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# Fisher of Men

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Fisher of Men

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
University of New Orleans  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts  
in  
Film, Theatre and Communication Arts  
Creative Writing

by

Ashley N. Moore

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

**BATESVILLE, INDIANA. 1993.**

*I'll Sleep When I'm Dead* by Bon Jovi plays...

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A rainy night. A station wagon drives with its wipers on high speed. It stops at a red light.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DAD, late 20s, taps the steering wheel in beat with the song. He looks over to the passenger seat and sees sleeping MOM, late 20s.

He adjusts the rearview mirror and sees...

CHARITIE, 8, laying across the back seat sleeping. She's using a teddy bear as a pillow.

Dad smiles. GREEN LIGHT fills the car as the traffic light changes.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon drives down the rainy street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dad air drums with the song and bobs his head to the beat. The song is interrupted by STATIC. Dad stops drumming and looks down at the radio. He moves the knob, but the static gets worse.

He looks up. He GASPS. He puts both hands on the wheel and slams on his brakes.

A MAN dressed in black stands in the road with his head down. The station wagon HITS him, and he tumbles over the car.

DAD

Oh, God!

He puts the car in park and exits the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Dad rushes to the back of the car. No one. He walks to the side. No one. He crosses to the front of the car. No one.

DAD

Hello?

He stands in the middle of the road. Bathed in rain and the light from the headlights.

He looks around for another second--confused.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

He gets into the car and closes the door. He looks into the rearview mirror then GASPS. He turns around...

The man he hit is in the backseat. Charitie is still asleep. The man runs his hands through her hair.

He puts his finger to his lips.

MAN

Shhhh...She's sleeping.

Dad freezes--unsure what his next move is.

DAD

What do you want?

MAN

Not what. Who.

He runs his hand through Charitie's hair.

DAD

No. Please.

MAN

It's a shame, really. So young and already so powerful. Just imagine what she'd be like in another twenty years.

DAD

You don't have to do this.

MAN

That's rich coming from you. Sorry.  
I don't make the rules. I just do  
what I'm told.

The doors in the car LOCK. Dad turns around in a panic. He  
grabs for the door. It doesn't open.

He shakes MOM.

DAD

Constance! Wake up! Come on. Wake  
up!

Nothing. The man LAUGHS.

The car shifts into gear. Dad grabs the steering wheel.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon starts moving. It gains speed.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dad closes his eyes and hangs his head. He MURMURS  
indistinctly.

MAN

Are you praying?

He LAUGHS.

MAN (CONT'D)

How cute.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The station wagon halts on the train track. The arms lower.  
The lights flash, and the bell signals.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dad still prays. He extends his hand to the side--palm to the  
roof.

A ball of light appears above his hand. It shakes violently  
as it grows in size and intensity.

The man's smile fades.

MAN

Stop.

Dad opens his eyes and looks at Charitie in the rear view mirror.

DAD

I'm so sorry, Charitie.

He looks to the side and sees the light of the oncoming train. Despair. He closes his eyes tightly.

MAN

THIS ISN'T THE PLAN!

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The car EXPLODES just before the train hits it. The train drags the burning car down the tracks before it stops.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

A TEDDY BEAR drags the ground behind a little girl. The camera turns to reveal Charitie. She's got a disheveled appearance, and she's got a blank look on her face.

A FIREFIGHTER picks her up and carries her away. She watches the wreckage behind her.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

**PRESENT DAY.**

*Judas* by Lady Gaga plays...

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

Clothes are tossed in an open suitcase on the bed. The same clothes are removed and tossed on the floor.

Charitie, now early 20s, walks around her cluttered room as she packs. She stops in the middle of her room with her hands on her hips looking at the hopelessness that surrounds her.

She SIGHS.

The INCOMING CALL JINGLE from Skype sounds. She walks to her computer and sits. The MUSIC STOPS. She accepts the call.

CHARITIE

Kaaaaaate!

KATE (O.S.)

Charrriittteeeee!

KATE, early 20s, waves at Charitie. Charitie returns the wave.

CHARITIE

What's up, sister?

KATE

Seriously, Charitie?! You're *still* packing?!

Charitie looks behind her at the mound of clothes on her bed. She turns back to Kate with a guilty look on her face.

CHARITIE

It's hard! I don't know what I'm going to need!

KATE

It's New Orleans. It's hot, and it's sticky, and it's gross. Just bring what you need, and we'll go back for the rest later. OK?

CHARITIE

Fine. I just don't like the idea that all of my books will be here unattended.

KATE

Don't you dare bring a suitcase full of books.

CHARITIE

I wasn't gonna. Besides, I threatened Jamie and Austin with their lives. They're moving in tomorrow.

Charitie makes a pouty face.

KATE

You'll love it here, Chair. Promise.

Charitie smiles.

KATE (CONT'D)

So, um...I've got something that I need to tell you.

CHARITIE

Well, I've gotta pack and get to the airport. Can it wait until I get there?

Kate forces a smile.

KATE

Of course. GET BUSY!

CHARITIE

Alright, Mom.

They smile. The video call ends.

Charitie stands and walks to her suitcase. She puts some books in, and she closes it.

PRE-LAP:

Airplane engines RUMBLE. The intercom DINGS.

Charitie zips her suitcase.



ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.  
You are now free to move around the  
cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

We focus on the back of a female flight attendant as she pushes a beverage cart and indistinctly takes requests from passengers.

ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
Enjoy your flight, and as always,  
thank you for choosing Delta.

We PULL BACK to reveal a full coach cabin. People unsnap their seat belts. Some make their way to the lavatory. Others stand and sift through the overhead bins.

Charitie sits in the window seat. She's the only one in her aisle. She reaches into her bag and pulls out an ART HISTORY book.

BEVERAGE ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
What can I get you to drink, ma'am?

Charitie looks up at the attendant, and we see her face for the first time. She's stunningly beautiful, but she looks irritated.

CHARITIE  
I'll have a water, please.

BEVERAGE ATTENDANT  
Sure.

The attendant pours water into a plastic cup and hands it to Charitie. Their hands touch. HOLD on this.

BEVERAGE ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
I swear to God...if it's not the  
pilot assgrabbing it's the  
passengers.

Charitie pulls the cup away breaking contact. The attendant starts to move on, but Charitie stops her.

