

EVIL

Written by

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**TEASER**

An upscale house. For sale. Vacant. No furniture.

ORSON LEROUX (V.O.)  
*I like houses when they're empty.*

We glide seductively across its polished floors.

ORSON LEROUX (V.O.)  
*I like the quiet. The space.*

The narration continues as we find a suited man sitting peacefully cross-legged on the floor. ORSON LeROUX (38), a real estate agent with an old world charm.

ORSON LEROUX (V.O.)  
*Sometimes I just sit there before caravan arrives and I... I breathe it all in. The silence.*

KRISTEN BENOIST (V.O.)  
*So that's why you killed them?*

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

LeRoux looks up at the question. Now in prison, two weeks later, wrists shackled to a table, two GUARDS watching. He smiles:

ORSON LEROUX  
That's a bit simplistic, isn't it, killing them because of the noise?

KRISTEN BENOIST (34) smiles back. A pretty forensic psychologist with a sunny manner. A walking contradiction: her personal life is Capra-esque, her work-life Lynchian. Killers like her because she's friendly, disarming:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Occam's razor. Simpler is truer, isn't it?... So, let's get the timeline straight. Who did you kill first: Mr. or Mrs. Gilbert?

Orson frowns at the question's indelicacy, but we CUT TO...

**INT. EMPTY HOUSE - (PAST) - DAY**

...LeRoux slashing the throat of MR. GILBERT (28) who reaches for his neck, blood spilling through his fingers, spreading in a red pool on the polished floors. A nightmare image out of Bosch. But quickly we're back with...

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

...an oddly pleasant LeRoux:

ORSON LEROUX  
Who's Lila?

Kristen looks up at the non-sequitur, then sees he's eyeing her recording IPHONE: a text alert from "Lila." Kristen turns the phone over, continues:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I thought you wanted my help, Orson.  
So let's focus. Who did you kill  
first: the husband or the wife?

ORSON LEROUX  
I said: I don't remember killing  
anyone.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Do you remember Mrs. Bentley?

Kristen slides a grisly crime scene photo in front of LeRoux.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Two weeks ago, you stabbed her ten  
times, then raped her.

**INT. ANOTHER EMPTY HOUSE - (PAST) - DAY**

And we see the rape from across the room, hidden mostly behind the kitchen island. An odd contradiction between the beauty of the house and the ugliness of the crime.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

ORSON LEROUX  
All I remember is her leaving me  
the keys, that's all.  
You like flowers, Kristen?

He nods toward the back of her iphone, Styrofoam flowers attached there. Ignoring that:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
And the Lawrences? Their six-year-  
old son, do you remember him?

**INT. THREE EMPTY HOUSES - (PAST) - DAY/NIGHT**

Flashes of awful and bloody crime scenes. Flesh severed to the bone, possibly an exposed brain, blood on walls.

## INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Kristen places other grisly crime photos in front of him.

ORSON LEROUX

I blacked out. I already said. Do you think I'm lying?

KRISTEN BENOIST

I think you murdered three families. Including a six-year-old. I think you want to avoid the death penalty with an insanity defense, so, yes, it's possible you're lying. But if you want to convince me, I have a test--

ORSON LEROUX

Oh god, here it comes--

KRISTEN BENOIST

(taking out a form)

These are 567 true or false statements. Answer as honestly as you can, and that will help me determine how honest we are with each other, okay?

ORSON LEROUX

Sure, you're the doc.

KRISTEN BENOIST

True or false. *"I like mechanics magazines."*

ORSON LEROUX

Are you serious?

(she is)

False.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"I think I would like the work of a librarian."*

ORSON LEROUX

False.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"I have diarrhea once or more a month."*

ORSON LEROUX

(laughs)

False, but thanks for asking.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*"I like the sound of a woman  
 screaming."*

LeRoux. He stares at Kristen. His expression slowly darkening.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 Orson?

But he's offers nothing, continuing to stare. Murderously. Like a light switch flipped in his soul. Kristen doesn't look away, intimidated but not showing it. A long pause. Then--

**EXT. ORLEANS PARISH PRISON - DAY**

--bang-- Kristen exits the downtown prison. Walks several steps away, takes a deep breath. Clearing her mind. It takes an emotional toll, suppressing her true feelings. A kindly man passes:

KINDLY MAN  
 Are you alright?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Yes, fine. Thanks.

The Kindly Man enters the prison as Kristen remembers: oh, the text. She dials her phone, starting toward her car:

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 Hi, Lila. What's wrong? You texted.

**INT. BENOIST APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

INTERCUT with the Capra-esque part of Kristen's life: LILA (10), one of her four daughters, the artist in the family, standing on a chair in her Catholic prep uniform, getting down flour:

LILA (THE ARTIST)  
 Lynn thinks I should do cupcakes,  
 but didn't I do cupcakes last year?

Kristen smiles. Her daughters are a breath of fresh air. Behind Lila is LYNN (13), Kristen's oldest daughter, the family scientist, always wearing a lucky baseball cap, trying to be an adult. She yells toward the phone:

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)  
 Cupcakes are easier, mom!

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 What does grandma say?

LILA (THE ARTIST)  
She's taking a nap.

Kristen sighs: that's not a good sign, Grandma napping.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Let's hold off on baking. I'm grabbing  
a birthday cake on my way home. Love  
you both. Now be good.

And Kristen hangs up, pauses, looks at the back of her phone.  
The Styrofoam flowers. She peels them off, throws them away.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - DAY**

Courtroom. Old and decrepit. A lot of electric fans. No jury.  
Kristen on the stand, testifying. A pre-trial hearing. She's good:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
After responding to 567 true or  
false statements, the defendant  
scored an 80 on the MMPI-2 validity  
scale. That places him well within  
the "deceitful" range.

LEWIS CORMIER (45), the showy, bow-tie-wearing D.A.:

LEWIS CORMIER  
Which means we can't trust his  
insistence that he blacked out  
during the crime?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Not with any degree of certainty.

LEWIS CORMIER  
Thank you, Ms. Benoist. Nothing further.

He sits as the defense attorney pops up, loaded for bear:  
TOMMY BOUTELLA (31), scrappy and sarcastic:

TOMMY BOUTELLA  
You are a full-time employee of the  
Orleans D.A.'s office, Ms. Benoist?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I am.

TOMMY BOUTELLA  
They pay you well?

Kristen is calm, taking it all in stride: used to this:

KRISTEN BENOIST

Well enough.

A distracted Kristen sees a man entering court. DAVID DACOSTA (37). Handsome, rugged. Could be an adventurer, could be a Zen master, could be the "Most Interesting Man in the World." New to Kristen, she watches him sit in a pew behind the defense table. He starts to take notes as Boutella approaches Kristen:

TOMMY BOUTELLA

How many times have you testified for the prosecution, Ms. Benoist?

KRISTEN BENOIST

34 times. Over two years.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

And how many times have you declared a defendant sane?

KRISTEN BENOIST

A forensic psychologist doesn't declare a defendant--

TOMMY BOUTELLA

(modifying his question)

How many times have you "*determined the defendant had the mental capacity to be prosecuted?*"

KRISTEN BENOIST

34 times.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

I see. So you're basically a mercenary for the prosecution?

LEWIS CORMIER

Objection.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

I'll rephrase. If you didn't testify the way the prosecution wanted, wouldn't you be out of a job?

KRISTEN BENOIST

I would only be out of a job if I didn't tell the truth.

David DaCosta in the gallery leans forward: good answer.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

So let's talk about the truth, Ms. Benoist. Is my client possessed?

Kristen trades a look with Cormier who jumps up:

LEWIS CORMIER  
I-- Objection. Relevance.

TOMMY BOUTELLA  
I'd like to establish the  
relevance, your honor.

JUDGE  
Go ahead.

TOMMY BOUTELLA  
Is my client possessed by a demon?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I-- Are you referring to demons  
metaphorically or clinically?

TOMMY BOUTELLA  
Here's an affidavit from *my* expert  
witness, Dr. Leland Houseman. He  
claims the defendant has taken on  
the voice and characteristics of a  
demonic presence named Roy. Do you  
refute this?

Kristen stares at the affidavit, surprised. News to her.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - HALL - DAY**

*BAM*-- Cormier charges out of court with Kristen following.

LEWIS CORMIER  
How the hell did you miss that?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
(incredulous)  
Miss what? Possession? Are you  
serious--?

LEWIS CORMIER  
No. Psychosis. Any basis for their  
insanity defense. The judge has given  
us 24 hours, so question him again.  
Shut this down.

And Cormier bangs through his office door. Gone.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - HALL - DAY**

Kristen charges down a hall toward the prison interview room,  
when she sees someone already inside talking to LeRoux. It's  
David DaCosta, the man she saw in court.

