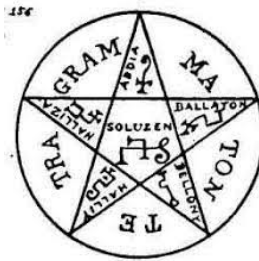




ECHO LAKE

ENTERTAINMENT

PLEASE COME BACK



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INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Ding. Ding. Ding. A "door ajar" alarm rings over and over.

Moving across the hood of a Porsche, the camera lands on--

An upscale, well-dressed YOUNG WOMAN standing frozen, one foot out of the car.

Reveal: A large, silver handgun is in her face.

It's held by a sweaty, shaking HEAVYSET MAN in his fifties. He stares her down.

ECU-- His distinctive grey eyes. Rage filled.

She tries to speak but no words come out.

He pushes the gun against her forehead. The Man grits his teeth. His finger quivers on the trigger.

He wants to do it. He wants to kill her... but he can't. The Woman sees his eyes soften. Taking his finger off the trigger, he starts to lower the gun, when--

BANG!

From off screen-- A bullet HAMMERS through the Man's skull. He collapses, dropping to the ground. DEAD.

The Woman's face is now splashed in his blood. Blinding her. The camera pushes into her blood-soaked eyes--

SMASH TO BLACK--

FADE INTO--

Dead quiet. A deep dark watery abyss. A soft, bloody red glow offers the tiniest bit of light, illuminating a vast, empty world.

In her same upscale clothes, we now find the Young Woman, terrified, floating deep in this empty realm. Bathed in the bloody red light, she sinks deeper into the void.

When, from the near distance we see a shadowy figure whipping through the underwater world.

Whatever it is, it heads straight for her. As it gets closer, its silhouette reveals it to be some sort of GIANT SNAKE-LIKE TENTACLED CREATURE. It readies to attack.

Spotting the monstrosity, the woman's eyes widen. She lets out a frightened bubbly, underwater SCREAM--

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

The same young woman from the underworld opens her eyes. She JOLTS up in bed while fighting to get air into her lungs. This is SHAY HADAD (27).

Covered in sweat, she looks around the dingy motel room to get her bearings. The only source of light is the sun seeping through the blackout drapes.

Passed out beside Shay is, RYAN FRIGG (25). He slowly rolls over to find Shay in distress.

RYAN
You alright?

SHAY
Yeah, I'm okay.

Ryan puts his arm around her and kisses her neck.

RYAN
You have another bad dream?

Shay forces a smile and does her best to calm herself. Ryan looks at the time-- 5:36am. He sits up. Stretches.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We should get on the road. We still
got a long way to go.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - DAY

Sitting at a picnic table, Shay stares off. She's looking at a dead possum on the side of the two lane highway.

CU-- The possum's dead glassy eyes.

Ryan comes over with a tray of food. He starts to divide up who ordered what.

RYAN
What are you looking at?

SHAY
That thing.

RYAN
(munching on a fry)
Possum.

SHAY
It's just laying there in the road.

RYAN
Yeah, it's roadkill.

SHAY
It's sad.

RYAN
Let me ask you something. What's the one place in the world you'd like to visit more than anywhere else?

Shay is lost in thought.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Shay.

SHAY
What?

RYAN
If you could visit anywhere, where would it be?

SHAY
What? I don't know, Drake's house.

RYAN
Come on, I'm serious. Like a city.

SHAY
Well, I've always wanted to go to Tokyo.

RYAN
What about South America?

SHAY
That's not a city.

RYAN
(holds up a donut box)
Check it out, I got donuts for the road. I got you a Boston cream. How do you eat these? They're so sweet.

SHAY
Why are you asking me that?

RYAN
I don't know, I just think they're too sweet. They'll make you sick.

SHAY

No. I mean about the city.

Shay looks back to the poor dead creature...

RYAN

Shay, would please stop staring at the dead possum? You know its soul isn't in there anymore. It's just a shell now.

SHAY

You know that's not totally true.

A concerned Shay continues to stare at the animal. After a moment, Ryan sighs.

RYAN

(annoyed)

Okay, let's just jump ahead. Shay, what do you want to do about the possum?

CUT TO:

Ryan hurriedly carries something wrapped in a large piece of newspaper, holding it as far away from his body as possible. With Shay close behind, he puts down the newspaper in a small wooded area not far from the picnic tables.

The newspaper unfolds itself revealing the departed possum. Ryan manically wipes his hands on his jeans. Ew!

Holding the box of donuts, Shay stands over it. Ryan calms himself and joins her. He looks at her as she continues to solemnly gaze at the poor dead creature. He smiles before carefully folding his hands, like he's at a funeral.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'll start.

(shuts eyes, over the top)

Dear Jesus. Oh lord in heaven. Take this creature. Bring thy to thee bosom, oh Lord of Lords.

Shay quietly opens the donut box.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(eyes still shut)

May this possum be an angel in your kingdom. Guard it with your love--

WHAP! Shay SMACKS Ryan in the face with a Boston cream, blinding him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(eyes covered in cream
filling)
You did not just do that.

Shay, "Holy shit." Maybe that was a little too much.

SHAY
(laughing)
Oh my god. I'm so sorry. That was
way worse than I thought it was
gonna be. It exploded all over your
face.

Ryan wipes cream out of his eyes.

RYAN
Yeah, I got that.

Ryan grabs Shay and starts tickling her. He starts to wipe
his donut covered face on her. She laughs uncontrollably
trying to get away. A nearby family looks over, unimpressed.
She finally pulls away.

SHAY
Let's go, we're gonna be late.

RYAN
It's in my hair, jerk.

SHAY
Then don't make fun of me.

RYAN (O.S.)
Did I get it all?

Looking back, Shay sees a big piece of donut hanging on his
cheek. Laughing, she wipes it off with a napkin. Kisses him.
He holds her tight.

SHAY
Thank you.

RYAN
For what?

SHAY
Being you.

MOMENTS LATER--

A little cleaned up, they make their way across the parking lot, a police car pulls up. Ryan continues toward their car but Shay stops in her tracks.

She stands FROZEN staring at the Cops. Then turns away to hide her face. Ryan turns back, "What?"

The Cops saunter out of their squad car and head inside. They're just grabbing lunch.

Shay watches them go for a beat before continuing to the car.

RYAN

You okay?

SHAY

Yeah, fine.

They climb into their beat-up Subaru wagon.

Behind the two front seats, the car is PACKED to the gills with shopping bags and suitcases. It's jammed right to the ceiling.

Ryan starts the wagon up and they take off.

INT. CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY

As they continue down the country road, Shay checks the nav on her phone. Ryan takes a bite of a donut.

RYAN

How far are we?

SHAY

About an hour.

She looks at the time.

SHAY (CONT'D)

That should give us plenty of time to get ready.

RYAN

Great. Hey, later tonight I was hoping we could chill out. Maybe make a nice dinner.

SHAY

We can do that. Let's just get set up first.

Shay leans over and gives Ryan a gentle kiss. He smiles to himself.

RYAN

What do you say after this we take a break? Go on vacation or something.

SHAY

Yeah, maybe.

RYAN

How about Rio?

SHAY

Rio? Like in Brazil?

RYAN

Why not? What do you think?

SHAY

I think you're crazy.

EXT. COUNTRY FARM HOUSE - GATE - DAY

They drive up to a large metal gate. Ryan pulls up an email from Airbnb and punches in a code. The gate opens and they continue up a long driveway.

EXT. COUNTRY FARM HOUSE - DAY

The car stops and they both hop out, studying the house and its surroundings.

RYAN

It's nice.

SHAY

(looking around)

Yeah, it should be fine.

Shay takes out an old compass, gets her bearings. She points.

SHAY (CONT'D)

West is that way.

RYAN

Good, so we can use the garage.

SHAY

It's why I picked this place. We're
not putting it in the house again.
That was a mess.

Ryan nods in agreement.

RYAN

Head inside and I'll start
unloading.

Shay makes her way to the front door. She punches in the code
to the lockbox for the key to the house.

Ryan pops the trunk and pulls out a few grocery bags to bring
inside. Now alone, he digs into his pocket. He pulls out a
ring box and opens it.

CU - a small but stylish diamond engagement ring.

He smiles to himself before putting it back in his pocket.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Moving through the house, Shay studies the place like she's a
building inspector. It could use a bit of an update but it's
clean. Hardwood floors flow throughout the place.

Heading into the kitchen, Shay looks out the window to the
private woodsy yard. Again, she checks her compass, when she
spots a back door to an expansive porch. She unlocks it, then
opens and shuts it. Locks it again.

Suddenly, Shay grabs her chest and starts hyperventilating.
She's having a panic attack. Attempting to calm herself, she
closes her eyes and takes slow deep breaths. She's clearly
been through this before.

With eyes still shut, she pulls back the sleeve on her shirt
revealing:

--NUMEROUS SCARS CRISS-CROSSING ALL OVER HER FOREARM. As if
to comfort herself, she runs a finger across her healed cuts.
After a quiet moment, she opens her eyes.

When Ryan stumbles into the front entrance carrying six
grocery bags while pulling two rolling travel bags. He looks
a little ridiculous.

RYAN

(calls out)

Hey Shay!

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

I didn't mean you should disappear
while I bring everything in myself!
Can you help me?

With a look of concern, Shay comes in.

SHAY

There's a back door in the kitchen.
It's facing east.

RYAN

And?

SHAY

I didn't see that in the photos. I
missed it.

RYAN

Well, I'm not an architect but I'd
say most houses have a back door.

SHAY

Did you not hear me? It's facing
east. We're gonna have to be really
careful when we circle the house.

RYAN

Hey, it's okay. We're always
careful when we circle the house.

SHAY

It's just not as secure as I
thought it was.

RYAN

We picked a house that faces west.
Therefore the back of the house is
gonna face east. Right? It's not
that big a deal.

SHAY

Seriously? Everything we're doing
here is a big deal. Everything.
This is fucking serious. Can you
please act like you give a shit?

RYAN

You're right. We'll be extra
careful. I promise.

SHAY

I'm sorry. It's just, I'm feeling a
little off.

Ryan takes her hand.

RYAN

Hey, do you not want to do this?
Because we can stop right now. It's
not too late. If you're not feeling
good about it, let's not do it.

SHAY

No, I want to, I'm just a bit
nervous that's all.

RYAN

You're sure?

Shay nods.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

-- They carry in the rest of the bags from the car into the entrance way.

-- Together they move all the furniture in the living room against the wall, creating as empty a space as possible.

-- On the living room floor, Shay carefully lays out fresh herbs like henbane and morning glory, chalk, white candles, as well as a sharp ceremonial dagger called an Athame (used in ceremonial magic for millennia).

-- Ryan brings in a black satchel. He digs inside, making sure everything they need is in the bag including vials of ash, jars of gnarled roots and dried shrooms. Convinced it's all there, he places the satchel next to the herbs.

-- Shay puts the groceries away in the kitchen.

-- In the breakfast nook off the kitchen, Ryan lays out multiple rolls of gauze, medical scissors, surgical tape, disinfectant and bandaids.

-- In the dining room, they again push all the furniture against the wall. Shay neatly lays out more chalk, herbs and another sharp-edged Athame.

-- Shay awkwardly carries a forty pound bag of salt to the front door.

-- Opening the garage door, Ryan carries in large bags of ice. Load after load. When he's done there's easily 20 bags.

-- Taking out a small, beat up leather bound book from the black satchel, Shay puts it in the back pocket of her jeans.

-- In the garage, Ryan and Shay lift a nearby ping pong table and place it in the center of the space. After taking off the net, they start piling ice bags around the edges of the tabletop.

THE MONTAGE ENDS with them quietly standing in the living room looking out the window as the dropping sun hovers above the trees.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I was thinking about making a roast chicken with rosemary tonight.

SHAY

But you're not using the rosemary we need for this weekend?

