

PARASOMNIA

Written by

Jon Nalick

(626) 261-0657
nalick@charter.net

FADE IN:

EXT. MILLS HOME - DAY - 2004

SUPER: 2004

A sprawling two-story bungalow dominates this Southern California neighborhood of pricey homes and manicured lawns.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S BATHROOM - DAY

CASSANDRA MILLS, 15, anxious and haunted, stares into the mirror. Dark circles under red-rimmed eyes. She pulls down her collar to see a PURPLE HICKEY low on her neck. Disgust and shame colors her face.

INT. KYLIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

KYLIE MILLS, 17, with an intellectual and serious air, drives as Cassandra stares out the window.

KYLIE

Hey, Cassandra? Whatever it is, you
can tell me... Cassie?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Cassandra approaches her desk and freezes when she sees a large oil painting at the back of the room -- a portrait of an EERIE FIGURE cloaked in darkness, beckoning the viewer.

A hand grips her shoulder. She recoils and whirls to glare at JANELLE BAXTER, 16, who has a restless energy and playfully outrageous fashion sense.

JANELLE

Cassandra! You are going to *so* love
this yearbook page I designed!

Janelle displays up a mockup showing images of laughing, vibrant depictions of Cassandra with Janelle and others.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Don't you just --

MR. SANZ, late 20s and urbane, addresses the class.

MR. SANZ

Janelle, take a seat please... We received the results of the districtwide art competition this morning and I am happy to announce Cassandra won the grand prize!

He points to the oil painting. Students APPLAUD.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

And Kim Nguyen was honored for...

White noise HISSES as Cassandra stares at the painting. She squeezes her eyes shut.

She shudders as she hears in her mind the words of the INCUBUS, an ancient demon whose voice is a mix of wet sibilants, overstretched vowels, and broken-glass consonants.

INCUBUS (V.O.)

Say "stop," if that's what you want.

Time slows. Cassandra strides to her painting and grabs paint thinner from a cabinet, sprays the canvas, flicks a lighter in her hand. Flames erupt: WHOOMP! Horror-stricken students flee in panic. Cassandra SCREAMS at the burning image.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

An elderly PSYCHIATRIST sits facing LINDA MILLS, late 30s. Her sunny disposition normally seems a bit forced and fragile, but now doubly so.

She sits next to her husband JACK HART, late 40s, tall, leathery and lean, with a rough-around-the-edges manner and a slight west Texas drawl.

PSYCHIATRIST

... a psychotic disorder that we've stabilized, although she will need to continue with the medication, for the long term.

Jack GRUNTS vague disapproval, which seems to concern Linda.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

She also reports suffering sleep disturbances for several months... Sleep paralysis, most likely.

LINDA

I'm sorry - paralysis?

PSYCHIATRIST

When you sleep, your brain shuts
down your motor functions to stop
you from acting out your dreams.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A *Mean Girls* movie poster and many pencil sketches, including
a self-portrait of a smiling Cassandra, decorate the walls.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

But sometimes, your brain gets the
timing wrong.

Cassandra, asleep in bed, JOLTS, and goes limp. Her eyes
open, dart to immobile arms and legs and register a horrific
realization: she's PARALYZED.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

It paralyzes you even though you're
still partly awake.

Something in the shadows RUSTLES, moving closer as her
terrified eyes strain to see.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

It's often accompanied by
unsettling hallucinations. A
sinister presence in the room, that
sort of thing.

Shadow rushes over Cassandra's body and the world goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

Linda startles, causing Jack and the psychiatrist turn to
her.

LINDA

I didn't think it was a sign that
something was... wrong. I thought
she was just saying it for the
attention. I mean... teenage girls,
they make stuff like that up.

JACK

What stuff? What's she been saying?

LINDA

She wants to move.

JACK

Move? Six months after we -- What's wrong with the house?

LINDA

She thinks that it's, well... haunted.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Cassandra stares at the ceiling. Kylie enters.

KYLIE

Saw your light on.

CASSANDRA

Can't sleep.

KYLIE

Been worried about you. You okay?

Cassandra shrugs. Kylie searches for something to say, but soon gives up and backs out of the room.

CASSANDRA

Hey... Would you sleep with me tonight?

A warm smile spreads across Kylie's face.

KYLIE

Scoot over.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Exasperation on her face, Cassandra trudges out of the changing stall to model an impractical outfit for Linda.

CASSANDRA

My old clothes are fine.

LINDA

Your old clothes were Kylie's old clothes and before that they were whoever's who sold them to the thrift store. That's not our life now... Hmmm. Show me the next one.

Cassandra reluctantly disappears into the changing stall. Linda's cheery expression slowly evaporates as she waits.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Cassandra? You appreciate the clothes. The nice school. The house...? I won't be mad if you admit you made it all up... I mean, tell me you know there's no such thing as ghosts.

CASSANDRA

It's not a ghost. It's... something else.

LINDA

Fairy tales are *not real!* And if you think they are, then... After all we've been through the last few years, we deserve a nice life! Can't we have that for once!?

Cassandra exits the stall, pleading.

CASSANDRA

Mom, it... It did things. I can't take any more!

LINDA

That makes two of us!

Linda storms out.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Linda, fuming, flips through dresses quickly, not really looking at them. Cassandra approaches, resigned and downcast.

LINDA

Well?

Cassandra stares at the ground.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'm disappointed. I thought you'd be more mature.

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry, mom. I... made it up.

Linda smiles a magnanimous all-is-forgiven smile.

LINDA

Doesn't it feel better to tell the truth?

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Pill bottles line the counter. Cassandra pops various pills. WHITE FROST grows on the edges of the mirror with a CRIK-CRIK sound. Cassandra GASPS. The mirror dims, becoming a two-dimensional portal to a world of roiling black smoke.

Her knuckles go white as she grips the edge of the sink and squeezes her eyes shut. A cruel voice whispers:

INCUBUS (V.O.)
Pretty, pretty girl.

She opens her eyes. The room is back to normal.

INT. MILLS HOME - KYLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra, in pajamas, waits at the door as Kylie, still dressed in school clothes, pores over a textbook.

KYLIE
Come on, Cassie, I can't sleep in
your room forever... Soon as I
finish the chapter, okay?

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra types on her computer keyboard.

INSERT -- HER JOURNAL

Letters quickly appear: "May 18. Hoping it's really over. No nightmares for more than three weeks. Almost a month since" --

BACK TO SCENE

She freezes, sudden worry on her face. She scrolls back several pages to an earlier entry and reads.

INSERT -- HER JOURNAL

-- "February 20. Creepy dream about something in my room..."

The pages scroll by...

-- "March 20. IT WASN'T A DREAM! It came back! ..."

-- "April 19. So much worse. It DID THINGS. They'll think I'm crazy if I tell, but scared NOT TO...."

BACK TO SCENE

She snatches a red pen and the monthly calendar on her desk.

CASSANDRA
February 20. March 20. April 19.

She flips the calendar to February and CIRCLES A DATE IN RED. Same with a date in March. Then April.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
No!

She flips through the marked dates in turn:

INSERT -- THE CALENDAR

The circled February 20 date bears the legend, "NEW MOON," with a dark moon symbol. So does March 20 and April 19.

She flips to May, where all the past dates are marked with an "X." A red pen CIRCLES TODAY'S DATE, May 18, which also is also flagged, "NEW MOON."

BACK TO SCENE

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
No...

INT. MILLS HOME - KYLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra enters as Kylie packs clothes into a travel bag.

CASSANDRA
Where you headed?

KYLIE
Touring colleges this weekend with Becca and her parents.

CASSANDRA
Would you maybe not go? I was hoping we could hang out tonight.

KYLIE
I can't.

CASSANDRA
I'll be your best friend.

KYLIE
You're already my best friend, doofus.

CASSANDRA

What if it's super important to me?
Like life or death?

KYLIE

Ugh. The nightmares? Still?

CASSANDRA

It's not a nightmare! It's real!

KYLIE

Cassie.

CASSANDRA

Tonight's the new moon! That's when
it comes!

KYLIE

Cassandra, stop! ... I'm sorry. I
can't this time.

Kylie hugs Cassandra. Cassandra holds tight and won't let go.
Kylie's face clouds with doubt.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra dials her phone.

CASSANDRA

Hey, Janelle. Think I could spend
the night? ... Well you haven't
slept over here in forever so --
Oh... Yeah. Guess I can't blame
her.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra hugs her legs to her chest. The angle of the light
across the carpet changes swiftly as hours pass. She sits,
the picture of despair, crying, SNIFFLING. As the light
outside fades, her tears dry. She lifts her chin, defiant.

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassandra SLOSHES coffee into a thermos.

INT. MILLS HOME - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ignoring two dark shapes motionless in bed, Cassandra creeps
inside and opens a nightstand, removing a .38 REVOLVER.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra sits on her bed, crucifix in one hand, gun in the other. Thermos on nightstand. Battle-ready.

CASSANDRA

No more.

Her hands shake as she aims the gun into the dark bathroom. Her eyes grow cold, fear replaced with hatred and rage.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

She drowzes, startles awake, SLAPS her face. But sleep comes.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The ceiling light and nightstand lamp FLICKER in unison. From the backroom a soft CRIK-CRIK sounds. Cassie's body jolts, and then goes limp. Her eyes open, but her limbs will not respond. Her eyes see the gun -- but her hand is frozen.

Unseen but heard inside Cassandra's room, the Incubus CHUCKLES, a chilling, unnatural sound.

INCUBUS (O.S.)

Mmmm, Cassandra. Missed you so.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra's pajamas lie on the floor. The girl curls on the bed shivering. The parts of her body not covered by sheets are bare. Her bloodshot eyes leak tears. Her hair is streaked with gray. She looks prematurely aged. Drained. Hollow.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

No more.

She squeezes her eyes shut. From her throat comes a plaintive, bitter sound -- part SOB, part GROWL.

She sees the .38 on the floor.

EXT. MILLS HOME - DAY

The BANG of a gunshot shatters the early morning quiet.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jack and Linda huddle with a NEUROSURGEON, who looks grim.

NEUROSURGEON

... surgery is progressing but it's
just too early to tell.

He exits. Jack walks to the window and stares outside, brow knitted. Linda approaches cautiously, wiping tears.

LINDA

Jack, I know... all *this*... It
isn't what you signed up for.

He remains motionless for a moment, then sighs and turns.

JACK

So you know, I been here before...
My older sister Susan, when she was
16. She had issues too -- I guess
'cause my mother wasn't... right.

LINDA

Cassie's going to pull through, and
you'll see -- she was just...
confused. Not...

Janelle, whose outfit is a riot of primary colors that clashes with the somber surroundings, enters from the elevator. She rushes over, scanning Jack and Linda's expressions intently for clues.

JANELLE

Mr. Mills, Mrs. Mills? Is she going
to be okay?

Hearing no immediate reply, Janelle bursts into tears. Linda hugs her. In a somewhat awkward gesture of comfort, Jack puts a hand on the girl's shoulder and squeezes.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - NIGHT

SUPER: Present Day

Kylie, now 35, strides down the hall in a white lab coat. Her ID badge reads "Dr. Kylie Mills, Chief Physician."

A girl's SCREAM can be heard from one of the rooms.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

A dim room similar to a standard hotel accommodation. Thin wires from medical monitors affix to the scalp of a SWEATING GIRL, 8, who PANTS, eyes open, but unseeing and glazed with fright. Her ANXIOUS MOM, 40s, paces as Kylie enters.

ANXIOUS MOM
Shouldn't we wake her?!

KYLIE
No, night terrors are far more stressful for you than for her.

Kylie eases the girl back down.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Sabella won't remember any of this in the morning, and the data will help us get her better sleep from now on.

ANXIOUS MOM
You can't imagine... Night after night.

KYLIE
I know. My sister suffered from a similar sleep disorder growing up.

She looks at the now-peaceful girl and smiles.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
She'll be okay for the rest of the night. You'll see.

Kylie opens the door to leave.

ANXIOUS MOM
Your sister. She got better?

KYLIE
A hundred percent.

Kylie smiles but as soon as she turns away, her reassuring expression turns dark.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Cassandra, now 33, inserts an artificial eye into her empty right eye socket and blinks repeatedly. There's an oblong scar near her right temple, partially hidden by her prematurely graying hair.

