

CHILDREN of PAN

by

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OVER BLACK

The sounds of RITUALISTIC CHANTS and animal BLEATING.

A harrowing DYING SQUEAL. The chanting stops. DRUMS start banging.

Distant whimpers echo out of the darkness. They grow closer and closer, until --

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - NIGHT

A girl in a school uniform, MARY ANN (16), staggers out of the pitch-black mouth of a runoff tunnel -- her dilated eyes filled with horror and confusion.

She holds a BLOODIED KNIFE. Her hands and clothes are stained with blood.

Ritualistic drums continue banging in the depths of the tunnel.

The terrified girl drops to her knees by a rolling brook in the middle of the clearing.

Backlit by the moon, she sways back and forth, mumbling unintelligible words as she nervously rinses the blood off hands and knife. Until she realizes it's not water in the stream, but more blood.

The eerie SOUND OF A FLUTE torments her. She covers her ears. It gets louder. And louder. Until --

INT. BOARDING SCHOOL - DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mary Ann wakes with a start. Drenched in sweat and agitated, she sits on the bed to catch her breath.

Her ROOMMATE sleeps peacefully in the other bed.

Mary Ann kneels by her bedside table and crosses herself in front of a small wooden cross hanging on the wall.

MARY ANN

(sobbing)

Oh God. I'm so sorry.

She's hit again by the distant SOUND OF A FLUTE -- starts swaying back and forth.

MARY ANN
Please forgive me, Lord.

ROOMMATE
What the hell are you doing, Annie?

Mary Ann jolts. She hastens to leave the room.

MARY ANN
I'm sorry, didn't wanna wake you.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

An empty shower runs.

As Mary Ann undresses, she catches her reflection in the bathroom mirror -- sees her naked body streaked in OCCULT SYMBOLS made with red paint.

She moves away from the mirror. Her body's completely clean.

SHOWER

Mary Ann scrubs ferociously at her clean skin with a sponge. A rivulet of red blood trickles down her forearm.

The eerie SOUND OF THE FLUTE fills the space.

She violently covers her ears trying to make the sound go away.

MARY ANN
Please stop. STOP!

She's flooded by a string of fast fleeting images:

-- Hands furiously bang on drums.

-- A goat skull burns in a bonfire.

Mary Ann bangs her head against the shower wall.

-- A pair of feet dance on bloodied soil.

She bangs again. Harder. This time she cracks a tile and cuts her forehead. Blood trickles down her face.

-- Hands trace an upside-down "A" of blood on a naked belly.

Another bang. The tile breaks into pieces.

Mary Ann drops to the floor wailing. As she calms down, she spots a piece of tile on the floor. It has a sharp edge.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A sea of bodies -- girls stepping in and out of the showers, toweling, spraying deodorant, and getting dressed.

One of the girls notices a streak of blood running down the white tiled floor. She follows it to one of the shower stalls -- pulls the curtain open and SCREAMS --

The LIFELESS BODY OF MARY ANN lies contorted in the shower stall, her wrists cut wide open -- blood still flowing from the wounds.

Behind her, an INVERTED "A" PAINTED WITH BLOOD on the wall.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: CHILDREN OF PAN

FADE IN:

EXT. OAKWOOD ACADEMY - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

The cold, damp winter weather foreshadows imminent snowfalls.

Students in school uniform make their way into an old Reform School building, now a politically correct Therapeutic Boarding School. An air of somberness clings to every wall.

Above the main entrance the school's crest and motto:

"OAKWOOD ACADEMY. Transforming the lives of youth in crisis."

A vehicle pulls up underneath.

The back door of the car flies open --

A punked-out androgynous teenage girl climbs out: JAMIE CASTILLO (17) -- the embodiment of disaffected youth.

She's welcomed by an intake counselor, IVAN (early 30s), a big fake smile plastered across his face.

IVAN
Welcome to Oakwood!
(offers his hand)
You must be Jamie.

She ignores him and heads to the trunk to pick up her luggage.

PETER BRIGGS, Jamie's stepfather, steps out of the car --

MR. BRIGGS
(to Ivan)
Sorry.

They shake hands.

MR. BRIGGS
Pete Briggs, Jamie's dad.

Ivan rushes to help with Jamie's luggage.

IVAN
Let me get that.

Jamie grabs her bags, strolls past Ivan with an I-don't-give-a-shit confidence towards the main entrance.

Mr. Briggs looks in the passenger side --

MRS. BRIGGS, withered by life's blows, fixes her hair in the rear-view mirror and steps out of the car.

MRS. BRIGGS
Let's get this over with.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie and her parents sit on three wooden chairs in a simple and austere room filled with meticulously organized religious and educational books.

Across from them --

The school's headmaster, FATHER HAROLD RUSSELL, an inscrutable man neatly dressed in black, cleans his wire-frame eyeglasses with a small white handkerchief.

On top of his oak desk: files and pens symmetrically aligned. A big wooden cross hangs solemnly on the wall behind him.

FATHER RUSSELL
You won't be able to contact your daughter in the first few weeks. After that, she'll phone you once a week. As you know, our program disconnects students from media, friends, families, and other external influences. We "unplug" them from society in order to reconnect them with nature, God, and ultimately with themselves.

Jamie pulls out her phone and hands it over to her stepdad --

JAMIE

Wanna text my lawyer before they start with the waterboarding?

MRS. BRIGGS

Jamie, *por favor*. So rude. Apologize to Father Russell.

Jamie rolls her eyes -- *she hates this woman*. The headmaster smiles slightly.

FATHER RUSSELL

It's okay, Mrs. Briggs. Plenty of jokers around here. You'll fit right in, Jamie.

There's a knock at the door.

A female counselor, MS. RUTH SABEL, curt and old-fashioned, enters the room.

MS. SABEL

Father, we're ready for her.

FATHER RUSSELL

Thank you, Ruth.

(as he stands)

Jamie, let me introduce you to your dorm mother, Ms. Ruth Sabel. She will take you to your room and show you around.

(to her parents)

Time to say goodbye.

Jamie grabs her bag with disdain and follows Ms. Sabel without saying goodbye to her parents.

Mrs. Briggs sighs, clenching her purse.

FATHER RUSSELL

You're doing the right thing, Mrs. Briggs. Your daughter is in the right place to be healed.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

POLLY THOMPSON (17), a gangly geek, reads a book on her bed, mumbling the words as if memorizing them.

She is so engrossed, she doesn't realize Ms. Sabel and Jamie have entered the room.

MS. SABEL

You have a new roommate, Thompson.

Startled, Polly hastens to close the book and springs up from the bed.

POLLY

Hi. Sorry.
(offering her hand)
I'm Polly.

JAMIE

(dismissive)
Hi.

Jamie walks past Polly, ignoring her offer to shake hands.

MS. SABEL

This is Jamie Castillo.

Jamie scans the room: Simple and bleak, with two beds and two writing desks.

MS. SABEL

Place your bag on top of the bed,
please. I have to check your
luggage.

JAMIE

Really?

Jamie drops her bag on the bed. Sabel searches it --

MS. SABEL

No sharp objects, forbidden media,
unprescribed drugs, phones or
computers, hairdryers, make-up,
provocative clothing --

JAMIE

Of course. I wouldn't want to be a
distraction for the boys.

The dorm mother confiscates a few books, comics, underwear, a lighter, and her cellphone.

Jamie can't believe it.

MS. SABEL

I'll hold on to your personal
belongings until you leave the
program.

Jamie reluctantly complies until Ms. Sabel adds a framed photo to the loot. In the picture a younger Jamie poses with a handsome teenage boy.

JAMIE

You're not taking that.

Jamie tries to snatch the photo away from her, but Sabel hides it behind her back.

MS. SABEL

No sharp objects, remember?

JAMIE

I just want the photo, you can keep the frame.

Ignoring her, Ms. Sabel puts the photo with the rest of the confiscated objects in a plastic box.

MS. SABEL

Dinner is in twenty minutes. You'll find your uniform in the dresser.

Jamie gives Sabel a dirty look.

The dorm mother leaves with a condescending smile.

Polly looks at her new roommate, unsure of what to say -- not wanting to ruin her chance to make a good first impression.

POLLY

Was it your boyfriend? In the photo?

JAMIE

None of your business.

POLLY

Okay.

Polly sits at her desk and opens a notebook. Uncomfortable silence.

JAMIE

He's my brother.

POLLY

Oh.

(smiles)

I also have a brother, you know? And a sister, Amy. She's only eight, but I love writing stories with her --

JAMIE

-- he's dead, so I don't get to play with him.

Polly is stunned.

POLLY

I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

Jamie flops on her bed, exhaling stress. Awkward silence, again.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

A spacious room filled with round wooden tables.

The sound of chatter fills the air.

Jamie sits by Polly, eating a salad in silence. Her attention is drawn to MS. HELEN BARNABET, a mysterious and sophisticated woman with a shaved head, strolling gracefully across the room.

JAMIE

What's up with her? She sick or something?

POLLY

That's Ms. Barnabet our art teacher. She's --
(thinks)
-- different.

A ruckus of laughter surrounds them --

MEGAN JONES (17), a mean, loud attention junkie, and her two bully friends, BECCA and SIMONE, join them at their table.

MEGAN

Hey, Polly Dolly. Aren't you gonna introduce us to your new roommie?

Jamie glances at them, indifferent, then at Polly, who stares nervously at her plate.

Megan checks Jamie out --

MEGAN

Oh-My-God-Dolly. You found an emo boyfriend to tuck you in at night. How cute is that?
(chuckles)
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You guys are the perfect couple for Mad Annie's room. The dork and the weirdo. I wonder who'll kill herself first.

JAMIE

-- the fuck you talking about?

MEGAN

Oh, Dolly hasn't told you about Mad Annie yet? I'll leave you guys to it then --

(as she leaves)

Sayonara bitches!

They go, leaving behind the sound of their mocking laughter. Jamie looks daggers at them --

JAMIE

What the hell was that all about?

POLLY

Megan Jones. She's been here forever. Just try to stay out of her way. Not worth the trouble.

Jamie shakes her head, still glowering at Megan.

POLLY

She's obsessed about this girl that used to sleep in our room. They called her Mad Annie. Apparently she was not all there and ended up killing herself. She slit her wrists in the shower and covered the walls with her own blood.

JAMIE

Beautiful. This place couldn't get any better.

Jamie stands and picks up her tray --

JAMIE

See you at Mad Annie's.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie and Polly are in their beds about to go to sleep.

POLLY

Do you believe in ghosts?

Jamie turns off her bedside light.

JAMIE
Go to sleep.

POLLY
Do you mind if I leave mine on?

Jamie rolls her eyes -- covers her head with the pillow.

POLLY
(smiles)
I'm glad I don't have to sleep
alone in this room anymore.

INT. ALGEBRA CLASSROOM - DAY

With his back to the students, the ALGEBRA TEACHER, a wishy-washy man, rambles on in a monotone -- scribbling formulas and equations on the board.

Jamie, engrossed in her fantasy world, draws a devilish caricature of the teacher on her notebook -- lascivious grin, long reptilian tongue, and a snake-penis.

She makes herself comfortable, takes off her shoes -- keeps drawing.

ALGEBRA TEACHER
Ms. Castillo?

She lifts her gaze to find him looking at her.

ALGEBRA TEACHER
You're not in your living room,
please put your shoes back on.

The door swings open.

GABE BROOKS (17), a quiet and enigmatic bad boy, enters the classroom.

ALGEBRA TEACHER
Late again, Mr. Brooks?

He snubs the teacher and just heads to his seat.

He walks by Jamie, peeks at her drawing and smiles -- their gazes cross. A major energy-exchange happens. Jamie smiles faintly back at him.

ALGEBRA TEACHER

They don't pay me enough to put up
with your kind.

Gabe sits, unperturbed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bell rings. The hallway floods with students pouring out
of the classrooms.

Megan and her posse approach LEE WONG (17), a timid and
overweight girl, as she opens her locker.

Lee looks inside and frowns.

MEGAN

I can't believe my eyes! Sumo Lee
storing frickin' burritos inside
her locker.

Megan roars with laughter and reaches inside Lee's locker --
grabs a half-eaten burrito and waves it in the air.

MEGAN

Dude, everyone has to see this.
Unbelievable.

Students gather around them. Some of them laughing, others
just staring at the scene or passing by.

LEE

That's not mine.

MEGAN

Naughty girl. You know you're not
supposed to sneak out food from the
kitchen.

Megan unfolds the burrito and drops its contents to the
floor.

LEE

Someone put that inside my locker.

Jamie and Polly arrive and stand behind some students.

MEGAN

Shit. Now I feel bad I left you
without your afternoon snack. Here,
have this.

Megan scrubs the tortilla against Lee's face -- she tries to push her away.

JAMIE
(to Polly)
Is everyone just gonna stand and watch?

Polly pulls Jamie's arm and steps away.

POLLY
Let's go. Let the counselors take care of it.

JAMIE
What?! No fucking way.

She pushes Polly aside and lunges towards Megan.

JAMIE
Hey, you! Who do you think you are, shithead?

Jamie surprises Megan and slams her against the lockers. Megan hits her head and falls to the floor. Jamie jumps on top of her and grabs her neck.

Students cheer and shout.

Jamie loses it -- rage takes over her. She's strangling Megan.

In the back of the crowd, Ms. Barnabet watches. She doesn't intervene until Ivan and TWO OTHER COUNSELORS arrive and put an end to it.

Ivan restrains Jamie. They fall harshly to the ground. Jamie tries to wrestle her way out but he pins her down.

JAMIE
Get your hands off me!

Megan coughs, catches her breath. She glowers at Jamie.

