

PARASOMNIA

Written by

Jon Nalick

(626) 261-0657  
nalick01@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. MILLS HOME - DAY

SUPER: 2004

A sprawling two-story bungalow looms above this Southern California street of pricey homes and manicured lawns.

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

CASSANDRA MILLS, 15, anxious and haunted, stares into the bathroom mirror. Dark circles under red-rimmed eyes. She tugs down her collar to reveal a PURPLE HICKEY low on her neck. Shame and dread darken her expression.

INT. KYLIE'S CAR - DAY

KYLIE MILLS, 17, with an intellectual and serious air, drives into a school parking lot as Cassandra stares out the window.

KYLIE

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Approaching her desk in the art classroom, Cassandra freezes. She glowers at a large painting at the back of the room -- a portrait of a SHADOWY FIGURE who beckons.

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

JANELLE

Cassandra! I finished our yearbook  
page! Do you love it!?

Janelle displays a collage of images, mostly of Cassandra and Janelle goofing and smiling.

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

MR. SANZ

Janelle, take a seat... We received  
the results of the districtwide art  
competition this morning and I am  
happy to announce Cassandra Mills's  
painting took first place!

He points to the painting. Students APPLAUD.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

Also, Kim Nguyen was honored for...

A HISS of white noise drowns out the classroom. Time slows. Cassandra strides to her painting and grabs paint thinner from a cabinet, sprays the canvas, flicks the lighter in her hand. Flames erupt: WHOOMP! Students flee.

Cassandra SCREAMS at the burning image.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

A balding PSYCHIATRIST sits in his office 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

... stable now but will need to continue with the medication for the long term. She also reports suffering sleep disturbances going back months... Sleep paralysis, most likely.

LINDA

I'm sorry -- what?

PSYCHIATRIST

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

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MILLS HOME - NIGHT

A *Mean Girls* movie poster and artistic pencil sketches decorate Cassandra's room.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

But sometimes, your brain gets the timing wrong.

Cassandra, asleep in bed, JOLTS, and goes limp. Her terrified eyes open, dart to immobile arms and legs.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)  
It paralyzes you even though you're  
still partly awake.

Something in the shadows RUSTLES, moving closer.

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 PRESENT

Linda stiffens. Jack and the psychiatrist turn to her.

LINDA  
I thought it was just for the  
attention. I mean, teenage girls...

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 it's haunted.

INT. 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 - DAY

Cassandra trudges out of a 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 disappears into the stall. Linda's cheery expression evaporates.

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, *ghosts*? You don't really believe...

CASSANDRA (O.S.)  
 Not a ghost. It's... worse.

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... *did things*.

LINDA  
 Really. What did it do?

Cassandra's jaw quivers. She opens her mouth to speak, but grows flustered, turning away.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

CASSANDRA  
(whispering)  
I can't take any more.

LINDA  
That makes two of us!

Linda storms out.

MERCHANDISE FLOOR - LATER

Linda flips through dresses on a rack, not really looking at them. Cassandra approaches.

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 beams, offering an all-is-forgiven smile.

LINDA  
Doesn't it feel better to tell the  
truth?

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

In her bathroom, Cassandra plucks pills from various prescription bottles and dutifully swallows them. WHITE FROST blooms on the edges of the mirror with a CRİK-CRİK sound. Cassandra GASPS.

The mirror dims, becoming a two-dimensional portal to a world of roiling black smoke. Her knuckles blanch as she grips the edge of the sink and squeezes her eyes shut. She opens her eyes. The room is back to normal.

INT. 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. CASSANDRA'S ROOM - DAY

Cassandra types on her computer keyboard.

INSERT -- HER JOURNAL

Letters quickly appear: "May 18. Maybe it's over? No more nightmares. Been almost a whole month since" --

BACK TO SCENE

She freezes, worried. She scrolls back several pages to an earlier entry.

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. Worse this time. 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)  
Please, 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. 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 already are, 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 won't let go. Kylie's face  
clouds with doubt.

INT. 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...  
You can tell your mom I'm better  
and -- Oh. Guess I don't blame her.

LATER

The angle of the light changes swiftly as hours pass.  
Cassandra hugs her legs to her chest, crying. As the light  
fades, she lifts her head: she looks angry now, and defiant.

KITCHEN - LATER

Cassandra SLOSHES coffee into a thermos.

PARENTS' BEDROOM - LATER

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

CASSANDRA'S ROOM - LATER

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.