Her hands and face twitch sporadically, a condition that grows pronounced when she is agitated or stressed. She stares into a reflection that seems to bear the weight of the world.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Walking, as always, with a limp that grows more pronounced the faster she tries to move, Cassandra grabs her keys and appears to steel herself at the door, taking deep breaths before unlocking the deadbolts. It appears to be a ritual before entering the world.

EXT./INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CASSANDRA'S CAR - DAY

In the passenger seat next to Cassandra is her daughter LEXA, a wry, self-possessed girl with a taste for skater fashion.

Cars line the curb, dropping off students.

LEXA

Three o'clock, okay? Don't forget this time.

CASSANDRA

I promise.

Lexa looks skeptically at her mom.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Three o'clock. Now, get! I got a busy day.

Lexa grabs her backpack and lunges out the door.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Hug.

LEXA

Awww, c'mon, mom.

CASSANDRA

Hug!

Furtively and fast, she hugs her mom and flees.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Love you!

Lexa puts the car in gear and pauses when she sees a truck driven by Mr. Sanz, now in his 40s, drive past.

She tracks him with an odd, wistful expression as he pulls into the parking lot.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Janelle and Mr. Sanz inspect Cassandra's oil painting. As he talks, he casually touches Cassandra's shoulder and arm.

MR. SANZ

This is absolutely my favorite thing you've done this quarter. What's it called?

JANELLE

Sexy Creeper?

CASSANDRA

Not! *The Night Whisperer*. Got the idea from this freaky dream...

Kylie enters and theatrically taps her watch. Cassandra shoots a peevish look: *Chill!*

KYLIE

Cassie, Janelle? Gotta bounce! Also? That's never going to fit in the car. Unless you plan to hold it out the window or something.

CASSANDRA

Oh. Huh... Crapsticks.

MR. SANZ

You live close by?

CASSANDRA

About a mile.

MR. SANZ

I got my truck here. Write down your address and I'll drop it off.

CASSANDRA

It's a date!

Cassandra cringes, *mortified*.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I mean. Thanks!?

INT. KYLIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Kylie drives. Janelle in the back seat, Cassandra shotgun.

CASSANDRA

Ugh. "It's a date." Just kill me.

Kylie fails to suppress a laugh and SNORTS.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Shut up, dude!

KYLIE

The good news? It's not even in the top hundred dumbest things you'll ever say.

CASSANDRA

Gee, thanks.

JANELLE

Top fifty anyway.

CASSANDRA

Please stop talking.

KYLIE

Ten.

BACK TO SCENE

A car HONKS as it speeds by. Cassandra flips the driver off and pulls away from the curb.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small apartment with a combination living room-dining room next to a kitchen area and counter.

Cassandra enters and locks the door with two deadbolts, drops several envelopes on the counter that are marked "PAST DUE." A clock on the counter reads "9:15 a.m." as she opens the refrigerator and pours a water glass full of white wine.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom doubles as a graphic artist's workspace, with desk and computer. On a digital tablet, Cassandra draws an incipient corporate logo featuring a fanciful griffon.

The desk clock reads "9:33 a.m." as she finishes her glass of wine. Her phone BUZZES. She checks to see a screen notification of a Tinder match.

She flicks the phone away. It drops onto a cobwebby cardboard box wedged into a corner next to her bookshelf. She kneels to reach the phone. She sees the box and impulsively looks inside to reveal dusty books with titles like *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEMONOLOGY* and *RITUALS OF EXORCISM*.

She reaches toward the books, then freezes, seemingly thinking better of it. Eye-level with the bookshelf now, a title there catches her attention: the *2004 Mid-Valley High School Yearbook*.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cassandra flips through the yearbook, stopping on a photo of Mr. Sanz. Her phone BUZZES. The alert shows a Tinder notification. She finishes her wine.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Standing at the dwindling car line, Lexa checks her watch.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Discarded clothes on the floor lead to Cassandra's bedroom, where GRUNTS and MOANS emanate. On the counter, the phone CHIRPS. The bedroom noise halts.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Oh shit!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cassandra's car lurches to a stop in front of Lexa, who climbs in.

EXT./INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CASSANDRA'S CAR - DAY

CASSANDRA

Oh, baby, I'm so --

LEXA

Just don't promise any more...

(under her breath)

You're less disappointing that way.

Cassandra looks away to hide how much the comment hurts.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lexa and Cassandra eat dinner at the table. Cassandra picks up a wine bottle and catches Lexa watching her. Cassandra pours herself a small glass.

LEXA

Mom, how old were you when you...
got sick?

CASSANDRA

About your age.

Lexa's brow furrows. Cassandra realizes her mistake:

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

But you don't have to worry.

LEXA

You're not selling it, mom.

CASSANDRA

I get it. I wouldn't want to turn
into me either.

Cassandra deliberately adds wine to her glass and drinks.

LEXA

When you have your... spells. What
does it feel like? I mean, how do
you know what's real?

CASSANDRA

You don't. You can believe the most
impossible... awful things.

LEXA

Like what?

Cassandra winces and looks away. She stands and gathers dishes.

CASSANDRA

Better get to your homework.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 2:11 a.m. Cassandra sits at her workstation, finishing a drawing and filing it in a folder. She opens a new image file and edits it.

A faint CREAKING sound catches her attention as the lights FLICKER. She listens for a moment and returns to work.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lexa's body jolts. Her eyes flash open in fear, her body frozen in place.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

From somewhere in the house comes a FAINT WHISPERING sound. Cassandra stands, cocking an ear.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cassandra approaches Lexa's room, straining to hear.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Silhouetted in the doorway, Cassandra checks on her daughter.

LEXA

Nnnnnnng.

CASSANDRA

Lexa? What's --

Cassandra races to the bed and examines her daughter, growing panicked on seeing her open eyes and limp body.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Honey? Wake up! Wake up!

Slowly, under Cassandra's frenzied ministrations, Lexa regains the ability to move. She sits up and hugs her mom, slightly dazed.

LEXA

Weirdest dream...

CASSANDRA

Oh, honey you scared me.

LEXA

The man -- his voice was
so...

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

You're okay. You're okay.

LEXA (CONT'D)

No matter how hard I tried... I
couldn't move!

Cassandra stiffens. Her face twitches.

CASSANDRA
You couldn't...

Cassandra's face fills with dread. She drops her voice to a whisper, a tone Lexa reflexively adopts as well.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
You said a man in your dream...

LEXA
Kept calling me "pretty," but the way he said it...

Lexa shivers at the memory.

CASSANDRA
Here, in this room?

LEXA
Well, yeah, in my dream.

Wild-eyed, Cassandra holds her daughter tight, too tight. Her hands twitch and jerk.

LEXA (CONT'D)
Mom, what's --

CASSANDRA
Where did he go?

Regarding her mother with concern, Lexa points into the darkened bathroom. Cassandra creeps to the door, reaches a shaking hand inside and flicks on the light.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

It's neat and tidy. Cassandra snatches back the shower curtain. Nothing there. She exhales and grips the sink, catching her breath.

She looks up and notices WHITE FROST coating the perimeter of the glass. The center of the mirror darkens, and black smoke trapped on the far side of the glass roils. From within, a FORMLESS SHADOW lunges toward her.

Cassandra GASPS and staggers, tripping and SMACKING her head against the door frame as she falls into the bedroom.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra THUMPS onto her back on the floor. Lexa jumps out of bed to help her.

LEXA

Mom! Are you okay? Mom!?

Cassandra seems not to hear, staring horror-stricken into the bathroom.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lexa sleeps in Cassandra's bed and Cassandra sits at her workstation, rubbing the back of her head.

Twitching, she opens the *Encyclopedia of Demonology* to a page illustrated with a MONSTROUS FIGURE looming over a sleeping woman. Cassandra regards her sleeping daughter with a look of angry determination. She SLAMS the book shut.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lexa rubs sleep from her eyes as she enters the room.

LEXA

Mom? Helloooo? Matriarchal figure?

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

The world looks too bright, too washed out, as Cassandra propels a full shopping cart to her car. She's disheveled, sweaty, nervous and manic.

She flings open a door, which BANGS into an adjacent car. She stuffs bags into the back seat. An ANGRY MAN marches forward.

ANGRY MAN

Lady! You scratched my car! I hope you know you're paying...

Cassandra glares at him with such wild ferocity that he takes a step back, visibly concerned. Maintaining eye contact, she finishes loading her bags, and drives off.

The man pulls out his phone and photographs her license plate. As she speeds away, she nearly hits a SCARED PEDESTRIAN.

EXT./INT. SHOPPING CENTER/CASSANDRA'S CAR - DAY

Cassandra parks in a space, panting and twitching, gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles. The world grows painfully bright and desaturated, shaking and tilting.

CASSANDRA

You can't have her. You can't have her.

She clutches her head. A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE drowns out the word, until a chilling voice cuts through:

INCUBUS (V.O.)

Such a pretty, pretty girl.

She SCREAMS, and the world goes white.

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack and Linda watch TV. The phone RINGS and Linda picks up.

LINDA

Lexa? How's my favorite -- Slow down. Oh!... Where did the police take her?

Jack looks up and mouths, "Cassandra?" Linda nods gravely.

INT. HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Cassandra wakes, handcuffed to a hospital bed, an IV in one arm.

CASSANDRA

No! Let me out! It's coming for her! You have to let me out!

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Jack and Linda wait on a bench, looking as if they've been here a while. Linda, eyes closed, appears to pray as Jack stares at the ground. Neither notices the young PROCESS SERVER approach until she is standing in front of them.

PROCESS SERVER

Jack Hart? Owner of Vista Del Arroyo Ranch?

JACK

Yes.

She hands him a sheaf of papers, which he examines.

PROCESS SERVER
These are court documents.

LINDA
You serve them here?! When our
daughter is --

Jack raises his hand to cut her off.

JACK
Just doing her job.

Still, he looks pissed off as the woman retreats.

LINDA
Another one?

JACK
The county this time, looks like.

LINDA
It's not fair! We'll never be able
to reopen the camp! ... Will we?

JACK
Kids got hurt on my watch. If the
lawsuits don't end us, I guess the
bureaucrats will...

Linda considers in sullen silence as Kylie enters lobby. Jack and Linda wave her over.

KYLIE
How is she?

JACK
They ain't let us see her yet,
so...

KYLIE
And Lexa? Can't have been easy
seeing her mom like that.

JACK
Not her first rodeo, sadly. But
she's tough. She'll be okay.

Jack nods to a nearby bench where Lexa taps on her phone.

KYLIE
She got big.

LINDA

Wish we'd been able to see her grow
up more.

KYLIE

Wish Cassandra would have let us.
You talk to her much?

JACK

When she needs money, so pretty
often, I guess... Yo! Lexa. C'mere
and see your aunt Kylie.

Lexa complies.

KYLIE

Hi, Lexa. Remember me?

LEXA

No. Yeah. Kinda? You visiting or
something?

KYLIE

No. I live here.

LEXA

Huh.

LINDA

She's going to take you to your
house and stay with you for a bit
while your mom's getting better.

KYLIE

Is that okay with you? Or would you
rather stay with your grandparents?

LEXA

Home's good.

KYLIE

Home it is.

EXT./INT. KYLIE'S CAR - DAY

Driving among apartment buildings with peeling paint.

LEXA

Was it my mom's fault?

KYLIE

Sorry?

LEXA

You guys don't talk, I mean, at all. And mom can be kind of extra... Anyway, I figured she did something.

KYLIE

It's not her fault.

LEXA

What then?

Kylie gropes for an answer.

KYLIE

Once, when your mom was really struggling, she asked me to help her. I didn't.

LEXA

That sucks.

KYLIE

Yeah. Yeah, it does.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kylie and Lexa enter a small two-bedroom apartment with a combined living room-dining room next to a kitchen area. Several full grocery bags sit on the counter by the kitchen.

LEXA

Mom did some shopping during the big freak-out.

Kylie reaches into a bag, pulls out a carton of salt. Then another. And *another*. The bags only contain CARTONS OF SALT.

KYLIE

What's all this for?

LEXA

She wasn't making a lot of sense.

Lexa grows melancholy.

LEXA (CONT'D)

What was my mom like? You know, before...?

Kylie chuckles as she recalls:

KYLIE

Kind of a goof. Mischievous, too.
Got to know the principal pretty
well... But she was... happy,
mostly.