RYAN

No. I got it specifically for the chicken.

SHAY

Sure. That'd be nice. Let's just get this done before the sun sets.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Exiting the garage, they head over to the Subaru. From outside, the back of the car now looks empty. They did load in a ton of bags. Both looking around, they check to make sure they're not being watched.

Ryan pops the rear gate of the Subaru.

REVEAL THE ONE ITEM THAT'S LEFT--

A BLACK BODY BAG.

It was hidden underneath all the luggage and grocery bags this entire time. A few bags of ice lay on top of it.

SHAY

I hate this part. I know they're already dead but I'm so afraid to drop them.

RYAN

Last time you did drop them.

SHAY
I keep telling you, we need to get
a rolling table thing. Like a
gurney.

RYAN
Nah, we got this.

Ryan and Shay reach in and drag the body to the edge of the bumper.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You ready?

Shay nods.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Three, two, one.

They yank out the heavy body bag and it immediately CRASHES to the ground with a THUD!

RYAN (CONT'D)
Seriously?

SHAY
It's too heavy.

Dead bodies are notoriously gangly and hard to carry, let alone trying to move it in a loose body bag.

Ryan picks up one end and starts to pull it across the ground.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Don't just drag it.

RYAN
Then help me.

Shay picks up the other end of the bag.

SHAY
I think your end is heavier. Let's
switch.

They change sides.

SHAY (CONT'D)
I was wrong.

They go back.

In the most awkward way possible, they finally get the body into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

They close the garage door and put the body on the floor next to the ping pong table. Ryan shoves over a few bags of ice to make room for the corpse on the tabletop.

SHAY
Bend the knees.

3-2-1. They lift the body bag on the table as awkwardly as they've done everything else.

As they lower the large black bag, they almost flip the table over. Shit! Eventually they get it centered.

RYAN
Do you want to do the honors?

SHAY
No please, it's all you.

Ryan unzips the bag. He opens it revealing a bluish-purple, Naked Woman in her early twenties. Her eyes and mouth are gently closed, and if it weren't for her waxy skin, you'd think she was sleeping.

They take her out of the bag and carefully lay her naked body in the center of the ping pong table. It's cold and clinical. Large bags of ice sit on the table with her.

SHAY (CONT'D)
God, she's just a kid. How did she die?

RYAN
I don't know. He didn't say.

Beat.

SHAY
Come on, let's get the ice on her.

Picking up bags of ice they pack them around the body to slow it from decaying as best as possible.

Shay then pulls out the small leather book from her back pocket. On the cover is a drawing of the "Secret Seal of Solomon" with Enochian text written below it.

She opens the book and shows Ryan a drawing of a Hermetic pentagram.

Taking out a piece of chalk, Ryan then draws a circle on the ground around the ping pong table. He then climbs under the table and starts to draw the symbol from the book on the cement floor directly beneath the body.



Laying a small bunch of bay leaves and hyssop herb on the Dead Girl's stomach, Shay then pulls out a vial of ash and with her thumb, makes a thumbprint smudge on the girl's third eye (between her eyebrows).

Ryan gets to his feet.

RYAN

We're pretty much all set until tomorrow. Let's go relax.

Opening an adjoining door leading back into the house, Ryan heads inside. Shay takes a moment to study the Dead Girl before turning off the garage lights.

For just a moment-- we sit in the darkness with the corpse.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's a completely different vibe, a lot warmer and lighter. Jazz quietly plays in the background. Cooking away, Ryan has three different pots going, as well as a chicken in the oven. Shay is cutting vegetables.

He looks at her and smiles. She forces a smile back.

RYAN

What's the matter?

SHAY

I don't know, I just feel weird.

RYAN

We got a dead girl on a ping pong table in the garage of an Airbnb. It's understandable.

SHAY

No I mean, I've just never done this for money before.

Ryan stops cooking and moves over to Shay.

RYAN

Hey, hey, it's not bad what we're doing. We're giving families closure. It's a gift.

SHAY

It's not exactly a gift, we're charging a fortune.

RYAN

Well, we've gotta cover expenses. Airbnbs cost money, materials cost money... but we're doing this because we wanna help people.

SHAY

Yeah, I guess you're right.

He lovingly takes Shay's hand. Looks at her.

RYAN

Shay, I know your intentions are pure. I'd never, ever agree to do this with anyone but you. Really.

Shay smiles.

SHAY

Why are you so amazing?

RYAN

I am amazing, aren't I?

Leaning in, Shay gives Ryan a kiss.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I love you.

SHAY

I'll set the table.

Not the response Ryan was looking for. He quietly watches as Shay takes out plates from the cupboard.

MOMENTS LATER--

In the kitchen nook, a small dinner table is beautifully set. Candles are lit. Soft music plays.

Ryan carries the chicken over to the table. He sits across from Shay. There's a definite air of romance.

SHAY (CONT'D)

This is nice. Thank you.

Ryan smiles before cutting into the chicken.

RYAN

Drumstick?

SHAY

Sure.

Cutting off the drumstick, Ryan puts it on her plate. He puts down the knife and takes her hand.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You think we should check on her?

RYAN

Who? The dead girl? For what?

SHAY

She's all alone in a dark garage and we're in here having a nice dinner.

RYAN

Well sure, but she is dead. She doesn't even know she's in the garage. It's just a body right now.

SHAY

Still, I think I should check on her.

CUT TO:

From inside the dark garage, Shay slowly opens the door from the kitchen and pokes her head in.

With only the light from the kitchen, Shay can make out the Girl's body on the ping pong table. It's creepy and quiet except for the melting ice intermittently dripping onto the cement floor.

Like a mother checking on her sleeping child, she quietly shuts the door.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN TABLE--

Shay takes her seat.

RYAN

And? Anything new?

SHAY

No, nothing. She's just lying there.

Beat.

RYAN

What's going on with you? Is it me? Was this dinner a bad idea? I get it; it's probably stupid to have a dinner like this right now.

SHAY

No, no it's not you. Something feels off.

RYAN

With what? With the girl?

SHAY

We've never done this with someone who's died so young. And who's the client? We don't know anything about this guy. He's a stranger.

RYAN

Look, this poor guy lost his daughter and I think it's nice we're helping him get closure. Her too. And if it's still about the money, he's super rich. He can afford it.

(beat)

Now, how's that chicken?

SHAY

It's good. Very good.

Ryan puts down his cutlery and repositions his chair to face Shay. He takes a deep breath.

RYAN

I want to ask you something.

Shay takes another bite.

SHAY
 (lost in thought)
 No, you're right. It's good what
 we're doing.

Under the table, Ryan pulls out the ring box from his pocket.
 He anxiously fiddles with it in his hand.

RYAN
 I know it's not the best time but I
 just can't wait another day.

CU-- His foot bounces with nerves.

SHAY
 (lost in thought)
 The money shouldn't matter.

Ryan gets off the chair and drops to a knee.

SHAY (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

RYAN	SHAY (CONT'D)
Shay, I've never met anyone	Are you kidding me? What are
like you, and I know we	you doing? Would you please
haven't been together long	get up? Get off your knees.
but I'd like to ask you	
something.	

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Shay Hadad, would you do me the
 honor--

--Shay LEAPS to her feet. Backs away from the table.

SHAY
 No!

RYAN
 No?

SHAY
 There's no way you're doing what I
 think you're doing.

Still down on one knee, Ryan doesn't know what to say.

SHAY (CONT'D)
 No, no, no. Now? Seriously? With a
 dead body in the other room? Are
 you fucking crazy?

Ryan quickly puts the ring away, and sits back down at the table.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Ryan, you're an amazing guy. I mean that. And I really care about you a lot but I don't think this is--

RYAN

--Whoa. Stop. Hold On! Are you...
breaking up with me?

SHAY

That's not fair. You can't just spring this on me. How can you ask me to marry you? That's crazy.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Oh shit. Did I fuck up that bad? Goddamn it. Fucking unbelievable.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Ryan, it's very sweet, but I can't.

RYAN

(to self)

I'm so stupid. You won't even say you love me. Why would I think you'd marry me? I'm so dumb.

SHAY

You're not dumb. I just think you deserve better.

(beat)

You think you know me, but you don't.

Barely able to make eye contact, Ryan gets to his feet.

RYAN

No, I know you just fine.

Dejected, he heads out, leaving Shay alone in the kitchen.

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

There's an apple pie in the oven.
Help yourself.

SHAY

(to self)

Shit.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Melting ice continues to slowly drip from the ping-pong table. Drip. Drip.

The bluish-purple Dead Girl remains perfectly still, when a poorly balanced melting bag of ice suddenly SMACKS to the concrete floor. Water slowly pours out of the bag, erasing some of the chalk symbol Ryan had drawn under the table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Now in his pajamas, Ryan stands by the bed and spritzes himself with a small glass vial with a fresh bay leaf floating inside.

Coming in from the bathroom, Shay spots Ryan mid-spritz.

SHAY

Is that what I think it is?

He nods.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You're already purifying yourself?

Sitting on his side of the bed, Ryan faces away from Shay. Knowing she's in the dog house, Shay sits on her side.

SHAY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about earlier--

RYAN

--I don't want to talk about it.
Let's just get our head in the
game.

Ryan doesn't look back.

SHAY

What we're about to do is very
stressful and quite honestly
painful--

RYAN

--I get it.

SHAY

Do you really think this was the
best time to--?

RYAN

--I said I get it. Let's drop it.

SHAY

No, I'm not dropping it... you
don't know me. Not really.

He turns back to her with fierce defiance.

RYAN

That's where you're wrong. I do know you. You're beautiful and you're kind and I love you. I want to spend every waking minute with you and nothing you could ever say or do will change that.

Shay is speechless.

SHAY

Wow. It's too bad you purified yourself because that's the sexiest thing anyone has ever said to me.

RYAN

That's too bad, cause I'm all "holy watered" up now. So that's not an option.

Getting under the covers, Ryan reaches for a book.

Slowly coming around the bed, Shay stands over him.

SHAY

I do really, really care about you.

She quietly begins to unbutton her top. He tries to focus on his book but it's no use.

RYAN

I guess I can wash it off.

He hops out of bed.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

The Girl's body on the ping pong table.

CU-- Purple Bluish hands and feet and face. Eyes still shut.

CU-- A huge puddle of water on the cement floor drips into a nearby drain. A large portion of the chalk on the floor Ryan drew earlier has been washed away.

Entering from the kitchen, Ryan studies the Dead Girl on the table. He starts picking up the now empty plastic ice bags from around her body.

RYAN
(to Dead Girl)
How was your night? Mine sucked.

He then spots the mostly gone symbol underneath the table.

Shit. He studies it, concerned. Not a great omen. After a moment, he shrugs, "Oh well." He then gets under the table and starts to redraw the symbol.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Using white chalk, Shay draws a circle with a four foot diameter on the floor in the middle of the room. Ryan comes in just as she finishes.

RYAN
I'm going to run out and get more ice. We need enough for what? Another twelve hours?

SHAY
Yeah, at the most. By tonight the body shouldn't need any.

Ryan heads for the door.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Hurry back; we have a lot to do.

RYAN
By the way, the client texted me. He's coming tomorrow morning.

SHAY
Tomorrow morning? Ryan. No. We can't do that.

RYAN
He wants to come early. It's his daughter. What do you want me to do?

SHAY
I'm just not comfortable with that. I don't like anybody watching us when we're working.

RYAN
If he wants to sit here while we do our thing, I say let him.

SHAY

But it's not that simple.

Opening the front door, he turns back.

RYAN

Nothing's ever simple with you, is it?

SHAY

Hey, I thought we made up last night?

RYAN

Nope.

The door slams shut.

SHAY

(to self)

Fucking hell.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Waddling with the incredibly heavy bag of salt between her legs, Shay carefully pours out a thick white line all around the house. She stops short of closing the circle, leaving a three foot gap across the front door.