LATER

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

LATER

The ceiling light and nightstand lamp FLICKER in unison. From the backroom a soft CRİK-CRIK sounds. Cassie's body jolts, and then goes limp. Her eyes open and see the gun -- but her limp body won't respond.

Unseen in the dark, the INCUBUS, an ancient demon whose voice is a mix of wet sibilants, overstretched vowels, and broken-glass consonants CHUCKLES, a chilling, unnatural sound.

INCUBUS (O.S.)  
Mmmm, Cassandra.

A shadow engulfs the girl on the bed and the world goes dark.

INT. 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 - DAY

In a waiting room, Jack and Linda huddle with a NEUROSURGEON.

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

The doctor exits. Jack hugs Linda.

JACK  
You listen here. She's going to  
make it. Understand?

LINDA

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

JACK

Hush with that now... And so you know? I been here before... My older sister Susan. When she was 16. Had issues too on account of my mother being... the way she was.

Janelle rushes in from the elevator, her outfit a riot of colors that clash with the somber surroundings. She scans Jack and Linda's expressions intently for clues.

JANELLE

Is she going to be okay?

Hearing no immediate reassurance, Janelle SOBS. Linda hugs her. Jack pats the girl's shoulder awkwardly.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - NIGHT

SUPER: Present Day

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

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

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

A dim room similar to a standard hotel accommodation.

Wires from medical monitors affix to the scalp of a SWEATING GIRL, 8, who PANTS. 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. Partly why I got into sleep medicine.

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.

As Kylie turns away, her reassuring expression turns dark.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

In her bathroom, Cassandra, now 33, inserts an artificial eye into her empty right eye socket. There's an oblong scar near her right temple, partially hidden by prematurely gray hair.

Her hands and face twitch sporadically, a condition that grows pronounced when she is stressed. She stares into a reflection that bears the weight of 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 skeptical.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Three o'clock.

Lexa grabs her backpack.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Forget something?...

LEXA

Awww, c'mon, mom.

Furtively and fast, Lexa hugs her mom and flees.

CASSANDRA

Love you!

Lexa puts the car in gear. She sees a truck driven by Mr. Sanz, now in his 40s, drive past. She tracks him with an odd, wistful expression.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

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

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 - 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 PRESENT

A car HONKS, startling Cassandra from her reverie.

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small utilitarian apartment. Cassandra enters, walking with a stiff gait. She drops several envelopes marked "PAST DUE" on the counter.

A clock on the counter reads "9:15 a.m." as she fills a water glass with white wine.

BEDROOM - LATER

The bedroom doubles as a graphic artist's workspace, with desk and computer. Cassandra draws on a digital tablet. Her phone BUZZES with a 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 *DEMONOLOGY*. She closes the box with an embarrassed look.

She grabs the phone and notices on her bookshelf the *2004 Mid-Valley High School Yearbook*.

KITCHEN - LATER

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 and impulsively picks up the phone.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

INT. CASSANDRA'S 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.)

Shit!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cassandra's car lurches to a stop. Lexa climbs in.

INT. CASSANDRA'S CAR - DAY

CASSANDRA

Oh, baby girl, I'm so sorry! I was  
on deadline and --

LEXA

Just stop making promises, okay?  
(under her breath)  
You're less disappointing that way.

Cassandra looks away, visibly stung.

INT. CASSANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lexa and Cassandra eat dinner at the table. Cassandra picks up a wine bottle and catches Lexa watching her. Cassandra pours 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 pours wine generously into 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 start to believe  
the most... awful things.



LEXA

Like what?

CASSANDRA

... Better start your homework.

INT. CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 2:11 a.m. Cassandra sits at her workstation, drawing. A faint CREAKING sound catches her attention as the lights FLICKER. She listens briefly and returns to work.

LEXA'S ROOM

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

CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM

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

HALLWAY

Cassandra approaches Lexa's room, straining to hear.

LEXA'S ROOM

Silhouetted in the doorway, Cassandra checks on her daughter.

CASSANDRA

Lexa? What's --

She sees Lexa. The girl's eyes are open, her body limp.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Honey? Wake up! Wake up!

Under Cassandra's ministrations, Lexa regains the ability to move. She sits up and hugs her mom, 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.

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

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

Lexa shivers at the memory.

CASSANDRA  
He was here, in this room?

LEXA  
Well, in my dream.