LEXA

Wish she could be again...

KYLIE

Me too.

A silence ensues. Kylie checks the refrigerator.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Not a ton here. Should we order
takeout?

LEXA

Oh I dunno. Could kinda go for a
big bowl of salt.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Cassandra sits on the bed. There's a bone-weary expression on
her face, but the light in her eyes says there's fight left
in her. Her face and hands twitch.

A TRIM PSYCHIATRIST, 30s, fastidious and well-groomed, jots
notes on a pad.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

It goes without saying how
important staying on top of your
meds is.

CASSANDRA

Goes *with* saying, now.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

And avoiding things that trigger
stress and anxiety, like...

He glances at his notes, Cassandra cuts in:

CASSANDRA

Confined spaces. The dark. Leaving
the house... Psychiatrists.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

Heh. Now I'd like to discuss the
incident that brought you here.

CASSANDRA

Figured the cops told you all about it. But I didn't hurt anyone. I didn't hurt myself. I'm just not welcome at TJ Maxx anymore.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

You have no history of violence, so I'm wondering if you had any insight as to why you might have an episode like this now?

CASSANDRA

I had a bad patch a long time ago. Made myself believe it was over... It's not.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

Could you amplify on that?

CASSANDRA

I could.

A long, stubborn silence.

TRIM PSYCHIATRIST

Any significance associated with you having shattered all the mirrors?

Her face grows dark and she considers the question.

CASSANDRA

Sometimes when I look in a mirror, I don't like what I see in it.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kylie enters and startles at seeing black construction paper covering the mirror.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lexa watches a movie on her laptop. Kylie enters.

KYLIE

What's with the bathroom mirror?

LEXA

Yeah. Paper all over mine, too. I just tore it off.

KYLIE

Before your mom's episode
yesterday, was she acting normal?

LEXA

Yeah -- until this weird dream I
had... Like, a half-awake dream?
About a creepy guy in my room.

KYLIE

She got upset because the dream
frightened you?

LEXA

No. Because she saw him, too.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kylie looks at the copy of the *Encyclopedia of Demonology* on
the workstation.

LEXA (O.S.)

G'night, Aunt Kylie!

KYLIE

'Night, Lexa!

Kylie sees the *Mid-Valley High School Yearbook*. She opens and
flips through pages that include...

-- Sophomore headshots, including a radiant young Cassandra.

-- Cassandra and Janelle, hugging and laughing.

-- MEMORIAL PAGE FOR JANELLE with a close-up photo of her
grinning and wearing her trademark ostentatious clothing. A
caption reads: "IN LOVING MEMORY."

Kylie frowns.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shower spray PATTERS. Lexa's clothes drop to the floor. Bare
feet step into the shower.

The mirrored cabinet SQUEAKS open until it perfectly frames
Lexa's foggy silhouette -- then abruptly stops. Lexa peeks
out of the shower.

LEXA

Hello?

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lexa sleeps in bed.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the mirror, black mist shrouds glowing YELLOW EYES.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie TAPS on her laptop. The room lights FLICKER, distracting her. She resumes until she hears a girl's SCREAM.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie races in. Lexa sits on the bed, clothed in pajamas and shivering.

LEXA

I couldn't move! And something --
something was in here!

KYLIE

There's no one here.

LEXA

Its hands had... *claws* and they...

She clutches her arms in a protective X over her breasts, shuddering at the memory.

KYLIE

There's no one here.

LEXA

The bathroom?

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kylie flicks on the light. Checks the room. Empty.

She turns and notices that the mirror's surface is EDGED WITH FROST. She touches it and her hand recoils from the cold. She opens the cabinet. Cold white mist wafts out.

LEXA

Anything?

Nudging items around in the cabinet, Kylie sees a "Disposable Instant Ice Cold Pack." She touches it and flinches slightly: it's cold. Her curiosity seems satisfied.

CASSANDRA

No one here.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kylie warms milk on the stove. Lexa sits on a chair, wrapped in a blanket.

KYLIE

You're describing sleep paralysis.
Textbook presentation.

LEXA

So you're saying that what happened
to me -- what just happened to me
in my room -- wasn't real?

KYLIE

You know what an optical illusion
is?

Lexa's expression is one teens serve to especially stupid adults.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

It's the same kind of thing. Just a
mental hiccup. But it can be
terrifying.

LEXA

You have no idea.

KYLIE

Your mom had it too at your age...
We could do a sleep study for you.
Help you shut it down.

LEXA

I am so in! If you can promise that
never happens to me again, we're
doing it.

INT. KYLIE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Kylie drives Lexa.

KYLIE

So grandma will pick you up from school with your overnight bag, and bring you to the clinic.

LEXA

Okay. But if this sleep thing happened to my mom... If it's happening to me now, should I worry about maybe... the other stuff?

KYLIE

Oh, no, Lexa. You really shouldn't.

LEXA

Just so you know? I'm going to anyway.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Just a bed, chair and desk. A KNOCK at the door as it opens.

NURSE (O.S.)

Cassandra, you have a visitor.

Kylie enters and sits on a chair.

KYLIE

Cassandra, I --

CASSANDRA

Where's Lexa? Is she okay!?

KYLIE

She's at school. She's fine. I've been staying with her at your place.

CASSANDRA

What happened last night?!

KYLIE

I want to talk to you about that, and I don't want you to jump to conclusions.

CASSANDRA

It was a new moon! What happened!?

KYLIE

She's fine! But I think that, just like you did when you were younger, she's been experiencing sleep paraly --

CASSANDRA

No, Kylie! You can't do this again!

KYLIE

I know what you're going to say but She just had a --

CASSANDRA

What -- a bad dream?! Really!? Did her dream have *claws*? Did it *touch* her?! Did you let that thing touch my daughter?!

Kylie looks unsettled at the mention of "claws."

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I can't protect her in here.

KYLIE

She has a kind of parasomnia. Sleep paralysis. But we can treat --

Cassandra's face and hands twitch. She paces with her usual limp.

CASSANDRA

You can't treat what she has.

KYLIE

Which is?

CASSANDRA

An incubus.

KYLIE

What, the same kind of demon that "haunted" our house?

CASSANDRA

Not the same *kind* -- the same *one*.

KYLIE

Cassie. As soon as they got you on the right meds after... your accident, your "demon" just went away. That's no coincidence. Neurochemistry. Not monsters.

Cassandra's twitching increases.

CASSANDRA

You're wrong. Stories about these things go back centuries. I showed my research to mom and Jack and the doctors, to prove to them... But they didn't listen. Same as you. They just kept at me and at me. And after all the meds, and E-C-T, and therapy... they actually made me believe none of it was real. But it was. All along.

KYLIE

I literally don't know what to say.

CASSANDRA

Say, "I believe you!" For once!
Because it's back. I've seen it!
And it's coming for Lexa!
(beat)
You left the night I needed you.
And it came for me. You *cannot* do
that to Lexa. Promise me you won't
leave her alone tonight.

KYLIE

I promise. Full disclosure -- she
asked for a sleep study. I said
yes. Doing it tonight.

CASSANDRA

So you can prove that it's just all
a bad dream? That her mom's nuts?

KYLIE

So I can help her *sleep*. Look, I
know you think this is b.s. but --

CASSANDRA

Do it. You got my consent. But you
stay with her. Every second!
Because the moon's dark again
tonight and if that thing is
hungry, it's going to come back.
And Kylie... It's *always* hungry.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A few chairs, a desk and a computer. A dark glass window looks into the adjacent patient sleeping room. ARTURO, 50s, a good-natured senior lab tech, enters with Kylie.

ARTURO

The tech upgrades are looking good.

He fiddles with the controls. The patient room goes dark and the monitor shows the room in night-vision.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

We can start scheduling patients again any time.

KYLIE

Sounds good. Thanks. I'm going to use the room tonight for my niece. We'll call it a test run.

ARTURO

You're the boss.

She stares at the empty patient bed, lost in thought.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

KYLIE

Huh? Oh, no. It's just my niece... How long have you been doing this?

ARTURO

Thirty years next month.

KYLIE

What's the most unusual thing you've ever heard from an S-P patient? Maybe something they saw in the room with them when they were paralyzed?

ARTURO

Hmmm. I remember one guy was sure he was getting alien-abducted... Chupacabra one time... One girl said a "Slenderman" was in her room. Had to look that one up.

KYLIE

Anyone ever see a demon?

ARTURO

Yeah. Had a lady said one grabbed her, bit her... Even worse stuff. Had me half-convinced.

KYLIE

She said it touched her?

ARTURO

Showed me the bruises. Looked like regular bruises to me, so... Why?

KYLIE

Oh, uh, I might write a paper on how cultural traditions affect the ways patients interpret...

ARTURO

Coooo! That anthropological stuff is wild. Some traditions ascribe S-P to ghosts or witches. Others go with spirits or djinnis. Hey! If you want help with research, I'd love to be a co-author.

KYLIE

Deal.

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Alongside her peers, Lexa paints a remarkable self-portrait.

MR. SANZ (O.S.)

I think you might be even better than your mom was.

Lexa startles at his unexpected appearance. In his 40s now, he still might spark a schoolgirl's fantasy.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

Seriously, Lexa. I'd love to take credit for your progress, but I think it just runs in your family.

He rests his hands on her shoulders, which causes her to tense slightly.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

Really exquisite work.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Lexa slips under the sheets. Kylie affixes sensors to her forehead as Linda watches from a reclining chair nearby.

LEXA

So do I have to do anything special? Like, count sheep or something?

KYLIE

Nope, just relax and go to sleep like normal. I've got some work to do, but grandma will stay in here with you.

Kylie nods to Linda who gives two thumbs up with a smile.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

I'll be checking on you too, okay?

Lexa smiles.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

It's late and the clinic is quiet. Kylie enters the darkened room and sits at the control desk. Flicks on a dim overhead light. She activates the night-vision camera to reveal Linda in her reclining chair and Lexa in bed asleep.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Awake, Linda sees the control room light click on.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Linda enters and sits next to Kylie.

KYLIE

Thanks for helping out.

LINDA

Glad to. She's so like her mom at that age... I make a wish every day things had been different for Cassandra.

KYLIE

Be careful what you wish for... You remember Lexa's friend, Janelle Baxter?

LINDA

Oh, that poor girl!

When Cassie was in the hospital, I made a wish that it would be anyone but her who died...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I know wishing didn't cause Cassie to recover any more than it caused Janelle to get sick, but still...

LINDA

Something genetic, wasn't it?

KYLIE

Progeria.

LINDA

Hard to believe something so awful could happen to a girl so young... and so *fast*.

Kylie's brow knits.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What?

KYLIE

Oh, I.. That diagnosis doesn't...

LINDA

All I know is the family lost their baby girl. I can't imagine. Cassandra may be a chore sometimes, but I count my blessings that she's still in our lives.

KYLIE

Your life anyway.

The lights FLICKER.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

A HISS from the bathroom. Lexa's eyes jolt open, panicked: She's FROZEN.

INCUBUS (O.S.)

Pretty Lexa.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

On the monitor, the Incubus stalks toward the helpless girl.

Unseen before now, the creature is still difficult to discern clearly: it seems to be shadow made solid, and its outline wavers like a mirage. Darkness shrouds its face. But it looks *wrong*, with limbs and torso grotesquely stretched.

LINDA

I wish you and your sister could
just get along.

KYLIE

We're not there yet. Not sure we'll
ever be.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The demon's obsidian claws nudge Lexa's top to reveal her stomach. A glistening forked tongue LICKS her skin. A claw tugs at the waist of her pajamas, exposing her hip.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie sees the demon on the screen, uncomprehending at first, then horrified.

KYLIE

Lexa!

She slaps the control panel. Illumination FLARES, but an electrical ZZZT sounds and the lights in both rooms STROBE. Kylie dashes out the door.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

As the lights flash, the Incubus SNARLS and retreats.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Linda stares into the monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

The Incubus looks into the camera as lights flash.

BACK TO SCENE

Linda GASPS at what the monitor reveals.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie bursts in, and freezes. Bright strobing lights render the demon as disjointed flashes of still images: glowing yellow eyes. Snake-like tongue flicking. Claws.