MEGAN
You're so fucking dead.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Jamie sits across from DR. MCKENZIE, a warm and smiley young woman.

Another big wooden cross hangs on the wall of the small, grim office.

Jamie doodles on her notebook.

DR. MCKENZIE

Who were you attacking when you hit Megan, Jamie?

Jamie looks up and stares at the doctor, amused --

JAMIE

Really?

Shakes her head and continues doodling.

Dr. McKenzie leafs through Jamie's file.

DR. MCKENZIE

Do you want to talk about Michael?

JAMIE

Sure, doc. What'd you wanna know? How he was hanging in his room for six hours before I found him? How my mom believes he's going to hell because he killed himself...

DR. MCKENZIE

God is love and forgiveness, Jamie. When Judgment Day comes --

JAMIE

Oh, c'mon. Gimme a break.

She closes her notebook and stands to leave.

JAMIE

I'm done here.

DR. MCKENZIE

Look Jamie, we're gonna be meeting once a week. The sooner you start opening up with me the sooner you'll --

JAMIE

-- Yeah, yeah. I know the drill. Can I go now?

The doctor looks at her for a moment.

DR. MCKENZIE

See you next week.

Jamie leaves the room slamming the door.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

A pile of shoes rest by the door of a spacious and luminous room.

Twelve barefoot students, including Jamie, Polly, Megan, and Gabe, sit on low stools in front of easels, painting.

Ms. Barnabet, charismatic with an animal-like magnetism, paces barefoot among them. She holds a bowl with burning incense and aromatic herbs, spreading the fragrant smoke across the room.

MS. BARNABET

Empty your minds from the conscious self. Accept your flaws... Think of this class as a sacred place, where you can act freely without anyone judging you.

Ms. Barnabet stops by Gabe, not the detached bad boy anymore. He's committed, really invested in his drawing -- a mediocre sketch of a horned-headed figure.

The teacher rests a hand on his shoulder. Gabe turns to exchange a proud smile with her, but realizes her interest is somewhere else --

Jamie paints furiously, with passion.

Ms. Barnabet approaches her and looks at her painting -- a beautifully detailed swollen heart, monsters and devils trying to rip their way out of it.

Gabe frowns at Jamie, envious.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Jamie sits alone, her food untouched in front of her. She's still drawing on her sketchbook.

Polly, carrying her tray, looks left and right for a place to sit. She spots Jamie, heads over to her table.

POLLY

Hey.

She catches a glimpse of Jamie's illustration before Jamie closes the notebook.

POLLY
You're really good.

JAMIE
I'd rather eat alone.

Polly ignores her and sits.

POLLY
You like comics?

Jamie rolls her eyes --

POLLY
I used to write short stories, you know? Unfortunately my Tumblr got like really popular in school. People started trolling me -- posting really mean stuff. So I decided to quit --

JAMIE
Well, you shouldn't have.

POLLY
(smiles)
Maybe it's time I pick it up again. We could work on a comic book together.

JAMIE
I doubt we have the same tastes --

To prove her point, Jamie opens her notebook and leafs through pages of macabre and gory illustrations.

Polly grabs her backpack and takes out a book -- the same one Jamie and Ms. Sabel caught her reading when they first met -- removes the dust cover to reveal --

A copy of STEPHEN KING'S CARRIE. She quickly puts the cover back on and hides the book inside her bag --

POLLY
I'm not supposed to have this...

Jamie looks at her goggle-eyed --

JAMIE
Look at you, scary-pants -- who would've guessed you liked Stephen King?

POLLY

You shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

JAMIE

Touché.

They laugh.

POLLY

Hey, what you did for Lee was amazing. Really. I wish I could be more like you.

EXT. SCHOOL'S HOBBY FARM - DAY

Jamie and Polly tend to goats in a small pen with a group of students.

Jamie keeps looking in the direction of a nearby orchard, where Megan and her friends are doing some gardening.

JAMIE

My brother was also bullied, you know. They made his life miserable. You can't let them get away with it. You have to fight back. Hit harder. It's the only way.

Polly notices Jamie's eyes fixed on Megan.

POLLY

Please, Jamie. I don't want any more trouble.

JAMIE

Why the fuck do they get to do the gardening and we're stuck with these filthy animals?

Polly ushers a goat on top of a small wooden milking stand. Jamie just stares at the animal with disgust.

POLLY

Oh, come on. They're cute.

JAMIE

Don't you wish you could go all Carrie on everyone and burn this whole school to the ground?

POLLY
(smiling)
Sometimes.

As Polly caresses the goat, it poops on Jamie's shoe.

JAMIE
Gotta be kidding me.

Polly laughs.

The FARM COUNSELOR, a rustic man, approaches them.

FARM COUNSELOR
Girls, less talk and more work.
(points at the goat crap)
Castillo, that goes in the compost
bin.

JAMIE
(mutters)
No fucking way I'm touching that.

As the counselor leaves, Lee timidly approaches them and starts picking up the goat dung.

JAMIE
You don't need to do that.

LEE
It's okay. I don't mind.

When she's done cleaning up, she walks up to Jamie --

LEE
Thanks for sticking up for me.

And extends her arm to shake hands --

LEE
I'm Lee by the way.

Jamie glares at her dirty glove and politely declines the offer.

Lee realizes, and quickly takes off her gloves.

LEE
Sorry about that.

JAMIE
No worries.

They shake hands.

JAMIE

Jamie.

One of the goats seizes their distraction and runs across the open fence of the pen.

When Jamie realizes, it's too late --

JAMIE

Hey, stop!

The goat disappears into the woods.

LEE

Shit.

JAMIE

I got it.

Jamie exits the pen and sprints after her.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jamie runs following the bleating through the forest.

After a while, Jamie slows her pace. The animal is nowhere to be seen.

The eerie LILTING OF A FLUTE reaches her. She stops and listens. Scans her surroundings. Overcome by curiosity, she creeps in the direction of the music.

She walks past a tree with STRANGE SYMBOLS carved on its trunk -- examines them. She then notices SMALL PIECES OF GLASS AND MIRROR hanging on strings from the tree branches.

The melody stops. Stillness. Just the sound of the wind blowing through the trees. Then --

Beyond some trees she lays eyes on a group of people standing in the middle of a clearing.

It's Ms. Barnabet and THREE STUDENTS. They hold hands in a circle looking skyward with their eyes closed, deep in meditation.

Jamie watches, fascinated, when --

A hand touches her shoulder --

Jamie jolts, turns -- Gabe stands right behind her.

JAMIE
Holy shit, dude! Scared the shit
outta me.

GABE
I'm sorry, but you can't be here.

JAMIE
What the hell you guys doing out
here?

GABE
Group therapy. You need to be
signed up to the wilderness
immersion club, otherwise you can't
be here.

Jamie frowns. She makes the three-finger Boy Scout salute --

JAMIE
(mockingly)
Honor, God, and Country.

Gabe smiles.

GABE
Something like that.

He grabs Jamie's arm --

GABE
You gotta leave.

Jamie shoves him away.

JAMIE
Hands off, scoutmaster.

GABE
Wow, girl. Chill.

JAMIE
I can walk myself out, asshole.

Jamie turns to leave.

Gabe checks her out as she walks away, amused.

EXT. SCHOOL'S HOBBY FARM - DAY

Polly is the only student left in the farm. She sits on a
stool, finishing up milking her goat, when --

Megan, Becca, and Simone approach her from behind --

MEGAN

Hey, Dolly, where's your boyfriend?

Polly freezes -- continues milking, avoiding eye contact.

MEGAN

I'm talking to you, freak, you deaf?

POLLY

(mutters)

I need to finish here, Megan.

Megan's posse surround her.

Simone pushes Polly off her stool. She falls to the ground.

POLLY

Guys, I don't want any trouble.
Leave me alone, please.

MEGAN

Leave you alone? Oh, we haven't even started with you yet.

(to her posse)

Hold her down.

The bullies grab Polly and make her get on all fours on top of the milking stand.

Megan latches Polly's neck in the head gate --

POLLY

Stop, please! It hurts.

Polly panics, a dark blotch stains her crotch -- urine runs down her legs. The bullies notice --

MEGAN

You wet yourself, dolly.

BECCA

Oh my God. Gross.

SIMONE

Polly-the-pissing-dolly.

The bullies laugh viciously.

Megan dumps the COMPOST BIN over Polly's head, covering her in goat dung.

MEGAN
You're disgusting.

FARM COUNSELOR (O.S.)
Hey, what's going on here?!

The farm counselor arrives as the bullies hasten to flee the scene.

He releases Polly from the latch and helps her off the milking stand. Polly cries, traumatized.

FARM COUNSELOR
Oh, God. Look what they did to you.

Jamie arrives, without the fugitive goat --

FARM COUNSELOR
Where were you, Castillo? You know the woods are off-limits.

JAMIE
What the fuck happened?!

Jamie rushes to comfort her friend -- wraps her arms around her.

JAMIE
Are you okay?

FARM COUNSELOR
You were supposed to be milking with your partner.

JAMIE
Really? So it's my fault she got beat. What the fuck are you here for then?!
(to Polly)
Let's go clean up.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Polly stares blankly at her empty canvas.

Ms. Barnabet approaches her and squats beside her --

MS. BARNABET
Is everything all right, Polly?

POLLY

(mutters)

I'm just not really inspired today,
Ms. Barnabet.

Megan and Simone jeer behind.

Ms. Barnabet glares back at them. Then puts her hand on
Polly's shoulder, comforting her --

MS. BARNABET

Close your eyes.

Polly hesitates.

MS. BARNABET

It's okay, I'm here with you.

Polly closes her eyes.

MS. BARNABET

Take a deep breath in...

(inhales)

And exhale, slowly.

(exhales)

Allow your body to relax. Breathe.

Notice where it's tense --

MEGAN

Careful with your bladder, Dolly.

People laugh -- apparently, word got out about Megan's little
prank.

Polly lowers her head, mortified. Jamie scowls, clenching
fists.

Ms. Barnabet turns to Megan, calm --

MS. BARNABET

What did you say that for?

MEGAN

(smiles)

'Cause it's true.

MS. BARNABET

I didn't ask why you said it -- I
asked with what purpose.

MEGAN

'Cause I wanted to.

MS. BARNABET
Again. I didn't ask why.

Megan is taken aback.

MEGAN
Just making a comment about
something everybody knows.

MS. BARNABET
With what purpose?

MEGAN
With no purpose, okay? It was just
a joke... And apparently a very
funny one.

MS. BARNABET
So you need to make people laugh,
that makes you feel good. Great.
(beat)
Please stand, Ms. Jones. Would you
be the motley fool for us? Come on,
take the stage. Make us laugh.

Intense silence.

MS. BARNABET
Your best joke.

MEGAN
I don't wanna tell a joke.

MS. BARNABET
It's okay. This is a safe space.
Are you worried you might not be
that funny?

Polly is biting back a smile. Jamie is openly smiling.

MEGAN
(glowers at Barnabet)
This is bullshit.

Megan scoots out of the room. Students giggle.

MS. BARNABET
Back to work, guys. Comedy hour's
over.

INT. BARNABET'S OFFICE - DAY

Megan sits across from Ms. Barnabet.

Eerie paintings and obscure tribal masks hang on the walls alongside a large bookshelf.

MEGAN

I'm warning you, Ms. Barnabet.
Don't you ever put me on the spot
like that again, you hear me? Ever.

Ms. Barnabet smiles, amused.

MS. BARNABET

I marvel at your sense of
entitlement, Miss Jones.

MEGAN

Well, my dad practically owns this
school. His donations pay for your
fucking salary.

MS. BARNABET

Tell me, Megan, if Mister Jones
cared in the least about you, don't
you think he would've visited you
already? What's it been, two years?
Don't you get it -- he pays to keep
you away.

Megan, gives Barnabet a murderous glare, trying hard not to
cry.

MEGAN

Choose your words carefully, Helen.

She leans towards Barnabet and whispers --

MEGAN

I know what you do in the woods.

MS. BARNABET

(chuckles)
My wilderness immersion sessions
are hardly a secret to anyone.

MEGAN

I saw you -- With a group of
students. Mad Annie was there too.
(beat)
Is that why she killed herself,
huh? Because of those dirty things
you do in the wilderness?

Barnabet drops the smile.

MEGAN

I could talk, you know? You could go to jail.

MS. BARNABET

What do you want, child?

MEGAN

(smirks victoriously)

I'm not setting foot in your class ever again. And, I expect to pass with honors. How about that for starters?

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

An empty stool.

The other stools are occupied by students and arranged in a circle. Easels are pushed against the walls creating a big space in the center of the room.

Barnabet searches through some boxes. There's an old gramophone on top of a table next to her.

MS. BARNABET

Today we're gonna be doing something different.

She pulls out a record and places it on the turntable.

MS. BARNABET

We're gonna get physical, express ourselves through movement -- and dance.

(drops the needle)

Like the great Agnes de Mille said:
"To dance is to be out of yourself.
Larger, more beautiful, more powerful. This is power, it is glory on earth and it is yours for the taking."

An eerie classical tune fills the room.

Ms. Barnabet turns towards her students and closes her eyes --

MS. BARNABET

Close your eyes, feel the music.

(begins to slowly move)

Imagine yourself as a wild animal -- uninhibited and free.

Barnabet contorts her body to the music. She dances gracefully but animalistic at the same time -- like a feral *Pina Bausch* choreography.

Her students stare in awe. Then --

She ROARS.

Everyone giggles. Barnabet opens her eyes.

MS. BARNABET

Gabe, your turn. What are you?

(beat)

Fast. Don't think.

Gabe HOWLS.

MS. BARNABET

Perfect. A nocturnal creature,
hungry and lusting.

Gabe howls again and gets off his stool.