Cassandra holds her daughter tight, too tight.

CASSANDRA  
Where did he go?

Lexa points into the dark bathroom. Cassandra creeps to the door, reaches a shaking hand inside and flicks on the light.

#### BATHROOM

Neat, tidy and unremarkable. Cassandra snatches back the shower curtain. Nothing. She exhales and grips the sink, catching her breath.

She looks up and sees WHITE FROST coating the perimeter of the mirror. Its center darkens, black smoke roiling on the other side. From within, a DARK SHADOW lunges toward her.

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

## LEXA'S ROOM

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

LEXA

Mom! Are you okay? Mom!?

Cassandra stares horror-stricken into the bathroom.

## CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lexa sleeps in Cassandra's bed, and Cassandra sits at her workstation, rubbing the back of her head. Twitching, she pores over the *Demonology* book, which is open to a page showing a MONSTROUS FIGURE looming over a sleeping woman.

Cassandra pauses and looks at her daughter with an expression of maternal protectiveness and growing anger. She SNAPS the book shut.

## INT. CASSANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

LEXA

Mom? Helloooo? Matriarchal figure?

## EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The world looks too bright, too washed out, as Cassandra propels a full shopping cart to her car. She's disheveled, sweaty, 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 menacingly. He backs away, but pulls out a phone and photographs her license plate. She speeds away, nearly hitting 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 bright and desaturated, shaking and tilting.

CASSANDRA

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

She clutches her head. A LOUD WHINE masks all other sound, then, cutting through it:

INCUBUS (V.O.)

Cassandra. Such a pretty, pretty girl.

She SCREAMS at the unwanted memory. The world goes white.

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

Jack and Linda watch TV in the living room. 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 - DAY

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

CASSANDRA

Let me out! It's coming for my daughter! You have to let me out!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack and Linda wait on a lobby bench, looking tired. 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

And 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 lawsuit?

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  
litigation don't end us, I guess  
the bureaucrats will...

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

You here visiting?

KYLIE

No. I'm local.

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.

INT. KYLIE'S CAR - DAY

Driving past 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

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*.

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

LEXA  
Wish she could be again...

KYLIE  
Me too.

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. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kylie enters and startles at seeing taped newspaper pages  
covering the mirror.

LIVING ROOM

Lexa watches a movie on her laptop. Kylie enters.

KYLIE

What's with the bathroom mirror?

LEXA

Yeah. mine was like that, 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 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. 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 frames Lexa's foggy silhouette -- then abruptly stops. Lexa peeks out of the shower.

LEXA  
Hello?

LEXA'S ROOM - LATER

Lexa sleeps in bed.

BATHROOM

In the mirror, black mist shrouds glowing YELLOW EYES.

LIVING ROOM

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

LEXA'S ROOM

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. She sees Kylie looking compassionately, but skeptically at her.

LEXA (CONT'D)  
The bathroom?

BATHROOM

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. 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.

KYLIE  
No one here either.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

KYLIE  
... Sleep paralysis. Textbook presentation.

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

KYLIE  
You know what an optical illusion is?

Lexa's expression is one teens reserve for especially stupid adults.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Same kind of thing. Just a mental hiccup. But it can be really scary.

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 - 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 too?

KYLIE

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

LEXA

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

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Cassandra's room consists of just a bed, a chair, and a desk. She looks up as a KNOCK at the door sounds.

NURSE (O.S.)

Cassandra, you have a visitor.

Kylie enters.

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  
Last night -- what happened?!

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! Tell me!

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

CASSANDRA  
No, Kylie! You can't do this again! Not to her too!

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  
Sleep paralysis, it's a common parasomnia that we can treat --

Cassandra's face and hands twitch.

CASSANDRA  
You can't treat what she has.

KYLIE  
Which is?

CASSANDRA

A demon. An *incubus*.

KYLIE

Like, the same kind 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. Longer even. I tried to tell 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 most, and it came for me. You *cannot* do that to her. Promise me you won't leave her alone tonight.

KYLIE

I promise. Full disclosure -- she asked for a sleep study and 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 - NIGHT

The control room consists of a few chairs and a computerized panel. A dark glass window looks into the adjacent patient sleeping room.

ARTURO, 50s, a jovial 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. My niece, she... 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, actually. 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. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Alongside her peers, Lexa paints a photorealistic scene.

MR. SANZ (O.S.)

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

Lexa startles at his unexpected appearance.

