

PHRENIC

Written by

Tyler Schultz

Address
Phone Number

"There are wounds that never show on the body
that are deeper and more hurtful
than anything that bleeds." - **Laurell K. Hamilton**

"The mind is its own place,
and in itself can make a heaven of hell,
a hell of heaven." - **John Milton**

INT. MIND ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tick-tick-tick-

The second hand slowly pushes time.

On the floor in the middle of the barren, white walled room is a young boy no older than 13. He sits crisscross style with his face in his hands. A soft whimper comes from him. This is JASPER.

Looking up, tears run down his face with bloodshot eyes. He sniffles.

In front of him is a rotten steel door that is slightly ajar.

JASPER
Please be okay.

The door.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Please Mom.

Slowly.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I can't live with Dad.

Opens.

Pure blackness greets him followed by the hollow sound of air being sucked out of the room.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP--

The faint outline of a woman emerges. Blonde hair covers her face, her frame slim like she has pencils for bones. Her stomach and legs all have STAB WOUNDS where the muscle can be seen under the skin. This is MOM.

THUMP. THUMP-- she stops just at the foot of the door.

KELLY (V.O.)
It's okay to let her in.

JASPER
That's my mom?

KELLY (V.O.)
Yes.

Jasper stares at his Mom for a moment, then nods.

She takes two steps into the room and stops.

JASPER
Do you still hurt?

Mom turns her head to the side, curious.

She proceeds to walk towards Jasper and stops just an arm's length away before sitting across from him.

She reaches out, almost touching Jasper's cheek, then retracts her arm and shakes her head-- NO.

Jasper's bottom lip tightens as tears begin to flow.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mommy. I'm sorry I
couldn't do anything that night to
help you.

Mom bows her head, looking at her hands, and reaches out.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Can I touch her?

KELLY (V.O.)
Yes, this is how she will
communicate with you.

Jasper hovers his hands over Mom's, hands trembling.

KELLY (V.O.)
It's okay.

Jasper rests his hands in Mom's. Looking up, Mom's blonde hair is now lush, her face vibrant. She no longer looks menacing but welcoming.

JASPER
Mom?

MOM
(choking)
Hey sweetie.

Jasper lunges forward and hugs her, crying.

JASPER
I miss you so much.

MOM
I miss you too, little bug.

Mom hugs him back, tight, then slowly loosens her hug to push him back.

MOM (CONT'D)
I know you have so much to ask and
so much to say, but my time is
limited here.

JASPER
Are you okay?

MOM
Yes. But that's not what you're
here for-- is it?

Jasper shakes his head as he falls to his knees.

JASPER
I blame myself a lot for that
night. I should have stopped Dad.

Mom shakes her head.

MOM
No, no. You couldn't have done
anything, Jasper. I'm glad he
didn't hurt you; it would have
killed me to see you here with me.

JASPER
But wh-

MOM
(cuts Jasper off)
Listen to me. I'm so proud of you
and the man you have grown into. I
still see everything you do here.
I'm still with you baby.

Mom rubs his cheek and cuddles him slightly.

MOM (CONT'D)
Keep making me proud by living your
life, sweetie. I'm okay.

Jasper's lip tightens again.

JASPER
I miss you so much.

MOM
I do too. And when the time comes,
we'll be together again.

(MORE)

MOM (CONT'D)
(beat)
But not now. Okay?

Jasper nods.

MOM (CONT'D)
Keep making Mommy proud.

Jasper hugs her one last time before pulling away and letting go of Mom. Her transformation of dirty hair, stab wounds, and pale skin comes back.

Mom looks down at her hands, then stands and gets SUCKED out of the room with the door SLAMMING as she whisks away into the darkness.

KELLY (V.O.)
What do you see, Jasper?

Jasper stares at the door, tears falling down his cheek.

JASPER
I'm in a room.

KELLY (V.O.)
And what's in that room?

JASPER
Four walls.

KELLY (V.O.)
Is there a door?

JASPER
No.

Looking back at where the door was, it is gone.

KELLY (V.O.)
Is there anything on the walls?

JASPER
Yes.

Tick-tick-tick--

Jasper looks to his right and sees a clock.

KELLY (V.O.)
What do you see?

JASPER
A clock.

KELLY (V.O.)
Good. Now I want you to feel like
you're slowly floating back to the
ground.

The plane walls slowly turn into decorated shelves with
plaques of achievements.

A few windows appear, allowing light to enter the room.

Jasper slowly turns older, MUCH OLDER, late 30s, as he sits
in a chair. He continues staring at the clock.

Across from him a woman appears, seeming to be in her late
20s. She's wearing a flowery dress with short blonde hair and
is holding his hand. This is KELLY.

Soon we are transported back to...

INT. KELLY'S THERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the sun rays hit Jasper's face, his eyes roll back and
eyelids flutter shut, and all that is left is-- TICKING from
the clock.

KELLY (O.S.)
And when you're ready, gently open
your eyes, and you will be back in
my office.

Jasper does as such, looking up at the clock that reads four
o'clock.

He turns to see Kelly still holding his hands.

KELLY (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

JASPER
I feel-- different.

KELLY
How so?

JASPER
Like-- I don't quite have the words
to describe it.

KELLY
It's okay, it'll take some time to
get used to that.
(beat)
(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)
Now, once you let go, you're
letting go of all that trauma that
you have had pent up.

Jasper looks down at Kelly's hands he's holding, slightly
confused.

JASPER
Like, I won't remember her?

KELLY
No, no. That guilt you've had for
so many years. That part won't be
there anymore.

Jasper stares at his hands, eyebrows narrowing.

JASPER
And I won't see her anymore? She
won't be haunting me in my dreams?

KELLY
The version you saw of her will be
the last you see. Hopefully, what
comes is nothing but good to
follow.

Jasper nods, looking back at Kelly. A slight fear in his
eyes.

JASPER
It's odd, I found a slight comfort
in that.

KELLY
And now you'll be at peace.

Jasper nods looking back down at his hands-- then let's go.

He lets out a deep breath and rubs his hands together.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Okay. Now the homework.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door to her house opens and she enters. As she
closes the door behind her, she takes her jacket and scarf
off before looking deep into her house.

She reaches for the light switch and flips it on.

It's just her in the beautiful house.

She turns on the Television.

Pours a glass of wine.

Slumps down on the couch.

Then passes out.

VICTOR (V.O.)
So, are you able to tell me how it
works?

INT. KELLY'S THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Kelly sits in her chair with a man in a suit and tie sitting
across from her. This is VICTOR (M,47).

Kelly pulls herself forward.

KELLY
It's trauma that's set in the brain
and festers. It can be a thing
you're afraid of, a person, an
experience even. I usually have to
sit with the patient and do a few
sessions before getting comfortable
with the idea of diving into their
brain.

VICTOR
And why is that?

KELLY
Because there are some minds we
should never wander through, even
if the person appears to have good
intentions.

Victor pulls himself forward as he nods.

VICTOR
Your-- studies?

KELLY
Methods.

VICTOR
Methods, they are impactful and
seem to be doing wonders for
people.

KELLY
They have.

VICTOR

I was wo-

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Victor is cut off by someone standing at the door of the room.

A young woman, no older than 20, stands in sweatpants and a hoodie. She leans against the frame of the door with her arms crossed over her chest. This is NYLA.

KELLY

Oh, hello Nyla.

NYLA

Our appointment is today, right?

Kelly nods and turns her attention back to Victor.

KELLY

I'm so sorry, we can continue this another day. What was your name?

VICTOR

Victor.

He rises from his seat, straightening his jacket.

KELLY

Here's a card, call me and we'll straighten whatever has been bothering you.

Kelly reaches into a drawer and pulls out a business card. She hands it to Victor who stares at it for a moment, then accepts the offer.

VICTOR

This wouldn't be for me.

KELLY

I'm sorry?

VICTOR

The help you offer, it wouldn't be for me.

KELLY

Then who for?

Victor smiles.

VICTOR
Another day.

Victor exits the room, skimming past Nyla who continues to stand in the doorway.

KELLY
Everything okay?

NYLA
Can I come in?

KELLY
Yes, have a seat. We'll get started.

INT. KELLY'S THERAPY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting directly across from Nyla, Kelly has her hands out with her shirt sleeves rolled up to the pits of her elbows.

NYLA
And this isn't going to hurt?

KELLY
No, but it will feel very real.

NYLA
In what way?

KELLY
Like me sitting across from you right now. You won't see me, but I'll be able to see everything that's going on and guide you.

Nyla looks at Kelly's hands awaiting hers.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Lastly, don't pull from me. Remember, this is trauma, and the best way to face it is--

NYLA
Head on.

Kelly nods.

KELLY
Yes.

Nyla rubs her palms on her sweatpants, taking in a deep breath before reaching out and hovering her hands over Kelly's.

NYLA
Is it normal to feel scared?

KELLY
Very. I'd be scared if you didn't.

Nyla nods and slowly sets her hands down on Kelly's.

Nothing happens... yet.

Nyla scoffs at this.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You okay?

NYLA
Yeah, I just thought it would be instant? I don't know.

Kelly shakes her head and closes her eyes.

KELLY
I need you to focus on anything in this room. Something that calls to you.

Nyla looks, not landing on anything.

NYLA
Anything?

KELLY
Something that calls your attention.

Nyla continues to look until something flashes at her.

A picture of Kelly with her father.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Have you found something?

NYLA
Yes.

KELLY
Good. Now I want you to focus on that and feel as though your body is drifting.

NYLA
Drifting?

KELLY
Like floating on top of waves.

Nyla's eyes roll to the back of her head as her eyelids flutter shut.

NYLA
I feel it.

KELLY
Good.

Slowly, the walls consume the shelves and decorations until just four flat walls are present.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Now sink.

Nyla's eyes open as she takes a deep breath.

INT. MIND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nyla sits on the floor of the room, rising to her feet, not seeing a door or window of any kind-- but a picture of Kelly and her father hanging on the wall.

She looks around the room, confused.

NYLA
Where am I?

Rising to her feet, she looks for a door or window, but finds nothing that allows her to see out of the room.

KELLY (V.O.)
A safe place. What do you remember about your dad?

Nyla looks around the room some more, and suddenly a door appears. It's an all white wooden door with paintings of flowers.

Nyla looks at the door in fear.

NYLA
He wasn't a good dad.

KELLY (V.O.)
How so?

Nyla's hand shakes as she takes a step back away from the door.

NYLA
He was a bad man.

KELLY (V.O.)
Why? What did he do?

The room slowly morphs as a small bed, toys, a desk, and a television fuse into the room.

The door's handle twists and opens-- CREEEEEEEEKING as someone from the other side pushes.

A leg emerges from the darkness, followed by the torso of a man and the face of her father. Having glasses that sit on his deadpan face, he takes only two steps into the room before closing the door behind him. This is GLEN.

Nyla stares at him, frozen.

KELLY (V.O.)
You have to speak to me, what's going on?

NYLA
(soft)
He's in the room.

KELLY (V.O.)
What is he doing?

NYLA
He's just staring at me.

KELLY (V.O.)
Remember, you're in control here.
Not him.

Nyla starts to tear up, shaking her head.

NYLA
I don't know what to do.

