

W I S H   I T   A W A Y

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FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Salt Lake City, UT. A magnificent, ghost-white and glass farm house stands stoic and judgmental on the hill overlooking the Capital Building.

INT. MODERN FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Quiet rooms, expertly appointed; rife with shadows and excess, eagerly await being admired from afar come morning.

EXT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moving past the master bedroom's open door, two people, somewhat obscured, lie on the bed, stilted, STRUGGLING to move. They are absolutely HYSTERICAL. The woman wretches out sadness; WAILING and calling out for "JACK". The man echoes much of the same.

Down the hall, a hand-carved, Scandinavian-minimalist door is shut tight to the mania reverberating about. The door opens, slightly.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Forest green wallpaper, lousy with adorable, golden, woodland creatures, and a glowing dinosaur desk lamp bathe half the room in an eerie, moist light.

Horrible, cold, blackness envelopes the remainder of the space. The dividing line between the light and the dark is slashed down the bed at the center of the room.

Fast asleep, a handsome, JACK WHITLOCK (10), has his mouth open.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jack?

A calm, quiet, albeit gravelly voice calls to the boy.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Jack. Wake up, son.

The boy stirs. Impatient, the voice is more firm.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Jack.

Jack wakes, groggy.

JACK  
(yawning)  
Mom?

The boy awaits a reply that does not come as he tries to make out a face in the darkness.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's so dark...

He looks over to his dinosaur light and puzzles for a moment at the other end of the room; it's dim, but his dresser, bookcase, LEGOS, and wallpaper are very visible. He grabs the light to shine on the other side of the room.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Dad?

The light cascades over the folds and stretched skin of a belly, glistening and overstuffed with meat.

VOICE  
No...

The light raises up, revealing a bearded nightmare of scars, burns, and one visible eye of milky gray staring at the boy.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
JACK!

JACK  
AH!

He drops the light and PUSHES himself back, nearly off his bed.

JACK (CONT'D)  
MOM! MOM!

VOICE  
(calm)  
They can't hear you.

The boy SCREAMS for his parents as he STUMBLES over his night stand, making for the far corner of the room.

A gnarled, ham hock of a hand PAWS at the light on the floor with two fingers missing.

JACK  
MOM! DAD! HELP!

Jack sees the creature lift the light and place it on his bed. It's somewhat obscured, but more of its ogre-like, unnatural form can be seen sitting in the boy's desk chair.

VOICE

No one's coming. Jack.

Breathing heavy, Jack eyes the open door. SLAM! He panics, hyperventilating. The boy tries to scream but can't.

VOICE (CONT'D)

It's time to go.

JACK

(soft)

No. (BEAT) I'll be good.

VOICE

Too. Late. Jack.

Jack looks around the room for anyone, anything to help him escape. Nothing.

JACK

MOMMY! MOMMY!

He takes a deep breath to scream even louder when the light goes out. He chokes on his breath for a split second.

A SCREAMING GASP erupts above him. The boy is grabbed and PULLED up and out of the room.

Silence. Moments later, frantic SHOUTS from JACK'S MOM and JACK'S DAD can be heard as they race toward the closed door. They BURST into the boy's room and find it completely undisturbed.

JACK'S MOM

JACK?!

JACK'S DAD

JACK!

The bed is made. Dinosaur light on the night stand. Jack is gone. The man RUNS into the room, searching for his son. The woman weeps in the doorway.

JACK'S MOM

No, no, no, no.

JACK'S DAD (O.S.)

JACK!

JACK'S MOM  
I'm sorry... I take it back.

EXT. MODERN FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The night is still. Faint screams can be heard from inside the house.

JACK'S MOM (O.S.)  
I TAKE IT BACK!

FADE OUT.

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

A sprawling field of green peppered with faux gas lamp lights and black & tan benches stands out amidst the jutting canyon walls of grey buildings. A plucky woman, PHOEBE LING (31), plays with her black Labrador.

PHOEBE  
Good boy, Dave! Who's a good boy?  
YOU! It's you, Dave! Good baby.

She snuggles her dog before turning him loose to chase some birds. Phoebe sits back on a nearby bench.

MAN (O.S.)  
You named your dog Dave, huh?

Phoebe turns around to see a strapping man, perfectly appointed, waiting for an answer to his question. NATHAN GIBBONS (38) eats a sandwich.

PHOEBE  
Uh, yeah. (BEAT) I think when  
animals have people names, it makes  
them even more adorable.

NATHAN  
So you're a crazy person. That's  
cool.

He eats his sandwich. She tries to be polite.

PHOEBE  
I... guess.

Nathan sits next to her on the bench.

NATHAN

My Great Dane was named Reginald VelJohnson. (BEAT) Used to call him Reggie.

PHOEBE

Aww. When did you lose him?

NATHAN

Last month. Chocolate.

PHOEBE

Oh my gosh. Really?

NATHAN

Yup. Came home after work one day and found him more than halfway through this giant Easter Bunny my mom sent me. Solid, dark chocolate. (BEAT) He was really loving it, and I figured that he was already fourteen, so... what the hell, you know? Last meal. Well-deserved.

PHOEBE

Wow. You had him fourteen years? A Great Dane? That's incredible.

NATHAN

No, I only had him for two. You see, dogs actually age seven years for every human year they live. (BEAT) He was two, but really, fourteen. Teenagers.

Phoebe is horrified.

PHOEBE

Your dog was only two years old and you just let it eat chocolate until it died?!

He finishes his sandwich.

NATHAN

What are you talking about? I've never had a dog. Allergic.

PHOEBE

(confused)

What?

NATHAN

I'm Nathan.

He extends his hand. Still so lost, Phoebe shakes his hand.

PHOEBE

Phoebe.

Her dog, Dave, comes up to Nathan and the two snuggle pretty hard.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

So you don't have a dog?

NATHAN

No. I just made it up. Thought it would make you laugh. (BEAT) I work across the street. I've seen you a thousand times and every time I've wanted to come say hello and ask you out.

PHOEBE

On a date? Ask me out on a date?

He NODS.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

And you thought your "in" would be a made-up story about how you murdered your own, adolescent dog?

NATHAN

It went over better in my head.

She looks off and laughs.

PHOEBE

I don't know... a date? Tell me something about yourself that isn't nonsense... that you've rehearsed in your head.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Italian ambiance at a friendly price; Nathan and Phoebe sit at a little corner table in a quiet restaurant. The red and white, checkered table cloth is hard to see under entirely too much food and wine.

NATHAN

I own the gallery.

PHOEBE

Important detail.

NATHAN

Well, I love art, but I have zero talent. I'm not exactly a kid, so the last thing I want you thinking is that I work in a gallery, A, because I'm a struggling artist, trying to get discovered, or B, that I'm content with making seven dollars an hour.

PHOEBE

Noted, Mister Gibbons.

NATHAN

Please, call me Doctor.

She smiles.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

A gallery owner who isn't a closeted artist is really just another desk jockey. But you? Tell me about "Phoebe Eats".

PHOEBE

It started as a food blog, really, just me eating around the city and posting pictures on Instagram. But, over the last few years, I've been able to grow it into a legit business. I've got a best-seller on Amazon; photo-journalistic pieces on hole-in-the-wall restaurants across the country.

NATHAN

Not bad.

PHOEBE

And working on a cookbook. Hoping to finish it at the end of the year.

NATHAN

So, you're doing things, huh? Very impressive.

She takes a drink.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, this is so cliché.

PHOEBE

What?



NATHAN

Us. An overly-modest artist and an  
incredibly handsome gallery  
owner... falling for each other.

PHOEBE

Oh. Is that what we're doing?

NATHAN

It's disgusting.

They share a look. There's a connection.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

A clean, white, Urban Outfitters dreamscape; Phoebe's apartment is entirely blog-worthy. Dave, her lab lies on the rug in the living room. He perks up, moments before the locks turn and the door FLINGS open.

Dave BARKS as Phoebe and Nathan MASH into each other at one-hundred miles an hour. They tear each other's clothes off and stumble into the bedroom.

FADE OUT.

**TWO YEARS LATER**

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A storybook chapel rests at the top of a green hill that glows electric from the noonday sun. Buried beneath a pile of dry-cleaning bags, boxes of programs, and picture frames, Nathan attempts to make his way up the stairs and into the chapel.

A friendly relative rushes to his aide and distributes the load to a group of similarly Mid-Western ladies.

NATHAN

Thanks, Cheryl.

An ALARM goes off on his phone. With his tuxedo bag in hand, he searches for his phone amidst a labyrinth of pockets. Success.

Nathan hits SNOOZE on the reminder that reads CHECK IN ON PHOEBE.

EXT. DARK BLUE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Straight out of Bavaria; a gorgeous, (albeit spooky) dark brick two-bedroom looks like it belongs to a stylish witch.

INT. DARK BLUE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Black, white, and silver; the interior is a neutral bed for a trio of colorful BRIDESMAIDS. They sip mimosas and laugh with each other. Phoebe smiles along, but she's distracted and her gaze drifts to outside.

BRIDESMAID #1  
Phoebs. Phoebe, your phone.

BRIDESMAID #2  
Hello? Phoebe's phone. OOOOoooh!  
Hell-oh Nathan. No, you can't talk  
to the bride, it's bad luck!

Phoebe's focus is back on the girls. She gestures for her phone.

PHOEBE  
Gimme dat. You don't get to talk to  
my man.

She hands her the phone while making KISSY NOISES.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Dumb ass. (BEAT) Hey babe, my  
almost husband.

NATHAN (ON THE PHONE)  
Hey honey. How are you doing?

PHOEBE  
Huh? I'm great.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Nathan holds the phone up to his ear.

NATHAN  
Are you sure you're not *acting*  
great while your anxiety rises up  
to the point of drowning you? Just  
a little?

PHOEBE (ON THE PHONE)  
It might be a little like that.

NATHAN

I thought so. Can you do me a HUGE favor? (BEAT) Could you run to the grocery store, real quick, and pick us up a couple of orange sodas? I'm sorry, but I forgot 'em.

INT. DARK BLUE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe holds the phone out with her bridesmaids around.

PHOEBE

They made me put you on speaker phone.

ALL BRIDESMAIDS

Hey Nathan!

NATHAN (ON THE PHONE)

Hello ladies. You sound drunk.

PHOEBE

They are. But speaking of drunk, did you just ask me to go to the grocery store, on our wedding day, to get the orange sodas that were on your list?

NATHAN (ON THE PHONE)

I did. (BEAT) Sorry babe. I'm here at the church and there's a lot to do.

BRIDESMAID #1

You want your BRIDE to go grocery shopping on her wedding day! We might be drunk, but you're high, honey.

PHOEBE

No, I don't mind. I could use the fresh air.

BRIDESMAID #2

You need to lie back and be pampered today. I'll go get it.

PHOEBE

It is NOT safe for you to drive. Any of you. I'll drive, you come with me.

BRIDESMAID #2  
In our robes?

They all wear silky robes and not much else.

PHOEBE  
Put on a jacket. We'll be back in  
ten minutes.

NATHAN (ON THE PHONE)  
Thanks, PG.

PHOEBE  
I got you. I love you, I love you,  
I love you!

All the ladies make KISSING SOUNDS.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Nathan smiles as he hangs up the phone. His Aunt, CHERYL  
approaches with ORANGE SODAS in hand.

CHERYL  
Nathan, sweetie? Where do you want  
me to put these?

NATHAN  
Oh, I'll actually put those in the  
car. Spoke with the misses and  
doing something a little different  
now.

CHERYL  
Oh, alright.

She hands him the sodas and leaves to get to the decorations.

EXT. GROCERY STORE

Mega Mart. A boxy, bland structure with floor-to-ceiling  
windows, hoping to entice potential shoppers.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe and her girls wear tennis shoes and heavy coats over  
their silky robes as they stare at the gourmet sodas in the  
beverage aisle.