Kylie grabs a standing lamp to keep the creature at bay, but it flees into the bathroom as the room lights return.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kylie creeps inside. Turns on the light. She sees the mirror's edges are COATED WITH FROST and, touching it, GASPS. Her eyes fill with horrified understanding.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Linda enters, dazed, and cradles Lexa, frozen in terror. Kylie returns.

KYLIE
It just disappeared!

LINDA
Shh-shhh-sh. You're okay. Just a bad dream.

KYLIE
Mom! Did you see it!?

Lexa stirs and begins to cry.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Mom!

LINDA
No, I... See what?

KYLIE
That thing -- it attacked Lexa!

LINDA
What did? Honestly, I don't understand what's going on.

KYLIE
I think Cassandra is the only one who does.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie turns on every light as Lexa, sullen and exhausted, crosses the room, grabbing furniture as she goes, as if to keep from falling.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie turns on every light and helps Lexa into bed. Kylie eyes the bathroom and the mirror inside suspiciously. She closes the door and heaves a bookshelf against it. She climbs atop the covers and gives Lexa a hug. The girl pulls away.

LEXA

You said it wasn't real.

KYLIE

I'm so sorry, Lexa. I thought it was true.

LEXA

I don't ever want to sleep again.

KYLIE

Tonight, we'll both stay up together, okay?

LEXA

You saw it though, didn't you?

KYLIE

I did.

LEXA

Can you make it stop?... The real truth.

KYLIE

I don't know.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cassandra, Jack and Linda enter the front door.

CASSANDRA

Lexa?

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - DAY

CASSANDRA

Lexa?

Kylie, asleep. Cassandra enters, sees the bookshelf blocking the bathroom door. Her expression darkens.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Hey...

Kylie rouses, sees her sister, who nods toward the hallway door. Kylie disentangles and exits. Cassandra, cradles her daughter, a jumble of emotions: relief, sadness, anger, worry. Lexa stirs.

LEXA
Mom? You're really home?

CASSANDRA
Yes, sweetie. Are you okay?

Lexa shakes her head no -- a dagger to mom's heart.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
It came back? Did it... hurt you?

Lexa nods. Cassandra looks stricken and helpless.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
But, what I mean is... Lexa, you
can tell me. Did it...

Her eyes fill with tears. She doesn't know how to ask this question and turns away, eyes shut tight.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
My baby, did it...?

LEXA
What? *No!* No, mom. It didn't.

Cassandra cries, shuddering with relief.

LEXA (CONT'D)
Mom? Are you all right?

Cassandra shakes her head no. Lexa hugs her mom -- clearly trying to offer comfort like an adult.

LEXA (CONT'D)
It'll be okay.

A surprised laugh escapes Cassandra at the idea *she* needs comfort -- until she seems to realize she does.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack, on the couch, watches Linda and Kylie square off.

LINDA
What I saw was a girl having a bad
dream -- and you having an anxiety
attack!

JACK
 Look, if there was some *thing*,
 where'd it go?

KYLIE
 I don't know.

LINDA
 We have spent years getting
 Cassandra the help she needs to
 accept reality. And now, you and
 Lexa *both*... It's too much.

KYLIE
 If you had seen it... How could you
 not have seen it?

JACK
 You say there's no video, so, what,
 we just take it on faith?

KYLIE
 Lexa saw it.

LINDA
 She had a nightmare.

KYLIE
 Cassandra's seen it.

LINDA
 Oh, well if Cassandra saw
 something, we better call the *New
 York Times*! Kylie, she's
 schizophrenic!

Cassandra surprises everyone by revealing her presence in the
 room:

CASSANDRA
 Hey, thanks, mom! You always got my
 back.

LINDA
 I do! And Jack does! Not that
 you've ever thanked us! Paying for
 doctors and medications you can't
 be bothered to take half the time!
 You wallowed in this fantasy world
 for so long I can't even remember
 when you were *normal*!

CASSANDRA
 Wow.

LINDA

I meant when you weren't sick.

CASSANDRA

Dig the hole a little deeper, mom.

JACK

Now don't take it like that. You're lucky you have a mother that looks out for you. Lotta folks don't.

CASSANDRA

And "lotta folks" don't have to worry about being tortured in their beds.

KYLIE

If we really had Cassandra's back all these years, we would have listened to her.

A surprised and grateful look from Cassandra.

LINDA

Monsters aren't real!

CASSANDRA

This one is! It's coming after Lexa, so I'm going to do what you never did -- I'm going to protect *my* daughter.

EXT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Outside her apartment, Cassandra stands, arms crossed, as Jack and Linda head to their car. Linda turns back.

LINDA

Please don't be mad. You're always so mad all the time, and all I want is for us to get along.

CASSANDRA

And all I wanted was for someone to believe me. Protect me. So, disappointment for everyone -- on the house!

LINDA

You know the hardest part of being a mom is loving your child even when they don't love you back.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

I hope that's a lesson your daughter never teaches you.

Linda gets in the car. Jack eyes Cassandra.

JACK

Your mother ain't perfect. But you coulda gotten a whole sight worse.

CASSANDRA

Jack, if you told your mom all the things I told mine over the years, about being attacked, would she have believed you?

JACK

My mother? Yeah, she woulda believed me... Just wouldn't have given a damn.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kylie, Cassandra and Lexa sit around the room, which is littered with books on the supernatural. Cassandra THUMPS the *Encyclopedia of Demonology* open on the table and points.

CASSANDRA

That's what we're dealing with.

KYLIE

(reading)

Incubus. A demon in male form that attacks sleeping women to engage in sexual...

She looks uncomfortably at Cassandra, then Lexa.

Cassandra flips an open sketchbook onto the table. The page shows a TERRIFYING PENCIL DRAWING of the Incubus, a shadowy, evil apparition with curved claws reaching out.

CASSANDRA

Is that what you saw tonight?

KYLIE

Exactly!

CASSANDRA

I drew that 18 years ago.

KYLIE

Okay. Crazy as this is, it's real. Now what?

CASSANDRA

It's like cancer. I just want to cut it out once and for all, but I don't have the slightest idea how.

KYLIE

Like a cancer..? So, maybe that's what we do -- treat it like a.. a new disease. Take a history. Look at the data. Figure out a treatment.

Kylie grabs a pad and pen and draws three columns: *Know; Guess; Don't Know*. She makes notations as she talks.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Presentation. Physical assault, sexual in nature. Onset. For both of you, about 15 years old. Attacks occurred at night --

CASSANDRA

During the new moon -- the darkest nights of the moon's cycle.

KYLIE

Do we know that for sure?

CASSANDRA

Only time it's come so far.

KYLIE

Okay. What else do we know?

CASSANDRA

Mirrors. It can use them as portals if they're big enough.

LEXA

The lights flicker right before it comes!

KYLIE

Right, right! Anything else?

They consider. Cassandra stares out the window into the dark.

CASSANDRA

Each time it comes back, it wants... more than the time before.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - LONG AGO

The Incubus climbs onto the bed where Cassandra, 15, lies immobile. Its tongue slimes her neck.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)
And every time, it takes a bigger
piece of you with it.

Cassandra's face, a frozen mask of horror and anguish,
jostles against her pillow.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)
Like, a part of your soul that you
can never get back.

The bed CREAKS rhythmically and the unseen Incubus HISSES.
Cassandra's eyes are fixed in a thousand-yard stare.

BACK TO SCENE

CASSANDRA
That is never going to happen to
Lexa. We have to stop it.

KYLIE
It stopped before, after...

CASSANDRA
I was in an induced coma for more
than a month and doped up a long
time after that. I think it wants
you to be aware of what it's doing
to you. The fear. The helplessness.
Like that's what it feeds on.

Lexa hugs herself, as if reliving something she'd rather not.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Sometimes I think that it took so
much, I didn't have anything left
it wanted.

KYLIE
So it just went away?

CASSANDRA
It's always hungry, so if it was
done with me, it must have moved on
to someone else.

KYLIE
But who?

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kylie, Cassandra and Lexa clear the dinner table. On the counter, Kylie picks up two of cartons of salt.

KYLIE

By the way, Cassandra, what the hell?

CASSANDRA

Demon repellent.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra taps a book. It shows a demon menacing a person safe inside a circle drawn on the ground. Cassandra opens another book depicting an angry demon stymied by a line of salt at the foot of a doorway.

KYLIE

You're right. The books don't agree on much, but they all agree on this.

CASSANDRA

The moon's dark again tonight, so we take down the mirrors and leave them outside. And we'll make a protection ring of salt around the beds, just in case. Kylie, you take my bed. I'll sleep with Lexa.

LEXA

I love that you think we're actually going to *sleep*.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the couch, Kylie fills a pad with notes. Lexa lights a candle and places it on a stand.

LEXA

Orange scented. Supposed to help keep you awake.

KYLIE

So wired, I'm not sure I need the help, but thanks.

CASSANDRA

Lexa, would you double check the salt on the outside doors and windows, make sure there's no gaps? We don't want any surprises.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie closes her book, clicks off the light.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

In the black high-gloss screen of a large TV, the reflection of the orange candle dances.

A HISS emanates from the TV. Its mirror-like glass bulges and CREAKS, then flattens.

A FRUSTRATED GROWL, then a hand-shaped bulge presses the screen outward. Again the screen snaps back. A STRAINING GRUNT -- and the Incubus's arm juts through the screen. The demon heaves itself into the world, SNIFFING the air.

INCUBUS

Mmmmmmm.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lexa and Cassandra share the bed. A nightlight by the floor FLICKERS. Lexa's eyes flutter open. She's paralyzed, save for eyes that widen in fear.

The door opens. Yellow eyes approach in the dark, then the Incubus recoils, HISSING, when it reaches the circle of salt surrounding the bed. It paces the perimeter like a tiger. Frustrated, it GROWLS and bolts away.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Incubus returns to the TV, then stops. It sees the candle and reaches for it.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LEXA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A demonic SCREAM rattles the apartment, ECHOES and fades. Cassandra jumps up to turn on a light and brushes the hair from Lexa's face, cooing reassurance. Kylie rushes in.

KYLIE

Was that --

A high-pitched alarm BEEPS. Smoke billows into the room.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kylie hurries in to see that the candle, overturned onto the rug, has sparked a small but GROWING FIRE.

KYLIE

Oh my god!

Across the flames, the Incubus SNARLS and pushes itself into the TV screen and disappears. Cassandra enters, puts out the fire with a blanket. Lexa follows and silences the alarm. The women COUGH and rub their eyes from the smoke.

LEXA

We made it mad.

CASSANDRA

Good.

KYLIE

Why good?

CASSANDRA

Because fuck that thing... It's not getting what it wants.

LEXA

For now.

Silence as that sinks in.

KYLIE

If we're lucky, we've got until the next new moon to make sure it never does again.

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

Cassandra and Lexa enter, carrying overnight bags. Jack and Linda, who are eating breakfast, startle.

CASSANDRA

Apartment's burnt. Moving in.

Cassandra disappears up the stairs. Lexa smiles and waves.

EXT. MILLS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Jack flips burgers on the grill as Lexa and Cassandra eat at a picnic table.

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Linda and Kylie do dishes.

KYLIE
You ever miss dad?

Lost for a moment in nostalgia, she smiles as her answer.

LINDA
Still mad at him. Knew better than driving on icy roads.

KYLIE
"A schedule's a schedule."

LINDA
I would have put that on his tombstone if I had money for one... I don't know where we would have ended up if not for Jack. Not here, that's for sure.

Jack enters, boozy, holding out an empty beer bottle to Linda.

JACK
Woman, beer me!

She does. He places the underside of his forearm atop the cap and pushes the bottle into his flesh, jerking his arm forward. The cap pops off like a magic trick.

He squeezes Linda's ass, winks at Kylie and totters out.

KYLIE
Such a charmer.

LINDA
Stay back, ladies. He's mine... I would like to keep it that way, you know.

KYLIE
What do you mean?

LINDA

It was bad enough all those years
when it was just Cassie. But now...

KYLIE

Jesus, mom. Jack's not going to
divorce you over this.

LINDA

He had enough crazy in his family
growing up. Got as far away as he
could the first chance he got. And
now, the way things are going now
with you girls...

KYLIE

Mom, if you can't see your way
clear to supporting Cassandra and
Lexa, Jack's not who you should be
worrying about losing.

INT. MILLS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack trudges up the stairs and notices a large dismounted
wall mirror leaning outside Cassandra's bedroom door.

