hurt. Ike looks to Jay for approval. Jay ROARS with laughter and gives the victory sign.

**INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Sister Fiona stares off into space, completely devastated. Simon shakes himself, as if snapping out of a trance.

SIMON  
 (low, weak)  
 I'm sorry, Sister.

All the color has drained from his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna be sick...

He staggers up, rushes out of the room.

**INT. CLASSROOM - TWILIGHT**

The boys sit in a large classroom in long rows, listening to a tedious lecture about kindness from a priest before dinner. Ryan is in the back next to Helen. He's pretending to take notes, but secretly writing a letter to Emily.

The DRONING of the priest's voice FADES as we MOVE IN closer on Ryan and his letter.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 Em, I don't know if you'll ever get this letter. And not just because of your dad. The other kids say the mail here gets censored, so I'll keep it short and see what gets through. I found Simon...

**INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon stands at the picture window again, drawn to the mountains and wilderness like a moth to flame.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 He keeps to himself and seems pretty depressed, but I think he'll pull through...

Simon is mouthing words and mumbling to himself as if receiving otherworldly broadcasts from the landscape beyond.

**INT. CLASSROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

We slowly MOVE IN closer to Ryan as he continues writing.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 Life here is harsh. Classes, rugby, and prayer, over and over again. And things are supposed to get worse. The weather's closing in...

**EXT. THE WILDERNESS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Outside, it's snowing harder. The sky is dark.

RYAN (V.O.)

A few days from now, we'll be completely cut off from the outside world. A bad storm's coming tonight, and they say that no one will be able to come or go for a long time...

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Father Cleary sits behind his vast desk. Sipping a glass of Scotch. Looking out the window where snow is coming down heavier now. We can hear the HOWLING/WHISTLING sound.

RYAN (V.O.)

The priests say we have enough rations to last six months if need be. I guess this isolation is part of our punishment.

**INT. SISTER FIONA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

Sister Fiona is kneeling by her bed, praying fervently. Tears drip down her face. The WHISTLING sound continues...

RYAN (V.O.)

I'm going to look after Simon for you. Make sure nothing bad happens to him. I guess I deserve to be here, but Simon doesn't.

**INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan lies in bed, his eyes focused on the huge windows. Outside, snow whips around frantically in what is quickly becoming a blizzard. The HOWLING/WHISTLING grows louder than ever, as if it's the angry voice of the storm itself.

RYAN (V.O.)

I hope you know how much I love you, Emily... And how empty I feel here without you...

At last, Ryan's eyes close as he drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

HELEN (OVER BLACK)  
Wake up, Ryan! Wake up! They're  
gone!!

**INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - DAY**

Helen leans over the bed, dressed in his uniform, shaking Ryan awake. Ryan blinks sleep from his eyes.

RYAN  
Wha -

HELEN  
All the grown-ups are gone! The  
priests. The brothers. All of them!

Ryan immediately sits up in shock, looks around the dormitory. It's mostly empty. Only a few scattered boys still snooze in their bunks. From O.S. he hears EXCITED SHOUTS echoing throughout the building.

RYAN  
What time is it?

HELEN  
Almost eleven! They were supposed  
to wake us up six hours ago, but  
they never did. It's like they just  
vanished!

Ryan swings his legs over the side of the bed and stands up.

RYAN  
That's crazy. Are you sure?

HELEN  
I don't know how, or why, but we're  
alone here. Just us kids.

Ryan's eyes go to the massive windows. Snow drifts are piled up over six feet high against the glass. The school is snowed in. Ryan glances back at Helen. Helen looks scared.

**ANOTHER ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Simon lays in his bunk, sound asleep. His blanket is only halfway on the bed. As if he's kicked it off in his sleep.

Ryan and Helen are standing over him. Ryan pulls Simon's blanket back up.

RYAN  
At least he can finally get some  
rest...

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(looks at Helen)  
Let's find out what's going on.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Now in uniform, Ryan strides down the corridor, Helen at his heels. An excited trio of BOYS comes running in the other direction.

EXCITED BOY  
We're free, motherfuckers!

The boys run past Ryan and Helen, turn a corner, WHOOPING it up. Helen watches them go with distaste as he tries to keep up with Ryan.

HELEN  
You see? I've already looked around  
and I'm telling you, I can't find  
anyone. I don't know where they  
could be!

Ryan seems determined to investigate this claim for himself. He continues down the hall.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Ryan and Helen enter to find several small groups of BOYS milling about, talking. Some of the tables and chairs have been turned over, as though there's been a scuffle. No sign of any adults.

Ryan hears CRASHING NOISES come from the kitchen, and moves toward it. Helen follows. Ryan pushes open the doors...

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Boys are raiding the big refrigerators and pantries, scarfing down food. A CHUBBY BOY is rifling through a freezer.

CHUBBY BOY  
I found the apple pies!

All the boys are dressed in uniform, but they're already disheveled after a morning with no supervision. The sense of freedom and excitement in the air is palpable.

HELEN  
You guys shouldn't be doing this.  
You'll all be in big trouble.

IRRITATED BOY  
Oh, blow me, Helen.

Somebody else chucks an orange at Helen. He ducks just in time and the orange explodes on the wall behind him.

HELEN

Hey! Don't you realize this might be a test? The priests could be watching us right now!

Ryan suddenly turns and leaves the room.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Wait! Ryan! Where are you going?

Helen scurries after him as someone else whips a banana at him. Helen SQUEALS as it nails him in the ass. The boys in the kitchen crack up.

**INT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan rounds a corner and moves up some stairs, Helen right behind him, like Ryan's shadow. A few boys mill about aimlessly, unsure what to do with their sudden freedom. Some have malevolent looks in their eyes. Some look scared.

Ryan enters into a corridor on the second floor. He looks out the windows, getting a better view of the landscape.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

There's several feet of fresh snow on the ground. The landscape has been erased by whiteness. Snow drifts are piled up against the doors and lower windows of the school. The roof is covered with deep, heavy snow and icicles are starting to form.

**INT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Helen stands by Ryan, taking in the blinding white vista.

HELEN

They couldn't be out there, could they? They'd be frozen by now... It has to be a test. They're sitting somewhere and watching us through the surveillance cameras or something...

Ryan just moves off down the corridor. Helen follows.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Ryan?

Ryan glances into classrooms as he passes them. They're empty.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I've already looked up here.  
There's nobody.

Ryan keeps looking. He peers into another classroom where Ben the tweaker has just finished scrawling a statement on the chalkboard: *FATHER CLEARY SUCKS COCK!!!*

Ben spins around, afraid. He looks relieved when he sees Ryan. His eyes are huge and deranged.

BEN  
Fuck 'em, man! Fuck 'em all! I'm  
the king of the castle!

Ryan moves on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan moves up another level of stairs. Helen hangs back, nervous. From O.S., SHOUTS and FOOTFALLS of boys running loose echo below them.

HELEN  
What are you doing?

Ryan stops at the top of the stairs. He finds himself in an empty common room. A corridor stretches off before him.

Helen creeps up the stairs.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
This level is for adults only!  
We're not supposed to be up here.

RYAN  
You haven't checked up here?

HELEN  
Of course not.

Ryan moves off down the corridor. Helen hovers on the top step, terrified of planting his feet on this forbidden floor.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Ryan?

We follow Ryan as he turns a corner and leaves Helen behind. Ryan finds himself in a hallway with doors on either side. Most of them are open. He steps into the nearest room...

**INT. FATHER O'BRIEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is spartan. The only real decoration is a large Irish flag, proudly displayed on the wall. There's a bookcase full of leather bound titles and a dresser. The bed is unmade, the covers thrown onto the floor.

Ryan moves back into the corridor.

**INT. BRIARCLIFF - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan moves past other rooms and finds more of the same. Simple rooms without many possessions. All of the beds unmade, the covers often draped across the floor, and no sign of any of the adults.

Ryan stops at the doorway to a different room and peers inside.

**INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

This is a larger room. Against the far wall is an oak table with an old Ham radio atop it.

Ryan enters the room. Moves over to the table. The bulky old communication device has been brutally smashed. As if someone beat it to death with a club.

On one wall, racks of VCRs for the surveillance cameras have been completely obliterated. The machines and tapes are just rubble.

Ryan looks over at the corner, where an old desktop computer has also been destroyed. The bulky monitor lays on the floor, its screen shattered.

HELEN (O.S.)

Jeez Louise...

Ryan jumps, startled. He turns to find Helen behind him, peering at the destroyed equipment in shock.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Who would do that? I don't like this one bit.

RYAN

The radio was for emergencies, I'm guessing?

HELEN

(nodding)

I knew they had one somewhere.

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 There's a phoneline that runs up  
 here, but it usually goes out after  
 a storm like this.

Helen sees something beneath the table. Crouches down and  
 retrieves the handset of an old telephone. The cord has been  
 cut.

RYAN  
 Where's the rest of it?

The boys search the room. Don't find anything of use.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 What about cellphones?

HELEN  
 Even if we find one, there's no way  
 we'll get a signal up here.

A sudden THUD comes from down the hall. Both boys freeze,  
 stare at each other with wide eyes.

Ryan moves out of the room. Helen is about to panic.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 (whisper)  
 Ryan, no...

**INT. BRIARCLIFF - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan moves slowly down the corridor. Hears another THUD. It's  
 coming from behind the closed door at the end of the hall.

Helen peers from around the doorway of the communications  
 room. He watches Ryan, too scared to leave the room.

HELEN  
 (whisper)  
 Ryan...

Ryan ignores him. Draws closer to the door. He's scared. But  
 he needs to know what lies beyond the door...

He slowly reaches out for the doorknob -

THUD!! Ryan nearly jumps out of his skin as there's another  
 noise from inside the room. He looks back to Helen. Helen  
 shakes his head frantically, motions for Ryan to come back.

Ryan steels himself, reaches for the knob again... And  
 quickly throws open the door -

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Jay, Ike, and Sammy look at Ryan, startled by his sudden appearance. The spacious room is well constructed of aged dark wood. A massive bookcase covers one entire wall. Many of the books have been torn up and mangled. Another wall is dominated by a window that looks out on the snowbound wilderness.

Jay is kicked back behind Father Cleary's desk. His feet up, he's smoking a cigar and clutching a bottle of old Scotch. Ike and Sammy have been pulling drawers out of a big wooden filing cabinet and dumping the contents out on the floor. They leer with menace at Ryan.

JAY  
Ever heard of knocking?

He takes a monster swig of booze while Ike and Sammy cackle.

RYAN  
What are you guys doing in here?

SAMMY  
What's it to you, dickwad? You gonna snitch on us?

Ike steps forward.

JAY  
Boys, boys... Relax. Let him in.

Ike and Sammy back off as Ryan steps into the room. Jay offers him the bottle.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Want a swig?

Ryan shakes his head No.

IKE  
Pussy.

Ike takes the bottle from Jay and downs some Scotch.

RYAN  
You guys seen anybody? Any of the grownups, I mean? I'm trying to figure out what's going on.

JAY  
No, but we've been finding some very interesting stuff in Cleary's files...

RYAN  
Any idea what happened?

IKE  
Who cares.

He downs another slug of Scotch, passes the bottle back to Jay. Helen appears in the doorway, peeks cautiously inside.

HELEN  
Oh, man... You guys are gonna get it...

Ike and Sammy laugh at him.

SAMMY  
We're sooooo scared!

Sammy suddenly walks forward and cuffs Helen on top of his head.

HELEN  
Ow!

Ryan grabs Sammy's arm.

RYAN  
Leave him alone.

Sammy shakes Ryan off, instantly ready to fight.

SAMMY  
What you gonna do about it, new fish?

RYAN  
(getting pissed off)  
Hey, what the hell is wrong with you?! Every single adult at Briarcliff is missing... but all you care about is swinging your dick around to impress Jay?

Sammy grabs Ryan's shirt and the two scuffle for a moment. Helen cowers behind Ryan.

JAY  
Not in my office!

Sammy backs off as Jay steps around the desk. He takes another sip of Scotch.

RYAN  
Look, did you guys smash the radio and the computer?

JAY  
No. But we made a pretty good mess  
of this room.

Jay gazes around happily.

JAY (CONT'D)  
In fact, I may just take a shit on  
old Cleary's pillow before I leave.

Ike and Sammy crack up.

HELEN  
Ryan, let's -

JAY  
(interrupting)  
As I was saying, Ryan, these files  
have been very revealing...

He pulls something out of his pocket.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Including this little piece of ass  
right here.

It's Ryan's confiscated photo of Emily. Jay holds it up and  
dangles it back and forth. Ryan darts toward Jay.

RYAN  
Give me that.