BRIDESMAID #1  
Does it have to be orange soda?

Phoebe scans the bottles and cans until she finds an inviting brand.

PHOEBE

Yeah. It was a thing he used to do,  
with his dad. They'd celebrate with  
it.(BEAT) We're gonna share one  
after we cut the cake. These'll  
work.

GRAB.

Walking to the register, the ladies are BUMPED by a mess of a woman. Severely unwashed and draped in a bathrobe to match, Jack's Mom; the wealthy, modern farmhouse owner, moves like a zombie past them.

BRIDESMAID #2

Excuse me!

BRIDESMAID #3

Rude.

Phoebe watches her with equal parts concern and curiosity. The woman takes a handful of pills from her robe pocket and CRUNCHES them as she walks to the cleaner aisle.

Her bridal party at the register, Phoebe can't take her eyes off the distraught woman.

PHOEBE

(soft)

I think she needs help.

BRIDESMAID #1

Phoebes! C'mon.

Phoebe is pulled away from the direction of the woman by her excited friends. They place the sodas on the belt.

Jack's Mom picks up a massive bottle of foaming pipe cleaner, opens it up and GUZZLES the entire bottle. She COUGHS and SPITS as the foam pours out the corners of her mouth. Manic, she grabs another brand, removes the cap and downs that too; coughing and GASPING as she does.

The sound of the bottle dropping makes Phoebe and the Bridesmaids turn to face the woman. There's a SCREAM from one of the other patrons.

The woman drops to the floor, CHOKING and SHAKING. The bridesmaids SCREAM. Phoebe is petrified.

BRIDESMAID #2  
SOMEBODY HELP THAT WOMAN!

Chaos. Clerks and baggers run to the cleaning aisle, some stopping dead in their tracks once the woman comes into view. The store manager shouts on the phone for an ambulance.

Surrounded by good Samaritans, Jack's Mom's eyes roll into her head and she dies a miserable, thunderous death. Blood tears stream from her eyes, mixing with the green foam, still seeping from her nostrils and mouth.

Phoebe's face melts from a look of terror to a look of dead-eyed contemplation. Moving CLOSER on her face, reflections of E.M.T.s, Fire Fighters, and Police Officers flash across her watery eyes. Emergency vehicle lights pop epileptic around her, over the dull, faint sounds of sirens.

Sadness overtaking her, Phoebe does not move. Moving back from her face, she wears her lifted veil.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Friends and family behind her, a blur inside the oak-infested chapel.

PRIEST (O.S.)  
Phoebe? (BEAT) Phoebe?

The Priest's voice breaks her concentration.

Phoebe sees a FLASH of the dead woman's face. Blue, stained, bloated.

Phoebe shakes her head, slightly.

PHOEBE  
Could, could you say that again.  
Please.

She stands across from Nathan at the altar. He offers his bride-to-be a loving smile. The Priest gathers himself.

PRIEST  
Do you take this man, Nathan  
Gibbons, to be your lawfully,  
wedded, husband? To have and to  
hold, in sickness and in health,  
for as long as you both shall live?

She's tearing up. She NODS "YES".

PHOEBE

Yes. I do.

She looks over to Nathan. He's there for her, unflinching eye-contact as the Priest's voice fades to a HUM.

NATHAN

(soft)

Let's get outta here.

Phoebe smiles. Nathan faces the Priest.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I do.

They turn to one another and KISS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Looking down, only the black comforter and white, Egyptian cotton sheets are visible. Without speaking a word, Phoebe COLLAPSES onto the bed, still very much wearing her wedding dress as she curls into a ball. She WEEPS.

In his tuxedo, Nathan climbs onto the bed and holds her as she cries.

Later, Phoebe sleeps in her pajamas. Nathan is in the corner of the room, on the phone. A tattoo or "mark" of a runic symbol is visible on his shoulder.

NATHAN

(softly)

Yes, I was holding to see if I could get upgraded? Nathan and Phoebe Gibbons.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Nate?

He holds the phone to his chest and turns to his wife.

NATHAN

Hey. Go back to sleep. I'll be right off.

PHOEBE

Did you plan a trip? We said no honeymoon.

NATHAN

I know, but after... everything? I thought I'd be spontaneous.

PHOEBE

That's sweet, but please, I don't want to go anywhere. Can you cancel?

Nathan waits for a minute and NODS to his wife. He brings the phone back up to his ear.

NATHAN

Yeah, still here. Sorry. Never mind. I'll handle things online. Thanks.

Phoebe smiles to him from the bed.

PHOEBE

I'm sorry. Am I the worst wife ever?

He sits next to her on the bed.

NATHAN

No. You're awful, so far, but not the worst. (BEAT) I can cancel the flights.

PHOEBE

I just really want to be here, right now. That, craziness yesterday- was terrible. The worst. But, we are not that woman; we didn't do anything to hurt anyone, and we deserve to be happy. To enjoy our wedding weekend. (BEAT) Plus, we'll save the money and that means we can get a house sooner... not to mention, the stuff I had planned for this weekend.

NATHAN

Yeah? Stuff? I like stuff.

PHOEBE

Well, since we didn't get to have much of a "wedding night", last night, I've got at least three outfits in that bag over there that I didn't get to use. And that's not even counting the outfits I have in there for tonight... and tomorrow.



NATHAN

Oh?

PHOEBE

And all those toys... I thought it would be fun to go *full porno* this weekend. Nothing off limits. No safe words.

NATHAN

Full porno?

PHOEBE

(sexy)

Uh, huh. Right after we do this, one, little thing.

Nathan is on board.

SMASH CUT TO:

NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Phoebe and Nathan finish eating massive donuts as they walk down an adorable, tree-lined street.

NATHAN

I don't know if sex can top what we just experienced.

PHOEBE

(still chewing)

I'm up to the challenge.

They walk by a small, craftsman house with a sign out front that reads "FORTUNES READ. FUTURES SEEN." Phoebe stops.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Whoa.

NATHAN

Phoebs. No.

PHOEBE

Babe, it's literally a sign. We're married- don't you want to know what our future holds?

NATHAN

I know what our future holds;  
special, costume, sex, followed by  
room service, several hours of  
napping, and more, spicy? Sex  
stuff.

PHOEBE

(on her phone)

Absolutely. (BEAT) Right after we  
do this though because she's got SO  
many good reviews online and, I  
think this is the lady Stacy told  
me about. Crazy.

She PULLS him up the steps to the house. On the doorstep,  
Phoebe KNOCKS and the door CREAKS open. They look at each  
other.

NATHAN

Hello?

INT. MADAM MAJA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cautiously, they enter the house to find a Moroccan Bazaar  
where all color has been stained black. Heavy, exotic fabrics  
drape the walls as antique fixtures abound. Candles flicker,  
struggling to remain aglow against the pressure of the thick,  
dense air.

PHOEBE

Madam Maja? Hello?

At the center of a large, open space, a candelabra is placed  
atop a table wrapped in green velour. Behind the table, a  
figure sits, covered in black lace.

At once, the candles throughout the house go out. Phoebe and  
Nathan JUMP a little. Only the candles on the table continue  
to burn.

MADAM MAJA

Be warned... black priests do  
conspire against you.

PHOEBE

I don't think I'm ready for this.

MADAM MAJA

Sit. Madam Maja offers peace and  
protection.

The figure at the table lifts the black lace; MADAM MAJA (75). She's a hard-cut woman with a face like a fist and a WHEEZE as she breathes.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)  
Please. Sit.

From somewhere unseen, warm lighting gradually appears and makes the space more inviting.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)  
Phoebe. Nathan. Do not fear Madam Maja.

NATHAN  
(whisper)  
How'd she know our names?!

PHOEBE  
Madam MA-JA? Am I saying that right?

The old woman nods as the couple sits down at her table.

MADAM MAJA  
Congratulations on your union.

PHOEBE  
Thank you.

NATHAN  
Thanks.

MADAM MAJA  
You have come to learn of your future together, yes? To learn of your children?

PHOEBE  
Ha. No. I mean, yes, we're excited to know our future, but children? Maybe, one day.

NATHAN  
I would be a terrible father.

PHOEBE  
Our fur baby, Dave. That's... he's our baby. For now, I mean, always, but maybe. Who knows? Y'know?

MADAM MAJA  
 But your daughter, she is already  
 inside you. (BEAT) There is yet  
 time to prepare.

The old woman places cards on the table. Phoebe and Nathan  
 are a little rattled.

PHOEBE  
 That's very... bold of you. To say.

MADAM MAJA  
 You will be an exceptional mother,  
 in the end. You see?

Madam Maja gives a few motherly cards to Phoebe and the new  
 bride carefully studies them. The old woman faces Nathan and  
 casually brushes a card off the table and signals to him to  
 follow her to the side of the table.

Bent uncomfortably and face-to-face, the almost pleasant  
 expression of the woman changes to one of the utmost concern.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)  
 You cannot do it. No matter how bad  
 things get, you must hold fast to  
 the ones you love. Be STRONG,  
 Nathan.

NATHAN  
 (confused)  
 What are you talking about?

MADAM MAJA  
 Do NOT do this thing.

NATHAN  
 OK, we should get going.

He straightens up and feels another TUG at his arm. Nathan  
 gives an annoyed, "I'll be right back"-look to Phoebe and  
 dips back down.

He's nose-to-nose with the creature who took Jack.

VOICE  
 DO WHAT THOU WILT!

NATHAN  
 AHH!

Nathan FLIES back in his chair, TOPPLING over, backward.

PHOEBE

Nathan!

She PUSHES away from her chair and tends to her husband.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What did you do?

Standing, Madam Maja offers them a highly sympathetic look as they stand.

MADAM MAJA

I tell him that he will make a wonderful father.

Maja doesn't move or react to them.

PHOEBE

We're gonna go.

The old woman smiles like a creepy statue as the two of them try to shake off the weirdness and slink out the way they came in.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Annoyed, a DOG SITTER (20) flips through a magazine. The door opens and Phoebe and Nathan come into the apartment, excited. Nathan holds Phoebe in his arms, carrying her across the threshold and placing her carefully in her apartment.

DOG SITTER

Hey. My phone died and I couldn't find any chargers.

NATHAN

You've been here for three days, you didn't pack your own?

Dave is sad on the carpet. Phoebe CROUCHES down to check on him.

PHOEBE

Hello my little man. Did you miss me?

DOG SITTER

He's been like that since Friday.

PHOEBE

Is he OK? Why didn't you call me?

DOG SITTER

Phone died. He's not sick, just bummed you weren't around. Wasn't it your wedding? I wouldn't have bugged you unless he was throwing up or something.

The sitter gathers her things. Phoebe sits on the floor, against the couch and Dave snuggles into her.

DOG SITTER (CONT'D)

Could you pay me in cash?

NATHAN

I'll pay you through the app.  
Thanks for coming.

The sitter leaves.

PHOEBE

What's the matter, buddy? You sick?

NATHAN

I'm sure he's OK. Probably just blue because he thought we abandoned him.

Nathan rubs Dave's head.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Never, big guy. You snuggle with mommy. (BEAT) I'm going to head down to the gallery for a little bit.

PHOEBE

No, not work.

NATHAN

Just for a couple of hours. I'll be right back.

PHOEBE

(sad)  
Alright.

They kiss. He grabs a bag from the bedroom and leaves.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

Empty walls are cold and shadowed as the sun shines bright outside.

In the far corners of the space, figures seem to watch, fixated on the front door; almost impossible to tell whether they be apparitions or strange shadows.

Nathan fidgets with his keys until he OPENS the front door. In unison, a dozen sets of GLOWING EYES track his movements.

CLICK! The lights flick on and the shadows disappear.