Kristen frowns, notices another man waiting in the hall, scrolling texts. BEN SCHWEIGER (30s). T-shirt, a bit scruffy. A cross between Patton Oswald and Penn Jillette.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Are you with him?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
What?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Are you with the defense expert?

Ben eyes her oddly, then goes back to his texts.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Tell him coaching the defendant is illegal. I've spent 18 hours with LeRoux. He never once mentioned demons or showed any signs--

But-- BZZZZT-- the cell door opens electronically, and DaCosta exits. He stops, sees Kristen.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Hello.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
She's accusing us of coaching him.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
It's not gonna' work.

And Kristen starts in when David stops her:

DAVID DACOSTA  
Ms. Benoist.

Kristen turns, sees DaCosta has his hand out, offering her something.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What?

DAVID DACOSTA  
Take this.

It's a ROSARY with a crucifix. Kristen looks at it oddly.

DAVID DACOSTA (CONT'D)  
To protect yourself. Do you know the "Our Father"?

Kristen frowns, ignores him, pushes into the cell.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

We're again mid-interview. A bland LeRoux.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Again, there is no demonic possession?

ORSON LEROUX  
No. My wife believes in that stuff;  
I don't.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Why is the defense saying you're  
possessed by a demon named Roy?

ORSON LEROUX  
I have no idea.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
It's your testimony that you blacked-  
out during the killings and that's  
it?

ORSON LEROUX  
Yes.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Good.

Kristen turns off her recording iphone, waves to the GUARD just outside: she's done. He rings a buzzer. Kristen gets up, but she has a new thought, a last one.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Are you Catholic, Orson?

ORSON LEROUX  
No. My wife is. Why, are you?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Not anymore.

ORSON LEROUX  
Good, I thought I liked you.

She considers this, takes her finger and draws a large cross in the dusty desktop, venturing:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What does that mean to you?

Orson. He just stares at it. Kristen eyes him, whispers:

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 "Our father who art in heaven,  
 hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom--

But that's all she gets out, because-- WHAM!-- LeRoux lunges at her, grabbing her arm, yanking the metal fastener from the tabletop, and knocking them both to the ground, hissing:

ORSON LEROUX  
 --edebo in monte conventus et in  
 lateribus septentrionis--

A startled Kristen tries to get away, but LeRoux is too strong, face twisted into a demented mask:

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
 --ego autem Dei ponam sedem meam  
 super sidera--!

WHAM-WHOMP-WHAP-- the charging Guards hit him with their batons, but LeRoux yells, saliva dripping from his mouth:

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
ORBEM TERRARUM ERIT! I WILL ASCEND!  
 I WILL ASCEND!

Finally, a GUARD chokes LeRoux with a baton-- and he goes slack, unconscious, falls to the floor, out, as Kristen crawls away, stumbling, appalled! She's never had anything like this before!

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A shaken Kristen, still a bit pale, sits in Cormier's office, in front of the D.A. and two of his assistants:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I can't support this.

LEWIS CORMIER  
*Excuse me?*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I can no longer support an analysis of narcissistic-paranoia--

LEWIS CORMIER  
 You think this guy's possessed--?!

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 No. But there's a chance he's on the schizophrenic spectrum. I need to test for hallucinations, delusions--

LEWIS CORMIER  
The judge wants your analysis  
tomorrow--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
And my analysis is we need more  
time. This is a death penalty case--

LEWIS CORMIER  
I need you two to step out.

The two Assistants nod, exit as Kristen sighs, knows what's coming. Cormier pulls a chair up across from her:

LEWIS CORMIER (CONT'D)  
You've had a shock, Kristen. I  
understand your ambivalence. But  
you're not at an University. You're  
here cashing our checks.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I'm here to tell the truth.

LEWIS CORMIER  
Which *is*: at 10 am tomorrow, I need  
you on the stand to confirm your  
earlier testimony, or we'll have to  
look for someone else. Understand?

Kristen stares at him, disgusted.

**EXT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Boom. Thunder. Rain.

Kristen returns home. Conflicted. She pauses on the stairs of her middle-class Creole townhouse. Just above a brightly-lit 24-hour market. In the Marigny neighborhood of New Orleans. A few touches of Bourbon Street, but far from French Quarter elegance. Tourists end up here by accident, then turn around.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

EVERYONE  
MOMMMMM!

A roar goes up from her four daughters as Kristen enters. They're constantly overlapping, chattering. We've met Lynn (13), Lila (10), and now we meet LEXIS (8), a piano player, and LAURA (7), a joke-teller. (Don't worry if we don't get to know them all in a rush here. We'll get to know them later.)

Kristen smiles, loves coming home, hiding the bakery box behind her back:



KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Good thing you opened it, mom. Can  
 I read it please?

SHERYL BENOIST  
 (hands it to her)  
 \$500. That's how much Andy thinks  
 you need this month. What a good  
 father.

Kristen rolls her eyes, reads, but Sheryl can't wait:

SHERYL BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 He says he'll be back in June.  
 Because that's when he'll be done  
 climbing. Isn't that nice of him?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 (trying to read)  
 Mom--

SHERYL BENOIST  
 He wants to make sure you have all  
 the help you need here, but you  
 won't be able to contact him in  
 Nepal for a month. And he forgot  
 Laura's birthday.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 He didn't forget. He wrote this  
 three weeks ago.

SHERYL BENOIST  
 Why do you defend him?

*"Pizza's here, mom! Time to eat! Let's go!"* The daughters  
 call from the other room. Kristen whispers, nods toward them.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Don't poison them against their  
 father, okay? Ever.

SHERYL BENOIST  
 I don't have to. He does it to himself.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Thanks for the help, mom. Good night.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DAUGHTER'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Bedtime. Quiet. Just one warm light on the floor as Kristen  
 reads from PRINCESS BRIDE, her daughters flopped all around  
 her, some on her legs, others cuddled against her. Ripped  
 wrapping paper all around from opened presents.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"...The man in black was hanging in space, clinging to the sheer rock face. The Sicilian watched fascinated.*

*(doing his voice)*

*'He will be dead long before he hits the water. The fall will do it, not the crash--'*"

LEXIS (THE MUSICIAN)

Is that true: you die from the fall not the crash?

KRISTEN BENOIST

*(always honest)*

No, it's the crash.

LILA (THE ARTIST)

Have you ever fallen, mom?

KRISTEN BENOIST

Have I? No... Once.

Kristen turns back to the book but the four jump in: *"WAIT! What--?" "Tell us--!" "What happened?"*

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

You don't want to hear this.

The four yell: *"Are you kidding--?!" "MOM!" "You have to tell us now." "Tell, tell, tell--!"*

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

Not just before bedtime. You'll have nightmares. Ask me tomorrow--

LILA (THE ARTIST)

But we'll forget tomorrow. We're not very smart.

Kristen laughs, kisses them on the foreheads:

KRISTEN BENOIST

Then you'll need your sleep.  
*("Noooooo!" "Mom!")*

LILA (THE ARTIST)

What happened to my flowers?

Lila points toward Kristen's phone.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Oh, I had to take them off for work.

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)

Why?

KRISTEN BENOIST

I don't like people knowing anything about me.

LILA (THE ARTIST)

Why?

KRISTEN BENOIST

Because some people are bad and they shouldn't know about us. Now, time for bed. Isn't that a great way to tuck you in? *"Some people are bad; sweet dreams."*

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)

What about the question of the day?

Oh, right. Kristen looks at her kids, always honest with them.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Okay. My boss wants me to say something on the stand I'm not sure I can.

LILA (THE ARTIST)

What?

KRISTEN BENOIST

That something is true, and I'm not sure it is.

LAURA (THE COMIC)

You want us to talk to him?

KRISTEN BENOIST

(laughs)

Wouldn't that be great?

They all ad-lib: *"We will!" "Call him, Mom! "Get the phone."*

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

No, no, tomorrow. Time for sleep.

She finishes kissing them when Lynn stops her, whispers:

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)

Mom, you loved your job because they let you tell the truth. If they don't, you shouldn't do it anymore.

Kristen eyes Lynn, nods-- good point. She tucks her in.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN - NIGHT**

"\$456.00." "\$1,900.50." Numbers. On bills.

A dispirited Kristen keeps opening more mail. Slumps at each new amount. More money she doesn't have. She looks toward...

...the envelope from her husband. The \$500 check enclosed. Not a great help. She eats a half-eaten piece of birthday cake, and goes to...

...the kitchen, pops open a canned Margarita cocktail. A guilty pleasure. Drinks heartily. Then she hears...

...bzzzt. A buzzer. Odd. A little late. She looks toward a red kitchen light blinking over a hand-written sign: "Office." She crosses to the back door. Peers out and down from...

**EXT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

...the exterior back porch toward a downstairs door.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Hello?

The man looks up. David DaCosta. Handsome under the light:

DAVID DACOSTA

Oh. Sorry. Your work gave me this as your office address.

KRISTEN BENOIST

(surprised to see him)

It is. My home too.