MR. SANZ (CONT'D)

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

He rests his hands on her shoulders. She shifts awkwardly.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - NIGHT

Lexa slips under the sheets in the patient's room. 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?

CONTROL ROOM - LATER

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.

PATIENT ROOM

Awake, Linda sees the control room light click on.

CONTROL ROOM

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 Cassie's friend, Janelle Baxter?

LINDA

Oh, that poor girl!

KYLIE

When Cassie was in the hospital, I made a wish that it would be anyone but her who died... 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... It doesn't actually...

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.

## PATIENT ROOM

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

INCUBUS (O.S.)  
Pretty Lexa.

## CONTROL ROOM

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

Unseen until this moment, the creature remains difficult to discern: it seems to be a shadow made solid. Its outline wavers like a mirage. Darkness shrouds its face. 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.

## PATIENT ROOM

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.

## CONTROL ROOM

Kylie's eyes widen as she sees the demon on the screen. Shock quickly gives way to horror.

KYLIE  
Lexa!

She slaps the control panel. Lights FLARE, but an electrical ZZZT sounds. Lights in both rooms STROBE. Kylie dashes out the door.

## PATIENT ROOM

As the lights flash, the Incubus SNARLS and retreats.

CONTROL ROOM

Linda stares into the monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

The Incubus looks into the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

Linda GASPS at what the monitor reveals.

PATIENT ROOM

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

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

PATIENT BATHROOM

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.

PATIENT ROOM

Linda enters, dazed, and cradles Lexa, who is 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

I, uh... No. I... the lights were flashing and... Honestly, I don't understand what's going on.

KYLIE

I think the only one who does is Cassandra. I think she has all along.

INT. CASSANDRA'S 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.

LEXA'S ROOM

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.

CASSANDRA

Lexa?

LEXA'S ROOM

CASSANDRA

Lexa?

Kylie and Lexa sleep on the bed. 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 exits. Cassandra lays next to and cradles her daughter, a jumble of emotions: relief, 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...

She turns away, eyes shut tight.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

My baby girl, did it...?

LEXA

What? No! Mom, no, 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 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 too?... It's too much.

KYLIE  
If you had seen it... And 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, better call the *New York Times*! Kylie, she's schizophrenic!

Cassandra announces her presence, surprising everyone:

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

Nice recovery.

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

'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. 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 I ever wanted 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 when they don't love you back. 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

Yup. Just wouldn't have given a damn.

INT. CASSANDRA'S 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  
Yes. I mean *exactly*.

CASSANDRA  
I drew that 18 years ago.

KYLIE  
Okay. Crazy as this is, it's real.

CASSANDRA  
Unfortunately, knowing it's real doesn't change anything. It's like having an incurable disease.

KYLIE  
Well... Maybe that's what we do, treat it like a new disease. Take a history and look at the data. Figure out a treatment. Maybe a cure.

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 we know about it?

Cassandra stares out the window into the dark.

CASSANDRA

It's like an addict. Each time it needs more and more for its fix.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra is 15 and paralyzed in her bed. A demonic tongue slimes her neck.

The monster's grating voice intones:

INCUBUS (O.S.)

The choice is yours. Say "stop" if that's your wish.

Her eyes scream "Stop!" -- but paralysis renders her mute. The demon CHUCKLES, self-amused and cruel.

Cassandra's face jostles as the bed CREAKS. Her face looms closer, magnified in the extreme. One of her eyes fills the view, the colored filaments of her iris and her black pupil jostling rhythmically with the CREAKING of the bed.

The world goes black.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

And every time, it takes a bigger piece of you with it. A part of your soul you can never get back.

BACK TO PRESENT

Kylie and Lexa stare at Cassandra with concern.

CASSANDRA

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

KYLIE

It stopped before -- right after  
you...

CASSANDRA

I was in an induced coma for more  
than a month and doped up a long  
time after that. I think it enjoys  
you knowing 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. 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*.

LATER

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.

LATER

Kylie closes her book, clicks off the light.

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 claw-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.

## LEXA'S ROOM

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.

## LIVING ROOM

The Incubus steps to the TV, stops, reaches for the candle.

## LEXA'S ROOM

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.

## LIVING ROOM

Kylie hurries in to see that the candle, overturned onto the rug, has sparked a 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. Gonna stay a while.

Cassandra disappears through a door. Lexa smiles and waves.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Linda and Kylie do dishes.