INT. NATHAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Pasadena Rose Bowl Flea Market come to life; mid-century, wicker, and 70s velvet furniture fight for attention in the dense, cluttered space. Portraits of all shapes and sizes adorn the walls- one or two being actual FACES watching Nathan make a bee-line to his large, disaster of a desk.

He leafs through a stack of bills marked FINAL NOTICE as he PLUNKS DOWN into his well-worn chair. The faces disappear as he looks up from the bills. Nathan SIGHS.

CRASH! Something SHATTERS in the gallery space.

NATHAN

HELLO?!

An ASHEN DEMON stands behind Nathan as he SPRINGS UP from his chair.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

HELLO!

Nathan looks to the gallery from his open door. The lights go out and the Ashen Demon walks past the door. Nathan JUMPS.

Quickly, he makes his way around the desk to SLAM the door. He LOCKS the deadbolt and slowly backs away from the door, eyeing his phone on the desk.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! He SHUDDERS, holding as still as he can. Silence. Nathan doesn't breathe.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Faster beats, BLASTED against the door. He grabs his phone and starts to dial when he hears a man's voice. ERIK PETERSEN, 33, calls to Nathan.

ERIK (O.S.)

Mister Gibbons? Are you in there?  
This is Erik Petersen. I sent you  
an email about my work?

Relieved, Nathan EXHALES.

NATHAN

Uh, yeah. Just a second.

He sets the phone back on the desk, smiling to himself. He straightens up and walks to the door. It opens to reveal a massive, Nordic man with long, blonde hair and his female companion. They both wear black; Erik's blonde hair seems to SHINE against his companion's jet-black hair.

ERIK

Nathan Gibbons?

NATHAN

Hello, yes.

They SHAKE.

ERIK

Erik. My sister and I reached out about an exhibition of our work?

Nathan notices the woman.

NATHAN

Sister? (BEAT) Hello, Nathan Gibbons, nice to meet you.

Slightly shorter than her massive brother, SAGE, 23, SHAKES his hand.

SAGE

Sage, hello. Your gallery is perfect.

NATHAN

Great. Thank you.

ERIK

You don't seem to have any shows. From your website.

NATHAN

Ah, yeah. I just got back from my honeymoon. Got a lot of emails to sort through...

ERIK

We have some pieces to show you, if you're interested?

NATHAN

Uh, sure.

CUT TO:



## GOAT FIGURE

A giant painting of a goat figure being admired by a throng of people is leaned up against one of the gallery walls. Nathan moves the piece aside and observes a large pen-and-ink of a witch burning at the stake; blood-red symbols splattered about the canvas.

NATHAN

You know this is a... conservative community, right?

ERIK

Our work is very bold, yes. The occult... even the righteous are compelled. All are drawn to it, eventually.

NATHAN

Technically, these are fantastic, but I don't-

SAGE

We are supported by a generous patron. We have enough work to fill this space and you could sell at one-hundred-percent commission.

NATHAN

I'm sorry, come again?

ERIK

We are not to collect any money for the sale of our artwork. Our aim is to educate; to engage larger audiences and introduce them to the ideologies rooted in free thought.

Nathan considers the proposition.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Our followers on social media have been eagerly awaiting a showing in the area.

SAGE

We have over twenty-thousand in Salt Lake, alone.

NATHAN

Twenty-thousand?

Nathan looks at the art again. He's so unsure, but he offers them a reluctant smile and looks to the forest depicted on the canvas.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The exact same forest from the artwork; the woods are calm. Labored sounds of emphysema and slow marching cut the serenity. Something HEAVES along through the leaves and underbrush, dragging a massive fishing net.

Inside, a small child sleeps as they're dragged along the forest floor.

In the distance, a JOGGER navigates her way through the trees, eventually stopping to rest and check her pulse. Around her, there's no sign of the previous passer-by.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Nathan and Phoebe's complex is a plain, sixteen unit affair with street parking.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe sits at her corner desk in her bright, extra bedroom-cum-office. Houseplants and macrame accents are everywhere. She holds her phone to her ear, smiling.

PHOEBE

It wasn't so much a honeymoon as it was a long weekend, but it was great. (BEAT) Uh-huh. Yeah, that's what I was hoping to talk to you about.

Her smile fades a bit.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

No, I haven't seen that one. It just came out? (BEAT) Well, last time we spoke, you said you loved it.

Phoebe listens for a moment, concerned.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I see but lots of books are *similar*. If you would have taken my calls earlier, we could have come up with a plan.

(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

How was I supposed to know that she was working on something so close to mine? You're the printer, don't you have a beat on these types of things?

She stands.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

So, she's got a bigger reach, my voice, my perspective is totally different. Please, don't... (BEAT) "Going in a different direction" is, you can't, OK? You promised me, Denise! We were counting on this.

Serious talk on the other end of the phone.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do? (BEAT) I'm pregnant. Yeah... I'm not telling you to make you feel bad, I just, am. We need this.

The loud THUMPS of Nathan coming home can be heard in the background.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Oh no. No! What's the matter, boy?

PHOEBE

So, what? I need to find the money myself? Print 'em one-by-one off my computer? I-

Nathan is frantic in the doorway.

NATHAN

Phoebes, Dave puked and crapped all over the house!

Angrily, she waives him off.

PHOEBE

How can it be too late? This doesn't make any sense. (BEAT) Denise. Hello? HELLO?!

She looks at her phone in disbelief.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Dave, c'mon buddy! DAVE!

Phoebe runs out of the room.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

(gasp)

What happened? (BEAT) Dave? Call the vet. Dave, wake up, baby. Wake up. (BEAT) He's not responding to anything.

NATHAN (O.S.)

(straining)

Come on. Let's go.

EXT. SPEEDING CAR

Their car SPEEDS to the emergency hospital. Phoebe drives. Nathan sits in the back with Dave.

INT. VET HOSPITAL

Waiting on a bench, a Vet comes out to meet them, shaking her head. Nathan pulls Phoebe to him and she breaks down.

CUT TO:

DOG PARK - DAY

A somber Phoebe and Nathan hold a small wooden box, standing by a large tree at the dog park. Nathan kneels to scatter the ashes. Phoebe SOBS.

He stands, wiping a tear from his eye, and touches Phoebe's back.

PHOEBE

They aren't going to publish my book.

He pulls closer to her.

EXT. GALLERY

A large moving van is double-parked out front of the gallery. Boxes of paintings and sculptures are unloaded into the space by men in coveralls.

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

In plainclothes and halfway up a ladder, Nathan hangs a massive painting on the wall. A dozen pieces are already up, with a dozen more strewn about the space.

ERIK (O.S.)  
Aren't laborers usually employed  
for this sort of thing?

Nathan is slightly startled.

NATHAN  
Uh, yeah. I, uh, couldn't get my  
usual guys.

He climbs down to meet Erik.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
You don't have to worry, I've  
staged exhibits since I was  
fifteen.

Erik doesn't hear him. Instead, he's fixated on a gnarled  
figure in the painting. Nathan joins him.

ERIK  
What does it make you feel?

NATHAN  
Actually, I never tell artists what  
I think about the work- positive or  
otherwise. I don't think it's my  
place. (BEAT) I'm the showcase for  
the talent and it behooves me to be  
equally passionate in my  
representation of each artist we  
show.

ERIK  
We are so much alike, you and I.

NATHAN  
How's that?

ERIK  
Nathan, lies do not become us.

Erik faces Nathan.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
We will keep our facades, as we  
must. (BEAT) But, we know how it  
will end.

NATHAN  
I-I, don't understand.

ERIK

No, you do not. There is beauty in the darkness and there is peace, when it washes over you.

Nathan is not cool with this.

NATHAN

Sounds good. Well, hey, I'm going to head into the office for a bit and finish all this up in the morning.

He starts to walk Erik to the door.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You go ahead and get ready for Friday night- especially your, uh, followers. Spread the word.

ERIK

Yes. Good evening.

NATHAN

Night.

He locks the door and watches Erik walk away for a moment. With his back turned to the door, Nathan SIGHS.

CLACK.

The light from the corner storage room turns on. Nathan is equal parts annoyed and scared.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Probably the sister.

Light spills out from the gap at the base of the door. Nathan STOMPS toward it with purpose.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Sage? That you? A lot of dangerous stuff in there, you probably shouldn't-

CLACK. The light goes out as Nathan touches the knob. He stops cold. Looking at the gap between the closed door and the floor, he shudders a bit at the darkness.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Sage? I've got a lot to do.

He turns the knob. As he opens the door, the fully lit room bathes him in fluorescent light.

He breathes another SIGH of relief as he inspects the space and finds only his over-crowded storage room.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Breaker must be messed up.

He CLACKS the switch OFF. A single, FLICKERING bulb illuminates a DARK FIGURE with a red, velvet bag over its head, sitting in the corner. Terrified, Nathan flips the switch again. Nothing. The figure is still lit and doesn't move.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
H-hello? Who's there?

The figure does not move.

DARK FIGURE  
(cheery)  
Hiya, Nate.

The figure speaks like a circus performer; full of cheerful energy.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)  
Say, do you wanna see a dead dog?

NATHAN  
W-what?

The figure doesn't move.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

It turns toward Nathan.

DARK FIGURE  
(serious)  
Do you want to see *YOUR* dead dog?

Nathan breathes heavy. Panicked, he reaches for the light switch again. CLACK!

Brightly lit once more, the room is empty. No sigh of relief. Nathan leaves the light on and moves quickly through the gallery doors.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Cars are almost touching, parked out front of the building. The lights are on in Nathan and Phoebe's apartment.

PHOEBE (O.S.)  
Do you think any of that stuff will  
sell?

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan and Phoebe sit across from each other at their dining  
table. The lights are low. Phoebe went all out for dinner.

NATHAN  
I wouldn't have booked them if I  
didn't think we'd sell anything.

PHOEBE  
Right, but, do you think stuff that  
dark will do well? Here?

NATHAN  
(annoyed)  
How many other ways are going to  
ask the same question?

His tone stings.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I know what you're  
asking and I'm just as concerned.

PHOEBE  
Because we don't have the money we  
thought we would from the book-

NATHAN  
So things'll be tight, we can  
manage.

PHOEBE  
I just... want to be sure.

NATHAN  
I don't have a magic eight ball,  
Phoebes.

PHOEBE  
Because I'm pregnant.

NATHAN  
Oh.

Nathan takes a long moment to process. Phoebe starts to  
worry.



PHOEBE  
Uh... "oh"? That's it?

NATHAN  
I'm processing.

PHOEBE  
I thought you'd be more excited.

NATHAN  
It's exciting, don't get me wrong.  
But-

PHOEBE  
I was so nervous to tell you. I  
can't believe it's worse than I  
thought.

NATHAN  
No, I'm, it's the timing of it.  
(BEAT) We don't even have  
insurance. Do you know how much  
it's gonna cost?

PHOEBE  
I don't care what it costs. I'm  
sixteen-weeks pregnant. We're  
having girl.

NATHAN  
What if, we see *someone*, and, we  
put things... on hold for right  
now. Then, when we're ready, we can-

PHOEBE  
Did you just suggest we...

She tears up.

NATHAN  
No, it's sixteen weeks, it's not,  
it's not even a kid yet. (BEAT)  
Besides, we're struggling now. If  
the show doesn't go well, I don't  
know what we're gonna do.

Phoebe leaves the room.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Phoebe. C'mon. Please, can we  
discuss this?

She doesn't respond. Nathan fidgets at the table for a  
minute.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Phoebe. We have to look at this  
rationally. (BEAT) Phoebe?

Reluctantly, he stands and walks to the bedroom.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Can you please  
stop that?

Sounds of drawers being pulled out and SLAMMED shut come from  
the room.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you please talk to me?