GLEN
Get undressed.

Nyla's eyes FILL with FEAR as she shakes her head.

NYLA
Please, Dad. Please.

GLEN

NOW!

The yell makes Nyla jump-- but she begins to peel off her shirt. Then her pants.

Now she stands in her underwear.

KELLY (V.O.)

I need you to know you have control of the situation, Nyla. You have to let this part of you go.

NYLA

I can't. I can't do it.

KELLY (V.O.)

You can, this isn't what you want. What was the last memory you had of your father?

Nyla slowly takes off her bra--

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

--which turns into a coat-- and suddenly she's in a room full of people with a CASKET in the front of the room.

She's dressed in all black, standing at the back of the room.

NYLA

Seeing him at the funeral home.

KELLY (V.O.)

Is that where you are now?

Nyla takes a deep breath and manages to muster up the courage to walk to the casket.

As she approaches and walks up to the side, she sees the corpse of Glen.

NYLA

He shouldn't be able to touch me. But when I dream, or try to date another man, I get these triggers tha--

Glen's body reaches up out of the casket, ripping his sewn eyes open to look at Nyla. His hand sits in space waiting for Nyla to meet it.

She takes a step back, baffled.

NYLA (CONT'D)
Oh, my god.

KELLY (V.O.)
What?

NYLA
He's-- I don't. I-I--

KELLY (V.O.)
Nyla, take a breath. You're okay.

Nyla hugs herself, staring at the hand wanting to shake hers.

NYLA
He wants to shake my hand.

KELLY (V.O.)
When you're ready.

Nyla narrows her brow.

NYLA
What do you mean?

KELLY (V.O.)
Leap.

Nyla stares at Glen, who stares at her.

She hesitantly takes a step forward, reaches out, and shakes his hand.

INT. MIND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glen suddenly stands before Nyla, as the room drastically changes to a WHITE ROOM. It's just Nyla and Glen; everything else has vanished.

He holds her hand, almost as if shaking it.

Nyla stares at him with fear and confusion.

GLEN
I'm sorry, Ny.

Nyla looks more confused.

GLEN (CONT'D)
I don't want you to excuse my
behavior for what I've done to you,
but I wanted to apologize.

Nyla's look almost turns angry and quickly shoves Glen.

NYLA

No!

She shoves him again, harder.

NYLA (CONT'D)

No! You don't get to do that!

He gets down on both knees as Nyla collapses to the floor.

GLEN

I was a bad father, even worse to
your mother. But, please hear me
out when I say-- don't push your
resentment of me onto other people.
I did that. I take full
responsibility for it.

Nyla shakes her head.

NYLA

Why?

GLEN

Why do I take responsibility?

NYLA

Why did you do it?

Glen looks down at the floor, ashamed of the question.

GLEN

Because it happened to me so much,
I thought it was okay.

(beat)

But it wasn't. None of it was. And
I'm sorry.

Nyla breaks down, curling herself up in a ball, and weeps.

INT. KELLY'S THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Nyla sits in her chair as she lets go of Kelly's hands.

Nyla's shoulders drop as she takes a breath.

She lunges forward and hugs Kelly.

NYLA

Thank you.

Kelly pats Nyla's back.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She opens the door and walks in, setting her jacket on the rack next to the door.

In the darkness we see HUNDREDS of SHADOWS staring at her from within.

She reaches for the light switch and flips it on-- the SHADOWS disappear.

She makes her way to the KITCHEN area where she grabs a wine glass from a cupboard and opens up a bottle.

Pouring a decent amount, she holds onto it as she makes her way to the LIVING ROOM area to sit on the couch.

Turning the television on, she seems to ignore the multiple shadows emerging from behind her to watch her drink.

She sips, eyelids slowly blink.

Another sip, eyelids blink slower.

Last sip and her eyes flutter shu--

RING-RING!

Sitting up as her motor functions kick back on, she is handed her phone by Jasper's Mom.

This does not seem to phase Kelly as she grabs the phone and answers.

KELLY

Hello?

(beat)

Yes, um-- we can set an appointment for whatever date works for you.

(beat)

I'm sorry, no. I can't do tomorrow.

She sets her wine glass down that's nearly empty now and rubs her temples in frustration.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Yes, we can set it for that day. I just can't do tomorrow because I have to take care of some things on my end.

She rises from her seat on the couch and turns to look behind her... It's just her in the room.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Okay great. I'll see you then.
(beat)
Okay, bye-bye.

Kelly hangs up the phone as she looks back at the television. She turns it off and leaves the room, shutting the lights off on her way out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

People line up for their daily fix of caffeine. Kelly stands off to the side at the counter, waiting to receive her drink.

She scrolls through her phone, stumbling across an article that states: **"Future of Mind & Body: Finding Your Inner Peace."**

She shakes her head at this as a coffee slides on the counter, a BARISTA (F, 22) is quick to move on towards the next drink.

Kelly looks down, spinning the cup and seeing her name written in Sharpie.

KELLY
(softly)
Thank you?

Moving through the small crowd of people, she makes her way to a table where an older lady sits and is enjoying her cup of coffee.

CAMILA, 56, with curly white hair and a buttoned-up white shirt and black pants, sits with one leg over the other, awaiting Kelly's presence.

CAMILA
About time, I was starting to worry
they forgot your order.

KELLY
No, I just have a long list of
things I like to have in my coffee.

Camila leans forward, spinning Kelly's cup to see the items mixed in her coffee.

CAMILA
Jesus, almond milk, cold foam, four
shots of espresso, caramel driz-
(overload)
Kelly, come on. That's not even
coffee at that point.

KELLY
Oh shush. We all can't be like you,
drinking straight black coffee.

Camila leans back with a soft smile.

CAMILA
You sip on it. You have to delve
into the flavor. Let it dance
across your taste buds.

KELLY
I taste dirt and burnt shit when I
do.

Kelly takes her cup and sips from it.

KELLY (CONT'D)
That tastes like coffee.

CAMILA
Tastes like diabetes.

Kelly shakes her head and looks out the window.

People pass, leave the store, and enter as well. Camila
notices this as she follows Kelly's gaze.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Has everything been okay?

KELLY
Yeah, I've been staying busy.
Helping.

CAMILA
But what about you? This doesn't
work unless you're okay.

Kelly nods and sips her coffee.

KELLY
For the most part, I'm still trying
to figure things out.
(spins cup, thinking)
I just-- I've been thinking of you.
Helping me stay grounded.

Camila nods as she leans back in her chair.

CAMILA
Any particular reason?

KELLY
I get afraid sometimes.

CAMILA
Of?

KELLY
What if I'm met with something that
I can't handle? Someone I can't
fix?

CAMILA
You're doubting yourself.

Camila reaches over and grabs Kelly's hand.

KELLY
Sometimes.

CAMILA
You helped me Kell. You brought me
peace. You did. God gave you this
gift to help us who--
(beat)
I wouldn't have been able to move
on if it wasn't for what you did.

KELLY
I know.

CAMILA
And for you to not be able to help
others with this gift, even when
things can get dark and scary,
well, that would be a waste.

Kelly nods.

KELLY
I know.
(beat)
I just needed your help to keep
pushing. It can get dark sometimes.

CAMILA
And I'll always be here for you
baby. All you have to do is call on
me.

Kelly nods, picking up her coffee cup and taking a sip from it.

As she sets it back on the table, Camila is gone with Kelly sitting by herself.

KELLY
(to self)
Thanks for the talk.

She rises from the table and leaves the cafe.

INT. STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Pushing a cart, Kelly heads down an aisle where crystals, incense, and bath salts of different colors and smells litter the shelves.

Grabbing a couple of white candles and some bath bombs, she throws them in her cart and heads out.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Kelly lights the last candle, the bath water runs, filling the tub. She throws in some bath salt and stirs the water with her hands before getting undressed.

The shuffling of feet can be heard over the crackling of the candles that are lit.

Someone enters the bathroom and sits on the toilet seat.

Kelly never turns her attention to it and oddly remains calm as she continues to strip down and get into the bath.

A couple more people shuffle their way in, watching, keeping their distance.

As the water rises and Kelly sits, it starts to come up to her neck, where she stares at the water.

Slowly, the water gets tuned out, and her breathing is more focused.

IN-HOLD-OUT.

The cycle repeats as she reaches up with her foot to turn off the water.

IN-HOLD-OUT.

Her eyes begin to blink slowly, not paying attention to GLEN who stares intently at her just from outside the tub.

IN-HOLD-OUT.

She submerges herself in the water, EVERYTHING IS QUIET.

Air bubbles slip out from her nose as they race for the surface.

She slowly rises out of the water, letting out a slow and controlled breath.

She wipes the water from her eyes and looks over to where people congregated in the bathroom she at first paid no attention to-- everyone is GONE.

It's just her in the bathroom.

She leans over and blows out a candle.

WHOOOSH!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A seven-story building, glass panels encase the bottom couple of floors, allowing patients to see out onto the beautiful lawn.

Nurses walk with some patients, guiding them along the sidewalk, while some patients sit on park benches observing their scenery.

A nice black car pulls up to the entrance, exiting the car is Kelly.

She takes a moment to look at the scenery as well before she makes her way to the revolving glass door.

The CLACKING of her shoes carry onward into--

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK-CLACK-CLICK-CLACK--

Kelly's shoes echo inside the hallway of the building. She follows Victor who guides the expedition.

VICTOR

And you've never thought about trying to help someone with needs like the patients here?

KELLY

It's not that, I assure you, as I want to help as many people as I can on my journey. It's just--

(beat)

My process is a little different from other people's.

VICTOR

How so?

KELLY

People's minds are like houses, and essentially, I'm just guiding them through their trauma until I can find the root cause of their situation and remove it from them. See how it is they wanted the situation to be resolved, and leave them with that and not the bad memories.

VICTOR

(impressed)

So you do extract their trauma?

KELLY

Yes.

VICTOR

And does that ever weigh heavy on you?

KELLY

It can. If you let it.

Victor nods as they continue to walk, passing by laughing patients and nurses on break.

VICTOR

This patient, I told you, she's been with us for quite some time. Known her since she was just a youngin'.

KELLY

How old is she?

VICTOR
Tomorrow she will be twenty-six.

KELLY
Oh, wow.

Victor nods as he approaches a door and stops to face Kelly.

VICTOR
I've known her since she was four.

KELLY
That's how long she's been here?

VICTOR
That's how long she's been here and
not said a word to anyone.

Kelly looks at Victor, confused.

KELLY
I'm sorry?

VICTOR
Samantha, the patient, has been
here since she was four years old.
When I used to just help out and be
of service, I remember seeing her
sitting in a chair just staring out
the window as if waiting for
someone to come save her.

KELLY
I don't know if I'd be able to
help.

VICTOR
(continues)
Now she doesn't even look at
anyone. There's this dead look
behind her eyes, almost lifeless.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
I'd need to be able to communicate
with her. Ask her certain
questions. I can't just wander
inside of her mind.

Victor grabs Kelly's hand in desperation.

VICTOR

Please. I've had others like you come, but they say the same thing. I just want her to be able to smile again. That's all I'm asking for. From the sounds of it, she doesn't have much time left here anyway.

This seems to hit a chord with Kelly as she closes her eyes and tightens her jaw.