KYLIE

You ever miss dad?

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.

JACK

Woman, beer me!

She trades his empty beer for a fresh one. 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. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

JACK

The hell?

On the floor, salt lines the width of the doorway. Jack shakes his head and continues down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - 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.)  
Lexa. Pretty, pretty girl.

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

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Kylie, Cassandra and Lexa pore over books on religion and magic, taking notes. They look exhausted, but determined.

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

KYLIE  
Lexa, find anything useful?

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

CASSANDRA  
*What?*

LEXA  
Just kidding.

CASSANDRA  
Damn it, Lexa! This is serious!

LEXA  
Whoa, mom! Just trying to lighten the mood.

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

PATRONS turns and stare. Cassandra, shaking with emotion, hurriedly limps away. Lexa looks stung by the rebuke.

KYLIE  
She's just frustrated.

LEXA  
I know... But if we haven't found anything since the last new moon, I'm not sure another couple weeks...



KYLIE

Don't say that. We're just getting started.

Kylie hands Lexa a legal pad whose top page consists of a long handwritten list. Lexa examines it and looks up with hint of hope.

MONTAGE -- A SEARCH FOR HELP

-- A SHOPKEEPER slides an antique book, DEMONS AND DEVILS, into a bag, and hands it to Kylie.

-- A PSYCHIC reads Lexa's palm, smiling and enthusiastic. Cassandra, angry, pulls Lexa from the room.

-- Kylie's pen crosses two items off the legal pad's list.

-- In a dim room, Lexa sits in the center of a pentagram. TWO WICCANS walk the perimeter holding smoking branches of sage. The Wiccans look as self-satisfied as Lexa looks skeptical.

-- Cassandra sits across from an IMAM in his office, displaying her sketch of the Incubus. He shakes his head slowly, eying her with concern.

-- Kylie's pen crosses another item off. Four remain.

-- A new age BOUTIQUE OWNER nods and gestures expansively to Cassandra, stacking crystals, herbs and candles by the cash register and too-eagerly ringing up a sale of \$615. Kylie walks out, disgusted.

-- Cassandra reads DEMONS AND DEVILS with irritation. She drops it in the trash.

EXT. MILLS HOME - NIGHT

Cassandra paces in the backyard, smoking a cigarette as Kylie approaches.

KYLIE

Hey, you okay?

CASSANDRA

No! We only have two days left until...

KYLIE

We'll find a way.

CASSANDRA

How! No one *knows* anything. They're just guessing! Unless we can find someone who has actually confronted one of these things themselves...

Kylie bites her lip. Then brightens with inspiration.

KYLIE

Maybe we can.

INT. SLEEP CLINIC - NIGHT

Arturo picks up the RINGING phone.

ARTURO

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

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

Jack enters the living room.

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 concerned 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.

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 on the screen. CLICK -- The "Autopsy Findings - Case Search" appears. Kylie types "Janelle Baxter, 16" into search fields. A result comes up and Kylie clicks "PURCHASE DOCUMENTS."

LATER

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 - DAY

In the autopsy lab, the MEDICAL EXAMINER, 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 PRESENT

Kylie ponders the findings at her desk.

KYLIE

Jesus.

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 a dawning realization.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

If it was done with me, it must have moved on to someone else.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - 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.

(MORE)

KYLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Arturo and Kylie wait as the apartment door swings open to reveal LYNETTE HARRIMAN, 60s, overdressed in a dated evening dress, coifed hair and assertive makeup.

LYNETTE

Oh do come in!

She pulls Arturo inside without looking at Kylie.

INT. 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. Hurt you.

LYNETTE

Did I? Oh, I don't know... Truth be told, I might have just imagined all that...

KYLIE

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

LYNETTE

The lack of sleep, you understand.

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

I know you didn't imagine it. You showed Arturo the bruises.

Lynette's smile falters.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

You don't want to tell me what it did. I understand, I do. But please, it's so important. How did you get rid of it? You have to tell me.

Lynette stands.

LYNETTE

So sorry you couldn't stay longer.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - 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. 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 said I can't help you...  
(beat)  
But I know who can.

EXT. SELENE'S HOUSE - DAY

A ranch-style home on a semi-rural lot.

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. 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 filled with sadness.

SELENE

Then you got to be prepared.

KYLIE

For what?

SELENE

For the worst.

EXT. 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. Even then, 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

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 the familiar 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 fervor wanes.