PHOEBE (O.S.)  
(calm)  
I'm going to stay with my mother  
for a little while.

NATHAN (O.S.)  
No, come on.

Phoebe walks into the living room with a backpack and a small  
bag in hand. Nathan is right behind her.

PHOEBE  
I'll call you in a few days.

NATHAN  
Why are you leaving? We need to  
discuss this! Please!

She stops at the door.

PHOEBE  
There's nothing to discuss, Nathan.  
I really hope the show goes well.  
(BEAT) Please don't call me.

Phoebe leaves. Nathan stares at the door for a moment. He  
pulls out a chair and sits at the table, holding his head in  
his hands.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A group of college students exit an Italian restaurant,  
waiting for the rest of their party to join them.

GUY #1  
I don't think he has any idea.

GAL #1  
How could you even say that? It's not like the guy literally sleeps while he's giving a lecture.

GUY #2  
He's old, but do you know if he's got a condition? Like, narcolepsy or something?

GUY #1  
He probably has several conditions, all of which enable him to be the worst Art History professor of all time.

A YOUNG WOMAN exits the restaurant.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Ready?

GUY #2  
Yeah.

They walk together.

GUY #1  
So it's supposed to be pretty dark stuff, huh?

YOUNG WOMAN  
That's what the flyer said.

GAL #1  
"Occult Alive" was the name I saw online.

GUY #2  
If it's really bad, I don't want to stay long.

YOUNG WOMAN  
It's going to be terrible, but the credit we get is going to be worth it.

GAL #1  
Yeah, I'm sure it'll be, a bunch of crappy paintings of goats and pentagrams and whatever. Like a maze at Halloween.

GUY #1  
Are you sure tonight is the  
opening?

They stop across the street from the gallery. Doors open,  
well-lit, only two people can be seen inside with Nathan.

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Hell is prominently on display in the space. A very stressed  
Nathan checks his phone while an eccentric-looking, older  
couple sneer at the works on the wall.

The college students enter.

NATHAN  
Welcome!

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yeah, hey.

The rest of them WAIVE.

NATHAN  
Please, feel free to look around.  
Everything is for sale, even have a  
few originals priced as if they  
were prints, so... lots of awesome  
stuff.

GUY #2  
Cool, thanks.

GAL #1  
Can we take pictures with the art?  
It's for a class.

NATHAN  
Oh, sure.

He's deflated.

GAL #1  
Thanks!

As the students move along, the eccentric couple leave.  
Nathan follows them outside.

NATHAN (O.S.)  
Thank you for coming! Hope to see  
you again soon.

INT. NATHAN'S OFFICE - LATER

The door to Nathan's office is wide open to the empty gallery. Around the room, a deep cleaning has been done, clearly prepped for meetings and sales. His once-cluttered desk is clear, save for a single, black book.

Flustered, he enters and sits at his desk. He takes note of the book. Inside, the pages very much resemble the occult works on display in the gallery.

NATHAN  
What the hell is this?

SAGE (O.S.)  
That's a very dangerous book.

He's startled.

NATHAN  
Where have you been?

He drops the book on his desk and stands to confront her.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
We have had NINE people show up tonight. NINE!

She doesn't react.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Where are your thousands of followers?! Where is ANYONE! I spent almost two grand promoting this show online and distributing fliers. (BEAT) No one showed! Not even the artists!

SAGE  
The book offers solutions to your problems.

NATHAN  
What book? What are you talking about?

SAGE  
*Liber Infernum.*

She gestures to his desk.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
It belonged to Erik.

NATHAN

Where is he? What artist doesn't show to their own gallery opening?!

SAGE

Erik killed himself this morning.

She's unaffected.

NATHAN

Oh.

SAGE

Strangulation. With a rope. (BEAT)  
His neck did not break.

NATHAN

Oh my g- that's awful. I'm so sorry.

SAGE

Why?

Nathan doesn't have an answer.

SAGE (CONT'D)

There are rituals in the book that will give you what you want. Money, love, fame; there's nothing he cannot give.

NATHAN

Who?

SAGE

(smiles)

You know "who". I must tend to Erik's affairs. I'll be back in a few months.

NATHAN

A few months? This is YOUR show! What am I supposed to do with all this if you won't help me promote?

SAGE

Tell your wife, we wish her good health. (BEAT) She's waiting for you at your apartment.

Nathan is confused. He watches her leave.

EXT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Sage exits the empty gallery. A somber Nathan closes things up and walks home.

Days pass and the show is dismantled.

A few weeks pass and Nathan takes meetings with various people.

More time passes and signs are erected that read FOR RENT.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Snow. The street is full of gray slush. Cars and sidewalks are dusted white.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan and Phoebe's apartment is in shambles. From the bedroom, a baby CRIES incessantly. Nathan is trying to work on his laptop on the couch. Books on SPINA BIFIDA lie atop the coffee table around him.

INT. BEDROOM

Phoebe lies in a ball, facing away from their SCREAMING baby on the bed. She's miserable. Nathan stands at the door.

NATHAN

What's wrong with her?

No response.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Phoebe?

PHOEBE

She won't eat.

NATHAN

Again?

He walks over to the bed and picks up the baby.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Shhh. Where's the bottle?

PHOEBE

I didn't make one.

NATHAN

She's hungry, Phoeb. I'll make her one.

PHOEBE

(angry)

Be careful. She's in a lot of pain tonight.

As the baby CRIES in her bassinet, the lighting changes; she seems sickly, then sinister, then innocent.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nathan sits with the baby in his lap, feeding her a bottle. He pulls a stack of papers from his bag. Sifting through the mess, he finds the black book.

NATHAN

Hmm.

Nathan leafs through the pages, stopping occasionally on some horrific image. The baby starts to cry. He puts her on his shoulder and pats her back.

Flipping through the pages once more, he lands on a spell that reads "THE BANISHMENT OF AN UNWELCOME SOUL". There are text blocks and drawings of nude, adults being sacrificed.

Below, there's a section that reads "CHILDREN". Small kids and babies are drawn next to text and a dark figure. Words like "BE RID" and "TAKEN" almost leap from the page.

The baby starts to CHOKE. Nathan is calm at first but she continues to gag and hack. He PATS her a little hard on the back. It doesn't work.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No, you're OK, you're fine.

He flips her over and puts his fingers in her mouth.

In the corner of the room, the Ashen Demon watches, unbeknownst to Nathan who is almost violently SLAPPING the baby's back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Come ON! PLEASE! PLEASE!

She coughs and cries. Nathan closes his eyes, happy. The demon is gone. Nathan breathes deep.



EXT. PARK - DAY

Phoebe is a far cry from her regular, picture-perfect appearance, as she pushes the baby along in a stroller. Along the perimeter of the dog park, Phoebe stops to watch a very attractive young couple play with their dog.

She smiles.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Oh, isn't she cute!

Still watching the couple, Phoebe is slow to respond.

PHOEBE  
Yeah, she is.

Phoebe realizes the woman is talking about her baby.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, I mean. Yes. (BEAT) She  
doesn't sleep, but she's cute.

The woman (late 50s) isn't happy with the response.

WOMAN  
They never do, dear. Sleep. May I?

She asks to tickle the baby.

PHOEBE  
Oh, no. She's got a, spinal, issue.

The woman proceeds anyway. The little one GIGGLES and COOs. Phoebe is hurt.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
I've never heard her make that  
sound.

WOMAN  
Aren't you the cutest?! Yes you  
are! Oooh! Boop!

PHOEBE  
Please don't touch her face, she  
really hates that.

The baby LOVES it.

WOMAN  
She must know I'm a grandma, dear.  
Grandmas have that special touch.

PHOEBE

Uh-huh.

The woman continues to play with the little one. Watching a complete stranger bring so much joy to her baby fills Phoebe with rage.

WOMAN

(muffled)

What's her name?

Staring at the woman but not hearing her, Phoebe doesn't respond. They lock eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Everything alright, dear?

PHOEBE

What?!

Standing, nervously, the woman gathers her bags.

WOMAN

I just asked if everything was alright.

PHOEBE

We're fine.

Phoebe pushes the stroller past the woman. The baby cries as the woman stands, watching them move away.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Looking worse, Phoebe sits on the bed, NURSING the baby. Nathan stands in the doorway.

NATHAN

You can't take it personally.

PHOEBE

You weren't there, Nathan. She was giggling and snorting and making the cutest sounds I've ever heard.

The baby comes off her breast and CRIES.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

For a complete stranger!

She fights to get the child to latch back on.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, I get this. She HATES  
me.

Nathan comes to the side of the bed.

NATHAN  
She doesn't hate you.

PHOEBE  
C'mon, eat. It's right there.

NATHAN  
All babies are awful eaters.  
That's, why bottles are a thing,  
babe.

The baby SCREAMS. Phoebe is losing it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Here.

He takes the baby.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'll get her a bottle. (BEAT) Could  
you feed her so I can get to my  
appointment?

PHOEBE  
I'm trying... to feed her.

NATHAN  
You know what I mean.

PHOEBE  
Of course I know what you mean,  
Nathan. But I CAN'T FEED HER!  
(BEAT) Why does she hate me?

She weeps on Nathan's shoulder.

NATHAN  
Hey, shh. She doesn't. She's a  
fussy baby and she's, sick.

PHOEBE  
She isn't sick.

NATHAN  
You know what I mean.

The baby calms down.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
See? She loves you.

He shows Phoebe the baby. She's not happy, but takes the child from Nathan, prompting another SCREAM. They both sigh.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'll get the bottle.

PHOEBE  
No. I'll get it. You have to go.

NATHAN  
You sure?

PHOEBE  
Yeah, it's fine.

NATHAN  
Thanks.

He kisses Phoebe on the forehead and leaves.

EXT. BAR

A gray-green cinderblock square flashes with neon technicolor signage.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The young, accomplished, and beautiful of SLC gather together inside the hipster rec center. At a booth, Nathan cradles his bourbon, nervously.

NATHAN  
I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

At the other end of the booth is Sage. She's scores more glamorous than she was.

SAGE  
I wasn't aware you felt so strongly.

NATHAN  
Well, you left me for dead. Gallery went under, after your show. It's been months...

SAGE  
Did you?

NATHAN

What?

SAGE

Did you die?

He really looks at her. She looks back with an unflinching coldness.

SAGE (CONT'D)

You said I left you for dead. Did you die?

NATHAN

Financially. Yes.

SAGE

I left you with all you needed, Nathan. (BEAT) The book.

NATHAN

You know, I got so desperate... I read your book.

SAGE

And?

NATHAN

I had a kid.

SAGE

You don't seem happy.

NATHAN

I'm not. (BEAT) This is not how I wanted things to go.

She covers his hand with hers.

SAGE

It's not too late to get your life back. There are ways.

NATHAN

In the book? Yeah...

Sage pulls herself closer to him.

SAGE

It's easier than you think. (BEAT) You just close your eyes, and wish it away.

NATHAN

Heh. Yeah. I bet.

She puts her hand between his legs.

SAGE

The world will tell you what kind  
of boy they want you to be. Quiet.  
Obedient. Content.

He doesn't resist her.

SAGE (CONT'D)

We want you to be the man, you wish  
to be. Find what it is that you  
want, reach out, and take it.

They violently KISS.

Moving past the booth into the blackness of an open door, we  
emerge out the other side...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe kneels beside the bathtub, mindlessly washing her  
baby. Pure exhaustion radiates from her every pore. She faces  
the little one and it starts to cry.

PHOEBE

Shh. Shh. It's OK.

She's so sick of saying these words. She looks around for  
anything to help and finds nothing. The baby's cries amplify  
within Phoebe's delirious mind.

She closes her eyes, WINCING at the pain of the noise.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Shh. Shh. It's OK. (BEAT) It's OK.

