

SHE IS CHOSEN

written by

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EXT. SUN-HAVEN - EARLY MORNING JUST BEFORE DAY BREAK

A bird's eye view. The town is perfect. Too perfect. The streets are a grid of identical green lawns and beige siding.

THE SOUND OF HYDRAULICS groans in the distance.

A TRASH TRUCK rounds a corner, the heavy clatter of metal bins being hoisted and dumped echoing off the houses. It's the only sign of life-until-

A PAPER GIRL (11) pedaling a bike with oversized tires wobbles into frame. She reaches into a canvas bag slung over her shoulder and flings a rolled-up newspaper.

THUD. It hits a porch with a heavy, final sound.

She pedals on to 903 Cota RD. She doesn't look at the house. She just flings the paper.

THUD.

INT. 903 COTA RD - CONTINUOUS

Just as the rest of the homes look, as does this one nothing special. (builder grade) We see an older two-door car sitting in the driveway.

The camera locks on to the front door with the marks of 903 on it.

The camera SLIDES through the front door like a ghost.

The house is a graveyard of cardboard. Half-unpacked boxes labeled KITCHEN - MISC and BOOKS. It feels temporary-like the people living here are ready to run at a moment's notice.

In the kitchen, the COFFEE MAKER hisses. The pot is filling slowly. A "WORLD'S BEST MOM" mug sits next to the pot.

A box at the back door over flowing with off-white packing paper. Suddenly we are thrust backwards around the open door way from the kitchen into the living room and up the stairs across from the front door.

Pushed up the stairs, now on the landing we see a partial view of a three-piece hall bathroom to our left.

Next to the bathroom, across from the stairs is a bedroom (Birdie's room) the door is closed. On the same wall as Birdie's door is a smaller door maybe a linen closet.

Past that at the end of the hall is a door ajar, open just enough to pass a single sheet of paper through it.

INT. BLAIR'S BEDROOM DARK MOODY WITH JUST A SINGLE STRIP OF GOLDEN SUN LIGHT PASSING THROUGH THE HUNG CURTAINS CLOTHES

STACKED HIP HIGH IN A CORNER STILL ON HANGERS MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR WITH THE HEAD BORED LEANING ON THE WALL BEHIND

Blair (late 30s) well-defined body. Tossing and turning in her sleep caught in a violent nightmare.

DREAM SEQUENCE

A dark, shifting void. Blair struggles beneath a SKIN WALKER. It pins her down— Its face begins to change. For a brief moment, it becomes a beautiful woman. Soft. Familiar. But blurred—just out of reach. Then— The face collapses.

Gone. Replaced by a blank, gray surface. No eyes. No mouth. Nothing. Blair fights to break free— The creature leans closer— Almost whispering—

SKIN WALKER

Soon... you will join us.

Blair lets out a snobbish, almost amused laugh.

BLAIR

I've dreamt of worse.

She struggles, but there's confidence in her now.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I've literally crawled out from the depths of hell more times than I'd like to count.

A beat.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I even had my soul snapped into a literal psychopath just so she could ruin my life and hook up with my boyfriend.

She smirks— Defiant.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

So whatever you think you can do— I always come back.

Blair thrashes in bed— Her eyes SNAP OPEN. She gasps, springing upright— Clutching a heavy iron medallion around her neck.

A knock at the door. Blair freezes. Breath shaky.

BLAIR (fearful, unsure)

A beat.

BIRDIE (O.S.)

Mom?

Blair's grip on the medallion loosens.

BLAIR (QUIET, TESTING)

Birdie?

The door creaks open— Just enough for a head to peek in. It's BIRDIE. Concerned.

BIRDIE

Mom! Are you okay? Your alarm's been going off forever.

Birdie is already gone. Blair sits there, still trying to separate dream from reality. She throws the heavy covers off— Wipes sweat from her forehead. Breathing steadying. She stands. The alarm BLARES beside her. Blair slams it off.

BLAIR (CALLING OUT)

You need a ride to school?

From down the hall—

BIRDIE (O.S.)

No! Frankie's picking me up soon!

Blair still reeling from her dream, stretches' and sluggishly walks out from her room down the hall past birdie in the bathroom getting ready for school.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 7:15 am on the coffee maker.

Blair stands at the counter, pouring coffee into her worlds best mom mug. Still a little off. She places the coffee pot back down, and heads to the front porch to grab the morning paper.

Time passes its now 7:52 seen from the clock on the coffee make with still has half a pot with in it.

A CAR HORN honks outside.

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

Okay, Mom! I'll see you after school, right?

Blair snaps to

BLAIR
Yeah—I'll be there. Then we can hit the
store. Grab some junk food for movie
night.