SELENE (CONT'D)

You best consider 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 - NIGHT

Student art exhibits, paintings and sculptures fill the gym. 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 - NIGHT

Under a bright full moon, Lexa sits on a bench next to the parking lot. 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 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 --

INT. MILLS HOME - 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 it stop. I will. And that thing will *never* touch you again, I...

LEXA

It's okay. You can promise me.

CASSANDRA

I promise.

INT. 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 a good guy.

Cassandra's expression darkens.

LEXA (CONT'D)

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

Cassandra considers. 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

I 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. 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 - DAY

The parking 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 - DAY

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

KYLIE  
She's not answering.

JACK  
Call 911.

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. ART CLASSROOM - DAY

A CHEERLEADER GIRL, 15, and Mr. Sanz tidy up the workspace. As Cassandra watches them 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... What?

Cassandra reaches behind her and grips the weapon. Flicks off  
the safety. Her eyes rage. Face twitches.

CASSANDRA  
No. Fuck it! For all you put us  
through --

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, returns the weapon to her  
waistband, out of sight.

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!? Does she have 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. 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 - 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 know it's him.

They stare each other down.

CASSANDRA

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

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 - DAY

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

JACK

Sticking with this demon thing, huh? Just got one question then... You all crazy!?

CASSANDRA

I am, if 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

If she does, we all do.

JACK

Maybe!

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 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 intensity of 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. Can't *not*... Besides, I  
 like a night under the stars.

KYLIE  
 Thanks, Jack.

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

INT. 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 to the camp, trap it in a ring of salt, and let the morning sun turn it to dust. 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

No! Well, not exactly. It'll come to the camp for Lexa when she falls asleep, but she'll be safe in a protection ring the whole time. It'll be hungry, running out of time before the equinox. And it'll be desperate for helpless prey, which will help us spring the trap. But 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, desperation on her face.

JACK  
 So let's go.

EXT. 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 - 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 circled 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 am.

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

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE - NIGHT

Jack starts a fire in a central fire pit below the stage. Kylie, Lexa and Cassandra sit on audience 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.  
There's a mirror in the cabin so as  
soon as that thing shows up, call  
out. Loud. That's my signal.

LEXA

For what?

KYLIE

To give it what it wants: helpless  
prey.

She reaches into her pocket and displays the glass vial.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Succinylcholine. Used for surgery.  
Too much and you suffocate, but a  
low dose induces general paralysis.  
Once that thing is here, I'll  
inject myself.

CASSANDRA

I don't like this at all.

KYLIE

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 salt circle with a mirror.  
When the demon steps through, Jack  
shatters the mirror -- trapping  
that thing inside the circle.

CASSANDRA

Um, Cassandra? *You'll* be in the  
circle with it.

KYLIE

Not for long. It hates bright  
light.

Jack waggles a road flare in one hand. He flicks on a  
freakishly bright flashlight with the other, accidentally  
flashing Cassandra's eyes.

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... Then we open the curtains  
and wait for the sun to come up and

--

CASSANDRA  
Blast that thing back 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 lay 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 are, doofus.

Cassandra hugs Kylie, who looks surprised and 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, Sanz. Five miles away and... Where are you going?

She startles as the phone CHIRPS.

INT. MILLS HOME - NIGHT

Linda paces, talking on the kitchen 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 RATTLES 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)

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. 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... Still, admirable. Taking the lead. Hell, being the sacrifice.

KYLIE

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

INT. MILLS HOME - 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, 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... Pretty, pretty, girl.

Kylie startles at his phrasing. Her brow furrows.

KYLIE

Your sister died in the spring?

JACK  
Huh? Uh, yeah. June of '68. Why?

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

JACK  
Like I said. Susan sacrificed everything for me... See, my mother allowed a demon -- this very one, actually -- 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 out of the mirror onto the floor. Cassandra lays Lexa down and SPARKS the flare. The creature paces at the edge of the flare's light.

Cassandra shouts to be heard on the moon.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
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. The demon retreats. Suddenly it SNIFFS the air. It GROWLS 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

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 half-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. Ten seconds to decide.

Jack eyes his watch. 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 to peer out a window.

LEXA (CONT'D)  
Mom!

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

The second hand of Jack's watch ticks forward.

JACK  
So who's it gonna be? Gonna put  
your sister through it all again?  
You stepping up, or...?

KYLIE  
... Lexa.

