

POE

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK we hear the eerie piano notes of BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA... As we pull BACKWARDS... the **BLACK** is revealed to be the FEATHERS OF A **RAVEN**... When we see the full profile of the bird perched on the front gate of a mansion, it dashes away... vanishing into a fog that has appeared as daylight has faded...

OUR POV continues to be drawn slowly backwards as if pulled by the haunting notes of the song... We pass through an open window into...

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We float through the candlelit house... Up the stairs... Down a hall lined with glowering portraits... It feels like something is going to grab us at any moment. When nothing does, we end up in...

INT. MANSION - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Where we find two delicate hands hitting the keys of a baby grand piano. They belong to ROWENA - 25, a beautiful young woman with dark eyes and black hair. She wears a dark silk robe and a face that seems lost in the music. As she stands up and walks away, we're shocked to realize that the keys of the instrument continue to play on their own... The song stays in the room as we follow Rowena into--

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She eyes a MAN soaking in a claw-footed tub. A wine bottle and glass are within his arm's reach. Rowena smiles at the man as she loosens the strings of her silk robe.

BEHIND ROWENA: Her clothes fall to the floor. When she steps out of the shadows, we notice that the whole of her back is covered by a large "scar-like" pattern resembling a gnarled tree. Rowena slips into the tub and begins kissing the Man.

CLOSE ON her hand moving out of the tub... reaching into her robe... quietly pulling out a SYRINGE. Just as she jams the needle into his spine--

WE CUT to the bath water spilling onto the floor... As the Man's screams fade the LIQUID DROPLETS ON THE GROUND *S-L-O-W-L-Y* DRAW TOGETHER TO FORM THE TITLE OF THE SHOW...

POE

HARD CUT TO: INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a candle resting by a set of KEYS. The smoke curls to form the CHYRON: "Boston Police Department... 1840..." The words dissipate as a HAND reaches for them. We follow the KEYS past several cells to find EDGAR ALLAN POE (30, handsome, unorthodox, sarcastic) laying down on a bench. He contemplates a DRAWING of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in his left hand while the right shuffles a deck of cards absentmindedly. He is equal parts hopeless romantic and crafty son of a bitch.

A MAN O.S. *clears his throat* to get Poe's attention. Poe stops mid shuffle. He adjusts his hand and the cards are gone. Poe looks to see COMMISSIONER KYLE KILPATRICK (45, thorough, authoritative).

POE

Sarah's going to marry her
simpleton boyfriend. I can feel it.

KILPATRICK

You're worried about your love life
Poe, when you should be worried
that you're stuck in jail?

Poe walks up to the bars where Kilpatrick stands. He kicks the cell door open with his foot.

POE

I picked the lock ten minutes ago.
I've been waiting for you,
Commissioner.

Poe is James Dean cool and Danny Ocean sly. Kilpatrick has a city to keep safe. He is consistently all business.

KILPATRICK

There's been a murder--

POE

If you've come to see me, this
can't be your run-of-the-mill,
(pantomimes a shot with a
finger gun)
bang-you're-dead variety...

KILPATRICK

The Patrolman first on scene claims
a ninety pound female suspect
defied gravity by running up the
wall, then broke his ribs before he
was able to subdue her.

POE

Did the woman vomit blood?

KILPATRICK

That's a real question?

(off Poe's look)

The suspect did not--

POE

Did she speak in tongues?

KILPATRICK

No. But there's unsubstantiated claims that she spoke Latin.

POE

(smiles, forming a theory)

She's in a catatonic-like state in your custody, isn't she?--

KILPATRICK

A few strange facts and you're ready to call her a witch?--

POE

Based on your description, she couldn't possibly be a witch.

KILPATRICK

(not a fan of Poe's wit)

So... Latin, broken ribs and a comatose state tell you what?--

POE

That it's very likely your suspect is possessed. And if that's the case, she'll kill again if we can't save her from herself.

Kilpatrick grows impatient. He shakes his head--

KILPATRICK

I've told you many times, Poe, I don't believe there's any boogie man hiding in the shadows--

POE

Lucky for you, this reporter does. Let me have a look around the crime scene. Maybe I'll find him--

As Poe tries to step out of the cell, Kilpatrick catches Poe's shoulder with his **nightstick** to keep him put.

KILPATRICK

You always seem to forget the parameters of our agreement. You're a consultant--

POE

Who's saved lives. Broken cases--

KILPATRICK

You've certainly broken laws--

POE

I only want to spare others from experiencing the pain that the paranormal has caused me.

(off Kilpatrick's silence)

You don't have to believe in ghosts, God, or Santa Claus to know I'm good at solving the "out of the box" crimes that have been coming across your desk lately.

KILPATRICK

... Let me be beyond clear... You want me to continue granting you access to crime scenes and my department's resources... You have to continue bringing me results. When you don't, my generosity ends.

With Poe's wrist slapped, Kilpatrick lowers the nightstick. And with freedom in sight, Poe's sarcasm returns.

POE

About that generosity... Someone made an anonymous tip to get a debt collection warrant put out on me. Any chance you know who made the call to get me thrown in here?

(Kilpatrick's had enough)

What I meant to say is... I'll head to the crime scene now.

HARD CUT TO: CELESTE CHEVALIER (28, a beautiful spitfire, with a firm moral center -- the logical *yin* to Poe's wildly theoretical *yang*). (NOTE: With nods in name and demeanor, Poe fans will be able to glean that this woman was the impetus for his famous and beloved detective character LE CHEVALIER C. AUGUSTE DUPIN). WE WIDEN to find Celeste holding the hands of the people seated to her left and right at a circular table positioned snugly in a--

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The table holds seven participants plus a MEDIUM (40's, female). A **BELL** sits in the middle surrounded by a circle of candles. The smoke curls to form the **CHYRON: "Magic Eye Séance Room..."** The words dissipate as the Medium moves her hand around in a bit of showmanship when she speaks...

MEDIUM

Before your spirit leaves our
circle... Give us a sign if Jane
should grant Carl another chance...

The Medium shifts her hands and the bell rings on its own as if the "spirit" in the room was responsible. The group is audibly moved by what they've witnessed. Celeste is more reserved and the Medium focuses on her next.

MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Are there questions I can answer
for you, Miss..?

CELESTE

Chevalier. Celeste. I only have
one... Can you make the bell ring
without the use of a magnet..?

Celeste displays a magnet on a thread. When she wiggles her hand by the bell in the same manner that the Medium did, it rings. Celeste then slides the magnet across the table where it attaches to the sleeve of the Medium. She's busted!

CELESTE (CONT'D)

You can look for an article in
tomorrow's Sentinel about how you
shamefully play on people's
emotions.

(she slides her a penny)

That's so you can buy a copy.

The Medium is livid that Celeste's exposed her as a fraud. She throws the penny at her when she stands up.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I forgot you're psychic. You
already know what it'll say.

The Medium and the patrons around the table gasp collectively.

EXT. MAGIC EYE SEANCE HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

As Celeste comes down the brownstone steps, she hears--

POE

What happens when you find a Medium
that can actually connect you to
the spirit world?

Celeste's eyes snap to see Poe leaning against a gas lamp.
Despite a complicated relationship - including significant
others and opposing viewpoints - sexual tension will
continually fight its way into their interactions.

CELESTE

Nothing. Because it's not possible--

POE

Always the skeptic, Cece--

CELESTE

I look for the truth and present
it. That's what a reporter does.

POE

Do you think you could table your
high journalistic reservations for
a few hours? Maybe put on a
revealing dress to charm the police
while I snoop around a crime scene?--

CELESTE

It's hard enough to get Boston P.D.
to view the Sentinel as legitimate!
I'm not going to reinforce some
"fairer sex" stereotype--

POE

This is a two man -- two person --
operation. I'm a friend in need--

CELESTE

I let you live in the basement of
my newspaper and I employ you to
not turn in work. I'd say I'm being
friendly enough--

Celeste starts to leave. Poe stops her by grabbing her coat.

POE

You're walking away from front page
material?--

CELESTE

(yanks her coat back)

No.

(MORE)

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I'm walking away from a night
filled with your outlandish
theories--

POE

I don't hear you complaining when
my outlandish theories get you
closer to solving the crime that
you're obsessed with?

Anger flashes across Celeste's face. Whatever this is about,
he has certainly crossed a line with her. Poe gets serious--

POE (CONT'D)

We both leaned on Marcus, but he's
gone. Now all we have left is each
other... Our joint efforts have
produced results this past year--

CELESTE

You're looking for demons. I'm
looking for real people--

POE

One of us has to be right.

CELESTE

(shakes her head)

I'm sorry. Fact and fiction are oil
and water. Right now oil has to go
back to her day job. You'll just
have to chase shadows on your own.

HARD CUT TO: INT. MANSION - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

And from the SHADOWS, Poe steps into the crime scene to
examine the victim still lying in the tub's murky water.

QUICK CUTS: Poe notices an opened wine bottle (the label
reads *Amontillado*. A quick nod to Poe fans), a silver
corkscrew and several ornate pieces of wine paraphernalia
spread about. Poe grabs the glass of wine. He's about to take
a taste when OFFICER MOORE and REEDER enter (40, overweight
and 20, thin respectively). Officer Moore says--

OFFICER MOORE

That's evidence.

POE

See the pointy thing stuck in his
neck..? That's evidence.

Different investigative styles and pride will continue to
fuel the rivalry between these two men throughout the show.

OFFICER REEDER

It could be poison.

POE

To stab and poison a person seems painfully redundant.

(he displays the glass)

Besides, there's two lip imprints on the cup. One smaller than the other--

OFFICER REEDER

Meaning?--

OFFICER MOORE

The suspect drank from the cup too. This is murder, not murder suicide.

POE

Very good, Officer Moore. Officer Reeder, might I recommend a refresher course at the academy.

OFFICER REEDER

You're not a cop. What do you know?

POE

I know this grape juice is way out of my pay grade, boys, and I'm not letting it go to waste.

Officer Moore shoves the bottle into Poe's hands.

OFFICER MOORE

Good idea. Finish it outside and let the professionals get some real police work done.

Officer Reeder chuckles.

POE

I wouldn't laugh. The rumor around the precinct is that you couldn't find the dark with your eyes closed... Guess what your wife says you can't find in the bedroom?