CHARITIE  
(sincerely)  
Hey...have a good flight.

The attendant is taken aback by Charitie's kindness. She gives Charitie an honest smile and moves on in a much better mood than before.

Charitie smiles. Proud of her small victory. She settles in her seat and opens her book.

A LITTLE GIRL, 6, peeks over the seat at Charitie. Charitie waves.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)

Hi.

The little girl shyly waves back. An unseen parent pulls her away, and she disappears into her seat.

Charitie rests her head on the window and closes her eyes. The little girl peeks at Charitie through the space in between the seat and the window.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Charitie falls asleep. As Charitie's breathing slows, the lights in the cabin dim. As she falls asleep, the motion of the passengers slows until they are frozen in place.

A BLACK FOG...

...slowly fills the cabin--making its way to Charitie.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

KATE, 20s, runs through the woods. HEAVY BREATHING. She's running for her life.

She looks behind her and falls down a small hill covered in leaves.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Charitie fidgets. The fog pauses then moves closer to her.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Kate hides behind a tree. She picks at the tree bark to calm herself. Her breathing slows.

Beat.

She peeks around the tree and scans the woods. No one. She closes her eyes and smiles. She's safe.

Her eyes pop open. Panic. Her hands clutch her throat.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Charitie squirms again. The fog speaks with a deep, demonic whisper.

FOG  
Charitie.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Kate is on her back staring up at the sun shining through the tree branches. Blood pours from her neck.

The GLOVED HAND of an unseen ASSAILANT enters the frame and grabs a handful of her hair. He drags Kate. She's too weak to fight.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The fog surrounds Charitie. It takes the shape of a HAND.

FOG  
Charitie!

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

We see the back of the assailant dragging Kate. Black trench coat, black pants, black shoes, black gloves.

Kate tries to speak. Nothing. Finally...

KATE  
(whisper)  
Charitie.

The assailant stops. He pulls out a knife.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The fog's and Kate's whispers fight for Charitie's attention. Each whisper superimposing over the other's until Kate's gradually overpowers the fog's.

FOG  
Charitie. Charitie!

KATE (V.O.)  
Charitie. Charitie!

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The Assailant turns around slowly. We never see his face. He squats down by Kate. He plunges the knife into her.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kate's final whisper pushes through.

KATE

Charitie!

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Charitie jolts awake and loudly GASPS. The little girl quickly disappears behind her seat.

The passengers stare as she clumsily unfastens her seat belt and makes her way to the lavatory.

An attendant approaches her.

ATTENDANT

Ma'am? Are you OK?

Charitie barrels past the attendant.

INT. LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Charitie THROWS UP in a sick bag. After a few beats, she pulls the bag away and SOBS. She can barely catch her breath.

JUMP TO:

INT. LAVATORY - LATER

Charitie tosses water in her face and dries up. She leans against the sink and lowers her head.

A few beats of silence. A swell of rage. She slams her hand on the counter. Simultaneously, the light above flickers out.

She finds the light's reflection in the mirror. She shakes her head as if she expected it to happen--as if this has happened before.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - LATER

Passengers gather their luggage and queue. Charitie reaches for her suitcase in the overhead bin. Her hand meets a MAN'S HAND. Hold on this.

SMASH CUT TO:

FANTASY SCENE:

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

Charitie's face is pressed against the mirror. The skirt of her sexy librarian outfit is pulled up.

MARK, 30s and attractive, thrusts aggressively behind her. Mile-high club. Charitie MOANS like a porn star.

MARK  
You like that?

CHARITIE  
Oh yeah! Yes...YESSSS!

As they reach climax their moans and screams escalate.

MARK  
UHHHHHH!!!!

CHARITIE  
YESSS!!!!!!

END FANTASY.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Charitie quickly pulls her hand away. She looks up at Mark, the man from the fantasy. He's ruggedly handsome and smiles confidently at her.

A mix of embarrassment and girlishness, Charitie returns the smile with an ear-to-ear grin.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

MARK  
For what?

Mark grabs the suitcase for her. She's still embarrassed.

CHARITIE  
Thank you.

Mark grabs his suitcase.

MARK

I'm Mark.

CHARITIE

Charitie.

(off his look)

I'm not a stripper.

She cringes. Did she just say that out loud? Mark laughs.

MARK

So where ya from?

CHARITIE

Indiana.

MARK

What brings you to New Orleans?

CHARITIE

My sister moved here about a year ago. I'm just now catching up.

He extends his hand.

MARK

Nice to meet you, Charitie.

She looks at his hand. Not again. She opts for a pat on the shoulder.

CHARITIE

You, too!

Confused, Mark lowers his hand. The queue moves.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - NIGHT

Passengers gather around the conveyor belt looking for their bags. Some people grab their bags and walk off.

Charitie watches the ebb and flow of passengers, and she notices Mark helping a pregnant woman get her bags. Charitie smiles, and Mark catches her. He smiles back.

Charitie quickly looks away. Just as her bag passes her on the carousel. She rushes to catch up to it and struggles to get it off.

She gets situated and looks for Mark. He's gone.

INT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT

Charitie leans on a post and watches passengers reunited with families. Hugs and kisses. Business people hold placards with names.

In the crowd she sees Mark again. He's standing next to his luggage. From across the room, he SMILES at her. She shyly smiles back and looks down.

CHARITIE  
(to herself)  
Oh...my...gosh.

When she looks back up, she sees a WOMAN kiss Mark and wrap her arms around his neck. Charitie's smile fades, and so does Mark's. He's almost apologetic, but it's short lived as he picks up a YOUNG BOY, about 3, and puts him on his shoulders.

Charitie SIGHS as Mark walks away with his family.

She pulls out her cell phone. She types a text: *Where are you?* Send.

Charitie moves her luggage and sits in an empty seat. Charitie pulls out a book and reads.

TIME LAPSE:

Passengers come and go. Eventually only cleaning staff remains.

END TIME LAPSE:

Charitie pulls out her cell phone. No messages. She flips through her phone book and finds Kate. She calls.

It RINGS. Voicemail.

KATE  
(through phone)  
Leave a message!

Charitie MOANS. She's not happy.

CHARITIE  
Hey, Kate. It's me. You know, the sister you were supposed to pick up from the airport.

She SIGHS.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm just gonna catch a cab or something. Later.