Shay looks over just as the Subaru pulls up. Ryan hops out and grabs a few large bags of ice from the back of the car. He makes his way over.

SHAY

Hey, I'm really sorry about last night. I didn't handle that very well.

RYAN

No. It was a bad idea. Let's just forget it.

With bags of ice in each hand, Ryan carefully steps through the gap in the salt circle.

SHAY

It's only because I want what's best for you. This life. My life. It wouldn't be fair.

(beat)

But you do mean a lot to me, and I would never, ever want to hurt you. You have to believe that.

(MORE)

SHAY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Please. We shouldn't be fighting.

Staring into her eyes, Ryan can't help himself. He drops the ice and passionately kisses her.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Looking into the living room, Ryan sees Shay drew an intricate heptagram within the circle she made on the floor. The circle is now outlined with black sand, salt, small stones and colored crystals. Unlit white candles are placed all around the room.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Piling on his last bag of ice over the Dead Girl, Ryan wrinkles his nose.

RYAN

Pew.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

As Ryan comes back into the kitchen, Shay spritzes herself with the same purifying water from last night.

RYAN

The girl is starting to smell a little ripe.

SHAY

That happens. Can you run upstairs and grab the clothes we brought for her?

RYAN

I'm not dressing her.

SHAY

We'll just put the clothes next to her. She can dress herself when she wakes.

Suddenly, Shay runs over to the sink and pukes. Ryan puts his hand on her back.

RYAN

You okay?

SHAY
Yeah. It's just nerves.

MOMENTS LATER--

At the kitchen table, Shay lays out a detailed celestial map. The chart is well worn with hand drawn lines and red arrows.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Okay, can you open the app?

Ryan pulls out his phone and opens an app that lines up the constellations to their location. He points his phone to the sky and tracks it until he hits the Capricornus constellation.

RYAN
Its about... longitude fifty-one, twelve, north, and latitude sixty, seventeen, east.

SHAY
--Is it about, or exactly?

Ryan looks closer.

RYAN
Sorry. It's longitude fifty-one, eleven, north.

Unimpressed with his relaxed attitude, Shay stares hard.

SHAY
You understand we're reaching out to the high angels of old. Azrael has only guided us this far because of the respect we show. The sacrifices we make. Personally.

RYAN
Yeah, I got it. Don't worry.

Shay slams her hand down on the map.

SHAY
When you started doing this with me, what's the one thing I asked?

RYAN
(rote)
"To show deference to Azrael and to mortify the flesh"--

SHAY

--To listen to me. To always listen
to me.

Annoyed with Ryan's flippant attitude, Shay takes out the little leather bound book and opens it.

SHAY (CONT'D)

We are on one plane or realm of
existence. And here, we're safe.

She points to a complex, beautiful drawing that shows multiple dimensions intertwined with one another.

SHAY (CONT'D)

When we leave this plane, Azrael
owns us. He can move us anywhere he
wants. We are his to do with as he
sees fit. You do get that, right?

Shay flips the page and lands on a brightly colored two-page spread.

ECU-- A drawing of a LEVIATHAN, an ancient SNAKE-LIKE SEA CREATURE whose multiple tentacled arms have completely enveloped some poor soul. Enochian writing frames the image.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Ryan, you've done really well this
last year but I'm worried you're
getting a little cocky.

Ryan studies the images.

RYAN

I don't take any of this for
granted. I know what you did for
me, and I love helping you do it
for others. I just believe in you
and what we're doing. So I'm not
cocky, I'm confident.

SHAY

Well, that's stupid. Don't be.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan lays some fresh herbs on the heptagram symbol in the middle of the circle. He's careful not to touch the surrounding black sand, crystals and stones. He lights some frankincense and wafts the smoke around the room.

Coming in with the little leather book, Shay compares a drawing to the ritualistic setup they've just laid out.

Ryan steps into the middle of the circle and starts to get undressed. He takes off his shirt.

REVEAL: LONG SCARS ALL OVER HIS ARMS AND CHEST, SIMILAR TO THE ONES SHAY HAD ON HER FOREARM.

SHAY

What are you doing?

RYAN

What?

SHAY

You did it last time.

RYAN

I know but I can do it again.

SHAY

No, there needs to be balance. It's my turn. There needs to be equal supplication. If we don't show proper respect it won't work.

RYAN

I know but you gotta sit in there for twenty four hours, and last time you had a harder go of it--

SHAY

--I appreciate what you're trying to do but our suffering is our offering.

RYAN

You're right. It's all you.

Ryan steps out of the circle as Shay steps in. She takes everything off but her bra and underwear.

REVEAL: BEYOND SHAY'S FOREARM, SHE'S SCARRED ALL OVER. EVEN MORE THAN RYAN, RANDOM CUTS COVER HER TORSO, ARMS AND LEGS.

He walks out of the room for a second and returns with a bucket. He places it just outside the circle.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Your barf bucket m'lady.

Shay brings in the bucket.

Ryan then reaches into the black satchel and pulls out a glass jar filled with brown, gnarled mandrake roots. Shay brings that in as well.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(nods to jar)
Remember, just one. A couple of
chews and spit it out.

Finally, Ryan grabs the sharp Athame dagger next to the chalk and herbs Shay laid out earlier. He holds it just outside the circle.

She waits for the blade but Ryan doesn't put it down.

SHAY
It's okay.

Reluctantly, he puts it by the circle. Shay brings it in.

Sitting cross-legged, Shay begins to take long deep breaths.

Ryan looks at his watch.

ECU-- it reads 8:53am

He nods to her. Shay then opens the glass jar and starts chewing on one of the mandrake roots. She grimaces from the terrible taste. Yuck.

Picking up the little leather book, Ryan turns to a page covered in Enochian text.

2. Xylu" aluxco p36e 32 z33f1u h34x 2f12 4 h3p32
f34f1u6 f1p3p3p 1u33x1u6 k333c33 3p333e "3 "34c3p
1u33k1u33 11 "3 43c1u11 "3c1p1 3p36f 1p34"3c3 6f12f
k3c1f1 434x 3cc1 3x 2f1k34f1 k3c1f1 1p13 3p3363p3
43u 3p33 "c32 k3c1 "3 6f 3u 233f13 f13f1x3p3 "3c1p3
6p3c1f1 p3k3c k3 k3p1u3x p33c33 2f1k34f1 3x 3p3p3
3c1f1u 43u p1c 1p13x.

Using chalk, he starts FRANTICALLY copying the book's strange language onto the floor all around Shay.

Spitting out the root into her barf bucket, Shay spits again to get the bad taste out of her mouth.

Grabbing hold of the dagger, Shay looks down at her knife-scarred forearm. She finds a scar-free spot.

She rests the dagger on the small clear patch of skin and after a moment, gives it a QUICK SLICE. Ouch.

Closing her eyes, she lets out a long, slow breath. As blood flows from the fresh wound, she lets it drip on the floor of the circle.

LATER--

Chalk drawn Enochian text and lit candles are now covering the floor. Ryan has drawn on every available bit of space until he's literally painted himself out of the room.

With her eyes still shut, Shay remains in the circle. Ryan looks at his watch before pulling out a compass.

RYAN
(Whispers)
Shay.

Shay opens her eyes. We see her pupils are completely dilated. He shows her the compass and points northwest.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Face that way.

She adjusts herself then pukes into the bucket. Thick yellow and brown bile flows from her mouth into the receptacle. Ryan gets up and leaves.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

After lighting candles that have been placed around the room, Ryan draws a HUGE seal on the floor in chalk.

He consults the little leather book and then tosses down some branches of rosemary and mugwort on the center of the symbol.

Ryan studies the different walls in the room. Checks the compass again. Picks a wall. He starts to pull away furniture that's been shoved against it.

LATER--

Using a black piece of chalk, he's covered part of the chosen wall in Enochian text. Sweat drips from his brow as he continues at a frenzied pace. He shakes his hand out from the cramping but keeps going. The room is starting to look like a den of insanity.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With eyes squeezed shut, Shay rocks back and forth, while quietly chanting to herself. Sweat beads off her face.

Shay POV-- she watches a drop of blood fall from her sliced forearm to her knee, then slowly roll off onto the floor.

She then takes in a very deep breath and once again, pukes her guts out into the bucket.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Traveling up the Dead Girl's body, passing over her legs, torso and chest, eventually landing on her face, revealing... her MOUTH IS NOW SLIGHTLY OPEN. Was this just an automatic reflex or something else?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Ryan continues to draw on the wall. Again, he shakes out his hand from the carpal tunnel, but he doesn't dare stop when...

His black chalk breaks.

RYAN

Shit.

Ryan frantically looks around for more chalk. He finds a blue piece and starts drawing on the wall but then stops.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No. Fuck.

He starts erasing the blue chalk with his hand but it makes a messy, large blue smudge. Shit.

Checking out the rest of the wall, Ryan sees there's a lot of negative space left to be filled.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A pale Shay makes another long shallow cut, but this time on her stomach.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Pacing the room, Ryan doesn't know what to do. He picks up a remaining crumb of black chalk and tries to finish the symbol.

When out of nowhere, a strange breeze blows from his chosen wall and whips around the room. The candles dance in the soft wind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shay slices a new long cut on her thigh. She cringes from the pain.

Suddenly, Shay's hair begins to blow as the same strange breeze somehow enters the living room. The wind intensifies, blowing out a few of the candles around her.

Ryan cautiously moves to the doorway, and sees a piece of black chalk deep in the room. Unfortunately, it's now surrounded by the symbols he drew earlier and he can't get to it.

Turning to him, Shay opens her eyes.

RYAN
(whispers)
I need that chalk.

SHAY
(barely able to speak)
Blood.

Ryan reluctantly nods in agreement.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Ryan grabs the other Athame dagger they brought. He slows his breath and closes his eyes before slicing across his palm. Ow. Blood pours out.

Using a finger from his other hand, he dabs his bloody palm like it's a painter's palette, and continues drawing symbols on the wall.

LATER--

The rest of the wall is fully covered in Enochian text, drawn in Ryan's blood. A few of the words have clotted, leaving red dripping down the wall.

With blood caked on his face and clothes, a pale, exhausted Ryan steps back and looks at his work.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Heading straight for the fridge, Ryan grabs a bottle of water and chugs it back. He then hurries over to the pile of gauze and starts wrapping his cut palm.

He turns, catching his warped, blood smudged face reflected on the edge of the steel stove, when his phone rings.

RYAN
(whispers)
Fuck.

He answers.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Hello... yes, we're here... that's right.

SHAY (O.S.)
Are you fucking kidding me?!

RYAN
(whispers)
Okay see you shortly. Thanks.
(hangs up, yells to Shay)
Sorry! I thought I had it on vibrate.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Looking frail and anemic from the blood loss and barfing, Shay is beside herself.

SHAY
Turn that fucking thing off. Jesus.

RYAN (O.S.)
I'm sorry. That was the client. I turned it off.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

CU-- on the Dead Girl's face. Motionless. Unmoved.

EXCEPT, HER MOUTH IS NOW OPEN EVEN WIDER. Clearly, this is not some automatic reflex.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan stands in the doorway and can see Shay is really suffering. He spots the multiple cuts on her body.

RYAN
I'm gonna head upstairs and leave you alone.
(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You sure you're okay?

She slowly opens her eyes.

SHAY

Just go.

Ryan nods and turns for the stairs.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm sorry. I don't mean to be so snappy.

RYAN

It's okay. Really. I'll come back to check on you in a bit.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

On his way up, Ryan hears something coming out of the guest room. SHUFFLING. BANGING.

Once at the top of the stairs, he slowly opens the guest room door. He peeks his head in, and except for a bed and a small dresser by the door, it's completely empty.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The Dead Girl's mouth remains open.

And now... so are her EYES. They're colorless, a frosted ghostly white.