Ike tries to grab him around the waist, but Ryan spins around  
and decks the guy. Ike hits the floor, stunned, gasping for  
air.

Sammy jumps Ryan, starts throwing punches. Ryan doesn't  
hesitate, he meets Sammy head on, his anger completely taking  
over. They start brawling on the floor.

Ryan beats Sammy back, but Ike gets up again, and starts  
walloping Ryan. Soon he and Sammy have the advantage.

Helen cowers in the doorway, watching. Jay just sits back  
against the desk, amused.

Ryan yanks himself free of the skirmish, steps back,  
breathing hard, nose bleeding. Sammy and Ike stand before  
Jay, like a couple of guard dogs, ready for more.

JAY  
Temper, temper.  
(smirks)  
You're like my old man.

RYAN

And you're a pussy, Jay. You know that? You're afraid to get your hands dirty... I'll take you one on one, any day.

JAY

That's a delightful promise, Ryan, and I look forward to it...

He flourishes the photo of Emily again.

JAY (CONT'D)

But I just want you to know that tonight, I'm gonna jack off all over your girlfriend's face!

**INT. BRIARCLIFF - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan storms out of the room and down the corridor, as the boys' LAUGHTER resounds behind him. Helen tries to keep up.

HELEN

Don't let them get to you, Ryan. They're troglodytes.

Ryan turns the corner, nearly blind with anger, and heads downstairs.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - A BIT LATER**

Ryan and Helen move into the vast room. There's a small stage at one end, with a PA system that looks like it hasn't been used in ages. An enormous chandelier dangles from the ceiling.

A few BOYS mill about. One KID runs by and launches up a roll of toilet paper. It sails through the air like a white streamer, then drops down over the chandelier, draping it. The boys CHEER.

HELEN

I feel like I took a time machine back to third grade.

Ryan's eyes focus on the PA system.

RYAN

Helen, can you do me a favor? Go get me your iPod.

HELEN  
 (taken aback)  
 I don't know, Ryan... Nobody knows  
 I have it...

RYAN  
 (insistent)  
 Just get it for me, will you?

Helen turns on his heel and scurries away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A BIT LATER

Ryan is monkeying around with the PA system when Helen scoots back into the room. He moves up onto the stage. Looks around to make sure no one is watching, then furtively slips his iPod out of his pocket and hands it to Ryan.

Ryan scrolls through the music for a moment. He looks up at Helen, surprised.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 You got some good stuff on here.

HELEN  
 What'd you expect? American Idol?

**INT. EMPTY CORRIDOR - DAY**

All of a sudden DISTANT MUSIC resounds down the hallway.  
*Another Brick in the Wall Part 2* by Pink Floyd:

PINK FLOYD  
*We don't need no education...*

TWO BOYS appear from around the corner, mesmerized...

PINK FLOYD (CONT'D)  
*We don't need no thought control...*

The boys move forward, seeking out the source of the music...

**INT. CLASSROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ben is pulling papers out of a priest's desk and throwing them around the room when he hears:

PINK FLOYD  
*No dark sarcasm in the classroom...*

He freezes, papers drifting down around him, listening...

**INT. THE DORMITORY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Boys come out of the dormitory, drawn out by the song...

PINK FLOYD  
*Teacher, leave them kids alone...*

They file out the doors, passing beneath the *SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN UNTO ME* carving...

PINK FLOYD (CONT'D)  
*Hey, Teacher! Leave them kids alone!*

**INT. CAFETERIA - SIMULTANEOUS**

The place has grown messy as hungry boys have scavenged for food. But now everyone is riveted by the music...

PINK FLOYD  
*All in all, it's just another brick in the wall...*

They move out of the kitchen, away from the tables, everyone flooding out of the cafeteria...

PINK FLOYD (CONT'D)  
*All and all, you're just another brick in the wall...*

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Boys are quickly filling the room, their eyes on -

Ryan. He stands on stage, the iPod held over his head. He has it wired into the PA system. The volume is deafening in here. Helen stands shyly off to the side.

And now the song reaches one of the most inspired rallying cries in all of rock 'n' roll... That fed-up choir of disaffected British schoolboys proclaiming:

PINK FLOYD  
*We don't need no education... We don't need no thought control...*

More and more boys pour into the room. They look at Ryan with something like reverence. These kids haven't heard music in so long. Nor have they had access to gadgets like iPods...

PINK FLOYD (CONT'D)  
*No dark sarcasm in the classroom... Teachers leave them kids alone...*

Jay and Ike and Sammy, looking arrogant and drunk, are among the last stragglers to come into the room. Most of the other boys are smiling now. Some even HOLLER and CHEER as the song builds to its most sublimely defiant moment:

PINK FLOYD (CONT'D)  
**HEY! TEACHER! LEAVE US KIDS ALONE!**

Ryan brings down the iPod. Kills the music. The assembled boys settle down, look at him expectantly.

RYAN  
 Something we can't explain has  
 happened here...

The kids seem eager for more, except Jay and his buddies who glare at Ryan drunkenly. Ryan suddenly looks a little nervous to be standing in front of this huge crowd. He plows ahead...

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Has anyone seen any of the priests?  
 Or the brothers?

The boys look around at each other, shaking their heads.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 What about the nuns?

HORNY KID  
 They're gone too! But Sister Fiona  
 left these behind!

The HORNY KID swings a pair of white cotton panties around in the air. The others CHEER him on. A couple kids try to snatch the panties away from him, but he holds on tight.

RYAN  
 (louder)  
 So we're all alone then.

RANDOM VOICE  
 Tell us something we don't know!

The noise of the crowd rises up for a moment but then quietens back down. It seems like most of the kids want to at least give Ryan a chance to talk.

RYAN  
 And because of the blizzard, we're  
 stranded up here without any way to  
 get out. We have food, we have  
 shelter, but not a hell of a lot  
 else -

ANOTHER RANDOM VOICE  
 Turn the music back on, douchebag!

The crowd starts to get noisy again.

RYAN

Listen - Listen! The staff could have been in some kind of accident, or gone outside in the snow and got lost, or I don't know, or -

Helen moves forward from the edge of the stage and pipes up:

HELEN

Or this could be a test! And maybe if we pass it, they'll let us go home! We have to do the right thing-

The crowd instantly starts shouting him down.

RANDOM VOICE

Fuck you, faggot!

A piece of garbage sails by Helen's head. More debris follow and Helen ducks. Everyone is BOOING and YELLING at him.

RYAN

(to Helen)

Just let me handle this, okay?

Helen looks hurt, but nods. He steps back to safety at the edge of the stage.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Look. We have to find out what's going on. Where everyone went. Because if something bad happened to them, it might happen to us next...

The crowd is quieter again, like they hadn't considered that possibility.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm glad the staff is gone. Especially that asshole Grimes...

A bunch of the kids voice their assent.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I guess we're free now. But we need to be smart about what we do next.

A lone drunken voice blares out, disrupting the silence:

JAY

(challenging)

So what's your plan, smart guy?

Ryan looks out at the crowd. He knows if he says the wrong thing, he'll lose his tenuous control over them. He has to balance his concerns with those of the group.

RYAN

My plan?

He smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)

My plan is that we spend the afternoon in here - those of us who want to - tossing out ideas, trying to figure out what happened, and maybe how to get out of this place...

His words trail off...

RYAN (CONT'D)

And then we all grab as much alcohol as we can find and have a big fucking party and get shitfaced tonight!!!

Helen winces as the crowd goes nuts.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - NIGHT**

The iPod is blaring Biggie Smalls as the kids riot and party in the main room. We see chalkboards up on the stage with all kinds of lists and ideas about the disappearance from the afternoon's brainstorming session. They include everything from "Alien abduction" to "Group suicide" to "God made them disappear." None of the theories strike us as very plausible.

A drunken Jay leaves the safety of his friends and heads toward Ryan.

JAY

My boy!

As Ryan turns to look, he sees one of the younger kids, ERIC (13), stumble into Jay's path. Jay instantly shoves the boy out of his way. Eric sprawls to the floor, face first.

RYAN

(moving forward)

Hey!

Jay grins as Eric gets up and hustles away in fear.

JAY

He'll be fine...

RYAN  
 (turning to walk away)  
 I've got nothing to say to you.

JAY  
 No, seriously. Wait -

Jay catches up to him. Ryan pauses.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Listen. I just wanna say I'm sorry  
 for earlier. I don't play nice with  
 people is all...

He chuckles ruefully.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Guess that's why I got sent here.

He suddenly digs in his pocket, almost impulsively. Ryan  
 stares at him warily.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Might as well give this back to  
 you.

He takes out the photo of Emily and holds it out to Ryan,  
 like a peace offering.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Be careful, it's kind of sticky.

Ryan shoots him a pissed-off look. Jay laughs.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Lighten up, dude. I'm kidding. You  
 gotta control that temper...

Ryan takes the photo from him and puts it in his pocket.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Seriously, though. That was cool  
 with the iPod. How'd you smuggle  
 that in?

RYAN  
 I didn't. Helen did.

JAY  
 Helen?

He shakes his head, bemused.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 Who woulda thought?

**INT./EXT. BACK OF THE SCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon stands at an open doorway. Gusts of snow blow into the room from outside. It's windy, dark and freezing, but Simon doesn't seem to notice. In the distance, we can hear the thump of the BASS from the party.

Ben comes stumbling down a corridor, clutching an arm-load of wine bottles. He's already hammered.

BEN  
Lookie what I found!

Simon doesn't turn around, he just walks out into the snow, eyes blank.

Ben watches him for a moment, confused. Then he moves on, wanting to get back to the party.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - NIGHT**

Some of the kids are lighting toilet paper rolls on fire and tossing them off a balcony. The music has switched and now Slayer's *South of Heaven* is blasting at maximum volume.

HELEN  
I don't know if this was such a good idea.

RYAN  
They would have partied anyway.

HELEN  
All the ideas we came up with... They're garbage, y'know.

Helen glances at the chalkboards.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I mean, unless we believe in aliens-

RYAN  
Hey, you seen Simon anywhere?

HELEN  
I'm sure he's around somewhere. He's *always* around. Just... drifting.

**EXT. WILDERNESS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon is wading uphill through the thick snow, trudging forward slowly. He is all alone and not dressed for the cold.

His glazed eyes are fixed straight ahead, as though some unseen presence is calling for him. We hear the noise of the wind over the crevice, loud and ominous, HOWLING ceaselessly from somewhere ahead.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - NIGHT**

The party is getting even wilder now. Kids are running back and forth and slamdancing to the music. One of them leaps off the stage and tackles another. It's a crazed, testosterone frenzy. Broken wine bottles litter the floor. Ben is sitting in a corner, gibbering to himself as he sloshes red wine all over his head.

Ryan sits against a wall next to Helen. Jay and his cronies slump next to them, along with a handful of other RANDOM GUYS. All of them are totally wasted.

Helen tries to say something, but just mumbles indecipherable words, and nearly falls over. Ryan turns slowly to look at him.

RYAN  
How much have you had to drink?

HELEN  
(barely lucid)  
Maybe half a glass...

Ryan laughs. Helen looks kind of sick.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I'm not used to drinking...

Jay leans over with a bottle of wine. It's like the alcohol has mellowed him. At least for the moment.

JAY  
We're gonna have to change that.  
Drink up, son.

He offers Helen the bottle. Helen weakly tries to push it away.

JAY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, you know you want it.

The guys, including Ryan, start to chant:

GUYS  
Drink! Drink! Drink!

Helen grabs the bottle and puts it to his lips and starts chugging. The guys erupt in a CHEER...

**EXT. THE WILDERNESS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon stands like a spectral presence at the top of a snowy ridge. He gazes down at the valleys and peaks that sprawl in front of him under the moonlight. The HOWLING/WHISTLING sound is louder, so loud that we can hear nothing else. He begins lurching forward again. Behind him we see the school in the distance, getting smaller as he heads further into the heart of the wilderness...

**INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING**

Ryan is asleep in a wide marble hallway, underneath a giant stained glass window of the Virgin Mary. His shirt is off, but he's got a thin blanket half-wrapped around him. He looks oddly peaceful.

Then we hear a huge CRASHING SOUND come from directly outside the school. Ryan wakes up woozily, blinking his eyes against the daylight. Like he's suffering the mother of all hangovers.

He hears another crashing sound and flinches, startled. He sits up, wrapping the blanket around his shoulders. Slowly, he staggers to his feet. He looks down and sees wine bottles everywhere.

RYAN

Fuck...

He holds onto the wall for a moment, like his vision is swimming. Ryan heads toward the open front doors, moving carefully.

**INT./EXT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan stands at the doorway, blinking against the glare of bright sunlight on the snow. His breath is white in the freezing air.