She turns to look through the window of the door.

Visibly, a woman sits in a chair, slightly slumped over. All we can see is the back of her head.

KELLY

Let me see what I can do.

Victor nods, relieved.

VICTOR

Thank you.

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victor and Kelly walk in, a NURSE (F, 30s) is seen washing the feet of the woman in the chair.

Nurse pops her head up, hearing the door close, and flashes a smile at Victor.

NURSE

Howdy, how ya'll doin'?

VICTOR

Good, how is she?

NURSE

She's alright. Haven't heard any complaints.

She smiles at Sam but gets no response.

Nurse rings the washcloth out and sets the small bucket off to the side. She rises to her feet and walks over to Victor.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Is this another one of your friends?

VICTOR
Kelly, this is Nurse Riley. One of
the few hand-picked nurses to watch
after Sam.

Nurse Riley extends a hand and Kelly greets it with a firm
shake.

NURSE
Hope you can do something here.
Would hate to hear another person
saying they can't help.

VICTOR
Riley!

NURSE
I'm just being honest is all sir. I
just want what's best for her.

VICTOR
As do we all.

Riley nods, taking a step to the side.

NURSE
My apologies. I'll let ya'll be,
I'm gonna check on Chuck. Make sure
he hasn't gotten into the cookies
again.

Nurse walks around Victor and Kelly and exits the room.

Kelly turns to look at Victor.

KELLY
How many people have you asked for
help?

VICTOR
A few.

KELLY
And they all turned you away?

VICTOR
They wanted more money than I could
afford. It wasn't that I turned
them away, but asking for a
miracle.

Kelly takes a breath, turns, and looks at the back of
Samantha's head who is still slumped over.

She slowly makes her way around and sits in a chair across from her.

Samantha Robertson, frail and delicate just like the strands of hair on her head, sits staring off into space. Her eyes emitting a lifelessness to them, soulless even.

As Kelly pulls the chair forward to get closer to Sam, she stops just an arm's length away and readjusts herself.

She looks at Sam debating on how to approach.

KELLY

Sam?

No response.

VICTOR

She's not go--

KELLY

I know!

Kelly is trying to figure her way in, staring at Sam.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm going to just gently touch her hand. See what I can do from there.

VICTOR

Anything you can do.

Looking at one arm that's lifelessly dangling to the side, Kelly gently reaches over and grabs her ha--

INT. COLLEGE, HALLWAY - DAY

Kelly stands in a cap and gown, she has a phone to her ear as she paces back and forth.

KELLY

And I told you it was today!

(beat)

No! No, I don't want your money,
Dad! You said you were going to be
here!

Names can be heard off in the distance, behind a set of double doors that taunt her.

Something is said over the phone that visibly upsets Kelly as she pulls the phone away from her face and vibrates it in rage.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Don't bring up Mom you piece of
shit!

Kelly chucks the phone at a wall where it shatters.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Kelly Evilsizer!

Her head perks up, looking at the double doors with wide
eyes.

KELLY
(to self)
Shit.

She rushes out through the set of double doors.

INT. COLLEGE, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

As Kelly runs out, the floor is filled with chairs, the
people in them wearing the same color cap and gown.

Oddly, there's no one in the stands or bleachers.

Kelly walks, her heels CLICKING as she struts to the stage.
Click-click-click-click--

Her footsteps almost match the slow graduation music that
plays over the speakers.

She continues to walk around the people and down a line,
students staring at her as she passes by.

She walks up to MAN#1 (M, 40s) who is in a suit and tie. He
stops her.

MAN#1
One sec.

He grabs the tassel hanging from her hat and stops the
movement.

MAN#1 (CONT'D)
Okay, look over here for a picture.

As she turns, a BRIGHT LIGHT flashes, blinding us in the
process for a split second.

MAN#1 (CONT'D)
Great, go ahead on up.

Kelly nods and progresses.

As she makes her way up the ramp and onto the stage, all the students are GONE. No one is on stage, Man#1 has disappeared, and it's just Kelly holding a diploma cover.

She looks around and sees a microphone that she walks up to, flashing a quick smile before she speaks.

KELLY

I'd just like to thank my deadbeat father, who lost himself after my mother died. He fueled this fire in me to be better than him in every way, shape, and form.

The absent crowd SCREAMS and APPLAUDS.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Also, to my mother, the driving force of knowing that I could do anything in life. Always pushing me to do better. Be better.

The invisible crowd APPLAUDS again... only, someone is watching from the shadows.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So this, the degree in my hands, this is for every mother fucker who doubted me. Just like my father.

The shadow rises from his seat and drops down from the bleachers to the floor. Standing. Staring.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You all ca--

Kelly gets cut off as a hand reaches over and pulls her away from the mic.

It's Camila.

CAMILA

What are you doing?

KELLY

What?

CAMILA

This isn't right. You shouldn't be here.

KELLY
What are y--

Kelly tilts her head.

CAMILA
Kelly, leave. Now.

KELLY
Leave where?

CAMILA
Leave here! You need to leave!
There is so--

Kelly tilts her head the other way, as if slightly more confused.

Camila disappears right in front of her face.

She reaches out, gently swiping the air.

KELLY
I miss you Mom.

THOOM!

Lights go out as the music dies.

All is quiet for a moment.

DIGGING. Something's DIGGING.

EXT. MASS GRAVE - MORNING

Fingers poke through the soil, followed by a hand, then an arm, and soon Kelly is climbing her way out of a marked grave.

Covered in dirt, she rolls over on the grass and takes a second for herself.

KELLY
What the fuck?

She holds her head as she winces in pain.

Rolling over and rising to her knees, she looks around and for MILES it looks as though TOMB STONES litter the grounds.

She looks at the one that was set before her, on it the name "Samantha Robertson 2009-2013".

Kelly inches her way up to the tomb and rubs her thumb on it.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(softly)
Oh no.

Peeking up over the stone, a WOMAN stands in the center of the mass grave with a haunted house further off in the distance.

Kelly's eyes widen a little.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Sam?

Rising to her feet, she makes her way through the graves. Over and over, "Samantha Robertson" is etched on each grave.

Some are crisp, others almost look like scribbles.

Kelly gets closer to the woman standing in the middle of the mass grave.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Sam!

The woman is wearing a WHITE night gown that is covered in dirt and blood. ROPE seems to be binding her wrist and ankles as she stands at the foot of an empty grave.

Kelly gets a few feet away and sees it's not rope but CHAINS binding her.

The woman is muttering something to herself.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Sam?

Kelly inches her way forward, each step slowing as she gets just arm's length away.

SAM
(repeats)
It's dark down here. It's dark down here. It's dark down here. It's dark down here. It's da...

Kelly reaches out, placing her hand on Sam's shoulder and turns her.

As Sam turns, she has NO EYES with a hidden chain wrapped around her neck.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's so wonderfully dark down here!

Sam smiles as blood pours from her eyes and laughs.

The chain gets pulled, DECAPITATING Sam, pulling her head into the empty abyss of the grave.

The arms get pulled, severing from her body as the get sucked into the abyss along with her legs.

Her torso THUDS to the grass as Kelly steps back, pure fear filling her eyes.

An arm reaches up out of the grave, PURPLE and BLACK SLIME that grabs a piece of Sam's torso and drags it into the hole.

Kelly stares, unsure of what to do.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's okay, he can help you too.

Kelly stares at the grave.

SAM (CONT'D)
He's not going to kill you.

KELLY
Sam?

SAM
Yes?

Kelly takes a step forward, staring into the dark abyss of the grave.

SAM (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid, silly.
(demonic)
He can help you too.

A low growl followed by yellow glowing eyes stare back at Kelly.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Kelly pulls away from Sam, body shaking and trembling with wide eyes.

VICTOR
What's wrong? Everything okay?

Kelly shakes her head, staring at Sam, not able to take her eyes off her.

Sam continues to stare into space. Lifeless.

...

Faintly in the glass of a window, Kelly's reflection can be seen still holding onto--

INT. VICTOR'S ROOM - LATER

Pouring a glass of whiskey, Victor offers a glass to Kelly.

VICTOR
Want some?

KELLY
Please.

Victor pours her a glass and the two sit in a room that overlooks the facility.

VICTOR
So, what happened?

Kelly takes the glass and takes a huge sip, wincing from the afterburn.

KELLY
Something very traumatic must have happened to her. But I don't know if she's also like me.

VICTOR
In what sense?

KELLY
I--
(struggling)
She showed me a memory of mine that was somehow altered.

VICTOR
What do you mean?

KELLY
Like, she took my memory and filled in gaps with-- violence?

VICTOR
Violence?

Kelly takes another sip.

KELLY
I just felt so much anger and rage.
It was very violent. Her thoughts.

Kelly looks at Victor intensely.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What happened with her parents?

Victor adjusts in his chair, taking a sip of his drink.

VICTOR
It's-- ah, it's a long story.

KELLY
Then I guess I'll be here all
night.

INT. VICTOR'S ROOM - LATER

A file on Sam is spread out across the table as shown.
DOCUMENT WRITINGS, PICTURES of SCARS and BITE MARKS, PHOTOS
of her OLD HOUSE, and PHOTOS of her PARENTS.

Victor spreads everything out evenly so Kelly has a chance to
look over everything.

VICTOR
This is everything.

Kelly sits forward, taking another sip from her drink before
plopping it down and picking up one of the written documents.

KELLY
Explain a little more.

VICTOR
Sam was supposedly the second child
of her parents. Not the first, like
many people thought.

KELLY
What does that have to do with
anything?

VICTOR
Everything.

Kelly raises a brow, looking back down at the paper.

KELLY
(reading from the
document)

She was found bound to a steel
table with rope. Multiple rope
burns around the wrists and ankles
suggest she struggled for some time
with multiple bite marks over her
body.

Kelly stops and shoots Victor a look. He takes a sip of his
drink and leans over to the file, pulling out the BITE MARK
PHOTO.

VICTOR
They ran multiple tests, but
couldn't figure out who or what was
biting her.

KELLY
What do you mean? Like the parents
had people come over and jus--
(ew)
Did they run a test on the parents
to see if they were a match?

VICTOR
Yes, and nothing came back to them.

Kelly's eyebrows narrow, focusing back on the document.

KELLY
I think the trauma of the situation
has scared her so deeply, I might
not be able to help.

VICTOR
Please.

KELLY
This is way, WAY more than what I
thought I was getting into.

VICTOR
Please, don't.

Victor takes another sip, mind searching for the right words.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I didn't know much about this until
I was put in charge of the place. I
asked for these files distinctly so
I could understand what happened.

KELLY

What happened to her parents?

This wipes Victor's face, numb almost, as he reaches over and moves a document to reveal a photo of the parents' legs hovering off the floor.

VICTOR

From what the documents state, as police arrived in the basement, the mother and father hanged themselves to her left and right. As if to look down on her.

Kelly's jaw clenches, lost for words.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

They left a note that was scribbled in Hebrew. After deciphering it, it states, *"The great dragon was hurled down—that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. But he was once an angel, a savior, and so we call upon you. Let life breathe of the one you've taken from us, and take us home where we will wait for her."*

Kelly sets the document she was holding on the table and stares at all the evidence.