She goes to hang up, but she pulls back.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Love you.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Charitie looks out the window soaking in the sights.

CABBIE (O.S.)  
Where ya from, Miss?

CHARITIE  
(still looking outside)  
Indiana.

CABBIE  
Indiana! What brings an Indianian out here?

Charitie peels her eyes from the scenery to talk to the cab driver.

CHARITIE  
Hoosier.

CABBIE  
What?

CHARITIE  
We're not Indianians. We're called Hoosiers.

CABBIE  
Oh. My bad.

An awkward silence falls over the cab.

CHARITIE  
Sorry. It's been a long day.

CABBIE  
I heard that. No worries, madame.

CHARITIE  
My sister lives here. I'm the new Art History instructor at UNO.

The cabbie turns around excitedly.



CABBIE

No lie?!

Charitie smiles and nods.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

I go there! I just work the night shift to pay the bills, you know. But I wanna own my own business.

CHARITIE

Well, maybe I'll see you around.

The cab stops.

CABBIE

That's great. I can't say that I did particularly well in art history, but I did enjoy the pictures...

Charitie sits up. Alert. She sees something off screen that's unsettling.

CHARITIE

(interrupting)

I'm sorry. Is this the right street?

CABBIE

Yes, ma'am. It's as far as I can getcha.

The cabbie puts the car in park.

CHARITIE

What's going on?

CABBIE

Hell if I know. Probably some kids again. Startin' trouble.

He turns around.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

Don't let this turn you off. New Orleans is really a great place.

Charitie opens the door--not taking her eyes away from the events outside the cab.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Charitie steps out of the cab. She nervously walks up to...

A POLICE BLOCKADE.

The entire road is taped off. Guarded by an overweight OFFICER 1.

Charitie walks up to the officer.

CHARITIE  
What's going on?

OFFICER 1  
Ma'am, I'm gonna have to ask you to go away.

CHARITIE  
I just flew in. I've got all my luggage in the car. I'm staying with my sister. She lives--

OFFICER 1  
Well, I suggest you find something to occupy your time with because you are not getting in there.

Beat.

CHARITIE  
I'm sorry. This might hurt, but you're kind of a dick, so...

OFFICER 1  
Wha--

Charitie puts her hand on the officer's head. He hunches over and moans in pain. She looks around.

CHARITIE  
Shhh. Just tell me what happened.

OFFICER 1  
M--murder.

CHARITIE  
Do they know who it was?

OFFICER 1  
Some girl. She lived alone. Please.

CHARITIE  
Which house?

No answer. Charitie presses harder on his head.

OFFICER 1  
Aaaagh! Fourth on the right. Blue house.

Charitie looks to the officer. He looks back at her with despair in his eyes.

She lets go of his head. He falls to his knees. She passes the police tape and runs toward the house.

CHARITIE  
KATE!

DETECTIVE RHYS JONES, 30s, turns to see Charitie barreling towards him. He walks to meet her.

RHYS  
Ma'am!

CHARITIE  
Is that my sister?

RHYS  
I can't let you in here.

He gestures for help. Two police officers walk up. They try to grab her arm, but she pulls away.

CHARITIE  
Is that my sister in there?! KATE!

The police officers struggle to control her--all the while she SCREAMS for her sister.

She loses the battle and collapses on the street. She sobs.

Rhys gestures for the officers to move. He kneels in front of her.

RHYS  
(gently)  
I know that uncertainty is hard, but I *cannot* let you into that house. Something terrible's happened, and that's all I can say.

Rhys stands and offers his HAND to help Charitie up. She stares at it. She hesitates. She takes it. Hold on this.

CUT TO:

RHYS' VISION SEQUENCE:

INT. KATE'S ROOM - DAY

Rhys stands alone. Head lowered. Solemn. We pull out to reveal: "FISHER OF MEN" written in blood on the wall.

We pull out further and see Kate--the girl from Charitie's dream--dangling from a makeshift cross.

Her clothes are torn, and she's wearing a crown of thorns. Blood is everywhere. A truly gruesome sight.

Rhys SIGHS.

RHYS  
(whispering)  
I'm so sorry, Kate.

END SEQUENCE.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Charitie rips her hand back from Rhys.

CHARITIE  
Oh, Kate.

She vomits. Rhys bends down. He puts his hand on her back. She swats it away.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Don't touch me!

Beat.

Rhys gestures for the officer.

RHYS  
Officer Cagle is going to take you to the station. He'll get you some coffee, and we'll figure this out, OK?

Charitie nods. She slowly makes her way to her feet. She walks away with OFFICER CAGLE.

Rhys stands next to another officer.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
Welcome to New Orleans.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

BOYD, 30s, kneels in front of the altar. His forehead on the floor. Arms tucked into his chest. He WHISPERS an indistinct prayer.

RHYS (O.S.)  
Why do you waste your time praying  
when you know He can't hear you?

No answer. Boyd continues praying.

Rhys sits on a pew looking around the church.

Boyd raises his top half. We see that he's a priest. He does the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

He stands and starts to tidy up the altar.

BOYD  
What do you want?

RHYS  
Kate's dead.

Boyd stops. He doesn't look at Rhys. Just stops.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
Aren't you gonna ask--

BOYD  
How?

RHYS  
Murder.

BOYD  
Do you know who?

Rhys stands. He shakes his head "no."

RHYS  
Whoever it was left a message for  
our boss.

Boyd continues to tidy.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
Don't you have nuns or something to  
do this--

BOYD  
(interrupting)  
Tell Fisher I'll be there as soon  
as I finish here.

RHYS  
Actually, I need you down at the  
morgue.

Boyd looks at Rhys for the first time.

BOYD  
Why?

RHYS  
Her sister's there for a body ID.

BOYD  
Sister?

Rhys shrugs as if it's news to him, too.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A paper plate of food lands on the table. Pancakes. Scrambled  
eggs. Grits.

Charitie looks at it and up at Rhys. He smiles and sets down  
a to-go coffee cup in front of her.

RHYS  
I didn't know what you liked, so...

Charitie nods. Rhys pulls out a chair and sits in front of  
her.

CHARITIE  
It's fine. Thanks.

RHYS  
We didn't get to meet properly. I'm  
Detective Rhys Jones.

He extends his hand to shake, but she just looks at it. He  
pulls his hand away.