Beyond that, she's perfectly still. When suddenly, faint breathing is heard. Is she coming back?

Wait, it's not coming from the Girl. It's coming from a dark corner of the room, but we can't quite make out what it is. In the creepy stillness, the drip-drip of the melting ice cuts over the raspy, preternatural breath filling the room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Now in the shower, Ryan stands with his eyes closed feeling some relief from the hot water. Blood from his hand slides off his skin to the white porcelain below before traveling down the drain.

SUDDENLY--

On the other side of the translucent plastic curtain, a creepy SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN slowly stumbles toward him.

He opens his eyes and sees the shadow. He WHIPS back the curtain but there's nothing there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shay sits as still as a rock.

ECU-- Multiple new cuts on her arms and legs. The wounds are starting to congeal and close. The candles are mostly out.

She's about to pass out but catches herself. She's doing everything she can to stay awake.

THEN--

The shadowy bloody hand of a man reaches from nowhere within the circle and grips Shay's throat. The hand squeezes and begins to choke her. Hard.

Shay literally can't breathe. At all. She starts pounding the floor. HER EYES ROLL TO THE BACK OF HER HEAD. She starts to CONVULSE. Falls to a fetal position, fighting to stay within the line of the circle.

Oh my God, is she going to die? She fights to stay conscious.

Finally, the hand disappears. Shay's breath comes back. She inhales hard, bringing in as much air in to her lungs as possible.

She once again pukes but this time it's not bile but BLOOD. Shay carefully touches her tongue and studies the red blood imprint on her finger. Fuck.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan is passed out cold as THE NOTEBOOK plays on his iPad.

Out of nowhere, the closet door slowly opens... when the same creepy silhouette of a WOMAN steps out.

The room is empty, but the door is now open.

RYAN'S DREAM--

The back of an electric wheelchair, facing the corner of a darkened bedroom. The pumping of a ventilator in combination with rhythmic wheezing is all that's heard.

CU-- From behind, an older Woman in a tattered bathrobe sits frozen in the chair, when the ventilator slows to a stop. It's deathly quiet. After a moment, the Woman struggles. She can't breathe. Never seeing her face, we hear her start to choke. Panicked, the Woman begins to seize.

SMASH TO BLACK.

BACK TO NOW--

Ryan sits up with a start. Jesus! He shakes off the dream before looking at his phone.

ECU-- The time reads 3:30am.

Jumping out of bed, Ryan hurries out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flying down the stairs, Ryan stands in the doorway of the mostly dark room. Barely illuminating Shay, the remaining lit candles provide the faintest bit of light.

RYAN
Hey, you're up, right?

SHAY
Yeah.

He lights a few more candles and places them in the doorway, revealing Shay is in really rough shape. She literally looks like she's dying.

RYAN
Jesus. Shay. You don't look so good.

SHAY
Something's different.

RYAN
Yeah, I saw some things upstairs I never saw before.

SHAY
Can you check if the body is warming up?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan turns the lights on and covers his nose. The ice is mostly melted. He notices the Dead Girl's eyes and mouth are open, so that's something.

He leans away from her while poking at the skin on her shoulder with his finger. Ick. Stinks. He hustles out of there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan comes back into the doorway.

RYAN

She's not warm at all and she's starting to smell really bad. Although her eyes are open. It's weird.

Suddenly, Shay starts hyperventilating. Breathing fast and shallow. Again and again.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shay! Shay!

Ryan wants to go to her but knows he can't cross the symbol-covered floor. Calming herself, Shay starts breathing normally. She signals she's okay.

SHAY

How long until I can leave the circle?

RYAN

(checks watch)

About five hours. But, we should stop. You don't look so good.

SHAY

No, no I can finish this.

RYAN

Okay. Let me see what, um-- let me get the book.

Ryan rushes out of the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan quickly grabs the little leather book; he's about to run back out when his eye catches the wall.

REVEAL: The bloody Enochian writing has somehow all converged. It now makes one extra large, FUCKED UP MYSTICAL OCTAGRAM. Blood drips from the new symbol to the floor.

With eyes wide, he steps back. Jesus Christ.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holding the book, Ryan comes in with a dazed look.

SHAY

What?

RYAN

You didn't leave the circle, right?

SHAY

No. Of course not. Why?

RYAN

I think you should get out of there. I saw something--

SHAY

--No! You're fucking me up. Don't say that. I have to do this.

He starts going through the book.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Just sit here with me.

Dropping himself in the living room doorway, a helpless Ryan watches Shay. Unfortunately, it's as close to her as he can get. He looks at his watch.

LATER-- DAY

It's now morning. Dappling sunlight pours into the room. Still in the doorway, Ryan anxiously studies Shay.

Drifting in and out of consciousness, Shay fights to stay upright and not pass out.

He looks to his phone.

ECU-- It reads 8:53am

RYAN

Okay. Get out. Get out! You can get out.

For the first time in 24 hours, Ryan crosses the symbol covered floor and moves right up to Shay, although he's careful to stay back from the circle.

SHAY
I can't stand.

RYAN
Then crawl out. I can't touch you
in there.

Ryan shoves the candles, stones and sand aside. Shay drops to the edge of the circle. As she forces her arm out, Ryan quickly grabs it and drags her to freedom.

He carefully lifts Shay to her feet.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Still in her bloody bra and underwear, Shay sits in the tub with the shower running. Ryan gets a closer look at her self-inflicted cuts, and hair sticky with blood and bile.

He runs over to the sink and quickly fills a glass of water.

RYAN
You need to drink.

He tries to hand it to her but she's too tired. Ryan drops to his knees and brings it to her lips. Fuck, she looks terrible.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We should stop. I saw something in
the dining room. I tried to tell
you but...

SHAY
What?

RYAN
The writing on the wall. It
changed. It formed into a--

Shay doesn't want to hear it.

SHAY
--If we stop now, we'll be showing
great disrespect to Azrael, and we
can never do this ritual again.
Ever. So we need to keep going.

RYAN
But what's happening? Why is this
time so different?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan helps Shay into bed. Shay looks terrible.

RYAN
(staring at Shay)
I'm gonna close the circle now. I
know the client won't be able to
come in but we need the extra
protection.

SHAY
No. We can do this.

RYAN
Shay, something's wrong. I think
it's better if we finish without
him. For his sake too.

SHAY
No. It'll be fine. Let him in.

Beat. Shay passes out.

RYAN
Shay. Shay.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ryan is pouring more salt around the house, making sure the
seal is filled in as much as possible.

He moves to the three foot gap at the front door. He thinks,
"Fuck it." He's just about to pour salt, fully closing the
circle--

When MARK RUSSELL (late 40s), heads up the walkway with a
duffel bag in hand.

MARK
Hey there.

RYAN
Hi.

MARK
You Ryan?

Ryan nods.

MARK (CONT'D)
Mark Russell.

RYAN
Mark. You're here.

MARK
Yes I am. It's nice to meet you in person.

Mark spots Ryan's bloody bandaged hand and exhausted eyes. He might not look as bad as Shay but he looks pretty fucking beat up.

MARK (CONT'D)
Is there a problem?

RYAN
Um, actually things are not going totally to plan.

MARK
What does that mean?

RYAN
I can't really explain it. But I don't think I can let you come in.

MARK
You're kidding, right? What do you mean I can't come in?

RYAN
I just don't think it's a good idea.

MARK
But I have your money right here.

RYAN
Um, yeah, still.

MARK
Is this some kind of bullshit? Are you trying to get more cash out of me?

RYAN
No. Not at all.

MARK

Taking advantage of a man in my situation is a crappy thing to do.

RYAN

I'm not. I'm really not taking advantage of you. If you come in and I bind this door, you are stuck in here with us until this is over. It's not a good idea. Really.

MARK

(gestures to bag)

Come on man, do you know what a pain in the ass it is to put a hundred grand in cash together nowadays? At least with Bitcoin--

RYAN

(triggered)

--I don't do Bitcoin.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A passed out Shay shifts left and right. Kicks from under the covers. Mumbles to herself. She's clearly having a bad dream.

SHE SITS UP IN A START.

Realizing it was only a nightmare she lays back down.

When she feels something on her leg--

Nervous, she slowly lifts the covers, looks down at herself and sees--

The bloody man's face from the opening scene is looking at her, from right between her legs.

HIS PIERCING GREY EYES STARE BACK AT HER.

FUCK! Shay kicks off the covers and jumps out of bed. Whatever was there is gone. She quickly throws on a sweatshirt and jogging pants.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ryan still hasn't closed the circle. He holds the salt, staring at Mark who has yet to cross the threshold.

RYAN

It's not the money, something just isn't right and I don't want to make things worse for you.

MARK

Do you have my daughter in there?

RYAN

Yeah.

MARK

She's in the house?

RYAN

The garage.

MARK

In the garage? You put my daughter in the garage? I'm coming in.

Ryan tries to block his way, but Mark pushes past him. Ryan shoves his way back in front of Mark.

RYAN

If you do this, you can't leave. You understand that?

MARK

Is there a chance I could talk to my daughter again?

RYAN

There's a chance but I'm telling--

MARK

--Then I'm doing it.

(pained)

Please. It's my little girl.

The two men stare at each other.

Finally, Ryan picks up the salt... and begins to complete the circle. For better or worse, it looks like Mark is going to be joining them for the ride.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Shay comes tearing down the stairs.

SHAY

Ryan! Wait! Don't close it.

As Shay gets to the bottom of the stairs, the front door opens.

Mark walks in. He smiles at Shay. She freezes. A long beat. Shay stares at Mark. Mark stares at Shay.

Do they know each other?

Shay looks out the door, just as Ryan finishes binding the circle. Shit.

EXT. HOUSE -DAY

The last bit of salt closes the circle. It's now fully bound. Ryan tosses the bag down.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Coming back inside, Ryan sees Shay and Mark still studying each other. Long awkward beat.

RYAN

Shay this is Mark Russell. He's the deceased's father.

No one speaks.

MARK

Shay, is it?

She doesn't answer.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's nice to meet you, Shay.

Mark looks around and sees the floors are covered in chalked up ancient symbols, the furniture is pushed up against the walls.

He spots the cuts on Shay's arms. She quickly covers up.

RYAN

(to Mark)

Why don't you have a seat in the kitchen. It's back that way.

Mark and Shay continue to share a look. Finally, Mark heads to the kitchen.

SHAY

Can we talk upstairs?

RYAN

Sure.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan sits on the bed as Shay paces.

SHAY

So that's the client?

RYAN

He showed up even earlier than he said he would. I tried to warn him about what's going on, but he still wanted to come in.

SHAY

What did he say to you?

RYAN

What do you mean?

SHAY

What exactly did he say to you?

RYAN

He wanted to see his daughter. I think he was worried we were scamming him. He was pretty pushy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mark sits for a moment. He checks his phone but there's no signal. Weird. He gets up and looks around. Opens the fridge, checks out a few cupboards.

He finds a glass and gets himself some water. He spots the adjoining door to the garage.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Turning on the lights Mark sees the body on the ping pong table with melted plastic ice bags all around it. He covers his nose from the smell.

MARK

(to self, chuckles)
No shit.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SHAY

You were right, we should have stopped.

RYAN

No. You were right. It's his daughter. He's hoping to get a few hours with her and then has to say goodbye forever. I know the spell isn't going well but whether he's here or not we still have to continue. And what if we succeed? What if we bring her back and he's not even in the house? That's not right.

SHAY

And what about the money? Did he mention the money?

RYAN

Okay, yeah, he's got the money with him, but that's not why I let him in. I mean, not totally.

SHAY

Fuck. This is all my fault.

RYAN

Hey, that's not true.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark investigates the space. He bends down to study the bizarre symbols on the floor. He picks up some sand from the edge of the circle, and slowly lets it pour out of his hand. He looks around the room.

A smile crosses his face. He shakes his head, "Unbelievable."

