

AGNES WAKES UP

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OVER BLACK, A LOUD INHALE

1

INT. LIVING ROOM - CABIN - NIGHT

1

AS THE BREATH OF LIFE FILLS A WOMAN'S LUNGS.

She COUGHS. She GASPS.

This is AGNES.

And we immediately notice a number of other strange things about her:

She has various cuts and scratches on her face.

She's gagged by a dirty cloth.

She has a black bile stain on the collar of her gown.

She has a ROSARY strung around her neck.

She's bound to an old leather chair by KNOTTED SHEETS.

And she is understandably FRANTIC.

She looks around the room:

The fireplace flickers.

A table lies on it's side, a box of DOMINOES spilled over.

RELIGIOUS RELICS lie haphazardly around an ANTIQUE CHEST... A RUSTED KEY... HOLY WATER FLASKS... ANCIENT TEXTS...

Above the mantle hangs a gold-framed PORTRAIT surrounded by PHOTOS of her AFFLUENT FAMILY. Nearby we see more TREASURES; SILVER PIECES, COINS, and an ANTIQUE GOLD KEY AND CHAIN hanging off a hook in the very center of the mantle.

We see for a moment, A WIDE SHOT. It's a fucking war zone.

Agnes catches her reflection in a mirror. Her dirtied gown. Her bound hands. She looks down-

HIGH ANGLE REVEALS a SALT PENTAGRAM drawn around her chair.

Only, the front section is SMEARED OUTWARD.

The knots that bind her are NAILED INTO the chair. Hanging on the nails are METAL CRUCIFIXES like perverse ornaments.

Her hands coil and twist to break the bondage, then-

A floorboard *CREAKS* offscreen.

She looks up.

Before her, sticking out of the darkness of an UNLIT HALLWAY is a black-sleeved PRIEST, motionless on the floor.

Locked in his grasp is an old CANDELABRA.

Agnes fights for slack.

The metal crucifixes jiggle to the edge...

Another *creak*.

She looks up. *Did the Priest move?*

Agnes picks up the pace. Struggling to breath with the gag.

One of the crucifix charms threatens to jump...

She frees a hand!

Clank.

Her POV- the candelabra is on floor.

Back at it for a second. She checks again.

But the priest is missing.

Her eyes quickly shift up to the hall, where:

TWO AMBER SLITS AND A SMILE STARE BACK AT HER. The FACE looms over the priest, whose hand is now the only thing visible. The rest of his body has sunk into the dark.

Agnes TEARS at the remaining bindings in muted fury. Begging her ligaments to snap. Then-

A NOT QUITE HUMAN WOMAN SPRINTS OUT OF DARKNESS RIGHT AT-

Agnes as she frees herself!

She KICKS the chair towards it and stumbles backwards into...

Where she puts a wall between her and danger.

Silence abruptly returns.

Breathing heavily, she takes in her surroundings:

Before her is an eerie dark foyer with TORN CURTAINS and UPTURNED FURNITURE skewed at all angles. Poking out from under the pile is another BLACK-SLEEVED ARM.

The limp outstretched hand begs for a nearby BAG OF GOLD.

At the far end, next to a BOARDED UP window she sees A DOOR.

She books it.

3

INT. FOYER/ENTRY - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

3

At the door, Agnes finds a massive chain strung around the handle, held together by a GOLDEN CRUCIFIX PADLOCK.

But no key.

Then she turns around slowly toward the living room.

Toward the mantelpiece...

4

INT. LIVING ROOM - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

4

WIDE ON Agnes as she cautiously re-enters the living room.

She doublechecks the hallway. Nothing.

She moves to the mantle where the gold key was hanging, as we-
RACK FOCUS the now SWINGING, VACANT chain. It's gone.

She glances at the floor. Maybe it fell? At which point she notices a domino... then another... like breadcrumbs...

REVEALING: THE DOMINOES HAVE ALL BEEN INEXPLICABLY LINED UP.

ON AGNES, as her eyes shift slightly upward, following the line of dominoes winding around the debris, stretching into the black abyss of the hallway, where the priest lied before.

Clink.

A metal sound hits the floor. The sound of the sought after key. It's there, in the dark.

The looming presence beckons her to retrieve it.

As she backs away, disturbed, her foot tips a domino-!

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TIC. The line STOPS ABRUPTLY.