He instantly sees the source of the noise. A group of boys is tearing down the statues in front of the school. They are armed with hammers and other tools. Some are kicking at the statues with their bare feet. Ryan sees familiar figures in the midst of the fray: Jay, Ike and Sammy.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan walks down the steps toward the mob. The other kids notice him. Ike and Sammy glare at him, but Jay starts walking toward him, beaming as he stretches his arms out, surveying his destruction.

He's holding a hammer in one hand and a wine bottle in the other, like the party hasn't ended for him.

JAY  
You like my work?

RYAN  
It's probably not the best use of your energy.

JAY  
(frowns)  
You're more fun when you're drunk.

He holds out the bottle and the hammer.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Pick one.

RYAN  
I'm okay...  
(suddenly sounding worried)  
You seen Simon today?

Jay shakes his head.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What about Helen?

JAY  
Your butt buddy? Last I saw he was licking wine off the floor.

From behind them come more noises of DESTRUCTION and then CHEERS as another statue is deposed.

RYAN  
We shouldn't trash the school. We should just find a way to get out of here.

JAY  
You haven't seen anything yet. I've got big plans for Briarcliff... I'm gonna turn this place into a fucking crater and then burn the ashes.

RYAN  
And I'm telling you, that's a total waste of time. We'll just get in more trouble and end up in juvie. We need to search this place, not tear it down. Helen thinks they've got snowmobiles somewhere. We can drive out of here and find help...

JAY

I don't need any help.

He raises his hammer and his wine bottle, flourishing them gleefully.

JAY (CONT'D)

I got everything I need!

Ryan sighs, irritated. But he realizes there's no use trying to reason with Jay. Jay turns back to commit more acts of wanton destruction. Ryan heads inside the school.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Ryan enters the cafeteria in search of water and food. The entire place has been trashed. Other kids are in here, picking over the food on the floor. Ryan spies a box of cereal on top of a cabinet and grabs it.

He notices a figure hunched over one of the long tables. It takes him a second to realize that it's a very hungover Helen. Ryan walks over to him. Helen raises his head.

HELEN

Thank God. It's you... I feel like I'm going to die...

Ryan sits down, bemused.

RYAN

It's called a hangover.

He picks up a half-empty wine bottle from the floor and hands it to Helen.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Drink this and you'll feel better.

Helen leans over and throws up.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Or not.

Ryan opens the box of cereal and eats a handful. Helen wipes his mouth and looks up at him.

HELEN

What are we going to do, Ryan?  
Things are already falling apart  
and it's only been one day.

RYAN

You weren't complaining last night.

HELEN

I don't know what I was thinking...  
It's not like me to act that way.

RYAN

Have you seen Simon? I don't  
remember seeing him around last  
night.

HELEN

I don't remember *anything* about  
last night...

Ryan looks around the room. Tables are turned over, others  
have been smashed to pieces. Boys sit and eat in this  
wreckage, like wartime survivors.

RYAN

We should have gone looking for the  
adults yesterday. If they're out in  
the snow somewhere -

HELEN

They're probably dead by now.

RYAN

(beat)  
Are there really snowmobiles here?

HELEN

(nodding)  
I think so. There's a garage out  
back, but I've never been inside.

**EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan and Helen stand in front of the big roll-up door to the  
windowless, brick garage. The door is held shut with a  
massive iron lock.

HELEN

How are we going to open this up?

Ryan is frowning, like he already knows the answer, but  
doesn't want to say.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Ryan? We could try to find the key,  
but that might take hours -

RYAN

Just come with me.

**EXT. FRONT OF THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan and Helen are talking to Jay and his friends. Other kids continue to run around in the snow, defacing the school and breaking windows.

JAY  
So now you need my help, is what  
you're saying?

RYAN  
Something like that.

Jay looks at Ike and Sammy. Ike is clutching a crowbar. Sammy holds a large mallet. Behind them, Ben is bashing away on a statue with a hammer. There's a nasty gash on his forehead, and he looks more crazed than ever. All of them stop working when they notice Jay staring at them.

JAY  
Should we help Ryan and Helen,  
boys?

IKE  
Only if we get to kick the shit  
outta them afterwards.

Helen looks horrified. Ike brandishes his crowbar.

JAY  
Sounds like a deal!

Ben raises his hammer and HOWLS like a wolf.

**EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan, Helen, Jay, Ike, Sammy, Ben and a few hangers-on stand in front of the garage door.

JAY  
Let's get to it.

He steps back as Ike and Sammy move in with the crowbar and mallet. They start attacking the lock. It soon shatters and falls into the snow.

Helen looks at Ryan, startled.

HELEN  
That was easier than I thought.

Ike leans down and starts pulling open the door. The boys crowd around, trying to see into the darkness.

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

The space is cavernous and dusty. The passenger van that Ryan arrived in is parked here. Next to it, a tarp covers two big lumps.

Ben instantly and inexplicably starts attacking the windshield of the van with his hammer.

BEN  
Suck my balls, Big Juicy!

The windshield starts to splinter and crack, but the other kids pretty much ignore his antics. Jay tears off the tarp, revealing two gleaming, well-maintained snowmobiles underneath. Ryan and Helen stand back.

JAY  
Shiny, shiny...

Jay hops on one, and starts checking it out. Sammy gets on the other one.

IKE  
Hey man, I wanna go first.

Sammy ignores him, tries to figure out how to start the engine.

Ryan looks around the garage. Old equipment and tools are piled against the walls and on shelves. Against the far wall is an old gasoline pump.

Ryan pulls open a closet and finds several heavy-duty snow jackets hanging on rusty pegs. A few pairs of cross-country skis lean in one corner.

JAY  
How do you start this thing?

Helen plucks a key-ring off a nail on the wall.

HELEN  
I imagine these might help.

**EXT. BACK OF THE SCHOOL - A BIT LATER**

Most of the boys have gathered to watch Jay zoom around on one of the snowmobiles. Sammy drives the other one, Ike sitting behind him, holding him around the waist. They HOOT and HOLLER as they navigate the open terrain, having a blast...

Ryan and Helen stand in the knee-deep snow. Watching.

RYAN

Think we could make it to the nearest town with these?

Helen fiddles with his hearing aid, frowning.

HELEN

It's a hundred miles away... You'd be lucky to make twenty-five miles a day in this weather. And it'd be really easy to lose the road.

RYAN

That's not the answer I was hoping for.

HELEN

(as if to himself)  
And I don't know how you'd keep warm at night...  
(shivers)  
Or even during the day... You'd be exposed to the elements the whole -

BEN (O.S.)

The elements, dude?!

Ryan and Helen turn to find Ben stumbling toward them.

BEN (CONT'D)

The elements? You're talking about the snow and the ice and shit, right?

Helen nods.

BEN (CONT'D)

Well, check this out. Last night? I saw one kid walk off into the snow like it was no big deal, man. I'm telling you, the cold didn't bother him at all! He just took off on his own. Never even looked back.

Ben cackles.

RYAN

(suddenly interested)  
Who was it?

BEN

I dunno, but that little fucker had balls, man...

Ryan gets in Ben's face, trying to make him concentrate. Ryan looks worried.

RYAN  
Tell me who it was.

Ben peers at him with glazed, wobbly eyes that slowly come into focus.

BEN  
That freaky little kid who looks like he's on downers? Harry Potter on acid...

Ryan steps back.

RYAN  
Simon.

HELEN  
He's probably lying.

RYAN  
(to Ben)  
Which way did he go?

BEN  
Chill, dude -

Ben suddenly looks over as Jay makes a loud, tight turn, throwing up snow on a nearby group of boys. Ben starts laughing and making MONKEY NOISES.

Ryan grabs Ben.

RYAN  
Tell me where he went.

Ben points up the mountain.

BEN  
Up there...

Something catches Helen's attention...

HELEN  
Look -

Ryan and Ben look over to see Jay gunning his engine, speeding directly at Sammy and Ike. Sammy hasn't noticed yet. He just cruises along on the snowmobile while Jay careens toward him and Ike from the side. Ryan immediately realizes this has the potential for total disaster...

RYAN  
*Hey! STOP!*

Sammy looks over with wide eyes as he sees Jay flying toward him. Jay looks crazy as he pushes his snowmobile on even faster...

Ryan runs toward them, waving his arms.

RYAN (CONT'D)

*STOP!!!*

Sammy desperately swerves to the side as Jay clips their snowmobile with his... Sammy and Ike fly off, landing heavily in the deep snow. Their snowmobile zooms forward another fifty feet and then comes to a clattering stop against the ridge of a snowbank.

Jay turns around, jumps off his snowmobile, cackling in triumph. He looks around proudly at all the boys assembled.

JAY

*Who's the man???*

He gazes over at Ike and Sammy with contempt. They are pulling themselves out of the snow, pissed off.

JAY (CONT'D)

Chickenshits!

Ryan advances on Jay.

RYAN

What the hell are you doing?!? You want to destroy our snowmobiles?! They're probably the only way out of here. And you're wasting fuel!

Jay is taken aback by Ryan's abrasive tone.

JAY

Hey man, fuck off. You fall down and bruise your vagina or something?

RYAN

Don't you realize we need these things? Don't you get it?! Or are you really as stupid as you look?

The other boys watch with interest. Jay's face is flushed. From the cold and also from sudden embarrassment at being called out by Ryan.

JAY

(low voice)

Don't talk to me like that. Not ever. You don't know me.

Ryan steps toward the snowmobile.

RYAN  
Listen, I'm taking this. I think  
Simon wandered into the snow last  
night. I have to go find him before  
it's too late.

Jay lunges forward and grabs Ryan's shoulder, spinning him around.

JAY  
Hey asshole! You're not going -

Ryan punches Jay in the face. Jay drops to the snow, stunned by the force of the blow. Some of the kids applaud. Others BOO, and yell for more violence.

Jay glares up at Ryan from the snow, full of dazed rage and humiliation. His lip and his nose are bleeding badly. He tries to get up, but he's still in shock. Ryan steps back, clutching his own hand.

Jay manages to raise his head and look over at Ike and Sammy. They're just standing there, still brushing snow off themselves.

JAY (CONT'D)  
(weakly)  
Do something!

They look at Ryan. But they don't do anything. All the other boys are still watching. Ryan turns to address them.

RYAN  
I'm going to go look for Simon.  
Will anyone come with me? Will  
anyone help?

The boys all stand there awkwardly. Scared to venture out into the wilderness. Helen looks conflicted too. He keeps his mouth shut.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Fine.

He gets on the snowmobile. After a couple tries, he fires it up. He starts to pull away slowly, heading up the mountain...

HELEN (O.S.)  
Wait! Ryan!

Ryan stops as Helen runs up to him, out of breath. Helen is holding one of the big jackets from the closet in the garage.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Take this.

Helen hands him the jacket, and Ryan puts it on. Then Ryan guns the engine, and takes off into the wilderness, throwing up a sheet of snow behind him.

Jay is sitting up now. He stares after Ryan, his eyes burning with hurt and rage.

Helen is also watching, as Ryan becomes smaller and smaller, a black speck in the wilderness. Finally the snowmobile passes over a ridge and disappears from sight.

Helen sighs and turns to head back into the school. But his path is blocked. Jay stands there, smiling menacingly, his teeth stained red with blood.

Helen shrinks back as Jay raises his meaty fist.

JAY

Lights out!

His fist slams down as we CUT TO:

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY**

Ryan traverses a miniature valley where the mountain dips down for awhile before steadily rising again. There is nothing but virgin snow here, white and glistening like a glacier. The snowmobile cuts a distinct path through the powder.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Ryan reaches a craggy peak. He stops the snowmobile. Looks back. The school is far below him now. There are still some boys out back, but they are barely visible from up here.

A blistering wind has kicked up. Ryan pulls the big hood over his head, huddles up, cold in spite of its bulk.

The mountain dips down again into a rocky area with large boulders scattered about. There is no sign of Simon anywhere.

Ryan moves forward on the snowmobile. He has to go slower now, carefully maneuvering around the rocks. Ahead of him, the creepy HOWLING SOUND from the crevice has begun its unholy lament...

**EXT. CAVES - LATER**

The HOWLING/WHISTLING is much louder here. Ryan moves very slowly on the snowmobile.

The wind has grown even stronger, throwing up blinding gusts of snow in Ryan's path, making it impossible to see. The pine trees buckle and bend around him. A few snowflakes start to fall.

Ryan is freezing. But he keeps moving, determined to find Simon.

Ryan suddenly catches a glimpse of something in the snow ahead. He veers sideways and comes to a stop, peers forward and sees -

A white hand sticking up out of the snow.