DAVID DACOSTA

I was going to leave a note. I heard about your encounter with Mr. LeRoux. I'm sorry. Are you alright?

KRISTEN BENOIST

Yes, fine. Thank you.

DAVID DACOSTA

I also need a minute of your time-- if you don't mind. To discuss a job.

Kristen eyes him.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT**

Kristen flicks on the light of her small downstairs office, a sort of female version of a man cave, letting DaCosta in:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Sorry, I don't get much heat down  
 here.

Oops-- Kristen sees her work clothes strewn on her chair:  
 dress, blouse, bra. She quickly stuffs them into a drawer, as  
 David smiles, turns away:

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 That's okay.

Looking away, he sees dozens of photos on the walls. Photos of  
 a woman climber. Free climbing in Yosemite. Ice climbing.  
 Bouldering. Mountaineering.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 Is this you?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Yes.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 You're a climber?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I was.

David studies them, admires them. Kristen is clearly proud of  
 her past life. David sees a line of five prominent photos on  
 top, all on different summits. Kristen in snow gear with a  
 numbered sign on each: going from "1" to "5."

DAVID DACOSTA  
 The Seven Summits?

Kristen looks at him, surprised he knows.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Yes.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 I count five.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I gave up.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 Why?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Children.

Oh. David nods, eyes her appreciatively, then looks back  
 toward the last photo.

A man with his arm around her, ANDY BENOIST. Strong. Bearded. Grinning. He has three fingers raised while she has five.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Your climbing partner?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
My husband.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Ah, you're ahead of him?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I was. Just one left for him.  
Everest.

DaCosta nods, looks back toward the photos.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
So, I have to get back upstairs.  
Thank you for the job offer, but I  
really don't work for the defense.

DAVID DACOSTA  
I don't either.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You--? I don't understand.

DAVID DACOSTA  
I work for the Catholic Church.

Kristen blinks. Not what she expected.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You're not the defense expert?

DAVID DACOSTA  
No. David DaCosta.

He offers his hand. She shakes it.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Why were you in with LeRoux?

DAVID DACOSTA  
I was interviewing him to see if he  
was possessed.

Kristen eyes him oddly.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You're a priest?

DAVID DACOSTA  
No. An assessor.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I don't know what that is.

DAVID DACOSTA  
The church has a backlog of 500,000 requests for exorcisms and miracle appraisals. I'm hired by the church to investigate unexplained phenomenon and offer a recommendation whether there should be an exorcism or further research.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I didn't know that was a job.

DAVID DACOSTA  
It is.

Kristen stares at DaCosta. A long confused moment.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Okay, I'm sorry. It's been a long--

DAVID DACOSTA  
We were asked by Mrs. LeRoux to assess her husband, Orson. She thinks he's possessed. Unfortunately he won't talk to us anymore. But he *will* talk to you.

(off Kristen's look)  
He seems to like you. So we want to hire you to help us assess him.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Just to be up-front with you, Mr...

DAVID DACOSTA  
DaCosta.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
DaCosta. I don't believe in all that... devils and possession.

DAVID DACOSTA  
That's okay. The trouble with my job is possession looks like insanity, and insanity looks like possession, so we need someone who doesn't believe-- someone to help us figure out which is LeRoux.

KRISTEN BENOIST

I-- the thing is, Mr. DaCosta: I have a job. I'm with the D.A.'s office.

David pauses, clears his throat, clearly he knows differently.

DAVID DACOSTA

I'm sorry. I thought you knew. I was in court when the D.A. said he was bringing in a new psychologist.

Kristen stares at him. Blinks.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Lewis on the phone with Kristen. Ten minutes later.

LEWIS CORMIER

I was going to give you until tomorrow, Kristen. But I was afraid you wouldn't be convincing in court so I decided to go with someone else. Anyway, consider this your two week notice. Thanks for your service.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT**

A stunned and angry Kristen on the phone with him:

KRISTEN BENOIST

You're welcome. And go to hell.

*Bang--* she slams the receiver down as David smiles appreciatively. Kristen takes a deep breath. Turns to David.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

Mr. DaCosta. You just need me for this one case?

DAVID DACOSTA

That's right.

KRISTEN BENOIST

When would I start?

DaCosta turns to her, smiles.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE****INT. KITCHEN - LEROUX MANSION - (PAST) - NIGHT**

We move down a dark hall toward a yellow-ish glow in the doorway at the end.

EMILY LEROUX (V.O.)  
*I woke up in the middle of the  
 night, and Orson wasn't in bed. So  
 I went downstairs...*

The narration continues as we turn the corner and find Orson LeRoux in pajamas standing in front of the open refrigerator with a zombie stare. (This is an echo of the Teaser opening.)

EMILY LEROUX (V.O.)  
*He was talking to himself. I shook  
 him. But he didn't wake up.*

DAVID DACOSTA (V.O.)  
*Do you remember what he said?*

**INT. STUDY - LEROUX MANSION - DAY**

EMILY LEROUX (37), a gentle but nervous woman, looks up.

EMILY LEROUX  
 No, but he seemed to be agreeing  
 with himself, deciding something.

Present day. DaCosta sits across from her in the beautifully decorated LeRoux mansion. Garden District. An incredulous Kristen sits further back. Ben in a corner.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 And this was how long before...?

EMILY LEROUX  
 The arrest? About three weeks.

David nods, takes notes as Kristen looks up at the photos in the study. A happy family: Emily with Orson and their two sons. On vacation. At a school play. Odd and a bit disturbing to see the serial killer in such Norman Rockwell circumstances.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 And that's what led you to believe  
 he was possessed?

EMILY LEROUX  
 No. He would sometimes talk to  
 himself, but this time... someone  
 talked back.

Kristen looks up.

DAVID DACOSTA  
I'm sorry, what do you mean?  
Someone human?

EMILY LEROUX  
I don't know. That's why I called  
your parish.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
What did this voice sound like?

EMILY LEROUX  
Quiet. Sort of a whisper. I recorded  
it if that helps.

David and Ben trade a look. A recording? That's unusual.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Yes, it does.

EMILY LEROUX  
(taking out her iphone)  
This was a few nights in a row, so  
I recorded the last night.

Ben moves closer to listen. David leans over the iphone. As Kristen hangs back. This is all too weird for her. Too X-Files. We stay on her as she listens, hearing... low static, then some iphone fumbling. Then a clear voice. Emily whispering:

EMILY LEROUX (ON RECORDING) (CONT'D)  
...Orson...?

**INT. KITCHEN - LEROUX MANSION - (PAST) - NIGHT**

Emily, in the flashback, tries to wake her husband standing in front of the refrigerator:

EMILY LEROUX  
...Baby, what's wrong?...

But suddenly she stops, hearing something... a whisper in the kitchen. A quiet whisper. Creepy. Scary. Emily looks freaked out, looking around, as...

**INT. STUDY - LEROUX MANSION - DAY**

...Kristen, in present day, looks freaked out too, despite herself, moving closer to hear the iphone...

Light intense mumbled whispering. Low and bass-ey. It gets angrier and angrier. The words all mixed together. Could be Latin. Could be nothing.

Kristen can't help it: the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. While...

**INT. KITCHEN - LEROUX MANSION - (PAST) - NIGHT**

...Orson turns to see his wife. His eyes intense. A flash of something deep and frightening. Emily touches his arm, trying to shake him out of it:

EMILY LEROUX  
*Orson. It's me.*

But he looks down, sees the recording iphone in her hand:

ORSON LEROUX  
*Turn that off. I need your log-in--*

He reaches for the iphone, and--

**INT. STUDY - LEROUX MANSION - DAY**

--*click*-- the recording ends. Back in present day, David and Ben trade a look. Kristen looks between them: the new interloper on this team. After a moment...

DAVID DACOSTA  
Emily, can you show us where this happened?

**INT. KITCHEN - LEROUX MANSION - DAY**

Ten minutes later. Kristen, reluctant and sidelined, slowly starts down the mansion hall, wondering what she's gotten herself into, when she finds... Ben alone in the kitchen, sliding a SMALL DEVICE along the walls.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
So this is what...  
(sounds ridiculous)  
...a haunting?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
An infestation.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What's that?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
A haunting.

Kristen eyes him. A man of few words.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I thought this was about possession.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
The theory is this: an infestation leads to a possession. First the demon takes over the house, then the person. Supposedly.

Kristen eyes his "supposedly."

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You don't believe in it?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
I believe it pays the rent.

Kristen eyes him, then eyes the little tool he's running along the wall, a red light on it:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What's that?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
A proton accelerator.

Kristen raises her eyebrow. But he grins:

BEN SCHWEIGER (CONT'D)  
That was a GHOSTBUSTERS joke. It's a stud finder.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
(ah, she eyes him)  
So you're not a priest?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
No, a contractor.