JACK

The hell?

Light illuminates the perimeter of the door, showing a line
of salt across the threshold.

JACK (CONT'D)

Girls? What on earth...? Girls?

No response. He KNOCKS lightly and tries the door, but it's
locked. He frowns and heads to his bedroom.

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lamps and lights shine from every surface. Visible inside the
adjacent bathroom is a blank space where the wall mirror used
to be. Cassandra, asleep, spoons Lexa who stares ahead,
chewing on her thumbnail.

INCUBUS (V.O.)

Pretty Lexa.

At the memory, Lexa's bloodshot eyes fill with despair.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Kylie and Cassandra pore over books on religion and magic. Lexa sleeps with her head on the table. The women flip through pages, taking notes, rearranging stacks. Lexa shifts, wakes and starts going through them as well. They look exhausted, but determined.

CASSANDRA

Consensus is an incubus could give a shit about an exorcism. So that's out.

KYLIE

Lexa, anything useful?

LEXA

Yes! They *can't stand* peanut butter! It's like garlic to vampires.

CASSANDRA

Wait, *what*?

LEXA

Nah. Just kidding.

CASSANDRA

Damn it, Lexa! This is serious!

LEXA

Whoa, mom! Just trying to lighten the mood.

Cassandra, twitching, struggles to remain calm.

CASSANDRA

We have two weeks -- *maybe* -- until that thing comes back. For *you*, Lexa.

She stands and turns to hide the growing despair on her face and strides to the exit.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cassandra paces, smoking a cigarette as Kylie approaches.

KYLIE

Hey, you okay?

CASSANDRA

It's coming, and we can't stop it!

KYLIE
You don't know that.

CASSANDRA
I know we're not going to find what
we need in a book. Unless we can
find someone who actually knows
anything...

Kylie's brightens with inspiration.

KYLIE
Maybe we do.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - OFFICE - NIGHT

Arturo picks up the RINGING phone.

ARTURO
Hello? ... Hey, Kylie... For your
paper? ... Yeah, I can track her
down.

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack enters.

JACK
Cassandra?! Lexa?!

LINDA (O.S.)
They're getting lunch! Should be
home in a bit!

Jack sees sketchbooks, notes and demon-related books on the
coffee table. He scans a notebook with irritated disbelief.

JACK
Linda?

She enters and takes the notebook from Jack and becomes a
nervous frenzy of tidying.

JACK (CONT'D)
They all gone crazy?

LINDA
Please don't say that.

JACK
I'm sorry, but...

He's not asking for her opinion, he's supplying it:

JACK (CONT'D)
It's what we're both thinking.
Right?

She drops her eyes to the floor and nods.

EXT. KYLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A tidy one-bedroom home. Through a large window, Kylie is visible inside the kitchen pouring a glass of wine.

INT. KYLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kylie sets her glass next to her computer, which displays a shifting montage of images, mostly of Cassandra and Kylie's teen years:

- Kylie and her date on prom night
- Cassandra accepting a plaque from Mr. Sanz
- Janelle and Cassandra at a school dance.

Kylie's expression darkens, as she stares at the photo.

LINDA (V.O)
Hard to believe something so awful
could happen to a girl so young...
and so *fast*.

Cassandra grabs the mouse. Attacks the keyboard. The LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER WEB SITE appears. CLICK -- The "Autopsy Findings - Case Search" appears.

Kylie types "Janelle Baxter, 16" into search fields. A result comes up and Kylie clicks "PURCHASE DOCUMENTS."

INT. KYLIE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kylie reads intently.

KYLIE
The decedent, female, 16 years old,
is presented in a black body bag,
wearing white, patterned pajamas...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY LAB - DAY

The EXAMINING PHYSICIAN, a woman in her 50s, leans over Janelle's body with the shocked expression of someone who has seen it all -- but has never seen *this*.

Janelle's pajamas are askew on her shrunken body. Her open eyes are FILMED WITH CATARACTS. She's aged, wrinkled, with hair that's gone white. She could be 100 years old.

Her mouth gapes as if screaming.

BACK TO SCENE

KYLIE

Jesus.

Kylie ponders this: something is adding up. Slowly, a dawning realization. She checks the coroner's report.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Date of death. June 17, 2004.

She clicks the mouse and speaks into her computer's mic.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

What was the phase of the moon on June 17, 2004.

A synthesized voice from her computer:

COMPUTER VOICE

The moon on this day was in a new moon phase.

Kylie's face shines with the dawning epiphany:

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

It's always hungry, so if it was done with me, it must have moved on to someone else.

EXT. FAR ABOVE A RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Kylie's ant-sized car below wends through a maze of streets.

KYLIE (V.O.)

Hi. Lynette Harriman? This is Dr. Mills from the -- Yes, that's right. Yes, he sure is a sweetheart. Oh, sure, if you'd be more comfortable, I can ask him to come along.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Kylie and Arturo climb up the front steps to an entry gate.

ARTURO

The thing is, she was kind of sweet
on me. Flattering, but...

He splays his fingers to show off his wedding ring.

KYLIE

I'll protect you. Thanks for doing
this by the way.

Kylie looks at the directory and presses a buzzer.

ARTURO

Happy to. I appreciate you cutting
me in on the paper.

INT. LYNETTE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Overdressed for the occasion in a dated evening dress and
with hair and makeup to match, LYNETTE HARRIMAN, 60s,
welcomes Arturo and Kylie inside.

LYNETTE

Oh do come in!

She pulls Arturo inside.

INT. LYNETTE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Half-empty glasses of water sit on the table. Kylie sits on a
chair, taking notes. Lynette sits uncomfortably close to
Arturo. He showily fidgets with his wedding ring.

KYLIE

You said this demon, it touched
you?

LYNETTE

Did I? Oh, I don't know... Truth be
told, I don't remember those days
so well...

KYLIE

But when you dropped out of the
study, you said --

LYNETTE

From the lack of sleep, no doubt.

She casually puts her hand on Arturo's knee. He stiffens.

ARTURO
Uh, could I use the facilities?

LYNETTE
Right down the hall, hon.

He hurries away and she watches him retreat, smiling.

KYLIE
Mrs. Harriman, it's important. How did you get rid of it?

Lynette's smile falters.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Please, you have to tell me.

Lynette stands.

LYNETTE
So sorry you couldn't stay longer.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Kylie and Arturo await an elevator. Kylie quietly fumes.

ARTURO
My wife wouldn't approve of her manners, but she'd impressed with the mad makeup skills.

Kylie shoots him a quizzical look.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
The bathroom. No mirrors. Pretty neat trick to get your makeup right without a --

KYLIE
I forgot something. Be right back.

INT. LYNETTE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Lynette opens the door and eyes Kylie.

KYLIE
It was an incubus. That's what attacked you.

Lynette closes the door -- but Kylie blocks it with her foot.

LYNETTE

You leave me be!

KYLIE

Tell me how you got rid of it!

Lynette looks guilty -- and a little scared.

LYNETTE

That's my business! Not yours!

KYLIE

It came for my sister when we were little. Now it's come back for my niece. She's only 14. Please.

LYNETTE

I can't help you.

(beat)

But I know who can.

EXT. SELENE'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Kylie's car sits in front of house on a semi-rural lot.

EXT. SELENE'S HOUSE - DAY

Kylie and Cassandra stand on the porch as SELENE, 80s, a lean woman with white braids and arthritic hands, opens the door. Her eyes are kind, her voice recalls Macon, Georgia.

KYLIE

Hi, Mrs. Carver?

SELENE

"Selene," please. Do come in.

INT. SELENE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cross on the door. No mirrors. Framed photos everywhere.

KYLIE

Are these all your family?

SELENE

Three brothers, three sisters and as of last Sunday we got 72 kids, grandkids and great-kids.

(MORE)

SELENE (CONT'D)

It's a challenge sending out all the birthday and Christmas cards, but family is the only thing that matters in this life... Which is why you're here? Something's come for your family?

CASSANDRA

My daughter. An incubus.

SELENE

Hmm. Been with you how long? Weeks? Or months? Weeks is better, but if even it's months you can usually --

CASSANDRA

Eighteen years.

Selene suddenly freezes, her rheumy eyes fill with sadness.

SELENE

Then you got to be prepared.

KYLIE

For what?

SELENE

For the worst.

EXT. SELENE'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

A shaded table sits by the backdoor.

SELENE (O.S.)

... usually just go where the wind takes them. Those are bad enough.

The women exit the house and sit at the table.

SELENE (CONT'D)

But some... the worst ones, they burrow into a place or a family. Make themselves a home.

Selene displays a photo of two 13-year-old girls wearing 1950s-era clothes. One appears to be a young Selene.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Stake a claim. Mine it deep. A demon like that leaves a hole in a family that can't never be repaired.

Selene strokes the image of the other girl in the photo.

KYLIE

She was your sister?

SELENE

Eighteen years later, it took my cousin as well. That's why I said them's the worst. Because an incubus can't bind to a place without help. They need a familiar -
- a human to hide inside between the moons. And every eighteen years -- on the last new moon before the summer solstice -- their bond requires a sacrifice.

She looks at the photo until the pain is too much.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Drained the life right out of their bodies. Looked 100 years old if they were a day.

Cassandra and Kylie share a grim look.

SELENE (CONT'D)

You know about that then.

CASSANDRA

Can we hide my daughter? Keep her safe until after the solstice? Maybe go to the desert where there's nothing around for miles -- stay in a circle of salt?

SELENE

Save your daughter. But some other girl dies in her place. And after, it'll *still* keep after your girl. Got a taste for her now.

KYLIE

How do we stop it?

SELENE

It's a being of darkness, and evil like that can never survive the light of day -- not so much as a single ray of sunshine... So you got to bring it into the light.

KYLIE

And the familiar?

SELENE

That'd be someone who spent time with the victims. Someone who knew where they lived, 'cause what the familiar knows, the demon knows. They're *connected* -- body and soul... If it can do anything to stop you, it will.

CASSANDRA

Not if I kill him first.

The speed and ferocity of the comment startles Kylie.

SELENE

Might not be a him. Could be a woman. A child... Could you kill a child?

Cassandra's fervid confidence dims.

SELENE (CONT'D)

You best decide now how far you're willing to go.

Selene looks at the photo and her expression darkens.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Might be farther than you think.

INT. SCHOOL - GALLERY - NIGHT

Student art exhibits, paintings and sculptures fill the room. Mr. Sanz, Lexa and a TRIO OF STUDENTS walk toward the exit.

MR. SANZ

Great work, guys! Tomorrow's going to be our best Gallery Night ever!

EXT. SCHOOL - GALLERY - NIGHT

The students scatter. Lexa walks away as Mr. Sanz locks up.

MR. SANZ

Lexa? Need a ride home?

LEXA

I'm good. Mom'll be here in a sec.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Under a reassuringly bright full moon, Lexa sits on a bench. Checks her watch, irritated. Lays down, sleepy. Her eyes close. The lights above the lot FLICKER and go out. A bush nearby RUSTLES. Her frightened eyes open, but she cannot move.

INCUBUS (O.S.)
Pretty. Pretty. Lexa.

Something yanks her off the bench and drags her into the bushes. Yellow eyes loom above her and a black forked tongue licks her face. She GRUNTS in terror as a clawed hand curls up under her shirt and --

INT. MILLS HOME - CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

In bed, Lexa wakes and shudders. Cassandra, lying next to Lexa, caresses her daughter's face.

CASSANDRA
Again?

Lexa nods.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
I'll make them stop. I will. That thing will never touch you again, I pr...

LEXA
It's okay. You can promise me.

CASSANDRA
I promise.

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning sun through the window. Kylie and Lexa sit with their research. Cassandra paces nervously. Lexa crosses a day off her notebook calendar.

Today's date, May 30, is marked with the legend "New Moon."

KYLIE
We have until tonight to come up with a plan. In the time we have, I'm not sure the familiar is a priority.

CASSANDRA

It is to me.

LEXA

Me too.

KYLIE

But you and Janelle and Lexa could have anyone in common. A doctor or dentist -- the mailman for all we know.

LEXA

Or a teacher.

Cassandra and Kylie exchange looks as this sinks in.

KYLIE

"It's a date."

CASSANDRA

No.

KYLIE

You all had Mr. Sanz for art. He brought your painting to the house that night.