Ryan jumps off the snowmobile. He dashes ahead, drops to his knees by the hand. It's clear that someone is buried beneath the snow...

Ryan starts feverishly digging, his hands freezing and raw...

Just beyond Ryan is the mouth of a massive cave, staring outward like a black abyss. The HOWLING sound screams at Ryan from the cave's opening as he digs away.

RYAN  
(panicked)  
Please don't be Simon. Please don't  
be Simon...

Ryan digs a few more handfuls away and then stops in surprise. He has uncovered the face of Father O'Brien. The priest's face is frozen in an agonized scream, his eyes wide, staring at Ryan with a disturbing mix of terror and anguish.

Ryan drops back to the snow. The priest is clearly dead. And although Ryan is scared, he also looks relieved it isn't Simon.

Ryan is shivering. It's snowing hard now. He glances over at the cave. The HOWLING is almost unbearable here, but the cave is also the only place to seek temporary shelter until the storm passes.

Ryan staggers up and heads toward the cave.

#### **INT./EXT. CAVES - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan moves into the opening and passes through the darkness. The HOWLING/WHISTLING takes on a harrowing, intimate quality in here, as if the sound is echoing inside Ryan's skull.

Ryan rounds a bend and to his surprise, sees faint light ahead. He moves cautiously forward. Various other openings in the cave appear here and there, leading off in multiple directions like a labyrinth. But Ryan stays focused on the light, keeps moving...

As Ryan nears another bend in the cave, he kicks something with his foot. He bends down, picks up a discarded nun's habit. As he looks at it, disturbed, he hears -

A sudden movement in the darkness of a tunnel that breaks off from the main cave.

Ryan freezes. He peers into the tunnel.

RYAN  
Hello?  
(no answer)  
Simon? Is that you?

Still nothing. Ryan drops the nun's habit. He glances back, like he's considering heading outside. But then he moves away from the tunnel opening and rounds the next bend.

**INT./EXT. THE CREVICE - CONTINUOUS**

Ahead, the cave opens up again on one side, revealing a cliff overlooking the vast snowy wilderness. A FIGURE is on his knees in the center of the cave, bent over something, his back to Ryan.

RYAN  
*Simon?*

The HOWLING is all-encompassing here. Ryan's voice can barely be heard above it. He dashes forward.

As he gets closer, he sees that the figure is indeed Simon. The boy is kneeling in front of a jagged crevice in the rock floor, peering down into the depths of the hole...

Ryan drops to Simon's side. The wind whips at both of them incessantly. Simon grabs the kid, SCREAMS to be heard over the HOWLING:

RYAN (CONT'D)  
*Simon! Are you alright?!*

Simon looks like he's in a trance. His face is riddled with black spots of frostbite. He doesn't seem aware of the freezing temperature or his injuries. He just peers down into the crevice, that HOWLING WHISTLE screaming up at him from unimaginable depths.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
*Simon!!!*

Ryan shakes the boy, but gets no response. Ryan glances down into the crevice and -

*The HOWLING sound suddenly shifts from its abrasive lament to a BEAUTIFUL TUNE (echoing the song Ryan and Emily were listening to when they almost made love)...*

Faint swirling colors appear within the crevice, like some strange and exquisite alien constellation...

Ryan is confused, puzzled. But he can't look away. We hear a soft, ETHEREAL VOICE whispering above the music.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Ryan... You came for me...

RYAN  
(whispering)  
Emily...

Ryan falls to his knees next to Simon.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Ryan, it's so beautiful down here... Don't you see that we could be together now... Forever... Come to me, Ryan...

FLASH TO:

**EXT. DREAM MEADOW - RYAN'S VISION - DAY**

*Emily floats naked in a sea of billowing purple roses that rise and flutter like ocean waves...*

**INT./EXT. THE CREVICE - RESUME**

Ryan is totally mesmerized by the bizarre and alluring image. He bends closer to the crevice, its psychedelic lights reflecting on his slack face.

EMILY (O.S.)  
But I'm so cold, Ryan... I need you with me... I need to feel your warmth again...

As Ryan bends closer to the hole, captivated, a sudden gust of wind rocks the cliff face, shaking an icicle free from the mouth of the cave and blowing it inward. The icicle hits the ground and shatters into a thousand pieces with an EXPLOSIVE CRASH.

Ryan jerks up, his trance broken. He reels for a moment, and then pushes himself up and away from the crevice.

He staggers to his feet and looks down at Simon. The kid is still peering into the depths of the crevice.

RYAN  
Simon! Come on!

Although Ryan has no idea what just happened to him, he knows that they have to get away from the crevice.

Ryan steps forward and puts his arms under Simon's shoulders, yanking him up. Simon doesn't fight. He just collapses back into Ryan's arms, almost comatose, his eyes rolling back in their sockets.

Ryan drags Simon away from the crevice, back toward the front of the cave...

**INT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - TWILIGHT**

Helen stands anxiously by one of the huge picture windows on the second level. He sports a swollen black eye, courtesy of Jay. He stares out into the wilderness. Fresh snow is still coming down.

Suddenly, he sees Ryan's snowmobile appear over a ridge in the distance. He watches it for a moment, like he can't believe what he's seeing. Then he turns and races down the stairs.

**EXT. BACK OF THE SCHOOL - A BIT LATER**

Helen huddles against the freezing gloom as Ryan pulls up in the snowmobile. He's driving with one hand. His other arm is wrapped around Simon, who is hunched in front of him, wearing the big jacket.

HELEN  
Oh my God!

Helen runs up to Ryan as he stops and climbs off the snowmobile. With no jacket on, Ryan is wet, freezing, and miserable-looking.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You found him! Is he alive?

Ryan picks Simon up, too exhausted to even answer.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Come on, I built a fire!

Helen leads the way as Ryan carries Simon toward the school.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER**

A fire roars away in the huge fireplace at one end of the room. Several of the YOUNGER BOYS, including Eric, are crowded around it, roasting hotdogs.

Helen leads Ryan into the room. He frowns when he sees the boys in front of the fire.

HELEN  
Out of the way! The fire's not for  
you!

The boys move away when they see Ryan carrying Simon. Ryan staggers the last few paces up to the fireplace and sets Simon carefully in front of it. Then he sits heavily next to him, trying to get warm.

Helen looks Simon over while other boys hear the commotion and start crowding around. Simon is unconscious. His eyes move rapidly beneath the lids, like he's dreaming.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Give us some room here!

The boys back off a bit. Helen inspects Simon's face. The black spots of frostbite look even worse by the light of the fire.

KID  
What's wrong with his face?

HELEN  
Frostbite. He needs a doctor.

Helen looks at Ryan.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You saved his life.

Ryan doesn't respond. He's still trying to get warm. Helen looks back at Simon.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
We need to get him out of these wet  
clothes. You too, Ryan.

Ryan starts to pull off his wet shirt.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Are you hungry? Thirsty?

Ryan nods. Helen points at a kid.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 Finish cooking that hotdog and give  
 it to Ryan.  
 (points to Eric)  
 Eric. Go find some blankets and hot  
 water.

The little kids obey Helen. Ryan has to smile a bit, amused  
 by Helen's sudden assertiveness. Then he notices Helen's eye.

RYAN  
 Who gave you that shiner?

HELEN  
 Who do you think?

Ryan sighs. Helen grins.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 But I don't think Jay's going to  
 bother us anymore.

Ryan looks confused.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 When Simon's doing better, I'll  
 show you what I mean.

**INT. LARGE STOCKROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan and Helen enter a huge room, stocked with rows of  
 supplies for the school. Most of the room has been trashed.  
 Ike and Sammy are lounging against a locked door that leads  
 to a storage closet, sharing a bottle of wine.

Ryan stops. Turns to Helen and looks at him quizzically.  
 Helen gestures at the locked door.

HELEN  
 Jay's new home.

Ike and Sammy glare at Ryan.

IKE  
 We're guarding him. We're not  
 letting him out!

RYAN  
 I thought you guys were his  
 friends...

IKE  
 We got sick of him telling us what  
 to do -

SAMMY

And bossing us around -

Jay suddenly starts YELLING and CURSING from within the storage room. Ike hammers on the door.

IKE

Shut up!!!

Jay falls silent. Sammy and Ike glare at Ryan and Helen.

SAMMY

Jay's an asshole.

RYAN

I'm not gonna disagree...

SAMMY

(sneers)

But that doesn't mean we're your friends now. If you don't watch yourself, we might lock you up too.

Jay starts HOLLERING again from within the room. Ike and Sammy start kicking the door and taunting him.

IKE

There's a new sheriff in town, you punk-ass bitch!

Helen looks unnerved by their violent attitude. Ryan turns and leaves. Helen scurries after him.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon still lies in front of the fire. A bunch of the younger boys are crowded around, peering down at him like he's an alien creature.

Simon opens his eyes. Then he sits up in a smooth, sudden gesture, startling the boys.

YOUNG KID

You're awake!

Simon looks at the boy. There's a new look in Simon's eyes: a cold, clinically detached gaze that wasn't there before.

ANOTHER YOUNG KID

Helen says you got frostbite.

Simon regards this kid for a moment. Then he raises his right hand and opens his palm, slowly flexing his fingers. The boys watch...

YOUNG KID  
What are you doing?

Simon ignores him, stares at his hand. Concentrating...

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan and Helen are heading back toward the common room.

HELEN  
It's crazy, right? After Jay punched me, Ike and Sammy jumped him and beat him up. Other kids joined in. They were so sick of him picking on everybody...

RYAN  
I guess that's a good thing. But we'll have to watch Ike and Sammy. They're even dumber than Jay, and that could make them more dangerous-

Ahead, they hear sounds of EXCITEMENT coming from the common room. And frantic FOOTSTEPS pounding towards them.

**INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan and Helen pause in surprise. Two of the younger kids who were with Simon at the fire practically run into them. They both look frenzied.

ERIC  
Come quick! It's Simon!

HELEN  
What's wrong?!

BOY #2  
I've never seen anything like it!

They all start rushing back to the common room.

RYAN  
Is he okay? What's going on?

ERIC  
He's more than okay! He showed us something... He did something with his hands -

BOY #2  
You have to come see!

Completely puzzled, Ryan and Helen follow the kids...

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Simon now lies unconscious by the fire, surrounded by more than a dozen of the younger boys. They're looking at him in amazement as other kids keep trickling inside.

Ryan and Helen enter the room and push their way through towards Simon. They reach his side and lean over him. His eyes are fluttering rapidly beneath closed eyelids again. Ryan pulls the blanket back over him.

RYAN  
What happened?

Some of the boys look shell-shocked.

BOY #2  
He...

Suddenly shy, the kid doesn't finish.

HELEN  
He what?

ERIC  
(unable to contain his  
excitement)  
It was a miracle! Simon performed a  
miracle!

That breaks the silence, and all the boys start babbling at once:

VARIOUS BOYS  
He made a glowing ball of light -  
It was holy magic! Like the priests  
talk about!

HELEN  
None of you are making sense...

The boys keep chattering away. Ryan stands up.

RYAN  
(cutting through the  
noise)  
Look, I don't know what happened,  
but you need to leave Simon alone  
and let him rest, okay?

The boys quiet down, but don't move away.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, back off!

Reluctantly, the boys move away from Simon. But they don't go far. They hang around the room, whispering to each other, their eyes never leaving Simon's face...

Helen frowns at Ryan as they sit down next to Simon.

HELEN  
(low voice)  
I think everyone's going stir  
crazy...

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - NIGHT**

The HOWLING/WHISTLING sound wails in the distance...

**INT. STORAGE CLOSET - NIGHT**

Jay beats his fists against the door, furious. His face is red and swollen, like he's been crying.

JAY  
(hoarse voice)  
*Open the door!!!*

No response. Defeated, Jay sinks down against the door, huddles up into a ball, exhausted...

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ike is slumped at the large desk, passed out. An empty bottle of Scotch next to him. Sammy is stretched out on the couch, dead asleep and snoring.

Ben sits amongst the wreckage on the floor. He just stares out the window at the mountain, while the HOWLING/WHISTLING continues...

**INT. THE DORMITORY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan stands by the immense picture window, also looking at the imposing mountain, listening to the wind's eerie sound...

HELEN (O.S.)  
Ryan.

Ryan turns as Helen joins him at the window.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You need to get some rest too.

RYAN  
How's Simon?

HELEN  
The same as before.

Ryan looks back up at the mountain.

RYAN  
(softly)  
There's something I need to tell  
you... I found Father O'Brien up  
there. Frozen to death in the  
snow...

HELEN  
(shocked)  
*What???* Why didn't you tell me  
already?

RYAN  
I didn't want to scare you. Or  
anyone else... It's like Father  
O'Brien was trying to get to the  
crevice, just like Simon.

