

TEASER

EXT. BUCKWHEAT SWAMP - DAY

SUPER: HELSINKI, FINLAND. 1930.

A patchwork of boggy marshland and twisted trees forms a no-man's-land between the bustling city and the wild things that seek to consume it.

The hum of insects hangs thick in the hot summer air. Shifting shadows hint at forbidden secrets lurking below the surface of a dark, clear FRESHWATER SPRING.

This is a holy place. A magical place. Where the spirits of the earth and water whisper in the wind --

-- only to be drowned out by the rumble of the occasional motorcar along the nearby road.

SOUND MATCH TO:

INT. NO. 7 JOSAFAT STREET - DAY

The rhythmic CLACK-CLACK of a foot-powered sewing machine.

Hunched over the treadle, IDA WIDEN (43) mends a tattered shirt. She's a proud woman, unaccustomed to hardship. A recent downturn in fortune has left her bitter, but not broken. Ida is a survivor.

As her fingers guide the frayed fabric under the needle -- *FAT, RED DROPS OF BLOOD fall onto it.*

Ida stops and glances up to see a *GREAT POOL OF BLOOD forming on the dilapidated ceiling.*

She stares with growing horror and fascination.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BUCKWHEAT SWAMP - DAY

A schoolboy, LEO LÖFMAN (14), trudges along the roadside. He's still in his school uniform, jacket slung over his shoulder, sweating through his white short-sleeved shirt.

Ida watches as *the blood expands... spreading across the ceiling... trickling down the peeling floral wallpaper...*

Leo heads deeper into the swamp, lured in by the promise of a drink from the cool, fresh spring. He pokes at the oozing muck with a stick, searching for firm ground to lead the way.

On the wall, the streaks of blood form into words:

**WOE UNTO THE WORLD
A GREAT EVIL IS COMING**

Leo arrives at the spring and cups his hands in the water. As he's about to take a sip -- he scrambles back in horror.

Ida recoils as something *PALE* and *FLESHY* drops from the ceiling with a disgusting, wet plop.

They both see the same thing -- a WOMAN'S SEVERED HAND.

The hand sitting on Ida's sewing machine is already fading away. It, like the blood, was just a PSYCHIC VISION.

But judging from the cloud of flies swarming around the hand in the spring, this one is horribly real.

END TEASER