KELLY

This is all starting to sound like something else.

VICTOR

Like what?

Kelly doesn't answer, but instead rises to her feet.

KELLY

I'll sleep on it. I'll call you back tomorrow and see what we can do.

Victor sits back on the couch, grabbing his drink while letting out an exhaustive exhale.

VICTOR

(frustrated)

Okay, but will you?

KELLY
I'm sorry?

VICTOR
If you're out, let me know so that
I'm not waiting.

KELLY
I will.

Victor nods.

VICTOR
Okay.

KELLY
Okay. Have a good night.

VICTOR
You as well.

Kelly exits the room as Victor stares at the file.

I/E. KELLY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Getting into the driver's seat, Kelly shuts the door and
grabs the steering wheel.

KELLY
(soft)
Fuck. This is not what I had in
mind.

She starts up her car, stares into the darkness of the night,
then leaves the property.

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - LATER

As she pulls into the driveway, she comes to a stop.

Putting the car in park, she sits here for a moment before
getting out.

Walking up to the door, a Shadow can be seen staring at her
from afar. She doesn't notice it.

Arriving at the front door, she slides her key in the lock
and opens it, quickly stepping in and shutting the door.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she steps inside, she locks the door and removes her coat. Going to throw it up on the coat rack, she notices it's on the other side of where she usually puts it.

Odd.

Walking through her house, it almost feels disorienting as something feels off.

The lights are still off, nothing watches her, but something doesn't feel right.

THE WHOLE HOUSE IS MIRRORED (FLIPPED).

She makes her way to the--

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Reaching for the light switch, she flips it with no luck.

The kitchen appliances are also off. Breaker switch?

Walking over and grabbing a flashlight, she turns it on and aims it at a door that is slightly ajar.

Walking over to it, she opens it up to find a set of stairs that lead DOWN.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As she stands at the top, shining her light, she reaches over and flips the stairs' light switch ON before making her descent.

Reaching the bottom, she shines the light across the stone floor and concrete walls until she lands on the circuit breaker.

Making her way over to it, something is heard CREEEEEEKING upstairs.

She looks up, then back at the stairs.

NOTHING.

As Kelly continues to the circuit breaker, she FLIPS ON another switch before opening the breaker box and studying all the switches.

Behind her, blurred, SOMEONE or SOMETHING HOVERS down the stairs slowly.

Kelly continues looking at the switches, deciphering the small paper labeling each one.

KELLY
Should be this one?

CLICK-CLICK!

No power.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Nope.

The THING behind her CONTINUES to get closer. HOVERING.

KELLY (CONT'D)
This?

CLICK-CLICK!

KELLY (CONT'D)
God, damn-it.

She looks back at the paper label.

The THING is now close enough that we can see the WHITE NIGHT GOWN Sam was wearing-- with BLOOD and DIRT stains.

A hand slowly reaches out.

CLICK-CLICK!

PHOOOOOOM!

Lights turn on.

Sam is gone.

Kelly is relieved and makes her way back upstairs.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

As she makes her way into the kitchen, something feels off again, but familiar.

THE HOUSE IS MIRRORED BACK TO NORMAL.

Kelly stares at everything for just a moment. An eyebrow raises.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bath runs for a moment as Kelly already sits with a glass of wine in hand.

Her foot comes up out of the water and shuts it off as she takes another sip.

Sitting on the toilet seat is Camila.

CAMILA
Got a game plan?

KELLY
Nope.

CAMILA
Are you running from this one too?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
What am I supposed to do here?

CAMILA
Help.

KELLY
Helping can only go so far.

CAMILA
That's not what I taught you, Kell.

KELLY
You're gone. So is Dad. So is this girl.

CAMILA
You believe that?

Kelly sips her wine.

Sets the glass on the edge of the tub.

Submerges in the tub as air bubbles rush to the surface.

The bubbles audibly morph into applause as we...

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

SNAP SHOT as a STUDENT takes a picture with the PRINCIPAL of the school.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Kelly Evilsizer!

Crickets.

Not a single applause.

Not a cheer.

Nothing.

Kelly, in her cap and gown, walks across the stage to grab her diploma and takes a picture with the Principal as well.

PRINCIPAL
Proud of you.

Kelly just gives an awkward smile and continues on and down the ramp off stage.

Walking behind the Student in front of her, they walk until they reach the back end of the seated students waiting to be called up.

Kelly veers off course, a FACULTY MEMBER quickly trying to course correct.

FACULTY MEMBER
No, no, no. This way to be seated.

KELLY
I need to go to the bathroom. It's that time and afraid it's going to bleed through.

Faculty member nods and points her towards the closest double doors.

FACULTY MEMBER
Of course, first door on your left.
(points)
Through there.

KELLY
Thank you.

Faculty Member steps aside as Kelly pushes her way through to...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She takes a few steps and as the double doors are heard closing, she stops and stares into blank space for a few minutes.

Her face scrunches.

Tears roll.

She's all alone.

Collapsing to the floor, she scoots herself back until she's up against a wall and brings her knees to her chest.

I/E. KELLY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Driving through the back roads of country life, Kelly listens to some music with her windows rolled down.

She has one hand on the steering wheel, the other out the window catching the waves of the wind as her hand bobs up and down.

Her eyes are slightly puffy from crying, but she seems to be doing a little better.

Turning down a road and rolling up a driveway, an old house greets her at the end of her journey.

The house is decaying with knocked-out windows and doors that are far removed from their hinges.

Shutting off the car, she takes a deep breath and gets out.

EXT. BURNT DOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walking up the driveway, she glances up at the second-story window.

She stares, then pushes onward into the house.

INT. BURNT DOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She takes a few steps through the doorway, leading into a FOYER.

To her left, a set of stairs leading up to the second floor. Straight ahead leads into a KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM area.

She presses forward into the KITCHEN area where she places her hand on the counter.

Dust, ashes, dirt, and grime as she swipes away the debris.

She claps her hands to remov-- BOOM!

Kelly doesn't flinch, but pauses instantly.

BOOM--BOOM!

Closing her eyes, her brows narrow as if knowing where that comes from.

BOOM!

She turns slowly to look at the ceiling.

BOO--

INT. BURNT DOWN HOUSE, SECOND STORY

Inching her way up the last step and looking down the hallway, one door off to her left is ajar.

A shadow stumbles across.

Kelly presses forward.

Reaching the door, she opens it, revealing an older man, appearing in his late 40s, standing at a closet door in what is otherwise a barren room. His beard pushing for a five o'clock shadow and bald head gives an ominous vibe.

This is STEVE, her FATHER.

He rocks back, cocking his head back, and in one fluid motion SLAMS it on the wooden door. A beer bottle drops as it happens.

KELLY

(soft)

Dad.

Steve pays no mind as he tilts himself back, cocking his head, then-- BOOM!

Kelly walks over, gently trying to place her hand over Steve's forehead.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Dad, you have to stop.

STEVE
I can't. I can't.

KELLY
You can.

Steve shakes his head and turns just enough to look at her from the corner of his eye.

STEVE
I should have stopped it, Kell. I
should have saved her.

KELLY
You couldn't.

STEVE
I could.

Steve turns, cocking back his head-- BOOM!

Kelly backs up, shaking her head, exiting the room, walking backwards into the HALLWAY.

tip-tat-tap-

The small sound of someone tapping on glass catches Kelly's attention.

Making her way further down the hall, she reaches another door where she opens the door and enters...

INT. KELLY'S OLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the window is Sam, still in her white night gown with dirt scraps in her hair.

SAM
Does it never rain here?

KELLY
What?

SAM
It never rains here?

Kelly is baffled and slowly realizes, her face turning fearful.

Taking a step back, she peeks out into the hallway to see the DEMON's face (BLACKISH PURPLE with YELLOW EYES) dip back into the room her Father is in-- BOOM!

Kelly turns her attention back to Sam.

KELLY
How long have you been here for?

SAM
Three weeks.

KELLY
What room is this?

Sam turns, almost looking confused at Kelly for asking such a dumb question.

SAM
It's your room, silly. This is the
house you grew up in.

Taking a few steps towards Kelly, Sam reaches out for Kelly.

SAM (CONT'D)
But I want to show you something.

KELLY
What?

SAM
Can you hold my hands?

Kelly takes a step back, the door slamming shut behind her.

Just the two stand in the room now.

SAM (CONT'D)
I want to show you my room.

Kelly shakes her head.

SAM (CONT'D)
I need you to understand.

Sam stops just inches away from Kelly, hands still held out, waiting for Kelly to grab them.

KELLY
What happens if I don't?

SAM
Well--
(shrugs shoulders)
I guess I'll just stay here.

Kelly looks at Sam's open hands, reaches out, hovers her hands over them for a moment, then gently grabs them.

Sam smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
Now, close your eyes...

Kelly does. BLACKISH PURPLE HANDS reach out from behind her and cover her eyes. This startles Kelly slightly.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...and focus on something.

Kelly slowly starts to fall backwards until she lands softly on a CONCRETE SLAB. The HANDS still blinding her sight.

KELLY
What am I supposed to focus on?

SAM (O.S.)
Sights, smells, sounds. Whatever
comes to mind.

The faint sound of a ROPE being TAUGHT.

KELLY
I hear something.

SAM (O.S.)
What is it?

KELLY
I don't know.

TWO ROPES, taught and swaying with something HEAVY on them.

SAM (O.S.)
I need you to focus, Kelly.

KELLY
It sounds like--
(trying)
I-I can't tell.

The HANDS slowly remove themselves and SINK behind her, disappearing.

Kelly's eyes are still closed.

SAM (O.S.)
Open your eyes and tell me what you
see.

Kelly's eyelids flutter open, instantly locking eyes with something above her.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - MORNING

Light pokes through a small hopper window.

Kelly is lying on a concrete slab that is etched with foreign literature as a WOMAN hangs to her LEFT and a MAN hangs to her RIGHT.

The woman is in a sunflower dress, brown hair pulled back tight into a ponytail. Her eyes are glazed over, mouth wide open as if trying to scream. This is CANDICE (F, 30s).

The man, swaying ever so gently back and forth, is nearly bald with a button-up t-shirt that matches the sunflower dress. His eyes are glassed over, mouth gaping. This is BENNY (M, early 40s).

Trying to remove herself from the slab, Kelly's wrists and ankles are strapped down, preventing her from moving.

She tries to fight it for a moment only to hear someone off in the darkness SHUFFLING about.

She stops, fear mixed with anger as her eyes try to catch what it is.

She struggles some more, the restraints getting pulled and taught, but gives no leeway for escape.

KELLY
(belting, defeated)
HELP!

She lies back down on the slab, staring up at the ceiling as a laugh catches her attention.

It's Candice.

CANDICE
(choking almost)
Aw, she looks so much prettier than
our daughter.

Kelly's eyes shift to Candice, her eyes still glassed over and mouth wide open.

BENNY
(struggling for air)
So much prettier.

Kelly's eyes shift to Benny, who has rotated so his back is now facing her.

KELLY
What is this?

CANDICE
(soft)
She almost looks like you.

Kelly looks at Candice, her body starting to rotate.

KELLY
Who?

CANDICE
(quieter)
The one he stole from us.

KELLY
Stole what from who?
(fights the restraints)
Agh! Who are you talking about?!