MS. BARNABET

Show the pack what you're capable
of.

Gabe moves up to Jamie and utters a defiant grunt, he comes face to face with her and licks her ear.

Jamie pushes him away.

MS. BARNABET

How about you, Jamie?

JAMIE

I'm a bitch.

She growls. Everyone laughs. Barnabet smiles -- *loves it*.

JAMIE

And I protect my territory.

Jamie faces Gabe and bares her teeth -- barks at him.

Soon all students start mimicking different animals and dancing around the room. All except one --

LEE

I'm sorry, Ms. Barnabet, but I
can't dance.

MS. BARNABET

That's not true. There's nothing
you can't do in this class, Lee.

Barnabet dances around her. Lee stares shyly at the floor.

MS. BARNABET

You are my lion cub, and I will
protect you.

Lee looks up at her and smiles.

MS. BARNABET

Roar for me.

Barnabet stands in front of Lee.

MS. BARNABET

Roar.

A beat. Lee roars bashfully. Barnabet roars back.

Everyone dances wildly, having a blast.

Jamie and Lee are on the floor with Polly, who's a snake,
laughing their asses off.

Barnabet approaches them and offers each one of them a silver
token.

JAMIE

What's this?

MS. BARNABET

It's an invitation. To the Pan
Club.

POLLY

The Pan Club?

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DUSK

A hand holds a small silver token with the image of a horned-
headed man engraved on it.

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)

To Ancient Greeks, he was known as
the god of the wild, the guardian
of the primal and untamed forces of
nature --

Six enthralled students sit on stones around a cairn, listening to Ms. Barnabet. Among them are Jamie, Polly, Lee, and Gabe.

The clearing is nestled inside a spider-web structure of ropes tied across the surrounding trees. Small crystals hang from the ropes, twinkling with the soft light of dusk. It's a mesmerizing sight.

Barnabet continues to address her enthralled audience --

MS. BARNABET

-- And like many of you, he was often viewed as an outcast due to his dual nature of half-beast and half-god. Even today, he's often misjudged as an evil force -- a reminder of how often society is blinded by prejudices.

Polly whispers to Jamie --

POLLY

(a bit too loud)

Are we joining Satanists Anonymous?

A low chuckle breaks the magic of the moment.

MASON (17), a stoner metal-head with long black hair and tatoos, joins the jest making the sign of the horns --

MASON

Hail Satan.

Barnabet smiles condescendingly --

MS. BARNABET

Yes, he's been called many names and has been demonized by cultures and religions alike -- but in this group he's a symbol of courage. A symbol that reminds us that we must always listen to our true nature. No matter what.

Another student, KAYLA (17), bold and flashy like her dyed fro-hawk, butts in --

KAYLA

Pan is all, motherfuckers.

MASON

Fuck yeah.

Mason hi-fives Kayla. Gabe smiles.

Jamie shakes her head -- *weird*.

JAMIE

Okay. I get it. You're all *homies* and everything's *super exciting*. But to me it reeks of self-acceptance bullshit. How's this any different from other therapy groups?

GABE

This is not a therapy group.

JAMIE

What is it then?

KAYLA

Family, girl. We're family.

Jamie rolls her eyes --

MS. BARNABET

I get it, Jamie -- you don't know me. Any of us. Why would you trust us?

(beat)

Society, teachers, friends, family -
- *God*. You're constantly being judged and rejected -- how you dress, how you think, the things you like or you don't like. I don't blame you for not trusting us, or anyone for that matter. I just want you to know I'm not here to fix you.

JAMIE

So, what exactly are you here for?

Barnabet grins and pierces Jamie with her gaze.

MS. BARNABET

To set your minds on fire.

She produces the Pan silver token.

MS. BARNABET

Hold your token tight in your left hand and extend your fist towards the center of the circle --

Although skeptical and confused, Jamie, Polly, and Lee follow the others and do as told.

MS. BARNABET

-- close your eyes. Think about a moment where you felt misunderstood or mistreated.

Everyone silently listens to her words. Only the gentle breathing of Ms. Barnabet and the soft rustle of the trees disturbs the stillness.

MS. BARNABET

Inhale. Exhale.

(beat)

Recreate that moment in your mind. Feel the humiliation, the hatred, the fear. Focus on those feelings -- imagine them burning.

Lee opens her eyes, uneasy. She realizes Barnabet's gaze is fixed on her. Startled, she quickly closes them again.

MS. BARNABET

Feel the energy flowing through your body, up your arm, and into your fist. Inhale. Hold your breath. Your token is red-hot, filled with those feelings, destroying them --

Lee's hand starts to tremble.

MS. BARNABET

Feel the power in your hand.

Lee's hand shakes violently. She tries to control it, but ends up releasing the token --

LEE

Ow! Shit. Sorry.

Everyone opens their eyes. Lee looks, bewildered, at her palm.

LEE

I thought --

JAMIE

Oh, come on. This is bullshit. It didn't burn your hand.

She looks at her palm -- no mark. Ms. Barnabet smiles.

MS. BARNABET

This group may not be suited for everyone.

Lee looks down, embarrassed.

MS. BARNABET

I don't want you back if you feel it's not for you.

(beat)

If you want to stay, I'll see you next week. Keep your tokens. Hold them tight whenever you need courage to carry on.

(beat)

Pan is all --

EVERYONE

(not including Jamie,
Polly, and Lee)

-- and all is Pan.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Study-hall period -- Sound of pages turning and soft whispering.

Jamie, Polly, and Lee sit on a table tucked between two racks of books and a window overlooking the woods.

LEE

I promise, it felt as if something was burning the palm of my hand.

JAMIE

Yeah, yeah, so she's a witch now?

Polly pretends to cast a spell --

POLLY

Wingardium leviosa.

Jamie and Lee chuckle.

LEE

I know what I felt, okay?

POLLY

It's called *suggestion*.

JAMIE

Whatever it was, you can't deny the woman's got some appeal. Just don't let her get inside your head.

POLLY

I don't understand what she's doing teaching at this place.

BUCKLEY (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you, guys.

Behind them, the mannered school librarian, MR. BUCKLEY (early 50s), has been eavesdropping on them.

BUCKLEY

I don't mean to pry, but I overheard your conversation and I thought this might interest you.

He hands a BLACK LEATHER-BOUND BOOK to Jamie.

BUCKLEY

I also had some doubts when I first met Helen, but the Pan Club changed my life.

Jamie looks at him, dumbfounded.

Mr. Buckley stares intently at her for a beat too long.

BUCKLEY

Bring it back whenever you're done. No rush.

The man strolls away pushing his book cart.

JAMIE

Weird.

POLLY

"The Pan Club changed my life?" -- How old's this dude?

Jamie grabs the book --

JAMIE

No way. Check this out.

On the cover, written in golden letters: "THE HORNED SHEPHERD by H. Barnabet."

They skim through the book. Inside, a series of poems and chants with phantasmagorical illustrations of mythological creatures and pagan rituals.

LEE
This is creepy.

JAMIE
(in awe)
Look at these drawings.

POLLY
It's written in verse.

JAMIE
Not really into poetry. You?

POLLY
I like it. I wonder when she wrote
it? Seems to be self-published.

Lee seems to be less interested, her gaze drifts towards the window. The first snow flakes of winter are falling.

LEE
It's snowing.

Jamie and Polly look up.

POLLY
Winter is coming, bitches.

They laugh.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly, in her PJs, sits cross-legged on her bed, immersed in the reading of *The Horned Shepherd*.

Jamie enters the room.

JAMIE
Any good?

POLLY
It's weird -- very cryptic.

A knock on the door.

MS. SABEL (O.S.)
Lights out, girls.

Polly closes the book, turns on her night light.

Jamie shakes her head, turns off her light, and covers her head with the pillow.

EXT. WOODS TRAIL - DAY

The sun is low, slipping towards the west. Chirping bird sounds melt with snapping twigs and squelching boot-steps over the snowy ground.

The Pan Club hikes through the forest with steaming breaths.

Polly is at the front of the group, walking alongside Ms. Barnabet.

POLLY

One of the librarians approached us last night -- he said the Pan Club changed his life.

MS. BARNABET

(smiles)
Buckley?

POLLY

Yeah. He gave me your book -- *The Horned Shepherd*.

MS. BARNABET

Are you reading it?

POLLY

Yeah. It's interesting. I didn't know the word panic came from Pan.
(jokes)
Should I be worried?

Barnabet smiles somewhat entertained.

MS. BARNABET

Out of the things associated with Pan, probably the most misunderstood of all was his relationship with the word panic. He was not a violent God, on the contrary. He only used violence to defend his followers when they were being attacked. He was known for unleashing moments of sheer terror upon the individuals he was upset with.

Polly takes this in. Barnabet smiles, amused.

Behind them, Jamie shivers.

JAMIE

It's freezing. Why can't we just sit by the fire and sing Kumbaya?

MS. BARNABET

Enduring the harshness of nature makes us strong, Jamie.

GABE

You can go back if you want -- we won't judge. I mean this shit's not for everyone.

JAMIE

(surly)

I'm cool actually. Thanks.

Mason approaches, holding a small canteen -- hands it over to Jamie.

MASON

Here, have some of this.

Jamie gulps from the flask -- spits out.

JAMIE

Dude -- what the fuck? Vodka?

Gabe and Mason chuckle. Jamie looks at Barnabet, waiting for her reaction.

Barnabet grins, continues walking.

MASON

What happens in the wild, stays in the wild.

Gabe takes the canteen from her and drinks.

Lee is lagging behind.

LEE

Guys! How close are we? I'm freezing.

KAYLA

Keep up the pace, girl. Raccoons are gonna eat your lagger ass.

They all laugh.

Lee stops to catch her breath.

LEE

I'm sorry, guys. I can't go on. I'm done.

Everyone stops. Barnabet approaches Lee, puts a hand over her shoulder.

MS. BARNABET

I don't want you to do anything you don't want to, Lee. If you're tired, you can walk back to school. We still have a long hike ahead of us.

LEE

Really?

Barnabet nods. Lee looks at Jamie, who's drinking from the flask.

LEE

You guys wanna head back?

JAMIE

Nah. I'm good.

She turns to Polly --

POLLY

We'll see you back at the dorm.

Lee leaves, alone.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Jamie swiftly moves a charcoal pencil over a blank canvas -- uses her fingertips to blur lines and create shadows. The illustration bears a strange resemblance to the drawings from *The Horned Shepherd*.

Ms. Barnabet stands behind her, staring at the drawing -- a faint smile on her face. The bell rings.

Kids rise from their stools and head out.

MS. BARNABET

Jamie?

Jamie turns.

MS. BARNABET

Come see me at my office after classes. I'd like to show you something.

EXT./INT. BARNABET'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie knocks softly on the door -- it swings open.

JAMIE

Ms. Barnabet?

Jamie peeks inside -- the room's empty. She enters.

Examines the masks hanging from the wall. Heads to the large bookshelf and scans the collection of art and psychology books. A couple of candles and crystals rest on one of the shelves.

On the teacher's table, Jamie sees a pile of drawings they made in class -- hers on top.

She continues to look around. One of the illustrations from *The Horned Shepard* hangs on the wall behind the desk -- a bizarre portrait of a girl with all-black eyes.

She stares at it, mesmerized.

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)

She was a student very dear to me --

Jamie whirls around. Barnabet is at the door.

MS. BARNABET

-- your passion reminds me of her.

JAMIE

The door was open -- didn't mean to walk in just like that.

Barnabet smiles. She approaches Jamie and examines her for a moment --

MS. BARNABET

I'd love to paint you.

Jamie's taken aback.

The teacher walks around her desk, slides her hand over Jamie's drawing, almost caressing it --

MS. BARNABET
Your work is so brutal... and
haunting.

JAMIE
(chuckles)
Yeah. It's not for everyone.

MS. BARNABET
Why would you want it to be for
everyone? The conventional mind is
the greatest obstacle to greatness.
(beat)
There's someone I'd like you to
meet -- an art gallerist friend of
mine.

JAMIE
Are you serious?

Barnabet smiles.

JAMIE
Why?

MS. BARNABET
Because you're good, Jamie. But I
can help you become great.

Barnabet looks down again at Jamie's drawing --

MS. BARNABET
The anger that drives your art is
very powerful. You shouldn't hold
back. Embrace it.

After a beat, she opens a drawer, pulls out a file and hands
Jamie a photograph.

MS. BARNABET
They should've never taken it away
from you.

Jamie stares, bewildered, at her BROTHER'S PHOTO.

MS. BARNABET
Embracing our suffering makes us
invincible.

Ms. Barnabet reaches for Jamie's hand, but Jamie pulls away
from her.

JAMIE
Are we done here?

Tense beat.

MS. BARNABET

Yes.

Jamie leaves with the photo, misty-eyed.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DAY

The whole group sits in the clearing around the rope structure -- all except Lee.

POLLY

Where's Lee?

MASON

She was never one of us.

KAYLA

Fucking whiner.

MS. BARNABET

Enough.

(to Polly and Jamie)

Lee won't be joining the club. I'm glad you two are here though -- and would love that you keep coming to our meetings. But as I said, not everyone's fit to be part of this group. And I must make sure you're fully committed.

KAYLA

Time to walk, bitches!

Kayla, Gabe, and Mason stand up and dance playfully around Polly and Jamie, pushing them around and singing:

ALL

Walk-of-Pan! Walk-of-Pan!

JAMIE

(chuckles)

Stop it, guys. What's this walk shit? Are we getting hazed?

GABE

Oh. Get over yourself. This is only about Polly.

Jamie's taken aback -- looks at Ms. Barnabet --

MS. BARNABET
You're not ready yet.

JAMIE
What do you mean?