She rocks, rhythmically, for a moment but the baby keeps  
crying. Crying herself, Phoebe lets go and STANDS. She leaves  
the room.

Silence.

She SNAPS back to reality, still at the tub, still holding  
the baby. Phoebe is overcome with the realization of her  
fantasy. She pulls her perfectly healthy baby from the water  
and holds her tight to her chest, eventually covering them  
both in a towel.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
(BEAT) I'm sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nathan enters the apartment, startled at seeing Phoebe waiting for him on the couch. She's been crying for hours.

NATHAN  
(soft)  
Hey, what's up? You OK?

PHOEBE  
I can't handle this. I can't do  
this anymore.

Quickly, he places his things down and joins her on the couch.

NATHAN  
What are you talking about?

PHOEBE  
I was never supposed to be a  
mother. I can't do this.

He chooses his words carefully.

NATHAN  
I-I can't do it either.

PHOEBE  
What are we supposed to do?

NATHAN  
It doesn't have to be like this. We  
can, have a do-over.

She SCOFFS.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
No, really.

He pulls the book from his bag.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
We can.

She takes it from him. The page has been bookmarked.

PHOEBE  
What is this?

NATHAN

A way out. A reset. (BEAT) If we do this, it'll be like this never happened.

She's appalled.

PHOEBE

This is crazy.

NATHAN

It's real. (BEAT) Look, I didn't want to freak you out, but some seriously... scary things have happened to me since you got pregnant.

PHOEBE

Like what?

NATHAN

Like, a lot of things. Things that make me feel, this book, might be our answer.

She closes the book and places it in Nathan's lap.

PHOEBE

I'm going to bed.

NATHAN

Phoebe?

PHOEBE

What? You just handed me some devil book with a marked chapter on how to *banish* our child, no, our BABY, to, who-knows-where? (BEAT) Hell? And I'm supposed to be on board?!

NATHAN

It's not like that.

PHOEBE

It's exactly like that. Thank you, sweetie. Until now, I thought I was the one losing my mind. I'm almost relieved to hear that I've got it all figured out compared to you.

NATHAN

I think she's evil.



PHOEBE  
(annoyed)  
What?

NATHAN  
(raising his voice)  
The kid hates us and some seriously  
dark things have happened since she  
came into our lives. (BEAT) I've,  
seen, things. Monsters. Demons.  
Heard voices...

PHOEBE  
I think you should talk to someone.

NATHAN  
It only works on evil spirits. It's  
in the book.

He turns to the page.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
If she's a sweet, innocent little  
baby, it won't even work. But, if  
it works? We can have our lives  
back.

She doesn't respond.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Will you at least think about this?

PHOEBE  
No.

She goes into the bedroom and closes the door. Nathan is left  
alone on the couch.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The outdoor patio of a lovely little French Bistro. Hanging  
lights, plants, and bright red umbrellas do their best to  
fight off the grey of winter.

Phoebe sits with her friends, the three bridesmaids from her  
wedding day, and her baby. The friends gush over her baby at  
one end of the table while Phoebe and the empty stroller sit  
at the other end.

Phoebe stares off, sad.

BRIDESMAID #1  
(muffled, distorted)  
She's so cute!

BRIDESMAID #2  
(muffled, distorted)  
Aren't you the cutest thing?! Yes  
you are!

Phoebe looks like she might cry, completely oblivious to the cuteness of her baby.

BRIDESMAID #1  
(faint)  
Is she a good sleeper? Phoebes?

Phoebe forces a smile for no one in particular.

BRIDESMAID #1 (CONT'D)  
(faint)  
Phoebe?

BRIDESMAID #3  
(faint)  
She's exhausted. Just... give her a  
minute.

BRIDESMAID #2  
(faint)  
Should we get another round?

PHOEBE  
Uh, she's... so great. Thank you.

BRIDESMAID #2  
You aren't letting momma sleep at  
all, are you?

BRIDESMAID #1  
Poor thing. How are things going  
with Nate? Phoebe?

Phoebe keeps looking off. The ladies go on playing with the baby. A SERVER approaches the table.

SERVER (O.S.)  
It doesn't have to be like this,  
Phoebe.

She doesn't look at him.

PHOEBE  
How do you mean?

SERVER (O.S.)  
Banish the child before it's too  
late.

This gets her attention. She looks up at the confused server.  
He's about 22 but looks to be 14 years old.

PHOEBE  
What did you say to me?

SERVER  
I asked if you wanted a refill.

The ladies are fixated on the baby. Phoebe's embarrassment intensifies as the server walks away. She SINKS into herself; the world around her grows cold and her friends seem so far away. Next to her, the baby lies in her stroller.

Moving in SLOW MOTION, Phoebe does a double take at her child next to her and her baby in the arms of one of her friends. It's the same baby. A gnarled hand GRABS the stroller and takes it away.

Phoebe watches as the stroller, seemingly moving on its own, rolls away from the restaurant and into a nearby field. Her face gray and bleak, her breathing is labored as she can do nothing but watch her child disappear into the overgrowth.

PHOEBE  
(soft)  
N-no.

She brings her hand to her face, covering her eyes. Phoebe BREAKS.

EXT. CAR - LATER

Phoebe and Nathan sit in their car; the only one in the empty parking lot.

INT. CAR

PHOEBE  
I'm losing my mind, Nathan.

NATHAN  
This is just a rough patch. It'll  
be better.

PHOEBE  
My brain, it's playing tricks on  
me! I can't function anymore!  
(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
(BEAT) Celeste was holding the baby, while I was watching her, in her stroller, roll away. And I was FINE with it. I was RELIEVED!

NATHAN  
You just need some sleep. You're exhausted.

PHOEBE  
You are not hearing me.

NATHAN  
(frustrated)  
I hear you fine.

She's shocked at his response.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
What? I told you. You don't want to hear it.

PHOEBE  
Oh, that our daughter's evil? She's a baby with special needs, Nathan. I have no idea what she's feeling right now; what kind of pain she's in. I need help.

NATHAN  
Maybe, you're not strong enough.

She's crushed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I know I'm not.

He looks off.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I can't handle this, Phoebe. I can't.

She weeps.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Phoebe cries, Nathan does his best to look anywhere but at her face. The camera leaves the car and moves into the overgrowth.

Soon, the lumbering movements of the creature spill into view, slightly. A bent arm carries a load.

A baby's leg drapes over the arm of the creature, with no thought to tuck it back in.

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Faint candle light casts wavering blankets of red and orange glow against earthen and rock walls. Shadows move about the space as a baby is placed in a cauldron. The creature moves along and other cauldrons are revealed with one hanging over a roaring fire.

The WHEEZE of the creature can be heard over the sounds of CHOPPING food on a cutting board.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The complex is cold and grey.

INT. BEDROOM

Phoebe wakes from sleeping in the fetal position. She walks to the bathroom door, turns the knob and steps into a...

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

One-hundred and twenty COLLEGE STUDENTS sit in stadium seating in the blinding-white classroom. In unison, they all turn and face Phoebe, annoyed and mortified that she would come late to class.

Somewhat surprised that she's back in school, Phoebe is remarkably put together with her baby in one arm and a large baby bag on her shoulder. A stern, bearded PROFESSOR is visibly disgusted.

PHOEBE

I'm SO sorry I'm late. I, uh, couldn't get a sitter.

PROFESSOR

It's fine. Take your seat.

PHOEBE

Thank you.

The other students haven't taken their eyes off her. She feels their gaze as she slinks up the steps to a middle row where two empty seats, almost next to each other, appear. She carefully makes her way to them.

Standing at one empty seat, she politely smiles at a handsome man sitting in the seat beside her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Would you mind, moving over?

He's disgusted too but happy to move one seat away from Phoebe and her baby. With two open seats, she's able to drop her bag and get situated.

PROFESSOR

If you're finished with your outburst? I have a lecture I would like to finish.

PHOEBE

Again, apologies. Please, continue.

He turns to the board. Phoebe starts to copy the notes from the board when the baby starts to cry.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Shh. SHHHH.

She snuggles the baby close and tries bouncing. No avail. The baby's cries are louder. Several students continue with their venomous stares.

PROFESSOR

Ma'am, would you please quiet your child.

PHOEBE

I'm trying-

She bounces the baby and it spits up a black liquid. Concern on her face.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What's this? Are you OK?

She gets "SHHHHH"'d from another student. Phoebe tries to wipe up the spittle; it doesn't clean easily. Everyone looks at her. Still very much screaming, the baby PROJECTILE VOMITS the black substance all over Phoebe.

A few classmates share sounds of disgust and WRECHING.

PROFESSOR

I think we've all put up with enough.

Phoebe looks down; she's covered in black blood...more than before. A black, viscous OOZE seeps from the baby, covering Phoebe's bag and desk.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
You need to leave, ma'am.

The students all stare at her.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
You need to LEAVE.

The baby is nowhere to be found. Phoebe is covered with the black, tar-like substance from head to toe.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
Unfit. Unclean. LEAVE!

A RUNIC symbol is repeated a thousand times on the white board behind the professor.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
The child is cursed. The mother is  
UNCLEAN!

On his words, the students all clamor to move as far away from Phoebe as possible. The professor is clad in white vestments.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
BE GONE, UNCLEAN SPIRIT! (BEAT) I.  
WISH. YOU. AWAY!

SMASH CUT TO:

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe wakes in a sweat. She HYPERVENTILATES in bed. The baby screams from its bassinet.

Phoebe walks past the baby and leaves the room. The light from the kitchen spills into the bedroom. The baby keeps screaming and wakes Nathan.

Reluctantly, he gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Phoebe sits at the kitchen counter, halfway through a bottle of Cuervo. She's SOBBING. Nathan joins her.

PHOEBE  
It only works if she's evil?

NATHAN  
(groggy)  
Are you-

PHOEBE  
We have to do something. (BEAT)  
I've never felt like she's... *mine*.  
She hates me, and, I think? I think  
I hate her.

NATHAN  
I feel the same way.

She cries.

PHOEBE  
What do we do?

He places the black book on the counter.

NATHAN  
We send her back where she came  
from.

Defeated, Phoebe nods.

POV - BASSINET

Nathan and Phoebe look down at their sleeping baby. He LICKS his right thumb and gestures to her to do the same. She does and they both place their thumbs on the baby's forehead.

They join hands. The baby wakes and cries.

NATHAN  
I wish you away.

PHOEBE  
(shaking)  
I wish-

NATHAN  
You have to say the words.

PHOEBE  
I wish you away.

She SQUEEZES Nathan's hand.



Away.                                   NATHAN                                   Away.                                   PHOEBE (CONT'D)

As the baby WAILS, they leave the room and close the door behind them. The silhouette of the creature stands by the bassinet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sounds of the baby crying from the next room are muffled but constant. Phoebe sits on the couch while Nathan half-sits against the kitchen counter.

                                  PHOEBE  
What do we do now?

The crying stops, abruptly. They both give the closed door a look of concern. Phoebe stands. Nathan takes her hand.

                                  NATHAN  
We leave.

She pulls away from him and walks to the door.

                                  NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Phoebe, no.

                                  PHOEBE  
          (soft)  
It can't be...

She opens the door and turns on the bedroom light. The bassinet is empty.

                                  PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
No.

She RUNS to it.

                                  PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
NO! Sweetie? Where are you?

Phoebe pulls the bassinet apart looking for the baby. Nathan is right behind her.

                                  NATHAN  
Shh. You have to keep your voice  
down!

                                  PHOEBE  
She's GONE!

NATHAN  
Yes. That means...

Phoebe runs across the hall to the baby's room, checking the crib and all around.

PHOEBE  
HONEY?! Where are you?

NATHAN  
Phoebe!

PHOEBE  
It wasn't supposed to work. (BEAT)  
I NEVER THOUGHT THIS WOULD ACTUALLY  
HAPPEN!