CHARITIE  
Charitie Newman.

Charitie pushes the food around with her fork.

RHYS  
I'll be leading the investigation.

CHARITIE

Am I a suspect or something?

Rhys smiles.

RHYS

You were thirty-six thousand feet  
in the air when it happened. No,  
you're not a suspect.

CHARITIE

What happened...to my sister?

Rhys hesitates.

RHYS

We...don't really know. Not yet,  
anyway.

Silence.

RHYS (CONT'D)

When you get done eating, I'd like  
for you to formally identify your  
sister.

Charitie nods.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Rhys and Charitie walk down the hallway. They approach AMIR,  
late 20s and wearing scrubs, sitting next to Boyd outside the  
examination room. They both stand.

RHYS

This is Father Boyd Workman.

Boyd extends his hand, but Charitie crosses her arms.

CHARITIE

Nice to meet you.

He lowers his hand.

BOYD

Just Boyd is fine.

RHYS

He's a local priest. I like him to  
be present during identifications  
for emotional support.

CHARITIE

Charitie Newman. Kate's sister.

BOYD

I didn't know her long, but Kate and I became very close during her time here.

Charitie has a confused look on her face.

CHARITIE

I'm sorry. I...didn't know that Kate was--

BOYD

Religious?

Charitie nods. Boyd smiles.

BOYD (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you're aware, Kate was a woman of many secrets.

CHARITIE

I wasn't.

RHYS

(off the awkward tension)  
And this is Amir. He works here.

Amir doesn't try to shake her hand.

AMIR

Nice to meet you, Charitie. Though, I wish it were under other circumstances.

CHARITIE

Thank you.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The group stands in front of a body draped in a white sheet. Amir moves next to the body. Boyd and Rhys stand next to Charitie.

RHYS

I must warn you. It is quite unsettling.

BOYD

But we'll be right here if you need us.



CHARITIE

Can we just get this over with,  
please?

Rhys nods to Amir. He pulls the sheet back to reveal KATE.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)

(with no emotion)

Yeah, that's Kate.

She walks quickly out of the room. Amir covers Kate and follows after her.

Boyd turns and throws up in the sink.

RHYS

What the hell's the matter with  
you?

BOYD

I knew her.

RHYS

You knew others!

BOYD

(snappy)

NOT LIKE KATE!

Rhys puts his hands up.

Beat.

BOYD (CONT'D)

This is too close to home, Rhys.

Rhys pats Boyd on the back.

RHYS

Come on.

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - DAY

Amir runs after Charitie.

AMIR

Hey! Wait up!

Charitie stops but doesn't turn around. He catches up.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I know that it hurts to lose someone, and I can only imagine how it feels to have them taken away like this. It's not fair.

CHARITIE

No, it's not.

Silence.

AMIR

I assume Rhys tried to feed you.

Charitie nods.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Pancake platter?

Charitie frowns.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Let's go get some real food.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rhys sits in the driver's seat. Boyd in the passenger seat.

RHYS

What's going on, man?

BOYD

What do you mean?

RHYS

You're just...weird.

BOYD

Thanks.

Boyd chuckles.

RHYS

You know what I mean. You're different. Like something's bothering you.

BOYD

I'm fine. Really.

RHYS

You're my guardian, Boyd. I gotta make sure you're not distracted, and with what happened to Kate and everything...I gotta make sure you're gonna be safe.

Boyd looks at Rhys. He SIGHS and tries to start talking. It's interrupted by the back door opening and someone getting in.

FISHER

Drive.

FISHER, 30s, is of Middle Eastern descent. He is wearing all black and has a full beard.

Rhys puts the car in gear and drives. Boyd turns to Fisher and watches him remove his gloves.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Can someone please tell me what happened?

BOYD

Kate died.

FISHER

I'm aware. Let me rephrase. Can someone please tell me how a guardian was murdered?

Boyd turns around in his seat facing the front. Rhys looks at Fisher through the rearview mirror.

RHYS

We're working that out. Whoever it was knows about us. You specifically.

FISHER

Show me.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Amir and Charitie sit at a table and look at the menus. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Ya'll know what ya want?

CHARITIE

Yeah, I'll have the hamburger please. No onions.

WAITRESS

You bet. French fries OK?

Charitie nods.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And what about you, sweetie?

AMIR

Grilled chicken salad, please.

WAITRESS

What kinda dressing?

AMIR

Italian. Thanks.

WAITRESS

No problem.

AMIR

Oh, and can I get another hamburger to go, please?

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

The waitress leaves the two in silence.

CHARITIE

So where are you from?

AMIR

New Orleans.

He smiles. Charitie cringes.

CHARITIE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

AMIR

It's OK. My parents are from Lebanon. My mom got pregnant with me, and my dad used it as an opportunity to give us a better life. Got into med school at Tulane, and we've been here ever since. What about you?

CHARITIE

I lost my parents when I was very young, and Kate's family took me in and raised us as sisters.

(MORE)

CHARITIE (CONT'D)

We lost them about a year ago, and Kate decided to move away. I'm not sure how she ended up here, but I finished school, and I decided to follow her. And now...I have no one.

AMIR

I'm sorry.

Silence.

AMIR (CONT'D)

You'll need somewhere to stay until they finish the investigation. I have an empty room. You're more than welcome to stay...as long as you need to.

Charitie smiles.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Amir and Charitie walk. Amir holds the to-go box.

AMIR

Do you mind if I ask you what your faith is?

CHARITIE

(unsure)

I...I don't know.

Amir laughs.

AMIR

It's OK.

CHARITIE

Why do you ask?

AMIR

When Father Boyd mentioned his relationship with your sister, you seemed shocked. I was just wondering if you had a similar faith.

CHARITIE

I believe in God. I mean, I do most of the time. But sometimes I'm not so sure.

AMIR

When it comes to faith, doubt is just as important as certainty. Without it, we would never question. And if we never question...we'd just become complacent.

Charitie stares at Amir in awe. Amir smiles at Charitie.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I want you to meet someone.

The two walk across the street and up to JOHN, 60s and homeless, sitting on the neutral ground.

Amir hands him the box.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Burger and fries.

JOHN

God bless you, Amir. Who's this?

AMIR

John, this is my friend Charitie. Charitie, this is John.

JOHN

Sorry if I don't shake. I have an issue with germs.

