<u>EMILY</u>

Based on true events that occurred at the Clark Road Mental Facility in Sarasota, Florida. FADE IN:

Titles: Sarasota, Florida

EXT. CLARK ROAD MENTAL FACILITY - DUSK

WACK! A Louisville Slugger smashes an old lock until rusted chain and lock give way.

We pull back to see an iron gate swing slowly open. Lettering above: Clark Road Mental Facility.

Two BOYS, about 10, walk across a leaf-covered lawn. This is STICK(for his figure) and BRUISER(leader type, troublemaker). They stop by a derelict building. It must be four stories high. Stick looks up.

STICK You sure about this?

BRUISER Don't be a pussy, get out the camera.

Stick pulls a Sony handicam out of his backpack.

Bruiser smashes an old window with the baseball bat.

BRUISER Hope you got that. Follow me.

For the next 30 seconds, we will be watching through the camera's display screen as Stick films the break-in.

We follow Bruiser through the broken window.

INT. CLARK ROAD MENTAL FACILITY

Rotten leaves strewn about the floor. Walls covered in peeling paint.

Bruiser's face comes into view-CLOSE UP. Then his mouth.

BRUISER Emily! Emily! Emily! Say'r name three times and she'll get you!

STICK (O.S.)

Fucker.

DARK HALLWAY

The only light comes from the handicam. Same peeling walls. BUZZING comes from somewhere up ahead.

BRUISER Smells like shit.

TREATMENT ROOM

A rusted gurney sits in the middle of the room under a corroded light fixture.

Bruiser turns and pukes as we zoom in on the table: what's left of a rabbit, skin pinned back, slit down the middle, decaying intestines spilling out.

STICK Who's the pussy now, huh?

A fly lands on the lens of the camera. We see Stick's hand as it brushes the fly away.

SLAM!! Camera spins around on the door, now shut. Bruiser rushes over, pulls at the knob, but it's locked.

Shaky movement, a struggle and then SILENCE...dead silence as human hair fills the frame. White marble-like hair.

A HORRIFIC SCREAM...

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM

...awakens MOTHER, 30s. She springs out of bed, runs for the door as the screaming echoes throughout.

INT. POE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door flings open. The screaming suddenly stops. Mother rushes to an empty bed.

POE (0.S.) Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

The little voice comes from under the bed. Mother stoops down on her knees, lifts the dust ruffle. Curled up into fetal position and rocking with her hands pressed against her ears is POE, age 7.

MOTHER We're going to take the mattress off the bed frame if you don't stop doing this.

Poe continues to pray with her hands against her ears.

POE Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep...

Mother grabs Poe by the arm and pulls her from under the bed. Poe breaks free, runs to the furthest wall, points at the window trembling.

Mother looks to the window. Nothing's there. She consoles Poe in her arms stroking her cottony blond hair.

POE Please, can't I sleep with you? There was *really* something there this time, I swear.

Mother leads Poe back over to the bed. Helps her up. Smiles down, her gold cross pendant dangles over Poe.

MOTHER It's not nice to swear and it was just the branches.

Poe reaches up, fondles the pendant gently.

POE But the man cut the branches all down yesterday.

Mother takes the necklace off, lays it on Poe's night stand.

MOTHER

Jesus is always with you. No reason to be afraid, Poe. Now say your prayers and go back to sleep.

Mother exits the room as Poe begins to pray out loud.

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mother lies in bed sound asleep until SCREAMING wakes her. It's horrific, even animal-like in sound. She springs up and out of the bed.

INT. POE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door flings open. The screaming suddenly stops.

Mother walks over quietly. A worried look on her face as she stares down at Poe who appears asleep.

She walks over to the window, stares into the dark night and as time lapses, stars move across the sky, the sun peeks over the horizon.

> POE (O.S.) Mom? What are you doing?

INT. POE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Poe climbs off the bed, walks to the window where her Mother stands pressing the last of the newspaper against the glass.

A bottle of Elmer's glue sits on the floor beside her.

MOTHER Fixing a problem.

POE It's not going to stop her.

Mother turns to Poe.

MOTHER

Stop who?

Poe turns and walks towards her door.

POE

Emily.

Mother appears confused.

MOTHER Who is Emily?!

POE The girl at the window. The one that comes at night.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mother drives. Poe stares out of the back window, waves. No one is there to wave back.