Before she can ask more, a yell comes from off:

DAVID DACOSTA (O.S.)  
*I think you should see this, Ben.*

Ben nods, exits leaving Kristen alone. She looks around, feeling useless. She sees some "Get Well" cards taped to the fridge. "Get better." A cartoon man with a ice pack. Another with a sniffing bear: "Sending you bear hugs. Get well soon."

EMILY LEROUX  
I saw you in court.

Kristen turns, sees a tense Emily entering:

EMILY LEROUX (CONT'D)  
You wanted my husband to be executed.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
No. I was asked my expert opinion--

EMILY LEROUX  
Orson never raised his voice, never drank. He was a good husband. What happened wasn't him.

Kristen eyes Emily. Considers it.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
These cards, these "Get Well" cards, they're for...?

EMILY LEROUX  
He fell down some stairs at work. He was out for a few weeks.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
(turning it over in her mind)  
Did he have any seizures afterwards? Psychological effects?

Emily eyes Kristen, not thrilled where this is headed:

EMILY LEROUX  
It's not a medical condition. The doctors released him. He was fine.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Yes, but he was in the hospital?

EMILY LEROUX  
He was fine. It's not physical. It's something outside of him. Something demonic--

DAVID DACOSTA  
Emily, can you play the video?

An interrupting David in the door: the peacemaker. Emily shoots a look at Kristen then exits. A tense Kristen exhales.

DAVID DACOSTA (CONT'D)  
You alright? It's weird, I know.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I don't know what it is.

DAVID DACOSTA  
You're doing great.

Kristen chuckles: are you fuckin' kidding me?

**INT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

DaCosta and Kristen enter the master bedroom to see Emily playing an infra-red recording on a flat-screen TV. Ben eyes her set-up, impressed:

BEN SCHWEIGER  
What is this, infra-red?

EMILY LEROUX  
Yes, the "Bayou Best" people set it up... There.

Emily points toward the video of her sleeping alone in bed. But above her a small shadow moves near the ceiling. Just a few inches. Nothing spectacular. Dismissive:

BEN SCHWEIGER  
That's just a shift in the heat--

EMILY LEROUX  
No... There.

And suddenly something very weird happens: the shadow unfolds from the wall, becoming more defined, floating aggressively toward the camera. Scary. Ghostly. Kristen's mouth opens, startled. She whispers:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What is it?

EMILY LEROUX  
That's what inhabited my husband.

They watch the figure becoming more defined. A body-like shape dipping down toward Emily's sleeping body, then back to the ceiling again. And again the hairs on Kristen's neck rise.

**EXT. RUBY SLIPPER CAFE - DAY**

Kristen is still bewildered sitting at an outdoor cafe with David and Ben.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
It could be faked. This is a woman who had "Bayou Best" set up her system. It could even be a defective digital chip.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Can you find out?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
I'll set up my own cameras and have  
something tomorrow.

Ben leaves. David eyes Kristen deep in thought...

DAVID DACOSTA  
I don't want to keep asking "are  
you alright" but are you alright?

Kristen pauses, considers it. Looking up at him:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Why do you want me doing this?

DAVID DACOSTA  
I want your honest opinion. I want  
your skepticism.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Okay. Then... You're leading her on.  
(off David's look)  
She's desperate for these killings  
to have some supernatural  
explanation. But what if her  
husband is just... bad?

DAVID DACOSTA  
(smiles)  
Is that a medical term, "bad?"

KRISTEN BENOIST  
He murdered seven people. That's  
not because there's knocking and  
whispering in his house.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Then we'll find that out.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You keep saying that, but I don't  
need to check every broomstick to  
know broomsticks don't fly.

David smiles, eyes her...

DAVID DACOSTA  
Do you think science can answer  
every question?

Kristen thinks about it. Realizing as she says it...

KRISTEN BENOIST

I do... Just not all at once.

DAVID DACOSTA

So there are no mysteries? No miracles?

KRISTEN BENOIST

A doctor creates a hearing aid for a deaf man who hears music for the first time. That's a miracle. The Philae probe lands on a comet 100 million miles away, a comet traveling at 11,000 miles per hour. That's a miracle. They just happen to exist. They're real. But ghosts and demons. That thing, whatever it was, in her video. I don't know what to do with that.

DAVID DACOSTA

Study it. Ten years ago, I decided to travel the world; and the further I got from America, the more I realized how little I know. I saw a shaman in Kyzyl transfer his soul to a dying child. I saw a woman in the Indus Plain come back to life after drowning for twenty minutes. Science is only good with repeatable phenomenon, and most of life, the most interesting parts, doesn't repeat. It only happens once. So science doesn't recognize it.

Kristen studies him, then gets up to go.

DAVID DACOSTA (CONT'D)

You think it's medical?

Kristen takes a considered moment. Then...

KRISTEN BENOIST

He had a fall that put him in the hospital just before the killings. That was news to me.

DAVID DACOSTA

Meaning?

KRISTEN BENOIST

There are injuries to the frontal lobe that can result in violent behavior.

DAVID DACOSTA  
And seizures that look like possession?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I don't know. I'm checking into it.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM & HALL - NIGHT**

A FEMALE PATIENT rolls on the floor of a hospital screaming:

FEMALE PATIENT  
*...EGO NON-SUBJACE-BIT PEONA--!!*

Speaking in tongues? Possession? It's a youtube video (a real one) playing on Kristen's laptop. She watches it in the quiet of her living room. Kids asleep. A description under the video: "*Patient during Encephalitis Seizure.*"

Kristen makes a note. It sure does look like possession. The patient's mouth foaming. Then she brings up another google search prompt. She starts to type in: "*Types of seizure--*" But she stops, erases it, and on a whim, types:

*"David DaCosta."*

She places a finger on "return," hits it, then reads the first link... "*DaCosta, A.P. Photographer.*" Kristen clicks on it, pops the top of a canned Margarita, drinks, as a video pops up. A younger DaCosta in a desert setting. Bearded. Grizzled. Hip.

DAVID DACOSTA (ON SCREEN)  
*The most dangerous situations are never the ones you think. It's never the Mexican drug war or being embedded in Afghanistan. It's the food poisoning in Pakistan.*

Kristen smiles, watching this creature from another time. The kind of adventurer she understands. When...

...there's a whisper. Eerie. Hushed. Kristen looks up. What was that? She listens. Silence. A light rain on the roof. She peers around the living room. No one there. She starts to turn back to the video when...

...there it is again. Two whispers. Like two ghosts in a garden. Where's it coming from? Kristen looks around. The hall. She gets up, and starts toward it, goes to...

...her daughter's door. Sees light leaking around the edges. She puts her hand on the doorknob, slowly opens it, finds the four are sleeping peacefully. A warm night light. They're not the ones whispering. Kristen closes the door, shakes it off, whispers to herself...

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...this is stupid...*

And she heads toward her bedroom.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The dark bedroom. Kristen lies on her side in bed, under the comforter, peering out through a small tent-shaped slit. The room silent. Just the sound of a rain on the window. When...

*...the whispers again. Quiet, ghostly. What is it? Kristen doesn't move, but her eyes dart around, looking out from her triangular-shaped view of the room. When...*

*...a black shadow moves on the wall. SHIT!! Kristen stares, unblinking, frozen, uncomprehending. Is it part of the flowered wallpaper? A standing lamp?*

*(This is where we place the first Easter egg for DVR viewers: a subliminal glimpse of a morphed number woven into the wallpaper: the number 108.)*

Kristen sees-- there! The shadow moves again! The edge of a human arm? It can't be! Not in her room. Maybe it's one of the girls! But then...

*...the figure steps into view! A black hole in human form! No clothing. Maybe fur, hard to tell. The only light is its red burning eyes! Kristen whispers to herself, under her breath:*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...it's not real... just a dream...*

But the figure sees her, grins! Large feral teeth. Face nothing but teeth and red eyes. It approaches, leaning down into Kristen's face, whispering in a frightening, low voice:

DARK FIGURE  
*...your eyes are open, bitch.  
 That's a weird way to dream...*

Kristen stares at this nightmare creature. In a wide shot, we see it leaning over her bed: massive and overwhelming. Thinking it through, Kristen whispers to herself:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...it's a night terror...*

DARK FIGURE  
*...of course I am. Tell me, can a night terror do this?...*

And it goes into a corner and starts to pee. Laughing:

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*...don't mind me. Hey, love the  
 hardwood floors. Are they original?...*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 (to herself)  
*...close your eyes... press your eyes  
 shut, you'll wake up...*

DARK FIGURE  
*...not yet... keep them open...*

And he shakes out the last drop, goes to her, sits on the edge of the bed, pulls the comforter from her head.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*...that's better... pretty girl...*

He runs his black clawed fingers through her hair as Kristen can't move, can't close her eyes, staring up at it, horrified.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*...hi, I'm George, good to meetya'...  
 Are you wearing any panties...?*

George grins and sinks below the covers! Oh my god. Kristen's eyes widen. She struggles to open her mouth to scream, but can't.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*Hey, you gotta' scar down here. What  
 is that, from a cesarian? Here, let me  
 kiss it, make it better...*

Kristen is appalled. Struggles again to open her mouth. An act of will. She strains, strains, and finally... screams... silently, her mouth open wide, mutely. But all she hears is the figure laughing and kissing. Mocking...