Helen swallows. Tries to recover.

HELEN  
But why? What for?

RYAN  
I don't know... The crevice... It  
messes with your mind. I thought I  
heard my girlfriend's voice... I  
thought I saw... things...

HELEN  
(hopefully)  
Maybe it was the wind and cold  
playing tricks?

Ryan keeps his eyes on the mountain, as the HOWLING/WHISTLING  
continues. Helen still looks horrified about Father O'Brien's  
death.

RYAN  
Let's head back downstairs.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - MORNING**

Ryan lays sleeping beneath a blanket on the stage. He wakes  
up to the sound of MOVEMENT and WHISPERING. He sits up, looks  
over and is surprised to see -

Simon standing by the dying fire, a blanket around him, surrounded by a half dozen of the younger boys. They're looking at him with reverence...

RYAN

Simon?

As Ryan stands up, we see that many of the boys camped out in the common room overnight. Others are now waking up and joining the small crowd around Simon.

As Ryan moves over to Simon, Helen gets up from his own makeshift bed of blankets and pillows. He puts his hearing aid in, follows Ryan.

Simon regards Ryan coolly.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I'm glad to see you standing up.  
How do you feel?

SIMON

I feel... Perfect.

Helen starts checking him over. He suddenly realizes...

HELEN

(startled)

Your frostbite. It's all better.

Indeed, the black splotches on Simon's face have vanished.

RYAN

What happened up there, Simon?

SIMON

I don't remember. One second I was here at Briarcliff. The next I was at the crevice...

The kids are hanging on his every word. More boys keep joining them, attracted by the conversation.

YOUNG KID

(shyly to Simon)

That thing you did last night with your hand... Can you do it again?

Simon looks over at him. Doesn't respond.

Helen looks nervously at Ryan. Simon is unquestionably different now.

HELEN  
Your frostbite, Simon. I don't  
understand.

Simon just looks at Helen with that same detached gaze.

BOY #2  
(softly)  
We told you. It was a miracle...

Simon smiles as some of the other boys nod in agreement.

Ryan and Helen look at each other. Not sure what to make of all this weirdness. Simon's eyes start to get a glazed look again, and he starts talking slowly...

SIMON  
Something happened to Jay, didn't  
it? There was a fight yesterday...  
Jay's locked away... He's very  
angry right now... And very  
scared...

Helen glances at Ryan.

HELEN  
(whispers)  
How can he know this??

RYAN  
One of the kids must have told him.

Simon keeps talking in his trance-like voice.

SIMON  
But Jay is a sinner... And sinners  
must answer for their sins...  
Sinners must always be cleansed...

ANOTHER YOUNG KID  
Yeah, I hate Jay!

Simon's voice takes on a darker, sinister quality. It's like he's channeling someone - or something - else. He raises his dark eyes to stare balefully at Ryan and Helen.

SIMON  
*The voice in the crevice. It told  
me. We must cleanse Jay's sins.*

Many of the kids start nodding in agreement, either transfixed by Simon's oddly messianic attitude, or just excited by the idea of getting some sort of revenge against Jay. Ryan looks concerned. Some kids dart out of the room, running off to tell others.

HELEN  
 (whispers to Ryan)  
 Simon's lost his marbles.

Simon starts to move forward slowly.

SIMON  
 Bring me to Isaiah and Samuel...

Several of the younger kids rush forward, leading Simon out of the room to find Ike and Sammy. Concerned, Ryan and Helen follow.

**INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Simon and the younger boys are heading up the stairs. Ryan and Helen move up behind them.

RYAN  
 Simon, wait.

Simon stops. He turns and looks down at Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Emily will kill me if I don't take good care of you. You're probably dehydrated. And you're not thinking straight -

SIMON  
 I'm thinking straight for the first time in my life.

Simon and his entourage start to move up the stairs again.

RYAN  
 Simon!

Simon pauses.

SIMON  
 Don't become a nuisance, Ryan...

Ryan is taken aback, both by Simon's words and his tone.

RYAN  
 Then don't act like an ungrateful little brat! I saved your *life* -

Simon just turns away from Ryan again and sweeps up the stairs, the other boys moving along in his wake.

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Sammy wakes up on the couch. He sees Simon standing in the middle of the room, staring at him. Ike is just getting up from the desk, where he's been sleeping.

Sammy stands, groggy. He meets Simon's icy gaze.

SAMMY

What do you want, fuckface?

The younger boys crowd in the hallway, peering into the room...

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Ryan is cooking an omelet on the giant gas stove. A few other boys are scattered throughout the desolate kitchen, looking for food. Helen moves over, holding a half-open bag of shredded cheese.

HELEN

Found some cheddar.

Ryan takes it. Then hears a sudden COMMOTION out in the cafeteria. Eric appears in the kitchen doorway...

ERIC

Simon's called a meeting! The chapel in one hour!

Excited, Eric turns and hurries away to spread the news...

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**

A path has been made through the snow leading to the chapel. The old roof is weighted down with heavy snow. Icicles glisten from the eaves.

A few boys dash quickly and silently into the chapel...

**INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS**

Candles burn everywhere, casting flickering shadows across the dark, spooky space. All of the kids at Briarcliff have gathered here. They sit clustered in the darkness of the pews, drinking bottles of wine and chattering excitedly.

Ryan and Helen sit in the audience near the front, talking quietly and earnestly.

The crowd suddenly starts making noise. Some kids start standing up. Ike and Sammy lead Jay into the room. His wrists are bound with twine and he stumbles as he walks because his legs have been shackled with an old bicycle chain. His face is a swollen mess. A few steps behind them comes Simon, his eyes burning with an intense gaze.

JAY  
(upon seeing the crowd)  
What the hell is this?!

Ike and Sammy ignore Jay, and lead him up to the front, where the ancient oak pulpit sits in front of the baptismal tank. Ike addresses the crowd:

IKE  
Simon showed me something...

He pauses, getting emotional. MURMURS of excitement start rippling through the crowd, but Ike shouts over them.

IKE (CONT'D)  
I don't know how he did it... I  
don't know... But it was *her*...

Tears inexplicably start streaming down his face. Some of the younger kids seem about to cry too. Simon stands there, blank-faced.

HELEN  
(to Ryan)  
What is he talking about?

Sammy pulls a filthy T-shirt out of his pocket and wraps it around Jay's face, like a blindfold.

IKE  
If we do what Simon tells us, we  
can get out here... Get free of the  
snow... Simon knows things that we  
don't! He can see things we can't!  
He showed me his power -

The crowd is going nuts. Some people are HECKLING Ike. But the younger kids start mobbing the stage, trying to get close to Simon. Jay YELLS and CURSES through the dirty T-shirt as he struggles against Sammy.

Ryan stands up, unable to take the lunacy anymore. He starts pushing his way forward.

RYAN  
Stop!

IKE

We must cleanse Jay. Teach him a lesson!

Ryan reaches the pulpit and leaps up onto the raised dais that it stands on.

RYAN

We have to stay rational if we want to get through this!

(to Ike)

You're just making everyone go nuts for no reason.

Simon reaches over and puts a pale hand on Ryan's arm.

SIMON

Ryan... Don't get in the way. We have to do this... I don't know how, or why, but it's in my head. Like an instruction. We *must* punish Jay. It's why the grown-ups disappeared... It's all connected somehow... And soon everything will become clear.

He turns to Sammy.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's time now.

The kids don't understand what's going to happen at first. Sammy and Ike move around on either side of Jay and start dragging him up a flight of steps, towards the baptismal tank...

The kids realize at once that Jay is going to be tossed into the water. Ben SHRIEKS and throws a wine bottle onto the stage where it shatters. Simon doesn't even flinch. Other boys start throwing stuff too.

Jay goes nuts, tries to attack Ike and Sammy. But they wrestle him to the top of the stairs. The crowd is SCREAMING. Ryan looks across the dark chapel at Helen helplessly. Neither of them know what to do, and there's no way for them to control this unruly mob.

JAY

*No! Stop! Fuck!*

As the crowd roars its brutal approval, Simon nods at Ike and Sammy. Without hesitation, they shove the blindfolded, shackled Jay into the water tank. He yells and thrashes.

Then, to the surprise of the onlookers, Ike and Sammy jump in the water after him. Simon moves to the pulpit.

SIMON  
 Cleanse his sins... Cleanse his  
 sins... Cleanse his sins...

The other kids pick up on his chant. They begin to scream the words, like they're calling for blood.

KIDS  
*Cleanse his sins! Cleanse his sins!*

Jay struggles to stay afloat in the tank. For a moment it looks like Ike and Sammy are going to help him. But then, they shove his head underwater.

Ryan rushes toward the tank, but his path gets blocked by a mob of other kids. Almost as one, the crowd has risen and is running toward the tank. But not to help Jay...

Instead, they are WHOOPING gleefully. Several kids reach the tank and start trying to punch Jay's head anytime he surfaces. Others lean down to help Ike and Sammy. The kids continue chanting:

KIDS (CONT'D)  
*CLEANSE HIS SINS!! CLEANSE HIS  
 SINS!! CLEANSE HIS SINS!!!*

Jay fights and flails in the water, unable to get a breath.

Ryan tears through the crowd, shoving and punching. Simon stands motionless at the podium. Watching the boys with that eerie detached gaze.

Ryan finally reaches the top of the tank, brutally shoving another kid off and down to the floor. But he's too late. Jay's body is just floating there.

Even though he knows that the other kids might never let him out, Ryan leaps into the tank. He grabs hold of Jay's arm and pulls him to the surface. The other kids back off. Jay isn't breathing.

RYAN  
 (screaming)  
 He's dead!

The noise of the crowd dies down. Ryan hauls Jay's body out of the tank, and onto the floor of the chapel.

Desperate, Ryan starts performing CPR. Pumping Jay's chest. Breathing into his mouth.

Helen makes his way to the front of the boys, distraught. Ike and Sammy hover nearby, their faces shell-shocked. Ben is grinning disturbingly. Simon just stands by the pulpit, gazing up curiously at the statue of Christ on the cross...

Ryan keeps pumping away on Jay's chest. It's doing no good. At last, he stops, sits heavily next to the body. He looks around at all the boys.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You've killed him...

Simon turns his cold gaze on Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(to Simon)  
Are you happy?!

Ryan stands up violently, gets in Simon's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Is this what you wanted?!

Simon actually seems to consider the question for a moment.

SIMON  
It's what *you* wanted, Ryan. You punched him in the face... You hated Jay. So did everyone else here.

Ryan is dumbfounded.

RYAN  
What? No! I didn't want him to die!  
You've gone crazy -

Simon looks around at the boys.

SIMON  
Jay told everybody that he burned down his school. But that was a lie... Do you know the real reason he was sent here to Briarcliff?

The crowd hangs on his every word.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
He stole a stop sign. A pregnant woman drove through the intersection and got hit by a pickup. She lost her baby -

RYAN  
(interrupting)  
You don't know that.

Ike steps forward. Stares crazily at Ryan.

IKE  
Yes he does!

The crowd murmurs its assent.

IKE (CONT'D)

He showed me my mother. She died  
when I was five, but Simon showed  
her to me, like when she was  
alive...

YOUNG KID

He made fire with his hands!!!

Ryan stares at the boys as they work themselves up again.  
He's convinced they've all gone insane.

VARIOUS BOYS

Fire!! We all saw it!! Simon can do  
miracles!!

RYAN

What's wrong with you!?!

The boys suddenly hush, looking at something behind Ryan.  
Ryan turns to see -

Simon is levitating several feet off the ground. His eyes are closed...

Ryan watches in shock as boys drop to their knees all around him. Helen is stunned too, and can't believe his eyes.

Simon rises farther into the air as the hymn books and wine bottles in the pews suddenly start to shake and rattle. He reaches a height of about fifteen feet, directly in front of the statue of Jesus Christ.

Hymn books and wine bottles and other debris rise into the air and are pulled toward Simon, creating a swirling maelstrom around him.

Ryan stumbles away in shock. He backs slowly down the aisle, unable to look away from Simon...

Simon opens his eyes. He slowly raises his arms out to the sides, mirroring the statue of Christ.

Helen moves toward Ryan while the other boys stare up at Simon, cowering around the stage in fear and devotion.

Ryan can't take anymore. He turns and flees the chapel, Helen right behind him...

**INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan sits on a desk toward the back of the room, staring out a big window into the darkness.

The large teacher's desk has been pushed in front of the door, like a barricade. Helen leans over it, peering out a thin window in the door, into the hall.

HELEN  
You think they're going to come  
after us? We've been in here all  
day...