[ALT. TAKE - The dominoes trickle FROM the hallway instead.]

Her POV- the candelabra sits just at the mouth of the hall,
beyond which is unknown.

But something is there. Just beyond sight.

Waiting for her.

Nope.

She turns a different way.

CUT TO:

5 **SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS**

5

Agnes leans over the chair, doing something.

THUD! CLOSE ON THE ROPE SHEET, LASSOED, LANDING on the floor,
limp. It reels back.

Again. This time, taught. It pulls dragging-

THE CANDELABRA through frame.

["3 ATTEMPTS" ALT. The rope lands with a *THUD*, reels back,
tries again, comes up empty. Tries again, retrieves it]

CUT TO:

6 **INT. LIVING ROOM - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

6

XCU: A MATCH IGNITES. CARRIED TO THE WICK OF THE CANDELABRA.

As the flame coalesces, it morphs into an AZURE BLUE color.

7 **INT. LIVING ROOM - CABIN - SAME TIME**

7

Agnes slowly rises to her feet and faces the void.

STEADI-CAM BEHIND Agnes as she walks through the living room, ANGLE SINKS to her free hand as she grabs a HOLY WATER FLASK off a piece of furniture-

REVERSE ON THE FLASK as she DIPS IT into the preserved bowl of water, RISING with it, reframing Agnes.

One step at a time. Quiet as a church mouse. She proceeds to the mouth of the hallway.

Something on the wall catches her eye.

A RED MARKING of some kind. Too hard to see under the dull ambient light from the room.

Then all the other lights BURN OUT on a dime.

Left with only the blue light of the candelabra, she turns back to the wall, REVEALING-

DOZENS OF RED HAND PRINTS.

Agnes waves the candelabra along the wall, TRACKING the trail. They disappear into the dark hallway...

She raises her arm, ABOVE the mouth of the hall are FOOTPRINTS. Impossibly stretching up to the ceiling...

ANGLE TRACKS them until they come back down on the other side of the room, disappearing at the top of AN OLD BUREAU into a nest of darkness.

ON AGNES, terrified. Is something in the void?

Her POV quickly SHIFTS LEFT, highlighting-

THE WOMAN STANDING TWO FEET IN FRONT OF HER! THIS IS MAMONA.

It's a fast camera move, but this is where we get our best look at Mamona's grotesque, human-like face and yellow eyes, just before-

MAMONA GRABS AGNES BY THE THROAT!

But Agnes is prepared.

She SPLASHES the flask of Holy Water in the Demon's face!

The water BURNS Mamona's raw skin, forcing it to recede and agonize in pain in the shadows.

Now's her chance.

Agnes races into the dark hallway and RETRIEVES the GOLD KEY!

She powers back through the living room, rounds the corner...

8

INT. FOYER/ENTRY - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

8

...returning to the front door.

She reaches for the lock.

Just then, Mamona lets out a SHRIEKING, DEAFENING HOWL.

Agnes COVERS HER EARS.

Then it ends.

A beat of silence.

Agnes begins to hear CLOTHES RUSTLING. She turns around, following the sound to-

CLOSE ON THE SECOND PRIEST'S SLEEVE as ANOTHER MANGLED HAND STRETCHES OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE SLEEVE, COVERING THE PRIEST'S OWN HAND ENTIRELY.

Agnes SCRAMBLES to fit the key in.

She looks over her shoulder-

Up the adjoining wall creeps ANOTHER SET OF DEMONIC HANDS.

Agnes can't wait. She struggles with the lock and chain...

The OUT-OF-FOCUS demons, having GROWN in stature in the b.g., stalk her, then-

The key is in. She turns it to freedo-

Clunk.

It doesn't open.

She tries again. Continues to twist VIOLENTLY. To no avail.

CLOSE ON AGNES

Slowly, she turns to face the approaching nightmares.

Then-

She raises the candelabra. Ready for whatever happens, when-

RIGHT BESIDE HER, MAMONA BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES.

SMASH TO BLACK.

AGNES WAKES UP

FADE IN ON:

9 A FULL MOON HANGING OVER THE TREE LINE

9

10 EXT. CABIN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

10

STEADI-CAM a figure marches into the night. Lighting the way
with the blue candelabra.

ON AGNES, worse for wear. The orb of blue highlights what looks to be red handprints covering her body and neck.

She walks past us, away.

Further into darkness.

THE END.