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*"David, please kiss me. I want you  
 inside me... That's why I googled  
 you..."*

But-- bang-- the bedroom door is thrown open and Lynn is there:

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)  
 Mom?

The other three daughters following.

DAUGHTERS  
 Mom, are you alright?! Wake up,  
 Mom? You're dreaming!

And they're on the bed now, shaking Kristen who gasps, blinks, breathing hard. Awake now. *(There is no end point between the night terror and reality.)*

LAURA (THE COMIC)  
You were screaming. You woke us up!

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I just... Sorry. Oh my god, it was a nightmare. What a horrible...

But Kristen pauses, thinks about it, and looks toward-- the corner of the room. Seeing a puddle there. Oh my god!

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)  
What's wrong? What is it?

But Kristen jumps out of bed, crosses to the puddle, horrified! Is it real?! Was George real?! But then she sees the bedroom window slightly open, rain dripping through. Oh.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Nothing. I just-- I left the window open. Stupid me.

She closes it. Grabs a towel from the bathroom, drops it on the puddle.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Go back to bed, guys, I'm alright.

LYNN (THE SCIENTIST)  
No, I'm sleeping here.

DAUGHTERS  
Me too. I'm sleepy. Good-night, mom. Go to bed.  
(pretend snoring)  
...kewww-shooo, kewww-shoo...

They start doing more pretend-snoring as Kristen smiles:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Okay, one night.

She gets into bed, letting her daughters cuddle against her. Too Capra? Sure, why not? Sometimes it's earned. The four start to drop off to sleep, and Kristen closes her eyes too. A second of contentment. Then, after a second...

...her eyes open again, and she stares off into the dark.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO**INT. DR. BOGG'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY**

DR. KURT BOGGS

A night terror?

DR. KURT BOGGS (62), a bearded teaching psychiatrist, who likes being considered the "cool teacher." He looks up from his note-taking at a nodding Kristen.

DR. KURT BOGGS (CONT'D)

Have you ever had a night terror before?

KRISTEN BENOIST

No, never.

They sit in Dr. Bogg's small, book-lined university office. Tulane visible outside his window. A therapy session.

DR. KURT BOGGS

How do you know it wasn't just a nightmare?

KRISTEN BENOIST

Sleep paralysis, eyes open, a shadow figure. In the literature, there's talk of a shadow figure.

DR. KURT BOGGS

An incubus?

KRISTEN BENOIST

(considers it)

He took off my underwear, talked about my cesarian and my relationship with my boss, so... yes.

DR. KURT BOGGS

Your boss at the D.A.'s office?

KRISTEN BENOIST

No, a different job.

DR. KURT BOGGS

What job?

KRISTEN BENOIST

(embarrassed)

I'm working with someone who's looking into demonic possession and its effect on crime.

DR. KURT BOGGS  
 (incredulous)  
 Really? How does that work?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I'm not sure. I'm doing it temporarily.

DR. KURT BOGGS  
 (writes a prescription)  
 Okay, look, it's very odd for night  
 terrors to start in your thirties.  
 My guess is it's a momentary  
 disruption in N3 sleep cycles. This  
 is for sleeping pills if the terrors  
 persist.

**EXT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - DAY**

Kristen. She studies the prescription, then peers up at the LeRoux mansion. Beautiful Greek Revival. Hesitant. Not sure whether to stay or go, night terror still bothering her, when she sees David approaching. Smiling:

DAVID DACOSTA  
 All good?

Kristen eyes him. Likes his smile. An echo of the man she saw in the google interview:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Good enough.

He nods, heads in. And Kristen decides. She follows.

**INT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY**

EMILY LEROUX  
 I don't understand. You're saying the  
 dishwasher caused the whispering?

Ben has the dishwasher open, pulling out a filter. Peering over his shoulder are DaCosta, Emily, an intrigued Kristen.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
 I'm saying when the soap clogs the  
 filter, it creates an embouchure hole.  
 (off Emily's confusion)  
 That's like a flute. When the hole  
 becomes narrower, it creates a sound.

Ben runs water through it, and the filter's pitch becomes higher, higher as he increases the water pressure, finally becoming, yep, like a whisper. (Oddly, this is a real phenomenon. Science can be weird.)

Kristen eyes this, feeling better. She likes logic. It makes her feel grounded. Emily on the other hand frowns.

**INT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

An infrared camera. Ben closes the drapes in the master bedroom, flicks it on...

BEN SCHWEIGER

So this baffled me until I realized you taped this "ghost" during the summer months.

DAVID DACOSTA

Why's that matter?

BEN SCHWEIGER

Air conditioning.

He flips the switch on an air conditioning unit. And Kristen, David, and a reluctant Emily peer over Ben's shoulder at the camera's fold-out viewer screen. A shadow descends from the ceiling. A blob.

BEN SCHWEIGER (CONT'D)

I shoved extra fluff into the air conditioning unit. See-- the infrared gives it definition. And when it comes toward the lens, it looks bigger.

And there it is. The object. Swirling about, looking like a ghost. (Another true phenomenon.) Kristen looks toward Ben, impressed. He's like Mr. Wizard crossed with Bob the Builder.

EMILY LEROUX

So I don't understand. Why is my husband possessed if that wasn't supernatural?

BEN SCHWEIGER

Because maybe-- whoa-- he's not possessed--

DAVID DACOSTA

Okay, thanks, Ben. I'll see you outside.

**EXT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - DAY**

Kristen joins Ben on the sidewalk, smiles...

KRISTEN BENOIST

You killed Santa Claus for her.

Ben looks over at Kristen, starting to like her:

BEN SCHWEIGER  
They never like it. None of them.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You do this a lot?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
More since GHOST HUNTERS.  
(off Kristen's look)  
The TV show. People watch it and  
jump at every sound.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Yeah. I never heard whispering in  
my apartment until last night.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
The power of suggestion. There's a  
solution for everything, but people'd  
rather believe in ghosts and demons.

Kristen eyes Ben, starting to like him too.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
So how did you get connected to this  
job?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
DaCosta. I was a contractor at the  
rectory, and he asked me to help.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
And why's *he* do it?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
David? He's the believer. He's  
bought into it all: angels, devils,  
Satan. He's training to be a priest.

Kristen looks at him, surprised.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Really?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
Yeah, two years into a five year  
program.

Kristen looks toward David finishing with a depressed Emily.

BEN SCHWEIGER (CONT'D)

I know I should be annoyed, but I make an exception with him. He makes me laugh. Well, not laugh, because I don't laugh. But I acknowledge when something is funny. Plus, I think he can be converted. We just need to double-team him. Tell him about the joys of being a lapsed Catholic and an atheist.

Kristen smiles as David comes up to them...

DAVID DACOSTA

Good job, Ben.

BEN SCHWEIGER

Will she recover?

DAVID DACOSTA

Not right away. She's going to miss her ghosts.

(stops, looks between them)

What?

BEN SCHWEIGER

Nothing.

DAVID DACOSTA

You two have been talking.

BEN SCHWEIGER

About your religion. And how you'll come to your senses one day.

DAVID DACOSTA

You wouldn't want that. I'm not a good person when I don't have a cause.

BEN SCHWEIGER

Where next?

DAVID DACOSTA

Prison. LeRoux.

BEN SCHWEIGER

Uhhh, you two can take care of him. Not a big fan of people.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Orson LeRoux. Guards lead him in, cuff him to the table. He sits staring across at David and Kristen.

ORSON LEROUX

I don't know if I like this, you two working together. I feel ganged up on.

KRISTEN BENOIST

(an edge)

Too bad.

ORSON LEROUX

Wow. You're in a bad mood?

KRISTEN BENOIST

No, I'm just not working with the court anymore, so I don't have to pretend to be your friend.

Orson smiles, likes this side of Kristen, as DaCosta eyes her, surprised by this harder attitude.

DAVID DACOSTA

Kristen said you spoke Latin last time--

ORSON LEROUX

Actually, Kristen has a tendency to exaggerate. I don't speak Latin.

DAVID DACOSTA

She said you claimed "I will ascend."

ORSON LEROUX

(to Kristen)

Really? What did I mean by that?

DAVID DACOSTA

You tell us. Or have Roy tell us.

ORSON LEROUX

Who's Roy?

DAVID DACOSTA

The demon that speaks through you.

ORSON LEROUX

Never heard of him.

DaCosta takes out his rosary beads, places it on the table.

DAVID DACOSTA

Do you remember this from last time?