A soft whimper catches Kelly's attention.

She continues to struggle.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Let me go!

She belts out, pulling on the restraints, then falls back, surrendering herself.

Flip-flop-flip-flop-- something is walking around in the darkness of the room, just beyond the doorway that leads deeper into the basement.

Flip-flop-flip--

Candice breaks through the darkness, holding a bowl of water and a rag. As she walks up, Kelly no longer lies restrained on the slab-- she is swapped out with SAM.

Candice and Benny no longer hang from the ceiling.

We're in SAM'S MEMORY.

Kneeling next to Sam, Candice sets the bowl down in front of her and grabs the washcloth.

Dampening it, she rings it out and begins pressing it on Sam's head.

CANDICE
How much longer do we have?

BENNY

A few minutes. Did you write what
you were told?

Candice points at an envelope resting on a shelf.

CANDICE

She promised this would work.

BENNY

It will.

(beat)

We'll get our baby back.

Candice looks down at Sam, ALMOST pitiful.

CANDICE

And you will take her place.

Sam only manages a slow blink, almost in a sedative state.

Candice turns her attention back to Benny.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Light the candles, spill the blood.

Benny nods.

Walking through a doorway, he disappears in the dark for a moment before seeing him deep within the room, lighting a couple of candles.

Candice looks at him, then at Sam.

SAM

Why?

CANDICE

Why what?

Sam manages a breath as her eyes begin to roll. Candice continues to lightly dab the rag on her head.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

SAM

There are so many why's. Like --are you doing this to me?
why are we in this position?
Why were we put here? Why are-

-

Candice stops, looks at Sam as if she has asked the worst question of all.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
I get that you never got to meet
your sister, but she was destined
to do great things.
(beat)
She was going to change the world.

Benny enters the room, standing at Sam's left side.

BENNY
Candles are lit. Ropes are ready.
It's time.

Candice nods, a smile forming on her face.

CANDICE
It is.

One last dabbing of the cloth before she sets the bowl off to the side and grabs a step stool to help her reach a rope that hangs from the ceiling.

Benny grabs a stool as well, both taking two steps and placing the rope around their necks.

They hold hands, looking at each other.

BENNY
Should we say a prayer?

Candice nods.

CANDICE
Shall I?

Benny nods, bowing his head and closing his eyes.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
May our lord and savior, Lucifer,
help bring our baby home. She
deserves a life to live, a home to
sleep, a place to eat.

A candle deep in the basement gets blown out.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
May he take these offerings that we
give in good faith to make sure our
baby is brought back healthy and
strong to carry out her ways.

Another candle gets blown out.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
 We are forever in your debt as this
 vessel set before us shall be the
 new vessel of our baby, MORANA.

Last candle gets blown out.

Stools shoot out from under their feet.

Necks snap.

Sam, in a haze, just stares at the ceiling.

SAM
 (weak)
 Help.

Eyes start to close.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (weaker)
 Help.

Flip-flop-flip--

Sam turns her head, looking at the dark room.

Something--flop-flip-flop-flip--

Is--FLop-FLip-FLop--

Coming--FLOP-FLIP.

A grey hand extends out from the dark, dragging a woman with blackness in her eyes and a grin that is sure to send nightmares to those who stare long enough. Her teeth MORPHING and SHIFTING around. This is MORANA (F, 20s).

MORANA
 (demonic)
 Ssssssam.

She continues to crawl, each time trying to grip the cement to pry her way to Sam, who lies on the slab.

Looking over, fear swallows Sam's eyes as she tries to pull on the restraints.

Morana crawls her way up to Sam's leg, TEETH falling out and growing back as she smiles.

MORANA (CONT'D)
 (demonic)
 Become one.

SAM

No!

Morana leans in and BITES down on Sam's leg. Blood oozes out of the wound.

MORANA

(demonic)

Let me in.

Sam continues to resist.

SAM

Help!

Morana continues to climb her way up.

MORANA

(demonic)

Let me in.

Morana takes another bite, higher on the leg.

Sam screams in agony as she continues to pull on the restraints.

SAM

Agh! Help!

Morana continues crawling, biting her way as she does.

Candice and Benny eerily look down with bent necks, smiles on their faces.

Morana gets face-to-face with Sam.

MORANA

(demonic)

Shhhhh. I'll show you everything he has to offer.

SAM

N-

Morana SHOVES her hand down Sam's throat, progressively pushing, causing Sam to choke.

Morana's whole arm slides down, Sam's eyes rolling back into her head.

MORANA

(demonic)

Let us I-

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

Kelly slips below the water line and shoots up.

Slipping over the edge of the tub, she knocks her glass of wine over. It shatters as her palm lands on the shards.

Blood gushes, but she is quick to grab a washcloth and wraps her hand, all while she is coughing viciously.

She finally heaves up water.

Her whole body tenses before she collapses and reaches for a towel. She curls herself up, surveying the bathroom.

It's just her.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly sits at the island with a small bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee. A small bandage wrapped around her hand that landed in the glass.

She pulls her head to one side, pain in her neck as she winces and tries to rub the knot out.

She finishes what coffee is left in her cup and moves on to finish her cereal.

Camila walks up and takes a seat beside her.

CAMILA

Want to head out today?

Kelly shakes her head.

Her cellphone rings, causing her to look at the caller ID, which reads: VICTOR.

Silencing her phone, she goes back to eating her cereal.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

So you're running?

Kelly slams her bowl down and looks at Camila, eyes sharp.

KELLY

What do you want?

CAMILA

I don't want anything.

KELLY
Then why are you here?

CAMILA
I'm not, technically.

Kelly, closing her eyes and deeply inhaling through frustration, gets up and leaves the KITCHEN and enters the LIVING ROOM area.

She sits on the couch as she stares out a nearby window. Cars and people live busy lives as they pass by, back and forth.

Camila walks over, gently sitting beside Kelly who is watching life pass by.

KELLY
I don't know how much I can take.

CAMILA
Just take your time. There's no need to rush things if you n--

KELLY
No, I mean--
(beat)
I don't think this is what I want.

Kelly turns and looks at Camila.

CAMILA
What do you mean?

KELLY
How many people do I have to save before I realize it's too late for me to save myself?

Camila sits with this one for a moment.

CAMILA
Well, who says you can't?

KELLY
All these people who depend on me. You. It's everything that's built up in my head, expectations that--
(mindless bobbling)
I don't know.

Camila reaches over and grabs Kelly's hand.

CAMILA
What do you want.

KELLY

(soft)

I just want to have somebody to
tell me that everything is going to
be okay.

Camila looks at her with pity.

CAMILA

And if I tell you everything's
okay, what will that fix?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

(softer)

That's not the point.

Camila pats Kelly's lap, nods, and walks off.

The phone rings again, Kelly studies it, and finally picks up
the phone.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Hey, I know it's early in the
morning, and you are free to say
no, but would you like to get some
coffee today?

Kelly stares out her window, thinking as she bites her
fingernails.

KELLY

Yeah. Where at?

INT. CAFE SHOP - LATER

The place isn't full, the majority of people walk by outside
with shopping bags and spouses.

Victor and Kelly sit at a back table, coffee's in hand,
sipping them as they stare at each other.

VICTOR

I'm sorry if I gave you a lot
yesterday. I was thinking about it
last night and couldn't help but
feel li--

KELLY

No, please. The more information I
get, the better things can play out
on my end.

Victor nods and sips his coffee.

VICTOR
Right.

KELLY
How is she doing?

VICTOR
Sam? She was still sleeping before
I called you for coffee.

KELLY
Still sleeping?

VICTOR
That happens sometimes when she
hasn't gotten enough sleep. If she
doesn't sleep during the night,
she'll sleep during the day. Her
schedule is always sporadic.

He slowly thumbs the lip of his cup, as if holding back
information.

INTERCUT:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling.
Her chest moves up and down slowly, calmly.
A shadowy figure stands beside her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Kelly stares at Victor.

KELLY
Do you have someone to watch over
her while she sleeps?

Victor nods his head, looking up at Kelly.

VICTOR
We do.

KELLY
Has anyone noticed any patterns or--
ah, what's the word I'm looking
for?

VICTOR
Anomalies?

Kelly looks at Victor slightly off, not the word she would have chosen.

INTERCUT:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shadow hovers closer to Sam.

Her chest picks up pace while taking deep breaths.

The shadowy hand grips around Sam's throat.

DEMON
Let me out.

Sam's eyes roll to the back of her head as she shakes.

Through the bedroom door window, Victor watches.

Entering the room with a nurse, he notices something once he takes the arm of Sam's body and injects a liquid into her...

Sam's body is floating INCHES off the bed.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Victor shakes his head, looking out a nearby window.

VICTOR
I look at her every day since then
differently.
(beat)
I don't know if I should continue
to help, if there's something
different I should be doing. But I
just can't help the fact that if
the roles were reversed, she would
at least try to help me.

Victor looks back at Kelly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I don't want her to think everyone
wants to give up on her. Because I
don't.

KELLY
I know.

Kelly takes a sip of her coffee, eyes wandering about the cafe.

She looks down at her watch and notices.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Jeez.

Victor slouches over slightly.

VICTOR

What is it?

KELLY

Didn't realize it was so late in the day.

VICTOR

What time is it?

KELLY

Five in the afternoon.

Looking out a nearby window, a small reflection catches her eye.

People walk by outside, holding shopping bags. But in the reflection, just a glimpse, reveals KELLY is STILL HOLDING HANDS with SAM.

Rising to her feet and walking over to the window, she doesn't notice that everyone in the coffee shop turns their attention towards her.

Victor closes his eyes, frustrated, as he takes a sip of his coffee.

Behind Victor, a body lies on the floor. Feet poking out, TREMBLING as if a SEIZURE was occurring. It's SAM.

VICTOR

I keep trying, Kelly. I do.

Kelly doesn't listen as she continues to approach the window, extending her hand out ready to touch the glass.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

But you keep pulling away from me.

Kelly hovers her finger over the glass, seeing the reflection.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Why won't you let me in?

He looks over at her, eyes glowing yellow.

She touches the glass, it shatters.

PHOOOM!

The lights go out, leaving Kelly to stand in darkness until a BRIGHT LIGHT shines down on her as if a searchlight focuses on her.

A chair gets tossed from the darkness, skidding across the floor and stops just before Kelly.

DEMON (V.O.)

Sit.

Kelly stares at the chair, then shakes her head.

KELLY

No, I won't do as y-

DEMON (V.O.)

SIT!

The command VIBRATES with such a THUNDEROUS voice.

Kelly reaches for the chair, pulls it close to her, and sits.

A chair is pushed from the darkness by a PURPLE and REDDISH-BLACK arm. It retracts back for a moment.

A pair of feet dangle from the dark, followed by Sam's body descending with the Demon's arms INSIDE Sam's body like a puppet.

Sam's body gets placed in the chair.

GLOWING YELLOW EYES float behind Sam.

SAM

Help me.

DEMON (V.O.)

Silence.

Sam's head bobs down as if defeated.

DEMON (V.O.)

(to Kelly)

You let me in, I'll let her go.

SAM

Don't do it.