MS. BARNABET
I'm sorry.

Jamie winces -- Gabe's enjoying every bit of it.

MS. BARNABET
(to Polly)
Follow me.

Polly doesn't move -- looks at Jamie for a second, feeling bad for her. Jamie averts her gaze.

Ms. Barnabet walks into the woods, not looking back to check if she's being followed. Polly stands still, dubious.

GABE
Just go, don't think about it.

KAYLA
Go, girl! You can do it!

Polly cautiously starts behind Barnabet.

EXT. PAN'S HOLLOW - DAY

A concrete runoff tunnel in the middle of the forest. The same runoff tunnel from Mary Ann's dream.

Ms. Barnabet and Polly stand at the pith-black mouth of the tunnel. Polly holds a marker in her hand, unnerved.

MS. BARNABET
Deep into the tunnel you'll find a wall. All of our names are written on it. If you want to be part of the group, yours has to be there too.

A FAINT CRY echoes in the depths of the tunnel.

POLLY
What's in there?

Barnabet smiles, amused.

MS. BARNABET

The darkness of the Hollow is like a blank canvas, Polly. You'll paint on it whatever is haunting you.

Polly stares into the darkness.

POLLY

I can't do it. I'm sorry.

MS. BARNABET

Of course you can. Fear is as real as you let it be. Rise against it and I promise it'll be the first of many battles you'll win.

Barnabet hands Polly a box of matches.

MS. BARNABET

Where's your token?

Polly produces the Pan amulet.

MS. BARNABET

Hold on to it tight and repeat as you walk: Pan is all and all is Pan.

Polly closes her hand and clutches the medal hard.

POLLY

Pan is all and all is Pan...

Polly walks slowly inside the tunnel.

INT. PAN'S HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Polly tries to adjust her vision to the darkness -- sees random graffiti painted on the slimy concrete walls. Some of it referring to Pan, others just adolescent vandalism.

The light fades as she walks deeper into the dank tunnel.

POLLY

Pan is all and all is Pan... Pan is all and all is Pan...

Water drips somewhere. Otherwise, everything beyond is swallowed by an empty silence.

Polly's breath quickens as the tunnel gets darker. She lights a match -- looks around her, but the light only illuminates a few inches ahead. The match dies out. Darkness.

She stops -- takes a deep breath.

POLLY
(eyes closed)
Pan is all and all is Pan.

Polly lights another match and continues walking until she sees a dark silhouette standing very still a few feet in front of her. She stifles a scream and drops the match. Hurries to light another and shines it on the figure --

POLLY
Hello?

But it doesn't move an inch.

Polly clenches the token in her sweaty palm.

POLLY
Fear is as real as you let it be.

And starts walking until she comes face to face with the menacing creature --

A MANNEQUIN covered with rags of fur from the waist down and CROWNED WITH ANTLERS -- evil features painted on the face.

Polly exhales the breath she was holding -- looks at the statue for a beat and then points her match at the wall behind it.

A huge inverted "A" is plastered on the wall. Below the sign there's a tag that reads: "*I pledge my life to thee.*" Names are written all over, along with occult symbols.

Darkness again. Polly pulls out the marker, lights a match, and starts to write her name, when --

-- a CRY erupts in the darkness.

Polly jumps.

POLLY
Who's there?

Silence.

POLLY
(mutters)
You've got to be kidding me.

Polly knows she's not alone. There's movement on the other side of the tunnel.

She clenches again the token inside her fist. Breathes heavily. And walks slowly in the direction of the sound.

The faint cry becomes an agonizing bleating. She stops, lights another match and sees --

A SCARED AND WOUNDED GOAT lying in the corner of the tunnel.

EXT. PAN'S HOLLOW - DAY

Polly staggers out of the darkness, stained with blood, carrying Jamie's lost goat.

The group has joined Barnabet outside the tunnel.

MASON

Fuck yeah!

JAMIE

Holy shit, she found the goat.

KAYLA

Go, girl! You did it!

Polly lies the goat down. Everyone cheers and embraces Polly, bouncing around her like little kids.

Barnabet kisses her on the forehead.

MS. BARNABET

I'm so proud of you.

Polly beams.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Polly sits at her desk, staring at the window at nothing in particular.

A voice echoes in the background --

MR. GREGORY (O.S.)

Thompson...

A beat.

MR. GREGORY (O.S.)

(louder)

Miss Thompson?

Finally, the voice breaks Polly's reverie.

MR. GREGORY (O.S.)
Polly Thompson!

POLLY
(startled)
Sorry, didn't get the question.

MR. GREGORY, a homely teacher, is standing over her.

MR. GREGORY
Of course you didn't. You've been
miles from here the whole class.
What's gotten into you, Thompson?
This is not like you.

Polly blushes -- trades a look with Kayla on the other side
of the class, who winks at her.

Jamie sees this -- looks down at her notebook -- and then,
very suddenly, she rips the page and crumples it into a ball.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Polly walks out the class and stops by her locker. She opens
it to find a pile of goat stool inside.

MEGAN (O.S.)
Eww! What's that smell?

Megan and her posse cackle as they prance by her.

Polly stares into the locker. She wants to cry, but decides
to pull out her Pan token. She clenches it tight in her hand.

Enough of this shit.

She slams her locker door and turns towards Megan --

But she's gone already.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Jamie sits on her bed, staring at her brother's photo. Her
crying eyes filled with sorrow.

She closes them, takes a deep breath --

EXT./INT. BARNABET'S OFFICE - DAY

A hand knocks on the door.

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)

Come in.

Jamie opens the door. Finds Barnabet sitting at her desk.

MS. BARNABET

Jamie. Everything all right?

A beat.

JAMIE

I'm ready.

Barnabet stares at her for a moment.

MS. BARNABET

We're gonna try something different
for your Walk, Jamie. Something a
little more daring -- You sure
you're ready?

Jamie nods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ms. Barnabet and Jamie sit cross-legged in front of each other. The teacher mutters some words in an unintelligible language, her eyes closed. She holds a flower in her hands. One of the petals is anointed with a dark viscous liquid.

MS. BARNABET

Open your mouth.

Jamie opens her mouth.

Barnabet plucks the dark petal and puts it on Jamie's tongue. Jamie closes her mouth and eats it.

MS. BARNABET

Close your eyes.

Jamie closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)

May the spirits of the wild guide
you in your awakening.

The steady beat of RITUALISTIC DRUMS.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DUSK

Jamie opens her eyes. She's standing alone.

The final vestiges of daylight are fading away. The branches of surrounding trees begin to quiver.

She senses movement behind her. A twig snaps. She spins around --

No one there.

A familiar HISS OF A VOICE calls her name --

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)

Jamie...

Jamie whirls in every direction but can't figure out where the voice is coming from. She scans the surrounding trees. Everything beyond them has been swallowed by the shadows of the night.

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)

(encircling her)

Jamie...

She catches a glimpse of a HOODED FIGURE moving between the trees.

JAMIE

Hey, you!

The hooded figure stops -- stands still with its back towards her. Jamie slowly approaches.

The beat of RITUALISTIC DRUMS grows faster, and faster.

JAMIE

Michael, is that you?

The figure turns to reveal the boy from Jamie's photograph, her brother Michael -- his face, the grim pallor of death.

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)

Follow him.

EXT. PAN'S HOLLOW - DUSK

Michael leads Jamie to the pitch-black mouth of Pan's tunnel.

Before entering, he turns back to her --

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)
He needs you, Jamie.

The boy disappears into the darkness of the tunnel.

JAMIE
Michael, wait!

Jamie follows him inside the tunnel.

INT. PAN'S HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Jamie is engulfed by the shadows of the tunnel.

VOICES OF DIFFERENT BOYS laughing and taunting echo in the darkness -- "pansy," "sissy," "faggot." The mean laughter of Megan Jones mingles with theirs.

MEGAN (V.O.)
"Polly-Dolly," "You are pathetic,"
"Freaks."

Jamie covers her ears -- she can't stand it anymore.

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)
Join us -- together we'll make them
pay.

Jamie drops to her knees by the HORNED MANNEQUIN. She retches a few times until she vomits.

ON THE WALL --

A new name: "Jamie Castillo."

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DUSK

Hands pound rhythmically on a leather drum.

On one side of the clearing, Kayla and Mason play a ritualistic beat for the rest of the group.

In the center, Ms. Barnabet stands with Polly and Jamie.

MS. BARNABET
Jamie Castillo, are you willing to
trust yourself entirely to the
Great Pan and accept the rest of us
as your brothers and sisters?

JAMIE
I pledge my life to Thee.

Barnabet smears an inverted "A" symbol with dark red paint on Jamie's forehead. Next to her, Polly smiles feeling a sense of connection, her forehead branded with the mark of Pan.

MS. BARNABET

Do you vow to remain loyal to your
new family and to protect the
secrecy of the group?

JAMIE

May the wrath of Pan fall upon me
if I break my promise.

Ms. Barnabet raises her arms to the sky. Gabe strikes up an eerie melody on a flute.

MS. BARNABET

(sings)
Lord of the wild, Lord of the
earth, dancing hoofs bring joy and
mirth...

Everyone holds hands and dance around the clearing.

MS. BARNABET

(sings)
Goat Foot God, come play thy tune,
Lord of the mountain, love of the
moon...

BEHIND NEARBY BUSHES

Megan and Simone are spying on them.

SIMONE

What the hell are they doing?

Megan doesn't respond. She's absorbed, glaring at Helen Barnabet and her students.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

A balmy day at Oakwood Academy. Trees and plants burst with green life. Yellow and white tiny wild flowers coat the fields around campus. Birds chirp -- Spring has finally made its grand entrance.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Students, teachers and counselors sit on benches in an all wooden small chapel.

Father Russell is at the altar.

FATHER RUSSELL

The mind governed by the flesh is hostile to God. It does not submit to God's law, nor can it do so.

Jamie turns to look at Polly -- they both smile mischievously.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DAY

Hands daub paint of various colors on naked skin.

Polly coats Jamie's naked back in green while Gabe finger-paints tribal designs on Kayla's face.

FATHER RUSSELL (V.O.)

Those who are in the realm of the flesh cannot please God.

Helen Barnabet and the rest of the group celebrate the arrival of spring dancing around a cairn half-naked -- their bodies covered in colorful body paint.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Jamie, Polly, and the rest of the Pan Club sit chatting and laughing. They've become a clique.

FATHER RUSSELL (V.O.)

Therefore, brothers and sisters, we have an obligation -- but it is not to the flesh, to live according to it.

Lee shows up at their table and sits next to Polly.

As soon as she sits, the group stops talking. Gabe picks up his tray and leaves -- Jaime, Kayla, and Mason follow him. Polly feels bad for Lee, but after a beat, she also stands and leaves with the rest.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The kids, covered in paint, run in a frenzy through the woods.

FATHER RUSSELL (V.O.)

For if you live according to the flesh, you will die.

They jump, shout, howl, and roar like a tribe of wild kids.

INT. WOOD SHOP - DAY

Jamie and Polly, wearing gloves, protective goggles, and aprons, cut pieces of lumber using a handsaw.

FATHER RUSSELL (V.O.)
 But if by the Spirit you put to
 death the misdeeds of the body, you
 will live.

Jamie puts the final touches to a little Pan figurine. She shows it to Polly proudly.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - DUSK

The group dances around a bonfire, teasing each other.

A shirtless Gabe jumps above the flames. Jamie's gaze is fixed on him. A faint smile on her lips.

FATHER RUSSELL (V.O.)
 For those who are led by the Spirit
 of God, are the children of God.

Ms. Barnabet looks on, grinning with satisfaction.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Helen Barnabet sits alone in front of a canvas, painting. Gabe enters the room.

GABE
 You wanted to see me?

Barnabet continues painting, unperturbed.

MS. BARNABET
 Our annual celebration is coming up
 soon, I want the new girls to join
 us.

GABE
 (dumbfounded)
 Really?
 (beat)
 I don't think they're ready, Helen.

Ms. Barnabet lifts her gaze from the canvas and looks at Gabe straight in the eye. He bows his head submissively.

MS. BARNABET

Just make sure they sign up for our road trip. Can you do that for me?

GABE

Yeah. Sure.

MS. BARNABET

Good boy.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Gabe and Jamie are engaged in a very competitive three-on-three with FOUR OTHER KIDS. Yet, it seems the match is just between the two of them. A feeble P.E. COUNSELOR tries to referee without success.

Gabe's in control. His crouched body between the ball and Jamie -- dribbles low. Jamie guards him closely -- their sweaty bodies in close contact.

As Gabe spins, she steals the ball from behind -- dribbles backwards facing him. She bounces the ball between her legs -- right hand, left hand -- staring at him daringly.

Gabe approaches -- she turns. He embraces her from behind, tussling aggressively to win back the ball -- both panting heavily.

KID

Pass me the ball!

Jamie ignores him, pushes Gabe off. He falls to the ground.

She seizes the moment -- dribbles into the box. Shoots. Scores.

Gabe gets back on his feet.

GABE

That was foul!

Jamie smiles mischievously -- lurches towards him. She kisses him passionately.

Gabe stands still, his arms limp on both sides -- he didn't see this coming. After a beat, he grabs her by the waist, presses his body against hers and kisses her back fiercely.

The counselor freaks.

P.E. COUNSELOR

Hey! Stop it!

Jamie and Gabe ignore him -- keep making out, ardently. The counselor tries to pull Gabe away.

P.E. COUNSELOR

I said stop it.

Gabe shoves him away and continues kissing.

The other kids cheer --

KIDS

Get a room!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jamie and Gabe, still in their gym clothes, sit outside the headmaster's office.

GABE

Any plans for visitation weekend?