CASSANDRA

No. No, he was always so kind...

But uncertainty clouds her expression.

LEXA

A little touchy-feely, but mostly a good guy...

Cassandra's expression darkens.

LEXA (CONT'D)

Not touchy like that. Just... You know the type.

Cassandra considers. By degrees, her eyes fill with cold steel.

LEXA (CONT'D)

Mom?

She charges past Kylie, who stops her.

KYLIE

Cassandra. We don't know it's him.

CASSANDRA

Yeah, we do.

LEXA

We're *not* sure -- And everyone
loves Mr. Sanz!

CASSANDRA

That's what he wants, so you lower
your guard. Easier prey that way.

KYLIE

We can't afford to get this wrong!
Cassandra, whatever you're
thinking, *don't*.

Cassandra turns away, twitching, fuming, hands balled into
fists. She takes a deep breath and her posture changes.

She turns back, suddenly and surprisingly conciliatory.

CASSANDRA

Fine. What's your plan?

KYLIE

I'm working on it.

CASSANDRA

Work faster.

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kylie thumbs through her notes alongside an open book on
demonology and Lexa sketches as Linda enters.

LINDA

Swear to god, your sister is going
to kill someone someday --

Linda notices panicked looks on Kylie and Lexa's faces.

LINDA (CONT'D)

She nearly plowed into us racing
out the driveway just now!

Jack enters, holding out a small open gun safe. Its inside is
molded to the shape of a pistol -- but the gun is missing.

JACK

Where's Cassandra?

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is mostly empty. Cassandra exits her car and jams a 9MM PISTOL into the back of her waistband, covering it with her untucked blouse.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Jack speeds as Kylie tries to get through on her phone.

KYLIE

She's not answering.

JACK

Call 9-1-1.

KYLIE

No! With her history they'd --

JACK

If she's dangerous, you have got to call the cops now. For her sake, if not this teacher fella's.

KYLIE

I can't. Not yet.

JACK

Look, maybe she gets a padded cell for a while. Better'n if she pulls a trigger.

Kylie flicks the phone to its dial screen.

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

A CHEERLEADER GIRL, 15, and Mr. Sanz tidy up the workspace. As Cassandra watches them intently through the door window, the girl hefts her backpack onto her shoulder.

MR. SANZ

Have a good weekend. And, Imani, say hi to your mom for me, okay?

Mr. Sanz pats her on the back as she leaves. The door CLUNKS shut. He turns to close a supply cabinet. He turns back and Cassandra is in his face.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

Oh!... *Cassie Mills*? Wow, it's been forever! Can I say that your daughter --

She jabs a finger into his chest.

CASSANDRA
You should have left her alone! You
should have left both of us alone!

MR. SANZ
I, uh -- Excuse me?

Mr. Sanz backs away. She reaches behind her and grips the
weapon. Flicks off the safety. Her eyes rage. Face twitches.

CASSANDRA
You know what? Fuck it! For all you
put us through, how about we just
end this right --

KYLIE (O.S.)
Cassie!

Jack and Kylie enter. They can see what Mr. Sanz cannot:
Cassandra's hand behind her GRIPPING THE PISTOL.

CASSANDRA
You should leave. I got this.

KYLIE
Cassie. No.

Mr. Sanz looks anxious and confused.

CASSANDRA
Lexa is not going to go through
what I did!

KYLIE
Cassie. No.

Cassandra masters herself. Stashes the weapon out of sight as
before.

CASSANDRA
(to Mr. Sanz)
We both know it was you.

She exits with Kylie. Jack remains and eyes Mr. Sanz.

MR. SANZ
I don't... What -- what was she
hiding!? Was that a gun?

JACK
No, no. You might recall she had
some... trouble in her teens?
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

She's been kept well away from guns ever since. Ain't been near 'em even for a minute. Believe that.

MR. SANZ

What was she accusing me of?

JACK

She's been off her medication a spell. Got it in her mind that you did her wrong. Maybe Lexa too.

Jack appraises the teacher suspiciously.

MR. SANZ

I never! I wouldn't!

JACK

Mmm-hmmm. Like I said. Not on her meds, so not thinking straight. You want to report this. Wouldn't blame ya. You might be doing her a favor.

Jack turns to leave, then turns back.

JACK (CONT'D)

But just so you know, even if she's not thinking straight, I appreciate the impulse. No limit to what you'd do to protect what's yours... Just so we understand each other.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Cassandra strides toward her car with Kylie one step behind.

KYLIE

Jesus, Cassie, you're lucky you're not in jail!

CASSANDRA

You should have let me.

KYLIE

We don't even know it's him -- and even if it is, we have to focus on the main threat!

They stare each other down.

CASSANDRA

Fine. But we can still take him out of the equation.

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Make sure he can't stop us when it turns out I'm right...

She scans the lot, sees a truck with a bumper sticker "Art Teachers Do it Easel-y" and approaches. Drops to one knee.

KYLIE

What are you doing?

Cassandra tweezes four tiny rocks from the ground and displays them in her palm.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

So what am I looking at?

CASSANDRA

Four flat tires. Put these under the inflation caps and by sundown that truck won't be going anywhere without a tow.

KYLIE

Still leaves a lot to chance. Is your phone charged?

CASSANDRA

Yeah.

KYLIE

Give it here.

Kylie takes Cassie's phone, walks to the truck and slips it through an open crack on the passenger side of the truck.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Now we can track him.

Jack walks up.

JACK

I'd feel a lot better if I had my sidearm back.

Cassandra hands it over.

JACK (CONT'D)

I think you of all people should know better than to --

He winces and holds his fist tight against his sternum.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm fine, dammit. I'm fine...

As he catches his breath, Kylie and Cassandra share a concerned look.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now I think it's high time you all told me and your mother exactly, and I mean *exactly*, what it is you're up to.

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Seated on a chair across from Kylie, Jack drinks a beer. Cassandra, Linda and Lexa are scattered about the room.

JACK

Sticking with this demon thing, huh? Just got one question then... Are you out of your goddamn minds!?

CASSANDRA

I am. You want to get technical.

LEXA

Weird flex, mom.

JACK

After what you pulled today, ain't nothing technical about it. Cassandra, I'm not horsing around. You need professional help.

LEXA

Then we all do.

JACK

Maybe you do!

KYLIE

Jack, we don't need you to *believe* in any of it, but we do need your help. If we're wrong, the worst-case scenario is that we have a nice campout.

JACK

Suppose I agree and we go. Cassandra, if nothing happens, it stands to reason this whole thing is delusional. Something maybe a voluntary commitment would sort out? That something you'd agree to right here, right now? And give me your word?

KYLIE
Jack, she doesn't --

CASSANDRA
You have my word.

JACK
I'll be damned. You're that sure?
And Kylie, Lexa -- no doubt in your
minds? None at all?

They shake their heads no. Linda looks horrified.

JACK (CONT'D)
Umm-hmm.

LINDA
The camp is closed!

CASSANDRA
It's Jack's camp. It's not like he
doesn't have the keys.

LINDA
He's having chest pains! He's in no
condition!

JACK
My god, Linda, a man can decide
what condition he's in!

LINDA
I don't want them to go!

Everyone startles at the outburst. Jack stands, takes her hands, looks into her eyes. Her posture changes: resigned, submissive. She closes her eyes.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'm begging you, don't take them.

JACK
They're my girls, yeah? Asking for
my help. What am I gonna do...?
Besides, I like camping.

KYLIE
Thanks, Jack.

JACK
(to Kylie)
What do you have in mind?

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack, Cassandra, Lexa and Kylie sit at the kitchen table, eating an early dinner. Linda, sullen and making a display of it, brings in food and refreshes drinks.

JACK

Lure it, trap it, kill it with sunlight. That's the plan?

CASSANDRA

And make it fucking suffer.
(off their reactions)
You know, if that's an option.

Jack considers, arms folded across his chest, skeptical.

JACK

What about Sanz?

KYLIE

Tires should be flat by now. And I slipped Cassandra's phone in his back seat so we can track him. If he does come, he won't surprise us.

JACK

Trespass on my land, he'll get a surprise he won't like.

Jack scans the faces in the room with visible skepticism.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now I know this is just a snipe hunt, but, Cassandra, you're really okay with using your own daughter as bait?

CASSANDRA

What!? No!
(to Kylie)
That's not what you're thinking!?

KYLIE

Lexa isn't the bait.

Kylie SLAPS a vial marked "Succinylcholine" on the table.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

I am... But I'll have to explain later because we need to gather some things and go now.

Linda shakes her head at Jack, a desperate plea written on her face.

JACK
So let's go.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FOOTHILLS - DAY

The sun sets over a wide vista of suburbia below the foothills. Santa Ana winds WHOOSH through the brush. Jack's truck turns off an asphalt street onto a dirt road.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Jack drives with Cassandra riding shotgun. Kylie and Lexa share the back seat. The car passes a sign that reads, "Vista Del Arroyo Ranch." Kylie checks her phone.

INSERT - PHONE DISPLAY

A map shows a car icon moving away from a Union 76 station.

BACK TO SCENE

KYLIE
Sanz is leaving a gas station in Altadena, so he got his tires fixed. I'll keep an eye on him.

LEXA
Cell service is pretty good.

JACK
Got our own microwave relay at the camp. As long as the wind isn't too bad, we're golden.

KYLIE
Can we agree that the phones are for emergencies only? I don't want this to fall apart because someone was playing Candy Crush.

CASSANDRA
Jack.

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - DAY

The truck passes a rifle range, an archery range, a drained and fenced pool.

It stops at the base of a wide lawn lined with cabins. Everyone climbs out of the truck near a fire pit surrounded by concentric circles of benches.

KYLIE

We'll set up in those two cabins.
Jack, can you --

Jack GRUNTS and rubs his sternum.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

JACK

I'm good.

KYLIE

I'm serious, Jack. I need to know you're okay.

JACK

I'm *okay*.

He grabs sleeping bags and limps toward the cabins. Kylie watches, concerned. The sun dips low. The wind MOANS.

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - FIREPIT AREA - NIGHT

Jack starts a campfire. Kylie and Cassandra sit on benches.

JACK

(to Kylie)

We're all settled in. So... how'd you see this thing going down?

KYLIE

Cassandra and Lexa, you take the cabin on the right and get inside a protective circle like at home. You'll have a large mirror outside the circle, so when that thing transports to your cabin, call out. *Loud*. But don't leave the circle.

LEXA

If we lure it here and it can't get to me. How does that help?

KYLIE

It's going to be hungry and looking for prey that's powerless to fight back. Prey that's paralyzed.

She reaches into her pocket and displays the glass vial.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Succinylcholine. Used for surgery. Too much shuts down respiration, but a low dose induces general paralysis. Once you let me know the demon is here, I'll inject myself.

CASSANDRA

I don't like this at all.

KYLIE

What, you don't think it'll come for me?

CASSANDRA

No, it absolutely will... But Kylie, you don't know what that thing is like. Not really.

KYLIE

I don't plan to find out. I'll be inside a protection circle with the second mirror so that it can get to me. But as soon as the demon steps through, Jack will smash the mirror. The incubus will be trapped inside the circle with no way out.

CASSANDRA

With you.

KYLIE

Not for long. It doesn't like fire or bright light.

Jack waggles a road flare in one hand. He flicks on a freakishly bright flashlight with the other.

CASSANDRA

Jesus, Jack!

JACK

One-hundred-thousand lumens. Brightest flashlight there is.

KYLIE

Jack will keep it at bay long enough to pull me out of the circle... And then we just open the curtains and wait for the sun to come up and --

CASSANDRA
Blast that thing to hell.

The wind GUSTS, and embers swirl into the darkening sky.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

A single overhead bulb dimly illuminates the cabin. A LARGE SILVER-EDGED MIRROR leans against the far wall. Two mattresses lie side-by-side in the center of a salt ring on the floor. Lexa climbs into a sleeping bag atop one mattress. A KNOCK at the door and Kylie enters.

She hands road flares to Cassandra.

KYLIE
For you, just in case... You ready?

CASSANDRA
Hell no.

KYLIE
Me neither.

CASSANDRA
Hey, Kylie?... If this works...
I'll be your best friend.

KYLIE
You're already my best friend,
doofus.

Cassandra hugs Kylie, who appears deeply touched.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Lexa, keep your mom safe, okay?