Sam's fingers begin to bend backwards, and she starts choking. Each finger SNAPPING as they POP out of place. Her face turning red as she tries to breathe.

DEMON (V.O.)
(to Sam)
Speak when spoken to, child.

Her fingers POP back into place as she gasps back in air, whatever hold was choking her now releasing.

KELLY
Who are you?

DEMON (V.O.)
No.

KELLY
Why?

DEMON (V.O.)
Let me in, and I will show you everything.

Kelly stares at Sam.

Sam's body is withered, broken, bruised. As if she were being disassembled just to be put back together.

KELLY
And if I don't?

DEMON (V.O.)
Then I continue to possess her until she allows me full control.

Kelly cocks her head out of curiosity.

KELLY
Full control?

SAM
He can't have full control. He's evil.

KELLY
(to Sam)
What's his name?

Sam goes to open her mouth, but no words come out.

Her mouth stays wide open.

DEMON (V.O.)
I told you. Speak when spoken to.

Her jaw extends until it SNAPS OFF her body and falls to the floor.

Her arms shoot off to the sides as if she were being nailed to the cross. They stretch. They SNAP OFF and collapse to the floor.

Sam's chest expands, and expands until it POPS like a water balloon.

DEMON (V.O.)
She feels every ounce of this.
Every bone I break. Every lung I
squeeze and pop. She. Feels.
Everything.

The Demon's hands are seen gripping Sam's spine, as if interwoven into her body as it GLOPS BACK TOGETHER. Every bone POPS and SNAPS back into place, the SKIN ZIPPING up the blood back into her body and wrapping around the Demon's fingers.

Soon, she is reassembled, and for a moment, her eyes are closed.

She lunges forward, SCREAMING.

She panics.

She gathers herself.

She goes back to sitting quietly in the chair.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
(to Sam)
Why?

DEMON (V.O.)
No.

KELLY
I'm not talking to you, I'm talking
to her.

The yellow glowing eyes focus on Sam.

Sam looks behind her.

DEMON (V.O.)

Answer.

Sam looks back at Kelly.

SAM

I didn't want him getting out. I
tried to show you, but he wouldn't
let me.

Kelly squints her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

He will try to show you what you
want.

A HAND emerges from the darkness behind Kelly. It tries to
swipe at the chair, missing.

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't let him in.

Sam gets sucked into the darkness.

DEMON (V.O.)

Enough. Time is up.

The HAND swipes again, missing.

DEMON (V.O.)

What do you choose?

The HAND grips the back of Kelly's chair and PULLS.

The Demon lunges from the dark, a SPLIT SECOND of revealing
itself, a blur almost.

Kelly flies backwards and lands on...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camila shuts the auditorium doors and holds them closed for a
moment. Kelly lands on her back, smacking her head against
the floor as she turns to her side in pain.

KELLY

God damn it.

CAMILA

We need to find a way to leave.

BOOM-BOOM!

The doors budge, but they don't open.

Kelly gets her bearings as she stumbles to her feet.

KELLY
Why are we at my school?

CAMILA
We have to find a way out.

Kelly looks frazzled.

KELLY
What do you mean? What's going on?

CAMILA
We have to find a way out of here!

KELLY
HOW!?

The two stare each other down for a moment.

CAMILA
I--
(beat)
I don't know. I was hoping you
would come up with something.

Kelly scoots herself back until she hits a locker and buries her face into her palms.

Camila looks antsy, pacing.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KELLY
Thinking.

CAMILA
Of?

Kelly looks up, eyes shooting daggers at Camila.

KELLY
We're stuck inside Sam's head.

CAMILA
Correct.

KELLY
There's not a full proof plan of
esca--

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)
(catches herself)
Wait.

Camila raises an eyebrow.

CAMILA
Got something?

KELLY
We're in her head just as much as
we are in mine.

CAMILA
Shared space.

KELLY
Yes. But somehow, whatever this
thing is that's latched onto her is
feeding off of me. Like a parasite.

CAMILA
I don't see how this is helping.

Kelly adjusts herself, rising to her feet.

KELLY
There was a patient I had, one of
the first few people I was still
trying new ways of implementing my
gift.

Camila now takes a seat, listening and observing.

KELLY (CONT'D)
One that taught me that I can't
hold onto someone forever. Sooner
or later my energy will wear thin
and soon the whole connection will
just collapse.

CAMILA
So we wait it out? Hope that
whatever this thing is possessing
her doesn't possess you?

Kelly throws her arms up, almost ready to give up.

KELLY
Do you have a better option?

Camila sits quietly, looking down at the floor as if seeing
the chess pieces at play.

CAMILA
Okay. So we wait. Is there a safe way in doing so?

Kelly paces again, gears turning in her head.

KELLY
We could try the mind room, but something tells me he's got that section all guarded off.

CAMILA
So then where?

KELLY
The mind likes to hide things from us. Traumatic things.

Kelly stares at Camila, the look intense.

CAMILA
We hide out in one of your most traumatic memories?

KELLY
And hope he doesn't look.

CAMILA
And if he does?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
Then, I don't know.

Camila rubs her hands on her pants, almost like she's trying to wipe off the sweat.

CAMILA
Okay. I'm here to support you in any way I can.

Camila extends her hand up, Kelly grabs it, and pulls her up to her feet.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Last question. How do we get there?

KELLY
Well, something tells me we're close.

CAMILA
How so?

Kelly looks down the hall, eyes fixated on something.

KELLY

Because this is the school I went
to where Dad didn't show for
graduation.

CAMILA

Okay?

KELLY

And in my head, this is where I
mentally put all the trauma I take
from everyone and store it.

Down the hall, outlines of PEOPLE stand. Staring with the
whites in their eyes, piercing the dark.

Camila notices this.

CAMILA

Why did you put them here?

KELLY

Because I figured it was the only
place big enough to fit all of
them.

Camila nods, reaching for Kelly's hand to hold.

CAMILA

And how do we get out?

Kelly looks at a classroom door next to her.

Walking over to it, she grips the doorknob.

KELLY

This is where things might get a
little trippy.

She opens the door and as she does...

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Kelly enters the room full of students. However, she is now
SEVEN years old and the kids that fill the room are the same
age as her.

A teacher at the front of her class, MRS. REINHART, who has
short bushy hair with a flannel shirt and jeans, draws
numbers on a chalkboard. She appears to be no older than 27.

As she sets the chalk down, Mrs. Reinhart turns to face the class with a smile and focuses on Kelly.

MRS. REINHART
Oh! Wonderful! You made it back.
Come, have a seat next to Trent.

She points at an empty seat closer to the front of the classroom.

Kelly makes her way over and sits next to a kid in overalls, glasses, and a bowl-type haircut. This is TRENT (M, 7).

Mrs. Reinhart goes back to teaching math to the class as Trent leans over.

TRENT
Did you get caught?

Kelly looks at Trent, slightly confused, then shakes her head.

TRENT (CONT'D)
What happened?

KELLY
Don't worry about it. I was told
not to tell anyone.

TRENT
I won't tell anyone.

KELLY
No.

MRS. REINHART
Is there something that needs to be
discussed with the class?

Trent and Kelly both look up to Mrs. Reinhart, who stands at their table.

Both shake their head.

MRS. REINHART (CONT'D)
As I was saying, when you have
these problems on the test and need
to figure them out without the
calculator, the best way is this
method here.

Trent pushes a bag full of animal crackers towards Kelly, recapturing her attention.

TRENT

(soft)

What if I give you my snack?

KELLY

(quiet)

I can't. They told me I'd be in
very big trouble.

Trent slouches, defeated.

Kelly eyes the Animal crackers though... they're frosted
over.

She grabs them and opens the bag.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Do you have chocolate milk?

Trent pops his head up, turns, reaches into his backpack, and
pulls out a chocolate milk box. He waves it at her, innocent
like.

TRENT

This?

She takes a breath.

KELLY

Okay, but you have to promise not
to tell anyone.

TRENT

I pinky promise.

Trent holds out his pinky, Kelly meets it with hers and they
interlock them for a second.

Trent nods as he slides the chocolate milk over to Kelly.

She stashes both items off to the side and scoots her chair
over a little bit, closer to Trent.

KELLY

(soft)

My babysitter got into a car crash.

Trent looks at her, wide-eyed.

TRENT

Is she okay?

KELLY

He. And-- I don't think so.

TRENT
Did he die?

Kelly looks down at a piece of paper with math questions on it.

KELLY
I think so.

TRENT
Is that why you were taken to the
Principal's office?

Kelly shakes her head: NO.

This confuses Trent.

KELLY
I had to answer questions.

TRENT
About what?

KELLY
About personal stuff.

TRENT
What do you mean?

A chair is pulled out across from Kelly, it's unclear who sits across from her.

KELLY
Like--, I don't want to talk about
it.

TRENT
Oh, come on. It can't be that bad.

KELLY
It is.

TRENT
Worse than somebody dying?

Kelly doesn't look up from her sheet. Instead, she starts solving some of the problems.

KELLY
It is.

Trent's eyes widen again.

TRENT
Oh shoot. It's serious.

KELLY
Very.

TRENT
Did you hurt somebody?

Kelly shakes her head: NO.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Did they hurt you?

Kelly hesitates before shaking her head: NO.

Solving the last question, she looks up from her paper to see ERIC (M, 17); his head dented in with blood rushing down his face. His white T-shirt is covered in blood while brain matter squeezes its way through the fractured skull.

Kelly looks back down at her paper, eyes wide.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
Kelly?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Kelly sits in a chair across from ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL (M, late 40s), who is bald and wears thin wire glasses. Almost looking like Huge Strange from Batman, but more heavy set.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL
Hello?

Kelly looks up from picking at her nails.

KELLY
I don't know.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL
It should be a yes or no question,
Kelly.

Kelly shrugs her eyebrows as she looks back down at her fingernails.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
I need you to be able to tell me.

KELLY

Why?

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL

Because what he did wasn't right.

KELLY

But it was okay.

Elementary Principal removes his glasses, rubbing his eyes in frustration.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I said it was okay.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL

Kelly, where did he touch you?

Kelly takes a breath, both scared and ashamed as she looks down at her body.

KELLY

(points at crotch)

Here.

(points at chest)

And here.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL

Was there anywhere else he touched you?

Kelly shakes her head: NO.

Elementary Principal sits back in his seat, as if worse news is to follow.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

I got off the phone with the hospital. Eric passed away in a car crash early this morning.

Ringings floods Kelly's ears drowning out, not hearing the footsteps of Eric walking up next to her and placing his hand on her shoulder.

As she looks up, she sees Eric who is still bloodied, rotten, vile.

He stares down at her with such anger, such disdain.

She doesn't flinch, however; she rises to her feet and walks past Eric. She makes her way out of the room and enters...

INT. KELLY'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Kelly, now in her 20s, walks through the front door of the house. Closing the door behind her, a loud moan echoes through the house.

She's dressed in her cap and gown.

As she makes her way through the house, a beer bottle rests in the middle of a hall. It's empty.

She closes in on the KITCHEN door and when she looks in, her Father is lying on the floor.

INT. KELLY'S OLD HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Walking up to her Father, she tries to grab him and set him up on his feet.

He mumbles some words, none of which mean anything, as she tries to walk him out of the room.