The front door opens— Then shuts.

Silence. As she continues to read the paper.

Blair's phone BUZZES on the counter. She looks at her phone and
knows who's calling. Yet She hesitates... then answers.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Great what now

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL

Blair presses the talk button but stays quite

A calm, older male voice.

VOICE
Just checking in.

Blair rolls her eyes.

BLAIR
You're always "just check in" when the
Old Seals are breaking.

A beat.

VOICE
Have you noticed anything unusual?

Blair glances outside the kitchen into the living room over all the
half opened boxes.

BLAIR
Define unusual.

The line goes quiet for just a second too long.

VOICE
We'll talk soon.

Click. The Screen go black.

Blair opens the front door from the inside. No longer wearing her
night clothes. But in her gray pencil skirt and matching blazer
underneath is a dual pink silky blouse.

She walks out carrying a to-go cup of coffee; a slim black leather briefcase and keys. Before she's able to lock the door her neighbor calls out.

Neighbor mid 50s
Morning Blair

Blair without saying anything turns and waves back, neighbor continues to water her plants

A beat.

Blair starts to walk away from the door.

A beat.

Blair looks down and sighs and turns on a dime back to the door to lock it she checks the door is locked by shacking the nob then turns back to walk towards her beater of a car.

Raising her keys to the car door she stops, she takes out her phone from her fresh leather briefcase looking at the time she decides she has enough time to walk to work.

BLAIR

Nope!

Blair walks through the pristine neighborhood. Everything is too clean. She passes a billboard: "WELCOME TO SUN-HAVEN. Newly named. Newly built. She seems unimpressed.

She stops at the edge of the new town square. She looks out over the town. Takes it in. A long beat.

BLAIR (QUIET, TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)

Sun-haven.

She says it like she's testing whether it fits. It doesn't. She keeps walking.

FADE OUT.

INT. Outside a small but modern OFFICE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS.

Blair sees the complex is empty no cars in the parking lot, but a security golf cart driving around she walks into the building

INT. INSIDE THE SMALL MODERN TWO-STORY BUILDING

Blair walks down a narrow, echoing hallway. The air smells like fresh carpet and paint. She passes a set of glass doors— behind them, the office is a vacant shell, dark and hollow.

She stops at a door near the end of the hall. A small, brushed-metal plaque is mounted on the wall:

BLAIR SUMMERS

Grief Counselor

Blair unlocks the door. She doesn't close it behind her, letting the hallway's stillness bleed into the room.

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is small but carefully arranged to feel safe—a sharp contrast to the skin walker in her dream. Blair sets her to-go coffee down on the desk with a heavy *thud*.

She drops her bag beside it and exhales, her eyes lingering on the open door for a moment too long. She's not just waiting for a client; she's watching the empty hallway.

Blair now with her back to the open door at a file cabinet pulls out a newly opened file folder and a label maker. From the hallway, the sharp, rhythmic *click-clack* of shoes on the tile floor echoes through the empty building.

Thinking it's her new client she steps to her desk and looks down at her phone.

BLAIR (TO HER PHONE)

You're right on time. Come on in. I was just finishing up your intake file.

The footsteps stop at the threshold. A long, heavy beat of silence.

ZARA (O.S.)

New town, new name, huh?

Blair freezes. Her thumb hovers over the phone screen. Her eyes go wide, and the color drains from her face.

She looks up, and the breath leaves her lungs in a sharp, jagged hitch. Standing in the doorway is ZARA. She looks weary but elegant, her presence filling the sterile room

BLAIR(A BREATHLESS WHISPER)

Tar—?

ZARA(SHARP, IMMEDIATE)

No!

Zara steps into the room, her eyes burning with a sudden, fierce intensity.

ZARA (CONT'D)

It's Zara.

Blair flinches slightly, her hand clutching the edge of her desk for balance. She's not angry; she's completely, utterly stunned.

BLAIR

Zara...

ZARA

(A small, sad smirk)

What? This town not big enough for the
both of us?

Blair finally finds her voice, though it's still a shaky wreck.

BLAIR

What are you doing here? You? Your dead?

ZARA

yeah well we both know somethings don't
last forever

Blair not excepting this reality

BLAIR

How long have you...

Zara cuts in

ZARA

MMM... been back

ZARA (CONT'D)

Will brought me back before her very
last breath

Blair with a confused hurt-felt face

BLAIR

WHEN

ZARA

WHAT A DECADE AND A HALF NOW

BLAIR

HOW? HOW DID I NOW KNOW?