Orson eyes it, transfixed (actually pretending to be transfixed). He opens his mouth, sticks his tongue out, and...

ORSON LEROUX  
*Boogie-woogie-woogie.*

A parody of possession, LaRoux laughs, making fun of their expectations:

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
 How was that? Scary enough?

Kristen slides a piece of paper and pencil across the table.

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
 Now what? More testing?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Write out the alphabet until you get to the fourteenth letter.

ORSON LEROUX  
 Why?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Humor me. Or don't, and we'll just go home early. You like having an audience. The worst thing for you would be to lose your audience.

LeRoux considers it, challenged by Kristen. He takes the paper, starts writing the letters...

**EXT. ORLEANS PARISH PRISON - DUSK**

DAVID DACOSTA  
 And what does this tell us?

Kristen, leaving the prison, studies Orson's letters:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 There is some drooping in the penmanship since his fall. That could be from inflammation or nothing.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 You think he needs an MRI?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I think if it's Traumatic Encephalopathy, it won't show up. I need more tests.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 Okay, I'll arrange more time with him. Good work.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Thanks.

They head toward their cars when Kristen thinks about it.  
Eyes David.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

So you're training to be a priest?

DAVID DACOSTA

I am. Does that surprise you?

KRISTEN BENOIST

I don't know. You don't seem like  
the type.

DAVID DACOSTA

I kicked around the world a lot. It  
felt like time to commit to something.  
(considers it)  
And you? You don't seem like the  
thrill-seeking type.

KRISTEN BENOIST

(eyes him)  
I'm not.

DAVID DACOSTA

That's not what "Climbing" magazine  
says.

KRISTEN BENOIST

(smiles)  
Oh. You did a little googling?

DAVID DACOSTA

It says you're the first woman to  
climb El Capitan's "Dawn Wall" in  
one day.

KRISTEN BENOIST

I wanted to get down fast.  
(DaCosta smiles)  
And you-- you don't like the food  
in Pakistan I hear.

DAVID DACOSTA

(laughs)  
God, that interview. I was so full  
of myself.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Good beard though.

The two smile. A long moment. Then...

DAVID DACOSTA  
We're just two retired adventurers,  
aren't we?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Better than being two dead ones.

They smile. After a long second....

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Anyway, tomorrow.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Tomorrow.

And they awkwardly get into their cars.

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The prescription sleeping pills. Kristen shakes two out into her hand. Then stops. Reconsiders. She plops the pills back in the bottle. She doesn't need them. Instead, she grabs...

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...a sharpie pen, and writes on a piece of construction paper in very big block letters: "**CAN YOU READ THIS?**"

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - FOUR HOURS LATER**

An alarm clock. It reads 4:12. Kristen is in bed, her eyes closed. But we feel an energy shift in the room-- a growing Lynchian hum. Kristen feels it too, and slowly opens her eyes as the hum gets louder, louder. (*Another Easter egg: the number 6 woven into the wall.*) Kristen looks up and sees...

...the DARK FIGURE leaning over her! Terrifyingly close. His mouth open, revealing white teeth, dripping saliva like Alien. A whisper:

DARK FIGURE  
*Did I wake you? It's George.*

Kristen can't move, staring up at it:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...you're not real...*

DARK FIGURE  
 (faux therapist)  
*...I have 567 true or false  
 statements. Answer as honestly as you  
 can. And just to make this fun...*

He yanks up her right hand and holds a LARGE CARVING KNIFE to  
 her pinkie finger:

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
*...one finger for every wrong answer...*

Kristen, trying to ignore him, repeats a mantra:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...these are my thoughts. I'm  
 scaring myself with my thoughts...*

DARK FIGURE  
*"I like mechanics magazines."*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*...you're not here... I'm scaring  
 myself...*

DARK FIGURE  
*Kristen, you have to answer. "I  
 like mechanics magazines."  
 (Kristen stays silent)  
 Okay.*

And he cuts lightly into her finger, blood flowing! Kristen's  
 eyes widen:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
*False!*

He stops cutting, dabs at the blood.

DARK FIGURE  
*Good. "I have diarrhea once or more  
 a month."*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 False.

DARK FIGURE  
*"I was flirting with David DaCosta  
 today-- even though I'm married..."*

Kristen pauses until the Figure starts to cut.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 True.

DARK FIGURE

*"I did this because I'm lonely and want him inside me."*

KRISTEN BENOIST

*False.*

DARK FIGURE

*...sorry, Kristen, wrong answer...*

And-- *snip*-- he slashes off her pinkie finger! Kristen cries out horrified in pain as George makes fun of her--

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)

*...boo-boo, my finger's gone, boo-hoo...*

He takes the dismembered pinkie, places it on her chest, as Kristen stares at it, in immense pain, crying. George continues:

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)

*"David DaCosta makes me wet between the legs..."*

He moves his knife to her ring finger as Kristen cries, in agony:

KRISTEN BENOIST

*True.*

DARK FIGURE

*Good. "Tomorrow, I plan to seduce David away from the priesthood."*

Kristen pauses, eyeing George when she suddenly sees past his shoulder... the construction paper sign she taped to the ceiling.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)

*...Kristen?... come on...*

KRISTEN BENOIST

*I can't read it.*

DARK FIGURE

*...what?...*

KRISTEN BENOIST

*The sign I taped up there. I can't read it.*

She nods up toward the "**CAN YOU READ THIS?**" sign. We see it's been taped to the ceiling, but there's no words there. Just a mess of dream-like squiggles in the same sharpie pen.

DARK FIGURE

*You really won't be able to read it  
when I take out one of your eyes.  
(holds the knife to her eyes)*

KRISTEN BENOIST

*...Wernicke's Area is a region of  
the brain responsible for  
interpreting language, and it's  
dormant during sleep. That's why  
you can't read text in a dream...*

She nods again toward the dream-like sign, concluding:

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

*This is a dream, and you don't exist.*

DARK FIGURE

*Well, if I don't exist, then this  
won't hurt.*

And he raises the knife high, bringing it down into her left eye. But...

...Kristen wakes up. Startled. Staring at the ceiling. Awake. Or is she? She looks again toward the homemade sign. She can read it. "**CAN YOU READ THIS?**" Yep, she's awake. Her hand intact and eyes intact.

Kristen exhales: good. She whispers triumphantly:

KRISTEN BENOIST

*...good-bye, George... science  
wins...*

And she closes her eyes again, ready to truly sleep.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - HALL - DAY**

Kristen. She strides down the prison hall. More optimistic, more determined. The world making sense to her again. DaCosta sees her approach:

DAVID DACOSTA  
You look happy today.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I guess I am.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Did you solve it?  
(off Kristen's confusion)  
LeRoux?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Oh. Not yet. Only a matter of time.

BZZZT. The prison door is opened electronically.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

A silent and grim Orson LeRoux sits arms crossed, just listening. A hostile look on his face. Kristen has a piece of paper and pencil in front of him:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Take your time. Just reproduce the drawing as best you can.

A simple picture of a dog. But LeRoux just stares straight ahead, surly. Kristen and DaCosta eye him.

DAVID DACOSTA  
We're here to help you, Orson.

But LeRoux just stares at them. Not moving.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Okay, we can always go home, but then you've lost your audience.

LeRoux just stares at her. Kristen and David nod, call his bluff, collect the pencil, paper, starting to stand when--

--Orson chuckles. Menacing. Guttural. A return to his demonic personality. Kristen starts to respond when DaCosta touches her arm, stops her. Something has changed in LeRoux. A dark ghoulisn grin.

DAVID DACOSTA

Roy?  
 (nothing... silence)  
 Is that you, Roy?

Then from a very quiet and very dark place...

ORSON LEROUX

*Dic ad ferreo canis exprimamus.*

DAVID DACOSTA

Be polite or we'll leave you right now.

KRISTEN BENOIST

(whispers)  
 What'd he say?

ORSON LEROUX

*Suus 'non iustus a me. Sexaginta sunt nobis.*

DAVID DACOSTA

He says there are sixty of them.  
 (to LeRoux)  
 In English, or we'll leave. Sixty, other than yourself?

Orson grins, nods. Demonic:

ORSON LEROUX

And you know one of them.

DAVID DACOSTA

I do?

ORSON LEROUX

No. Not you, idiot. *Her.*

He nods toward Kristen. She eyes him, unmoved:

KRISTEN BENOIST

Really? That's too bad. Because I don't believe in demons.

ORSON LEROUX

Well, they believe in you. Especially the one last night.

KRISTEN BENOIST

What're you talking about?

ORSON LEROUX

"George." How was he?

Kristen's mouth opens, startled. DaCosta looks over at her: something's wrong, as LeRoux just laughs, seeing the effect on her:

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
 Yes. David doesn't know about George,  
 does he? But I do! Your little late  
 night visitor. Kissing your little  
 cesarian scar. Your panties. How cute.