MOTHER When you talk to Doctor Timball, you have to tell the truth, Poe.

Poe turns back facing the front to find her Mother staring at her through the rearview mirror.

POE I always tell the truth, Mother.

INT. DOCTOR TIMBALL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mother picks at her nails. Flips through a magazine. Looks up at the door as it finally opens.

Poe shuffles over to the toy corner.

DOCTOR TIMBALL, a robust man in casual clothes, steps out. Smiles at Mother, ushering her into his office.

> MOTHER Poe, I'll be right in here if you need me, ok?

Poe nods, continues playing with a doll.

INT. DOCTOR TIMBALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Timball sits across a desk from Mother.

DOCTOR TIMBALL Your daughter is displaying a form of separation anxiety. With her father's passing and moving to the new place, it's not completely abnormal but the screaming every night is what worries me.

MOTHER Yeah, she has terrible nightmares.

DOCTOR TIMBALL Yes and no. While she appears to be having nightmares, it's something far greater. She actually believes the screaming is coming from a girl at her window.

MOTHER Yes, I know. Emily.

Doctor furrows a brow. Listening intently now.

MOTHER The name she's given to her invisible friend.

Mother continues describing but her voice fades away. Doctor Timball is in another world now, types 'Emily Thomas' into the google search bar of his notebook.

On computer screen: News article from 1936: Patient Sets Fire at Mental Facility Killing Nine.

INT. POE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Poe stands at the plastered window peeling small strips off one at a time. A pile of ripped newspaper on the floor below.

Mother opens the door. She puts her hands on her hips, glaring at Poe.

MOTHER Stop that now, Poe.

Poe doesn't stop. It's as if she's under a spell as she methodically scratches at the paper with her fingernails.

Mother stomps over.

MOTHER I said stop it. Don't you want to get better?

Poe doesn't stop.

Angry, Mother grabs Poe, pulls her away from the window.

While Mother talks, something or someone keeps peeling the newspaper off the window. Little strips fall into the pile. Poe stares around her mother towards the window.

Mother pulls Poe towards the door, but Poe points at the window. Mother's anger grows.

MOTHER

Stop it now!!

The small pile of newspaper strippings goes up in flames.

Panicked, Mother leaves Poe, swats the flames with a blanket smothering the small fire. Smoke wafts around the room.

Mother coughs. Poe stands, eyes wide, catatonic almost.

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mother leans over, kisses Poe on the forehead.

POE But I want to sleep in my room.

MOTHER You know I love you and I think it's best you sleep with me tonight. Until we talk to Doctor Timball tomorrow.

POE Are you scared of me?

Taken aback but maybe it's because she is scared.

MOTHER Why, no, why would you ask something like that, Poe?

POE She doesn't like you.

MOTHER There is no one named Emily here. It's in your imagination honey. Doctor Timball will help you sort it out. Goodnight.

Mother reaches over and clicks the light off. Turns away from Poe and closes her eyes.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Mother is sound asleep when Poe's eyes open wide. She looks to the window, covered with silk curtains and blinds.

Three TAPS. Then light scratching at the window.

It's dark and hard to see but we see enough to see a black figure with charcoal skin slither through the blinds. This is EMILY and all we can see well is her green eyes.

She walks to the bed with a limping slithering fashion. Extends a burned arm up for Poe who takes her hand and climbs down off the bed.

They walk to the window. Emily just brushing the silk curtains with her finger and a flame starts, crawling upwards. Poe just watches in silence as the fire spreads. Fire crawling up the wall, across the ceiling. Smoke billowing now.

Mother coughs from the bed. Slowly waking up. She peers through the smoky room.

Through the smoke, she sees Poe by the window. Poe is staring down at the floor or what's on the floor as EMILY slithers across the floor awkward inhuman and touches the bed which goes up in flame.

Mother SCREAMS as she is engulfed in flames.

Emily back beside Poe now. Poe coughs, grabs for the window to get out. But EMILY slams the window shut.

Emily wraps around the child covering Poe's coughs and horrific SCREAMS as the fire consumes everything.

EXT. CLARK ROAD MENTAL FACILITY - NIGHT

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

The old rusty gate outside of the degraded building swings open with a loud creak.

FADE TO BLACK.