ZARA

YOU WERE BEST-FRIEND BUT SOME TIMES
best-Friend GROW APART

BLAIR VISUALLY UPSET

BLAIR

SO. Again WHY DID YOU COME BACK HERE?

ZARA

(Looking around the modern
office)

I tried. I lived a dozen lives under a dozen names. But I realized I was just hollow. I came back to this place—even if they paved over the ruins—because I couldn't breathe anywhere else.

BLAIR

This isn't a place for us, Zara. I'm NOT EVEN SURE WHY I've come BACK.

ZARA

(Turning, her eyes glassy)

I didn't come to dig up the past, Blair. I came back because I miss her.

A heavy silence settles between them.

ZARA (CONT'D)

They can rebuild EVERYTHING and change the street names, but they can't change the way the air feels right here. I'm missing my wife, Blair. And being away from where we MET felt more like a death sentence than coming home to A ghost OF MYSELF.

silence

A BEAT LONGER

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

The light fades back in. The hallway is painfully bright, the fluorescent lights reflecting off the sterile tile. Blair stands close to ZARA, her voice a frantic, hushed whisper.

She's vibrating with a nervous energy that looks like it belongs on a battlefield, not a counseling center.

BLAIR

I can't talk now. My client is here.

She looks toward the closed door, terrified of what's leaking through the glass and wood.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Meet me at the coffee shop on New Sun-
haven Road. Tomorrow. At 8:00. We can
talk more then.

Before Zara can even nod, Blair turns. She moves with a sudden,
violent speed, reopening the door and almost slamming it shut in
Zara's face.

Turning with her hand still on the doorknob she see mark not
sitting in his seat but seemingly snooping around her file cabinet
that she hadn't closed with a clearing of her throat getting marks
attention.

MARK

Oh; I was looking for the trash

Blair looking down next to marks side right at the trash bin

MARK(WITH A LAUGHING TONE) (CONT'D)

oh

Mark tosses a crumbled piece of paper into the bin and looks back
to Blair

Blair points to the chair mark should be sat in

BLAIR

Shall we

They both take their seats, Blair with an uneased face. Opens her
notebook that she picks up from the side table.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

So what brings you here.

MARK

(with hesitation in his voice)
I've been having dreams.

BLAIR

What sort of dreams.

MARK

Well it's hard to explain.

Before he can fully get it out. Blair interrupts.

BLAIR

Take your time.

While shifting her body to the other side of her chair.

MARK

As I was saying. I've been having
dreams. I'm in a dark foggy like place.
It's not a room, but maybe a open field.
But I can't see anything.

A Pause.

Blair now with interest. Her eyes widen.

MARK (CONT'D)

(with panic setting in)

I'm suddenly attract by a faceless
woman.

MARK (CONT'D)

She overpowers me, and takes me to the
ground. Her body..

BLAIR(UNDER HER BREATH)

Oh it's that kind of Dream.

MARK

If you'd let me finish NO! It's not.
That! Kind of dream.

BLAIR

Sorry continue.

MARK

Her body.. Its strange she.. Changes.
One moment she's the most beautiful
thing I've ever seen, the next it's just
a gray mass. Always with a faceless
head. Like I can tell its still her but
she morphs.

Blair looks to the window and instantly is back in that mornings
nightmare. Seeing snap shots of that very creature. With a jolt
she's back to reality.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well miss summers what do you think!

BLAIR

(absently)

Huh?

MARK

What do you think about my dream. What
do think it means.

BLAIR

OH! Um. It's probably just an ex or a co-worker. You see her as braking you down. Fighting you.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Really could be nothing but a missed opportunity, but I want to know what you think of this dream. It's all a perspective from you. How long have you been having this dream?

MARK

I don't know maybe a month

Blair Stares into space thinking

BLAIR

Can you give me more detail on this dream?

As mark continues the screen goes black. He's still talking after the black screen, but its muffled like we are miles away. Then nothing. Just the black screen.

Now we hear plastic like paper crumbling sounds, then a girl (16) wincing with slight pain. A beat passes the black screen despairs and we are standing outside of a female's bathroom stall, at floor level.

Cute black flats adorn her feet, and a white canvas backpack covered in cheer pins on the floor next to her. Two girls her age walk in.

GIRL 1

Can you believe what she was wearing today

GIRL 2

I know pure-trash like, babe it not the 90s the grunge look is out

They both chuckle. They look into the mirror and start (fixing) their makeup.

GIRL 1

And Mr. Lexington how dear him give us homework on the first day.

GIRL 2

No! Hold that, did you hear about that birdie girls mom.

GIRL 1
(with a careless I'm above
everyone tone)

WHO?

