

Saint Rox

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SUPER: OCTOBER 7, 1985 7:44 PM

**BLACK.**

Then, like a switch is thrown-

INT. RUBY OCASIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- is the inside of a CLASS 5 TORNADO contained within a small BEDROOM. It's walls are stripped down to sheet-rock by the scouring winds. The TORNADO-HOWL seems as loud as a jet engine.

The room is lit by an ICY BLUE glow, and a fast-revolving radiant YELLOW BEAM, like a lighthouse on overdrive.

THREE PEOPLE dressed in orange SAFETY-VESTS, two with HARD-HATS, huddle together at the bedroom door. A little alcove there keeps them mostly safe from the objects whipping around the room. They look like HURRICANE REPORTERS, forced to stand in the path of destruction to deliver the news.

Professor ROBERTO X. TOMAS- 50's, tall, dark, and intellectual. He is the picture of professional ecstasy. Grinning like a fool. A tape recorder is slung at his side. He holds a mic in one hand, while the other jams the hard hat onto his head.

TOMAS

Not your normal poltergeist!

-- he shouts over his shoulder at the young woman just behind him.

ANGELA CARLING, late 20's. Instead of a hard-hat like the other two, she's wearing an old Phillies cap, her blonde pony-tail pulled through the back, whipping with the wind.

She shouts back. It's the only way they can be heard.

ANGELA

You think?

TOMAS

Angela, when you call out the readings please make it loud, so I can hear you...

Angela looks at the box in her hand. The needle on its face is going crazy.

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TOMAS (cont'd)  
Wedge... Wedge!

Just behind Angela is a skinny TATTOOED young man, Carrying an 80's style vid-cam, his back against the bedroom door. He's all leather and zippers under his reflective vest.

WALTER "WEDGE" WILLINGHAM - early 20's. Punk photographer.  
And scared absolutely *shitless*.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
Wedge! Video first. Get everything,  
but always the girl, yes?

Wedge's head wobbles. Yes? Tomas claps him on the back.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
Deep breath now, *mi'ijo*. You wanted  
me to show you something tonight,  
remember? Now it's time to focus on  
the job.

Tomas squeezes the younger man's shoulder. Wedge nods, stupefied.

Tomas sets his shoulders, then inches into the maelstrom--

--Until Angela grabs his arm. She's holding it together, but she's a little green around the gills. This is way more than she bargained for.

ANGELA  
You're not going in there. We need to  
re-group here, Professor...

Tomas flashes a wide, confident smile.

TOMAS  
(against her ear)  
We need to help her. You get the  
readings. And look out for the boy.  
He's about to pee his pants.  
(taps her instrument)  
Readings, eh?

We can see the source of the revolving light now. A LAMP, that manages to shine on unplugged with an unnatural brilliance. The cord trails behind like a balloon string.

Shreds of a young girl's life, POSTERS, MAKEUP, CLOTHES, and TOYS, whirl around the room.

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We see her in full for the first time. RUBY OCASIO, 17, a big girl, BLOATED even, wearing a filthy, tattered nightgown.

She FLOATS about a foot off of her bed.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
(edges forward)  
Ruby... It's Professor Tomas. I  
visited with you earlier today.

Her head is THROWN back, mouth agape, eyes shine from inside black holes. She GLOWS, an eldritch blue bio-luminescence, like a creature risen up from the black depths of the sea.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
I need you to wake, Ruby... your  
family misses you... your little girl  
misses you...

The ear-splitting racket dies down. The movement of the flying debris slows, the objects in the air reduced to a crawling orbit around Ruby. Even the ghost-light seems to dim.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
(soothing)  
There we go Ruby...

Tomas eases around the hovering wreckage of this girls life. In front of his face floats a STUFFED DINOSAUR, missing one button eye. Tomas edges it aside.

TOMAS (cont'd)  
...come back to the people who love  
you, Ruby...

Then the light *changes*. The blue glow BLAZES back to life. The floating refuse spins again, faster than before.

The lamp makes one more circuit around the ceiling, then it whips down, SMASH! across the side of Tomas skull. His head SNAPS sideways.

ANGELA  
Tomas!

Tomas falls, SUPER SLO-MO, into...

**BLACK.**