He GRABS her.

NATHAN  
The neighbors will hear you. If  
she's gone, it means we got what we  
wanted. (BEAT) She was evil.

PHOEBE  
No, no she wasn't. She was just a  
baby! And I couldn't handle it.

She tears off and searches both rooms again for the baby.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Honey, where are you? Come back to  
me, baby.

NATHAN  
(loud whisper)  
Phoebe! You have to keep it down.

She stands and faces him.

PHOEBE  
What did you do?

NATHAN  
What did *I* do? You mean *we*, WE did  
this.

PHOEBE  
YOU messed with my head. You knew  
how I was feeling.

NATHAN  
How we both were feeling.

PHOEBE  
You never wanted her in the first  
place!

NATHAN  
Neither one of us did. I was just  
the only one who was honest.

PHOEBE  
I wanted her! I WANT HER! I LOVE  
HER! (BEAT) I TAKE IT BACK! PLEASE!

Nathan GRABS Phoebe.

NATHAN  
SHH!

PHOEBE  
I take it back!

NATHAN  
You have to keep your voice down.

She's defeated.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
We have to get out of here for a  
little while. Pretend like we're  
going out with the kid and come up  
with a story.

Phoebe cries.

PHOEBE  
I'm so sorry. I want her back.

Nathan packs the baby bag and a bundle of blankets looking  
like the kid.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
I can't do this.

NATHAN  
Come on.

PHOEBE  
I can't do this.

He locks eyes with her.

NATHAN  
Phoebe? I love you. You can do  
this. Do you trust me?

PHOEBE

No.

NATHAN

Do you trust me? That I will never  
leave you, and, together, we can do  
this?

She hesitates.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Please.

With tears in her eyes, she NODS.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

OK. Let's go.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

As the sun comes up over the heavily wooded space, Nathan and Phoebe walk a trail. Unencumbered by the baby paraphernalia from earlier, Nathan is animated.

NATHAN

I think our best bet is to leave.  
Completely. We skip town and go to  
Canada.

Phoebe doesn't hear him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I could do that. Could you? Could  
you, not speak with your mother  
again?

PHOEBE

No.

NATHAN

I think that's our best bet.  
Nothing to explain. Fresh start.

PHOEBE

No.

NATHAN

No? Why not?

PHOEBE

A hundred-thousand people read my  
blog. I've mentioned her.

(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
(BEAT) And that's our only source  
of income right now.

NATHAN  
Yeah, uh, the book has solutions  
for that too. Money, I mean.

PHOEBE  
Stop talking.

NATHAN  
We have to come up with a plan and  
get our stories straight. This is  
serious.

PHOEBE  
Where did we send her?

NATHAN  
We didn't do anything. She was  
evil.

PHOEBE  
Where did we send our baby, Nathan?

NATHAN  
I-I don't know.

PHOEBE  
You don't know? Well what does it  
say in the book?

NATHAN  
I don't know.

PHOEBE  
What, you didn't read that far?  
Little detail that didn't matter  
much to you? Oh, we'll just send  
our baby away, somewhere, who cares  
as long as I don't have to deal  
with it anymore.

NATHAN  
The book is back at the apartment.  
We can read it when we get back.

PHOEBE  
I want her back.

NATHAN  
I don't think it works that way.

PHOEBE

I want her back, Nathan. This was a horrible mistake.

NATHAN

We just need to clear our heads, OK? Get away for a couple of days. Let's head home, get some rest, and call the police. She vanished- they won't be able to find anything. They'll initiate a search and then we can come and go as we please.

PHOEBE

Are you hearing yourself? (BEAT)  
How can you be so calm? Don't you feel any remorse?

NATHAN

I don't. It said very plainly in the book that it would only work on evil spirits. I never felt right about her- you said the same thing, yourself.

PHOEBE

Because I was EXHAUSTED, Nathan. And suffering postpartum. And a dozen other things that I should have TALKED to someone about. (BEAT) But I was embarrassed and depressed... and I figured that my husband would have done more to help me.

NATHAN

I was up feeding the kid and changing diapers all the time. I did my share.

PHOEBE

Help ME. You didn't do anything for me. I was drowning and you never held out your hand. (BEAT) Now, I...

He lets her words sink in.

NATHAN

I didn't realize you felt that way.

They walk in silence.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Remnants of snow are everywhere.

INT. BEDROOM

Phoebe sobs, standing beside her baby's bassinet. She holds herself and looks into the messy bedding, searching for something. Suddenly, one of the blankets MOVE.

She straightens up a bit and watches the blanket. It moves, slightly, as if something were underneath. Phoebe looks around the room.

Sounds of Nathan in the shower are all that can be heard. Nothing out of place. Slowly, she moves her hand to touch the blanket. Closer and closer, the movement abruptly stops.

Phoebe freezes; her hand not more than an inch from the lifeless blanket. She EXHALES and places her hands on the edge of the bassinet.

JACK'S MOM draped in black cloth SCREAMS, BURSTING UP from the bassinet, GRABBING Phoebe by the shoulders and TACKLING her to the ground.

JACK'S MOM  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

Phoebe STRUGGLES and SCREAMS, herself.

JACK'S MOM (CONT'D)  
THE CHILD IS GONE. GONE! WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?!

PHOEBE  
NATHAN!! NATHAN!

The hag CLAWS at Phoebe's neck as Nathan BURSTS into the room in a towel. He turns on the light to find Phoebe on the floor, alone, THRASHING and SCREAMING.

NATHAN  
Hey, hey! Phoebe!

He drops to her side.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, it's OK. It's OK. What  
happened?

PHOEBE  
It's not OK! It's not OK! The  
bassinet! A woman-

NATHAN  
You saw a woman? In here?

Phoebe sits up, still CHOKING. Nathan examines the bassinet and finds nothing unusual.

PHOEBE  
It, she, was, the woman who killed  
herself, I think. She was grabbing  
at my throat.

Looking at his wife.

NATHAN  
Are you sure you didn't...

Glancing back to the bassinet, the Ashen Demon stands in the shadows, SMILING at Nathan.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
NO!

He JUMPS back and Phoebe scrambles to her feet next to him.

PHOEBE  
What? What did you see?

Nothing is there.

NATHAN  
Nothing.

PHOEBE  
You saw her too, right?

NATHAN  
No. Worse. (BEAT) I thought all  
this was over now.

PHOEBE  
All this? What have you seen?

NATHAN  
Enough.

PHOEBE  
Like what?



NATHAN

Awful things, Phoebe. I thought, I was seeing them because our daughter was... evil, or a demon, or something. During your pregnancy and once the baby was born.

PHOEBE

What did you see? (BEAT) Nathan. We have to get her back.

He runs his fingers through his hair.

NATHAN

Yeah.

She HUGS him tight. He hugs back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

OK.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

The living room is in shambles.

PHOEBE

Did you check your bag again?

NATHAN

YES! I checked it ten times.

PHOEBE

Under the couch?

NATHAN

Yeah, there too. It's not here.

She goes through everything in the bookshelf.

PHOEBE

It has to be here. Keep looking.

NATHAN

Phoebe, I've looked everywhere. It was in my bag, I remember, distinctly. (BEAT) Where the hell is it?

PHOEBE

You have to find it. Or, another copy.

EXT. BOOK SHOP - DAY

Main Street, Provo, Utah. Three city blocks of adorable brick shops and restaurants with one, colorful book shop at the center.

INT. BOOK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Floor to ceiling, books are everywhere. Very little thought was put into the display beyond the need to simply fit them all in the space. Nathan walks in.

NATHAN

Hello?

There's no answer. He walks the first few stalls.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Anyone here?

A young woman answers, DELILAH, 26.

DELILAH (O.S.)

You're wasting your time, Nathan.

NATHAN

Excuse me?

A pleasant blonde steps out from behind a book shelf.

DELILAH

Hi, how can I help you?

NATHAN

How did you know my name?

DELILAH

Sorry? I, uh, don't?

NATHAN

But, you just... Never mind. I was hoping you could help me find a book?

At the front computer, a few minutes later, Nathan stands next to Delilah.

DELILAH

Nothing. Sorry about that.

NATHAN

There isn't some secret code you can punch in, or something?

DELILAH

Not that I know of. Honestly,  
searching online is probably your  
best bet.

NATHAN

I have. It's like the book doesn't  
even exist.

DELILAH

What are you specifically looking  
to get out of the book? Old, occult  
stuff like that could be pulled  
from one text and put in another.

NATHAN

Oh, well, finding a, lost,  
relative?

DELILAH

Sure, let me check.

As she clicks away, Nathan hears someone COUGHING and  
WHEEZING in the back of the store.

NATHAN

Boy, your co-worker could really  
use a sick day.

DELILAH

What? I don't have any co-workers.  
Just me.

NATHAN

Oh, must be a customer back there.

DELILAH

Back where? It's just us.

She goes back to typing. The stacks go dark and Nathan looks  
up. He hears the labored breathing get louder and sees a  
gnarled hand grab the edge of the bookshelf closest to him.

Without facing Nathan, Delilah speaks.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter how hard you  
search, Nathan. Your child burns in  
hell, and soon, you'll join her.

NATHAN

What did you just say to me?

DELILAH  
(surprised)  
That I couldn't find any matches?

The store is bright and calm again.

NATHAN  
But you didn't?

DELILAH  
Sorry I couldn't be of better assistance. Do you mind? I have to close up for an appointment.

NATHAN  
Oh. Sure. Yeah, thanks for the help.

EXT. BOOK SHOP

Nathan stands outside as Delilah LOCKS the shop up from the inside. Deflated, he turns and collides with Sage, but she looks different. Blonde.

NATHAN  
Oof! I'm so sorr- SAGE?!

The woman is still BRUSHING herself off from the encounter.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Sage! You're back! Look, I need another copy of that book.

SAGE  
(California accent)  
Do I know you?

NATHAN  
Yes. Very well. I did what you suggested... Sage, I need another copy of Erik's book.

SAGE  
My name isn't Sage, man. It's Brittney.

NATHAN  
Brittney? Come on.

She walks away from him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Sage! PLEASE! I need your help!

SAGE  
Get away from me!

Noticing he's causing a scene, Nathan holds up his hands and calmly retreats.

EXT. MADAM MAJA'S HOUSE - DAY

A very nervous Phoebe stands outside of the fortune teller's house. Eventually, she works up the nerve to KNOCK. She waits for what seems like an hour and KNOCKS again.

The door opens.

PHOEBE  
Hello?

INT. MADAM MAJA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A very pensive Phoebe enters the house.

PHOEBE  
Madam Maja? It's Phoebe Gibbons. I was hoping I could sp-

MADAM MAJA (O.S.)  
Hello child.

The old woman is sitting on the living room sofa, sans theatrics.

PHOEBE  
I'm sorry to show up out of the blue, but I was wondering if I could ask you something?

MADAM MAJA  
I begged your husband, not to do it.

Phoebe walks in, closer to the woman.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)  
And now, you are cursed.

Phoebe sits across from Maja.

PHOEBE  
How do we get her back?

MADAM MAJA  
You cannot.

PHOEBE

We have to.

MADAM MAJA

The child was in your care. You  
were the steward of her soul and  
you gave it away.

PHOEBE

I wasn't in my right mind.

MADAM MAJA

Your daughter will not be returned  
without paying a terrible price.

PHOEBE

Anything.

The old woman laughs and pulls herself to her feet.

MADAM MAJA

You fool.

PHOEBE

Please!

She SNAPS around, grabbing Phoebe by the face.

MADAM MAJA

PLEASE?! You will BEG and PLEAD and  
he will CONSUME your baby before  
your eyes!

Gripping Phoebe's face with both hands, Maja pulls closer to  
her.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)

You will suffer for ALL TIME  
because of your choice!