Ryan doesn't respond, just stares out the window.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
This desk won't hold them back, you  
know.

Helen moves over to the window, peers out at the snowy night.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
It was a trick, wasn't it? It had  
to be.

Ryan still doesn't respond.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Ryan? Say something. Please...

Ryan looks grimly at Helen.

RYAN  
It wasn't a trick, Helen.

HELEN  
It had to have been! Otherwise...  
it's... it's impossible! It defies  
all logic...

RYAN  
We both saw it.

HELEN  
I just... I...

Helen sits heavily.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
I guess I don't understand.

This is a phrase that Helen obviously does not like to say.

RYAN  
I don't either, but something  
happened to Simon up there... It's  
like something from the crevice got  
inside him. Possessed him. I don't  
know what it wants, but I doubt  
it's anything good.

As if responding to Ryan, the HOWLING/WHISTLING from the crevice begins to resound in the distance.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 (shaking his head)  
 God, that noise... I can't think  
 straight when it's howling -

Ryan stops talking as something suddenly occurs to him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 You know the story of the Pied  
 Piper?

HELEN  
 Of course. He hypnotized all these  
 rats and children in Germany by  
 playing a tune on his pipe... Then  
 he led them to a river where they  
 drowned...

Helen trails off, his eyes on that looming mountain, as the HOWLING/WHISTLING continues...

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 You think that's what happened to  
 Father O'Brien and the other  
 grownups? That the sound of the  
 crevice lured them to their deaths?

Helen looks at Ryan with big, scared eyes. Ryan looks from Helen back up to the mountain. He doesn't answer.

Helen takes his hearing aid out. Puts his face in his hands.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - NIGHT**

The horrible HOWLING/WHISTLING fills the night...

**INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - MORNING**

Ryan wakes up on the floor. He sits up, sore and uncomfortable, and listens to the sound of FOOTSTEPS in the hallway. Helen sits at a desk, leaning over it, sound asleep.

Ryan creeps to the door. Peers out the window. He catches a glimpse of Eric moving down the hall. Ryan pulls the desk away and opens the door a crack.

RYAN  
 (softly)  
 Eric.

Eric jumps and turns around. He sees Ryan and trots over.

ERIC  
What are you doing in there?

RYAN  
Come on in.

Eric looks down the hall, hesitates...

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Just for a minute.

Eric comes into the room and Ryan closes the door. Helen sits up, rubbing his sore neck.

HELEN  
Owww...

He stands up, puts his hearing aid in and blinks at Eric.

ERIC  
Hi, Helen.

RYAN  
What's been going on out there?

ERIC  
Oh man, did you miss a lot. Simon can... can... he can pretty much do *anything*... It's like he's not even human.

Ryan and Helen exchange looks. Eric's words don't exactly put their minds at ease.

RYAN  
Where is everyone else?

ERIC  
Some of us are eating, others are in the chapel already. Simon's started hearing confessions.

HELEN  
Confessions?

ERIC  
Yeah, but it's not like normal confession... I haven't had my turn yet. They say it's amazing. That you feel different afterward... Why don't you guys come down?

RYAN  
(hedging)  
Maybe later, Eric.

ERIC

Well, I gotta go. I don't wanna miss my turn.

Eric jogs out of the room.

Ryan looks out the window at the brick garage visible below. Snow still covers everything, but it's a clear day. The sun is shining.

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan stands by one of the snowmobiles, slipping into a big jacket. Helen stands nearby, tugging at his hearing aid.

HELEN

I don't know, Ryan... If there's something in the crevice, and it affected Simon like this, shouldn't we stay away from it?

RYAN

You don't have to come.

Ryan starts pushing the snowmobile out of the garage.

HELEN

I don't want to stay here by myself!

RYAN

Then grab a jacket.

As Ryan gets the snowmobile out of the garage, Helen looks at the closet, conflicted. Finally, he stomps over, grabs a jacket for himself.

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY**

Ryan navigates the snowmobile across the miniature-valley, Helen riding behind him, holding onto Ryan's waist. The brilliant snow glitters like a meadow of tiny white diamonds in the morning sun.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Ryan drives the snowmobile slowly through the rocky section of land that leads up to the caves.

**EXT. CAVES - A BIT LATER**

Ryan and Helen leave the snowmobile behind and pause at the mouth of the cave. There is no wind.

No sound comes from the crevice within. But in its own way, the silence is just as eerie as the devilish howl.

Helen looks terrified. Ryan glances at him.

RYAN

You can wait out here if you want.

HELEN

(shakes his head)

I'm sticking with you.

RYAN

Whatever you do, just don't look directly into the crevice. I think we can haul a few of the big rocks into it. Block it off.

HELEN

And then?

RYAN

Then... I don't know... We see what happens.

HELEN

That's your big plan?

Ryan looks at Helen, realizing how flimsy it sounds.

RYAN

We've got to try something.

Ryan moves into the cave. Helen follows right behind.

#### **INT./EXT. CAVES - CONTINUOUS**

They move slowly through the darkness, the faint light ahead of them. Helen's eyes dart all over the place. He's dismayed to see the openings to the various tunnels that break off from the main cave...

HELEN

(whispering)

You didn't tell me about all these tunnels...

They make it to the first bend. Peer around the corner... and see more empty cave in front of them. They keep moving.

They are nearing the final bend when there's a sudden SCURRYING sound from one of the tunnel openings. They freeze, Helen grabbing onto Ryan's arm as tightly as he can. They try to peer into the tunnel directly across from them, but see nothing but blackness...

There's another sound of MOVEMENT from the darkness, followed by a blood-chilling HIGH PITCHED GIGGLING...

The boys can't move. They suddenly look impossibly young, two children with the abrupt cold certainty that they are about to come face to face with the Bogeyman, with the thing underneath the bed, maybe with death itself...

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 (tiny voice)  
 Ryan...

A TERRIFYING MAD WOMAN charges out of the darkness -

Helen SHRIEKS...

The deranged woman is on them in an instant, clawing and scratching. Ryan loses his footing and falls to the ground. Helen scurries away around the next bend. The woman starts babbling a mile a minute...

MAD WOMAN  
 I knew it! I knew you'd come! He told me you would, he told me, he showed me everything, and now it must be my turn, it must be my time to fall...

Ryan peers up into the frostbitten face of the raving woman. She's filthy, wearing tattered rags and her hair is a chaotic bird's nest, and then... Ryan *recognizes* her. Helen speaks before he can say anything:

HELEN (O.S.)  
 (totally horrified)  
Sister Fiona???

Helen is peering out from around the bend. And we see that it is indeed Sister Fiona. Her grimy rags are the remains of her habit. It looks like she's stark naked beneath them.

Sister Fiona looks over at Helen. She rushes toward him as he flees around the bend, terrified. Ryan scrambles up and follows.

**INT./EXT. THE CREVICE - CONTINUOUS**

Helen comes to a sudden halt when he sees the crevice ahead. He's not close enough to look down into it yet. A light breeze is coming into the cave from the cliff-face. The crevice WHISTLES softly, seductively. Sister Fiona grabs at Helen from behind.

SISTER FIONA

You can do it to me first, before we fall! You can give it to me good right here and now! I know you want it...

Helen spins around, pushes her away. She falls to her knees before him as Ryan joins them.

Sister Fiona claws at Helen's pants, trying to pull them down. She's raving hysterically:

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)

You're a virgin, I can tell, but that's okay, you can stick me and you won't be a virgin anymore...

Helen struggles against her, terrified but strangely aroused. She may be dirty and insane, but in a sick way, she's still disturbingly sexy. Her eyes dart around the cave until they light upon something wet and shiny. She grabs a broken icicle off the ground...

SISTER FIONA (CONT'D)

Use this! That's it... An icicle! I deserve it -

Ryan grabs her.

RYAN

Sister Fiona, stop!!! What's wrong!?! What's happened to you???

She turns her fevered gaze onto Ryan.

SISTER FIONA

(slowing down)

I'm not a virgin... I think that's why he hasn't let me fall yet... He let the others fall... Sister Stella and Sister Imogen, they were pure, do you understand, not like me... I'm the only one left... *HE LET THEM FALL!!!*

RYAN

Something horrible happened to you, Sister... I think -

Sister Fiona reaches for Ryan's crotch. With sudden clarity, as if receiving a transmission, she says:

SISTER FIONA

I know you want to fuck me.

Ryan steps back -

FLASH CUT TO:

**EXT. BEACH - FLORIDA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*Emily's beautiful face emerges from the darkness.*

EMILY  
I know you want to fuck me.

**INT./EXT. THE CREVICE - BACK TO THE PRESENT**

Overwhelmed by deja vu, Ryan stares at Sister Fiona.

SIMON (O.S.)  
(calmly)  
Take her if you like. She's  
nothing.

Startled, Ryan and Helen look over to see Simon standing in the cave. Ike and Sammy stand at attention behind him.

When Sister Fiona sees Simon, she starts weeping.

Simon steps forward, followed by Ike and Sammy. Sister Fiona crawls to Simon, starts kissing his feet, but he completely ignores her. His eyes are glued to the crevice.

RYAN  
What is that thing, Simon? And what  
has it done to you???

Simon just grins. The inside of his mouth is black from blood. Helen suddenly tries to bolt toward a nearby tunnel opening. Sammy races forward and grabs him at once. Ryan moves toward them...

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Hey -

Sammy tosses Helen roughly to the ground. The kid lands hard a couple feet in front of the crevice. As he pushes himself up, he glances down into it... And instantly freezes.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Helen!

Ryan tries to move to him, but Ike and Sammy quickly grab him. Ryan struggles against them. They hold him tight, deadly strong and serious now.

Sister Fiona is sobbing in a frenzy, grabbing at Simon's shins.

SISTER FIONA

Please, Father, let me go now...  
I've waited and I've waited and  
I've prayed and prayed. *Please let  
me fall!*

Simon looks down at her with disdain. He gives a dismissive wave of his hand.

SIMON

Go.

Sister Fiona smiles up at him with a heartbreaking sense of joy.

SISTER FIONA

*Thank you.*

She stumbles to her feet, rushes toward the crevice with a euphoric look on her face. Helen is still on his knees, mesmerized by whatever visions he sees in the crevice. He's right in Sister Fiona's path...

RYAN

*No!!! Helen!!!*

Ryan struggles against Ike and Sammy. He watches, helpless, as -

Sister Fiona collides into Helen, knocking his hearing aid out and tumbling him partway into the abyss.

Helen instantly snaps out of his trance... He reaches out, grabs onto the edge of the crevice, both legs dangling down into it. He tries to haul himself back up, clawing at the icy rock.

Sister Fiona pauses for an instant right at the edge, staring down into the crevice, those strange lights playing off her face...

HELEN'S POV: Ryan, still held by Ike and Sammy, SCREAMS something, but it's DISTORTED and MUFFLED, as is THE HOWLING/WHISTLING...

Helen starts to panic as his grip on the rock begins to slip, his weight dragging him down...

Ryan is still SCREAMING...

A sense of peace seems to wash over Sister Fiona as she stares into the abyss. She brings her hands together, as if in prayer. Then she closes her eyes and lets herself fall forward...

Helen is directly in her path. He realizes what's going to happen to him. His anguished eyes find Ryan's...

Sister Fiona's body hits Helen as she falls, and the two of them tumble down into the crevice...

RYAN (CONT'D)

NO!!!

Helen's silly pink hearing aid sits on the lip of the crevice. It's the only thing left of him.

Ike and Sammy hurl Ryan to the floor of the cave. His head connects with solid rock and we CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

EMILY (V.O.)

(in pain)

Ryan...

FLASH CUT TO:

**EXT. DREAM SEA - DAY**

*Under a sickly red sun, Emily flails in a squirming, writhing sea of BLACK SNAKES. It's an impossibly vast tableau; a vision of an infinite Hell. Emily panics as the serpents start pulling her under. She fights for breath...*

EMILY

**RYAN, PLEASE!!! RYAN -**

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. EMILY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Emily is on top of Ryan on her bed, kissing him. She pulls back, gazes down at him seriously.

EMILY

I'm doing this because I love you,  
Ryan.

Ryan blinks up at her in confusion. She wears her white bikini. The white curtains billow behind her.

Everything is exactly the same as it was the night that Ryan beat up Emily's father.

Emily starts kissing Ryan again. He goes with it, not knowing what's real and what's not anymore. Just relishing the feel of his girl.

Their hands are all over each other and things are progressing faster and faster. And Ryan's hands are unhooking her top and -

The door swings opens. Emily and Ryan look over, as Ryan starts to panic -

But no one's there. Emily grins down at Ryan.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Just the wind, I guess.

Ryan laughs. Tries to calm himself down. Maybe everything really is going to be okay...