The three laugh.

CHARITIE

It's nice to meet you, John.

JOHN

Likewise. You've got yourself a quality man here, Miss Charitie. Hold on to him.

CHARITIE

Oh, we're just--

AMIR

Alright, John. Enjoy that burger. I'll see you tomorrow. Same time, same place?

JOHN

I'll pencil you in.

Amir and Charitie walk off.

CHARITIE

It's really nice that you bring him  
food everyday.

AMIR

In Islam, it's considered a sin to  
let someone go hungry. Especially  
if you can do something about it.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - EVENING

Boyd and Rhys enter followed by Fisher. Boyd turns away after  
seeing the blood.

FISHER

Leave me.

Boyd looks to Rhys. Rhys nods. They exit. Fisher walks around  
the room observing.

He stares at the message on the wall. *Fisher of Men*. He turns  
to the sliding glass door and opens it.

EXT. BACK YARD - EVENING

As Fisher walks around the back yard, he looks around as if  
looking for something in particular.

He gets to the back fence and hops on it as if he's going to  
climb over. He looks down at a row of shrubs and SMILES.

FISHER

There you are.

He hops down and reaches into a bush. He pulls out A KNIFE  
caked in dry blood. He looks back down with a confused look  
on his face.

He bends back over and pulls up A BLACK GLOVE also caked in  
dry blood.

Fisher looks around and puts the glove and knife in his coat  
pocket.

INT. AMIR'S HOUSE - EVENING

Amir enters while struggling with two suitcases. Charitie  
follows with a back pack and an over the shoulder duffle bag.  
Charitie walks in and looks around while Amir closes the  
door.

CHARITIE

You have a very nice house!

AMIR

Thank you. Make yourself at home.  
I'm going to get your room ready.  
The kitchen is right through there.  
Help yourself.

CHARITIE

Thanks.

Amir rolls the bags toward a bedroom down the hall.

Charitie removes her bags and sets them to the side. She walks around the living room and looks at the pictures. A beautiful woman in hijab. A wedding photo with Amir and the woman. A photo of the woman pregnant with Amir.

AMIR (O.S.)

Ready?

Charitie turns to see Amir standing at the hallway.

CHARITIE

Yeah.

She follows him.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Amir leads Charitie into a room that is decorated like a nursery for a baby girl. Pink and purple paint. Princess trim and light shades. No crib. Just a mattress in the corner and a wardrobe against the wall.

AMIR

It's not much. Sorry.

CHARITIE

Don't be! It's fine.

AMIR

I promise, I'll have something more appropriate set up for you soon.

CHARITIE

Amir, it's fine. Really.

She grabs his hand.

AMIR MEMORY SEQUENCE:



EXT. CAR - NIGHT

A mangled car upside down. Amir pulls himself from the car. He's bloody, and his arm is broken. He hobbles to the passenger side. His wife lies motionless.

AMIR

Maryam! Baby! Wake up, honey.

He reaches into the car and checks for a pulse.

AMIR (CONT'D)

No...no...no!

He stumbles down the empty road. The car that hit them is to the side just as mangled.

AMIR (CONT'D)

(gut wrenching)

Someone help me!

END AMIR MEMORY SEQUENCE.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Charitie pulls her hand away. There's an awkward moment of silence between the two.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I'll let you get settled. Let me know if you need anything.

Amir exits and closes the door behind him.

Charitie sits on the mattress. She looks around for a few moments and then sobs.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rhys and Boyd stand by the car. Fisher lights a cigarette as he approaches the men.

RHYS  
Find anything?

FISHER  
Where's the girl?

BOYD  
What girl?

FISHER  
Don't play stupid with me. Where is she?

RHYS  
We don't know.

Fisher looks at Rhys in disbelief.

FISHER  
(scoffs)  
Well, you better find her before they do.

Fisher takes one last drag from his cigarette and throws it on the sidewalk. He opens the back door.

BOYD  
Who is she?

FISHER  
An anomaly. Get her on our side.

He gets in the car and closes the door. Rhys looks at Boyd and shrugs. He walks around and gets in the car. Boyd looks at the house and then stamps out the cigarette.

INT. AMIR'S HALLWAY - DAWN

A light flickers from the last room of the dark hallway. The door is partially opened.

Charitie opens her door. She sees the light and walks toward it. She gets to the door. INDISTINCT WHISPERING is heard.

She pushes the door aside and sees...

INT. AMIR'S ROOM - DAWN

Amir's room is candlelit. He is wearing the traditional Muslim prayer garb, and he is on his knees with his head touching a small rock.

He lifts his upper body and then lowers it down again.

Charitie watches him in awe.

He stands and opens the door catching Charitie off guard.

AMIR

Morning.

CHARITIE

I was just...I gotta pee.

She cringes. Once again saying something stupid.

Amir smiles, and he reaches around her to point to the bathroom. She doesn't move. He looks down at her, and she up at him. They share a brief, beautiful moment of intimacy without even touching.

Charitie breaks the bond.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She turns and leaves Amir to watch her disappear behind the bathroom door.

He retreats back to his room.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Amir escorts Charitie to the doors of the church.

AMIR

Are you sure you can handle this alone?

CHARITIE

Yeah. Thanks for bringing me.

AMIR

No problem. Call if you need anything.

Amir walks down the steps of the church.

CHARITIE

Oh, hey! I don't have--

Without turning around...

AMIR

(interrupting)

I put it in your phone last night.

Charitie smiles. She turns and enters...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Charitie enters the magnificent and beautiful Catholic church. The door closes behind her, and she seems uncomfortable.

Her discomfort subsides as she soaks in the beautiful art the adorns the church. The stained glass. The sculptures. The designs etched in the pews.

Her school girl excitement is interrupted by a noise O.S. She turns and sees Fisher exiting the confessional booth. Boyd exits and stands at the door. The two men chat indistinctly.

Fisher walks down the aisle and catches the eye of Charitie. He nods as he passes her. She's motionless as she watches him pass. She sees him from the back.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Kate's lying on the ground covered in blood. The assailant dressed in black turns slowly. Before we see his face...

BACK TO PRESENT.

Fisher turns slowly--just as the assailant from her vision. He nods again and exits the church.

In shock, Charitie starts to walk after him.

BOYD (O.S.)

Charitie! I'm glad you could make it.