He then saunters over to the dining room and sees the huge fucked up bloody symbol on the wall.

Mark puts his finger on the now dried blood, scratches at it, smells it. Makes a face. Wipes it off on a nearby throw pillow.

Impressed with the couple's efforts, he nods to himself.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

RYAN

I thought about it, and as long as our intentions are honorable I don't see why Azrael would be upset.

(beat)

Maybe the issue was the salt around the house, it was a little spotty in places, no offense. I added some more before closing the circle.

(beat)

I know we can do this. We can bring her back. And I'll take the brunt of everything from now on, I promise.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Getting a little bored, Mark spots an old school record collection. He starts to finger through it when he finds a *Serge Gainsbourg* album.

He puts on, "*Melody*." Cranks it up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SHAY

Ryan, you need to listen to me.

From downstairs they hear the song kick in--

MARK (O.S.)

Hey guys, everything alright?!

Ryan and Shay look at each other. Ryan checks his watch.

RYAN

Shit, we should get back down there. By the way, his daughter is kind of rotting, so we should keep him away from her until she's up and running again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shay and Ryan come downstairs to find Mark studying the bloody circle Shay was sitting in earlier.

RYAN

Hey Mark, would you mind staying out of there for now? We're still in the middle of working.

MARK

Sure. By the way I can't get a signal on my phone.

SHAY

Once the house is bound, you won't get any signal. We're not in the same plane anymore so signals get squirrely.

MARK

Right.

RYAN

Let's talk in the kitchen.

MARK

(holds up duffel bag)

Sure but do you have somewhere I can put my stuff?

RYAN

Sorry. Yeah, you can have the guest room upstairs. First door on your right.

Mark nudges past Shay as he heads upstairs. Shay watches him go before heading over to the stereo and turning it off.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Coming into the spartan room, Mark drops his duffel bag on the bed. He takes a seat and looks around for a beat. He then quickly goes through the only piece of furniture in the room, the dresser. Empty.

He opens the closet, there's nothing in there but a few hangers. He tosses the bag inside.

Dropping to his knees, Mark reaches inside the bag and pulls something out, but we don't see what it is. He places whatever it is under the mattress.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They're all sitting around the kitchen table. Shay can't bring herself to even look at Mark.

RYAN

Like I mentioned, your daughter is in the garage but please don't go in there right now.

MARK

Why?

RYAN

It's just not a good idea. We've had clients get emotional and that can slow things down.

MARK

Got it.

(Beat)

So, how long have you guys been doing this?

Shay stares Mark down.

RYAN

Um, I've actually only been doing this for about a year. Shay's been doing it longer.

Mark gestures to the scars on Shay's arm.

MARK

I take it it's been a busy year.

She quickly covers her scars with her sleeve.

RYAN

We've tried to help as many people as possible. It's hard but it's worth it.

Ryan nods unsure what to say.

MARK

And it always works?

SHAY

Not always.

RYAN

Well, yeah, you have to do it within seventy-two hours of the death.

MARK

So it should work with my daughter?

Shay looks to Ryan.

RYAN
Definitely.

Beat.

MARK
By the way, I think I'm starting to
smell her through the garage there.

RYAN
She is deceased. It happens.

MARK
So Shay, how did you get into this
line of work?

SHAY
I just did.

RYAN
Shay found the book at a garage
sale in Brainerd.

Shay looks away and nods.

MARK
A garage sale? You're telling me
you found a book that can wake the
dead, at a garage sale in Brainerd?

Mark tries not to laugh.

RYAN
I know it sounds ridiculous, but I
think it was fate. Like it was
meant to happen. I mean, what we're
doing, it's like a calling.

MARK
Is that true, Shay? Is it a
calling?

SHAY
Yes. It is.

Awkward beat.

RYAN
Anyway, Shay had a pretty trying
night so I'm going to let her get
some rest.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Did you bring a photo of your daughter I can use? Like the one you texted me to identify her.

Digging a photo out of his jacket pocket, Mark hands it to Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to burn this.
Hope that's alright.

MARK

If it brings my little angel back it's no problem.

RYAN

Alright, well, I'll be getting to it. Shay please go get some rest.

Ryan grabs a wash cloth from a drawer and wets it before walking out and leaving Shay and Mark alone.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SHAY

(whispers)

What the fuck are you doing here?

MARK

(Not whispering)

Where did you get the name Shay from? So exotic.

SHAY

(whispers)

What do you want?

MARK

You know what I want.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Using the washcloth, Ryan erases the symbol he drew earlier on the floor.

He grabs the little leather book, turns to a page and copies a "Hexagram of Solomon" symbol in its place.

Ryan then reaches into the black satchel and pulls out a small metal dish and some incense. He places the dish on the symbol, then lights some incense and wisps it around.

Lighting the photo of the Girl on fire, Ryan then places the burning image in the dish. He closes his eyes and starts to control his breathing. Inhaling and exhaling.

RYAN
(whispers, to self)
Please come back. Come back to us.

ECU-- the photo of the dead girl burns away.

IN RYAN'S MIND--

ECU-- The Dead Girl's face is NOW inches from his. Ryan stares frozen. Terrified.

Suddenly, she GRABS his face with both hands, and begins speaking in a strange, disorienting whisper.

In a flash, she's gone. Falling back, Ryan tries to catch his breath. He holds his head like he's got a brutal migraine.

Long beat.

Something changes in him. What starts as a look of concern, turns to anger.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SHAY
Listen to me. This is not a con.

MARK
(laughs)
Really? This is real? Oh, may the children of the Nephilim be forgiven before Noah strikes again. I apologize!
(beat, enjoying himself)
Don't bullshit me. I taught you everything you know. I saw the angelic sigils. The little book with the Sigillum-Dei-Aemeth. The Enochian writing. The seals of Solomon. You think you can dupe me? I taught you this racket. So don't insult my intelligence.

SHAY
You have no idea what you've done.

MARK
That's good. Double down. Sell it.

SHAY

(to self)

No wonder things have gone wrong.
This is so dangerous.

MARK

I don't know about dangerous but it
is pretty fucked up, even for you.
I mean, you're taking bodies now?

(snickers)

When I heard that, I didn't believe
it. Until I remembered who I was
dealing with.

(beat)

But I still don't get it. All this
for a measly hundred grand? What's
the play? Is it your boyfriend? Is
he like a rich, delusional asshole
or something?

SHAY

There's no play.

MARK

Whatever it is, I want in. By the
way, you gotta change that you
found this supposed book at a
garage sale. Make it you stole it
from a museum or something. Even
that might be a little much, but
it's better than a garage sale.

SHAY

Jesus Christ. This is so bad.

Mark GRABS Shay by the arm. He YANKS her toward him.

MARK

Cut the shit.

Shay jerks her arm away. Stares him down.

SHAY

Don't touch me.

(beat)

You can't do that to me anymore.

Mark smiles like "bullshit."

SHAY (CONT'D)

So who is the girl, really?

MARK

I want what you owe me.

SHAY
Tell me who the girl is.

MARK
I want what you owe me.

Ryan walks in.

RYAN
(to Mark)
Everything is looking good. Just
give me a minute and then we'll
start the next portion of the
ritual.

Ryan gives Shay a hard look before walking out.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan opens the closet door and sees Mark's duffel bag. He cautiously looks around before he starts digging through it. Frustrated, he turns the bag upside down, and some clothes fall out, but nothing else. No wallet and no money.

RYAN
Son of a bitch. Fuck! Fuck me.

Shay walks in. Ryan shuts the closet door.

SHAY
Hey, what are you doing?

RYAN
Nothing.

Ryan heads out of the room.

SHAY
Ryan, we need to talk.

RYAN
Later.

This is a different side of Ryan. More focused. Tougher.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan leads Mark up to the circle Shay was sitting in earlier. Shay waits in the doorway, unsure what Ryan's doing.

RYAN
Please take a seat.

Looking down at it, Mark grimaces.

MARK
Is that really blood?

RYAN
Yes.

Mark hesitates. He looks over to Shay, "seriously?"

RYAN (CONT'D)
You want to see your daughter
again, right?

A skeptical Mark sits in the circle.

Picking up the little leather book, Ryan turns page after page until he finds what he's looking for.

Ryan then drops to the floor and begins to draw more Enochian text. He then marks off four corners around the circle. Double checks the book.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I think that's right.
(To Shay)
Can you hand me that jar behind
you?

Shay cautiously hands Ryan the jar.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Now chew on this.

Opening the jar, Ryan tosses a small gnarled root to Mark.

MARK
What is it?

RYAN
It's just a root.

MARK
I'm not eating this.

RYAN
Are you afraid of a root? It's a
root.

Mark chuckles to himself before he takes a bite of the root. He makes a face from its harsh taste.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I know. It's gross.

Ryan lights some incense before blowing it into Mark's face. Mark coughs.

MARK
Hey come on, man!

Ryan gets up and starts circling Mark with the incense.

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay, enough of this.

Picking up some salt, Ryan pours it on the edge of Mark's circle. Mark begins to sway a little.

RYAN
Just hold tight. This should do it.

MARK
I don't feel so good.

SHAY
(whispers to Ryan)
Why are you doing a holding spell?

Ryan stares hard at Shay.

RYAN
(to Mark)
Yeah, that's the root I gave you.
Might kick your ass a bit.
(Beat)
So Mark, where's the money?

MARK
What?

RYAN
Your duffel bag. You said you had a
hundred thousand in cash for us in
the bag. Where is it?

SHAY
Ryan, can I talk to you for a
second?

RYAN
In a minute.

Clearly having a hard time staying focused, Mark desperately tries to shake it off.

MARK
Fuck this. I think I've humored
your bullshit for long enough.

Mark tries to stand up but can't. It's like his body won't let him.

Forcing himself to his feet, Mark stands within the confines of the circle. He tries to step out but is unable to leave.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on.

Now struggling to get out, Mark's tough, confident exterior falls away. He's trapped.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Ryan heads out of the room, and Shay quickly follows.

From inside the circle. Mark's heartbeat pounds in his head-- It gets faster and faster.

The room starts pulsing. It feels claustrophobic. Stomach churning.

Mark makes one last attempt to leave when he hears--

A DISORIENTING CRACKLING SOUND. SNAPPING. VIOLENT.

Mark turns to see something new has appeared in the room. We don't see it, but he sure does.

All we see is its shadow against the wall. It starts off as a soft light but begins to morph into something else... a Man. The shadow of a strange, naked man.

HOLY SHIT! WHAT, OR WHO IS MARK LOOKING AT?

MARK (CONT'D)

Wha...

Terror fills Mark's eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Searching everywhere, Ryan looks for something. Shay watches him.

SHAY

What are you doing?

RYAN

I'm looking for the money. I'm hoping he just hid it somewhere. That guy is not who he says he is.

SHAY
How do you know that?

RYAN
His supposed daughter told me, or
at least something that looked like
his daughter.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Heading upstairs, Ryan and Shay hurry past the living room, never looking over to Mark. They're far too consumed by their own situation.

Staying on Mark, the strange Naked Man carefully enters the circle. We only see the back of the Naked Man. The Naked Man gently touches Mark's cheek. They're almost nose to nose.

When we reveal-- The identity of the Naked Man--

--It's an exact doppelgänger of Mark. Identical to him in every way, sans clothes, with murky white eyes.

Mark YELLS out in pain when-- HIS EYES INSTANTLY TURN SMOKY WHITE. He stops screaming and COLLAPSES to the floor.

DOPPELGÄNGER MARK IS SUDDENLY GONE.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan frantically searches around the room. After a moment, Shay nervously comes in. He takes out Mark's duffel bag from the closet. Dumps the contents out on the bed.

RYAN
Where's our money?

Ryan searches under the bed.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Where the hell did he put it?

He searches behind the headboard. Nothing.

SHAY
We need to talk.

RYAN
Where's the money, man?