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
I DON'T KNOW SOME NEW GIRL. JAKE TOLD ME
HER MOM IS CRAZY. SHE'S THE REASON THE
TOWN HAD TO BE REBUILT.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
HE SAID THAT SHE SET BOMBS UP IN THE
SEWAGE PIPES UNDER THE TOWN AND BOOM,
THE WHOLE TOWN WAS JUST GONE. LIKE
REALLY JUST A Grand Canyon.

GIRL 2
What? How does Jake know this.

GIRL 1
Supposedly his uncle lived here when her
mother lived here back then. Jake's
uncle said she was always that wired
girl. Always caring a wooden stick.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
One time he saw her almost stab one of
their classmates. But he also said she
was a big partier. She was always
sneaking out of her bedroom or sneaking
in this older guy, she would be seen
with but only at night.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
(Checking her glow in the
mirror)
Whatever. At least the mom had the
decency to be interesting. Birdie just
sits there in the back like she's
waiting for a parade that's never
coming.

GIRL 2(LAUGHING)
Right? It's like, we get it, you're
"whimsical."

A toilet FLUSHES.

The girls go silent. The stall door opens with a soft, breezy
click.

BIRDIE steps out. She looks like a California dream: a bright floral sundress that catches the fluorescent light like its actual sun, and polished black faux-leather flats. She looks radiant, which makes the stillness of her face terrifying.

She walks to the sink, her flats clicking rhythmically on the tile. She catches their gaze in the mirror.

BIRDIE
It's funny, isn't it?

The girls exchange a look of pure "oh god" panic.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
You're both such pretty girls on the outside. Hair perfect, makeup just right.

She turns the faucet on. She speaks with a light, airy sweetness—the kind of voice that should be telling a joke, but isn't.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
But you're so sinful on the inside. You really shouldn't talk about people behind their backs... especially when you don't know the first thing about the stories you're telling.

She dries her hands with a delicate pat, then brushes a stray hair behind her ear, perfectly composed.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
But thank you for the history lesson. I'll be sure to ask my mom about the "bombs" when I get home.

She gives them one last, bright smile—the kind that feels like a threat—and walks out into the hallway, where the California sun is pouring through the windows.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The second the door swings shut behind her, Birdie's "angelic" mask slips.

She leans against the lockers, her breath coming in ragged hitches. Her hands are visibly shaking now. She looks down at them, watching the tremors.

She shakes her head, forcing a scoff. *Bombs? Sewage pipes?* It's ridiculous. It's just small-town gossip from people who have nothing better to do than invent ghost stories about the new family.

She takes a deep, trembling breath, smoothes her floral skirt, and starts walking. She won't be the wallpaper anymore.

EXT. SUN-HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL - 3:20 PM

The sky is a relentless, perfect blue. The CRACK of a baseball bat echoes from the field nearby.

BLAIR stands by the sidewalk, leaning against a metal rail that borders a short set of steps. She looks sharp, but tired, pulling a phone from her slim leather briefcase to check the time.

The student body has thinned out. Finally, she spots BIRDIE walking toward her in her floral dress and black flats.

BLAIR(A MOTHER'S TONE)
Where have you been?

BIRDIE
Sorry. It's that time of the month.

BLAIR
Well, we're going to the store. Do we need to pick up a box of tampons?

BIRDIE
Mom, I'll never need another box in my life. I've still got half the supply you set me up with from my first period.

They both chuckle. The tension from the bathroom scene starts to melt off Birdie's shoulders in her mother's presence.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)
All I want is chocolate and my heating pad.

BLAIR(NODDING)
Done and done.

They start walking, their shadows stretching long behind them as they move off-screen.

EXT. SUN-HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

A series of QUICK SNAPSHOTS:

- A pristine park with a rotating sprinkler. The water arcs in a perfect, rhythmic circle over neon-green grass.

- A "Welcome to Sun-haven" sign, gleaming in the sun. It's spotless. No bird droppings. No graffiti. Just golden letters on polished oak.

- A white picket fence. The paint is so bright it hurts to look at. A single red ladybug crawls along the top rail.

EXT. OLD GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The snapshots end abruptly. We are looking at a relic of the "old" town. It's a rusted, low-slung building that looks like it survived a war. The pumps are ancient; the concrete is cracked.

BLAIR and BIRDIE walk into frame. Blair pulls the heavy glass door open. It groans on its hinges.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A small bell JINGLES.

Behind the counter sits MRS. CHEN (60s). She's perched on a high stool behind a raised laminate counter.

BIRDIE
(With a bright, "Sun-haven"
smile)

Hello!