Charitie stops in place. Defeated. She turns around.

CHARITIE

Father Boyd...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Boyd enters his office and sits at his desk. He gestures for Charitie to sit. She does.

BOYD

I want to again give my condolences. Like I was saying before, Kate became a very active member of the parish, and we really do mourn her loss.

CHARITIE

Thank you.

BOYD

Have you found a place to stay?

CHARITIE

Yes. Amir has been amazing.

BOYD

He's a good man. When the time comes for something more long term, please let me know. We have several members who specialize in real estate.

Boyd opens a folder. And puts on glasses.

CHARITIE

Father Workman?

BOYD

Boyd. I insist.

Charitie politely smiles.

CHARITIE

My sister and I were inseparable, but I didn't even know she believed in God. She never mentioned anything about faith or religion or church. If this was a big part of her life, then why didn't she talk to me about it?

Boyd takes off his glasses.

BOYD

When you die, what happens?

CHARITIE  
You break down and decompose back  
into the earth.

BOYD  
No, no. That's what happens to your  
body. What happens to your soul?

Charitie is at a loss for words.

CHARITIE  
I...I...don't really know. Heaven,  
I guess.

BOYD  
Good. Or?

CHARITIE  
Hell?

BOYD  
Yeah.

Boyd leans in toward Charitie.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
...Or?

Charitie looks at him in confusion.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
Purgatory.

They stare at each other in silence. The phone rings. Boyd  
SIGHS. He answers.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
Father Workman. OK. Yes. Calm down.  
Just come in as soon as you can.  
OK. See you soon. Bye now.

He hangs up. He smiles at Charitie.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
Bride in distress.

Charitie politely smiles.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
OK...Since Kate was such a positive  
influence in our community, the  
parish has requested to cover the  
expenses of the services. You don't  
have to worry about any of it.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

She'll be taken care of. Are there any special requests you have?

Charitie is taken aback by the offer.

CHARITIE

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Boyd raises his hand to her.

BOYD

It's the absolute least we can do.

Charitie stands and extends her hand. Boyd pretends not to see it. Charitie lowers her hand and exits.

CHARITIE

Thanks again.

Boyd nods and closes the door behind Charitie. He leans on the door and SIGHS.

INT. AMIR'S KITCHEN - DAY

Charitie enters with grocery bags. She puts them on the counter and puts the groceries away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Charitie opens her bedroom door...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The room is completely redecorated. It's been repainted and furnished with a bed and a wardrobe.

Charitie smiles in amazement. She walks to the bed where she finds a note. She opens it.

It reads: *Caution! Wet Paint!*

She smiles and lies down on the bed.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Amir escorts Charitie through the congregation. Mourners dressed in black put away umbrellas and chat with each other while they find seats.

Amir and Charitie make their way to the front and sit. Boyd makes eye contact with Charitie and nods.

BOYD

Thank you all for coming...

He pauses to allow the congregation to settle.

BOYD (CONT'D)

...to pay your respects for our dear friend, Katherine Rowe. She was loved by all of us, and the way she departed us was unjust.

He looks to Charitie.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Her sister came here to start a new life with Kate only to find that she was cruelly taken in an act of cowardice. I urge all of you to reach out and show Charitie the love that Kate showed all of us.

Charitie lowers her head. Amir puts his hand on her knee.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Let's begin with a prayer.

Boyd lowers her head, and the others follow suit. Charitie stares at the Kate in the casket.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Heavenly Father. We come before you today to ask you for patience and understanding during this time of loss...

Boyd's prayer fades, and everything freezes. Time stands still.

CHARITIE'S DREAM SEQUENCE:

Charitie turns around slowly and sees Fisher across the congregation full of people frozen in prayer. They stare at each other for a moment.

Fisher stands and walks to the door.

CHARITIE

Who are you?

He turns to her.



FISHER

An ally.

He exits. Charitie turns around and sees...

...Kate sitting on the edge of her casket. Charitie GASPS.

CHARITIE

Kate!

Kate smiles.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)

What's happening to me? Who did this to you?

KATE

I need you to listen very carefully because I don't have much time. Things are going to get very weird and very dangerous.

CHARITIE

I don't understand.

KATE

You're so powerful, Charitie. More than any of us. God is missing, and you're the next best thing. They're going to come after you. They've tried before.

CHARITIE

I don't understand.

The light from the windows turns dark. The building starts to rumble.

KATE

I'm out of time. He'll try to get close to you. You can't trust him.

Kate gets back into her casket. A deep demonic growl...

CHARITIE

Don't leave me, Kate.

KATE

I love you.

CHARITIE

I love you, too.

KATE  
Now wake up, Charitie.

Kate lays back in her casket.

END CHARITIE'S DREAM SEQUENCE.

BACK TO PRESENT.

BOYD (O.S.)  
In your name we pray...

CONGREGATION  
(in unison)  
Amen.

Charitie GASPS softly as she raises her head. Amir puts his hand on her knee.

AMIR  
(softly)  
Are you OK?

Charitie turns around in her pew to look for Fisher. There's an empty spot where he was.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charitie sits on her bed flipping through a magazine. Amir knocks on the open door. Charitie looks up and smiles.

CHARITIE  
Off to work?

AMIR  
Unfortunately. Just seeing if you need anything before I head out.

CHARITIE  
I'm fine. Thanks.

Amir hesitates for a second before turning to leave.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, Amir.

He turns back to her.

AMIR  
Yeah?

CHARITIE

If I'm being rude, just tell me. Do you mind if I ask what happened to your wife?

Amir lowers his head and forces a polite smile.

AMIR

Maryam.

He smiles.

AMIR (CONT'D)

About two years ago, she went into labor. She was so excited, but she didn't think she could wait for an ambulance so I drove her instead. It was pretty late in the night...early morning.

He hesitates.

AMIR (CONT'D)

A drunk driver hit us. Head on. I saw it happening, but I couldn't do anything. She died and took my son with her.

Charitie is speechless.

CHARITIE

I'm so sorry.

Amir shakes his head and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charitie stands over the sink washing dishes. She looks out the window then back down at the sink. She double takes.

CHARITIE'S POV:

Fisher is across the street standing under a street light smoking a cigarette. He looks at her.

Charitie dries her hands and tosses the towel to the side. She runs out of the kitchen.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charitie stops at the front door. She looks over to where Fisher was standing. He's not there.