He sits on the end of the bed. Thinks. Ryan then jumps to his feet and goes through the bag again. He digs through the bag's pockets. Empty.

SHAY

Ryan.

Where else hasn't he looked? Ryan gets an idea. He lifts the mattress and he finds--

REVEAL: A GLOCK 17

That's what Mark hid earlier. Ryan holds the gun up, showing it to Shay.

RYAN

What the fuck?

(beat)

What the serious fuck, man? Are you kidding me?

SHAY

Mark is not who he says he is.

RYAN

Yeah, no shit.

SHAY

His real name is Adrian Laverna. We used to... be together. Sort of.

RYAN

You mean, like, together, together?

SHAY

Yeah. He doesn't have a daughter, so I have no idea who the girl is in the garage.

Ryan doesn't know what to say.

RYAN

But he's like, fifty.

SHAY

Ryan, I'm so sorry. I swear. I didn't know anything was wrong until I saw him.

RYAN

I should have known this was too good to be true. With this money I was hoping to take us away from here for good.

SHAY

What are you talking about?

Ryan gets up and starts pacing with the gun in his hand.

SHAY (CONT'D)

I need to tell you something else.
It's about me.

Suddenly, they both hear a strange DISORIENTING CRACKLE; the same one Mark heard in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Except for quick and shallow breaths, Mark now appears catatonic. Blood begins to seep from his nose.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Turning to where the CRACKLE is coming from, Ryan and Shay look in the door and see... a floating light enter the room. The light flashes before turning into a NAKED DOPPELGÄNGER OF MARK. It then flashes into a NAKED SHAY before becoming a NAKED RYAN. What the fuck?

The doppelgänger Ryan blocks their way out. They both step as far back as possible.

RYAN

What is that?

SHAY

It's him. Azrael.

Doppelgänger Ryan slowly starts moving towards them.

Shay and Ryan push themselves into a corner. The Doppelgänger gets closer.

Ryan gets in front of Shay and tosses the gun aside.

SHAY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't.

RYAN

Keep back.

Ryan puts his hands up and cautiously steps toward the doppelgänger. He's about to say something, maybe try and reason with it... when -- the doppelgänger touches him.

The PAIN IS OVERWHELMING. He CONTORTS until-- his eyes turn cloudy white, and he drops to the floor like a stone.

IN A PARALLEL WATER DIMENSION--

THE EXACT SAME ONE FROM SHAY'S DREAM AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY.

Except for a faint reddish light Ryan is deep in a watery abyss. Total blackness surrounds him.

We pull back and Ryan gets smaller and smaller and smaller. Until he's but a small reddish speck in an ocean of blackness.

ECU-- Ryan's eyes widen with fear.

BACK TO--

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

The doppelgänger is gone. Shay leans over Ryan, screaming.

SHAY

Please Azrael! Please leave him be.

Shay thinks, when it hits her, she knows what she needs to do.

Getting up, Shay tears down the stairs.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Shay peeks into the living room and sees Mark still in the circle. Confident he's not going anywhere, she takes off toward the kitchen.

ECU-- Blood continues to drip from Mark's nose.

IN THE SAME PARALLEL WATER DIMENSION--

Mark is floating in watery darkness. The same reddish light halos around him as well.

A small subtle light appears in the distance. Mark stares at it, unable to do much else. It gets closer and closer.

When he realizes... it's a fucked up Ryan.

BACK TO--

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frantically running in, Shay searches for something. Crazed, she WHIPS open multiple drawers and cupboards.

When she finds it. A large KITCHEN KNIFE.

Shay then looks for something else. Fuck, where is it?!

Sprinting out of the kitchen, Shay runs into the dining room. Nope, not there.

She runs into the living room with the catatonic Mark on the floor. Nope.

Then she remembers and hustles up the stairs into the guest room.

She grabs the little leather book and flies back downstairs.

CUT TO:

BACK IN THE PARALLEL DIMENSION--

Mark forces his hand out and grabs on to Ryan like he's a lifeboat. Ryan comes alive and grabs on to Mark.

The faint bloody reddish light brightens as...

THE STRANGE SILHOUETTE OF A MASSIVE TENTACLED CREATURE IS CIRCLING THEM. THE SAME SEA CREATURE FROM SHAY'S DREAM.

Holding each other, they spot the creature. It gets closer as they sink deeper into watery darkness. The faint bloody red light barely allows them to see one another.

The light dims further as they continue to drop. Deeper and deeper into the darkness. Simultaneously, the creature gets closer and closer. Preparing to attack.

In almost pitch blackness-- a single tentacle wraps around their torsos. THIS THING IS ABOUT TO FEAST. An underwater scream EMANATES from both men.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Flipping out, Shay runs back into the kitchen. She opens a passage of the book, and mumbles some words to herself.

She reaches into a drawer and grabs a marker. She draws a protection seal on the counter with incredible speed.

Shay places her right hand on the symbol. Studying the book, she then picks up the knife...

When she hears dripping. She turns to the sink--

Shay's POV-- The sink's dripping faucet... although the drips aren't falling down into the sink but DEFYING GRAVITY, and SPLATTING up onto the ceiling.

She quickly turns her attention back to the knife, and--

--SLICE!

SHAY CUTS OFF THE PINKY FINGER ON HER RIGHT HAND.

ECU-- The little finger rolls off the counter and onto the floor.

She screams in pain-- AAAAA!

Staring at her four-fingered hand, she's trying to take in what she's just done. She picks up her little finger. Studies it in shock.

Just then, Shay hears the strange DISORIENTING CRACKLE and turns to see... the strange glowing light moving toward her.

She grabs onto her hand in pain. Shay then looks up to a naked doppelgänger version of Ryan, staring her down.

SHAY

Azrael.

CRACKLE. CRACKLE.

THE NAKED DOPPELGÄNGER BLINKS INTO... SHAY.

Fuck me. Unsure what to do, she shows the doppelgänger her pinky, but it's not impressed. It's heading over to her.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You've got to be shitting me.

Shay closes her eyes, again puts her right hand on the symbol and cuts off her ring finger. SLICE!

The ring finger rolls off the counter and to the floor.

Sweaty, queasy, and in pain, Shay looks at her hand. What a fucking mess. Blood is everywhere. She turns to see if the doppelgänger is still coming, when her eyes quickly flutter to the back of her head and--

She passes out.

REVEAL: THE DOPPELGÄNGER SHAY IS GONE

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Ryan's eyes fly open in shock. They've got their color back. He gasps for air. He rolls onto his side and starts hacking and coughing.

Panicked, he quickly lifts his shirt--

Reveal: Multiple huge, bloody, skinless patches where the tentacled creature suctioned around his waist.

YES. THE PARALLEL DIMENSION IS FELT IN OUR OWN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mark also wakes with a start. He pukes on himself. He looks around terrified and confused. Mark lifts up his shirt and sees the same thing, BLOODY, SKINLESS SUCTION MARKS.

MARK

The fuck?

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Shay lays on the floor, out cold, her body splayed out.

Her hand with the missing two fingers bleeding from the nubs.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Dead Girl hasn't moved since her eyes and mouth opened until...

ECU-- on her right foot, her baby toe shifts.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shuffling to the bathroom, Ryan squints from the bright lights. He looks in the mirror, and man, does he look like ass. He checks out the suction cup tears on his waist.

RYAN

Shit.

He goes back into the bedroom, tucks the gun into the back of his pants and heads downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shuffling in, Ryan sees the equally fucked up Mark still laying in the circle. Mark sits up.

RYAN
Where's Shay?

MARK
What did you do to me?

RYAN
You did this to yourself.

Ryan heads for the door.

MARK
I'm gonna kill you and that dumb
bitch!

Enraged, Ryan turns and sprints over to Mark.

RYAN
What did you say? What the fuck did
you just say?!

Mark is caught off guard as Ryan GRABS him, and DRAGS him out of the circle.

Ryan stands him up and SLAMS him against the wall. Mark laughs, seeing how easy it is to get to Ryan. They're nose to nose.

When Mark overpowers him. He's clearly much stronger. He spins Ryan around, whipping him against the wall. Mark shoves his forearm into Ryan's neck and cuts off his breathing.

MARK
(sneering)
Boy, she got her hooks in you good.
What did she do to you?

RYAN
Shut up.

MARK
I want to know. How did she get to
you? Uh? What did she do to wrap
you up so good? Don't get me wrong
she's a great piece of ass, but
come on.

RYAN
(through the choking)
She saved me.

MARK
Saved you? The only person that
bitch has ever saved is herself.

Ryan quietly reaches into the back of his pants and pulls out the Glock. He carefully pushes the barrel right under Mark's chin. Mark's eyes widen.

RYAN
Yeah, I found your little friend
here.

Mark slowly takes his hands off Ryan and backs up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(pointing gun)
My mom was sick for years. I had to
change her feeding tubes and her
diapers. I had no life. We had no
money and I had to do it all. One
night I said "fuck it" and I went
out. I found her later, she
asphyxiated on her own saliva. Do
you understand, you dumb fuck? Do
you?
(spitting mad)
And I got to see her again. Set
things right. Shay did that for me.

Ryan aims the gun at Mark's head. A scared Mark defensively puts his hands up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So stay away from her, you fuck!

Lowering the gun, an exhausted Ryan walks out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan spots two bloody fingers on the floor. He then sees Shay and her three-fingered hand lying there, passed out. He drops the gun and runs to her.

RYAN
Shay!

He gently touches her cheek.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shay!

Shay wakes, looks to Ryan and smiles.

He grabs some bandages and starts to wrap her bloody hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Why would you do that?

SHAY

To bring you back.

Moved, Ryan is at a loss for words.

He then rummages through the cupboards. He pulls out a sandwich bag, and drops the purple-bluish fingers inside. He packs the baggie into an ice-filled bowl, and places it in the fridge.

RYAN

We're going to get you to a hospital the second we can.

SHAY

I think it might be a little late for that.

He gets to the ground with Shay. Sitting her up, he leans her against his chest. Holds her. Sweat drips from her brow.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

With blank expressionless eyes and an open mouth, the Dead Girl still remains motionless. When--

ECU-- Like looking into a dark cave, we stare deep in to her mouth. Creepy.

Suddenly, the Dead Girl ever so slightly starts to breathe.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan holds Shay in a warm embrace. He lovingly kisses her bloody face. He cringes from the painful torn skin on his stomach.

Shay lifts his shirt and sees the wounds.

SHAY

Oh my God.

RYAN

Yeah, I was in some other realm. It was all dark red water. Then some giant squid creature thing showed up. It grabbed us, and did this.

Gestures to his wounds.

SHAY

Us?

RYAN

Mark was there too.

Shay thinks. She reaches up to the counter and pulls down the little book.

SHAY

I think I know what's happening.

With her good hand she flips to the illustration we saw earlier of the Leviathan's tentacles enveloping a man.

SHAY (CONT'D)

It's the Leviathan. A creature controlled by Azrael. It's our executioner, there to do his bidding. To punish us.

RYAN

It was gonna kill me. Why didn't Azrael let it happen?

She holds up her hand with her two missing fingers.

SHAY

Because of the sacrifice I made.

Shay turns to a drawing of two identical men facing off in the book. One of the men is dressed in ancient robes, the other is naked with blank white eyes. She reads the caption beneath it.

SHAY (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Keep thine heart pure, lest he appear as a mirror of thine own self, and hold you in judgment.

(to Ryan)

That's why we saw Azrael as us. As doppelgängers.

(beat)

The ritual is corrupted. Impure.

(MORE)

SHAY (CONT'D)

So now the rules have changed.
This has become a test.

RYAN

A test? But what does that mean?
(looks at Shay's hand)
Does he want us to make bigger
sacrifices?

SHAY

I don't know. I wish I did.

RYAN

I suck at tests. Fuck.

SHAY

Nothing makes sense anymore. I'm
sorry I brought you into this mess.