As Poe goes to look at a clue, Officer Reeder had enough. He pulls his NIGHTSTICK back to strike Poe. SUDDENLY, HE FINDS A PURSE HAS BEEN LOOPED ONTO THE END OF HIS WEAPON. His surprised look is soon traded for annoyance seeing Celeste.

CELESTE

What a gentlemen, holding my bag
for me.

Poe spins and smiles, seeing his "partner" has arrived.
Officer Moore can't resist asserting his "manliness."

OFFICER MOORE

Your high heels and rouge are
better suited to looking for a lost
knitting needle. You're out of your
league, here--

CELESTE

That's the same thing I think every
time you ask me out, officer.
(Moore clams up)
Kilpatrick would like a progress
report by the way...

Officer Reeder and Moore exit to leave our duo alone.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

I want you to remember this moment.
I just saved your bony backside--

POE

Occasionally, you being a woman,
does have it's advantages--

CELESTE

I understand I have curves. But I
also have a brain--

POE

Officer Reeder wasn't eye-fondling
your mind though, was he Cece?
(she's taken aback)
I say, embrace your feminine side--

CELESTE

I do. And let me remind you that
I'm here to investigate what's
threatening our city, not clean up
the messes you make--

POE

You're saying I need a baby-sitter?

CELESTE

If it walks like a duck and talks
like a duck--

POE

Duck would be a hell of a pairing
with this red.

(off Celeste's look)

Sorry. Let's talk murder.

TIME CUT: Poe and Celeste flank the deceased in the tub.

CELESTE

This is John Buckley. Thirty-nine
years old, a wealthy banker and
venture capitalist. The police tell
me he liked his wine old and female
companionship young--

POE

Sounds like a perfect Friday night.

Celeste rolls her eyes as Poe inspects the ornate equipment
the victim had to open, pour and preserve wine.

CELESTE

There was no sign of struggle, no
suggestion of an argument--

POE

I imagine you're leading up to the
part where you tell me dramatically
there's no apparent motive.

CELESTE

(stifles her annoyance)

The suspect's a twenty-five year
old female named Rowena.

POE

Did you hear she broke a
Patrolman's ribs--

CELESTE

I heard the Patrolman had too much
cold medicine from his flask and
fell on a bench. And that bit about
Rowena speaking Latin that I bet
you've been salivating over...
I spoke some German and French to
the Patrolman outside. He guessed
wrong both times.

POE

So he's no linguistics expert. He could still be a good Catholic that recognized he was hearing the same sounds the priest makes each week at the pulpit.

CELESTE

Maybe. Maybe not. I made some sketches of the rooms and a composite of Rowena based on a few witness descriptions.

Celeste hands Poe the drawings. He cycles through them as he speaks. They are *extremely* detailed. **(NOTE: Her drawings will be our version of digital crime scene photos).**

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Neighbors claimed Rowena ran a cheese shop on Babcock up until she went missing two months ago--

POE

Did they tell you that the last time they saw her she had blonde hair and blue eyes?

CELESTE

(sarcastically)

You broke the case. No woman's ever dyed their hair before--

POE

I'll give you that one if you tell me how she dyed her eye color?

CELESTE

Maybe your neighbors remembered wrong.

Poe displays the composite picture Celeste made of Rowena. She's beautiful.

POE

You think any red blooded man would remember her incorrectly?

CELESTE

Right. You little boys sadly turn to mush when they see a pretty face--

POE

I like legs. The nape of the neck--

CELESTE

What's your point?--

POE

Possession is often associated with females that are the embodiment of temptation. Women are, after all, the perfect killers... they lure you in with their beauty and the next thing you know you're cold, alone and lifeless.

CELESTE

Are you talking about your feelings for Sarah or the case at hand?

POE

The case, of course. Although, Sarah's invited me to every party she's had since she was six years old. Why not this one?--

CELESTE

You did break her heart!--

POE

Might have cracked it a little--

CELESTE

She's hosting an event for Boston's high society that can make or break her career. I think, wisely, she chose not to invite a match to a room full of powder kegs--

POE

You think I can't behave myself long enough to congratulate her on opening a new wing at the museum and leave quietly?

CELESTE

I think you should interview Rowena while I finish up some sketches.

INT. MANSION - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Poe enters to see Reeder and Moore watching Rowena. We note candles that have melted across the top of the piano forming Gothic looking stalactites at it's edges. One lone flame still flickers. The room is mostly shadows.

POE

Is it too much trouble to ask you
not to lean on the furniture while
I question the suspect?

OFFICER MOORE

You're worried she's dangerous?
She's a dainty flower.

Poe starts to speak but bites his tongue. Instead he moves to the piano bench positioned across from Rowena. She sits in a heavy chair. Her right arm is shackled to the arm of it. She isn't going anywhere without a great deal of effort. Her head is bent forward, long black hair covers most of her face. She is, in a word... Eerie. She never meets his gaze. The room seems to get deathly quiet save for a LOUD TICKING CLOCK.

POE

You and I have both had encounters
with the supernatural... These
events have left us broken in one
way or another. But we have a rare
opportunity, Rowena... You and I
can help each other...

Although Rowena never looks at him, she offers a slight smile. Suddenly, she rattles off a phrase in Latin... Poe waits for the very deliberately pronounced translation.

ROWENA

Rowena's been dead far too long to
help anyone...

Just then, the loud clock stops mid-tick. Poe looks to see the pendulum stuck off kilter. As he eyes this strange occurrence, he hears--

ROWENA (CONT'D)

I suggest you keep your eyes on me.

POE

I know that something has a hold of
you. But whatever it is can't keep
you locked away while fighting me
at the same time.

ROWENA

We'll see...

In the mirror behind Rowena, Poe observes odd markings on her back in the shape of what looks like branches of a gnarled tree. This means something to him. His demeanor changes.

POE

I've seen the pattern on your back before. These actions are not yours. You're possessed. I just don't yet know by what?

(Rowena is silent)

So tell me, why the man in the tub? Why's he your first victim?--

ROWENA

Third.

POE

... What're you talking about?

ROWENA

He's the third.

(she stares at him)

You don't back off, you'll learn first hand what John saw before he saw no more.

Rowena looks to the piano. The "lone" burning candle flickers out and the instrument starts to play "Moonlight Sonata" on its own. Poe and the other officers are amazed. With them distracted, Rowena lifts the chair as if it were a toy and SMASHES Poe with it. This frees her from her cuffs. Poe fights back, slamming Rowena up against the wall.

The cops rush to help but she grabs the FIREPLACE STOKER and manages to overpower them all. In two quick moves, Rowena seemingly defies gravity, bouncing off the wall and around Poe. She flees through opened glass doors, shattering them.

Kilpatrick and Celeste rush in to see the officers licking their wounds. Poe's hurt too, but more interested that the gnarled image of the tree on Rowena's back has been burned into the wall where Poe shoved her. He calls the room's attention to it, but the rest turn too late-- THE IMAGE VANISHES, LEAVING ONLY ETHEREAL SMOKE RISING.

OFFICER REEDER

She broke my hand.

A frustrated yet fascinated Poe finds his glass of Merlot...

POE

Guess she wasn't so dainty now was she?

As he gulps down the wine we--

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ESTABLISHING: EXT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - NIGHT

A lantern covered in green glass hangs outside the door of a brick building. When a CITY LAMPLIGHTER ignites the kerosene wick, the black metal words appear against the green glass giving us the name of our headquarters "**THE SENTINEL.**"

INT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - NIGHT

We follow Poe past various work stations to behind a high bookcase and a door marked PRIVATE. He unlocks it and steps onto a wrought iron circular stairwell. He descends down into-

INT. THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

At the base of the steps hangs a **Portrait of Boston** (true fans will know, and new fans will learn, that this was the last gift his mother gave him before she died). When Poe runs his fingers along the frame, the candles guarding it flicker. As if peeking over Poe's shoulder, we enter our heroes "Bat Cave." Part lab/part library. This warehouse of all things macabre, dotted with familiar props from Poe's most famous stories, soon surrounds us. One wall is filled with a series of sliding chalk, cork and magnet boards (think of this last feature as the 1840's version of a multi-windowed computer). A black cat named PLUTO (a famous feline from one of Poe's stories) lays curled up on a large book. JULIAN "JUPITER" NOBLE (28, an African American character from Poe's THE GOLD BUG. Focused, yet quirky) pets the cat's ears as he studies some notes. Poe spies Noble and says low to Celeste--

POE

My lunch's been digesting longer
than he's been practicing medicine--

CELESTE

Since Dr. Noble's the only
physician willing to entertain your
crazy ideas - for free, mind you -
I suggest we let him help us.

Noble is suddenly standing next to Poe.

NOBLE

Let's get this out in the open, Mr.
Poe. I'm a Black man--

POE

And I drink too much and am a damn
great writer. But this isn't a game
of "state the obvious attribute"--

CELESTE

Then what's the issue?--

POE

People often threaten to punch, stab and shoot me. When the inevitable becomes a given, I want to know you're experienced enough to fix me up.

NOBLE

I graduated Magna Cum Laude from both college and medical school - given the obvious obstacles society has dealt me - I had to prove I could be taken seriously--

CELESTE

Poe was slightly less productive in his academic ventures. Should I give Dr. Noble the list of schools you've been kicked out of or should we move onto discussing the facts?

Defeated, Poe steps up to a flat table. He spins the wood over to reveal a chalkboard with a permanent image of a body stenciled on it. (NOTE: This human stencil is a life sized version of a police violent crime injury report diagram and will be used in place of or in conjunction with cadavers).
Poe draws the GNARLED TREE we saw on Rowena's body.

POE

The scar-like pattern on Rowena's body is a telltale characteristic of demonic possession. It starts small and grows to fill a victim's back. A physical representation that the demon is fully in control--

CELESTE

Several skin rashes can create the pattern you've drawn--

POE

Can you medically explain away Rowena's super human strength? Why her blue eyes have turned black?

NOBLE

Intracranial tumors can affect a wide range of body functions. Including rapid change in eye color.

Poe slides a corkboard filled with NEWS ARTICLES into view.

POE

Three months ago, a woman named Ligeia committed two very similar murders here in Boston. Before this incident, boringly normal. Then she goes missing for a few months, only to reappear with a tree pattern on her back and a penchant for jabbing syringes into people's necks...