Kristen is startled, horrified.

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
 And he's going to be with you  
 tonight and every single night.

Kristen stares at him as LeRoux laughs ghoulishly:

ORSON LEROUX (CONT'D)  
*Exacuere vade ad eum suffigi et  
 filiae tuae.*

**EXT. ORLEANS PARISH PRISON - DAY**

*Bang*-- Kristen rushes out of the prison, out of breath, her mind reeling. Baffled. How could he know? DaCosta exits behind her:

DAVID DACOSTA  
 What was that about? Who's George?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I don't-- How could he have known?

DAVID DACOSTA  
 What?

Kristen sees some guards passing. She steps away, whispers:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I had night terrors the last two  
 nights-- waking nightmares--

DAVID DACOSTA  
 I know what they are. I get them too.  
 (off Kristen's look)  
 Hazards of the job.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 A shadow figure was in my dream who  
 called himself George. He talked  
 about my underwear, my... scar.

DaCosta stares at her, realizes that's what Orson referenced.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Did you tell anyone about this?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
No. No one. What did he say in Latin? At the end, what did he say?

DAVID DACOSTA  
*Exacuere vade ad eum suffigi et filiae tuae.*

KRISTEN BENOIST  
What does that mean?

DaCosta pauses, worried how she'll react.

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
Tell me.

DAVID DACOSTA  
*"George will slash the throats of your daughters."*  
(Kristen gasps)  
Sometimes the devil just says things to provoke--

But Kristen gets in her car, starts it, but she stops, reconsiders. DaCosta at her window.

DAVID DACOSTA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
It doesn't make sense. Look, I know you believe in this stuff. I don't. How could he have known what was...?

But a thought hits Kristen. A certain thought. Not a good one.

DAVID DACOSTA  
What?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I think I know what happened.

**INT. DR. BOGG'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - HALL - DAY**

Kristen charges down a university hallway, intent and passionate. She pushes through a door into...

**INT. DR. BOGG'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY**

...Dr. Boggs office where he's seeing a student...

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Who did you talk to?

DR. KURT BOGGS  
Kristen. Excuse me. If you could  
come back. I'm seeing a student--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I need to know now. Who did you  
talk to about my session yesterday?

**INT. DR. BOGG'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - FILE ROOM - DAY**

Boggs leads Kristen into a file room, and closes the door:

DR. KURT BOGGS  
I've never told anyone about our  
sessions. That would be breaking--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Someone knew what I told you: about  
the shadow figure, my thoughts on my  
boss. You're the only one I told--

DR. KURT BOGGS  
It didn't come from me. Kristen, I  
take pride in doctor-client--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You take notes. During our  
sessions. Where are they?

DR. KURT BOGGS  
They're locked in my filing  
cabinets, Kristen. They always are--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I want to see them.

DR. KURT BOGGS  
That's not really necessary--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Kurt, let me see them now!

Boggs exhales, crosses to a filing cabinet. Starts to unlock  
it when he pauses, sees the lock is broken, bent.

DR. KURT BOGGS  
That's weird.

Kristen slumps, sees it too. Fuck, fuck! Intent...

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Let me see my file.  
 (before Boggs can object)  
*Kurt.*

Boggs nods, reaches in, finds her file, opens it. It's empty.

DR. KURT BOGGS  
 This makes no sense. Who would take it?

**INT. KRISTEN CAR - DAY**

But an intense Kristen is driving away, even faster. And...

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - HALL - DAY**

...Kristen charges down the hall when she sees a GUARD:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Randy. Who else visited LeRoux in  
 the last two days?

GUARD  
 Why?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Because someone slipped him stolen  
 information.

GUARD  
 No one. Just you two.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 We have to sign in every time we  
 see him. Who else signed in?

GUARD  
 I can't show you that.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Well, I have to sign in again.

The Guard stares at her, sighs. And...

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - GUARD BOOTH - DAY**

...a SIGN-IN BOOK is flopped opened. The Guard hands Kristen a pen, and she reaches to sign, but she actually runs her finger up the column toward the earlier names. Impatient:

GUARD  
 Seriously?

KRISTEN BENOIST

Almost done.

She sees her name. David's name. Then a new name. "L. Houseman."

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

Who's "L. Houseman"?

GUARD

I couldn't tell you even if I knew.

Kristen considers it. A new thought hitting.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - HALL - DAY**

*BAM--* Kristen shoves through a courthouse door, crosses through a crowd of lawyers, everything faster now. She pushes into...

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - DAY**

...the courtroom, standing at the back, seeing an expert witness on the stand being questioned by the defense:

TOMMY BOUTELLA

And you've seen this demonic possession when you interviewed my client?

LELAND HOUSEMAN

On three occasions.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

And what did he say?

LELAND HOUSEMAN

He said--

But the defense expert pauses, seeing Kristen at the back. LELAND HOUSEMAN (42), kindly, trusted, handsome, a twinkle in his eye (until there isn't).

LELAND HOUSEMAN (CONT'D)

He said that a demon named Roy committed the murders.

TOMMY BOUTELLA

We've already seen your report, but if you could summarize your conclusion, Dr. Houseman.

Kristen looks up at the name: "Houseman." Houseman looks toward Kristen, meets her eye. Kristen recognizes him as the Kindly Man who asked her if she was alright while entering the prison in the Teaser.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - HALL - DAY**

Kristen is out in the hall, on her cell:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Kurt, do you know a forensic  
psychologist named Houseman?

**INT. DR. BOGG'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY**

INTERCUT with Kurt in his office:

DR. KURT BOGGS (O.S.)  
No. Wait, one second.

He turns to his tattooed secretary, ROBIN (26):

DR. KURT BOGGS (CONT'D)  
Robin, do we know a Dr. Houseman?

ROBIN  
No. Is that the guy who was here  
yesterday about an appointment?

DR. KURT BOGGS  
Kristen, there was a man who wanted to  
pay for a session, but he left before  
we could get his contact info.

Kristen looks up, seeing Leland Houseman exiting court,  
checking his texts. Appalled, angrily to Dr. Boggs:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
He broke into your filing cabinet  
and took your notes, Kurt. He has  
everything I ever told you--

DR. KURT BOGGS  
Why would he do that--?

But Kristen hangs up, frustrated. She inhales deeply, starts  
toward Houseman, as a rush of memories flood her mind--

**INT. DR. BOGG'S OFFICE - (MEMORIES OF PAST SESSIONS) - DAY**

Remembrance of therapy sessions past. Snippets overlapping:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
My daughters are everything...  
(later)  
...I'm not sure if I have crush on  
someone because he's unobtainable...  
(later)  
(MORE)

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)  
 ...I worry my husband will never  
 return...  
 (later)  
 ...sometimes I wish I never gave up  
 climbing...

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH CRIMINAL COURT - HALL - DAY**

And Kristen grows angrier, realizing her secrets have been  
 exposed to a serial killer, coming up to Houseman:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Dr. Houseman?

He turns, sees her, puts his phone away, prepares himself:

LELAND HOUSEMAN  
 Ms. Benoist, my loyal opposition,  
 we've never met. Hello.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 (ignoring his offered hand)  
 Why'd you do it?

LELAND HOUSEMAN  
 Why? I'm being paid by the defense.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 No, why'd you give my therapy notes  
 to a serial killer?

Houseman eyes her. A long pause. Then his face twists. No  
 longer a kindly man. Something in his eyes. Not a twinkle,  
 something dark. (*Easter egg: the alchemic symbol for sulphur  
 is woven into the background.*) Houseman leans in, whispers:

LELAND HOUSEMAN  
 You're in way over your head, Ms.  
 Benoist. Why don't you just leave  
 it to the professionals?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 And who are the professionals?

LELAND HOUSEMAN  
 Your boy toy, DaCosta. LeRoux. The  
 sixty.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Who are the sixty?

LELAND HOUSEMAN  
 People who know who you are now.  
 "Therapy session notes number 37."  
 (MORE)

LELAND HOUSEMAN (CONT'D)

(mocking)

*"Oh my god, I'm going to be an old maid. Oh no. I want a man. My husband is off climbing mountains..."*

Kristen eyes Houseman who grins. A frat boy grin. Kristen leans in, grows intense...

KRISTEN BENOIST

I'm bringing charges against you with the APA--

LELAND HOUSEMAN

Oh my god, not the APA! They'll have to write me a letter of censure.

(chuckles darkly)

Here's the thing, Ms. Benoist, you don't know real power. There are sixty people on line right now who I could order to go to your house, cut out your heart, and eat it.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Go to hell.

LELAND HOUSEMAN

With pleasure.

(whispers grinning)

In fact, I'll make room for your daughters.

Kristen stares at him when-- WHAM-- someone punches him in the face. Kristen turns to see it's...