JACK  
So, not *you* then. Yeah, that choice  
ain'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, but she springs up and  
tries to lunge by him, but he's too fast. He 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 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 --

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 grabs 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?"

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. 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 gleaming 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. I'll make sure you don't  
have to.

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, asshole.  
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. FREEZER - NIGHT

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

EXT. 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. FREEZER - NIGHT

Cassandra thrusts the flare at the Incubus. It inches 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 SUPERNOVA 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 leaps 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 reflects from every surface, scorching its skin. It grasps the lamp, HOWLING in pain, and SMASHES it. Darkness returns, the creature ROARS.

EXT. 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 delivers a sharp kick to Jack's knee, which POPS.

JACK

Gahhhh!

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 in a chokehold.

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? He could bring it a mirror -- set it free if we don't kill it!

KYLIE

Kill it *how*? Even if we burn down the building, that freezer is like a steel vault.

CASSANDRA

Lure it out somehow?

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

KYLIE  
Never mind. Bad idea.

CASSANDRA  
What?

KYLIE  
Like you said, it can't escape  
without a mirror, so we might lure  
it out with one -- but then what?  
It's not going chase us out into  
daylight... Way too risky to bring  
it the one thing it needs to get  
away.

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

CASSANDRA  
No, it's not. That's how we going  
to kill it.

Kylie shakes her head slowly.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
We have to get the mirrors -- *now*.  
Before Jack does.

Kylie looks concerned, skeptical.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
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.  
Getcha seven years worth of bad  
luck in less than a second.

He points the 9mm at Lexa's head.



JACK (CONT'D)

Here's what you do. Take that mirror to my friend. 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 really wouldn't dawdle.

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

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 hefts Lexa inside as the girl begins to stir.

INT. 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 Lexa go. Take me instead.  
I won't fight you anymore.

She backs away as it approaches.

INCUBUS

Take you. Yesssss....

The demon CHUCKLES.

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 mirr --

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

INT. PREP KITCHEN - DAY

The demon stalks Cassandra, menacing, teeth bared. But Cassandra's voice crackles with strength and menace:

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 crouches 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 -- out through the prep kitchen's open door 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. PREP KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

CASSANDRA

About time we brought you into the  
light.

INT. JACK'S CABIN - DAY

Jack looks confused and panicked.

JACK

What did you --

He GRUNTS AND CHOKES, clutching his chest. He collapses,  
writhing and struggling to breathe.

INT. 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, flailing 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. When the demon died.

CASSANDRA

Will he live?

KYLIE

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

Kylie hurries out.

CASSANDRA

Even now, 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

Please...

Cassandra STABS THE SYRINGE into his neck. He goes limp, eyes filled with terror. From his view, Cassandra and Lexa look like avenging angels HALOED IN LIGHT from the sun outside.

Cassandra holds out a hand, palm up. Lexa solemnly lays another syringe on it. Cassandra JABS THE NEEDLE into Jack. She leans in close to whisper...

CASSANDRA

The choice is yours, Jack. You want  
me to stop? I will. You just say  
the word.

She injects the drug slowly, staring into his eyes. Try as he might, he can't speak. His breathing stops. His lips turn blue as a tear trickles down his cheek.

LATER

Kylie enters and sees the body. She notices Cassandra holding empty syringes and frowns.

CASSANDRA  
He didn't make it.

Cassandra scans her sister's face for understanding, if not forgiveness, but Kylie appears deeply disturbed.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
Will they do an autopsy?

KYLIE  
Not for a heart attack. But if anyone asks, I'll tell them the truth.

CASSANDRA  
Which is?

KYLIE  
... He was beyond saving.

Cassandra smiles, relieved.

The trio looks down at Jack's body. His mouth gapes as if screaming.

A car door SLAMS outside. The women look to the door as 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  
That's not our dad.

LINDA  
I wanted him to be that. More than anything.

KYLIE  
More than keeping Cassie safe.

LINDA  
I tried to warn you! The phone --

KYLIE

Not *last night!* Her whole life!  
Jesus! 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.

LINDA

I'm still your mother!

CASSANDRA

My mom died a lifetime ago.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - DAY

Driving away, Kylie opens her mouth to speak, but words won't  
come. She stops the car, hugs Cassandra. Lexa joins from the  
back seat.

CASSANDRA

Love you.

KYLIE

Love you too... You guys good?

CASSANDRA

Not sure I never will be... But I think at least... 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.