JAMIE

Why? You gonna take me to some desert island?

He chuckles.

GABE

Well, there's this thing happening at Helen's. She owns this amazing farm house not far from here.

JAMIE

You serious?

GABE

Yeah. The place is sick. Other artists live up there with her. People from all over the country come over to celebrate once a year.

JAMIE

I would die to go there. Anything's better than sitting at home watching my mother drown herself in pills.

GABE

Good, 'cause you guys have been invited.

JAMIE

For real?

GABE

Yeah. You just need to sign up for her weekend road trip and get your folks to authorize it.

JAMIE

That's so fucking awesome. Polly's gonna be psyched.

GABE

You're lucky, you know. It took me two years in the club before I got invited.

(beat)

She thinks you're special.

She looks at him with a teasing smile --

JAMIE

And what do you think?

The door to the headmaster's office opens and out comes the physical education counselor --

P.E. COUNSELOR

He's ready for you.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly and Jamie both sit on Polly's bed facing each other. Both really excited --

POLLY

Oh, my God. That's so awesome.

JAMIE

I know, right?

POLLY

My family's gonna be crushed though.

JAMIE

Your family?! Oh, you mean the people that left you in here to rot?

POLLY

Oh, c'mon. Don't say that.

JAMIE

It's true.

POLLY
You don't know them.

JAMIE
We're your family now.

Polly smiles, looks at Jamie. *Feels good to have a friend.*

INT. DORM - PHONE ROOM - DAY

A wooden counter runs along one of the walls. On top of it -- a dial phone.

Polly sits on a chair in front of the counter holding the receiver to her ear. She looks down at the table and fidgets with the cord of the phone while she listens --

POLLY
I really think I should go.
(listens)
Thank you, Dad. Hey, can you put Mom on?
(listens)
Yeah. I love you too.
(waits)
Hi, Mom.

Polly becomes misty-eyed.

POLLY
I'm doing great. My new roommate is amazing and I'm making some good friends at the new therapy group.
(listens)
Me too. I was really looking forward to seeing you guys.
(listens)
Yeah. I'll make the most out of it... Tell Amy I cracked up with her letter.
(listens)
Bye, Mom. Love you. Talk soon.

She hangs up.

Loud CRYING AND SHOUTING on the hallway -- It sounds like Megan.

MEGAN (O.S.)
I want to talk to my dad. NOW!

Polly exits the phone room and sees --

INT. DORM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Megan sits on the floor at the end of the hallway, crying. Ms. Sabel and Ivan are crouched down beside her, trying to comfort her.

MS. SABEL

Megan, your father doesn't want to talk to you.

MEGAN

You can't keep me here! I want to go home!

Polly stares at the scene, feeling sorry for her.

Megan notices her.

MEGAN

Mind your own business, freak.

As Polly turns to leave, Megan rises.

MEGAN

I know what you do in that group with Barnabet, you devil-worshipping fuck. That's why she doesn't want me to leave this place. But I'm not gonna stop until everyone knows, you hear me? The school, my dad -- even your parents, Dolly. Everyone's gonna know who you truly are.

MS. SABEL

That's enough.

MEGAN

Do you want to know why Mad Annie killed herself?!

POLLY

I'm sorry you can't go home, Megan.

MEGAN

Don't you dare pity me.

Megan starts towards Polly. Ivan pins her against the wall.

MS. SABEL

(to Polly)

Go to your room.

MEGAN
Fuck you, Polly Thompson!

Megan tussles violently.

MEGAN
Don't touch me!

Polly retreats back to her room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Students gather around some vandalized lockers. The low murmur of gossip and giggles fills the hallways.

Jamie and Polly stand in front of their lockers staring at the red graffiti plastered on the doors: "BURN WITCHES" and "SATAN'S WHORE."

JAMIE
Fuck me.

INT. FACULTY HALLWAY - DAY

A school janitor cleans the paint from Barnabet's office door.

It reads: "MURDERER."

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Barnabet sits across from Father Russell.

FATHER RUSSELL
This has gone too far, Helen. We had an agreement. I would let you have your group and turn a blind eye as long as it wouldn't interfere with school business.

MS. BARNABET
These are troubled kids we're talking about, Harold. What do you expect?

FATHER RUSSELL
Well, I don't expect them to commit suicide on school premises and I certainly don't expect them to accuse our faculty of murder.

MS. BARNABET

I've always done what you asked me to do, Harold. Always. I've satisfied all your special needs. Trust me, I'll fix this. The kids need me, they need my therapy.

Father Russell rises and stands by the window, looking outside.

FATHER RUSSELL

Do whatever you have to do. Clean up your mess and wrap up your group. It's over, Helen.

EXT. OAKWOOD ACADEMY - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

It's Visitation Weekend. The front lawn of the main building is hectic with activity as cars come and go, parents embrace their kids, talk with counselors. Some students seem happy to leave. Others are just resigned to go home.

Barnabet's therapy group approaches a VAN -- all with backpacks and no uniforms.

Jamie and Polly excitedly greet Kayla, Mason, and Gabe.

Ivan approaches Jamie from behind and covers her eyes.

IVAN

(whispers)
Guess who?

Jamie pulls his hands away and turns.

IVAN

Surprise!

JAMIE

(frowns)
What the fuck are you doing here?

He smiles slightly at her for a moment.

IVAN

I'm part of the fam, sister.

Gabe opens the sliding door of the van.

GABE

C'mon, let's go.

Jamie steps into the van to find Mr. Buckley, the librarian, sitting in the front seat.

BUCKLEY

How's that reading coming along?

Jamie trades a look with Polly.

BUCKLEY

I was excited to hear you guys were coming. It's really going to be something.

Ivan takes the driver seat, starts the van, and blasts the volume on the radio. As the van drives away --

IN A WINDOW OF THE BUILDING BEHIND THEM --

Megan witnesses the scene, bitterly. After a few seconds, she turns around and disappears into the room.

EXT./INT. VAN - DAY

The van is driving down a rural road.

Jamie and Polly sit in the back, beaming. Everyone sings along rowdily to a song on the radio.

Mason passes a bottle of booze to Polly, who drinks. *She can't remember the last time she had this much fun.*

Ivan pulls up to a small gas station at the side of the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The boisterous group tumbles out of the van and head towards the convenience store. Everything about them screams trouble.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

At the counter, OL' CHARLIE (60s), a boorish man, leafs through a porno mag.

The entrance bell rings -- Ol' Charlie looks up and stares askance at the kids entering his establishment.

The group loiters around the store, laughing. They try on different doo-rags, wacky sunglasses, and bucket hats.

OL' CHARLIE

Hey! Whatcha doin' back there?!

Polly spins and accidentally knocks down a bunch of soda cans. The kids laugh hysterically.

Ol' Charlie starts towards them.

POLLY
(giggles)
Sorry.

The agitated clerk grabs Polly's arm --

OL' CHARLIE
Get the fuck outta my store, punks.

POLLY
Hey, get your hands off me.

MASON
What the fuck, dude? We didn't do anything.

POLLY
You're hurting me.

Polly shoves him. The guy loses balance and collapses to the floor along with the rack of wacky head wear.

JAMIE
(laughs)
Holy shit.

GABE
Let's get the hell outta here.

The kids scam out of the store.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

They run towards the van.

GABE
Yo! Start the van, Ivan. Go, go!

IVAN
What happened?

He starts the vehicle. The kids jump into the moving car, laughing their asses off.

Ol' Charlie runs after them --

OL' CHARLIE
You bastards! Come back here!

EXT./INT. VAN - DAY

The van rejoins the road.

Gabe puts Polly in a friendly head-lock --

GABE

Damn, girl. You really rattled the geezer.

MASON

Did you see his face buried under all those stupid hats?

They all laugh.

JAMIE

What an a-hole.

The vehicle rolls down an unpaved road into no-man's land. The woods get thicker and darker.

They arrive at a rusty gate locked with a chain.

Ivan puts the van in park and steps out to unlock the gate.

Buckley picks up a CELL PHONE docked on the vehicle's dashboard and makes a call.

BUCKLEY

(on the phone)

We're here.

Ivan climbs back in the car, pulls through, and gets out to lock the gate behind them.

A mile down the road, Ivan pulls over to the side and stops.

Polly looks out the window -- no sign of the house.

POLLY

Are we here? Where's the house?

IVAN

Gotta walk from here. Grab your stuff. Let's go.

The kids grab their bags and step out of the van.

EXT. WOODS - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

The group penetrates deep into the forest.

UNSETTLING SCULPTURES made out of mannequin limbs, deadwood, decaying animal heads and pelts, lie scattered among foreboding cypress trees.

Jamie gazes at her surroundings, taking it all in.

JAMIE

Did you guys make these?

GABE

Pretty cool, huh?

The figures resemble minotaurs, fauns, and other mythological horned creatures. In one of them, Pan is teaching a nymph how to play the pipes. In another, the horned god is copulating with a goat.

Polly stares at the last one for a minute too long.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The group arrives at the edge of a lush and neglected garden.

The yard encroaches on the front porch of a two-story run-down farm house. Vine climbs up the walls.

On one side of the house, a SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT AGES, most of them with buzzed or shaved heads, tend to a vegetable garden.

Helen Barnabet waits at the door -- welcomes the group with open arms and a big smile.

MS. BARNABET

Welcome to the House of Pan,
children. Welcome to Arcadia.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The group follows Barnabet into a big entrance hall, which opens to a central staircase. As they enter, both Jamie and Polly watch Ivan hang a SET OF KEYS on a hook by the stairs.

Sunshine and dust enters from windows partly covered by greenery. While very old, the interior of the house is well-kept, with an eclectic decor, mixing antiques and modern designs. Contemporary art, photography, and sensual paintings of nature and animals cover the flaking walls. The environment is enchanting and unreal.

On their way to the stairs, the group sees A YOUNG MAN and A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN with shaved heads, cooking inside the KITCHEN.

MS. BARNABET

We're fully sustainable -- don't need anything from the outside, so there's plenty of work to do.

They head up the STAIRS and down a HALLWAY.

POLLY

(anxious)

What's with the shaved heads?

MS. BARNABET

For some of us it's a statement against society's vanity. Others just do it as a symbol of commitment to the group.

(smiles)

Don't worry, Polly. We won't be shearing you anytime soon.

JAMIE

I think it looks rad.

They arrive outside a spacious and luminous room --

THE ART STUDIO

Inside, A SMALL GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN, following the aesthetics of the community, work on different artistic pieces. One of them sculpts a mask by stitching together animal pelts.

MS. BARNABET

This is our art studio. You're welcome to come work in here anytime.

The group continues on, but Jamie stays behind, fascinated.

After a moment, she hurries to catch up with the group.

They arrive at the SLEEPING QUARTERS at the end of the hall.

Barnabet opens the door --

MS. BARNABET

This is your room -- make yourselves at home.

(to Jamie)

(MORE)

MS. BARNABET (CONT'D)

Come down whenever you're ready --
there's someone I want you to meet.

Barnabet leaves, followed by the rest of the group.

Jamie and Polly enter their room --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A simple and luminous room with old decadent furniture.

POLLY

This place is insane.

JAMIE

I know, right?

Polly wants to say something else, but Jamie drops her bag and leaves --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

See ya downstairs.

INT. PARLOR - DUSK

Arcadia residents and their new guests sit idly about, chatting.

Soft, indirect lighting from a few floor lamps give a warm and mysterious glow to the space. Tall bookshelves on almost every wall are crammed with art books, bizarre magazines, and old vinyl.

Kayla browses through records while trippy psychedelic music plays on a turntable next to her.

Mason sits on a run-down leather Chester sofa, hitting a vaporizer pipe while watching a silent *Kenneth Anger* film, projected on one of the few empty cracking walls. Gabe sits next to him, not paying attention to the film. He keeps glancing back at --

Jamie, who's chatting with Barnabet and a SOPHISTICATED OLDER MAN with shaved head and a GOATEE. The man leafs through Jamie's portfolio --

GOATEE MAN

This is fabulous.

MS. BARNABET

I told you she was special.

GOATEE MAN

Would you be interested in working
on some bigger pieces for our
gallery?

JAMIE

Are you serious?

GOATEE MAN

Our clients will love the rawness
of your work.

Ms. Barnabet and Jamie exchange glances, both smiling.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

Polly meanders down a long corridor, looking at some black-and-white photographs hanging from the walls. The artistic photos portray different people performing rituals -- wearing masks, magical objects, and occult motifs.

She stops at one of them -- a striking portrait of a young and naked Helen Barnabet with long hair, and holding a huge black egg, staring intently at the camera.

PREGNANT WOMAN (O.S.)

I love this photo...

Polly turns --

A PREGNANT WOMAN with shaved head, and wearing a long ragged black sweater, stands behind her. She has esoteric tattoos on her neck and legs. She stares at the photo mesmerized.

PREGNANT WOMAN

It's so captivating.

POLLY

I know --
(examines the photo again)
She looks so young.

Looks back at the woman, who's smiling at her -- not all there. Polly smiles back, just slightly.

POLLY

I'm Polly.

The woman draws Polly into a hug --

PREGNANT WOMAN

Welcome, Polly.

When they unlock from the embrace, Polly smiles and looks at the woman's pregnant belly.

POLLY
How far along are you?

The woman shrugs and chuckles, caressing her belly.

POLLY
Oh.

Polly chuckles with her, not really feeling the humor -- glances down the corridor, hoping to find someone she knows.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Do you wanna feel it?

Polly stares at the woman for a second, an almost imperceptible frown on her face. Until she understands --

POLLY
Oh... Yeah. Sure.

Polly places her hand on the woman's belly and the woman puts hers on top. Polly smiles tightly. After a moment, she tries to pull back, but the woman won't let her.