NOBLE

I followed the case, but I never read about the marks on her back?

POE

It's what happens when you're an insomniac - I read twenty-two papers regularly. The Daily Salem mentioned it once. I then cross-referenced it with several possessions that a few missionaries documented in Africa a decade ago--

CELESTE

You have a problem--

POE

No, I have a filing system. I've been trying to patent and sell it to law enforcement agencies for years. The point is, when the police arrested Ligeia, they found a list of symbols on her person.

Poe draws the SYMBOLS on the chalkboard. **An OWL, a SWORD, a CIRCLE WITH A LINE THROUGH IT, a FLEUR-DE-LIS, and a LION.**

POE (CONT'D)

The Police wrote this off as the ramblings of a mad person. But my research has shown that the possessed often see the world symbolically rather than literally.

CELESTE

And you think these symbols correlate in some way to both women's victims.

(Poe nods, she adds)

This is a curious "hunch." How're we going to confirm this?

Off Poe's Devilish smile we HARD CUT TO: A BOOK SPINE that reads, "**HALL OF RECORDS.**" A hand grabs the book and we WIDEN to find Poe opening it. We see that Poe and Celeste work amidst stacks of material in--

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CELESTE

Should I even ask how you got a key to this place?

POE

Let's just say a certain public official lost track of the ace that was conveniently up my sleeve.

CELESTE

(holds up a sheet)

I've got something. Ligeia's first victim owned Zeus Ink and Tuto Times publishing.

Poe points to the image of an owl on Ligeia's list.

POE

"Tuto" is Greek for owl. The second victim was a weapons dealer named Samuel Word... His business cards read, S. Word, with the image of a blade.

(he points to the sword image on the list)

Rowena made the claim that tonight's victim was the third. Not "*her third,*" but "*the third.*"

CELESTE

The deceased was a venture capitalist. I just tracked all nine businesses he was connected to and we both searched his house thoroughly. There's nothing related to Ligeia's third symbol. A circle with a line through it.

POE

Maybe we overlooked the obvious...

Poe retrieves crime scene drawings from a **SATCHEL**. He lays them out and points to an empty space.

POE (CONT'D)

The victim has a hidden room that no one searched. Don't you think it's odd that a wealthy wine aficionado, who had books on the subject, expensive equipment for consumption, did not have a wine cellar? In fact, the only bottle we found in the house was the one open by the tub.

(Celeste's on the fence)

If we can prove that Rowena's victims are tied to the list of symbols, we'll have a much better chance of figuring out who's next, enabling us to apprehend her before she kills again.

(Celeste shrugs, fine)

I love it when I win an argument.

HARD CUT TO: INT. MANSION - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Poe closes the drapes to drop our duo into darkness. He's gathered a **MAGNIFYING GLASS**, a **MIRROR** and a **LIT CANDLE**. He uses these three pieces effectively making a very powerful beam. The dust particles can be seen in the light source.

CELESTE

What're you up to?

POE

By sealing the room up, the air flow will naturally move toward any remaining openings...

(Poe tosses a **FEATHER DUSTER** to Celeste)

Start near the bookcases.

As Celeste and Poe use the light beam and dust together--

CELESTE

I think you're overlooking the reality of life. People do horrible things to each other every day.

POE

I'd argue sometimes a dark force nudges those horrible actions along. I'll show you proof, the paranormal is around us, always.

As if on queue, the piano begins to play Moonlight Sonata. They watch as the keys undulate up and down all on their own.

Poe smiles smugly at Celeste... "Proof." Celeste searches around in the instrument's innards. She yanks a piece out composed of a wind up lever and a series of cogs and wheels.

CELESTE

It's a giant music box attached to a clock. Wind it up and it plays the song every hour. Proof that the metaphysical is a fog to wade through until one can find the true scientific definition.

POE

For a girl who doesn't believe in ghosts, you certainly seem haunted by one.

(Celeste doesn't like where this is going)

Marcus' death was a year ago. It was tragic, horrible. But you've taken that grief and are obsessing--

CELESTE

Because I found him at the bottom of the stairs with a broken neck! The police's theories are nonsense. He wasn't robbed, it wasn't an accident or suicide. They closed the case without finding his killer or any reason for the crime!--

POE

I understand the need to solve this mystery -- I want to know the truth as much as you do, Celeste... But we both know, Marcus wouldn't want you to uncover the answers of his death if it means throwing away the rest your life to get them--

CELESTE

You talk too much--

POE

And you don't listen enough.

Celeste slams the feather duster down in frustration. **Poe watches the particles being sucked quickly into a crack in the wall next to a large mirror.** Celeste pushes a hidden button on the mirror and it swings open. Poe smiles smugly...

POE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

I'll take praise or an apology...

INT. MANSION - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

It's damn narrow in this wine cellar. Soon Poe and Celeste find each other wedged together tightly. As they move, a cork falls from up high into the opening of her dress. Poe picks it from where it's delicately nestled in her cleavage and she shoves him aside. He displays the cork and the SATURN IMAGE on it, saying--

POE

This Saturn logo looks exactly like a circle with a line through it -- a dead on match to the third victim on Ligeia's list.

In fact, they both realize the room is full of wine bottles, chemicals, grape plants in pots and labels all proclaiming "Saturn Vineyards."

CELESTE

Want to really impress me? Explain the link between the victims.

POE

I think Ligeia might be able to shed some light on that question.
(looking over the wine)
We should find Kilpatrick immediately and get him to issue a warrant so we can speak with her--

CELESTE

Your desire for immediacy wouldn't have anything to do with Kilpatrick being at Sarah's party would it?

POE

(pockets a bottle of wine)
Happy coincidence.

HARD CUT TO: A TOWER OF GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE surrounded by CANDLES. The **smoke curls to form the CHYRON: "BOSTON MUSEUM OF ART."** As two hands take glasses of champagne the smoke dissipates. WIDEN to find the hands belong to Poe. He hands one to Celeste. They stand in an archway in the--

INT. BOSTON MUSEUM OF ART - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They take in a room filled with Boston's wealthy and elite. A band plays. People dance and drink. Celeste bites her lip, suddenly self conscious about being here. Poe notices--

POE

What's wrong with you? You used to be the belle of these balls.

CELESTE

This social circle didn't exactly take kindly to me refusing the modern equivalent of an arranged marriage, or the fact that I took my inheritance, went to college and started writing articles about their back-room handshakes and shady deals. I know they're going to judge me, I just wish I had nicer shoes on while they do it.

POE

(can't believe this, then)
Damn it. Give me two minutes.

TIME CUT: Celeste looks at her reflection in the big mirror. Suddenly, a MINK COAT goes around her shoulders. Poe has placed it there. He hands her EARRINGS and ORNATE BERETS as she puts her hair up. She's wary, but he explains.

POE (CONT'D)

Courtesy of my horse track buddy that mans the coat check...
(as he helps her)
When Marcus and I first saw you at that poetry reading, I told him you were out of his league. For fun, we each wrote down one word to describe you... I scrawled down *difficult* - him, *beautiful*...
(he shows her how "dressed up" she is in the mirror)
I'd say we were both right.

Celeste catches Poe studying her in the mirror. He's caught off guard by how good she looks. She feels pretty, sexy. Then this all feels forbidden. That's she crossed some line she's laid down for herself. She snaps them back to reality--

CELESTE

Good luck with Sarah.

Poe toasts the champagne glass in her hand. She takes a sip. He swallows his champagne in one gulp.

POE

Good luck getting us a warrant.

CUT TO: SARAH ROYSTER (28, beautiful, Poe's muse) explaining a painting to a well to do couple. Suddenly a ROSE lands on her shoulder. She turns and instead of Poe we find ALEXANDER SHELTON (25 - handsome, wealthy, in a Military Uniform).

ALEXANDER

I can't tell if people are more impressed with the museum's new wing or how you look in that dress.

Alexander gentle kisses Sarah on the cheek.

SARAH

You bought me the dress, so I think you're far from an impartial judge.

Suddenly, a ROSE LANDS ON ALEXANDER'S SHOULDER. Sarah and he are both confused. That is until they turn to see Poe standing there. Alexander unsuccessfully hides his annoyance.

POE

You look radiant in your shiny costume Al. Like a teddy bear in a sundry store.

ALEXANDER

You weren't invited here, Poe.

POE

If I waited to be invited to things, I'd never leave the house.

Suddenly, Poe finds himself surrounded by Security.

ALEXANDER

This isn't negotiable.

POE

I wasn't negotiating with you.

Both men look at Sarah for her to weigh in on this matter.

SARAH

One dance and you'll leave quietly. Won't you, Edgar?

TIME CUT: The CAMERA whirls around Poe and Sarah as they move in unison together on the dance floor.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You avoid me for months and here you are fighting to dance with me--

POE

You want to know if I'm going to
make a scene?

SARAH

There's precedence. Remember my
sixteenth birthday party--

POE

Our first kiss--

SARAH

Because it was the only way I could
get you to leave--

POE

Is that an option tonight?

SARAH

The song's almost over, Edgar. Why
are you here?

POE

... To remind you of what you
already know. There's still
something between us...

As Sarah soaks in what Poe has just said, we...

OFFICER MOORE (PRELAP)

You here for a dance, Celeste?

SNAP TO: Celeste and Officer Moore standing at the bar.

CELESTE

I came to talk to Kilpatrick about
the case.

(Moore rolls his eyes)

I don't understand your hang-up.
You respected Marcus when he ran
the Sentinel, right?

OFFICER MOORE

Mr. McKenny was a seasoned
journalist and outright good man.

CELESTE

They say behind every good man is a
great woman. Let me be clear...
That's what you're staring at...

Just then, Kilpatrick arrives. He nods to Celeste and says to
both her and Officer Moore--

KILPATRICK

You think being a female makes her inferior, yet she's the one bringing me new information on the case. I suggest you stay focused.

Kilpatrick sends Officer Moore away with a look. Celeste is pleased to see Kilpatrick is a progressive thinker. But now's not the time for thanks, it's for showing she can deliver.

CELESTE

Three months ago, a woman named Ligeia killed two men in Boston with a syringe. When she was caught, she was carrying a list of symbols with her.