Birdie gives a friendly wave. Blair doesn't speak; she just offers a polite, silent wave as her eyes instinctively scan the room. Mrs. Chen gives a stiff, singular nod.

They walk to a large rack in the far back corner. The ULTIMATE SNACK BAR.

Birdie starts grabbing bags. Blair holds up two boxes of popcorn.

BLAIR
Sea salt or movie theater butter?

BLAIR (CONT'D)
(with an assertive,
authoritative tone)
And don't say both

BIRDIE
Movie theater butter is literally just yellow chemicals, Mom. Look, it's glowing.

BLAIR(SMIRKING)
The glow is where the flavor lives.

BIRDIE
Sea salt. Please. For the sake of my
arteries.

BLAIR
You're no fun. Fine, sea-

CRASH.

The front door slams open. Two men in dirty, oversized hoodies—EX-
CONS—burst in brandishing HANDGUNS.

EX-CON 1
REGISTER OPEN! NOW!

Blair's eyes go flat. Before Birdie can react, Blair's hand is on
her shoulder, forcing her down behind a shelf.

BLAIR
(A fierce, razor-whisper)
Stay down. Be quiet.

Birdie hits the floor. Her cheek presses against the cool linoleum.

BIRDIE'S POV - FLOOR LEVEL

From under the bottom shelf, Birdie can't see Mrs. Chen anymore
because of the high counter. She can only see: — EX-CON 1: Heavy,
mud-caked work boots.

They stomp toward the counter. — EX-CON 2: Worn-out sneakers with a
hole in the toe. He stays by the door.

EX-CON 1 (O.S.)
The floor safe, lady! I know this dump
has one!

MRS. CHEN (O.S.) (VOICE SHAKING)
The timer... I can't... please...

BACK TO SCENE

Blair isn't static. She's a predator adjusting her angle. She
creeps toward the next aisle, moving with a terrifying, silent
grace.

She reaches the end of the aisle and spots a display box of motor
oil jutting out from the shelf. She hide beside it to gather her
thoughts and figure a plan to bring these beast down. Looking
around the automotive aisle she spots zip-ties.

She reaches out. Her fingers close around the plastic packaging. She slides them off the metal hook with clinical precision—no rattle, no crinkle.

Across the store, Mrs. Chen's eyes dart toward the movement. She sees Blair crouched there, zip ties in hand.

Before Mrs. Chen can make a sound, Blair immediately puts a finger over her mouth. Her eyes are like steel. A silent command: *Not a word.*

Mrs. Chen blinks, swallows hard, and looks back at the man pointing a gun at her head.

BIRDIE'S POV

The HOLE-TOE SNEAKERS shift. They're moving toward the back now. Faster.

EX-CON 2 (O.S.)

Hey, what are you looking at, lady? Is there someone back—

ACTION

Blair doesn't wait for him to finish the sentence. She explodes from behind the display box.

WHACK.

She slams a heavy, double box of Diesel Exhaust Fluid into the side of the man's skull. His head bounces off a metal shelving rack holding the town's newspaper. He drops like a sack of bricks.

EX-CON 1

WHAT THE—?

The man at the counter swings his weapon around. Blair doesn't retreat; she dives. She slides across the linoleum like she's on ice, using her momentum to sweep the man's legs out from under him.

The WORK BOOTS fly into the air. THUD. The man hits the floor hard enough to rattle the shelves.

The gun skids across the tile, spinning in a circle before stopping right in front of Birdie's face. She stares into the dark circle of the barrel.

Above her, the sounds are fast and brutal. *Thwack. Grunt. Crack.*

Birdie looks up. Blair has the man in a lethal-looking choke hold, her knee driven into his spine.

Blair jerks the man's arms behind his back. She rips the zip ties from the plastic.

ZIP. ZIP. The plastic teeth bite down, cinching his wrists together. It's the loudest sound in the room.

Blair stands up. She doesn't look like a "Crazy Mom" or a "Wallflower." She looks like a victor. She calmly smoothes her professional blouse.

BLAIR(TO MRS. CHEN, PERFECTLY CALM)
Call the police. Tell them two men
attempted a robbery. Tell them
they're... indisposed.

As she speaks, Blair reaches into her slim leather briefcase. She pulls out her wallet, snaps it open, and slides out a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

She leans over the high counter and passes it to the stunned Mrs. Chen.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
This is for the snacks my daughter and I
picked out. Keep the change for the
shelf.

Blair turns her head toward the back aisle. Her voice softens, shifting instantly back to the maternal tone we heard at the school.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Birdie? It's okay now. It's safe. Let's
go.

Birdie slowly rises from the floor. Her legs are like jelly. She looks at the gun on the tile, then at the man Blair just zip-tied.