PREGNANT WOMAN
I'm so glad you're here.

POLLY
I know. Me too.

The woman lets go of Polly's hand.

POLLY
Hey, I don't mean to be rude, but Helen must be waiting for me.

PREGNANT WOMAN
He speaks through her, you know --

POLLY
Yeah... Sorry... *he?*

PREGNANT WOMAN
The Horned King.

POLLY
You mean... Pan?

The woman tucks Polly's hair behind her ear.

PREGNANT WOMAN

It's no coincidence that you're here. We were chosen, sister --

Polly nods -- averts her gaze for an instant.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(touching her belly)
-- we'll lead the world into a new era.

Polly looks down the corridor again.

PREGNANT WOMAN

You should be grateful to be here.

POLLY

No. I am -- I'm super grateful to be here. Seriously.

(beat)

Hey. I'm so sorry, but I really have to go.

As she leaves --

POLLY

-- It was great chatting with you.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Polly and Jamie sit on the huge antique mahogany bed that occupies the center of the room.

POLLY

(whispers)

Dude, I'm telling you -- It was so fucking creepy. This woman actually thinks Helen is some kind of messiah.

JAMIE

Oh, c'mon, P. I thought you liked all this stuff -- the occult, horror movies, and shit. This place should be like a dream come true. Yeah, there might be the random nutcase, but who cares? I love it here. I love to be around all these weird and talented people --

There's a knock on the door. Gabe peeps in --

GABE
 Hey, I've been looking all over for
 you guys.
 (to Jamie)
 Wanna go do something cool?

JAMIE
 Sure.

POLLY
 Where are we going?

GABE
 Yeah... I meant Jamie -- but you
 can come too if you want.

Polly's caught off guard.

POLLY
 Oh, yeah, sure. I mean, no. My bad.
 You guys go.

JAMIE
 You sure?

POLLY
 Yeah. Go. No worries.

Jamie holds Polly's hand and smiles mischievously.

JAMIE
 (mouthing the words)
 Thank you.

Jamie leaves the room with Gabe.

Polly falls back on the bed and stares at the ceiling --
 There's a mural of Pan leading a flock of little men and
 women as he plays the pipes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A hand holding an electric clipper shaves from the base of a
 neck upwards.

Locks of short hair fall to the ground.

Gabe stands in front of a mirror putting the finishing
 touches on Jamie's haircut. He's also shaved his head.

He caresses her head, sensually --

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Jamie and Gabe make out on the grass. His lips moving fiercely against hers. She starts pulling his shirt off. His hand slides up under her top to caress her breasts.

Gabe suddenly stops and pulls back --

GABE

Wait, I've got something for you --

Gabe searches his pocket and produces a black piece of blotter paper. Jamie smiles --

JAMIE

You wanna get freaky, huh?

They both laugh. Gabe rips the blotter in half, puts one piece on Jamie's tongue and eats the other one.

Gabe starts kissing her on the neck. He sticks his hand down her pants. Jamie moans.

Above them is the STATUE OF PAN COPULATING WITH A GOAT.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The SOUND of RITUALISTIC CHANTING coming from the other side of the house fills the room.

Polly lies asleep in bed -- her eyes moving fast under her eyelids. She wakes up, listens to the eerie chants. She smiles lightly when she feels the warmth of Jamie's body beside her.

POLLY

(whispering)

Can you hear that?

Polly turns to find a SHAVED-HEADED BODY with her back to her -- she touches her shoulder.

POLLY

Jamie...

The body chuckles slyly and turns around.

Polly chokes back a scream --

MS. BARNABET LIES BESIDE HER with an evil smirk on her face.

Polly scrambles away, stumbling out of bed, when --

SHE AWAKES WITH A START, gasping for air and sweaty -- looks at Jamie's side of the bed to find it empty.

Polly is alone in the room, but can still hear the eerie chants of her nightmare. They come from the corridor.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Polly slinks down the corridor towards the chanting voices.

The space is in almost complete darkness. She looks to her left side, sensing tiny movements in the shadows. Her breath quickens. She keeps walking.

The ritualistic chanting becomes louder as she moves forward. She can now clearly hear the rhythmic repetition of words in a language she can't understand.

The old wooden floor creaks with one of her steps. She freezes -- looks forward, listening intently. The corridor seems alive.

She starts walking again, trying to minimize the sound of her feet as they hit the floor.

The chants are coming from a room at the end of the hallway -- a door to her right is open, slightly ajar.

She hugs herself to the opposite wall, hiding in the shadows next to a small table. From her hiding place she sees --

In the middle of the dimly lit room, TWO NAKED BODIES sit on the floor surrounded by a ring of candles, their legs wrapped around each other. Their bodies are fully covered with paintings of OCCULT SYMBOLS made with red paint. They embrace tightly, their shaved heads rest inside the crook of each other's necks.

In the back of the room, SHADOWED FIGURES chant a mantra as they watch the young couple.

Polly can't get her eyes off the scene. She shifts slightly to get a better view when the couple unlocks from the embrace.

Polly blanches -- THEY ARE GABE AND JAMIE.

Gabe lies back on the floor. Jamie straddles him, grinding her hips against his body. She tilts her head upward, eyes rolled back.

Polly takes a step back and accidentally nudges the table. A bronze figurine falls, but she catches it before it hits the floor. When she returns her gaze to the room, one of the shadowed figures comes into view --

Helen Barnabet lurches towards the door.

Polly chokes back a scream -- huddles against the wall in panic.

Barnabet slams the door shut. Polly flees down the corridor back to her room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Polly wakes up, squinting in the morning light. She turns, but Jamie's not there.

She hears Jamie's voice in the garden outside, chatting and laughing.

Polly rubs her eyes and heads to the window. She looks outside at --

A GROUP OF FAMILY MEMBERS, among them Jamie and Gabe, working on a small farmyard at the back of the house. They all look pretty much the same with their shaved heads, all wearing dark working clothes.

Polly can't believe what she's seeing --

Jamie eagerly picks up manure from the ground and dumps it into a compost bin.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

Polly arrives at the pen. A few animals graze inside the fence -- goats, chickens, and pigs.

Jamie stops to wipe the sweat from her forehead.

JAMIE

Good morning, sleepyhead!

She drops the shovel and takes off her gloves. Polly says nothing for a moment. Then --

POLLY

You shaved your head.

Jamie feels her bald head, smiling.

JAMIE
I know. Cool right?

POLLY
I need to talk to you.

JAMIE
Sure. Whattup?

Polly leads Jamie by the arm away from the pen.

POLLY
(whispers)
What happened last night?

JAMIE
Girl, you don't wanna know.

POLLY
Jamie, I saw you guys, covered in
paint.

JAMIE
(frowns)
You were spying on us?

POLLY
I woke up and heard some chanting.
I didn't mean to --
(beat)
Was it some kind of ritual?

JAMIE
Yeah, kind of. It's all a bit fuzzy
now, but I can tell you one thing:
it was by far the most intense
experience of my life.

POLLY
(appalled)
Jamie, there were other people in
the room, watching you.

JAMIE
You mean apart from you?

POLLY
I just want to know if you're okay.

Gabe walks over --

GABE
Hey, guys, we're going to take a
dip in the lake, wanna join us?

POLLY
We're talking here.

Gabe's taken aback.

JAMIE
No, we're done actually.

POLLY
What? Oh, c'mon, Jamie.

Jamie leaves with Gabe.

POLLY
Hey, I'm sorry, okay.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Everyone is gathered in the studio sitting on the floor and on stools around a LARGE SCULPTURE COVERED BY A WHITE SHEET. Sunlight cascades into the room through multiple skylights.

Polly and Jamie sit on opposite sides. Jamie's gaze wanders around the room --

Worktables are crammed with palettes, pots of brushes, and used-up color tubes. Some half-finished sculptures, easels, and hundreds of large and small canvases are lined up against the walls. The floor is splattered with dried paint.

MS. BARNABET
Welcome to our Annual Purge
Celebration, brothers and sisters.
I'm so humbled by the power and
creative energy of this year's
group.

Everyone claps and cheers.

MS. BARNABET
You've already met them, but I
wanted to give an official welcome
to our new sisters, Polly and
Jamie.

Jamie smiles openly -- waves her hand hello.

Some members walk up to Jamie and Polly to embrace and kiss them on their cheeks and forehead.

MS. BARNABET

Following the tradition, we'll
allow our new sisters to do the
honors.

(beat)

Let the celebrations begin --
Unveil the Faceless Fool!

Two members pull the blanket to reveal a HUMAN SCULPTURE like
the ones from the garden, only this one has A SACK COVERING
ITS HEAD.

MS. BARNABET

Polly, would you like to go first?

Polly smiles timidly.

MS. BARNABET

Hold your Pan amulet tightly.

Polly produces the Pan token and holds it tight inside her
fist. She closes her eyes.

MS. BARNABET

Charge it with all the anger, all
the fear, all the hatred that has
been poisoning your heart
throughout the year.

(beat)

Envision those who have put you
down.

(beat)

And now, place the token inside the
Fool's chest.

Polly approaches the sculpture and places the token in a
cavity inside the figure's chest.

MS. BARNABET

Come, child.

Helen Barnabet stirs a VISCOUS DARK LIQUID in a small pot.
She brings the container to her mouth, murmurs some arcane
words before offering the pot to Polly.

MS. BARNABET

May the spirits of the wild guide
you in your awakening.

Polly stares at the dark liquid inside the pot, then at
Barnabet, who smiles warmly back at her.

MS. BARNABET

Humans usually perceive only a portion of reality and of themselves. This will help expand your awareness.

POLLY

(mutters)

I'm not sure about this --

MS. BARNABET

(whispers back)

You don't have to do it if you don't want to.

Polly looks around the room, everyone is staring at her. Jamie smiles at her, nods. Polly smiles back and drinks from the pot -- winces.

MS. BARNABET

You mustn't fear, Polly -- I will be next to you, guiding you along the way.

Barnabet raises the pot --

MS. BARNABET

Pan is all...

EVERYONE

...and all is Pan.

EXT. WOODS - BONFIRE - DUSK

The light is changing -- black clouds stream over the starry night sky. Beams of moonlight creep, like spectral illusions, through the tall trees, transforming the branches into ominous shapes and foreboding figures.

MS. BARNABET (V.O.)

Tonight we commune together with *His* spirit. Let us be carried away by *His* wrath. Oh, great Pan, let us purge our hearts and souls. And when light comes, we'll be reborn stronger and more powerful.

The Faceless Fool burns in the middle of a bonfire. Everyone is gathered around it, the blaze of dancing flames eerily lighting their faces.

FAMILY MEMBERS shout insults at the burning figure. Jamie picks up a stone and throws it violently at the sculpture. Sparks fly in the darkness. Other members follow her lead.

INT. DORM - MEGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Megan, alone in her room, furiously scribbles in a school yearbook. She's drawing horns and dark eyes on Ms. Barnabet's photograph, when --

A CREAKING SOUND in the hallway startles her. She opens the door ajar, looks outside.

There's no one there. She cranes her head to look into --

THE HALLWAY

Empty and dark.

MEGAN

Ms. Sabel?

No answer. The corridor is calm and quiet. Then --

The door to Polly and Jamie's room FLINGS OPEN, startling her.

Megan walks down the hallway and peeks inside the room --

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A gust of wind from an open window blows some papers from Polly's desk.

Megan sighs in relief. *Stupid wind.*

She closes the window and snoops around the room -- spots THE HORNED SHEPHERD on top of Polly's desk. She leafs through it and stops at the illustration of a faceless figure burning in a bonfire while naked little men and women dance around the flames.

MEGAN

Freaks.

EXT. WOODS - BONFIRE - NIGHT

The image of the drawing comes to life.

FAMILY MEMBERS chant and dance barefooted to the rhythmic banging of drums. Most of them bald headed and half naked, their bodies painted with occult symbols.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Megan sits on the toilet, engrossed in THE HORNED SHEPHERD.

The sound of a shower running breaks the stillness.

MEGAN

Hello?!

No answer. She exits the toilet stall -- looks in the direction of the showers.

MEGAN

Hello? Ms. Sabel...

The curtains on the last stall are drawn -- the shower on. She stops before it.

MEGAN

Hey, you okay in there?

No answer -- just flowing water. She goes for the curtains -- hesitates.

After a beat, she pulls them open --

Empty.

She sighs and shakes her head. Shuts off the shower and walks to the sinks.

She takes a deep breath and bends down to freshen up. When she looks back up --

A DARK FIGURE, wearing a DECAYED GOAT-HEAD MASK stands behind her.

Before she can react, the figure lunges towards her and covers her head with a sack.

A muffled scream.

EXT. WOODS - BONFIRE - NIGHT

The faceless effigy crumbles over the blaze.

Everyone goes berserk. The dancing becomes frantic -- naked bodies contort in ecstasy.

Polly paces disoriented among the crowd, until she sees --

Jamie holding a RITUAL DAGGER and staring at a LIVE GOAT tied to a stick nailed into the ground.

Family members wearing ANIMAL MASKS surround her.

EVERYONE

Pan is all and all is Pan. Pan is
all and all is Pan.

The heartrending bleating of the innocent animal disrupts the ritualistic beat of the drums.

A string of fast fleeting images --

-- A stream of blood runs down the dirt.

-- A COUPLE OF NAKED MEN on all fours tussle with the dying animal.

-- A WOMAN holds the head of the goat and screams clamorously, emitting loud, boisterous shrieks.

-- Ivan's face covered in blood -- possessed in a fit of hysterical laughter.

-- Shadowed figures dance manically, backlit by the wild flickering dance of the flames.

-- Tongues of fire lick at the goat head making it flush red and gold.