(shows him the list)

Poe and I believe those symbols correspond to the victim's business logos. Evidence points to Ligeia killing the first two and Rowena murdering the third tonight.

KILPATRICK

Your theory suggests two victims remain - men whose businesses are in some way affiliated with the fleur-de-lis and lion images.

CELESTE

Poe believes that Ligeia and Rowena are both possessed. He feels that whatever is controlling Rowena is finishing what Ligeia started.

KILPATRICK

You can't think that as well?

Celeste drops a RAISIN in his GLASS OF BUBBLY. The fruit rises to the top then falls to the bottom repeatedly.

CELESTE

The raisin isn't moved by magic, but science. I think Ligeia might help us figure out how the illusion is done--

KILPATRICK

If you're fishing for a warrant to question Ligeia, I suggest you put your rod and reel away.

(MORE)

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

Shadow Brook caters to Boston's upper tax bracket, the Mayor's family holds charity events each spring for that facility. I'm not unleashing Poe there without an iron clad reason.

CELESTE

I can understand your position on Poe, but the evidence we've gathered on Ligeia's list is sound--

KILPATRICK

I'll consider it... But my men are close to pin-pointing where Rowena's been hiding. I'm hoping to apprehend her tonight.

KILPATRICK'S COAT fills our frame. MATCH CUT TO: POE'S SUIT JACKET. We FIND Sarah has stopped dancing with POE. They finish their conversation as other couples swirl around them.

SARAH

Our romance wasn't built to last, Edgar. It was a series of short stories. I need a novel I can stay wrapped up in.

POE

And Alexander. He's good reading?

SARAH

He's kind, supportive--

POE

Wealthy enough to pay off your father's bad loans--

BAM! She slaps him. Poe deserved that. He knows it.

SARAH

You had your chance, Edgar. A year ago you slid an engagement ring off my finger at a train station and left for Baltimore... Alexander loves me. I love him. He's the story I want to be lost in.

DING, DING, DING. Sarah, as well as the room, looks up to the sound of ALEXANDER hitting his crystal glass with a knife. Everyone that is, but Poe. His eyes remain on Sarah. As Alexander starts to quiet the room down, obviously setting the stage to pop the "big question," Poe sours--

POE

Don't let me ruin the next chapter.

As Poe leaves, Sarah turns to listen to Alexander.

ALEXANDER

I've been blessed with a wonderful family and numerous friends. But of all of those people... Sarah... you're the one I want to share everything with.

(he drops to one knee)

Will you share your life with me?

Poe's at the BAR. Over his shoulder, Sarah happily accepts Alexander's proposal. They kiss. Poe goes to drink from a bottle. A hand juts into frame to grab it. Widen to find that the hand belongs to Celeste--

CELESTE

Drown your sorrows later. The police think they've found Rowena.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. APARTMENT # 13 - NIGHT

Kilpatrick and his men creep down a hallway towards door # 13 with guns in one hand and lanterns in the other. (This should mimic a SWAT team raid). Poe and Celeste follow from behind. Celeste notes Poe's look. Poe explains it--

POE

The Sentinel staff did some digging. Rowena sang in a choir, had a circle of friends, she was part of a bridge club--

CELESTE

People who play bridge don't kill?--

POE

People like *her* don't kill. We may get an arrest tonight. But I fear we'll only be cuffing the symptom, not the disease--

Just then, the group's movement halts as the **doorknob slowly turns**. It's tense and spooky. More so as the door cracks open some to reveal the darkness within. Kilpatrick nods to Officer Moore to check it out. He creeps forward until he's at the door. Suddenly, two hands jut out, snatch the shotgun from him and reverse the barrel under his chin. Slowly, Rowena steps out into the hallway...

She's a mess. She's sweating blood - which causes her white clothes to cling to her. In fact, she's leaving **damp red foot imprints** on the ground as she walks Moore backwards through the group of police officers. She mumbles in Latin and we see the **gnarled tree pattern on her back through her wet clothes.** Rowena gets through the hall to an exit door. She cocks the gun as Officer Moore's heart pounds. As she goes to squeeze the trigger, Poe yells--

POE (CONT'D)

He's not on your list!

Rowena gives pause - not wanting to kill him. A beat later, she succumbs to whatever is controlling her. She slams the butt of the gun across Officer Moore's cheek. He hits the ground, unconscious. Rowena then slowly turns the shotgun on Poe and the policemen. As tears stream down her face--

ROWENA

Help me... I can't stop this.

Poe, Celeste and the police scramble for cover as Rowena fires at them. When they look up, the wafting gun powder hangs in the air where Rowena once stood. Although several officers rush outside, Poe knows she's evaded them once more.

HARD CUT TO: INT. APARTMENT # 13 - NIGHT

They find **NOTHING...** Save for a lone WOODEN CHAIR. This settles on the men for a moment. A dark square of a room silently mocking them. Something catches Poe's eye--

POE

Spread out your lanterns.

This act reveals crazy images drawn over the walls and floor. As we take it in, we see that the images all funnel towards the back wall. The focal point is a HUGE DEMONIC FACE.

OFFICER MOORE

We've got something over here.

OFFICER MOORE sets his lantern down next to a sheet that Rowena has drawn on. It matches Ligeia's list of five symbols. Two syringes are stuck in the IMAGES of the FLEUR-DE-LIS and the LION. Poe and Kilpatrick look it over...

POE

I told you, Commissioner, Rowena's planning on killing again. Look at the wall...

Kilpatrick looks up at the demon face before him. Two drawn arms come down the wall to land on either side of the chair. **Poe pulls out a drawing from the Ligeia case.** It's an exact match to the drawing on Rowena's walls. Right down to the chair in the same place.

POE (CONT'D)

Ligeia made this three months ago.
(Kilpatrick crumples the
sheet in frustration)
I'd say now's a good time to
reconsider giving us that warrant.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

An ORDERLY on a smoking break rests on a set of large cement steps. **THE SMOKE FROM HIS CIGARETTE FORMS THE CHYRON: "SHADOW BROOK HOSPITAL... PSYCHIATRIC WING..."** As Poe and Celeste walk through the words, they dissipate...

CELESTE

Checking public records, the police found eighty-eight potential victims for the lion symbol and seven for the fleur-de-lis--

POE

We can't neglect the lion symbol, but given that the murders have followed the exact order found on Ligeia's list, I told Kilpatrick and the Sentinel staff to focus on a match for the fleur-de-lis - the victim whose life is in the most danger.

Poe grabs the door to go inside. Celeste stops him.

CELESTE

Kilpatrick wanted to remind us--

POE

I'm sure he mentioned everything from my behavior to how fast the clock is ticking. Let me suggest you stop preemptively slapping my wrist and see if we can learn how to keep Rowena from killing again.

INT. SHADOW BROOK HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Poe and Celeste follow their escort, DR. MALIK (40's, smart, in-charge) down the hall. Poe takes in the surroundings.

POE

This wing is by far nicer than the rest of the hospital.

DR. MALIK

We're blessed by generosity. The psychiatric ward is funded by anonymous donations.

CELESTE

Long term care is expensive. How'd Ligeia end up here?

DR. MALIK

I'm not an accountant. Just a very busy physician.

CELESTE

About Ligeia. Can we get her medical records to look over?

DR. MALIK

(stops outside a door)

I've read the warrant - you're here to see Ligeia and not much else.

Dr. Malik hands our duo some **black paper** and **chalk**.

DR. MALIK (CONT'D)

She's mute. You'll need this to communicate with her. You have ten minutes.

POE

Why put a limit to our questioning?

DR. MALIK

Ligeia has made great progress since she's come to Shadow Brook, but we've found that visitors can be upsetting to her. My job is to make my patients better. Forgive me, but their well-being has to be my priority.

INT. SHADOW BROOK HOSPITAL - LIGEIA'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

Our duo finds LIGEIA (28 - Under better circumstances she'd be beautiful) propped up in a bed. Aloof. Lost. A rag doll left behind when a child's been called out of the room.

POE

Disconnected from life. Empty. She's displaying telltale signs of a person that has previously been possessed.

CELESTE

Or... she might be displaying the telltale signs of a disturbed patient rightfully being treated in a mental ward?

Poe can't help but notice the smell in the air. Celeste touches the wall which is still "wet" in some areas.

POE

Freshly painted. Find some ether.
Lots of it.

CELESTE

What're you going to do with ether?

POE

(sarcastic)

Mix a cocktail up. See if you can't
find some maraschino cherries--

CELESTE

(as she heads to the door)

Hopefully there's a bottle of
manners next to the ether I can
bring you as well.

Celeste exits. Once alone, Poe starts to walk around her bed slowly. As our POV passes behind several rounded glass jars on a shelf, Ligeia's image continually distorts and comes clear again. It's as if we're getting alternating views of the *real* woman and the *demon* that might be dwelling inside her. As he studies Ligeia, he speaks.

POE

Your friends told me about your
life before your strange behavior.
You were a seamstress. A good one.
You almost had enough saved to open
a shop of your own. Your dogs were
strays that you nursed back to
health. You had an infectious
laugh. Those are not the chapters
that make the book of a killer.

(Poe gently offers)

My name is Edgar Allan Poe. I'm a
paranormal expert and I think you
need my help. Can you tell me
what's inside you?

A barely lucid Ligeia DRAWS something and hands it to Poe. He sees that she's scrawled the face of a demon. This image and her look give us chills. Poe plugs past the creepiness--

POE (CONT'D)

Will you tell me how it got there?

Ligeia DRAWS something, then hands it to Poe. **It's multiple sets of eyes on the sheet.** He looks back to Ligeia to find her using the chalk to point at the door. She's fearful of the people in the hospital. Just then, Celeste returns.

CELESTE

I got the ether. Now what?

POE

Throw it on the walls.

(off Celeste's look)

It's a paint solvent.

Poe grabs the bottle and splashes the walls with the ether. The fresh paint pours away revealing drawings of demonic images, occult pentagrams and symbols. Poe pulls back the sheets and finds **Ligeia's legs strapped to the bed.** At further inspection, her legs and arms are full of **needle marks.** Poe breaks open a locked cabinet and finds **a bottle of black liquid used to load a syringe. He grabs the bottle.**

CELESTE

Maybe she isn't possessed, Poe.
Maybe someone is keeping her
heavily sedated.