Maja releases Phoebe and Phoebe falls to the floor.

MADAM MAJA (CONT'D)

(mocking)

*Please. I'll do anything.* (BEAT)  
You will go to the woods and offer  
a sacrifice. Call to the creature  
by name and beg him for an  
audience.

PHOEBE

What sacrifice?

MADAM MAJA

Something you hold dear. (BEAT) It MUST be precious to you or he will not grant you audience.

The old woman walks away.

PHOEBE

Wait!

MADAM MAJA

Enter the black wood with the moon at your back. Take no trails. Walk until the cold grips your heart. Pain and despair will stab at your insides. Then call to him. Beg to converse with the creature, and offer your sacrifice. (BEAT) If he accepts, he will appear.

PHOEBE

And then?

MADAM MAJA

And then you plead for your child's soul. (BEAT) Leave. Never return to my home.

Phoebe stands and makes her way to the door.

PHOEBE

What's its name?

MADAM MAJA

It is called *Myaar*.

We see Maja's lips, slowly repeat "MYAAR" in a whisper.

FADE TO:

#### STORY BOOK

An ancient book; bound in weathered, dark coffee leather, with ornate, English calligraphy text reading "MYAAR", lies on a stand in a stone archway. A candle burns bright beside the book as it opens.

A wood cut print depicting the Garden of Eden is laid out on one page with almost illegible script beside it on the other.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
*Myaar, also known as The Devourer,  
 is one of the oldest demons known  
 to man.*

A snake appears in a tree before Eve.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
*Originally appearing in the form of  
 a snake in the Garden of Eden,  
 Myaar worked to gain Eve's trust;  
 paving the way for Lucifer to  
 ultimately tempt her and bring  
 about the Fall of Adam.*

The page turns. Another wood cut depicting an immense canyon  
 is laid over both pages.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
*As a reward for his service,  
 Lucifer appointed Myaar as overseer  
 of his entire kingdom. Prince of  
 hell, and keeper of souls, the  
 demon was responsible for the  
 organization of the infernal  
 kingdom as well as the architect of  
 the punishments that awaited the  
 damned.*

A handsome man points to a pair of traditional, horned  
 demons, angrily engaged in torturing a man.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
*Over time, Myaar became obsessed  
 with his status and considered  
 himself equal to Lucifer.*

A print depicting an opulent dining hall opens. Banners with  
 the same runic symbols from the whiteboard in Phoebe's dream  
 hang in the hall. The handsome man sits at the head of a  
 table where bound men and women are served on platters.

PHOEBE (V.O.)  
*Instead of assigning damned souls  
 to their eternal tormentors, Myaar  
 selected choice souls for himself.*

The handsome man consumes a woman; his physique now reflects  
 years of over-eating. The page is turned and a furious  
 Lucifer chastises the handsome man. He is scooped up and  
 CHEWED on by the devil.



PHOEBE (V.O.)

*Betrayed by his servant, a scorned  
Lucifer consumed Myaar, grinding  
him between his teeth for over a  
hundred years time. Eventually the  
demon was released and cast out of  
the kingdom.*

A ghastly creature cries out with its arms outstretched in a gnarled forest.

PHOEBE (V.O.)

*Left on Earth, and forgotten, Myaar  
began tempting and collecting  
souls, hoping to amass enough to  
buy his way back into Lucifer's  
kingdom.*

The page turns and a full spread depicting the creature taking a child away from a happy man and woman is in full color.

PHOEBE (V.O.)

*For over three-thousand years,  
Myyaar knocked at Lucifer's door  
with offerings and was turned away  
each time. (BEAT) So the creature  
resolved to start anew and create a  
kingdom of his own; collecting only  
the choicest souls to keep and  
torment, himself. Children.*

Babies, toddlers, and teens are held in cages. Some of them have red, velvet bags over their heads, tied at their necks with rope.

PHOEBE (V.O.)

*Promising peace and happiness,  
Myyaar offers to take unwanted,  
unruly, and "evil" children from  
their overwrought parents.*

The creature carries a sleeping child away in a net.

PHOEBE (V.O.)

*Souls are collected and preserved  
by the creature, with some  
occasionally consumed in order to  
sustain the demon in its mission.*

Lit torches burn in a forest as a man and woman plead with the demon.

PHOEBE (V.O.)

*Repentant parents, seeking to have their children returned, have tried to barter for the souls which were lost. However, it is only when another soul is offered in exchange that the creature most foul has been known to grant their requests.*

CUT TO:

PHOEBE ON HER COMPUTER

Tears stream down Phoebe's cheeks as she reads from her laptop.

PHOEBE

Another soul is offered in exchange.

She looks to a picture of herself with Nathan and the baby next to her laptop. Determined, she SHUTS the computer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is at the kitchen counter with his pack to Phoebe as she marches into the room.

PHOEBE

Nathan? I-

She touches him on the shoulder and MYAAR turns to face her.

MYAAR

The child is MINE.

He STANDS and towers over her.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

And soon she will BURN! HAHA HA!

Phoebe SCREAMS.

NATHAN

Hey! Whoa! Easy, Phoebe.

Nathan comforts her. She opens her eyes and confirms that it's him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

PHOEBE

You were the- I saw you. You were...

NATHAN

I'm me, Phoebes. You touched my shoulder and I turned to see what you wanted and you screamed at me.

PHOEBE

No.

NATHAN

Yeah. What did you see?

PHOEBE

The thing that has our baby.

He's interested.

NATHAN

You serious?

PHOEBE

I went to see the psychic. The old woman.

NATHAN

And?

PHOEBE

She told me how to find it. (BEAT)  
We leave in an hour.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Nathan and a very focused Phoebe exit their car. They're packed for a hike and each carry the necessary materials to make a torch.

NATHAN

Where do we go?

PHOEBE

I don't know. Away from the moon.

She gestures up ahead.

NATHAN

Is there something we should be looking for?

PHOEBE

Just walk.

She starts off on her own.

FOREST - LATER

They walk together through the dense forest, far from any trail. Phoebe is leading, but only slightly.

NATHAN

Phoebe?

PHOEBE

Yeah?

NATHAN

What if, it doesn't show?

PHOEBE

It will.

NATHAN

Right, but if it doesn't?

PHOEBE

It will.

He stops walking.

NATHAN

OK. Suppose it shows, but it won't give her back. What then?

She stops.

PHOEBE

It will.

NATHAN

How do you know? (BEAT) If it doesn't show or doesn't want to give her back... am I, enough?

PHOEBE

What?

NATHAN

Will I ever be enough for you, like I used to be? Or will we keep coming back to, this?

PHOEBE

How can you ask me that? How can you even say that, right now? We're here to get our daughter back... from a DEMON, Nathan. If that doesn't work out? Will you be enough? (BEAT) Enough to numb the pain that I CONSTANTLY feel after being DUPED into, *wishing* my child away?

NATHAN

Oh, I duped you? Me? We both wanted her gone. You told me that you hated her. HATED her. (BEAT) You thought she was just as evil as I did and that getting rid of her was our only option.

PHOEBE

I was delirious, Nathan!

NATHAN

Here we go.

PHOEBE

I was in the middle of a mental breakdown. And I trusted my husband, my PARTNER, to have my back. Not to come to me with a plan to banish our infant daughter to hell.

NATHAN

We didn't do that, OK. We don't know where-

PHOEBE

(tears)

I trusted you, asshole!

Her words cut him.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

I was sick and the last thing I expected was you to abandon me. And our little girl.

She brings her hand to her face.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

She's just a baby. My baby.

NATHAN

You can blame me all you want, but we're in this together.

PHOEBE

You didn't help me! You should have taken me to a doctor! Or a support group, or SOMETHING!

NATHAN

You're a grown woman, Phoebe. How was I supposed to know that you didn't already try those things on your own?

PHOEBE

YOU COULD HAVE ASKED ME!

NATHAN

I never wanted the kid in the first place- you knew that. This was our chance to start over and we both wanted it. We can't tear each other apart now. (BEAT) I have your back... do you have mine?

She looks him in the eye, unflinching.

PHOEBE

Walk.

Phoebe continues on her hike. A dumbfounded Nathan follows.

CLEARING - LATER

It's freezing cold as the two approach a small clearing. They haven't spoken a word to one another for a while. Phoebe stops.

PHOEBE

Stop. Do you feel that?

NATHAN

I don't feel anything.

PHOEBE

I think this is the place.

She drops her bag and readies the torch.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Light your torch.

NATHAN

This, is the place? Here? How can you tell?

PHOEBE

I feel it.

NATHAN

Oh, you feel it?

PHOEBE

You were expecting a sign? That thing appeared in our bedroom, took our baby, and left within twenty seconds- I think it can show up anywhere it wants, and I feel it... around me, here, that this is the place it will appear. Now, please, light your torch. Please.

With both torches burning bright, Phoebe stacks a small, rock altar. She's on her knees.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What did you bring to sacrifice?

Nathan pulls his laptop from his bag and holds it out for her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

What's this?

NATHAN

It's my laptop. My whole life is on that.

PHOEBE

It's a computer. More than half the files are already on the cloud.

NATHAN

You said something important-

PHOEBE

Sacred. Something you can't live without.

NATHAN

That computer is the most important thing in my entire life. (BEAT)  
What did you bring?

She turns from him to the small pile of rocks, pulling on her wedding ring.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Phoebe? What did you bring?

PHOEBE  
Myaar. I kneel before you, begging  
for you to hear me.

She removes her wedding ring.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
I offer you this ring; the symbol  
of my marriage. If you will meet  
with me here, tonight, I will vow  
to walk away from the only man I  
have ever loved. To leave my  
husband, my home, and my life here.

Nathan cannot believe what she's saying as Phoebe places her  
ring on the altar.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
Please, Myaar! Show yourself, I BEG  
OF YOU!

She bows her head. The air is still. The forest is silent.  
Some time passes.

NATHAN  
You see? This was a waste of time.  
And now I know how you really feel.

Phoebe nods along in agreement.

PHOEBE  
I guess the ring didn't work.

She looks down at her hands and then up to the sky. Taking a  
deep breath, she rifles through her pack and pulls a camping  
hatchet.

NATHAN  
Phoebe? What are you doing?

She wipes the ring off the altar and places her right hand on  
the top rock.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Whatever you are thinking of doing,  
do NOT do it. Phoebe.

PHOEBE  
Myaar. Please, if you will show  
yourself, I will give you my hand.  
I BEG YOU! PLEASE HEAR ME!



NATHAN

NOO!

DOWN comes the hatchet. THWAK! Blood SPRAYS.

PHOEBE

AHHH!

THWAK! She CHOPS again, WRETCHING. Nathan RUNS to her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

SHOW YOURSELF!

CHOP! Her hand is off. Blood POURS from her wrist as Nathan wraps his belt around her forearm. Her eyes roll back and things...

FADE TO BLACK.

DARKNESS

Phoebe's heartbeat is RAPID and ECHOES in her mind. Muffled sounds of Nathan and her baby come in and out. Her heartbeat SLOWS.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Phoebe! WAKE UP! PHOEBE!

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, Phoebe opens her eyes.

PHOEBE

(groggy)

Nathan?

Everything is blurry, but she can tell that he's kneeling next to her. She looks down at her right arm and things come into sharp focus. She SCREAMS. Nathan is unphased, looking up.

MYAAR (O.S.)

Shhh. Quiet, little one.

Phoebe looks over at her hand on the rock altar as a gnarled hand picks it up. She PANICS. The creature deeply SNIFFS her hand. She scrambles to her knees.

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

Your offering.

She locks eyes with him.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

Pleases me. What is it you desire?

He's ghastly, even bathed in shadow. The creature sits on the ground, hunched, with his arm up over part of his face, SCRATCHING his back and continuing to sniff Phoebe's hand.