KELLY

Come on, let's go to bed.

STEVE

I'm fine here.

KELLY

Let's go, come on.

Kelly tries, trying to heave her hefty Father up to his feet, but his legs are like wet noodles.

After a few attempts, he shoves her away.

STEVE

NO!

Steve collapses to the floor with a THUD, Kelly taking a few steps away, just watching as he tries to push himself up and lean against a set of nearby cabinets.

She shakes her head, disgusted. Disappointed.

KELLY

Fine. Drink yourself to death. Fuck
do I care?

She makes her way out of the ro--

STEVE

You don't think that's what I'm
trying to do?

Kelly stops.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Every fucking night, I drink. And I
drink. More and more in hopes I
don't have to deal with any more of
this.

(beat)

But I either pass out and wake up
with a HORRIBLE-- horrible
headache, or I puke and wake up in
my vomit.

Kelly slowly turns to face her Father.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I can't promise you anything more
Kelly, I really-- I can't. Your
mother was all-- all I had left to
keep me sane.

Dad looks over at a liquor bottle and reaches for it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And every day I'm reminded of her.
I'm reminded that I had such a
beautiful wife, who loved and cared
for me. A life that was going so--
PERFECT. And I have you to remind
me of it. I have you-

(hiccup)

A painful reminder that life will
never get any better. All of you
left me here to rot. SPOIL. It's
just all downhill from here.

Dad tries unscrewing the top of the bottle, but gets it
ripped out of his hands by Kelly.

He laughs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'll just grab another one from the
cabinet.

He turns and opens a cupboard his back is against.

Kelly unscrews the cap, gets down to eye level with Steve,
pinches his cheeks together, forcing his mouth to open, and
begins pouring the liquor down his throat.

KELLY

Drink as much as you can. Inhale
this shit.

She pours it all, not letting an ounce of mercy grace him.
The bottle neck is damn near shoved down his throat.

Father is trying to keep up with the flow, swallowing but
coughing up liquor.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Because when I tell you, I will
forever be reminded that your blood
runs through my veins, I will use
every ounce of my being to make
sure I never, EVER, turn out to be
like you. A selfish, cowardice,
piece of shit nobody who should
have never had a family to begin
with. You lowlife bitch.

She spits in his face as the remaining liquid seeps out of
the bottle.

She drops it to the side of him as she stands up and walks
out.

In and out of consciousness, Father manages to grab the
liquor bottle.

STEVE

Kelly?

She turns around and, in doing so, is greeted with a liquor
bottle to the face.

She falls backwards, the back of her head hitting the wall on
the way down and a corner of the counter on the way down
before collapsing to the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

Voices muffled.

Sound of an engine ROARING.

Feet shuffling.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Kelly lies on the gurney, a breathing apparatus strapped to her face.

A hand frantically reaches over to open her eye and shines a light.

KELLY (O.S.)
Her eyes are not dilating.

CAMILA (O.S.)
Fuck, her breathing is declining as well. We need to rush her to the hospital.

As we look at the first EMT, it-- KELLY? She reaches over and begins pulling out medical supplies.

A scalpel.

A syringe with some sort of liquid in it.

A sponge.

A bucket.

The second EMT steps in-- CAMILA? She grabs EMT Kelly's wrist, stopping her movements.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Are you sure about this?

KELLY
She's suffering from a ruptured brain aneurysm. Any minute now she'll start to--

Kelly, who lies on the gurney, starts shaking.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Stroke.

EMT Kelly puckers out her bottom lip, turns to look at Camila.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Soooo?

CAMILA
Alright, alright. Continue.

EMT Kelly nods and grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol to clean off her supplies and hands.

A bump in the road causes some to spill on the floor and Camila.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Damn it, watch what your doing.

KELLY
Sorry. Trying my best here.

EMT Kelly reaches for the SCALPEL, dries it off a tad, and hovers the blade over Gurney Kelly's temple.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Okay, making the incision.

She cuts, and another BUMP in the road causes the SCALPEL to cut DEEPER.

BLOOD starts rushing out.

CAMILA
Well, that's not good.

KELLY
No, no. We're fine.

CAMILA
How so?

KELLY
We need all the built-up blood to pool out.

CAMILA
And what happens when it all pools out?

KELLY
What do you mean?

CAMILA
How do you know when all the bad blood is out and the good blood is in?

KELLY
I'm not understanding what you're saying.

CAMILA
Are you even a doctor?!

KELLY
NO! But I am TRYING my FUCKING--
BEST!

Camila turns around and grabs the DEFIBRILLATOR off the side.
Kelly shoots a bewildered look.

KELLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CAMILA
I've seen this in all the movies.
We have to shock her back.

KELLY
She has a head injury! Her heart
hasn't stopped working!

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-- Gurney Kelly starts flat lining.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(to self)
Fuck me.

Camila turns on the defibrillator, a high-pitched whine comes
from the battery's charging.

CAMILA
Okay, okay. We have to wait a
minute until the thing has a full
charge of juice.

KELLY
(to self)
I honestly thought that would work.

CAMILA
(looking at instructions)
We place one pad on the chest, the
other goes below the nipple on the
other rib cage.

Camila has the instructions unfolded, looking at the picture
diagram.

KELLY
How are we supposed to do this?

CAMILA
For a few more minutes longer.

KELLY
I think this-- this is the part
where I die?

CAMILA
No. NO! Look at me.

Camila gets in Kelly's face.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
You don't die. You can't die.

KELLY
Why not?

CAMILA
Because you never did to begin
with.

EMT Kelly sits with this for a minute, staring at the metaphorical damage she has done to herself with all this trauma.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
But with all these things you've
stowed away. Every little thing you
stored within and shoved deep down,
it only tears you apart more.
(sits)
The longer you don't deal with it.

Camila places the electric pads where she said they needed to go.

The defibrillator lights go from RED to GREEN.

KELLY
But what if I can't?

Camila shakes her head.

CAMILA
You can. Because I know what great
things you're able to do.

KELLY
(soft)
Mom.

Camila reaches down and places her fingers on the buttons.

CAMILA
I'll see you on the other side.

Camila presses the buttons, the SHOCK hits. The lightning outside strikes and suddenly--

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - DAY

...soft rumbles...

Kelly JOLTS awake, rubbing the grit from her eyes as she turns over to--

Fall on the floor.

KELLY
(soft/hurt)
Ah, son of a bitch.

A group of chairs butted against each other shows the makeshift bed. Her coat, under her, must have been used as a blanket.

She eases herself up from the floor as NURSE#2 (F, 30s) walks in.

NURSE#2
Kelly?

She perks up on her knees, looking over at Nurse#2.

KELLY
Yes?

NURSE#2
You're welcome to head back now.

She rubs her thighs, trying to get the instant sweat off her palms as she takes a collective breath. Looking down at her coat, she nods slowly--

KELLY
Okay.

INT. HOSPITAL, CAMILA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two beds lay in the room.

The one closest to the window houses Camila. She's hooked up to multiple tubes, screens around her reading vitals while a machine chirps her heartbeat.

In the other bed, the drapes hinder our vision of who it is at this moment.

The door to the room opens as Nurse#2 takes a step in and points to Camila's bed.

NURSE#2

The bed closest to the window.

Kelly takes a couple of steps in, eyes LOCKED on Camila.

KELLY

Thank you.

Nurse#2 nods, then leaves, shutting the door behind her.

Kelly stands staring at Camila. She looks so fragile, brittle--
- DELICATE.

Camila looks over and sees Kelly. She's shaking, visibly exhausted, trying to keep her eyes open, but manages enough energy to form a smile seeing--

CAMILA

Hey, baby girl.

KELLY

Hey mom.

Kelly inches her way closer to Camila, making her way to an empty seat beside her bed.

KELLY (CONT'D)

How are you?

CAMILA

Oh, I'm fine. It looks worse than
what it is. I'll be out of here
tomorrow.

Kelly manages a smile, knowing she's lying, but happy to see her regardless. She reaches over to gently grab one of Camila's hands.

She rubs it gently and kisses it softly.

KELLY

Are they taking good care of you?

Camila nods.

CAMILA

For the most part. They still won't
let me use the bathroom by myself.

KELLY

Because of your accident, Ma. They
don't want the same thing
happening.

CAMILA
It was months ago.

KELLY
It was three days ago.

CAMILA
Agh, I should be able to take a
shit in peace.

Kelly smiles, almost laughing.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
It's not funny.

KELLY
I know.

CAMILA
It's a serious matter. Having
someone stare at you while you push
a nugget out is uncomfortable!

A tear slides down Kelly's face, a laugh slips out as she
wipes it.

KELLY
I hear you, I'm sorry.

Camila licks her lips, turning to look out the window.

CAMILA
Don't be sorry, I'm just venting.
Personal issues.

Camila's free hand reaches over and drapes itself over
Kelly's hand.

SAM (O.S.)
I think the food is worse.

Kelly slowly turns, looking over her shoulder to see Sam
lying in the other bed. Kelly makes a face as if not
recognizing her.

KELLY
The food?

CAMILA
Uh, don't get us started on the
food.

KELLY
(to Camila)
I didn't know you made a new
friend.

CAMILA
Yes, it gets lonely here. She's
been my food buddy, pain
management. She's been invaluable.

Ah... is this how?

KELLY
She's been making sure you're okay?

SAM
(to Kelly)
It's no trouble at all. It's nice
to hear her tell stories about you.

CAMILA
The food, Sam. I can't stand the
food.

SAM
Do you know what sounds good right
now?

CAMILA
Don't you say it.

SAM
A nice--

CAMILA
God damn-it, Sam.

SAM
--juicy--

Camila looks away from the window, looking at Sam.

CAMILA
I swear to God when I get out of
this bed, I'll take one of these
pillows and smother you.

SAM
--steak.

Camila closes her eyes, fantasizing about the taste.

Kelly is caught in the crossfire of this foodgasim.

SAM (CONT'D)
Or even a burger.

CAMILA
I could devour a burger.

Camila smacks her lips, eating an invisible burger.

KELLY
Do you want me to get you one? I
can get a burger for both of you.
Just don't tell anyone I smuggled
it in.

SAM
Oof, I just thought of a Culver's
butter burger with the works and
cheese curds.

CAMILA
Don't. Don't do that to us now,
Sam. It'll hurt, and I'll be mad I
can't have it. Once you start with
the details, it just--

Camila opens her eyes, looking at Kelly.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
I can taste it. This is a problem.
We need to stop.

Sam smiles as she looks at the television hanging from the
ceiling.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Plus, it would give me the shits. I
don't need to die on the toilet.

This brings Kelly back. She looks at Camila as if asking,
'why would you say that?'

A moment of silence fills the room as Camila turns to look
back out the window.

SAM
She doesn't shut up about you, you
know? She speaks very highly of
you.

Kelly turns back to face Sam, confusion masking her face.

KELLY
I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.

SAM
Sam. You know me.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
I don't.

Sam looks at the television in a puzzling way, then looks at Kelly.

SAM
You will.

KELLY
I don't understand.

SAM
Sooner or later, you're going to
have to let her go.
(soft)
You're going to have to let us go.

Kelly tilts her head, as if some sort of signal was starting to connect.

SAM (CONT'D)
You can't save all of us.