POE

If that's what you believe, fine.
Does any of this look right to you?
(Celeste's look says no)
We're taking her with us--

CELESTE

Absolutely not! We should get
Kilpatrick to send the police--

POE

When you're at a crime scene, do
you walk away from the evidence?

CELESTE

This isn't a crime scene--

POE

But she's a damn clue. Regardless
of how you and I are approaching
this, getting Ligeia to a place far
away from whatever supernatural or
medical affliction is happening
here, will get us answers--

CELESTE

That's pure speculation on your
part! There's no proof that she
knows anything that can help us.

Poe sees he has to convince Celeste further. He draws the **FLEUR-DE-LIS**. Poe shows the symbol to Ligeia. She averts her eyes. She doesn't want to look at it.

POE

Please look at the image.

When Ligeia does, her eyes roll up into her head. She grabs for the chalk, but can't get it. Poe holds the chalk in her hand and she scrawls two words on the image. Underneath the Fleur-de-lis symbol she has written a name - **HARRY GUIDRY!** Poe yanks a list of names from his pocket and tells Celeste--

POE (CONT'D)

You may not believe there's a demon inside her, but she just blindly drew out a name from our list of potential victims. You can't deny that she knows something.

Celeste doesn't want to break the law, but Poe's right.

CELESTE

Fine. But we can't just walk out of the hospital with her.

(getting worked up)

There are guards with guns. And bullets--

POE

You need to take a deep breath.

(Celeste does)

Not too deep, there's a lot of ether in here.

CELESTE

Any bright ideas?--

POE

One... But you're going to need to get naked.

When Celeste crosses her arms and cocks her head we--

HARD CUT TO: INT. SHADOW BROOK HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Poe has stolen an orderly's garb. He's pushing the gurney with a "dead" Celeste under a long sheet towards a GUARD at a door. **Curiously, there is no Ligeia in sight.** As Celeste plays dead, she says--

CELESTE

Don't even think about peeking
under this sheet--

POE

I'm the definition of a gentleman.
... All the same though, I might
have spotted an odd mole on your
extreme lower, technically upper--
(her eyes pop open, mad)
We'll talk about it later.

TIME CUT: At the EXIT, a GUARD stops him. His revolver is
eye level with Celeste. Celeste seems transfixed by it.

POE (CONT'D)

Got to load this one onto the death
wagon. You want to take her the
rest of the way - be my guest. I
hate the stench of those carts.

We see in the Guard's eyes that this is a job he doesn't want
to do. The guard waves his hand as a sign to let Poe leave.
Once out of the EXIT, the CAMERA REVEALS that they used the
ether to knock Ligeia out and tied her underneath the gurney
with leather straps. Creatively hidden away.

NOBLE (PRELAP)

You brought me a kidnapped mental
patient!

INT. FREE CLINIC - PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Noble sees that Poe has placed Ligeia in a bed.

NOBLE

You do realize this free clinic is
the only place in the city that
will employ me?! Asking me to break
the law isn't going to advance my
medical career--

POE

I'm asking you to save her life.
Last time I checked, that's what
the Hippocratic oath binds you to
do. You say you want to be a
doctor, why won't you act like one.

NOBLE

Don't ever doubt my drive to be a
good physician.

(MORE)

NOBLE (CONT'D)

I had to teach myself to read under the threat of death. I had to gain my freedom by delivering my owner's breach baby...

(apologetic, but adamant)

I just want a chance to show I can be great at something.

Poe takes this in. He's impressed, but would never say it. He instead offers his version of extending a laurel branch--

POE

If I did apologies, this would be the perfect time for one.

And with that Poe leaves. Noble shakes his head seeing that Poe is a pain in the ass, but one with a soft-ish center. PAN into the SHADOWS. MATCH CUT THE **BLACK** TO--

INT. THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - CELESTE'S OFFICE - DAY

The **BLACK** is the FONT OF A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: **CONTROVERSIAL NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER FOUND DEAD**. WIDEN TO FIND Celeste is at her desk contemplating the paper as other items from a box of "Keepsakes." Her focus currently, is on a DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING on the end of a chain around her neck. She fights back tears, then embarrassment, as she sees Poe there.

POE

It's not that you can't live without Marcus, it's that you won't...

(he sits across from her)

If he was here, he'd know exactly what to say to make you feel better about moving forward without him. I have no idea how to be delicate about anything...

(he gathers items back into the keepsake box)

I may be ten percent the man he was, but that ten percent is going to do the best it can to get you past this.

Poe closes the KEEPSAKE BOX. Celeste eyes Poe for a long beat. It looks like she's had a breakthrough. When she opens her mouth she says--

CELESTE

In regards to the fleur-de-lis, are you certain we're going to trust some drugged up mental patient to provide a name?

POE

To satisfy your skeptical nature, I crossed referenced the choices the Sentinel came up with -- Harry Guidry is the embodiment of the symbol. It's how he signs his name. His horses are branded with it. And best of all, it's the name of his flagship bistro.

HARD CUT TO A FLEUR-DE-LIS SYMBOL MADE OUT OF BUTTER resting on a piece of French bread. When a knife smears it we PULL BACK to realize it's in Poe's hand. He and Celeste sit across from New Orleans transplants, HARRY GUIDRY (45, full beard, a chef's girth to him, walks with a limp,) and his wife AMANDA GUIDRY (40, pleasant, kind, slight build), at a table in the middle of--

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS BISTRO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HARRY GUIDRY

You may think I believe in this nonsense because I come from the "land of voodoo" - but I'm going to need more substantial proof if you want me to take these claims seriously.

POE

Proof is a funny thing. When it's lodged in your spine, it'll be too late to save you.

Amanda gasps tightly at Poe's words. Harry shoots him a look. Poe barely stops eating to notice.

HARRY GUIDRY

You're upsetting my wife--

POE

This is an upsetting situation. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

CELESTE

We know you're busy, but even the smallest details are helpful. Did you know any of the victims?

AMANDA GUIDRY

I think he had the same lawyer as the fellow that died yesterday?

HARRY GUIDRY

I've got eight lawyers. I imagine I share them with dozens of businessmen--

POE

I've got it.
(the table looks at him)
It's tarragon in the potatoes...

Celeste can't believe how unfocused Poe is.

HARRY GUIDRY

There's no reason some crazy lady would want me dead. Sorry, but until I see proof of your 'voodoo,' nailed to my front door, ain't nothing much to talk about.

With these men not seeing "eye to eye," the Guidrys leave.

CELESTE

Tarragon..?
(Poe shrugs his apology)
Not only is Harry Guidry's life on the line, he's the strongest link we had to catching Rowena.

POE

We'll just have to think of a way to prove to the stubborn fool that he needs our help. When we figure it out, per his instructions, we'll put it on his front door.

As Poe pockets a roll, he offers a Devilish grin.

CELESTE

The last time you gave me that look, we kidnapped someone. I'm not doing anything else until you tell Kilpatrick what's going on.

POE

I'll do you one better. I'll show him right now.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. THE GUIDRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Kilpatrick stands outside a large home. He senses something. Stealthily, the police veteran watches the reflection of a person approaching in the glass of an oil lamp.

He spins around and juts his revolver against a man's head.
 REVERSE ANGLE: The barrel rests squarely between Poe's eyes.

POE

People just don't know how to say
hello anymore.

KILPATRICK

(holsters his gun)
 I could have killed you--

POE

Then my ghost would have haunted
 your home until I convinced you
 that the supernatural is real--

KILPATRICK

Why'd you want to meet me outside
 the Guidrys' home?

POE

When I showed Ligeia the fleur-de-
 lis symbol, she went into
 convulsions and wrote down Harry
 Guidry's name.

KILPATRICK

We need to follow up with her at
 the hospital--

POE

About that. I might have kind of
 removed her from Shadow Brook--

KILPATRICK

I gave you an inch and you
 kidnapped a mental patient!--

POE

I saved her life, Commissioner.

Kilpatrick pulls out his cuffs. Poe resists being arrested.

POE (CONT'D)

You're arresting me?--

KILPATRICK

You're a menace and a criminal. And
 a pain in my--

POE

Did your officers come up with a
 target? Because I did. Better
 still, I know how to catch Rowena.

Kilpatrick lets go of Poe's sleeve and eyes him tentatively.

POE (CONT'D)

... And to get her, and save lives,
we need Harry Guidry to willingly
ask you for help.

KILPATRICK

My men spoke to Harry, he was
adamant about not talking with us
further until we show him tangible
proof. We can't go back to him with
more of what he deems 'voodoo.'

POE

If we want Harry to help us, voodoo
is exactly what we need to give
him. And we're going to deliver it
in one big undeniable dose!

KILPATRICK

What the hell does that mean?

Poe's response is to shush Kilpatrick as he pulls him into
hiding in some bushes. Poe points to Harry and Amanda walking
home hand in hand. Once inside their gate, and en route to
their front door Poe strikes a **MATCH** and offers--

POE

I'm about to show you.

He throws it into a pile of grease laced with COPPER
CHLORIDE. It burns a brilliant blue up the walk, along the
railings, past Harry's legs and ignites the fleur-de-lis
symbol on their front door!

Poe scurries out of sight to an adjacent street; he is beyond
pleased with his own work.

KILPATRICK

You're insane! This was the only
way you could think of to get the
Guidrys to listen further?!

POE

We were running out of time and
options. Besides... Imagination's
always the best weapon.

Poe tosses some of the copper chloride into a burning street
lamp. As the flame bursts into a very "supernatural" blue, we-

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - DAY

Pull back from the **BLACK** to reveal we're looking at Poe's CAT in the rafters. TILT down to find Poe, Celeste, Kilpatrick and the Guidrys sitting around a table.

HARRY GUIDRY

I wanted to apologize for not taking your help earlier.

POE

I heard you had quite an encounter with the supernatural.

Kilpatrick shoots Poe a look to "cool it" before saying--

KILPATRICK

You made the right decision to work with us. We've come up with a plan to make this all go away.

POE

We have the benefit of knowing that the victims were attacked when they were alone. Suffice it to say, the killer knew the victim's schedule.

HARRY GUIDRY

I'm only alone three hours a week--

POE

Tonight, incidently. You drop Amanda off at the museum at 8 o'clock where she volunteers doing art restoration. You visit the five restaurants in the area that you own, then return to the museum at 11 P.M. to walk her home.

