

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARCUS

Mrs. Graeme, I'm Marcus Keane, this is my associate, Tomas Ortega. I was told you'd be expecting us.

LORRAINE

Yes, yes... come in... I can't believe you're actually here. You have no idea how many times I've gone to the Church... Any church. I went to the Catholics first, obviously. They wouldn't even look at her. So I just started at the top and worked my way down. Anyone who would listen...

MARCUS

We're here now. Why don't you tell us what's happening.

Tomas goes to a framed class photo on the fireplace mantle. It's of a 12 years old girl.

TOMAS

Is this your daughter?

LORRAINE

Harper.

MARCUS

When did the symptoms first appear?

LORRAINE

Six months ago. At first it was little things. Fighting with her teachers, with me. I thought she was acting out because of the divorce, but...

TOMAS

It got worse.

Lorraine nods, blinking back tears.

MARCUS

Where is she now?

LORRAINE

Upstairs. Sleeping.

They go up and find Harper on her bed. Marcus and Tomas take a look at her. Lorraine is waiting outside the room. They come back to talk to her.

LORRAINE

Well?

TOMAS

Sleeping.

LORRAINE

Thank God.

MARCUS

Do you? Really?

LORRAINE

Does that matter?

MARCUS

It might.

LORRAINE

I'm a nurse. I believe in science. Things I can touch, and see. I also believe that something has taken up residence inside my little girl, and it's doing its very best to kill her.

TOMAS

What kind of something?

LORRAINE

It's... unclean. I don't know how else to describe it. Tell me you're here to send it back to hell where it belongs.

TOMAS

Yes.

MARCUS

Possibly. There are standards of possession that must be catalogued before an exorcism can be granted.

LORRAINE

What kind of standards?

MARCUS

Speaking in tongues, or foreign languages. Abilities beyond the ordinary. The possession of impossible knowledge, things she couldn't have possibly known.

LORRAINE

You mean like this?

Lorraine slowly turns over the sheet of drawing paper she's been toying with. Slides it across to Marcus.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Harper drew this three weeks ago. That thing inside my daughter... it knew you were coming.