Kylie exits. Cassandra sits on the mattress next to Lexa. After a moment, Cassandra tears up, twitching.

CASSANDRA
I'm so sorry.

LEXA
Mom?

CASSANDRA
It's my fault that it came for you.
They all wanted me deny it was real
when I knew, *knew* it was. But after
a while I let myself believe it was
just... bad wiring... So stupid!

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I should have prepared you from the day you were born.

LEXA

Mom, literally none of this is your fault. And you're one of the strongest people I know, fighting back after all you've been through. Fighting for *me*... Do you think this will work?

CASSANDRA

I want it to. It has to... It will.

Cassandra hugs her daughter, hiding the dread on her face.

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - NIGHT

The wind WHISTLES. Kylie checks her phone's GPS.

KYLIE

All right, Mr. Sanz. Five miles away and... Where are you going?

She startles as the phone CHIRPS.

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Linda paces, talking on the phone.

LINDA

Kylie, you should come home. I want you all to come home. Right now.

INTERCUT - RANCH/KITCHEN

KYLIE

Mom, what's the matter?

LINDA

Just come home. Please.

KYLIE

Why? It's not like you think any of this is real.

LINDA

It is! I *know* it is!

KYLIE

What!?

LINDA

For the longest time the worst thing I could imagine was -- what if Cassandra is lying? Or crazy? But I was too afraid to ask -- what if she's telling the truth? And then I saw that... thing at the clinic...

KYLIE

Jesus, Mom! Why didn't you say anything!?

LINDA

I know I should have! But I *couldn't*. I couldn't say anything because --

The line disconnects.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Kylie? Kylie!?

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS. Kylie checks her phone -- *no bars*. Above, a microwave antenna shimmies in the wind, askew.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack sits vigil on a chair with his arsenal: flares, flashlight, hammer. In front of him: a 12-foot wide RING OF SALT with a mattress in its center. A BRASS-EDGED MIRROR leans against the wall on the inside of the protection ring.

Kylie enters.

KYLIE

Phones are out. Sanz was just a few miles away last time I could check. He was moving, but I couldn't say for sure if he's headed here.

JACK

Does that change the plan?

KYLIE

No. Just keep an ear open for anyone coming up the road.

She opens a bag to reveal a dozen small safety-capped syringes within and a vial of clear liquid.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to suffocate, so the dose is minimal. Should last maybe two or three minutes, but we got more if we need it. When the lights flicker, I'll inject myself. Just be ready for anything.

EXT. ABOVE VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - NIGHT

Light spilling from the windows of two of the dozen cabins far below is all that illuminates the camp. The wind HOWLS.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

JACK

Hope you don't mind, but I brought some evil spirits of my own.

He takes a swig from a flask, clearly not his first.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll be honest with you. I never thought you'd buy into all this... But you know, it's admirable. You taking the lead. Making the sacrifice.

KYLIE

To be clear, that's *not* the plan.

INT. MILLS HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS. Linda, anxious and fidgety, opens the door to reveal Mr. Sanz.

MR. SANZ

Hi, Mrs. Mills? I think this might be Cassandra's phone?

He holds it out but she doesn't seem to notice.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

Say, I'd like to talk to her and Lexa if I could. I think maybe they got the wrong idea that --

LINDA

They're not here.

MR. SANZ

Oh, they're not?... Will they be back soon?

She looks despondent and GASPS.

LINDA

I should never have let them go!

Her eyes water. She leans against the wall for support.

MR. SANZ

Mrs. Mills?

She grabs Mr. Sanz, wild-eyed and desperate.

LINDA

They have to come back!

MR. SANZ

Mrs. Mills? Are you okay? I think you should sit down...

He puts an arm around her shoulder and eases her into the house, closing the door behind them.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

The wind RATTLES the cabin's windows. The lamp FLICKERS. Sleeping Lexa jolts, goes limp: she's paralyzed. Cassandra tenses, chews her lips, and waits.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack takes another swig, and another, growing flushed and voluble.

JACK

Noble thing, being selfless. My sister Susan was like that. Sacrificed everything so I could get out of that damn house.

KYLIE

Didn't realize you had a sister.

JACK

Left us 54 years ago this spring. Lexa reminds me of her... She was a pretty, pretty, girl.

Kylie STARTLES at his phrasing. Her brow furrows.

KYLIE
Your sister died in the spring?

JACK
Huh? Uh, yeah. June of '74.

KYLIE
Right before the summer solstice.

Kylie tenses, suspicion confirmed. Jack's eyes narrow.

JACK
Well, shit.

Kylie jumps up. Jack levels his 9mm at her.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah-ah-ahh. Shhh. Sit.

Cassandra complies.

KYLIE
Before Lexa, Janelle, Cassandra...
Your own sister?

JACK
Like I said. Susan sacrificed
everything for me... See, my mother
allowed a demon to come into our
house when I was a kid. Used to let
it visit me at night... Can't say I
cared for its attentions.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1968

In the dark, the Incubus crawls atop Susan on the bed.

JACK (V.O.)
So I made me a bargain. I mean,
better to hunt than be hunted,
that's just a fact.

Tears spill from Susan's eyes. YOUNG JACK, 13, watches from
the shadows, his eyes glowing yellow in the dark.

JACK
Honored that bargain ever since.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jack grabs a syringe. The overhead light FLICKERS.

JACK (CONT'D)

And tonight? Got to give the devil
his due.

Jack stabs Kylie in the neck with the needle.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

From the dark corner where the mirror rests, a low HISS
sounds. Cassandra cradles Lexa protectively.

CASSANDRA

You're okay, baby. It's okay.

The Incubus leaps from inside the mirror onto the floor.
Cassandra lays Lexa down and SPARKS the flare. The creature
paces at the edge of the flare's light.

INCUBUS

Mmmmm...

Cassandra fills her lungs with air and shouts to be heard on
the moon.

CASSANDRA

Kylie, it's here!!

The demon tests the invisible barrier and SNARLS.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack grins as Kylie slumps onto the mattress.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Kylie! It's here!

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cassandra brandishes the flare and the demon retreats a bit.
Suddenly it SNIFFS the air, as if catching a scent. It GROWLS
excitedly and leaps into the mirror, vanishing.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Kylie lays on the mattress, nearly still.

KYLIE

(slurring)

Jack. Don't.

The lights FLICKER. The mirror grows dark. The Incubus appears in the glass.

Jack winces in pain and rubs his chest.

JACK
 (to Kylie)
 Ooof. My friend's hunger pangs put
 a bit of stress on the system --
 Cassie sure didn't lie about how
 hungry he gets.

The Incubus steps through the mirror into the world. The monster's face, finally fully and clearly revealed in the light, IS JACK'S FACE, but feral and grotesque.

JACK (CONT'D)
 And just so you know, Kylie? You
 were always every bit as pretty as
 your sister. Every bit! But just a
 tad... mature for our tastes.

He draws her shirt open, caressing her stomach.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Of course, the ritual don't care
 who does the honors -- you, Lexa,
 Cassie. So why don't you choose?
 You *really* prepared to make a
 sacrifice? Or was that just talk?

Jack sees her fingers twitch.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Let's say we find out... You are
 going to say one name: "Lexa" or
 "Cassandra."

The Incubus licks Kylie's neck.

JACK (CONT'D)
 If you say anything else -- or
 nothing at all -- you're gonna
 learn what "sacrifice" really
 means. Twenty seconds to decide.

Jack eyes his watch. Seconds tick by. The Incubus unhinges its jaw to reveal a mouth like a lamprey's, concentric rows of hooked teeth encircling a snaking tongue.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lexa paces, twitching with nerves.

CASSANDRA
Something's wrong. Should have
heard something by now.

LEXA
We're not supposed to leave the
circle.

Cassandra steps out of the circle.

LEXA (CONT'D)
Mom!

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

The second hand of Jack's watch completes its circuit.

JACK
Time's up. Who's it gonna be? You,
or...?

KYLIE
Lexa.

JACK
Yeah, in the end, the choice isn't
really a hard one. Believe me, I
know.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Gravel CRUNCHES outside. The door swings open. Kylie enters,
pallid and shaky. Jack follows. The 9MM PISTOL is tucked into
his waistband in back, unseen by the others.

CASSANDRA
What happened!?

JACK
Nada, so far.

CASSANDRA
It was here! We called you!

JACK
We didn't hear nothing but the
wind. And it's been, well,
uneventful. Right Kylie?

CASSANDRA
(to Kylie)
Jeez, are you okay?

KYLIE
Feel a little sick.

CASSANDRA
More than a little, looks like.

JACK
I got some stomach medicine in my
first aid kit in the truck.
Cassandra, could you go get it?
Keys are in the other cabin.

CASSANDRA
Keep an eye on Lexa.

Cassandra rushes out.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Kylie sits next to Lexa, throws an arm around her shoulders.

KYLIE
It's going to be okay, Lexa.

Hidden from Lexa's view, Kylie's hand FLICKS THE CAP OFF THE
SYRINGE.

JACK
Best get on with it.

Shaking with stress and reluctance, Kylie guides the needle
toward Lexa.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cassandra sees the keys next to the syringe. She pockets
them, but puzzles over the syringe, which, completely
depressed, leaks a drop of fluid: *it's been used*.

She sees the mirror. There's MELTING FROST around the edges.

CASSANDRA
Oh, no.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

KYLIE
I can't.

LEXA
Aunt Kylie?

JACK

You'd be surprised at what you can
do when you have to.

Lexa GASPS when she sees the needle and jumps away. She
shoots a betrayed look at Kylie.

JACK (CONT'D)

Goddamn it. We do it the hard way.

He throws Lexa onto the mattress.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Kylie)

Get the mirror inside the circle
with her. Now!

Lexa lunges past Jack. He whirls, grabs her, spinning her
around and -- He HOWLS in pain. Kylie WITHDRAWS THE EMPTY
SYRINGE from Jack's neck. Lexa wrenches herself free.

KYLIE

Lexa -- run!

She does. Jack pulls the 9mm and glares at Kylie.

JACK

Bad girl.

The lights FLICKER. The mirror darkens. Kylie jumps into the
protection circle just as the Incubus steps out of the mirror
into the cabin.

EXT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cassandra exits with the flashlight and a flare, hampered by
her usual limping gait. Lexa sprints toward her.

LEXA

Mom! It's not Mr. Sanz! It's Jack!

CASSANDRA

I know! Stay with me!

They flee from the cabins toward a cluster of camp
administration and support buildings.

INT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

JACK

(to the Incubus)

Dinner bell's ringing.

The Incubus darts outside, inhumanly fast. Jack takes a step toward Kylie and suddenly totters.

JACK (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He aims the gun at Kylie, blinking eyes that won't focus. He STAGGERS AND FALLS backward out of the cabin.

EXT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack lies in a heap at the bottom of the cabin steps. Kylie steps down and takes the 9mm.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Cassandra and Lexa lock the door behind them. Keeping low in the dark, they creep past communal tables.

EXT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack is conscious but immobile.

KYLIE

I get it now. Those "accidents" here at the camp. Jesus, Jack, you let it prey on the kids for years! That was your plan for us right? We'd have some kind of "accident" too?

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Behind Cassandra and Lexa, the door RATTLES. Two glowing yellow eyes stare through the door's glass window. The demon SMASHES into the door, which bulges inward.

CASSANDRA

Go!

Cassandra and Lexa race for the far exit, but Cassandra can't match her daughter's pace. Behind her, the door SPLINTERS as the demon lunges through.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Kylie! Help!!

The Incubus strides ahead, arms outstretched. It rakes its claws on tabletops, the SKREEEK of nails on a chalkboard.

EXT. LEXA'S CABIN - NIGHT

CASSANDRA (O.S.)
Kylie! Help -- it's here!!

KYLIE
Damn it!

She races away. Jack's hands slowly ball into fists.

INT. DINING HALL - PREP KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassandra and Lexa burst inside. Two options:

-- Straight, through a metal door into a walk-in freezer; or
-- Right, outside to a delivery/loading area.

CASSANDRA
I'll never outrun it. But I can
keep you safe.

Cassandra pulls the freezer door open to reveal a metal room lined with empty food racks. Between the wide-open door and the wall is space for Lexa to hide.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Stay here. When it comes inside for
me, close the door and lock it in.

She hands the flashlight to Lexa and steps into the freezer.