Everyone looks a little freaked out that Poe knows all this information about the Guidrys life. Off their looks, he says--

POE (CONT'D)

I asked around. Harry will drop off Amanda at the museum as always. As you go about your usual business, Celeste and I will shadow you with a group of officers. That's Rowena's window of attack. When she makes her move, we'll be there to capture her.

AMANDA GUIDRY

You're using my husband as bait?!

POE

I'd rather be dangled on a hook
than in the belly of a fish--

CELESTE

I assure you both that Harry will
be well protected.

HARRY GUIDRY

This sounds deceptively simple.

POE

It is simple... Minus the whole
demon from hell that seems to be
giving a 90 pound woman the
strength of five grown men.
(oblivious to their shock)
See you tonight at the museum.

INT. FREE CLINIC - NOBLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Noble enters to find Poe and Celeste waiting for him.

POE

How's Ligeia doing?

NOBLE

Better, but still unconscious. She
was pumped full of Chloral Hydrate
and Potassium Bromide--

POE

I take it that isn't cold medicine.

NOBLE

Try heavy sedatives that keep a
person unable to focus or speak.

POE

Her doctor told us she was mute.

NOBLE

Physiologically, there's no reason
she couldn't talk if she wanted to.

Poe and Celeste share a look. That's certainly odd.

CELESTE

What about the bottle of black
fluid Poe gave you?

NOBLE

I ran every test I know. Whatever the substance is, it's beyond me.

CELESTE

That's a dead end then--

NOBLE

I did think of one last test... Although it's a little unorthodox.

POE

(perks right up)
Unorthodox is my favorite word in the dictionary.

Celeste looks wary. Especially when Noble holds up a syringe.

NOBLE

If we're going to proceed... I'm going to need a volunteer.

Off Poe and Celeste wondering if Noble means one of them, we--

HARD CUT TO: INT. FREE CLINIC - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Our trio stand around a FEMALE CADAVER positioned so that her back is exposed. Poe is ecstatic. Celeste is uneasy.

CELESTE

Just so I'm clear, the plan is to inject some dead woman with a mystery solution?

POE

(checks her toe tag)
She is an organ donor, Cece.

Off Celeste's look of annoyance, Poe nods to Noble to proceed. As Noble **injects** the woman, Poe tells Celeste--

POE (CONT'D)

I admit, this is slightly *Frankensteiny*, but this test could help us save lives. Think of it as research. Like Med school--

Poe is silenced as the fluid dissipates out to resemble the gnarled tendrils of the tree image we saw on Rowena's back. All are amazed. Especially Noble.

NOBLE

Never saw that in Med school.

Suddenly, one of the cadaver's eyes pops open. Our trio is stunned. A second later, things get more weird. **The arm of the cadaver juts out towards Noble.** Noble shudders with fear. A millisecond later though, the cadaver goes still.

POE

(amused at this "proof")
... Don't worry. A demon can't inhabit a dead body for very long--

CELESTE

C'mon Poe, this isn't one of your stories. What we saw had to be some sort of involuntary muscle spasm.

NOBLE

(off Celeste's look)
I've seen cadavers sit up as muscles tighten. I've heard bodies groan as gas escapes their lungs. It's frightening and weird, but completely explainable--

POE

Can science explain why beautiful women are killing off wealthy men?--

CELESTE

Advancements are made every day in medicine. Perhaps we're looking at experimental drug induced hypnosis?

Noble rolls the idea around then connects the dots.

NOBLE

It's definitely possible. Spinal fluid encircles the brain. The narcotic could easily affect the mind.

CELESTE

Maybe this drug is being used to help program the victims to take orders. You said so yourself that neither Ligeia nor Rowena fit the profile of violent murderers--

POE

Now the profile's brainwashing?--

CELESTE

The drawings on the wall. The symbols on Ligeia's list.

(MORE)

CELESTE (CONT'D)

These images could be a map? A code? I think a person was Ligeia's puppeteer, not a demon--

POE

Or maybe that black drug is being used as a conduit to open victims up to possession--

NOBLE

You're talking about the occult?

POE

For centuries, ancient cultures have utilized narcotics to produce a state conducive to "putting a spirit into a human vessel" - to grow crops, heal the sick, to fight one's enemies.

CELESTE

If you're going to tell us a fairy tale, at least start by saying, "Once upon a time."

As Poe readies a barrage of comebacks, Noble **WHISTLES** LOUDLY. Poe and Celeste both snap to Noble as their referee--

NOBLE

Regardless of which one of you is right, catching the person who's putting demons or narcotics into beautiful women is the only way to stop these murders. And your best chance of doing that is to catch Rowena before she gets to Harry Guidry.

As Noble leaves Poe and Celeste to contemplate their foolishness he adds--

NOBLE (CONT'D)

By the way, the clock on the wall is fifteen minutes slow. You're late to meet the police at the museum.

HARD CUT TO: INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A clock that reads five minutes to eight. TILT down to find Poe walking through the museum. He sees Kilpatrick and some officers in one room. Then, in another room, he sees Sarah making repairs to a pedestal. As he starts towards Kilpatrick, he stops. His heart can't leave her be.

TIME CUT: Sarah's eyes snap to Poe when he sets down his SACHEL upon it. Poe starts right in--

POE

I took the engagement ring back because I was scared I'd ruin you. You're perfect and I'm... I'm far from it--

SARAH

When my heart was for sale, the price wasn't admiration, it was honesty.

(that lands on him)

I didn't ask you to change, Edgar. I asked you to share. When you refused to try, you left me no choice but to move on.

POE

This is me running to catch up to you. I'll show you all my warts. All my secrets.

SARAH

We tried to see what could grow between us, but the reality was roses didn't appear... only weeds.

At that moment, Alexander shows up with roses for Sarah. Poe's face cannot hide the irony the universe is showing him.

ALEXANDER

(pointedly to Poe)

Can I have a private word with you?

Poe sees that Sarah is already walking away. Both men watch her leave. Poe resigns himself to having this conversation with Alexander. He goes on the offensive--

POE

I was arrested yesterday -- something about outstanding debts. My guess, you set that in motion to keep me away from your proposal.
(Alexander's caught)
That's hardly playing fair.

ALEXANDER

And when have you played fair?
(Poe's quiet)
The only mistake I made was not having you jailed out of the city.

Alexander steps closer to Poe as a subtle threat.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I'm warning you Poe, if you don't stop pursuing Sarah, I'll make sure that happens.

POE

A real man would pay off my debts and fight me square for Sarah, not let the Boy's Club do it for him.

ALEXANDER

Why would I ever dream of doing that?

POE

Because if she finds out you used your influence to hurt her oldest friend, her opinion of you will change and not for the better.

ALEXANDER

You're telling me how to keep her?

POE

I'm telling you that Sarah is a prize, this is a fight and she doesn't care much for cheaters.

Poe sees Harry and Amanda Guidry enter the main area.

POE (CONT'D)

It appears it's your move.

As Poe leaves Alexander with a lot to think about we CUT TO--

INT. MUSEUM - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda and Harry Guidry give each other a worried "good-bye."

POE

I promise, all is under control.

Harry tries to believe this is true as he puts on his coat - a distinctive grey leather Fleur-de-lis symbol is sewn on the back of it. He grabs his hat and cane. Poe watches Harry leave, then nods to several officers to follow him.

When Poe and the rest exit the room, the CAMERA PANS TO FIND THAT SARAH had taken in this scene. She's curious. More so, as she looks behind her to see Poe's **SACHEL** on a pedestal in the other room. She wonders what the hell he's up to.

INT. MUSEUM - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah opens the satchel to find the macabre details of the case Poe is working. She sees images of the gnarled tree, Ligeia's symbols and drawings of demons. She holds up CELESTE'S DRAWING OF DR. MALIK. Her face fills with worry, we know she knows something...

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - NIGHT

Poe and Officer Moore monitor Harry as he enters a dimly lit restaurant front door.

POE

I mean this as a compliment -
You're not entirely horrible at
what you do.

OFFICER MOORE

I suggest less talk and more focus
on the plan you came up with...

Officer Moore gestures to his officers to move to their next position. Celeste appears next to Poe.

POE

Good thing you're not showing up
late to something important.

CELESTE

I wasn't dress shopping. I found a
link between the dead men.
(thrusts papers at Poe)
Amanda Guidry mentioned that he had
the same lawyer as one of the other
victims... Turns out the three dead
men and Harry all know a man named
Eugene Bates. He's an estate
lawyer.

POE

He did their wills?

CELESTE

Only partially - the sections that
bequeath large funds to Shadow
Brook Hospital.
(Poe is beyond surprised)
It gets better. Eugene Bates was
responsible for the construction of
the Psychiatric wing.

POE

I think we need to talk to Bates
about demons, wills and beautiful
women--

CELESTE

I shared this with Kilpatrick. He's
dispatched police to the hospital
and Bates' home in Cambridge.
Hopefully, we'll get that
opportunity soon.

POE

I know you never hear this from me,
but that's damn excellent work.
(Celeste nods, a rare
smile fighting through)
Clearly working with me has brought
out the best in you.

CELESTE

(moving on...)
You certain this plan of yours is
sound?

POE

As certain as I am that Rowena is
watching us.

A few beats after Poe and Celeste move on we see ROWENA
silently appear from the shadows...

TIME CUT: Harry Guidry walks out the front door of the
restaurant he entered. He's seemingly alone. No police
around. No Poe. We're worried for him. We close in on his
dark coat with the fleur-de-lis symbol, his top hat, cane and
telltale limp. We follow him as he turns into a-

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Moments later we see Rowena's silhouette appear at the mouth
of the alley fifty feet or so from Harry. Suddenly, a **cat**
notices her. When Rowena eyes the animal, the feline backs
into the shadows away from her. A few seconds later, Rowena
begins closing in on Harry. As the CAMERA comes around the
front side of Harry we see that this isn't Harry at all...
THIS IS POE IN DISGUISE!

INSERT: **FLASHBACK:** INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We see **QUICK FLASHES** of Poe taking Harry's fleur-de-lis coat
and stuffing it with newspaper to bulk himself up. Poe puts
on a fake beard, grabs his cane and mimics Harry's limp.