Emily's unhooked bikini top hangs tantalizingly from her breasts. Ryan slowly reaches for it...

As he touches her, Emily's appearance suddenly shimmers bizarrely...

RYAN  
Emily?!

Emily's head starts to disintegrate into tiny particles, as if she's a girl made out of sand... The disturbing process quickly works its way downward and her entire body crumbles to dust onto the terrified Ryan as he SCREAMS -

#### INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Ryan suddenly jerks awake, SCREAMING in the confined, dark space. He looks around, disoriented. He tries to move and realizes that his hands are tied behind his back. His feet are bound together as well.

The small shutter on the wall is pushed open, illuminating the booth with faint light. Simon's profile appears through the screen.

RYAN  
(gasping)  
Simon - Stop this... Why are -

SIMON  
Because I've always had visions...  
And heard voices... Ever since I  
can remember... But the crevice  
turned up the volume.

RYAN  
(struggling both to speak  
and get free of the rope)  
You're not yourself! Listen, you  
need -

SIMON

I used to draw and paint the visions that I saw. But now I realize, I can bring them to life...

A brilliant scarlet light gradually illuminates the booth. Ryan strains at the ropes holding him down, in vain.

Simon raises his hand, and Ryan sees that a glowing red ball of light is emanating from the boy's bloody palm. The light makes Simon's face glow demonically...

SIMON (CONT'D)

The One inside the crevice was waiting for someone with my gifts all along... All these years... To do its bidding.

(beat)

I am the perfect vessel.

Ryan watches as the ball starts to fade away...

SIMON (CONT'D)

It is older than you can imagine... Some called it Demon. Some called it God... It's inside me now. And it's ready to leave this useless wasteland. We have plans...

Simon turns his cold gaze onto Ryan.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I will not ask you to confess to me.

RYAN

Simon -

The door to the booth is pulled open.

Ike and Sammy peer in at Ryan. Their faces are painted red. They hold knives. They grab Ryan...

#### INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Ike and Sammy yank Ryan out of the booth. They sit him down on a wooden chair on the dais. It's dark and candles burn all around him.

The room is filled with boys. Many cry and moan, flinging themselves to the floor in religious ecstasy. Ike and Sammy kneel on either side of Ryan, brandishing their knives.

Ryan stares out at all the boys in terror. He keeps trying to squirm his way out of his bonds...

Simon stands before the crowd, soaking in their adulations. His skin is as pale as a sheet of paper. Like a corpse. He turns to gaze at Ryan.

Ryan glares up at him, with angry, sad eyes.

RYAN

Helen died because of you. And  
Sister Fiona and Jay! You're  
sick... This isn't you, Simon...  
You're not evil.

Simon glides over to him, as if his feet aren't even touching the floor. The noise of the crowd gets louder.

SIMON

Good and evil are pointless... The  
priests here, they crumbled before  
me. They heard my siren call in  
their slumber, and they leapt to  
their deaths in the crevice.  
Powerless.

He looks out at the crowd.

SIMON (CONT'D)

These children have confessed to  
me, and now I control their minds.  
(beat)  
I am the start of a revolution,  
Ryan. Of a new world order. *I am  
the Black Angel.*

Simon glides back into the darkness. The crowd grows even louder. Ike and Sammy stand up, their knives out.

Ryan struggles, knowing that something awful is about to happen to him, but Sammy pins him down in the chair. Ike grips the back of the chair, his eyes empty.

RYAN

Fuck - No - *STOP!!!*

Ike raises the knife. It glistens in the candlelight. The crowd begins SHRIEKING and WAILING in devotion.

The knife slashes down. Ryan flinches sideways, trying to avoid the savage attack...

But a split second later, he realizes that Ike is just slashing the ropes. It takes Ryan another second to realize that he's been freed. He staggers up, untangling himself from the coils.

Ryan gazes out at the crowd. They have abruptly fallen silent. They stare at him like hypnotized, brainwashed zombies. He spins around and sees Ike and Sammy advancing on him with their knives.

SAMMY

Simon has asked for a blood sacrifice. To prove our devotion and love for him!

IKE

Like Abraham in the Bible -

SAMMY

You will be our sacrificial lamb -

Ryan looks at them in confused horror.

IKE

But unlike the God of our parents, Simon is fair. You get a head start. But then we come for you...  
*And then we get you!!!*

A WHISPERING, HISSING VOICE suddenly blares at Ryan, from all directions. It's Simon. He's floating out of the blackness above the heads of the crowd. Tears of blood drip from his eyes. Blood also drips from his mouth, and from his fingertips.

He raises a hand and paints an upsidedown cross in the air, out of his blood. Somehow it hangs there in the air above his audience. Holding everyone mesmerized.

SIMON

The first one to find Ryan and carve out his heart will win my eternal favor!

The cross of blood collapses, spattering down on the upturned faces of the crowd. The crowd goes crazy with delight, ROARING and SCREAMING. Ryan's face is white with terror.

Sammy raises his knife and bares his teeth.

SAMMY

(savage glee)  
*So run, little lamb, run!!!*

Simon watches coolly, blood still dripping from the corners of his mouth. Ryan staggers out of the chapel and into the depths of the school.

**INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan races down the hall, trying to get away from the crowd. He can hear their FERAL NOISES in the chapel behind him.

**INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan races up a flight of stairs, nearly falling, careening out of control. Desperately trying to think of a place to hide.

**INT. THE LANDING - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan suddenly grabs the railing and comes to a halt. Out the window he's seen something: the garage. Where the snowmobiles wait...

**EXT. COURTYARD - SIMULTANEOUS**

Kids have started pouring out of the chapel, in a frenzy for bloodshed. Any pretense at civilized behavior has collapsed. The kids are in the throes of their deranged worship for Simon. Nothing is going to stop them from finding and killing Ryan.

**INT./EXT. BACK OF THE SCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan pushes open the door. The garage is directly ahead. Ryan steps toward it when -

Ben suddenly appears from around the corner. The gash on his forehead flows with fresh blood. He looks completely psychotic as he rears up an axe and moves toward Ryan...

BEN

*No cheating!!!*

Ryan staggers back and slams the door as Ben swings the axe... The axe head plunges into the door.

Ryan turns and flees while Ben pulls the axe free.

**INT. CAFETERIA - SIMULTANEOUS**

Roving bands of kids with weapons race through the cafeteria, SCREAMING for Ryan.

**INT. THE DORMITORY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Kids flood the room, tossing over bunk beds, SCREAMING Ryan's name over and over.

**INT. COMMON ROOM - FIRST LEVEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

More mobs of kids roam the common area, hunting.

**INT. THE CHAPEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

The chapel is now empty. We hear the SHOUTS and YELLS of the departed throng in the distance, as they hunt.

Only Simon remains, hanging upside down in the air. His eyes are shut and his lips move rapidly. As though he's receiving another transmission. Blood steadily pours from his eyes, his ears, his nose. We follow the blood down to the floor...

When it hits the ancient wood, it sizzles and smokes. The smoke rises, turning into flames. Within seconds, the flames sweep across the pews.

Simon hangs in the air, unharmed. As we MOVE IN closer to his face, his eyes suddenly snap open and we CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan creeps up the stairs, trying to be quiet while the sounds of PANDEMONIUM reign below. As he reaches the second level, Eric appears at the bottom of the stairs. Ryan freezes, gazes down at Eric...

RYAN  
(whispering)  
Don't say anything... Eric,  
please...

Eric regards him for a moment with a quizzical expression. Then he suddenly SCREAMS:

ERIC  
***I FOUND HIM!! HE'S ON THE STAIRS!!***

Ryan flees upstairs as boys begin to race toward them. Eric charges up after him, quickly followed by a mass of crazed boys...

**INT. BRIARCLIFF - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan makes it to the top level, where the priests' rooms are. He sprints down the corridor.

Boys pursue him wildly, Ike and Sammy toward the front, looking completely insane with their painted faces.

Ryan rounds a corner. At the end of the corridor, seemingly a mile away, stands the door to Father Cleary's quarters. Ryan races for it.

The mass of boys come flying around the corner, right behind him. They're SCREAMING, hellbent on tearing him limb from limb. And Ryan's SCREAMING too as he sprints as fast as he can...

The boys are almost upon him when Ryan makes it to Father Cleary's door. He flings it open and slams the door shut behind him.

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan throws the lock as the mass of boys hit the other side of the door hard enough to make it buckle. They immediately start POUNDING on the door and throwing themselves against it.

Ryan looks around the trashed room. He moves to Father Cleary's big oak desk, tries to push it over toward the door. It doesn't budge...

Ryan redoubles his efforts as CHAOS echoes out in the hallway. He strains against the desk. It starts sliding slowly over to the door.

**INT./EXT. BACK OF THE SCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Simon walks purposefully toward the back door.

As he moves, fire spontaneously spreads out behind him, as if created by his very being. It quickly engulfs everything.

He opens the door and Ben stands there waiting for him, still holding the axe. Ben looks at Simon reverently. Simon is framed in the doorway while the hungry flames behind him consume the room.

Ben smiles crazily, the firelight reflected in his eyes.

BEN

Master...

Simon brushes past him, moving through the snow toward the garage. Ben follows.

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryan gets the heavy desk in front of the door just as the lock breaks. The door starts to open, but Ryan throws himself against the desk, slamming the door shut again.

He looks desperately around the room. The boys push against him from the other side of the door.

Ryan moves to the bookcase, tears it free from the wall, and shoves it forward. The bookcase collapses onto the desk, anchoring it down against the onslaught from outside. It holds. At least for now...

Then something outside the window catches Ryan's attention. From up here, he can see Simon and Ben getting onto the snowmobile in the garage...

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Simon guns the snowmobile out of the garage. Ben sits behind him, holding onto his waist with one hand. With his other hand he raises the axe into the air in triumph.

As Simon starts to drive away, flames suddenly appear on the walls of the garage, licking their way up to the roof.

**INT. FATHER CLEARY'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Panicked, Ryan watches Simon and Ben drive off down the mountain. Out in the hallway, the boys are battering on the door more frantically than ever. Ryan turns around to scream at them:

RYAN  
Simon's abandoning you! He doesn't  
care about any of us, don't you get  
it??? *HE'S GONE!!!*

The desk and bookcase are suddenly knocked back several inches. Hands and arms of the boys in the hallway appear in the crack of the doorway, trying to fight their way inside.

Ryan finds the latch on the window, frees it and yanks the window open. Cold air gusts into the room.

The door crashes open behind him as Ryan climbs outside.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF - ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan immediately loses his footing on the icy roof. He falls, starts sliding down the roof, picking up speed at an alarming rate. The edge of the roof looms directly ahead of him...

Ryan twists around, grabs onto the gutter at the last second. His body swings off the roof. But Ryan holds on tight, dangling there by one hand...

Ryan grabs onto the gutter with his other hand. A few feet in front of him is a ledge that runs around the building beneath the windows of the next level.

Ryan tries to swing his feet over to the ledge. They don't quite make it. He tries again and this time his feet find the ledge.

A couple massive icicles break off from the gutter and plummet to the ground like frozen missiles.

Ryan reaches out and manages to get a grip on the brick wall. Still holding onto the gutter with his other hand, Ryan tries to pull himself closer to the wall using the brick as leverage and -

The brick crumbles to dust in his fingers and Ryan loses his grip, tumbling backward through the air...

Falling... Falling...

And then crash-landing in deep snow. The impact stuns him, but he shakes it off, relieved to still be alive. He takes a deep breath. Then he sees -

A huge icicle on the gutter directly above him. It breaks off and falls straight down...

Ryan twists out of the way just in time. The icicle lands deep in the snow like a spear, right where his head was only seconds ago. Ryan staggers to his feet and backs away from the building. Then he turns and runs, heading toward the burning garage.

**INT. BRIARCLIFF - UPPER LEVEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Eric stands in the corridor, looking back toward the stairs. Thick black smoke billows up from the raging fire. Behind him, the boys are tearing apart Father Cleary's quarters while others are climbing out onto the roof in pursuit of Ryan. A look of terror slowly dawns on Eric's face.

ERIC  
*We're trapped!! We're trapped!!*

The boys behind him are too intent on destruction to notice or care.

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - BACK OF THE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

The garage burns around him while Ryan races to the second snowmobile. He jumps on it, goes to turn it on and sees -

There's no key.

On the far wall, the flames are quickly working their way to the gasoline pump...

Ryan looks around desperately. He spots the keys hanging from a nail across the room...

Ryan rushes toward them, ducking flames as he goes.

Flames start to spread over the gas pump...

Ryan grabs the keys, then GASPS and drops them as they burn his hand, red-hot from the nearby flames...

