

# ***"Rosie Girl"***

by

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With her arms still outstretched she makes her way to the path and looks up to the peaceful sky beyond the lush leaves.

She cries.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing)

O how sweet to walk the pilgrim way,  
leaning on the everlasting arms...

The Man steps onto the path and the Woman turns to face him, her terror told in her entire body. He begins circling her.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

O how bright the path grows from day  
to day...

He reaches out his hand and outlines the side of her face with the tips of his fingers. Her tears cease and her body becomes still. He locks his gaze with hers for a moment.

Beat.

He offers her a warm smile and drops his hand before holding out the sickle and crossing behind her.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Leaning on the everlasting arms.

With a smooth swing he slices the back of her ankles.

The Woman screams in agony and falls to the ground as a puddle of blood forms at her feet.

The Man drops the sickle to his side and kneels by her face.

She tries to scream, but no sound escapes her lips. Tears run wild down her cheeks.

The Man strokes her hair.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shhh...

The Woman's head begins to drop as she strains to see from behind her tear drowned eyes, still no sound escaping her lips.

The Man produces a small knife from his jacket and outlines her face with the blade.

All falls silent except for the Woman's breathing.

The Woman's tears cease and her breathing again becomes controlled.

She notices a LITTLE GIRL dressed in white watching from the dense trees across the path.

They lock stares.

Beat.

The Man drives the knife into the Woman's mouth. Her body thrusts as she spits up blood; the man continues digging into her mouth with his knife, all the while she remains fixated on the Little Girl.

From the bloodied mess the man pulls out one of her teeth.

The Woman chokes on her own blood as she continues to gaze at the observant Little Girl.

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (mumbling to himself)  
 Beware of false prophets, those who perform wonders and signs not in My name, but in the name of the evil one...

The Little Girl motions as though she will aid the Woman, but again she shakes her head "No".

The Man produces a cloth from his coat and begins to wipe his knife.

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (to the Woman)  
 ...the one who was cast down from the throne of almighty God. It is to him that you are a whore, drowning in the pit of your own sin.

He places the knife inside of his coat and squats down to look her in the eyes, supporting himself with the sickle.

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (sympathetically)  
 Darkness, the absence of light; removal from the presence of the living God. I'll reveal His light, make you an angel -

The Woman spits in his face and lazily returns her gaze to the Little Girl.

The Man smiles as he wipes the bloodied spit from his face.

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (standing and grasping the sickle)  
 The blood is the life.

The man closely examines the tooth and wraps it in a handkerchief before tucking it in his pocket.

The Woman and Little Girl's gaze remains fixed on one another as the man takes the sickle and uses it to help himself up from the ground.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure  
from all alarms...

The Woman and the Little Girl remain fixed in their gaze as the man places one foot squarely on the woman's back and raises the sickle into the air.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Leaning, leaning, leaning on the  
everlasting arms.

The Little Girl watches as the Man drives the sickle deep into the Woman's neck, blood splatters on his face as he continues to slaughter the woman with his sickle.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WOODS -- LATER**

The WOMAN's mutilated corpse lays in a deep puddle of flowing red in the middle of the trail, her eyes still opened toward the LITTLE GIRL, the man's sickle resting beside her motionless body.

The MAN plops down on a nearby log, his back to the Little Girl. He pulls out the handkerchief and smiles as he again examines the tooth he took from the Woman.

He cleans it off the best he can with the handkerchief.

MAN

(to himself)

Daily blessings and common miracles,  
Lord, what a beautiful day.

He removes his hat and wipes at his brow as he looks to the bright blue sky partially obscured by the full green leaves.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

What have I to dread, what have I to  
fear, leaning on the everlasting  
arms?

He produces a jar filled with blood stained teeth from his jacket. He continues to sing as he adds the Woman's tooth to his collection of prizes.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

I have blessed peace with my Lord so  
near, leaning on the everlasting  
arms.

Beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

You can come on out now, darling.  
There's nothing for you to fear.

He looks over his shoulder at the Little Girl and smiles as  
he tightens the lid on the jar of teeth.

The Little Girl considers him for a moment and then walks  
out onto the trail and stands a short distance away from  
him.

He shakes the jar of teeth like a rattle and laughs.

MAN (CONT'D)

They are my angels, each and every  
one, like this sweet thing here.

The Little Girl locks eyes with him.

He slides down the log a little closer to her and stretches  
his head in her direction.