BACK TO PRESENT: EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

This is the real trap! Poe STRIKES A MATCH and tosses it to the wall. It hits booze that has been pre-poured around the alley walls. The FLAMES light up the whole alley. QUICKLY ANGLE ON: the roof above them to see Kilpatrick cut a rope and drop a **CAGE** that the police built to contain her. Rowena is trapped. The alleyway fills with Celeste, Moore and other officers struggling to secure her. As Rowena tries to grab Poe through the bars like a wild animal, Kilpatrick steps next to him.

POE

Catching her was half the battle.
We still need to release the demon
that's controlling her.
(off Kilpatrick wary)
You look at that girl and tell me
something isn't eating her up from
the inside.

KILPATRICK

(keeps focused on facts)
How long until she calms down
enough to talk to us?

Just then, Rowena manages to get one of the officer's coats. As she drags him towards her other officers have to pry the man away from her. Poe eyes Kilpatrick--

POE

Not anytime soon...

Just then, Celeste steps up to Poe and says--

CELESTE

Noble just sent word... Ligeia's
awake.

HARD CUT TO: INT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Poe and Celeste sit across from Ligeia. Although somewhat dazed, she looks much better. Our group sits in silence. A clock ticks, measuring the tension in the air.

POE

What happened to you?

LIGEIA

All I know is it started at Shadow
Brook... I was depressed. I thought
I'd try this new thing called
therapy--

CELESTE

Therapy did this to you?

LIGEIA

No. The counseling was legitimate.
But one man's intentions weren't.

POE

Eugene Bates?

Ligeia shakes her head. She's never heard this name.

LIGEIA

I was talking about Dr. Malik. He approached me after a session one day. He said that my file showed that I was very receptive to his cutting edge "theories." He asked to see me privately. After a few weeks, things got strange. I tried to leave and he drugged me. First with sedatives, then with something worse--

CELESTE

What did this drug do?

LIGEIA

Made me feel powerful. Strong. Angry... I felt like I was merely skin. That some voice in my head was directing me to move and act.

POE

Were you possessed?

CELESTE

Hypnotized?

Ligeia can't exactly pinpoint what she experienced.

LIGEIA

All I know is that I wasn't myself.

WE INTERCUT: Ligeia speaking with the following **INSERTS**.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL - NIGHT

Kilpatrick bumps into a police officer's shoulder. He apologizes as he moves away. As he does, we see that this ISN'T AN OFFICER, it's DR. MALIK!!! Kilpatrick sees that Rowena's cell is empty... Her chains are on the floor. He spins to see several officers unconscious, laying in a cell.

LIGEIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You can't let him be as cruel to
 anyone else as he was with me. Dr.
 Malik is a twisted man.

INT. THE GUIDRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry heats a pan on the stove. He takes a RAW STEAK from a white plate, places it in the pan and moves OS. THEN, ROWENA APPEARS IN THE REFLECTION OF THE BLOOD POOLED ON THE PLATE...

LIGEIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He makes monsters...

TILT TO FIND a ragged looking Rowena. She extinguishes the candle with her palm to drop herself back into the shadows.

HARD CUT TO: INT. THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

PAPERBOY
 (yelling as he enters)
 Rowena escaped!

Poe's eyes dart to the image of the FLEUR-DE-LIS on the wall. MATCH CUT FROM THE DRAWING TO-- A WROUGHT-IRON FLEUR-DE-LIS against a brick post. Pull back to reveal we're at--

EXT. THE GUIDRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Poe pushes his way through a crush of police carriages, "lookie-loos" and officers to see Harry Guidry's dead body being carried out of the house. Amanda is crying. A white rope has been strung up around the area (a la the yellow police tape). Poe spots Kilpatrick on the porch and rushes up--

KILPATRICK
 We raced here, but it was too late.

POE
 Rowena'll be going after the victim that correlates to the lion symbol. The Sentinel staff has only narrowed the possibilities down to twenty names. Your men any closer?

KILPATRICK
 Nominally. But we have some new information regarding Dr. Malik. His Shadow Brook office had been gutted--

POE
 Tell me you went to his home--

KILPATRICK

We found three female bodies buried
in his basement--

POE

Failed attempts at possession?--

KILPATRICK

Whatever he's doing to them, he had
tried to destroy all the evidence.
Luckily, he had to flee before he
was finished. We found copious
notes on Ligeia and Rowena. As well
as notes on a half dozen other
Shadow Brook female patients he was
planning to manipulate in the same
way. This guy's a lunatic--

POE

And the monster he created is still
at large. We have to get to the
last victim before Rowena does.

HARD CUT TO: EXT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Celeste stares at LIGEIA'S LIST. She gets an idea and starts
sifting through some papers on a shelf. Suddenly, she finds a
DRAWING she made years ago of **Marcus and Poe**. Just then, she
sees Noble has a cup of coffee for her. She's tucks the paper
away, but Noble's seen it already and comments--

NOBLE

I remember the night you met Marcus
and Poe. I seem to recall that
initially it was Edgar that caught
your eye--

CELESTE

That was a long time ago.
(off Noble's look)
We don't exactly get along--

NOBLE

Just like my parents. They've been
married thirty-two years.

He sees Celeste trying to be strong in all of her confusion.

NOBLE (CONT'D)

It's okay. Weakness isn't a flaw--

CELESTE

Because I'm a woman?--

NOBLE

Because you're human, Celeste. You can let someone put their arm around you and be the strong one for two minutes.

CELESTE

And who's going to do that for me?

Suddenly, a BANGING ON A DOOR saves her from this discussion--

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Poe's always losing the key to his own damn lock.

TIME CUT TO: Celeste opening the door. But it isn't Poe... **IT'S SARAH!!!** She blows past her, upset. Tears welling up. She speaks as she descends the staircase.

SARAH

The staff upstairs said Poe was down here! Where is he?! Where's--

But Sarah's words fade as she sees Poe's home and office. The immeasurable amount of macabre research that covers this room stares back at her. Think Lois Lane at the Fortress of Solitude. This is all blowing her mind. She spins to see Celeste behind her. She forces her mouth to start working.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How long's Poe been here doing this?

CELESTE

After Marcus was murdered, I lost faith in the system. I took over running his paper to help investigate the corruption - the police, our elected officials - everything that was undermining our city. Poe's been helping me while conducting his own research...

SARAH

This paranormal stuff is only a year's worth of work?

CELESTE

This has been his whole life.

SARAH

Between you and this work, no wonder there wasn't room for me.

Celeste gasps a little at the implication Sarah is making that Poe and her "have a thing." She starts to comment when--

POE (O.S.)
 It's not like that...
 (Sarah spins to see Poe at
 the base of the stairs)
 You were my refuge from this...

They take each other in. There's a bigger conversation to have. But now there's no time. Sarah displays his SACHEL.

SARAH
 I read over the case material you
 left at the museum. This man...
 (she displays Celeste's
drawing of Dr. Malik)
 His name isn't Dr. Malik... His
 name is Eugene Bates.

CELESTE
 That's the estate lawyer all the
 victims shared!--

POE
 Doctor or lawyer -- No matter how
 many identities he has, he's still
 a lying son of a bitch.

SARAH
 At Shadow Brook, Bates and I had a
 conversation about donating money
 to the hospital when the time came.
 He then offered to draw up the
 paperwork free of charge in the
 name of charity.

CELESTE
 Bates used his influence at the
 hospital to pick wealthy targets--

POE
 And also the best psychological
 candidates that he could "possess"
 to murder them.

NOBLE
 Why go through all that trouble
 just to kill someone?

CELESTE
 It's a lot of money--

POE

It's more than that. Kilpatrick found that Bates also had a list of women he wanted to experiment on. I think we're only seeing a piece of his bigger plan. We need to find Rowena before she gets to the final victim.

Poe pulls a chalkboard with the list of names into view.

SARAH

I already know the answer. That's what I came to tell you. Alexander's the final target.
(upset as her wheels turn)
Bates did the addendum to his will. A huge sum goes to the hospital in the event of Alexander's passing.

CELESTE

Are you certain? According to Ligeia's list, the next target is associated with the lion symbol--

POE

Her engagement ring has two lions holding the diamond in place.

SARAH

(as she displays it)
The lion is part of the Shelton family crest. They often use the image in their various businesses.

The room can feel the inevitable question hanging in the air. Sarah knows this is a painful pill for Poe to swallow, but she looks at him with tears in her eyes as she begs him...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Please Edgar... Save his life.

Off Poe caught in this complex situation we...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a **syringe** coming out of the shadows. Widen to find ROWENA c-r-e-e-p-i-n-g down the hall towards Alexander as he soaks in a tub. We think he's a goner when suddenly- He catches her reflection and moves to fight her. He's too late and she's too strong. She slams his head against the tub knocking him out. SHE GRABS HIS HAIR WITH ONE HAND AND JAMS THE SYRINGE IN HIS NECK... BUT JUST BEFORE SHE CAN DEPRESS THE PLUNGER DOWN--

POE

Rowena!

HER ATTENTION SNAPS TO POE. (NOTE: this should feel like a cop trying to prevent the criminal from killing the hostage). We see Celeste appear quietly in the shadows behind her.

POE (CONT'D)

You're not a killer. You're a sweet girl. People liked you. Help me give your life back to you, Rowena.

As she focuses on Poe, her hand releases her grip on Alexander's hair who slumps into the water. Rowena tries to free herself from the control she's under. Her nose bleeds, she twitches. Finally, she grows calm. She seems to be back in control. A beat later, a sinister smiles appears--

ROWENA

I told you earlier... Rowena's been dead far too long to help anyone...

Suddenly, with amazing strength, she attacks Poe. Celeste pulls her off Poe and shoves her against the wall. But Rowena SLAMS Celeste's head with a HEAVY CLOCK. As Celeste hits the floor, **she's stunned to see the imprint of the tree on Rowena's back has marked the wall. It evaporates as it did in Act One. Celeste "knows" she couldn't have seen "this." This is the result of being hit hard in the head, a shadow, or some other trick of the mind.** As she fights to stand up--

Rowena and Poe struggle. During their fight, she hits the tub and **Poe watches Alexander's unconscious body slide under the water.** The clock is ticking - Alexander will die if Poe doesn't stop Rowena. Just as it looks like Poe might have her - Rowena slams his head into a medicine cabinet mirror. As Poe fights to remain conscious, he sees Rowena now standing at the tub. With one hand, she yanks Alexander's head up out of the water... She's about to plunge the syringe into his neck when Poe wraps his arms around her neck.