Ryan scrambles for the keys, grabs them again, ignoring the pain this time. He dashes back to the snowmobile, slams the keys home and turns the machine on with a satisfying ROAR...

Ryan guns the snowmobile out of the garage just as the fire fully consumes the gas pump...

The garage EXPLODES behind Ryan...

Flaming bricks rain down in the night air all around him.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

Multiple fires rage in the school as Ryan speeds off down the mountain, heading into the barren, snowy landscape.

Boys are climbing out of the upper windows, onto the roof to escape the fire.

**INT. THE CHAPEL - SIMULTANEOUS**

The ancient structure is now a raging inferno. Beams CREAK and MOAN, and then come crashing down in a barrage of sparks.

**EXT. THE ROAD - WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan races the vehicle down the snow covered mountain road, following the tracks of the other snowmobile.

The occasional road sign peaking out of the top of the snow is the only indication that there is indeed a road beneath this massive blanket of powder.

Above, the moon is near the horizon and the sky is just beginning to show signs of blue. Dawn is close.

Ryan makes a tight turn, barely slowing down... He drifts dangerously close to the edge of a drop-off, sending flurries over the side.

He powers the snowmobile on even faster, determined to catch up to Simon and Ben.

Ryan rounds another bend and hauls ass down a long steep stretch...

Down the mountain, he catches a glimpse of the other snowmobile racing down the hill...

**ANOTHER ANGLE - DOWN THE MOUNTAIN - SIMULTANEOUS**

Driving the snowmobile, with Ben riding behind him, Simon looks back up the mountain and sees Ryan racing down after them. He grins.

**ANOTHER ANGLE - RESUME WITH RYAN**

Ryan rounds another twist in the road. Simon and Ben are toward the bottom of another perilous stretch down the mountain. He races after them...

**EXT. THE ROAD - WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan finally manages to pull up alongside the other snowmobile. He looks desperately over at Simon, who just stares calmly back at him as they race along.

RYAN  
*Simon!!! Stop!!!*

Simon grins demonically...

RYAN (CONT'D)  
*Simon -*

Ben suddenly jumps up behind Simon and swings the axe at Ryan...

Ryan swerves and ducks, narrowly avoiding the whistling axe blade...

Simon swerves toward Ryan, and Ben swings out again. The axe blade smashes into the front of Ryan's snowmobile. Ben rears back for another blow and Ryan swerves off the road...

**EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan whips around trees and boulders, narrowly avoiding crashing...

Simon roars up alongside him again, Ben fully standing behind him now, totally out of his mind, brandishing the axe...

Simon smashes the side of his snowmobile into Ryan's. Ben nearly loses his balance, but manages to hold on...

He swings at Ryan again, but Ryan swerves away around a tree just in time...

Simon darts around several pine trees with ease, then careens toward Ryan again... Ben has the axe raised high, meaning to take Ryan's head off...

Ryan tries to dart ahead of them, but Simon smashes into his snowmobile again. Ben wobbles, but keeps his balance...

Ryan tries to swerve away, but the snowmobiles are stuck together now...

With a wild SCREAM, Ben tries to swing the axe down but Ryan grabs his forearms with both hands, completely letting go of the snowmobile controls...

Ben falls onto Ryan and the two of them struggle as they all race onward...

Ben suddenly sees something ahead and starts CACKLING with mad glee. Ryan looks forward and sees -

The drop-off of a huge cliff looming ahead of them... They're only moments away from plunging over the edge...

Ben SCREAMS with a lunatic's sense of joy. Ryan tries to jump off the snowmobile, but Ben holds him tight. Simon just stares at Ryan with a calm smile.

Ryan suddenly elbows Ben in the face and leaps from the snowmobile. Ben holds onto him and the two of them tumble into the snow...

Ryan scrambles to his knees in the powder, his eyes on Simon as the stuck-together snowmobiles fly out over the edge of the cliff...

RYAN

*Simon!!!*

As the snowmobiles plummet to the depths below, Simon's body leaves them, floating impossibly into the air...

Ben staggers to his feet, watching crazily as Simon floats serenely back down to the edge of the cliff and lands with his feet on the icy rock...

From somewhere far below, we hear the SNOWMOBILES CRASH VIOLENTLY INTO ROCKS. And then sudden silence...

Ryan is catching his breath, his eyes on Simon, when -

Ben suddenly swings the axe down at him...

Ryan rolls out of the way as the axe plunges into the snow. He darts to his feet, turns toward Ben as Ben charges him again, swinging the axe wildly...

Simon watches with interest as Ryan dodges back, avoiding the blow. Beyond Simon, the sun rises over the vast wilderness.

Ben rears back with the axe again, rushes forward, meaning to go in for the kill... This time, Ryan rushes forward too and meets him head on... He throws up a hand to block the axe and brutally punches Ben in the face...

Ryan manages to knock the axe out of Ben's hands and punches him again. And again...

Ben falls to his knees, blood flowing from his nose onto the pristine white snow...

And Ryan keeps attacking him, his old familiar rage taking over...

Simon watches, seemingly pleased, as Ryan lets his fury consume him. Soon, Ben falls back into the snow, dazed and horribly bloody...

Ryan snatches up the axe and raises it, ready to finish Ben off...

Ben stares up at him in sudden terror, some semblance of sanity creeping back into his eyes...

And Ryan snaps out of his fury. He starts to lower the axe...

SIMON

Don't be weak, Ryan. We both know  
who you are deep inside. Angry.  
Afraid. Violent. Like all humans.

Ryan deliberately drops the axe into the snow, making the choice not to resort to more bloodshed. He turns to face Simon instead, empty-handed.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You can't deny your true nature.  
All those violent impulses you  
can't control... I know you wanted  
to kill Simon's father, that night  
he attacked Emily -

RYAN

It's over, Simon. Whatever it is  
you're trying to do... It's  
finished.

Simon raises his arms as the new sun comes up behind him.

SIMON

You're wrong. This is only the  
beginning.

Simon looks out across the frigid wilderness...

SIMON (CONT'D)

Somewhere beyond this nothingness  
is a city... And in that city there  
are others who will confess to me,  
and then their minds will belong to  
me. My reign will be infinite...

Ryan notices that Simon's eyes have gone completely black.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I don't need a snowmobile to get  
there. I will wear down this body  
to the bone. And then find more  
hosts like Simon.

Ryan slowly approaches Simon. Ben just watches them from his  
spot in the snow, injured and confused.

RYAN

Are you hearing any of this, Simon?  
Is any part of you still left in  
there?

Simon just grins evilly at Ryan, his black lizard eyes alert  
and cunning. Ryan perseveres:

RYAN (CONT'D)

Simon, don't let whatever came out  
of that crevice destroy you. Maybe  
you've always been different than  
everybody else, but that's not bad,  
it's good! And it doesn't mean you  
have to let this... this *stupid*  
*thing* steal your soul...

Ryan's words seem to be falling on deaf ears.

SIMON

You creatures are so *amusing*.

Ryan is now directly in front of Simon. His hand slips into his pocket...

RYAN

Don't do it for me...

Ryan furtively pulls something out. He shows it to Simon. It's the photo of Emily.

Simon's brow furrows in confusion...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do it for your sister. Do it for Emily...

Simon blinks rapidly... His eyes are no longer black... It's like he's shifting back and forth between himself and the entity that possesses him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

She loves you! Your dad tried to throw out all your paintings but she wouldn't let him, remember? You know why? Because she cares about you... Do you hear what I'm saying!?!

Simon is shaking now... An internal battle is being waged within him...

SIMON

(forcefully)

*Nobody cares about Simon.*

Ryan is suddenly knocked backward by some invisible force. He lands on his back in the snow. But struggles up, undeterred.

RYAN

Yes, Simon, they do! And you love Emily. I know you do because I love her too. So much. She's the *real* angel...

Simon is shaking more now, tears of blood stream from his eyes...

The photo of Emily suddenly bursts into flames. Surprised, Ryan drops it to the snow...

Simon clutches his head, in an uncanny mirroring of the oil painting that Ryan once saw in Emily's room.

SIMON  
*Get... out... of my HEAD!!!*

He tears at his hair and catches Ryan's gaze. And there's a glimmer of recognition there... For a brief moment we see a scared, confused, troubled little boy fighting against an evil force beyond his comprehension...

Ryan scrambles to his feet.

RYAN  
 Simon!

Ryan steps toward him and Simon jerks back violently. And then his eyes go black again and we catch a glimpse of that darker creature within him and Simon beats furiously at his head, blood flowing from his lips.

SIMON  
*GET OUT...*

Simon stumbles to the edge of the cliff, wracked by agonizing inner torment. He reels on the edge of the abyss...

Ryan tries to grab him.

RYAN  
 Simon, no!!!

But Simon throws himself out into the air...

Ryan watches in horror as Simon starts to fall and -

Suddenly stops, levitating in mid-air over the vertiginous drop.

Simon's eyes go pitch black and he grins in wicked triumph at Ryan...

SIMON  
 (demonic sounding)  
*THE BOY IS MINE!!*

But Simon starts violently twitching again, blinking like crazy. With each blink his eyes flick between the black demon eyes and Simon's normal eyes... And blood is pouring from his eyes now and from his ears and mouth, and Simon throws his head back and SCREAMS...

Then Simon plummets downward into the abyss, out of Ryan's line of sight.

Ryan just stands there for one tense moment. All is silent.

Ryan picks up the axe, moves forward to the edge of the cliff, nervous... He peers over it -

Simon's contorted body suddenly scampers up the cliff-face on all fours, like a humanoid spider. His eyes are totally black, like miniature voids. The thing is laughing and spitting up blood. Bones push their way out of his hands like talons, and fangs explode from his rotting gums. It's like the inner evil of the creature is mutating its host body.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
***SIMON BELONGS TO ME FOREVER!!!***

Ryan recoils from the shocking sight, but stands his ground.

RYAN  
 Oh God, Simon...

The thing has almost made it up the cliff-face...

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Think of your mother, Simon!!!  
 Think of Emily!!! Don't let this  
 thing use you any more!!!

The Simon-creature begins to BAY and HOWL, the internal battle beginning again.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Don't let it win!!! Do whatever it  
 takes!!!

Simon unleashes a SCREAM louder than anything we've yet heard.

Within the scream we can hear SIMON'S VOICE and also the GRAVELLY VOICE of something much older - the ancient demon force that is threatening to tear the child apart...

Ben throws his hands over his ears as the SCREAM becomes unbearable.

Ryan raises the axe above his head, tears in his eyes, ready to put Simon out of his misery. But before he can -

Convulsing more violently than ever, the Simon-creature's eyes return to normal and fix Ryan with a knowing gaze. Then the creature deliberately releases its grip and falls back through the air. It tumbles down and down and down...

Ryan watches as Simon hits the unforgiving rocks far below him. At last, the poor boy's tormented body is still.

Emotionally and physically exhausted, and in a numb state beyond terror, Ryan drops the axe and collapses back into the snow. He stares up at the cold grey sky. Snow begins to drift down on him.

Ryan and Ben just stay where they are on the edge of the cliff for a long moment. The rising sun in front of them and the dark billowing smoke from the burning school behind them.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 (softly, to himself)  
 Simon won.

Ryan closes his eyes as it begins to snow harder.

BEN  
 (weakly)  
 You hear that?

Ryan sits up. He does hear something. It's a distant WHUP-WHUP-WHUP sound...

A rescue helicopter appears from over the horizon.

Ryan and Ben watch as it flies over them, headed toward Briarcliff Reform School.

**EXT. BRIARCLIFF REFORM SCHOOL - DAY**

From a BIRD'S EYE VIEW, we move with the helicopter as it hovers toward the school. The entire building is consumed by flames now. Lots of the boys are outside in the snow, gazing up at the helicopter...

ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

Eric stands in front of the school, covered in soot. He stares up at the approaching helicopter in disbelief.

Then he sits down heavily in the snow, puts his head in his hands and starts crying like the child that he is.

A strong gust of wind suddenly kicks up...

**EXT. CLIFF FACE - LEADING TO THE CAVES - DAY**

The CAMERA hurtles its way up a desolate cliff face as the snow continues to fall heavier and heavier... It's like we're following the progress of some unseen, unholy force as it returns to the cave.

We can hear the HOWLING/WHISTLING sound echoing angrily within the caves above us as the CAMERA picks up more speed...

We fly up and over the lip of the cave...

**INT./EXT. THE CREVICE - CONTINUOUS**

We hurtle down toward the crevice itself as the HOWLING/WHISTLING sound bellows away, gaining strength, like the demonic presence has survived...

And as we move over the rim of the crevice and suddenly plunge down into it, we CUT TO BLACK.