RYAN

Hey, being here was my choice. This
is not on you.

SHAY

You don't know what you're talking
about. There's so much you don't
know. My real name isn't even Shay.

RYAN

I know. It's Emma Lopez. And you're
wanted by the cops.

SHAY

(floored)
How long have you known?

Mark stumbles in. They both turn back to see him, bloody and
pale.

MARK

I know this is going to sound
insane, but I'm fucking starving.

Ryan and Shay turn to each other.

MOMENTS LATER--

Sitting around the kitchen table, Ryan, Shay and Mark are all
quietly eating peanut butter sandwiches.

Mark spots the forgotten gun that's still on the floor.

RYAN

So who's the girl?

MARK
Why don't you ask your girlfriend?

SHAY
Adrian, enough.

MARK
So we're using real names now?

(TO MAKE THINGS LESS CONFUSING, WE'RE GOING TO STICK WITH THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER NAMES IN THE SCRIPT)

Using her good hand, Shay takes away Mark's plate with still half a sandwich on it. Tosses it in the sink.

SHAY
Ryan, can we please talk?

Ryan looks at his watch.

RYAN
I don't know if we have time.

Shay holds up her bandaged bloody three-fingered hand.

SHAY
I bought us some time. Please.

MARK
(looking at hand)
Holy shit. How did I not notice that?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHAY
How long have you known?

RYAN
About six months.

SHAY
Why didn't you say anything?

RYAN
Why didn't you?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Dead Girl's chest slowly rises and falls. Yep, she's breathing. She shifts her entire body.

Slowly at first but then a little quicker. Her feet lightly kick, as if she's trying to wake herself up from a dream.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHAY

I don't get why you didn't say anything.

RYAN

If you wanted to tell me, you would have. And I respected that.

SHAY

I don't think you understand what I've done--

RYAN

--You conned a man and he died.

Shay stares at Ryan in disbelief.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on Shay. You know what I did. What makes you any worse?

(beat)

See you taught me something. Just because we did a bad thing doesn't mean we're bad people. You saved me. So, you know, I wanted to save you.

SHAY

That's why you've been pushing for money, to take me to Brazil.

RYAN

I wanted to take you somewhere, where you'd be safe and we could start over.

SHAY

But Ryan, I didn't do "a" bad thing. I did a thousand bad things. Adrian and I ran spiritual scams together for years. That asshole and I bilked people out of their life savings and we never gave a shit. I'm not like you.

RYAN

Then why did you help me? Why have you helped so many others?

SHAY

There's no penance for me. Ever.

RYAN

I know what you did was wrong--

SHAY

--I don't think you get it. We found this guy. He lost a son and Adrian and I convinced him we could contact him on the other side - that he could speak to his boy through us. He had access to all this cash at the company he worked for. He was desperate with grief and we worked him. I mean, we really worked him. We got him to embezzle millions of dollars... that's who I am.

INT. GARAGE

The Dead Girl continues to shift then SUDDENLY she stops. Lays perfectly still until... SHE GASPS. Taking a deep breath, she sits up. SHE'S ALIVE!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Standing in the hallway, Mark is quietly listening.

SHAY

He got fired of course and was sentenced to eight years in prison. But the day before he was supposed to start his sentence he found me. He had a gun. He put it in my face but he wasn't gonna do it. He wasn't gonna shoot me. I could see it in his eyes.

FLASHBACK--

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

WE'RE BACK AT THE OPENING SCENE:

Shay is being held at gunpoint by the Man. It's tense. The man shakes with nerves. He wants to kill Shay, but he can't.

Just as the Man begins to lower his gun, Mark comes from behind a large cement pillar and puts the barrel of his GLOCK 17 right up to the man's skull.

BANG! SPLAT! Again, we see the Man's blood SPRAY across Shay's face. The Man drops from frame.

Mark lowers his gun. He studies the dead Man on the ground before looking over to the blood covered Shay. She's frozen. In complete shock.

BACK TO NOW--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHAY

But Adrian killed him.

(beat)

Adrian still wanted to take the cash and run but I couldn't do it anymore. So I tried to give it to his wife. But she wouldn't take it. So I just sent it back to the company.

RYAN

Is that how the police found you, when you gave the money back?

SHAY

No. The company was quiet about it. I think they were too embarrassed. The cops found me because I contacted his wife.

(Beat)

This woman lost her husband, her son, her house, her life. And she still had a daughter to raise. I didn't know what else to do.

RYAN

So that's why Adrian is here. He thinks you still have the money.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Dead Girl slowly sits up. She blinks like she's waking from a brutal hangover. She looks around the garage.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RYAN

Shay, maybe you did bad things but you're not a bad person. I know it.

MARK (O.S.)

You're dumber than the jackass we took out.

Mark is behind them.

MARK (CONT'D)

She calls me a con artist? I'm amateur hour next to her. She's playing you buddy. She conned that guy, she conned me and now she's conning you. If it wasn't for her bullshit, that girl in the garage might still be alive.

SHAY

What does that mean?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The now "undead" Girl slides over to the end of the ping pong table and lets her feet dangle over the side. She brushes her hair out of her face. Spotting the clothes Ryan left for her, she starts getting dressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARK

Don't you see how stupid you're being? She never even told you her real name. She's a fucking scammer. But don't feel bad, she did the same thing to me. She stole all my money.

SHAY

What did you mean by, "that girl might still be alive?" Who is she?

Mark pulls out his gun. The one Ryan left in the kitchen. He puts the gun in Ryan's face.

RYAN

Don't do it, man. Don't you see what's going on? You're only gonna make things worse.

MARK

Shut up. You just drugged me. This isn't real. It's not possible. I know every scam there is.

RYAN

Then what's that?

Ryan points to the blood seeping through Mark's shirt around his torso. Wounds caused by the creature.

MARK

You did that.

RYAN

I did that?! You think I did that?

MARK

(points gun at Shay)

We can fix this. Just give me the two million and you can come back to me. It'd be like you never left.

SHAY

I'd rather die than go back to you.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The now fully dressed Dead Girl gets to her feet, doing her best to find her balance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With the gun still in Shay's face, Mark tightens his grip.

RYAN

Don't. Don't do it.

Mark turns the gun to Ryan. Points it at his knee.

MARK

(snickers)

Gods. Angels. Spirits.

(beat)

Well, I guess we'll see, won't we?

Preparing himself for the coming bullet, Ryan squeezes his eyes shut.

Mark fires-- CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Nothing. He checks the clip. It's loaded. It just won't fire.

He tries a few more times. CLICK. CLICK.

SHAY

We're in Azrael's dimension now.
You don't get to decide our fate.
Only he does.

This spooks the hell out of Mark. Unsure what to do, he heads for the front door.

MARK

(to Ryan)
Fuck you.
(to Shay)
And double fuck you.

SHAY

Adrian. Stop.

OPENING THE FRONT DOOR, MARK WALKS OUT... AND THE DOOR TAKES HIM RIGHT BACK INTO THE HOUSE. SAME DOORWAY. IT MAKES NO SENSE.

Shocked, Mark tries it again. And again. And again.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Adrian, you can't leave.

Mark stares at Ryan and Shay. After a beat, Mark shuts his eyes and... runs out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark made it outside. He's in front of the house but everything is pulsing. Buzzing with sound. It's bizarre. Nauseating.

The sky is a strange purple-red. Everything is distorted. Off. The ground, the trees -- everything feels like it's watching him. The air is thick. Filled with particulate.

He looks around disoriented and confused.

Suddenly, what sounds like a fucked up dragon screams in the near distance. ROOOOAAAR!

Holy shit! Mark sprints back to the house.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

Slamming the door shut, Mark falls to the floor. Ryan and Shay watch him as rage crosses his face.

MARK

You assholes! What did you do to me?!

Mark charges into the living room, straight for Shay, but before he can get to her, Ryan tackles him. WHAM!

Now on the ground, Mark ELBOWS Ryan in the face and gets free of him. Mark grabs onto Shay but she fights back with all she's got. They fall to the floor.

Recovering from the blow, Ryan gets to his feet and leaps on Mark's back. IT'S AN ALL OUT BRAWL.

WHEN, THE NOW DRESSED DEAD GIRL WALKS IN--

DEAD GIRL

Hello?

Mid-fight, all three stop. They look up at the Girl, who only an hour ago was a smelly corpse on a ping pong table.

DEAD GIRL (CONT'D)

Hi.

The once "Dead Girl" stares at the three frozen, tangled people on the floor. She notices all the weird symbols, candles, stones and blood around the living room.

DEAD GIRL (CONT'D)

(weirded out)

Okay.

(beat)

Sorry, can you guys tell me where I am? Was there like a bender here last night or something? Because I have, like, no memory.

Mark slides off the other two, and slowly backs up against the wall. Ryan and Shay carefully get to their feet.

SHAY

It worked.

RYAN

But we didn't even finish. That's not possible.

MARK

What. The fuck. Is happening?

DEAD GIRL

That's what I'd like to know.

SHAY

Hi, um, I'm Shay. I mean Emma.

DEAD GIRL

Uh huh.

(Beat)

Have you seen my phone?

MARK

(stunned, finally gets it)

Jesus. This is real.

When, Shay leans in close to the Dead Girl. Studies her.

For the first time, the Dead Girl's eyes are clear. There's now something familiar about her. Hard to place.

Shay begins to circle her. The Dead Girl watches Shay watching her like "Okay."

Shay then turns to Mark. Again, she looks back to the Dead Girl... when it hits her.

SHAY

(to Mark)

You! You asshole!

Shay runs at Mark, ready to take his head off, but Ryan grabs her before she can get to him.

Pulling away, Shay calms herself before heading out of the room, and taking off up the stairs.

DEAD GIRL

Seriously, have either of you guys seen my phone? I can't find it.

RYAN

No, I don't think so.

DEAD GIRL

Shit, I really need my phone.

RYAN

Would you like to sit down?

DEAD GIRL

I gotta find my phone.

The Dead Girl starts obsessively searching around the room.

DEAD GIRL (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened last night?
I'm so messed up.

RYAN

So you have no idea what's going on?

MARK

Do they usually know what's going on? Do they know they're, you know?

RYAN

Usually they do, yeah.

She starts lifting up couch cushions. Opening drawers.

DEAD GIRL

I'm going to go fucking mental if I don't find my phone. Where's my fucking phone!? Come on!

The Dead Girl starts to head toward the kitchen.

DEAD GIRL (CONT'D)

Maybe I left it in the garage.

Ryan hurries over to Mark.

RYAN

Give me your phone.

MARK

Why? It doesn't work here.

RYAN

Just give it to me.

Mark hands his phone to Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Found it!

Ryan hands the Dead Girl the blank phone.

DEAD GIRL

Oh, thank god.

She grabs it from Ryan. Although it's blank, she starts tapping and scrolling on it. Starts typing.

Mark pulls away from the corner and slowly gets to his feet.

MARK

Can she see something on the phone that we can't?

RYAN
No, she just thinks she can.

The Dead Girl quietly types on the blank phone.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to Mark)
Watch her for me.

MARK
What? No.

Ryan heads upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shay washes her face with her good hand. Stares at herself in the mirror. Dropping to the floor, she loses it.

Ryan knocks on the door and comes in. He bends down to check on her. She grabs him in a tight embrace.

RYAN
What is it?

SHAY
She's dead. She's dead too.

RYAN
What do you mean?

SHAY
The man Mark killed, his name was Alan Colton. That's his daughter, Abby.

RYAN
But you never met her, did you? How do you know for sure?

SHAY
Mark said something to me earlier. He said, that girl would still be alive if it wasn't for me. I didn't know what that meant. But when that Dead Girl was standing in front of me, looking back at me, I knew it was her. And Mark tricked us into bringing her here.

Just then-- a DISORIENTING CRACKLE is heard from inside the room.

They quietly search for it.