She walks toward the door, her black leather flats clicking hesitantly. She has to hike up the hem of her floral sundress to step over the groaning man on the floor.

She stops in front of her mother, looking at her like she's seeing a ghost.

BIRDIE
(A breathless whisper)
Mom... how'd you do that?

Blair doesn't skip a beat. She adjusts the strap of her briefcase on her shoulder and offers a small, casual shrug.

BLAIR

I guess those yoga videos have really paid off.

Blair puts a hand on Birdie's back, gently guiding her toward the door. The small bell JINGLES as they walk out into the bright, relentless California sun.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The blinds are drawn, but the California sun bleeds through the cracks. The TV is on—a low-volume loop of a local news weather report: *72 and sunny*.

MARK is passed out in a recliner. His head is back, his eyelids flickering.

INT. THE DREAM - UNKNOWN

Mark stands in a void of PITCH DARKNESS and HEAVY, SWIRLING FOG. He can't see the floor. He can't see the sky.

A pale, ethereal WOMAN drifts through the mist. She is breathtaking—the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. She reaches out a delicate hand, her fingers brushing his cheek.

Mark leans into the touch. For a second, it's peace.

Then, her skin begins to DRIP.

In a sickening blur, her beauty dissolves into a GRAY, GELATINOUS MASS. Her features slide away like melting wax until her face is a smooth, featureless slate. No eyes. No mouth. Just a void of matte-gray skin.

The creature's hands, now gray and heavy, clamp onto Mark's shoulders.

She THRASHES him. He's a rag doll in her grip. She swings him through the darkness, slamming him against nothing but the weight of the fog.

Each impact sounds like a thunderclap. Mark's body jerks as if hitting solid stone, but all we see is the gray mist churning around him.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - EVENING

The golden California sun is finally dipping below the horizon, casting long, orange shadows across the kitchen tile.

The remnants of dinner sit on their plates—clumps of chicken fettuccine and a few stray crumbs from the garlic bread. The kitchen smells like garlic and cream.

BLAIR and BIRDIE sit across from each other. The high-tension "yoga" defense from the gas station has been replaced by a comfortable, domestic silence.

BLAIR

(Smiling)

If I'm being honest, I think I overdid it on the garlic. I can taste it in my soul.

BIRDIE(NODDING)

It's perfect. It's exactly what I needed.

They both stand, starting to clear the table. The clinking of silverware is rhythmic and peaceful. Birdie stacks the plates while Blair grabs the leftover bread.

BLAIR

Do you want to take a shower now? Or do you want to get the movie ready while I handle the dishes?

Birdie looks at the stack of dishes, then at the hallway. She looks a little drained, the adrenaline from the school gossip and the robbery finally catching up to her.

BIRDIE

I'll take the shower. Give you some time to finish up here.

BLAIR

Deal. Don't use all the hot water. I'll meet you on the couch in twenty.

Birdie heads toward the stairs. Blair watches her go for a second, her expression shifting from "Mom" to something more weary as she turns to the sink and twists the faucet.

Time passes.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is a cavern of shadows. The only warmth comes from the distant glow of the kitchen and the sliver of light from the upstairs bathroom.

The muffled HISS of the shower is the only sound in the house.

The camera looks out the front window, framed by the darkness of the interior. Outside, the street is silent. The "always sunny" town has turned cold and black.

A WOMAN enters the frame from the right, walking down the middle of the asphalt.

She is hauntingly beautiful, moving with a slow, cynical pace —like she's mocking the very ground she walks on. She doesn't look like she belongs in a suburb; she looks like she belongs in a fever dream.

Just before she exits the frame to the left, she stops.

She turns her head slowly toward the house. Her eyes find the window. She doesn't sneer or snarl. She simply offers a chilling, closed-mouth grin. It is thin, wide, and utterly hollow.

Then, she steps into the dark. She doesn't fade; she's just... gone.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Blair is finishing the last bowl. She's staring into the black glass of the window above the sink, her reflection ghosted over the darkness outside.

The shower upstairs CUTS OUT.

The sudden silence is heavy. Blair stands still, the dish towel still in her hands, her eyes fixed on the window as if she can feel the lingering gaze of the woman who was just there.

She stares at her reflection in the dark window. Her eyes aren't seeing the kitchen anymore; they are looking through the glass, through the street, and into the deep echo of the darkness she knows is lurking just out of sight.

She has that look—the one she tries to hide from Birdie. A look of heavy, ancient intuition.

A part of her wants to grab Birdie, get in the car, and drive until the California sun is a thousand miles behind them. But she knows better. She tried to escape before, and the darkness always found her.