She jogs across the street then around the corner. She sees a man walking down the street.

CHARITIE

Excuse me. Did you see a man with a  
black coat and beard walk this way?

The man shakes his head and keeps walking. Charitie walks for a bit longer and stops. She's just about to give up when...

...a whisper...

WHISPER

Charitie.

She turns and listens.

WHISPER (CONT'D)

Charitie.

She walks quickly toward the sound.

WHISPER (CONT'D)

Charitie!

She jogs for a moment then quickly stops in front of an alley.

She looks down the alley and hesitates.

CHARITIE

Hello?

WHISPER

Charitie...

She walks down the alley...

...she GASPS.

She turns around and sees her attacker. It's the same man who killed Kate. We don't see his face.

Charitie is speechless. He stabs her in the stomach repeatedly.

JOHN (O.S.)

Hey!

The attacker flees. Charitie drops to her knees. Blood everywhere. John, the homeless man, rushes to her aid.

He holds her in his arms. She tries to speak, but she just gurgles up blood. She starts to shake.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Someone help! Please!

He runs his hands through Charitie's hair. He starts to cry.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Just hold on. OK? You're gonna be  
just fine.

She grabs his hand. She smiles then reaches up and touches his face.

CHARITIE  
It's you.

John nods his head.

JOHN  
Yeah. It's me.

Charitie goes limp and closes her eyes.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Amir stands over Charitie's body. He cries but maintains composure. He WHISPERS an indistinct prayer.

AMIR  
Allahu akbar.

Amir looks at Charitie before beginning.

AMIR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Charitie.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

*After the Storm* by Mumford and Sons plays...

Amir rinses Charitie's hair with the handheld shower.

He dips a sponge in a tub of water and wrings it out over Charitie's left arm and washes it. He repeats for her right arm and each leg.

He does the same for her belly. The wounds are cleared of blood.

He dries her with a towel.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator DINGS. A man exits. Only the knees down are visible. Black pants. Black shoes.

As he turns and walks down the hallway, his back is revealed. Black trench coat.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Amir examines the wounds on Charitie's belly. Something's not right. He leans in for a closer look.

AMIR  
There's no way...

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The man continues down the hallway. His pace steady.  
Determined.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Amir looks at the wounds with a magnifying glass.

AMIR  
You're healing...

The door flings open. Amir drops the magnifying glass.

AMIR (CONT'D)  
Who the hell are you?

It's Fisher.

Fisher walks closer to Amir.

FISHER  
Wake her up.

Amir looks at Fisher like he's crazy.

AMIR  
(sensitively)  
I know that loss is hard, but--

FISHER  
(interrupting)  
Cut the crap and wake her up.

AMIR  
I would love to, but she's dead.  
Now, please leave.

He bends over to pick up his magnifying glass. A GUN COCK is heard OS.

Amir freezes. He slowly stands to see Fisher standing with a gun pointed at him.

FISHER  
Wake...her...up. Please.

AMIR  
I can't just wake her up. She's not  
alive anymore.

Fisher turns to look at the security monitors. Two men exit the elevator.

FISHER

We have about two minutes before those guys come in here and take her. And trust me. They're far worse than what you think I am. Do you understand?

Amir stares blankly at Fisher.

AMIR

No!

Fisher SIGHS and puts the gun in his pocket. He walks over to Charitie and starts to pick her up.

FISHER

Whether you like it or not, you're in the middle of this. Now help me with her.

Amir remains motionless.

FISHER (CONT'D)

NOW!

Amir rushes to help Fisher carry Charitie. It's awkward, and the dead weight is hard to maneuver. Fisher carries her top half. Amir carries her bottom half.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Tell me there's another exit.

Amir nods nervously.

AMIR

Back here.

They turn around. Amir walks backwards. He bumps into a shelf and drops Charitie's feet. Fisher loses his grip and drops her top half.

FISHER

Damn it!

AMIR

(to Charitie)  
I'm so sorry!

FISHER

Hurry!

They pick her back up and try again...a few steps at a time.



INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

FISHER  
Screw this!

He stops and puts her down. He walks away.

AMIR  
(whispering)  
Hey! Where are you going?

Amir stands alone in the hallway with Charitie on the floor. He covers her with the sheet out of respect.

Fisher returns with an office chair.

FISHER  
Get her up!

They pick her up and put her in the chair. Fisher pushes, but the sheet gets caught in the wheel. It falls off of her.

AMIR  
Wait! Stop.

Fisher stops.

FISHER  
What?

Amir picks up the sheet.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
We don't have time for this.

AMIR  
Hey! You're forcing me to go along with this, and I have no idea what's going on. And that's fine. But she deserves some decency and respect.

Fisher stares at Amir for a moment.

FISHER  
Fine.

Amir wraps the sheet around Charitie's body.

Fisher turns his head back toward the examination room.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

The two men from the security footage kick open the door. They're dressed like Fisher but clean cut.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fisher turns back around.

FISHER  
Time to move.

Amir steps aside as Fisher races down the hallway with Charitie in the chair. Amir follows.

Charitie hand moves. Amir sees it. He stops.

AMIR  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Fisher stops and looks at him.

FISHER  
What now?

Her hand moves again.

AMIR  
There! Her hand! It moved!

Fisher smiles.

FISHER  
About freakin' time...

Amir looks at him in disbelief and shock. Fisher walks to the front of Charitie and pulls her head back. He covers her mouth with his hand.

AMIR  
What...what are you doing?

Charitie's eyes pop open. Amir backs himself to the wall. Fisher smiles.

FISHER  
There we go.

AMIR  
What the hell is going on?! Who are you people?!

Charitie looks at Fisher. She's silent. Fisher moves his hand slowly.

A beat of silence.

Charitie SCREAMS and tries to run away. Fisher stops her and puts his hand over her mouth.

FISHER  
(forcefully)  
Shut up!

Charitie stops struggling.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Now, listen to me. There are two very bad men coming after you, and if it was up to me, I'd let them have you. But unfortunately, I can't. So you're going to get up and cooperate.

He turns to Amir who is still in shock and motionless against the wall.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
You. Can you drive?

Amir doesn't respond. Fisher SNAPS. Amir looks at Fisher and nods.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Let's roll.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The car drives recklessly down the road at a high speed.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Amir drives. Fisher is in the backseat with Charitie.