As she struggles, Celeste aids in containing her. She eventually goes limp and her eyes roll up in her head. Poe and Celeste share a look. As Poe **pockets the syringe**, his eyes point to Alexander.

POE

I draw the line at giving my rival
mouth to mouth.

TEN MINUTES LATER: Poe and Celeste are with Rowena as she comes to. Her mind is racing. She's frightened. Poe helps her to her feet. She freezes and points past him. He's confused and Poe and Celeste look past her to **EUGENE BATES (formerly Dr. Malik) COMING OUT OF THE SHADOWS WITH A GUN DRAWN-- BANG!** It takes everyone a second to realize Rowena has been shot in the chest. Celeste dives for cover and Poe covers Rowena on the floor as four more rounds ping around the room. With the shooter out of bullets, Poe gives chase.

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

As Poe rushes Bates, Bates manages to pull a sword from the wall. He unleashes a volley of swings and stabs that drives Poe backwards. Just as the blade is about to hit Poe's neck he yanks a FIREPLACE STOKER up at the last minute to defend against the sword. Poe shoves Bates back. They square off--

POE

I know you possessed those women. I
just don't know how you managed it?

EUGENE BATES

A magician doesn't tell you where
the rabbit came from, does he?--

POE

We're not talking about rabbits!
You tortured and killed people for
financial gain--

EUGENE BATES

The money allowed me to continue my
research. And I'd say, given what I
did with Rowena and Ligeia, that
I'm quite a visionary in my field--

POE

The "field" of science or the
occult?

EUGENE BATES

You're asking all the right
questions. Too bad you're not going
to live long enough to get answers.

Bates attacks and soon knocks the fireplace stoker from Poe. He cuts Poe's leg with the sword dropping him to the ground. As Bates gets ready to drive the sword through Poe's heart--

Poe pulls the **syringe** from his pocket and SLAMS IT INTO BATES'S NECK. When Bates hits the ground DEAD, something metal slides across the floor. It's a POCKET WATCH. Poe picks it up. And as it swings in the moonlight, Poe sees the RAVEN symbol engraved on it. He's horrified. This image has a great affect on Poe, but there's no time for him to explain now...

CUT TO: INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rowena is bleeding out cradled in Celeste's arms... She's trying to speak... Suddenly, Poe is there. She grabs for his collar. She pulls the **WATCH** from his coat pocket. She taps the RAVEN ENGRAVED on the watch...

ROWENA

This is... The Horizon...

And as Rowena dies, she leaves Poe and Celeste to wonder what exactly "The Horizon" is? HARD CUT TO--

EXT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rowena's body covered by a white sheet being moved by two men wearing dark coats. The white letters sewn onto their backs READ: CORONER. WIDEN to find our duo catching up to them.

POE

Gentlemen, I'd like a moment to look over the body.

As Poe reaches to lift the white sheet, a **night stick stops his hand**. Poe and Celeste spin to see Officer Moore and Reeder flanked with several other officers.

OFFICER MOORE

Not going to happen, Poe. Kilpatrick demanded that all evidence be sealed for review.

OFFICER REEDER

The newspapers will be notified that this was an open and shut case about murder motivated by financial gain. It was ended swiftly by the expert law enforcement officers in their city police force.

CELESTE

You're covering this up?--

Officer Moore runs his nightstick along Celeste's back.

OFFICER MOORE

Stick around, Celeste, and maybe you and I can get "covered up--"

POE

Damn it, Moore... Now I'm going to have to prove that chivalry isn't dead.

Just before Poe's FIST connects to Officer Moore's jaw, we--

HARD CUT TO: INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Poe is back in the place where we first met him. Kilpatrick stands on the outside of the bars as well yelling at him--

KILPATRICK

You're not a cop! You're not even a damn city employee! You have a horrible attitude, no people skills and are a borderline criminal... But... you saved numerous lives tonight and caught one twisted man--

POE

And as my reward, you kept the evidence from me--

KILPATRICK

I had to give that order. The Mayor decreed the investigation to be sealed for private review.
(Poe takes that in)
I need you - off the record - to keep digging.

Kilpatrick sets the KEY TO THE CELL on a metal ledge. Poe looks at it for a long beat. He then **kicks the door open** once again. We see that this "unconventional, but mutually beneficial" relationship is going to have many more chapters. As Poe steps out of the cell we PRELAP a match being lit...

HARD CUT TO: EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A candle being lit. WIDEN to find Celeste lighting the numerous candles on **Marcus' headstone**. White wax tendrils melt over the top of the grave. She's surprised when a **rose** gets set down. Even more so when she sees it's come from Poe.

POE

You're not the only one that misses
him...

A rare bit of emotion cracks through Celeste's facade.
Celeste takes off the chain holding the **engagement ring**.

CELESTE

It belonged to Marcus' mother
before he gave it to me.
(she hands it to Poe)
Don't pawn it.

Poe sees this as Celeste's first step toward moving forward.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

One more thing... If we're going to
keep working together, you can't be
punching police officers--

POE

I was defending your honor--

CELESTE

You used me as an excuse to do what
you've wanted to do for months--

POE

Can we agree that he deserved it?
(off her look)
And for the record, the police
aren't protecting the public from
the things waiting in the shadows--

CELESTE

What Dr. Malik was doing was
science. Twisted, but still
science. The supernatural slant you
perceive just isn't there.

POE

I wish that were true...

Celeste looks curiously at Poe as he PULLS DR. MALIK'S **POCKET WATCH** from his coat. As Poe speaks, we **CUT AWAY** to see **SNIPPETS** of the actual events Poe describes (NOTE: This mystery will grow in importance over the life of the series).

POE (CONT'D)

When I was five, I came home to
find the furniture was stuck on the
walls. Objects moved on their own.
I saw terrible, twisted sights.

(MORE)

POE (CONT'D)

And worse, I was too late. Over the years I grew to understand that my sister and mother had been murdered by supernatural forces.

CELESTE

Marcus told me that you had a terrible fever for weeks. You couldn't have seen what you claim--

POE

It doesn't matter. What does, is that my mother left me a clue. She had used grease to draw an image on the kitchen floor. She lit it on fire before she died.

CELESTE

What was the burning image..?

Poe displays the **RAVEN** on the watch. Poe wonders how the mysteries of the past are dovetailing with the present. They stand there awkwardly - Two friends that need each other more than they can admit.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

You offer me outlandish ideas on Marcus' mystery. The least I can do is point out the science in yours.

As they both look at the grave, POE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND CELESTE TO COMFORT AND THANK HER. Perhaps Poe is the person that will be strong when she is weak? She leans her head on his shoulder... HARD CUT TO A CLOSE UP of WINE being poured into a glass. The hand lifts up to reveal that Sarah--

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Soaking in a bubble bath. As our POV moves towards her we begin to worry that she could be a victim. But instead of a syringe to the neck, we see Poe's reflection in the mirror.

SARAH

That was extremely selfless of you to save Alexander's life.

POE

I nearly let him drown.

SARAH

Alexander told me to thank you for what you did. He squared your debts away. He said that you would understand.

Poe smirks, knowing that this is Alexander's way of accepting Poe's challenge to fight on an even playing field for Sarah's love. Poe then produces a tight bouquet of flowers.

POE
They're dandelions, daisies and
sunflowers.

SARAH
They're lovely.

POE
They are all, technically, weeds.
That's what you said our love
produced. I just came to remind you
that the unconventional can be just
as beautiful as the norm.

SARAH
(off his puppy dog eyes)
You can stay for one drink...

INT. FREE CLINIC - NOBLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BOTTLE OF WINE. WIDEN to find Noble reading the accompanying NOTE: "*Here's to greatness - Poe.*" As he starts to open the bottle we CUT TO--

INT. THE SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A NEAR EMPTY BOTTLE OF WINE. A considerably tipsy Celeste seals up her box of KEEPSAKES. She's turns to discover she forgot to include the DRAWING OF MARCUS AND POE. As she moves for more wine she knocks a book over. The book falls to cover MARCUS' FACE. Now, only Poe looks at her. As she sorts out her feelings we PRELAP: the "clink" of glasses "toasting."

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Poe sits in a chair by the tub. He and Sarah both sip the wine. It puts their faces close together for a moment...

SARAH
I almost forgot...
(she produces pages)
I read your short story about
Ligeia. It's got potential.

As he takes the pages back their hands touch.

POE
You know reading my writing was how
I first found myself in your heart.

She's silent. She's pushed him away all episode, but his actions give her the slightest pause. *Is she waiting to see if Poe will try and kiss her?* Whatever was going to happen, is cut short by a **knock** at the door and a muffled voice--

MAID

Mr. Shelton is on his way up...

Poe grabs a towel. He wraps her in it as she stands up. It's seductive and painful.

POE

I've lost too many important women in my life... I won't make the same mistake with you.

SARAH

I'm not something that needs to be saved Edgar.

POE

But I am...

Poe slips out the window just as Alexander enters. Poe turns to watch the woman of his dreams in the arms of another man. He watches as they sit down at a table with the wine between them. MOS: As Alexander recounts the events of the night, Poe starts to notice that Sarah is absentmindedly folding a piece of paper. At first it seems like nothing, but as Poe leaves, he has a second thought. He peers in intently at what's she's doing. When she's finished working, Poe can't see the results. Then, Alexander spills his wine accidentally. When Sarah stands up to get a towel, the paper she's folded falls by the fire. To Poe's horror, she's made an **ORIGAMI RAVEN**.

EXTREME SLOW-MO: Sarah walks, the red wine droplets splash on the floor and the ORIGAMI RAVEN makes it to the ground.

THE RAVEN hits the floor and leans against the fireplace protection screen. This throws the huge shadow of the bird to where Poe is standing out of sight on the balcony. Poe is stunned and horrified, that another woman he loves "might" be a victim in the conspiracy that has caused him so much pain. As Poe reels... **THE DISTINCTIVE SHADOW OF THE RAVEN MORPHS AND CURLS TO FORM THE TITLE OF OUR SHOW...**

POE

END OF EPISODE