LEXA
Mom, no!

CASSANDRA
I've been fighting this demon all
my life. If you don't have to,
nothing else matters.

She hands Lexa the car keys.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Drive like we practiced. Just get
far away.

LEXA
No!

CASSANDRA
Yes... Please do this for me.

Lexa reluctantly hides behind the door. She holds back tears, striving to stay silent and still. The Incubus enters and approaches, SKREEKING gouges into countertops.

INCUBUS
Mmmmmm, Cassandra...

Cassandra backs into the metal freezer.

CASSANDRA
Not a little girl anymore. Not
frozen in my bed.

The demon plunges into the freezer. Lexa SLAMS the door, bolts it shut. She rushes outside.

LEXA
Aunt Kylie! Here! Aunt Kylie!!

INT. DINING HALL - FREEZER - NIGHT

Cassandra ignites a flare. Red flames reflect off the walls -- a glowing hellscape. The demon creeps warily closer.

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - RIFLE RANGE - NIGHT

Dawn approaches, the sky brightens.

Jack runs to a shack and SHATTERS a window, reaches inside, unlocks the door. Disappears inside. He returns, slipping cartridges into a .22 rifle.

EXT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Sprinting to the dining hall, Kylie nearly runs into Lexa.

LEXA
Aunt Kylie! My mom! She's locked
inside the freezer with it!

She points to the kitchen entrance.

KYLIE
Get as far away as you can. I'll
help your mom.

Kylie takes the flashlight from Lexa and hands Lexa the 9mm.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
You know how to use this?

LEXA
Jack taught me.

KYLIE
If he gets near you...

Lexa nods and runs for the car.

INT. DINING HALL - FREEZER - NIGHT

Cassandra thrusts the flare at the Incubus. It steps closer.

INCUBUS
Missed you, Cassandra.

She backs into the corner. The demon snatches her wrist. The flare drops. The creature throws her down. She struggles, but it easily pins her wrists above her head.

INCUBUS (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm, missed you so.

Claws tug down the waistband of her jeans. Cassandra SPITS into its face. Its mouth gapes. Rows of hooked teeth descend and -- A STARBURST OF LIGHT EXPLODES in the room. The Incubus HOWLS as steam rises from its skin.

Standing in the doorway, Kylie blasts 100,000 lumens of light onto the SCREAMING creature. It recoils. Cassandra wrenches away. Scrambles for the door. The demon scrabbles after her. Too late. Cassandra is free.

Kylie TOSSES IN THE FLASHLIGHT, filling the room with blinding glare. CLANG, the door is sealed. CLUNK, locked.

The creature thrashes blindly to extinguish the light that scorches its skin. It grasps the lamp, HOWLING in pain, and SMASHES it. Darkness returns, the creature ROARS.

EXT. VISTA DEL ARROYO RANCH - DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

Reaching the car, Lexa searches for the right key. BANG! A puff of dirt erupts from the ground by her foot. Jack sights her down a rifle barrel.

JACK
Gun.

Lexa places the gun on the hood.

JACK (CONT'D)
Keys.

She tosses the keys to him. He approaches. Picks up the pistol. Tosses the rifle.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's my little girl.

LEXA
I am not your little girl!

She lashes out with a kick to Jack's knee, which POPS and buckles.

JACK
Gahhhh! Little bitch!

Jack falls, pulling them both to the ground. Lexa bites his forearm, drawing blood, but he maneuvers like a wrestler and crooks his arm around her neck -- a sleeper hold.

Her eyes roll up. Her body goes limp.

INT. PREP KITCHEN - DAY

The demon HISSES and BANGS and SCRAPES inside the freezer.

CASSANDRA
What if it gets out?

KYLIE
Let it. Look.

Visible outside the door, golden sunlight stripes the ground.

CASSANDRA
... Where's Jack? If he brings that thing a mirror... He'll let it escape if we don't kill it now!

KYLIE
How? Even if we burn down the building around it, that freezer is like a steel vault... We trapped it in the only place where we can't hurt it!

CASSANDRA
Well there has to be something we that would lure it out of there.

They puzzle this out for a second and Kylie's face lights up briefly, then dims with disappointment. Cassandra shoots a quizzical look

KYLIE
Never mind. Bad idea.

CASSANDRA
What?

KYLIE
A mirror -- like you said, that's the only way it can escape, before nightfall anyway. But the last thing we want to do is give it a chance to get out...

Cassandra frowns. But a hard smile creeps onto her face.

CASSANDRA
No. We do -- we absolutely do. That's how we going to kill it.

Kylie shakes her head slowly.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
We have to get the mirrors right now! The only thing we can't risk is Jack getting his hands on one first!...

Kylie remains visibly skeptical.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
I know this will work... Kylie, I really need you to believe me now.

KYLIE
I believe you... Tell me what to do.

EXT. LEXA'S CABIN - DAY

Jack, slowed by his injured leg, drags Lexa across the lawn.

Cassandra exits the cabin, struggling a bit with the large silver-edged mirror. She freezes on seeing Jack and Lexa.

JACK
Wouldn't break that if I were you. That'd be very bad luck indeed.

He points the 9mm at Lexa's head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here's what you do. Take that to my friend. *Right now.*
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Lexa and me'll be in my cabin, and every minute you're gone, I'm going to stick her with one of those syringes -- until either my friend joins us or she stops breathing...

CASSANDRA

Jack, don't do this! Please!

JACK

I wouldn't dawdle.

Vibrating with impotent rage, Cassandra hurries away with the mirror. Jack tugs Lexa toward his cabin nearby.

EXT. DINING HALL - DAY

Outside the prep kitchen door, Kylie waits anxiously as Cassandra arrives with the silver-edged mirror.

KYLIE

I'm all set.

CASSANDRA

We're too late. Jack's got Lexa! If we don't the demon jump to his cabin, he'll kill her. But if we do, they'll both...

KYLIE

Oh, Cassie!... Maybe if we do what he says, we can buy some time and --

CASSANDRA

No. I promised that I would never let that thing touch her again... That it could never have her... However this turns out, I can give her that much.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Jack wrestles Lexa inside as the girl begins to stir.

INT. DINING HALL - PREP KITCHEN - DAY

Cassandra steps in front of the freezer. Holding the silver-edged mirror, she withdraws the door's locking pin. Opens the freezer door. The demon's yellow eyes glow in the dark.

She retreats from the freezer, holding the mirror in front of her like a shield. The demon steps forward into the half-light. Grinning, savoring the moment.

CASSANDRA

Just let her go. Take me instead. I won't fight you anymore.

She backs away as it approaches.

INCUBUS

Take you. Yesssss....

The demon CHUCKLES, a rasping, unsettling sound.

INCUBUS (CONT'D)

And Lexa...

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Jack dumps Lexa on the bed. He makes sure the blackout shades are drawn tight and the room is dim.

Lexa shakily tries to get up.

JACK

Oh no you don't.

Jack totters to the desk. Grabs a syringe. Thumb on plunger, poised to strike...

JACK (CONT'D)

You know, my friend is going to appreciate a more... docile companion when he steps through that --

He suddenly notices -- the space where the brass-edged mirror *should be* is empty.

INT. DINING HALL - PREP KITCHEN - DAY

The demon approaches Cassandra, menacing, teeth bared. It nearly has her in reach when Cassandra's voice crackles with such surprising strength and menace, the creature flinches.

CASSANDRA

My daughter is never going to know the hell you took me to... So you can go back there empty-handed, you worthless piece of shit!

The incubus coils to spring, claws splayed, toothy maw agape.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Kylie, now!!!

Cassandra swivels the SILVER-EDGED MIRROR, changing its angle of reflection. The Incubus no longer sees *itself* reflected. It sees 90 degrees off -- through the prep kitchen's open door to the outside, where Kylie quickly aligns the BRASS-EDGED MIRROR.

EXT. DINING HALL - DAY

Kylie reflects sunlight through the open prep kitchen door and directly onto --

INT. DINING HALL - PREP KITCHEN - DAY

... Cassandra's mirror, which reflects it onto the demon, bathing it in blinding light.

The shocked Incubus EXPLODES into CRACKLING flames, SHRIEKING in agony and desperately scrambling backward into the freezer.

CASSANDRA

About time we brought you into the light.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

JACK

What did you --

Jack GRUNTS AND CHOKES, clutching his chest. He collapses, writhing and struggling to breathe. Lexa lurches to her feet and looms over Jack.

INT. DINING HALL - FREEZER - DAY

Cassandra tracks the demon, blasting it with the reflected light, clearly relishing the demon's prolonged agony.

The Incubus SHRIEKS, flesh falling off its body in smoking chunks. It BASHES again and again against the steel wall. It flails desperately for escape.

There is none.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Cassandra and Lexa open the shades, spilling bright light onto Jack as Kylie examines him on the floor. He's conscious, but sweaty, pallid.

KYLIE

Heart attack. Right when the demon died.

CASSANDRA

Selene said they were "connected. Body and soul..." With it dead, is he going to live?

KYLIE

Possible. Not that he deserves to. I'll get the truck.

CASSANDRA

Take your time.

Kylie hurries out.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Even now, I bet she'll try to save you. Doctor. Swore an oath... But you know what, Jack? I didn't.

Cassandra picks up a syringe, flicks off the cap.

JACK

No... Please...

Cassandra STABS THE SYRINGE into his neck. Within moments, he's paralyzed, with only his eyes able to move and register his terror. From his view on the floor, Cassandra and Lexa look like avenging angels HALOED IN LIGHT from the sun outside.

Cassandra holds out a hand, palm up. Taking her mother's lead, Lexa solemnly lays another syringe on it. Cassandra JABS THE NEEDLE into Jack.

She leans in close to hold his gaze and whisper...

CASSANDRA

Should I stop, Jack?

She injects the drug slowly, as if transferring a thousand moments of anguish into him by milliliters.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Just say "stop," if that's what you
 want.

His lips turn blue and a tear trickles down his face as his
 breathing ceases.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Cassandra makes no effort to hide the syringes as Kylie
 enters.

CASSANDRA
 He didn't make it.

Kylie freezes when she realizes what's happened, but her
 expression softens with understanding and compassion. She
 nods.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Will they do an autopsy for a heart
 attack?

KYLIE
 No. And if anyone asks, I tell them
 the truth about what happened -- he
 was beyond saving.

Jack's mouth gapes open in a frozen scream, recalling the one
 Janelle's corpse exhibited at autopsy.

EXT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

A car door SLAMS. Linda runs to the cabin.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Linda enters, breathless.

LINDA
 Girls! Oh thank god, you're okay!

They part, revealing Jack's body. Linda reaches toward him,
 her expression mixing sadness with *relief*.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Your dad, is he...?

CASSANDRA
 He was never our father.

Linda slumps against the wall.

LINDA

I wanted him to be that. More than anything.

KYLIE

More than keeping Cassie safe.

LINDA

No! I tried to warn you but the phone --

KYLIE

Not tonight! You saw it at the clinic and you didn't say anything.

CASSANDRA

What!?

LINDA

I wanted to but Jack -- you don't know what he can be like!

CASSANDRA

The fuck we don't.

KYLIE

How long after we moved into that house did you suspect what he was all about? Or was having the life you always wanted worth the cost?

LINDA

Not just for me -- I wanted a better life for you! I didn't *know*.

KYLIE

Only because you didn't want to.

EXT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Kylie, Cassandra and Lexa march to the truck. Linda follows.

CASSANDRA

You don't speak to us again. Ever.

Kylie climbs into the driver's seat with Cassandra at her side, Lexa in back

LINDA

I'm still your mother!

CASSANDRA
My mom died a long time ago.

Linda sinks to the ground, emotionally destroyed.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Kylie opens her mouth to say something, but struggles to find the words. She stops the car, hugs Cassandra. Lexa leans forward from the back seat and joins in.

CASSANDRA
Love you.

KYLIE
Love you too... You guys good?

CASSANDRA
No. Not sure I never will be... But I think I'm finally okay.

LEXA
Me too.

CASSANDRA
Got our lives back. Don't have to be afraid all the time... Weird feeling -- actually getting what you want.

KYLIE
Hope you get used to it.

LEXA
Just one thing I want. Think I can get it now...

KYLIE
What's that?

LEXA
A good night's sleep.

The truck kicks up dust as it races out the camp gate.

FADE OUT.