The pregnant woman approaches Polly. She smears Polly's face and lips with her bloodied hands. Kisses her.

The bonfire spins. Echoes of voices. Eerie laughter. Madness.

Everything goes BLACK --

JAMIE (PRE-LAP)

Polly, wake up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie shakes Polly, who's passed out on the bed.

JAMIE

Come on, hurry up. We're going down
to the lake.

Polly rubs her face against the pillow, groaning. She slowly opens her eyes and rubs her forehead --

POLLY

Oh my God.
 (winces)
 What time is it?

JAMIE

Late. Everyone's already there.

Jamie is fully clothed and ready to go. Polly sits up -- puts her feet on the floor and groggily looks down at them --

They are speckled with dried blood.

POLLY

(wary)
 What happened last night?

JAMIE

You were pretty wild, girl -- I've never seen you like that before.

POLLY

I was not myself.

JAMIE

Don't fret, P. We all were spun out of our heads.

POLLY

(remembers)
 I did some pretty fucked-up shit.

Jamie rolls her eyes. She really wants to go.

JAMIE

C'mon, it was a celebration.

POLLY

A celebration? We killed an animal, Jamie.

Polly looks away. Her eyes fill with tears.

POLLY

I'm sorry -- but last night was not cool. I don't like it here. I want to go home.

Jamie sits on the bed beside her -- grabs her hand.

JAMIE

Hey, hey, it's okay, Polly. Chill. Yeah, yesterday might have gotten a bit out of hand, but it's fine.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This is what this place is all about, to be wild and free -- This is what we wanted, right?

POLLY

No, Jamie, I didn't want any of this.

Polly wipes her tears, looks at Jamie --

POLLY

Did you know Mad Annie was part of the group?

Jamie frowns.

JAMIE

So what?

POLLY

Don't you think maybe, she --

JAMIE

No, Polly. I don't, okay?

Jamie stands to leave -- she's done with the conversation.

JAMIE

Let's go for a swim. It'll make you feel better.

POLLY

You go, I'll catch up with you guys later.

JAMIE

You sure?

POLLY

Yeah. I'm okay, really. I just need some time alone.

JAMIE

Okay, cool.

A disappointed Polly watches Jamie leave the room.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Gabe meets Jamie outside the house.

GABE

Where's Polly?

JAMIE
She'll come later.

They start walking towards the lake. Jamie thinks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I don't know, man, she's not
feeling it here.

GABE
What do you mean?

JAMIE
Last night freaked her out. She
wants to go home.

GABE
Oh, shit. Really?

JAMIE
Yeah, but don't say anything okay?
She'll get over it.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A quiet lake hidden in the thick forest -- clothes scattered
along the shore.

Polly sits sulkily on the edge of a SMALL WOODEN DOCK. She
dips her feet in the water -- her reflection distorted on the
surface.

Shouts and laughter bring her back to reality --

ON THE OTHER END OF THE LAKE --

An exhilarated Jamie looks down at the water from the top of
a mighty rock formation. Kayla, Mason and three other family
members are in the water, laughing and fooling around, having
a blast.

KAYLA
Go, girl! Just do it.

Jamie opens her arms, Titanic style, as if she was the queen
of the world -- screams --

JAMIE
Pan is all!

-- and jumps. She dives gracefully into the water. Everyone
cheers.

Jamie emerges a few feet beyond, cracking up.

JAMIE
Who's next?

ON SOME NEARBY ROCKS --

Helen Barnabet and OTHER MEMBERS sunbathe and watch the kids have fun. Helen smiles, delighted, staring at Jamie jump.

Gabe, who sits beside Barnabet, claims her attention and nods towards the dock on the other side of the lake --

GABE
We might have a problem there.

Polly watches Jamie and the others from afar, their overexcitement making her feel out of place.

GABE
Do you want me to keep an eye on her?

MS. BARNABET
(dismissive)
You worry too much, Gabe.
(caressing him)
Go enjoy yourself.

Gabe nods in acknowledgment -- stands and jumps into the water.

Barnabet sees Polly leave the dock and head back to the house. She turns towards Ivan, who sits behind her --

MS. BARNABET
Go check on her.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

Polly wanders around the property -- there's no one around. Only the bleating of the animals in the farm disturbs the peaceful silence.

She approaches the goat pen -- stares for a moment at the animals grazing inside. Then, very suddenly, she dissolves into tears.

She pushes the fence open and walks up to a YOUNG CALF. As she is petting it, she hears a MUFFLED CRY coming from inside a nearby shed. She heads towards it --

Polly tries to open the door, but it won't budge. She peeks inside through a small gap between the boards --

INSIDE THE SHED --

A MOTIONLESS BODY lies on a pile of straw -- its HEAD IS COVERED WITH A SACK and hands and legs are tied with rope.

Polly gasps. She scans her surroundings, her eyes filled with dread. There's no one around. Then, she leans closer to the gap trying to get a better look.

POLLY

Oh, God.
(whispers)
Hey.

The figure doesn't move an inch.

Polly bangs on the boards --

POLLY

Hey, are you okay in there?

Suddenly, the body reacts to Polly's words -- it contorts frantically in a struggle to move, emitting harrowing muffled cries.

Polly backs away, startled -- falls to the ground. She stares in disbelief at the wooden shed, petrified.

After a moment, she looks around again and stumbles away.

EXT. WOODS - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Polly runs deep into the forest, her heart about to fly out of her chest.

She stops -- looks around disoriented, until she spots the statue of Pan copulating with a goat that caught her attention when they first arrived.

She hears something -- looks back. Sees nothing and continues running ahead, determined.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Polly arrives at the van parked at the entrance of the sculpture garden. Peeks through the window and sees the CELL PHONE that Buckley left in the dashboard.

The driver's window is rolled down. She opens the door and grabs the phone. Dials nervously and waits.

POLLY
Come on, pick up.

POLLY'S MOM (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached the Thompson residence --

She hangs up and dials another number --

POLLY
Shit. C'mon you guys.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
The wireless costumer you are calling, is not available --

Hangs up again, desperate. She thinks for a second, then dials 9-1-1. When --

IVAN (O.S.)
Peek-a-boo!

Ivan's face appears in the passenger's window. He smiles openly --

Polly drops the phone from the scare. Panic flies for a moment across her eyes.

Ivan opens the door --

IVAN
Calling for back-up, officer?

She's without words.

IVAN
Is everything okay?

The words stumble out of Polly's mouth -- her breath stutters.

POLLY
Yeah... It's just that --
(averting her gaze)
-- I remembered it's my mom's birthday.

IVAN
Aw, that's cute. Do you want to try her again? We could sing "Happy Birthday" together.

Polly forces a smile --

POLLY

She's not picking up, it's okay.
(frowns)

Actually, I was thinking of heading back to the house to lie down a bit. I'm not feeling well. My head's killing me -- from last night, you know?

IVAN

Oh no, that's a bummer.

(smiles)

Tell you what, I'll prepare my magic cleanser -- only for you.

He starts walking. Polly hesitates. He looks back and motions for her to follow him --

IVAN

C'mon. Let's go.

She steps out of the car and follows him, unnerved.

MS. BARNABET (PRE-LAP)

It's okay. I'll let it pass because you didn't know.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Polly sits at the kitchen table next to the Pregnant Woman, who runs her hand up and down over Polly's back, comforting.

Helen Barnabet stands before them. There's also a couple of older men from the family. All the attention's on Polly.

MS. BARNABET

But good communication is the foundation of any strong and positive relationship, Polly. You should've told us you needed to make a phone call.

Polly's gaze is fixed on the table.

MS. BARNABET (CONT'D)

We don't keep any secrets here.

Ivan places a cup of tea in front of her.

IVAN

Here you go, darling.

He winks at her. She smiles awkwardly. Holds the cup with both hands.

POLLY

I'm sorry.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Polly lies on the bed, self-conscious.

Helen Barnabet sits next to her, brushing a strand of hair away from her face.

MS. BARNABET

My sweet beautiful child, I know
how hard it is to break free from
the shackles of ordinary morality.

There are some lit candles and incense burning on the night table.

Barnabet caresses Polly's face, as if she is a sick child being cared for by her mother.

MS. BARNABET

It's okay if you need some time to
process things. But I need to know
where you are at *all times*.

Ms. Barnabet stands.

MS. BARNABET

Some time alone will do you good.

From the door --

MS. BARNABET

I want you to think on what you've
done.

She walks out and locks the door behind her.

Polly sits up on the bed and stares at the closed door in disbelief. After a few seconds, she stands and heads there -- tries to open it. It's locked.

She turns and paces the room up and down, rubbing her face, considering her options. She walks to the window and sees --

A GROUP OF FAMILY MEMBERS carrying rope and a wooden pole, heading to the front of the house.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Jamie and Gabe walk back to the house from the lake, their clothes still wet --

JAMIE
Can't believe it's already Sunday,
man. It went by so fast.

GABE
I know, right?

JAMIE
And tomorrow back at *Oak-doom*.

Gabe chuckles.

As they are about to enter the house --

JAMIE
I'm gonna get some dry clothes. See
you down here in ten?

Helen Barnabet intercepts them at the door.

MS. BARNABET
Polly's resting in your room,
Jamie. We shouldn't bother her
right now.

JAMIE
Is she okay?

MS. BARNABET
She wasn't feeling well. It's a lot
to process, but she'll be okay.

Jamie tries to walk past Ms. Barnabet --

JAMIE
I'm just gonna go say hello.

Barnabet stops her --

MS. BARNABET
I said not now, Jamie.

Jamie frowns.

MS. BARNABET
Come with me. I'd like to show you
something.

They walk inside the house.

INT. ART STUDIO - DUSK

Helen Barnabet guides Jamie to one of the worktables. It has on display over TWENTY MANNEQUIN HEADS wearing HORNED ANIMAL MASKS. The masks are made of real animal pelt and bone, like deformed and hollowed taxidermies.

MS. BARNABET

Choose one.

Jamie looks at the table mesmerized.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Polly sits on the floor below the window, curled up against the wall.

Her heart skips a beat when she hears the sound of FOOTSTEPS in the corridor quickly approaching. She looks at the door, a thumbnail between her teeth, waiting.

The longest moment of her life until someone unlocks the door. Ivan walks into the room.

IVAN

C'mon, sister. We're all waiting outside.

Polly looks at him, registering what he's said -- paralyzed.

Ivan walks up to her and hands her a sinister GOAT-HEAD MASK.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Put the mask on. Let's go.

Polly hesitates.

POLLY

What's this about?

IVAN

Put it on. Tonight we are one and the same.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Polly, Ivan, and two other members, all wearing masks, walk outside the house.

In the front yard, all the other MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY are waiting for them forming a circle, some of them holding TORCHES. They turn to face them -- goats, deer, rams, and other horned beasts stare at them in silence.

A bull-headed figure, like a MINOTAUR, beckons them to join the circle.

The FACELESS BODY from the shed stands in the middle, arms tied up and hanging from a simple gallows-style gibbet.

The attention of the crowd turns to the front of the house --

Helen Barnabet gracefully descends the main staircase in a RED GOWN wearing a CROWN OF HORNS on her bald head.

MS. BARNABET

Brothers and sisters, our minds and souls are one with the Horned King tonight. Pan is all --

ALL

-- and all is Pan.

Barnabet raises her arms --

MS. BARNABET

Oh, Lord of the Wild, Master of the Outcast, make us a vessel of your justice. Bestow upon us your courage to right what's been done wrong to us.

BUCKETS FULL OF STONES are being passed around the crowd. A low murmur runs through the assembly.

MS. BARNABET

And gather my Children unto me, for the time is at hand.

Polly, on edge, peruses the group trying to identify Jamie.

MS. BARNABET

You are all aware of what happened a few days ago at Oakwood -- we've talked about this. We're all sick and tired of the same accusations. This is just another example of how society continually humiliates us. How fools continue to shame and pin labels on us --

Barnabet lets those words sink in.

MS. BARNABET

We must defend our freedom from
those who want to see us perish --
just as our Lord Pan has taught us.

She points an accusatory finger at the faceless body.

MS. BARNABET

Tonight the Faceless Fool is
presented to us in the flesh -- and
it's our time to show the Lord
we're soldiers of His will.

MASKED MAN

Death to the fool!

The crowd cheers with fervor.

A RAM-HEADED FAMILY MEMBER throws the first stone at the Fool
-- the rock impacts on its head. Hard. A muffled cry is heard
under the sack as it blotches with blood.

RAM-HEAD

Death to the fool! Hail Pan!

EVERYONE

Hail Pan!

Other MASKED FAMILY MEMBERS throw stones and spit insults at
the helpless body, as it contorts and screams in pain.

POLLY

(under her breath)

Oh, God, no.

Polly takes off her mask.

Another hard blow knocks the faceless figure out, leaving the
body hanging motionless from the gibbet.

Polly breaks into the center of the circle -- puts her body
in front of the fool, protecting it.

POLLY

STOP IT! You're going to kill her!

She speaks with a confidence and determination no one knew
she had. Everyone freezes for a moment -- stares at her.

She removes the sack from the body's head --

A beaten Megan hangs from the gallows unconscious, blood and
bruises all over her face. There's a collective gasp.

POLLY

She's no Faceless Fool -- she's a human being. Have you all gone mad?!

No reaction for a moment.

Then, a masked male devotee steps towards Polly and snatches the sack from her hands -- puts it again over Megan's head.

MASKED DEVOTEE

(at Polly)

Move aside, sister. And put your mask back on.

Polly stares at him in disbelief.

POLLY

No, I won't let you do this.

A stone flies from the other side of the circle and hits Polly in the head, she falls to the ground.

MASKED WOMAN

Kill both of them fools!