MAN (CONT'D)

Do you believe in angels?

The little girl grins and nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

Of course you do.

He holds up his prize jar, filled with the teeth of his  
victims.

MAN (CONT'D)

These here are my angels, each one  
different... a unique creation of  
the Almighty.

Beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I bet you just have the most beautiful  
smile, don't you?

The Little Girl tightens her lips and tries not to smile.

MAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon Rosie Girl, let me see it.  
Smile for me.

The Little Girl bursts with a giggle, revealing her crooked smile.

MAN (CONT'D)  
See, that wasn't so hard, now was it  
Rosie Girl?

The Little Girl playfully shakes her head "no".

MAN (CONT'D)  
(offering her the jar)  
Would you like a closer look at my  
angels?

The Little Girl slowly walks forward and takes the jar from him. He smiles as she turns it over in her hands.

MAN (CONT'D)  
I see angels each and every day,  
like you Rosie Girl; you're as pretty  
as one. I bet that you might even  
be one.

The Little Girl shifts her eyes from the jar to the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)  
What do you say Rosie Girl?  
(he offers her his  
hand)  
Would you like to be one of my angels?

Beat.

The Little Girl shows her crooked smile as she giggles and nods her head "yes".

MAN (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
That's a good girl.

She reaches out and takes his hand.

The Man playfully pokes her nose with his finger before taking back the jar and setting it on the ground. He takes her other hand.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
Leaning, leaning...

He stands and dances with her.

MAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Safe and secure from all alarms...

The Little Girl giggles and sways with him.

BOTH

(singing)

Leaning, leaning, leaning on the  
everlasting arms.

He kneels down to eye level with the Little Girl.

MAN

You are a blessing Rosie Girl; truly  
the Lord has sent you to me.

The Little Girl just looks at him, her face relaxed, the Man smiles.

Beat.

The Man's face loosens as he looks down to their hands - he tries to pull them away from the Little Girl but cannot. He looks up to her, terror written over his face; she smiles.

His breathing becomes erratic as he begins to foam at the mouth. The Little Girl wears a wide grin as blood spews from his mouth - in an instant she releases him as he drops over the Woman's body, dead.

Beat. The Little Girl kneels beside the bodies and picks up the jar of teeth.

She opens the lid and shakes a few into her hand, examining them before picking out one in particular and dropping the rest back into the jar.

Clutching the tooth in hand, and reaches into the Man's jacket and pulls out his knife and wields it into his mouth.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WOODS -- LATER**

The LITTLE GIRL examines the jar of teeth, the bodies of the WOMAN and the MAN still intertwined behind her.

She slowly tilts and rolls the jar in her hands before placing it under a rock in the ground.

She unclenches her left hand to reveal the tooth she had removed before and looks to the bodies.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

It is a beautiful summer day, and the WOMAN and the LITTLE GIRL sit at the base of a gravestone.

WOMAN

You're special, Rosie. You've got a great gift, a gift that not even Sissie has. Do you know it?

The Little Girl shakes her head "Yes".

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're like your grandma and me. She would have been so proud of you, just like I am.

ROSIE

Why?

WOMAN

It's the way our family is, sweetie. Everything isn't always the way it seems to be -

A shadow rises over them.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello Sandra. I knew your mother.

It is the MAN, he is looming over them.

SANDRA

(screaming)

Rosie, run!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM -- DAY (END FLASHBACK)**

ROSIE is lost in her memory, holding her mother's tooth in her hand.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Rosie?

Rosie quickly clenches the tooth in her hand and looks up to see her sister, SISSIE, standing in the doorway to their room.

ROSIE

Hi.

Sissie sits on the bed beside her and runs her fingers through her hair.

SISSIE

Is it mom?

Rosie slides her hand under her pillow and hides the tooth.

She nods.

SISSIE (CONT'D)

They'll find her. I know they'll  
find her. You'll see.

Rosie offers a faint attempt at a smile.

WOMAN 2 (O.S.)

Sissie, Rosie, dinner!

SISSIE

C'mon, you don't want to keep Aunt  
Megs waiting.

Sissie jumps up and disappears beyond the doorway.

Rosie reaches under the pillow and pulls the tooth back out.  
She looks at it for a moment and clutches it in her hand.

She blinks and her eyes turn black; a second blink and they  
are again normal.

She stands and leaves the room; a picture of her mother sits  
on the nightstand beside her bed.

**Fade Out.**