KELLY
My Mom isn't go-

CAMILA
(cuts off Kelly)
Have you been drinking again,
sweetie?

Kelly looks back at her Mother, her face softens.

KELLY
No, I-, it's just been... hard?
Having to deal with Dad and this...

Hmmm... sounds eerily like someone we know.

CAMILA
You can't be following that path,
honey. I told you.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY
I'm not.

CAMILA
Okay. Okay, okay.

Camila pats Kelly's hand, comforting her.

KELLY
It's just hard to see you in this
state, Ma.

Camila nods, looking away from the window and back at Kelly.

The door opens and in walks DOCTOR PRINCE (M, 40s). He's a little overset with minimal hair on his head-- as though trying to hold onto what hair he had left-- and rocks a colorful-looking STETHOSCOPE around his neck.

DOCTOR PRINCE
Hey, good afternoon. I didn't come
at a bad time, did I?

Camila looks past Kelly and shakes her head: NO.

Sam looks at Prince with a set of daggers.

CAMILA
No, no. You're okay.

KELLY
Who is that?

CAMILA
He's just doing his checkups on me.
Making sure I'm okay.

Kelly nods, scooting her chair closer to Camila.

Prince walks over, clipboard in hand, and begins his checklist, looking at the Vital signs and jotting down notes.

Camila pulls Kelly's attention.

CAMILA (CONT'D)
Hey, I want you to show me.

Kelly looks at her, confused.

KELLY
Show you?

CAMILA
What it's going to look like.

KELLY
 (realizing)
 You're going to be there, Ma.

CAMILA
 I want you to show me anyways. I
 want to see you walk across that
 stage.

Kelly's eyebrows furrow in, visibly not wanting to-- but
 closes her eyes as she holds onto Camila.

A tear slips down her cheek.

Camila rolls her eyes back, eyelids fluttering shut, a soft
 smile gets bigger... and for a moment, we're in a capsule. We
 can hear the crowd of people CHEERING. CLAPPING.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Kelly Evilsizer!

A thunderous crowd ROARS... but as it fades, so does Camila's
 smile-- and her grip.

Kelly, who has held her breath, exhales as the vital machines
 that once chirped with life now sing a flat note.

The walls RUMBLE slightly. Something's breaking.

KELLY
 Mom?

No response.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (voice tight)
 Mom, are--

She raises Camila's hand, kissing it softly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (tighter)
 Please mom. Don't leave me.

Doctor Prince pulls his stethoscope off his neck and puts on
 the headphones. He puts the snare-looking chest piece against
 Camila's chest and waits.

He moves it to the other side.

Then he removes the headphones and puts the stethoscope back
 around his neck.

DOCTOR PRINCE

She's-

KELLY

(Doesn't want to hear it)
I know!... I know.

Sam watches, in tears-- helpless.

SAM

She talked about you all the time.
About how brave, how strong you
are.

Kelly shakes her head, face scrunching tight as tears pour
like waterfalls down her face.

SAM (CONT'D)

She wants the best for you, Kelly.
She is so happy-- and proud of all
you've accomplished in life.

KELLY

None of that matters. None of it
means anything without her.

Oh, how we become byproducts of our environments...

DOCTOR PRINCE

She was a good person. I'm sorry
for your loss.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

Now I'm stuck here, with no one.
I'm just aimlessly wandering like a
ghost with someone else's
ambitions.

DOCTOR PRINCE

Your father?

KELLY

A deadbeat. Dead weight. A nobody.

RUMBLES are LOUDER. They dissipate quickly.

Prince nods and walks to the foot of Camila's bed, studying
Kelly.

DOCTOR PRINCE

She sounds like she was a very
special person.

KELLY
She was. God, she was perfect. I-

SAM
Kelly.

She slowly turns to look at Sam through bloodshot eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
This is not how she wanted to be
remembered.

KELLY
I want her back.

...without even knowing it.

Doctor Prince smiles at this.

DOCTOR PRINCE
What if I could?

KELLY
What if?

DOCTOR PRINCE
I could bring her back. Be here to
see you make all your goals. Share
the pride in all your achievements.

Kelly's eyes widen, not of fear... but of hope.

SAM
(defeat)
Please. Don't.

KELLY
(to Doctor Prince)
I would give anything for that.

DOCTOR PRINCE
I can make it happen, Kelly.

The RUMBLING-- connection is close to collapse.

Kelly turns to look back at her mother, she hasn't loosened
her grip on Camila's hand.

Prince takes a couple steps forward, placing his hand on
Kelly's shoulder.

DOCTOR PRINCE (CONT'D)
All you have to do-- is LET ME IN.

Kelly's lip quivers, her face tightens.

THE CONNECTION IS DEPLETING. THE BUILDING IS SHAKING.

Kelly pulls her mother's hand close to her head, and we still see Camila's hand limp...

...and as we focus on that connection...

...Camila's fingers begin to-

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Victor stands at a window, staring out at the setting sun in the distance. Patients outside begin to wander back in.

He turns his attention towards Kelly and Sam, who are still holding hands.

The room is eerily quiet for a moment.

The door opens and in walks Nurse with a platter of food.

Victor walks over, smiling.

VICTOR

Hey, everything alright?

NURSE

Figured I'd just bring some food.
Didn't know if people were getting
a little hungry.

VICTOR

Ah, they're still in the middle of
the session.

NURSE

Still?

VICTOR

Yeah, hopefully they're making
progress.

NURSE

How long has it been?

Victor looks down at his watch.

VICTOR

I'd say about twenty minutes.

NURSE

Oh wow.

The two continue to talk as we focus on Sam and Kelly.

Sam's eyes stare blankly into space-- TWITCH.

She looks around the room.

She locks eyes with Kelly!

Sam slowly removes her hands from Kelly. She squeezes her hands into fists for the first time. She smiles, Oh my god, she can move!

She looks at Kelly, who smiles at her.

SAM

(soft)

You did it.

Kelly nods.

KELLY

Everything figured itself out.

SAM

How?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

It all worked out.

Sam stares at Kelly with a smile-- then turns to concern.

Kelly's smile softens, then hardens.

Fear fills Sam's eyes.

SAM

(soft)

No.

I/E. MIND ROOM, HALLWAY - UNKNOWN

Kelly ascends a set of stairs.

The staircase leads up to a door, which is slightly open.

The staircase is inside a narrow, crystal-like dome. The translucent walls rotate slowly, projecting different memories, almost like tapes, from Kelly's perspectives in different situations of life.

Past that is a dark void where we can faintly see wires, SYNAPSES, branching out in different directions.

Pockets of lightning flash, neurons firing... BRAINSTORMING.

She continues towards the door, a look of determination.

Kelly reaches a small platform, inches away now from the door.

She grabs the door handle and gently pushes it open to--

INT. MIND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Half of the room is white, hypnotic, with no furniture or ornaments hung from the walls.

The other half of the room is PITCH BLACK, a set of yellow eyes staring at Kelly as she enters the room.

Once inside, she makes her way to a line dividing the darkness and light (Ying & Yang).

A small stare down between the two heavy hitters.

KELLY
You won't li-

DEMON
Shhhhhh... do you hear that?

At first it's quiet--

Then it seeps into Kelly's ears like ours.

ep--beep--beEP--bEEP--BEEP--BEEP-

The yellow eyes turn to look back, a spotlight shines down, revealing a heartbeat monitor.

Wires trail off into the darkness, not seeing who or what it's hooked up to.

The floor is noticeably ROTTEN... like AGED FLESH.

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

I thought I could hide in my trauma--
- that I could wait you out. But
you were just waiting to play on
it. You could never fully take over
this space, could you?

The spotlight shuts off, the yellow eyes slowly shift back to focus on Kelly.

DEMON

I can bring her back.

KELLY

She's dead.

DEMON

There's a way.

Kelly stands quiet, staring at the Demon.

She rubs her thumb against her finger, a nervous twitch.

She begins to walk the line, staying on her side, as she makes her way to a wall.

KELLY

Sam wasn't fully gifted, was she?

(beat)

I mean-- she probably has something
in her, the way she can use your
help to manipulate my memories.

The Demon stands quiet, watching.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Or-- she wasn't fully developed,
which allowed you to torture her in
her mind, repeatedly.

Kelly gets closer to a wall.

KELLY (CONT'D)

But there must be a reason you
can't take over, not fully at
least, with me.

She stops just before the wall, turning to look at the Yellow floating eyes. A smirk forms on her face.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Otherwise, you would have done so.
And Sam would be dead. I can feel
it in you.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Through me.

DEMON
 (chuffs)
 Yes. Then you should know I feel it
 too. How scared you are.

Kelly sits with this, eyebrows narrowing slightly.

DEMON (CONT'D)
 I have just as much control over
 this space as you do.

Kelly looks back at the Demon.

DEMON (CONT'D)
 I could tear you apart, ravage this
 vessel-- then move on to someone
 else.
 (beat)
 I'm not scared of you, little girl.

KELLY
 Then why don't you?

BEAT

DEMON
 Because I have bigger plans with
 you. For us.

Kelly's face softens.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, SAM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam stares at Kelly, not knowing what to do.

SAM
 Kelly?

No response.

She waves her hand in front of Kelly's face. Not even a
 flinch.

She looks back to see Nurse and Victor chatting, then back at
 Kelly.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (What do I do??)
 Kelly?

INT. MIND ROOM

Kelly raises her hand and hovers it over the wall, a VIBRATING sound emitting like a tuning fork.

KELLY

We share this space. I don't know
for how long, but I promise you one
way or another...

(She looks at Demon)

...I will put you in that school.
Along with every other ghost that
thought they could torment me, too.

The Demon's face inches out, just enough, to see its BOILING,
PURPLISH RED SKIN--

Its teeth sharp as it smiles.

DEMON

Oh, Kelly, we're going to have so
much fun together.

Kelly hesitates for a moment, then--

She places her hand on the wall.

The walls brighten, light intensifying until it gets so
bright that it BLINDS US.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Sam reaches over, middle finger sits on her thumb as she
hovers her hand in front of Kelly's face.

SNAP!

Nothing.

Kelly stares at Sam for a minute-- a long minute, it's almost
awkward, then she stands.

Kelly gathers her belongings and then proceeds to head
towards the door.

Victor turns, noticing this with a slight shock covering his
face.

VICTOR

Oh! Wow yo--

He cuts himself short, watching Kelly stop mid-step.

She backs up until parallel with Sam, leans down, placing a HAND on her shoulder, and whispers something in her ear.

Sam's eyes widen as Kelly pats her shoulder, then proceeds to walk off.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

KELLY
Splendid.

Kelly passes between Nurse and Victor, making her way out of the room.

Victor stares aimlessly at Sam for a moment, then at Nurse Riley.

NURSE
I'll check on Sam.

Victor nods as he turns towards the door, chasing after Kelly out into...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Victor runs out and sees that Kelly is already leaving the hallway, which leads outside.

She's gone, eerily quick.

Bewildered, he stares back at Sam, seeing her stand before Nurse. He quickly re-enters the room... but we don't.

We focus down the hallway, consumed in darkness.

WE sit here, analyzing.

Maybe you see it.

Maybe you don't.

But Morana is watching us from somewhere in the hall.

END