FISHER  
(to Amir)  
Slow down. This whole thing is pointless if we get pulled over.

Amir nods.

CHARITIE  
(to herself)  
I died. I was dead. But now, I'm  
alive. I died.

FISHER  
Yeah. It's unsettling the first  
dozen times or so.

Charitie looks over at Fisher in disbelief.

CHARITIE  
You were at my sister's funeral.

FISHER  
I knew Kate very well. You would've  
shared a similar fate.

CHARITIE  
I saw you...on the street. Before I  
was...

Fisher nods.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you save me?

FISHER  
I had to make sure you were the  
right one.

CHARITIE  
The right one?! And what if I  
wasn't the "right one?"

Fisher looks at her blankly. A sense of guilt.

Charitie stares at him in disbelief.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus!

FISHER  
Look, I did what I had to do. I  
can't explain it all, but I can  
give you the Cliff's Notes of the  
Cliff's Notes.

Charitie raises her hand to stop him.

CHARITIE  
You know what? I just found out  
that I'm IMMORTAL! Can you give me  
a second to let that sink in? Hmm?

Charitie turns to Amir.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
And did YOU know about this?

AMIR  
Hell no I didn't know about this.  
Are you kidding me?! This is  
impossible. This stuff doesn't  
happen!

Charitie and Amir argue. Fisher raises his voice to stop them.

FISHER  
(loudly)  
Enough!

Charitie and Amir stop.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Look. Here are the bullet points.  
God and Lucifer are missing...

CHARITIE  
LUCIFER?!

FISHER  
(ignoring her)  
Heaven and Hell are at each other's  
throats trying to find them. And  
the Third Realm is right in the  
middle of it.

CHARITIE  
Third Realm?

FISHER  
Purgatory.

CHARITIE  
Purgatory?

FISHER  
Yeah, no one ever talks about us.  
Me, Boyd, Rhys...Kate. It's our job  
to make sure everyone plays by the  
rules. And someone cheated by  
creating you.

Charitie is speechless.

FISHER (CONT'D)

The most powerful human in the world. Just imagine what they'd be able to do with you as a weapon.

The car screeches to a halt. They look at Amir.

AMIR

That's it. This is ridiculous. Get out of my car.

Charitie opens her door.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Not you. Him.

Fisher reaches into his pocket.

AMIR (CONT'D)

If you're looking for this...

He holds up the gun.

AMIR (CONT'D)

...I lifted it from you in the hallway.

Fisher nods.

FISHER

Alright.

Fisher opens the door.

FISHER (CONT'D)

When you want more answers to your questions...you'll know where to find me.

Fisher exits and closes the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The car peels away leaving Fisher standing alone.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charitie enters the room still wrapped in the sheet. Amir follows her.

CHARITIE  
Tonight was...eventful.

AMIR  
I'm sorry about everything.

CHARITIE  
It's not your fault. To be honest,  
I don't even know what's going on.

AMIR  
The man was insane. Try not to let  
it get to you.

Amir turns to leave.

CHARITIE  
But you saw it, right?

Amir stops and slowly turns around.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
I was dead?

He nods.

CHARITIE (CONT'D)  
How do you explain that?

He turns and walks up to her. He puts his hand to her face then runs his hand through her hair.

AMIR  
God has His reasons. It's not our  
place to question. We're just not  
meant to understand them.

CHARITIE  
But what if he's not crazy. I do  
have special gifts.

AMIR  
Like what?

CHARITIE  
I can read minds...and stuff.

Amir moves closer to her.

AMIR  
What am I thinking right now?

CHARITIE  
(softly)  
You're thinking that you want to  
kiss me.

Amir moves in for a kiss.

AMIR  
(whispering)  
Psychic.

They kiss. A beautiful, intimate moment. Charitie pulls away.

Amir SIGHS.

CHARITIE  
I'm sorry. I can't.

AMIR  
I know.

CHARITIE  
No, I mean. I want to. I really  
want to, but...

AMIR  
But what.

CHARITIE  
I was just...murdered earlier  
tonight. I mean...I'm still in the  
sheet.

Amir laughs.

AMIR  
Yeah. You're right. It's kinda  
weird.

CHARITIE  
Just give me like...a day or so.  
And about a dozen showers.

He kisses her on the forehead.

AMIR  
Get some rest. I'll see you in the  
morning.



He exits. Charitie smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

A light flickers from the last room of the dark hallway. The door is partially opened.

Charitie opens her door. She sees the light and walks toward it. She gets to the door. INDISTINCT WHISPERING is heard.

She pushes the door aside and sees...

INT. AMIR'S ROOM - MORNING

...Amir floats above his bed. The whispering turns into a growling. The room begins to shake violently.

Charitie stands motionless.

CHARITIE

It's just a dream. It's a dream.  
It's a dream.

Amir's body flips violently, and he stands hovering over the bed. His eyes glazed over and pitch black. He raises his arm and points at Charitie.

With a deep, demonic growl...

AMIR

We're coming for you...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MORNING

Charitie jolts awake. She hurries to the door. She opens it...

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

A light flickers from the last room of the dark hallway. The door is partially opened.

Charitie walks toward the light. She gets to the door. INDISTINCT WHISPERING is heard.

She takes a DEEP BREATH and pushes the door aside. Amir is praying.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

She turns away from the door and runs down the hallway.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

Charitie runs through the yard and across the street. She runs until she gets to the...

EXT. LAKEFRONT - MORNING

Charitie stands in front of the lake looking around. She sees a pier and runs toward it.

EXT. PIER - MORNING

Charitie runs down to the end of the pier. She sees a boat in the distance.

She watches a MAN with a flannel shirt and jeans casts nets into the lake. He turns around...

...It's Fisher.

*Welcome Home* by Radical Face plays...

Boyd and Rhys cross the boat and stand by Fisher. Boyd and Rhys wave. Charitie returns the wave.

Fisher nods.

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

## VITA

Ashley N. Moore was born into a military family and lived in many places before calling New Orleans her home. She achieved a Bachelor of Arts degree in Film, Theatre and Communication Arts from the University of New Orleans in 2009. As a graduate student, she interned with a production company in Los Angeles reading and analyzing screenplays. She also cofounded UNO's first screenwriting club.