...David, intervening with a powerful punch. Houseman is on the ground, grabbing his bleeding nose, gasping, looking intensely at David:

LELAND HOUSEMAN (CONT'D)

Ah, the priest-in-training. Don't you have altar boys to rape? And what happened to non-violence?

DAVID DACOSTA

It's provisional.

LELAND HOUSEMAN

Ah, is that what Jesus said?

Leland grins as a pissed David turns and marches out of the courthouse. Kristen eyes Leland and follows.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****INT. SIDEBAR NOLA - DAY**

Minutes later. A bar across from the courthouse. Decrepit charm. DaCosta drinks as Kristen comes up to him:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Now it's my turn. "Are you alright?"  
 (off David's smile and nod)  
 Who is he? You know him?

DAVID DACOSTA  
 I've seen him. In other... guises.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 I don't-- What does that mean?

David eyes her, considers how to start.

DAVID DACOSTA  
 There are people in the world who  
 are... connectors. They influence  
 people. They have day jobs: teacher,  
 stockbroker, and even, expert  
 witness. They pretend to be normal,  
 but their real pursuit is...  
 (no other word)  
 ...evil. Encouraging others to do evil.  
 (off Kristen's sigh)  
 You don't need to believe in the  
 supernatural to know there are  
 people who do bad things, and  
 encourage others to do bad things,  
 for the sheer pleasure of it--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
 Sociopaths?

DAVID DACOSTA  
 Right. That's where our beliefs  
 overlap. Because that man is a  
 sociopath who feels less alone when  
 he encourages someone else to do  
 what he does--

David nods toward the BAR TV where there is the usual cable news buffet of killings, wars, politics...

DAVID DACOSTA (CONT'D)  
 The world is getting worse because evil  
 is no longer isolated. Because bad  
 people talk to each other. They're  
 connected.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Through social media?

DAVID DACOSTA  
Yes.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
You think Houseman connected with  
LaRoux on-line?

DAVID DACOSTA  
And encouraged him to rape and kill.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
But the police had LeRoux's  
computer. There was nothing there.

David considers it.

DAVID DACOSTA  
What did LeRoux say on the recording?  
(off Kristen's confusion)  
The one his wife did?

David hops up, starts out, Kristen following.

**INT. GARDEN DISTRICT MANSION - DAY**

Emily's iphone. Emily plays it again (the recording from the  
top of Act One) for David and Kristen who listen intently:

EMILY LEROUX (ON RECORDING)  
*Orson. It's me.*

ORSON LEROUX (ON RECORDING)  
*Turn that off. I need your log-in--*

And-- click-- that's it. Kristen and David look up:

DAVID DACOSTA  
What did he mean, "your log-in?"

EMILY LEROUX  
That has nothing to do with possession.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Orson used your email password, didn't  
he?

(Emily frowns, looks away)  
Emily, we think someone was in  
touch with Orson, encouraging him  
to commit these crimes.  
Something... demonic.

Kristen shoots a look toward David at "demonic." Emily sees the look.

EMILY LEROUX  
You think this too?

Kristen. On the spot. She pauses, considers it.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
I think, I can't find a medical reason for your husband's crimes, Emily. So I think it's probable that someone influenced him. It would be helpful to find out who.

Emily eyes her, considers it. And...

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - HALL - DAY**

...Kristen and David march again toward the prison meeting room. One last meeting with Orson.

**INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Orson is led in by two Guards. He grins as he sees David and Kristen waiting for him:

ORSON LEROUX  
Ahhh. Just the woman I want to see.

But Kristen keeps it official, objective:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Good afternoon, Mr. LeRoux, I have 567 true or false statements---

ORSON LEROUX  
Really? Are we back to those? I liked the dog picture better.

DAVID DACOSTA  
It's your last test.

ORSON LEROUX  
Good to see you too, David. You should probably know what Kristen thinks about you all the time. Dirty disgusting sexual fantasies--

KRISTEN BENOIST  
True or false? *"I wake up every morning refreshed and optimistic."*

ORSON LEROUX

(leans in, whispering)

She wants to feel your hands on her breasts, in her vagina-- that's what she tells her therapist. I can quote from the therapy notes if you like--

KRISTEN BENOIST

True or false. Answer it, or we'll leave.

ORSON LEROUX

True. But I preferred the questions about diarrhea.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"I used my wife's e-mail account to avoid detection."*

LeRoux looks up, startled by the new statement. He looks toward Kristen, not what he expected.

DAVID DACOSTA

True or false, Orson?

ORSON LEROUX

Where are you getting this?

DAVID DACOSTA

From your wife's computer. She gave us your password.

ORSON LEROUX

False!

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"I logged onto the dark web where I collected snuff photos of rape and murder."*

ORSON LEROUX

False!

David places xeroxed photos in front of an appalled Orson. We see just glimpses: bloody, exposed bone, screaming faces.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"Here are some of the photos from my secret stash."*

ORSON LEROUX

None of this is true!

(to the guard)

I want back in my cell.

KRISTEN BENOIST

*"The dark web is where I met Leland Houseman who encouraged me to use my job to gain access to people's homes."*

ORSON LEROUX

GUARD! GUARD! I want my cell!

KRISTEN BENOIST

Get used to that cell, Orson. You didn't black out. You knew what you were doing. You just wanted to get away with raping and killing--

ORSON LEROUX

(to the guard)

I SAID I WANT OUT!

KRISTEN BENOIST

You're never getting out. You're 38 years old, and prisons have good health care, so you'll die when you're 80. That's 22,630 sunrises and sunsets, and you'll miss every single one of them--

ORSON LEROUX

You're a bitch.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Oh boy, do you have that right.

Orson stares at her as the guards come forward and lead him out. Gone. The door slamming. Kristen and David stare at the closed door together. David looks over at her. A long second. She doesn't look back, responding:

KRISTEN BENOIST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I said things about you in therapy.

DAVID DACOSTA

It's okay. We're good.

Kristen looks over at him. He smiles. She smiles back.

**INT. ORLEANS PARISH DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The snuff photos and emails are placed in front of an impressed Lewis Cormier.

LEWIS CORMIER

Where are these from?

KRISTEN BENOIST

His wife's account. You'll also find emails from the defense expert, Houseman, coaching LeRoux on how to win an insanity plea: how he could use Latin to fake possession.

Cormier nods, nods, looks up at Kristen.

LEWIS CORMIER

So this proves I was right then? I was right and you were wrong?

Kristen eyes him, smiles. What an asshole.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Yep. Good job.

Kristen starts to leave, but Cormier stops her:

LEWIS CORMIER

You've got your job back, Kristen. We miss you here. Come back.

Kristen turns, eyes him. And...

**EXT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

...two cars pull up to Kristen's nighttime apartment. Kristen gets out of one. David the other. The two start toward her office door. She opens it, and...

**INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT**

...yelps, startled to see Ben in her office, feet up on her desk, flipping through a file:

BEN SCHWEIGER

God, it's cold in here.

KRISTEN BENOIST

I thought the door was locked.

BEN SCHWEIGER

It was. Your mother let me in. I handled your whispering problem upstairs. It was the gas to the oven.

KRISTEN BENOIST

Thanks.

BEN SCHWEIGER

The pilot light went out. And I was bored. These are awful.

He holds up a canned Margarita.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Yes, but they're quick.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
So is amyl nitrate. Why are you back here anyway?

David trades a look with Kristen...

DAVID DACOSTA  
We wanted to talk.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
Well, good. You've got cute kids.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Thank you.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
They showed me their constellation. I adjusted the distance to Proxima Centauri.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Lynn must've loved that.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
She took it well. So this.  
(the file)  
The next assessment. It's not a demonic possession.

DAVID DACOSTA  
What is it?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
A miracle. And there's video.

DAVID DACOSTA  
There's video of a miracle?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
Supposedly.  
(nodding toward Kristen)  
Is she joining us?

DAVID DACOSTA  
I don't know.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
Are you joining us?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Wasn't I just investigating LeRoux?

BEN SCHWEIGER  
DaCosta has a way of latching onto people and not letting go.

DAVID DACOSTA  
Would you like to do another assessment? Can you do another?

KRISTEN BENOIST  
The D.A.'s office wants me back.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
You don't want to go back there. You're just a mercenary there.

KRISTEN BENOIST  
And what am I here?

DAVID DACOSTA  
Our resident skeptic.

Kristen smiles. Likes that.

BEN SCHWEIGER  
I handle construction. You handle science. He handles religion. All we need is a ninja and we'll be set.

Kristen laughs, looks between them. This is insane.

DAVID DACOSTA  
You said you liked challenges. This is a challenge.

They both look to Kristen. She looks back at them. Takes a second, considers it. Then answers:

KRISTEN BENOIST  
Sure. Why not?

And we CUT TO BLACK. But just before the credits, we get a quick subliminal flash of the *sigil* (actual spelling) of Lucifer: the symbol of the Sixty (more about that later).

**END OF EPISODE**