She looks around the clean, modern kitchen. This town was rebuilt a year ago. New families. New lives. People moving in, blinded by the "72 and sunny" promise.

A grim realization settles over her features. She hates this place. This hell-scape with a sunny demeanor.

But she knows if she ever left—if she didn't take her stand right here—no one in this town would survive the night.

She's not just a resident. She's a sentry.

Upstairs, the bathroom door CREAKS open. The sound of Birdie's footsteps breaks the spell.

Blair instantly resets. The heavy look vanishes, replaced by the tired, worn mask of a mother. She tosses the towel onto the counter and turns toward the living room.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BLAIR walks across the frame, moving from the light of the kitchen into the dim, shadowy living room.

Just past the wide opening between the rooms, she reaches for a STANDING LAMP. She clicks it on. Warm, yellow light floods the space, chasing away the darkness.

She looks up toward the ceiling, projecting her voice to the second floor.

BLAIR

Are you almost ready? I'm about to pop
the corn!

INT. BIRDIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BIRDIE is sitting on the edge of her bed, her hair damp, wearing fresh pajamas. She's staring at her black faux-leather flats sitting on the rug—the same shoes she used to step over a criminal only hours ago.

She shakes herself out of the daze and calls back.

BIRDIE (O.S.)

(Voice muffled)

Give me two minutes! I'm looking for my
favorite socks!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blair lingers by the lamp for a heartbeat, her hand still on the switch. She looks toward the front window.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Blair reaches for the plastic bag sitting on the counter—the one from the gas station. She pulls out the box of popcorn, rips a bag from its plastic sleeve, and tosses it into the microwave. She hits the POPCORN button.

The microwave HUMS to life.

Blair doesn't wait for the timer. She turns away from the counter and moves with purpose.

She heads to the back kitchen door. She tests the deadbolt. *Click.* Secure.

INT. DINING ROOM / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The microwave starts its rhythmic POP-POP-POP.

Blair moves into the dining room. She checks every window latch, her eyes scanning the dark glass before she snaps the locks shut.

She enters the living room. She goes straight to the front door. She doesn't just look at it; she grips the handle, shakes it, then turns the deadbolt twice.

She moves to the windows flanking the door and pulls the heavy curtains shut, sealing the house from the outside world.

The popping in the kitchen begins to slow down.

BIRDIE (O.S.)(FROM UPSTAIRS)
I found the movie! Is the popcorn ready?

The microwave Beeps.

Blair stands in the center of the living room for a heartbeat, her gaze fixed on the front door she just reinforced. She takes a breath, smoothing her hair, and heads back toward the kitchen.

BLAIR(CALLING OUT)
Just finished! Come on down!

As she reaches into the plastic bag to grab the candies they bought, her fingers brush against the bottom of the bag, and she pauses, looking at the logo of the old gas station for just a second.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLICK-CLACK. The distinct, mechanical heavy-metal sound of a VCR swallowing a tape echoes from the corner of the room.

BLAIR walks back into the living room. She carries a large, steaming bowl of popcorn in one hand and the crinkling plastic gas station bag full of candy in the other.

BLAIR
So, what are we watching?

Before Birdie can answer, the television speakers EXPLODE with sound. It's the high-energy, pulsing beat of "KEEP IT COMIN'" by C+C Music Factory.

The 90s house-pop beat fills the room, loud and defiant against the silence of the Sun-haven night.

Birdie grins, clutching the remote like a trophy. Blair stops for a beat, a look of amused recognition crossing her face—perhaps a memory of a life she lived before Birdie was even born.

BIRDIE
A classic. From your stash of old tapes.

BLAIR
Old the 90s wasn't that long ago miss thing.

They both PLOP down onto the sofa, sinking into the cushions. Blair sets the popcorn between them and starts digging into the plastic bag for the gummies.

For a moment, they aren't a sentry and a target. They're just a mother and daughter watching a movie, while the 90s beat thumps away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARK is still in his recliner. He is spasming—his boots kick the footrest, his head thrashes against the leather. A low, guttural groan escapes his throat.

INT. THE DREAM - NIGHT

Mark is in the dark void. The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN stands before him, but she is flickering like a glitching broadcast.

One second, she is radiant—the next, she is a GRAY, FEATURELESS MASS. The transition is violent, accompanied by a sound like tearing wet leather.

The gray entity slams him backward. No eyes. No mouth. Just a smooth, terrifying void. It lifts him by the throat, and the fog around them churns into a violent storm.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the sofa, BLAIR is no longer watching the movie. Her head is thrown back, eyes rolled into her skull. She is rigid, her hands clawing at the sofa cushions. The popcorn bowl sits forgotten—Birdie is gone, likely upstairs.

