

MINE

by

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INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Through the window the FULL MOON shines over the black night. Silence.

Nobody has set foot in this attic for decades. The wooden floor is dusty. Undefined objects are covered by ghostly bedsheets.

Someone sings a soft, melancholic song, like a lullaby.

ELAINE (O.S.)
*Spirit from the barren lands, /
come from the darkest space, /
through wind and darkness I summon
you. / Come-- no, no. No!*

That same someone crosses something out on a notepad.

The entire wooden floor is covered in symbols from different cultures painted with chalk.

In the other end of the attic there's a CIRCLE OF POWER with a triangle inside and a myriad of symbols around, all painted with chalk.

In each corner of the triangle there's a stone painted with runes and a candle on top of it. From each stone a string of rope connects to the ceiling creating yet another pyramid.

In the center of the circle sits ELAINE (22), dark hair, small, delicate, tired. Around her there are some old BOOKS, a backpack, a cloth with an APPLE, a sandwich and a bottle of water.

She has one small book and a notepad on her lap.

ELAINE (SINGS) (CONT'D)
*Ghost from the barren land, / come
from the darkest space, / through
dark and -- shit!*

She shakes her head, upset. Slaps her forehead several times. Crosses out something from her notepad.

THE NOTEPAD is filled with similar verses like the song and multiple combination of words, most of them crossed out.

THE BOOK contains dense hand writing, like a journal filled with diagrams, including the circle she's sitting on, and drawings of scary beasts. Many pages of the book are marked. One marker is BRIGHT RED.

Elaine takes a KNIFE and cuts a slice of the apple. Puts it in her mouth and chews. She checks her phone. Stares at the candles, hypnotized by their flickering. Her gaze drifts to the Moon outside. Sighs. Yawns.

Elaine scratches her forehead. On it there's a faded shape of a CROSS, like a burnt shadow. She puts her notepad in her backpack. Time to go.

ELAINE (SINGS) (CONT'D)
*Lost soul from the barren country,/
 come to me from the darkest space,/
 through wind and darkness I summon
 thee. / Come, let me see thy face.*

The last words are dipped in sadness. She looks around. silence. Disappointed.

Suddenly TWO WHITE HANDS with long black nails appear from her back, through her hair, caressing her face.

Elaine SCREAMS and crawls away in terror, to the other edge of the circle. She turns and peers into the darkness, pointing her knife forward.

A figure steps into the light, keeping his distance to the circle of candles. It's a man, or rather, a DEMON. He has deep blue eyes, no hair, his face is covered with scars forming beautiful and intricate patterns, like Maori tattoos. His fire blood glows slightly under his skin.

Elaine breathes fast. But she's not scared anymore. A broad smile appears on her face. She cannot believe her eyes.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 It's you!

He looks around. A known place. He's not pleased. Puts his hands on his back.

Elaine's eyes fill with tears of joy. As someone who finds a dear one long lost. She drops the knife. The knife falls near the open book.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 It's you...

She extends her arms towards the Demon. The Demon raises his hand (stop right there). She stops, obedient, still in awe. The Demon walks around Elaine, at a safe distance, avoiding eye contact.

Elaine stays in the center of the circle, respecting the command to stay there, not without difficulties.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 You do remember me?

The Demon stops. Doesn't look at her. A long silence.

DEMON
 Elaine.

His deep voice sounds like Heaven to Elaine. He does remember. Elaine steps towards him, reaching. The Demon rises his hand again. She stops just outside the border of the circle.

The Demon resumes walking around the circle.

ELAINE

I missed you so much.

The Demon shakes his head. Another long silence.

Elaine doesn't really know what to say. She points at the books and drawings on the floor, proud and nervous.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I have learned a lot since the last time. Look.

She picks up her book from the floor and shows it to him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I've been looking for you.

The Demon looks at the symbols on the book. This is disturbing for him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Do you remember? You helped me to be strong. We were one.

The Demon points at the cross on her forehead. Elaine covers the cross, ashamed. He shakes his head. Elaine's smile fades a little.

The Demon stops in front of the window. Moonlight pours in. He faces her but doesn't look into her eyes. She dies for his gaze. They stand on opposite sides of the attic, a world apart. The moonlight pierces the darkness inside.

Elaine tries again.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You complete me. I complete you. We are meant to be together. Forever.

The Demon finally speaks.

DEMON

You don't know what you are asking.

Every word is a blessing for Elaine.

ELAINE

Come back to me.

DEMON

No.

Elaine steps out of the circle, her arms reaching him. The Demon sees her feet stepping out, alarmed.

ELAINE
Please, together we can--

DEMON
(shouting)
NO!

He finally looks at her. Rises his hand. Elaine freezes. Her arms shoot out in a spasm, as in a cross. Her feet rise a few inches over the floor.

Elaine breathes fast. She's scared. But the fear turns to pleasure as she enjoys that power that brings so many fond memories.

ELAINE
Yes...

The Demon looks at her, troubled. This is wrong. Elaine smiles, closes her eyes, breathes deeply.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Do it. Take me.

The Demon lowers his hand. Slowly, her feet touch the floor again. Her body relaxes.

He turns his back to Elaine.

DEMON
I will not allow it.

Elaine's smile disappears.

ELAINE
(whispers)
What?

The Demon walks to the window, looks up at the Moon, lost in thought. Outside it rains.

DEMON
I did loved you once. I won't see you suffer again.

Painful tears flood Elaine's eyes. The Demon closes his eyes. Deep sadness.

DEMON (CONT'D)
If you ever try this again, I will destroy myself.

Elaine gasps, horrified with the idea. She's on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Lighting illuminates her face.

She takes some time to control herself. Little by little her breathing slows down as her face transforms from hot despair to cold determination.

The Demon looks back at the Moon. Exhales deeply.

She stares at the Demon's back. Steps back and enters the circle again. She picks up her book and the knife from the floor. She opens the page with the red marker.

A hint of a smile appears on the Demon's face.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I do remember, though.

Elaine reads words from the book in a whisper, like a silent prayer. She rises her knife and looks at the blade. Makes a DEEP CUT in her wrist. She flinches a little. Blood gushes out.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

We were one.

The Demon smiles unaware of what's happening on his back.

Elaine paints a bloody horizontal line across her mouth and a vertical line across her face, from forehead to chin. She closes her eyes. Her chants grow louder.

The Demon turns around. His smile freezes.

DEMON (CONT'D)

ELAINE!

Elaine opens her eyes. Her body jerks and, as a marionette whose strings have been suddenly cut, she collapses to the floor, lifeless.

DEMON (CONT'D)

NOOO!

The Demon runs to Elaine and ENTERS THE CIRCLE. He grabs her delicate body before it hits the floor. He kneels slowly by her side, holding her head with loving hands.

DEMON (CONT'D)

What have you done?

The Demon caresses her bloody hair. Kisses her open dead eyes, her cheeks, her lips. Looks at his only love, lying lifeless in front of him, holds her face with his hands.

The Demon looks around him, then up to the ceiling where the ropes converge. He realizes something.

DEMON (CONT'D)
What have you done?

Elaine's eyes open slowly, they are WHITE. Her lips curl into a wicked GRIN, like a devilish clown showing her latest trick. She thrusts her arms towards his neck.

ELAINE
Mine!

CUT TO BLACK

ON BLACK

ELAINE (V.O.)
(whispers)
Forever.

THE END