She humbles herself, BOWING as low as possible.

PHOEBE

Great and... powerful Myaar.

MYAAR

OUT WITH IT.

PHOEBE

Please. I beg you. Give me back my daughter.

MYAAR

Ahh. You wish her returned? You cared so little for her before.

PHOEBE

It was a mistake. I was weak.

MYAAR

You are all weak.

PHOEBE

Yes. Please. Please. Let me have my daughter back.

MYAAR

And what would you give me? For the child you did not wish to keep.

She struggles to find the words.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

You would like me to take him? In her place?

Myaar gestures to Nathan. The man is in shock.

PHOEBE

Yes.

MYAAR

SPEAK UP!

PHOEBE

YES! Take him.

NATHAN

Wha- NO! You can't take me. I'm not hers to give! She sacrificed our relationship... I'm not hers anymore.

Myaar LAUGHS.

MYAAR

He speaks the truth.

PHOEBE

(soft)

Then take me.

MYAAR

Oh?

PHOEBE

I'll give you, my soul. In, in exchange for my daughter.

MYAAR

Your soul, eh? Something new... different plan now? Tell him. You came here, hoping I would take him in the child's place, yes? That was your plan? (BEAT) SPEAK!

PHOEBE

YES!

MYAAR

You would betray him?

PHOEBE

I only care for my baby.

MYAAR

You were so quick to give her away? Why did you think I would take your husband in her place?

PHOEBE

He's, bad. Evil. He belongs with-

MYAAR

A demon? He belongs with a demon?

NATHAN

Bitch. (BEAT) Well, she can't volunteer my soul and you heard her, she just offered hers in place of the kid's.

MYAAR

YES.

He SNIFFS her hand again.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

I think I would like to have your soul. (BEAT) But you, boy, have something to say?

NATHAN

It's done. As promised. Two souls in exchange for mine.

PHOEBE

What are you saying?

NATHAN

I'm the child's father and I say you can keep her. Keep the baby and take Phoebe, as she's already pledged her soul to you. (BEAT) It's done. I held up my end of the bargain.

Myaar laughs.

MYAAR

She does not know? (BEAT) Your Nathan. His soul belongs to... my father. He was nineteen years old! Sold for worthless paper! HA!

NATHAN

But, I made them an offer on top; if I could get them two innocents, then I was free. The cash was mine, my soul, was MINE! (BEAT) I knocked her up, I convinced her to give you the baby, and I brought her here tonight. Two souls. I go free.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

A YOUNG NATHAN shakes hands with the Ashen Demon in a back alley at night.

Nathan is BRANDED with a runic symbol on his shoulder blade.

Nathan STALKS Phoebe; she plays with her dog, she's treating friends to dinner, he's researching her socials and taking notes, and ultimately hitting on her.

Nathan replaces Phoebe's birth control pills.

Nathan gives a brochure for the fortune teller to one of Phoebe's bridesmaids.

Nathan, on his wedding day, standing outside the chapel with his dry-cleaning bag hung over his shoulder, makes a call.

NATHAN

Hello. I'm calling for Madam Maja, please. (BEAT) No, that's fine. I was actually wondering if she received a package I had sent to her? A book. Really spooky stuff—right up her alley. Oh, uh, no name. Just an admirer. Glad she got it. Thanks.

Madam Maja sits at her table, perplexed as she opens a box containing the leather-bound book with ornate writing on the cover that reads "MYAAR".

The baby sleeps peacefully. Nathan stands over the bassinet and PINCHES her to make her scream. He sneaks away, forcing a delirious Phoebe to attend to her.

Nathan holds their crying baby, DUMPING her full bottle down the drain.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I fed her and she's still crying!

Nathan sitting in his office with two black books; he places one above the other (the one on top has BRUTAL IMAGERY, the one below much more tame) and leafing through the tame version, he comes to the banishing incantation pages and WRITES "ONLY ON EVIL SPIRITS".

CUT BACK TO:

FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Phoebe looks to Nathan with her lip quivering.

PHOEBE

Nathan?

NATHAN

Shut your mouth, whore. I have had  
to put up with you for three,  
miserable years. I'm finished.  
(BEAT) You and that thing, belong  
to him now. I'm a free man.

Phoebe can't speak.

MYAAR

Good plan. Look, she cannot believe  
it was all a lie. That you never  
cared for her.

NATHAN

No. (BEAT) She was an innocent and  
the child is an innocent. Two  
souls. In exchange for mine.

PHOEBE

How could you do this to me?

MYAAR

Two souls? Good deal.

He WAIVES Nathan away. Phoebe, tears in her eyes, is gutted.  
Nathan smiles.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

BUT.

The creature holds up his finger.

MYAAR (CONT'D)

You did not strike the deal, with  
me.

It SMILES. The Ashen Demon appears next to Nathan.

NATHAN

You?! No.

The Demon becomes Sage.

SAGE

You thought you were so clever,  
boy. (BEAT) We have been guiding  
you since the day you shook our  
hand.

Sage becomes Erik.

ERIK

Now you have lost the souls with  
which you hoped to bargain.

NATHAN

No. I- I can get, others. I just  
need more time.

A blonde-haired, California accent Sage faces him.

SAGE

All you have left, is eternity.

She PLUNGES her hand into Nathan's chest and pulls a GLOWING BALL from him. Nathan struggles to breathe. The Ashen Demon holds the glowing object in his hands and takes a slow, messy BITE out of it. Nathan SUFFOCATES, CLAWING at his own throat as the demon watches.

He reaches out to Phoebe. She looks away in disgust.

Myaar looks at Phoebe and she looks at him. In the distance, Nathan DROPS DEAD and the demon DISSOLVES.

MYAAR

Mother. What will you give me in  
exchange for the child?

PHOEBE

(shaking)

If you will return my baby to me,  
and allow me to share in her life-  
watching her grow, marry, and  
become a mother herself... if you  
will give her to me and grant me  
that time with her, then my soul is  
what I will offer you.

MYAAR

Your soul will belong to me. For  
all time. Yes?

PHOEBE

Yes.

MYAAR

Done.

From Myaar's cataract eye, everything goes WHITE.

FADE IN:

EXT. SPANISH BUNGALOW - DAY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. A white, two-bedroom bungalow on a tree-lined street is THUMPING with music and SQUEALS.

INT. SPANISH BUNGALOW

High design done on a budget; the space is a master class in eclectic furniture pairing and color-blocking. Phoebe pops out around a corner.

PHOEBE

Where is...

She spies a little girl in a floral dress, poorly hiding behind a loveseat.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

GEORGIA!

She TICKLES the little one and Georgia SQUEALS in delight. The little one wears leg braces and holds crutches.

GEORGIA

Now you go hide, mommy!

PHOEBE

Me? I'm terrible, you'll find me right away.

GEORGIA

Then let's go hide together!

PHOEBE

That is a GREAT idea, baby. Let's go!

They run off together.

In the living room, there's a wonderfully bright book case filled with pictures and treasures of a life well-lived.

One picture shows Phoebe and little Georgia in front of the bungalow, holding the SOLD sign. Another picture shows Georgia playing dress-up as a princess.

On a different shelf, an older Georgia poses on a horse, smiling, showing a mouth full of braces with her mom beside her. Past a large geode, another framed picture has Georgia, brace-free, wearing her graduation robes, HUGGING Phoebe.



A college acceptance letter to USC is framed next to a trophy for EVENTING. Phoebe poses with Georgia and a group of her sorority sisters; everyone wearing cardinal and gold.

Pictures on the wall show Phoebe standing next to Georgia on her wedding day with a handsome GROOM and his family. Another frame boasts Georgia in a business suit, speaking at a podium, while a large frame shows an older Phoebe smiling with a half-nude Georgia- her newborn baby on her chest.

On the mantle, a sweet picture of grandma Phoebe holding her two grandchildren while Georgia and her husband stand next to her and smile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A grey-haired Phoebe CUTS carrots in the kitchen. Sounds of children playing can be heard in the background... she smiles. Happily chopping, she stops. Her face contorts and she grabs her chest. Phoebe FALLS to the floor.

She lies there, motionless for a moment.

GEORGIA (O.S.)  
Hey mom? Mom?

The woman comes around the corner to find her mother collapsed on the floor.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
MOM! DARREN! CALL AN ABULANCE! MOM!  
HOLD ON! DARREN!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A large, white rectangle in the heart of the city. An ambulance is parked out front.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Phoebe lies in a white bed at the center of a white room, hooked up to a single monitor. She sleeps as a DOCTOR watches over her. Georgia is by her side.

DOCTOR  
Are her affairs in order?

GEORGIA  
Uh, no, not really. We weren't expecting this.

DOCTOR  
She could rebound, but after an  
attack of that magnitude, it would  
be wise to have her affairs in  
order.

Phoebe GASPS awake. Georgia and the doctor rush to her.

GEORGIA  
MOM!

DOCTOR  
Miss Ling, can you hear me?

PHOEBE  
Yes.

She's fully awake.

DOCTOR  
How are you feeling?

PHOEBE  
Sore. Tired. (BEAT) But, fine.

GEORGIA  
Mom! I was so afraid...

PHOEBE  
Shh.

DOCTOR  
I'm going to make a few notes and  
call the nurse to help me run some  
tests. Happy to see you're awake.

He leaves the room.

PHOEBE  
So, what did he really say while I  
was out?

GEORGIA  
He said some pretty dirty stuff. I  
think he was coming on to you.

PHOEBE  
Ugh, another one? When will  
handsome, successful men learn that  
I want nothing to do with them.

GEORGIA  
I'm so happy that you're awake,  
mom.

PHOEBE  
 Me too, babe. Could you get me a  
 drink of water, please? (BEAT) I'm  
 feeling a little, hot.

Georgia looks behind her to the table with water and ice  
 chips. Phoebe FANS herself and breaths heavy.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
 Ooh. I'm feeling... light-headed.

GEORGIA  
 I'm going to get the doctor.

Phoebe nods and Georgia leaves in a hurry. Alone, Phoebe  
 takes deep breaths. The lights FLICKER.

MYAAR (O.S.)  
 (whisper)  
 Time to go, Phoebe.

She panics.

PHOEBE  
 No.

Phoebe looks around the room.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
 I don't hear you.

MYAAR (O.S.)  
 But you do, don't you?

The lights FLICKER and go out. Shadows are everywhere.

PHOEBE  
 No! I, I have more time!

MYAAR (O.S.)  
 Do you?

PHOEBE  
 PLEASE! You have to give me more  
 time!

MYAAR (O.S.)  
 Time. To. GO!

Myaar's arms come up from the bed, wrapping Phoebe up. She  
 SCREAMS but no one comes.

PHOEBE  
 HELP ME! PLEASE!

She struggles. The shadows in the room move on the bed, closing in to a crushing blackness. Her screams are terrifying. Myaar's LAUGHTER cuts through the noise.

                    PHOEBE (CONT'D)  
NO! PLEASE! NOO!

The arms tighten and PULL her into the bed.

Moments later, Georgia and the doctor RUSH into the room to find nothing but Phoebe's right hand- youthful, pristine- lying on the bed. The heart monitor emits a solid BEEP. The doctor holds at the door as Georgia moves slowly to her mother's bed.

                    GEORGIA  
Mom? MOM! (BEAT) MOM!

Georgia stands by the bed.

                    GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Whose hand is... mom?

The doctor walks over, confused.

                    GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Where did she go?

                    DOCTOR  
I... I'm going to call the police.

He leaves. There's a sound of a woman screaming.

                    GEORGIA  
Mom?

The SCREAMS grow louder.

                    PHOEBE (O.S.)  
NO! PLEASE! HELP ME!

                    GEORGIA  
MOM! MOM!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.