SPLIT SCREEN - MARK (LEFT) / BLAIR(RIGHT)

The screen slices down the center.

LEFT SIDE: Mark is thrown through the fog. He hits the "nothingness" with a bone-shattering thud.

RIGHT SIDE: Blair's body jerks in perfect unison. She hits the same invisible wall at the exact same angle.

LEFT SIDE: The Skin-walker (as the beautiful woman) leans over Mark, her face inches from his. She offers that thin, closed-mouth grin.

RIGHT SIDE: The Skin-walker (as the gray mass) looms over Blair. It has no mouth, but the same chilling energy radiates from it.

LEFT SIDE: Mark swings a desperate fist. It passes through the gray mass like smoke.

RIGHT SIDE: Blair swings at the beautiful woman. Her hand catches only the mist.

They are mirrors. When Mark recoils, Blair's head snaps back. Their breaths are synchronized—two ragged, terrified gasps.

Over it all, the 90s dance music from the TV continues to thump, sounding like a distorted heartbeat.

The Skin-walker in both dreams raises its hands. The gray mass and the beautiful woman merge into one singular, terrifying intent.

MARK & BLAIR (IN UNISON)
(A choked whisper)

Not again.

THE MONSTER IN BOTH SCREENS LUNGES, ITS FEATURELESS FACE

FILLING THE ENTIRE FRAME—

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SCREEN SPLITS - TEN WAYS

The frame shatters into a grid of ten distinct rectangles. A mosaic of flickering domestic horror.

TOP ROW:

1. MARK - In his recliner, gasping, boots kicking the footrest.
2. BLAIR - On her sofa, hands locked into claws against the cushions.
3. A STRANGER - A woman in her 50s, sleeping in a rocking chair.
4. A STRANGER - A teenage boy in a bunk bed, sweating through his sheets

MIDDLE ROW:

5. A STRANGER - A man in bed, his body arched off the mattress in a silent convulsion.
6. A STRANGER - A woman at a nursing home, slumped over a nursing desk. Stacks of charts are scattered as her head thrashes.
7. A STRANGER - An elderly man, his head lolling against a headboard.

BOTTOM ROW:

8. A SECURITY OFFICER - Slumped over the wheel of a golf cart in the dark parking lot outside Blair's office. The cart's amber light flickers against the office windows.
9. A STRANGER - A woman in a silk robe, clutching her throat in her sleep.
10. A STRANGER - A college-aged girl, her face contorted in a silent scream.

The grid stays.

For THIRTY LONG SECONDS, we watch them. Ten people, disconnected in life, but physically synchronized in their agony. They thrash, they moan, they kick in perfect, haunting unison. It is a symphony of a town's shared trauma.

Slowly, the border around BLAIR'S RECTANGLE begins to glow, becoming Emboldened. The other nine screens begin to dim, pulling the viewer's eye toward her.

Blair's frame expands, swallowing the others until she is the FULL SCREEN again.

She is still deep in it. She thrashes against the sofa, her head snapping back, her fingers digging into the fabric until the seams groan.

IN UNISON (OFF-SCREEN) A collective, sharp intake of breath—nine people waking up at once—echoes through the audio.

INT. THE DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Unlike the others, BLAIR DOES NOT WAKE UP.

We see her still trapped in the void, her body thrashing as the Skin-walker looms over her. She is the only one left in the nightmare.

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suddenly, the camera RECOILS from Blair's convulsing body on the sofa

In one RUSHED, FLUID MOVEMENT, the camera is PUSHED out of the living room, across the hallway, and surges UP THE STAIRS. It's a predatory, fast-paced POV—like something is hunting its way through the house.

The camera hits the UPSTAIRS LANDING and takes a PAUSE.

Total silence, save for a faint, rhythmic thudding.

Directly across from the stairs is BIRDIE'S DOOR. A bright, sharp sliver of light shines through the crack in the door frame.

The camera PUSHES past the door, creeping into the room.

INT. BIRDIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BIRDIE isn't dreaming. She isn't even in bed.

She stands in the center of the room, her damp hair tied back tight. On her laptop, a TAI CHI / FIGHTING TUTORIAL plays at low volume.

Birdie is following along. Her movements are sharp, focused, and surprisingly graceful. She throws a palm strike, then a low kick.

She isn't the "Wallpaper" or the "Porcelain Doll" anymore. She's practicing, for whatever may come her way.

As she continues to watch the tutorial the song Fade into you by (Mazzy star) starts to play

Fade to black.

Song continues to the end of outro credits.

Pilot end