The Ram-headed devotee watches, motionless, holding a stone in her trembling hand.

RAM-HEAD

Don't do this, Polly.

But her voice is just a croak.

Polly staggers to rise up, blood dripping down her forehead, she squints, disoriented -- looks around horrified at the hideous animal masks surrounding her --

POLLY

Stop this, please. We need to take her to the hospital.

Another masked devotee raises his hand to throw another stone, but Barnabet stops him. She enters the circle --

MS. BARNABET

You must understand, my dear child, sacrifices have to be made.

(beat)

We don't want to hurt you, just put your mask back on.

Everyone stares silently at Polly.

Polly glares around at the nameless beasts. She gathers the courage to speak --

POLLY

I am not your child, and you're not my family. They would never hide behind masks.

(looks around the circle)

Can't you see what she's doing?! One day it'll be you standing in the middle of this circle.

The group jeers. Loud breathing, muffled by the masks, becomes more intense.

Barnabet glowers at Polly with cold eyes.

MS. BARNABET

We took you in -- we accepted you as our own flesh and blood. And this is how you repay us? Judging us with self-righteous accusations.

(looks around the circle)

We are one and the same. Strong and beautiful. We are all Pan.

MASKED DEVOTEES

Hail Pan! Death to the Fool!

POLLY

YOU are the fools -- herded by the only Horned Shepherd there is...

(looks at Barnabet defiantly)

You.

DEVOTEES

Shut up, traitor! Kill the fools!

The Ram-head looks on, shocked, as insults surround Polly.

Then, the Minotaur enters the circle and approaches Polly from behind -- a RITUAL DAGGER in his hand.

Ram-head sees the blade and panics. She hastens to enter the circle, but is blocked out by the crowd.

DEVOTEES

Traitor! Bigot! Fool!

The Minotaur grabs Polly's head from behind, looks for a split second at Barnabet to make sure she's looking, and SLICES POLLY'S THROAT.

The Ram-head removes her mask -- It's Jamie, who stares in horror at the scene.

JAMIE

NO!

Polly drops to the ground, BLOOD GUSHING FROM HER NECK.

Jamie manages to force her way through the circle and runs to Polly's side.

Ms. Barnabet stares at the scene somewhat horrified by what she has created, but decides to follow along with the madness. She raises her arms in deranged zeal --

MS. BARNABET

The Lord has spoken! Praise the
Horned King! Hail Pan!

DEVOTEES

Hail Pan! Hail the Horned King!

Jamie frantically tries to stem the bleeding.

JAMIE

Gabe, Kayla! Somebody help! Please!

No one takes off the mask. The horned beasts continue shouting --

DEVOTEES

Hail Pan! Hail the Horned King!

Jamie wails -- kisses Polly. Her lips stay on Polly's cheek --

In a last effort to cling to life, Polly caresses Jamie's face.

JAMIE

Please don't die.

Polly exhales. Life abandons her eyes. Jamie sobs inconsolably. She holds Polly in her arms -- rocking her.

JAMIE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

After a moment, Jamie looks up at the masked killer, whose hand is shaking uncontrollably, in shock.

He drops the dagger to the ground.

JAMIE

What have you done?

GABE
 (under the Minotaur mask)
 Pan is all and all is Pan.

Jamie recognizes his voice.

EVERYONE
 Pan is all and all is Pan! The Lord
 has spoken! The Fool is dead!

Jamie looks at them, horrified. Barnabet approaches her --

MS. BARNABET
 It's going to be okay, Jamie.

Jamie's numbed for a moment.

MS. BARNABET
 This will only make you stronger.

Jamie spots the dagger on the ground.

MS. BARNABET
 Remember: our suffering is what
 makes us invincible.
 (offers her hand)
 Come now, child.

Jamie lets out A HARROWING SCREAM -- grabs the dagger and lunges violently towards Barnabet.

SHLUCK! She STRIKES HER FACE with the knife, slicing deep into her flesh.

Barnabet screams and recedes.

Jamie pushes her way through the circle and runs towards the house.

MS. BARNABET
 Don't let her get away.

The Minotaur and other devotees give chase.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie grabs the SET OF KEYS that Ivan left hanging on a hook by the stairs when they arrived, puts them in her pocket.

MASKED DEVOTEES enter the house through the main door. Her only escape is the staircase.

She runs up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamie races down the corridor. Her heart pounding. She makes a desperate dash for an open door.

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie bolts into the dark room and locks herself inside.

She frantically moves between furniture looking for a place to hide.

She accidentally walks into an easel, which CRASHES to the ground. On it, a MACABRE PAINTING of the God Pan copulating with -- *it can't be* -- it's her.

The sound brings POUNDING FEET in the corridor. The doorknob spins.

DEVOTEE (O.S.)

Over here!

Someone starts banging and pushing on the door.

GABE (O.S.)

Open the door, Jamie. You're only making things worse.

A terrified Jamie looks around for an escape -- sees a WINDOW at the end of the room. She sprints towards it.

Jamie struggles to open the window, it's stuck.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

DEVOTEE (O.S.)

Open the door!

With an anguished cry, Jamie manages to open it just as --

The door FLINGS OPEN and three masked figures burst into the room.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FACADE - NIGHT

Jamie hangs from the window -- her feet unable to reach the banister of the lower balcony.

She struggles to hold on to the ledge with one hand while gripping the ritual dagger in the other. *She can't hold on like this for much longer.* The knife slips out of her hand -- she lets out a cry of despair.

An animal head appears above --

DEVOTEE

She's here!

As he tries to grab her arm, Jamie lets go.

She falls from the second floor of the house --

CRACK! -- her right ankle fractures badly on impact with the ground. She screams.

DEVOTEES

(from the window)

She jumped down! Outside! Hurry up!

With great effort, Jamie staggers up, grabs the dagger, and limps towards the woods.

She looks behind to see FLASHLIGHTS cutting through the night air in pursuit.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jamie hides behind a tree, gasping for breath. Peeking around it, she sees three masked figures heading her way.

Biting back a cry of pain, she pulls her legs up into a sitting position, and closes her eyes.

The figures pass by. Jamie opens her eyes, sighs in relief.

But, as she looks up, notices a familiar DYED FRO-HAWK peeking from a ram-head mask -- the figure stands a few feet away looking in her direction.

Jamie squints in the darkness --

JAMIE

(hopeful)

Kayla, is that you...

Kayla eerily tilts the ram-head, trying to make her out in the shadows.

KAYLA

Over here! I found her!

Jamie gets up and hobbles as fast as she can deeper into the forest.

As Kayla moves to follow her prey, a hand grabs her shoulder -
- the Minotaur, Gabe.

GABE
Distract the others.

KAYLA
What are you talking about?

GABE
Let me talk to her first.

Kayla seems doubtful.

GABE
Trust me. I've got this.

EXT. WOODS - SCULPTURE GARDEN - NIGHT

Jamie staggers deeper into the woods, whimpering in pain. She can't keep going, looks for a place to hide.

Around her, the moon casts eerie shadows on the statues, creating the illusion that she's being watched by dozens of menacing creatures. Jamie hobbles behind one and presses her back to it, legs drawn in. She cries in silence.

GABE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Jamie.

Gabe moves confidently, stalking her through the darkness -- knows these woods like the back of his hand.

GABE
Jamie. I know you're here.

He takes his mask off and drops it to the ground.

GABE
Let's talk. Please. Before the
others come.

He walks past the statue of Pan playing the flute. Jamie hides behind it.

GABE
You don't need to do this. We're
all part of something bigger here.
She was not like you. Not like us.

Jamie steps out from behind the statue, pointing the dagger at him.

JAMIE
That's why you had to kill her?

GABE

I did not kill her, Jamie. She
killed herself in the eyes of the
Lord. We are just instruments of
Pan's will.

He slowly steps closer. She retreats, gripping the dagger
tight --

JAMIE

You fucking lunatics --
(breaks down)
I can't believe I swallowed all
your shit.

GABE

C'mon, Jamie... The family will
forgive you. You can still be part
of this --

JAMIE

Fuck you and your fucking family!

Jamie pounces on him -- Gabe dodges the blade and blocks her
arm, knocking the dagger out of her hand.

Grappling and tussling, they fall to the ground.

They wrestle, until Gabe overpowers her and pins her down. He
looks into her eyes --

GABE

Don't make me do this.

Jamie bites his ear like a wild animal. He screams as she
spits flesh and blood.

Gabe wraps his hands tight around her neck --

GABE

(sincere)
I'm sorry, Jamie.

She reaches for the dagger, but it's too far -- her
fingertips a few inches away. Her strength fades as he keeps
squeezing, hot tears rolling down his cheeks.

Her fingers touch the weapon. In a last effort, she grabs the
knife and THRUSTS THE BLADE INTO HIS STOMACH.

Jamie scrambles away, gasping for air -- Gabe struggles to
stand, pulls the dagger out, blood gushing from the wound.

He wobbles towards Jamie and stamps down hard on her hurt ankle. She wails in pain, but manages to push Gabe away with a powerful kick. He loses balance and falls back onto --

The goat statue -- SHLUCK! ITS HORNS PIERCE THROUGH HIS CHEST.

His limbs tremble as he gurgles blood out of his mouth.

Jamie looks at the scene, horrified --

JAMIE

Pan is all, motherfucker.

She hears voices approaching --

DEVOTEES (O.S.)

Over there! She's here!

Jamie continues hobbling into the forest.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jamie staggers like a wounded animal. Racing heart, heavy ragged breathing -- the adrenaline rush is the only thing that keeps her going.

She arrives at the locked gate -- takes the set of keys from her pocket. She begins to try them one by one.

Jamie turns to see dark figures and beams of light growing closer. *Shit -- she's not going to make it.*

Tries the remaining key in the lock -- it doesn't fit.

She examines again all the keys, nervously -- drops them to the ground accidentally.

DEVOTEES (O.S.)

She's at the gate!

She kneels and grabs them from the ground -- tries again the last key. It fits.

Jamie opens the door and hurries away.

She draws strength and crawls up a hill to find a ROAD stretching beyond the edge of the woods.

Her eyes widen with hope --

A VEHICLE is fast approaching.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - SAME

No fucking way. Driving is non other than Ol' Charlie from the gas station.

He's drinking beer and head-banging to a classic rock song blasting on the radio.

He checks his phone.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Exhausted, covered in mud and blood, Jamie staggers into the middle of the road, waving her arms and screaming --

JAMIE

HELP!!

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - SAME

But Ol' Charlie is still checking out his phone -- swiping right like a maniac -- not paying attention to the road.

He looks up just in time to see Jamie.

OL' CHARLIE

What the --

He SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Jamie is blinded by the HEADLIGHTS.

She screams.

IMPACT.

FADE TO BLACK.

NEWS ANCHOR (PRE-LAP)

Three teenagers have been brutally murdered in what seems to be a cult-related crime.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

The place is crowded with nurses, police, and reporters.

The eight o'clock news plays ON A SMALL TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The victims were found in the woods near an old farm house in Hollow Creek.

(beat)

Joining us from the scene is News Hour correspondent Angie Rosewood. Angie, what can you tell us?

ON THE TV

NEWS-LINE: "THREE TEENAGERS MURDERED IN SATANIC RITUAL."

A NEWS CORRESPONDENT is standing in the garden a few feet away from Arcadia -- the area is sealed off with tape and full of police and forensic officers.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

We are here at the house where the murders occurred. And, Dan, let me tell you -- the place looks like a set from a horror movie. As you can see behind me, there's a grotesque statue of Satan. Apparently the kids came here to worship the devil. There's no official confirmation, but some sources claim the murders occurred during one of those rituals.

Nurses stare at the TV in the HOSPITAL LOBBY.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

The three victims were all students at Oakwood Academy, a center for troubled teenagers fifteen miles away from here.

Mr. Briggs, Jamie's stepdad, and Father Russell talk with two police detectives.

One of the officers leafs through Jamie's notebook -- appalled by her demonic illustrations.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

The only suspect, sixteen-year-old Jamie Castillo, was severely injured trying to escape and is fighting for her life at Saint Mary's Hospital.

Jamie's mother sits next to them, a vacant look in her exhausted eyes.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
 Police decline to share specifics
 while the investigation is ongoing,
 but we have confirmation that the
 house belonged to one of the
 teachers at Oakwood.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jamie lies in bed, hooked up to intravenous drips and breathing tubes. The beeping heart monitor is the only sound in the room.

Jamie's eyes dart under her eyelids.

MS. BARNABET (PRE-LAP)
 You've been hurt and betrayed --
 deceived by those who loved you.
 Feel the pain, the anger -- embrace
 those feelings.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA - DAY

The sun is setting. A small group of people sit on the grass in a lush garden overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

They are all deep in meditation -- crossed legs, closed eyes. One arm stretched forward with a clenched fist --

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)
 Let them burn in the palm of your
 hand. Can you feel it? It feels
 good -- Feels good to be powerful.
 (beat)
 Inhale.

They all inhale.

MS. BARNABET (O.S.)
 Exhale. You can open your eyes now.

Everyone opens their eyes, mesmerized. They look at each other, sharing the excitement, feeling the tokens in their hands.

Helen Barnabet sits facing the group. She looks different -- like a new-age guru. A GRUESOME SCAR runs from her forehead to her cheek.

MS. BARNABET

I'm here to help you find your
inner strength -- to discover your
full potential so you can lead
satisfying and fulfilling lives.

(beat)

Our next meeting will be in a
couple of weeks. You may keep the
coin as a token -- hold it tight
whenever you need courage to carry
on.

(beat)

Pan is all and all is Pan.

The group responds in unison --

ALL

Pan is all and all is Pan.

Barnabet smiles.

FADE OUT.