Ryan ever so slowly pulls back the shower curtain, and sees a terrifying floating light.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(We'll now call the Dead Girl by her given name, ABBY)

Without taking his eyes off Abby, Mark moves over to the couch. He stares in shock as she paces the floor completely engaged in her blank phone.

CU-- Abby's dead waxy purple-bluish skin, her matted hair, and chipped nails. IT'S THE LIVING DEAD SCROLLING TIKTOK.

Abby continues on her phone as she casually takes a seat near Mark.

Mark covers his nose from Abby's putrid, gassy smell.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The floating light moves toward Shay. It stops.

RYAN

Shay. Stay still.

Ryan carefully goes through the bathroom cupboards and finds a lipstick. He starts frantically drawing a pentagram shaped protection seal on the mirror.

He slowly leans into the tub and grabs a used pink ladies' razor and breaks it open. Shay doesn't move a muscle.

Like he's defusing a bomb, Ryan slowly takes out the blade, and with it he cuts open the palm of his other hand. Blood drips out.

He puts his bloody hand against the symbol on the mirror, leaving a handprint in the middle of it.

Once complete they both turn to see a the light has turned into... a NAKED DOPPELGÄNGER OF SHAY.

It stares at them both, perfectly still. Whatever Ryan just did, it didn't work.

SHAY

(whispers to doppelgänger)

We didn't know.

The Shay doppelgänger then leans over and touches Shay. The real Shay's eyes turn ghostly white. She collapses to the floor. The doppelgänger is gone.

IN THE PARALLEL DIMENSION--

Shay is now in the deep watery, black abyss. A faint bloody red halo of light surrounds her.

When the same SILHOUETTE OF THE GIANT TENTACLED CREATURE Ryan and Mark encountered whips past her. She turns to see it, but it's gone.

CU-- Shay's face.

Again, the shadowy creature darts right behind her. Much closer. Panicked, she turns. It's not there.

When-- IT ATTACKS. The shadowy creature's tentacle grabs her right calf. She desperately tries to get free. She SCREAMS under the water. Air bubbles fly from her mouth.

BACK TO NOW--

As Shay lays frozen on the floor, blood pours from under her sweatpants exactly where the tentacled creature is grabbing her.

RYAN

Shay!

Ryan looks at himself in the mirror, "What the fuck do I do?" When he gets an idea.

HE GRIPS THE RAZOR, REACHES UP... AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY SLICES OFF HIS LEFT EAR. AAAAH! IT FALLS TO THE COUNTER.

He takes the ear in his hand. Through the gut wrenching pain he puts the ear to the bloody, lipstick-drawn symbol on the mirror. He squeezes his eyes shut. Prays.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Please.

Suddenly, Shay sits up-- SCREAMING IN PAIN AND TERROR. Color comes back to her eyes.

IT WORKED, SHE'S BACK!

She takes in as much air as possible.

Shay feels her calf. She pulls back her pant leg.

We see the bloody, skinless patches where the tentacled creature suctioned onto her.

She looks up to see Ryan's still pressing his ear to the mirror, staring at her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gathering a little courage, Mark leans over to Abby. She stops typing. Turns to him.

MARK

You don't remember anything, do you?

ABBY

Remember what?

MARK

Do you know your name?

Abby freezes.

ABBY

Yeah I'm-- shit. I don't know.

MARK

Who are you texting?

ABBY

Madison.

MARK

Who's Madison?

ABBY

She's... she's... fuck.

Mark gets a little closer. He holds out his finger.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MARK

I want to see if you're real. Do you mind if I poke you?

ABBY

Ew. Yes. I do mind.

Abby slowly bares her teeth. Mark backs up. Nervous, he finds the useless gun on the floor and picks it up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ryan takes his ear off the mirror, unsure where to put it. He nods to Shay's fucked up leg.

RYAN
Shit that looks bad. You okay?

SHAY
(points to his ear)
Are you fucking kidding me?

RYAN
(smiles)
Quite the twosome aren't we?

Shay is overcome with emotion. She buries her face in her good hand. Ryan moves over to her.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Listen to me. We've never had anyone come back to us for longer than six hours. We can make six hours. Let's help her go gently back to the other side and then walk right out of here.

She lovingly looks at Ryan. She gently takes his ear from him, wraps it in toilet paper and puts it in her pocket.

SHAY
Baby, I don't think there's gonna be an "after."

RYAN
What are you gonna do with my ear?

SHAY
Put it in the fridge.

RYAN
You wouldn't do that if there was no hope.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan and Shay come downstairs to see Abby and a pale Mark sitting on the couch. Mark is still holding his gun.

RYAN
(gestures to gun)
Would you put that thing down?

Mark sees Ryan is holding a giant wad of bloody toilet paper to where his ear should be.

MARK

What the hell happened to you guys?

RYAN

(to Abby)

Hey, how are you feeling?

ABBY

To be honest, a little confused.

(nods to Mark)

Your friend here is a real creep.

SHAY

Yes, he is.

Abby looks at her phone and stands.

ABBY

Shit, my Uber is here. Well, it was nice to meet you all.

She heads for the door.

SHAY

Wait! Don't!

Abby opens the door and turns back. Shay doesn't know what to say... They all freeze. Abby rolls her eyes and heads out.

Silence. Mark, Ryan and Shay all quietly wait. Nothing.

RYAN

Huh. She actually left.

They all head over to the window. She's gone. Nowhere to be seen.

MARK

I don't see her. Where is she?

Shay cautiously limps over to the door.

SHAY

(to Ryan)

What does this mean?

RYAN

Maybe this is it. Maybe it's over.
She's gone!

WHEN-- BANG! THE DOOR FLIES OPEN. THEY ALL JUMP.

Abby walks back in and SLAMS the door shut.

ABBY
What the fuck?!

They turn to Abby. She's completely fucked up. Her hair burnt to a crisp along with a good chunk of her face.

ABBY (CONT'D)
It's really coming down out there.
And I didn't see my Uber.

They glare at her in silence.

SHAY
Yeah, maybe you should wait in here
until the weather clears up.

MARK
I don't know. It could get worse.
You might wanna get home.

RYAN
Shut up.

Abby takes a seat on the couch.

ABBY
I don't feel so good. Do you have
any Tylenol?

SHAY
Sure. I'll get you some.

MARK
I think I know where it is.

They both head out leaving Ryan alone with Abby.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

Shay limps around, looking through drawers.

MARK
What are you doing?

SHAY
Looking for Tylenol.

MARK
I don't think Tylenol is going to
help her.

Shay finds the pills. Mark pours a glass of water.

Mark gives Shay the water, his hand touching hers. After an awkward moment, she pulls away.

MARK (CONT'D)

You really did it. You gave the money back, didn't you?

SHAY

Do you believe everything happens for a reason?

MARK

I don't know what I believe anymore.

SHAY

What are the chances after we killed this man--?

MARK

Hey, I saved your ass that night.

SHAY

--You would deliver his dead daughter to me.

(beat)

None of this was an accident.

MARK

What are you talking about?

Shay pulls out the little leather book from her back pocket.

SHAY

This book. All the rituals I've been doing with it, hoping to find some solace. Some kind of forgiveness. It was never enough.

(beat)

What we did to all those poor people, using their suffering for our own gain... Everything has led to right here and right now. You and I were meant to be here. To be judged.

MARK

Judged by who? You?

SHAY

No, not me. But I do forgive you.
You can't help what you are. I see
that now.

MARK

Whatever.

Shay heads out.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, let me ask you one thing, and
be honest.

Turning back, Shay stops.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where did you actually find that
book?

Beat.

SHAY

At a garage sale in Brainerd.

She walks out, leaving Mark less than satisfied.

MARK

(to self)

Bitch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Abby is quickly deteriorating. She's turning from bluish
purple to yellowish brown. Her eyes are becoming cloudy
white.

She stares at Ryan. Doesn't blink. Emotionless. Just holds
his gaze. He doesn't know where to look. Finally...

RYAN

So Abby.

ABBY

Who's Abby?

Abby forces herself to sit up. Ryan doesn't know what to say.
Abby thinks.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Abby Colton. That's my name.

RYAN
(reluctant)
Yeah. That's right.

Abby stands.

ABBY
Wait. Wait. I, I shouldn't be here.

Abby looks around the room. Anger crosses her face.

RYAN
(calls out)
Hey Shay! Where's that Tylenol?
Shay?!

Shay walks in with Mark. She's holding the water and Tylenol. Looking at Abby, Shay sees she's looking worse. Abby's starting to fall apart.

ABBY
I don't feel so good. I, I, wanna
go home.

Picking up her phone like a Teddy Bear, she holds it close. For a brief moment, Abby's smoky eyes roll into the back of her head. They all quietly watch her. It's tense.

As Shay moves toward Abby, she starts to hear a low growl. Where is that coming from? The growl is getting louder. Shay realizes-- it's coming from Abby.

Shay nervously steps closer to her. Then closer still. Abby then looks to Shay like a cornered animal and hisses.

SHAY
I have your Tylenol.

Stopping in her tracks, Shay puts it down where she stands.

SHAY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. What's happened to
you was not fair.

Abby says nothing.

SHAY (CONT'D)
My name, my name... is Emma Lopez.
I knew your father.

RYAN (O.S.)
Don't.

SHAY
No I have to.

Turns back to Abby.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Do you remember your life? Your
dad, Alan Colton, do you remember
him?

Abby says nothing.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Do you remember he died?
(points back to Mark)
It's our fault. We tricked him. We
made him steal for us, then we let
him take the blame.

MARK
Would you stop?

SHAY
He's dead because of us.

With her torn up face and now cold, ghostly white eyes, it's
hard to tell if Abby is taking this in. When...

ABBY
My dad? No.

SHAY
It's true.

ABBY
No. No.

SHAY
It's our fault.

ABBY
(shaking head, panicked)
No. Stop! I don't like this! I
don't like this! I don't like this!
I don't like this!

SHAY
We did it for money. We did it
because we could. I'm so sorry.

ABBY
(screams loud, enraged)
I don't like thiiiiis!!!

Abby suddenly stops. An eerie calmness washes over her.

Mark, Shay and Ryan watch Abby, completely frozen...

She then slowly moves over to Shay until their faces are an inch apart. It's scary. What's Abby doing?

After staring Shay down, the disgusting, smelly, decaying Abby KISSES Shay, Godfather style.

As Abby pulls away, a THICK TRAIL OF DROOL is attached to Shay's mouth. Shay wipes it off, but does her best not to overreact.

MARK

(scared)

Jesus.

The pace at which Abby's body is decomposing is now rapidly accelerating. A messy pile of her hair drops from her head. Below her badly burnt, balding scalp, her blank white eyes stare at Shay.

She begins to breathe hard. Fast. She snarls. It would seem she's slowly turning into something more animalistic.

SHAY

I probably don't have a right to ask this, but since I highly doubt we're getting out of here, I need to know. What happened to you? How did you die?

MARK

(panicked)

You don't know we're not getting out of here. Don't you see she's disintegrating? Stop talking to her. Let her die again and maybe we can leave.

RYAN

(to Mark)

Would you shut the fuck up?

As hard as it is for her, Abby thinks...

ABBY

(Barely getting words out)

Murdered. Poisoned.

(Turns to Mark)

By him.

They all look to Mark. Long beat.

MARK

(To Shay)

Yeah, well, she was looking into her old man's death. She was obsessed, and unfortunately for her, she found me. And if she found me, she was gonna find you.

They all look at the fucked up Abby cradling her phone. She makes a strange gurgling noise, farts. Not exactly Sherlock Holmes.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know. She's smarter than she looks.

(beat)

So I took care of us, like I always do. I protected us. Bringing her body to you was just a nice bonus.

SHAY

You fucking asshole.

MARK

(To Shay)

Emma, don't you know? You're mine. Like it or not, you need me. You can't survive without me. Look what you've done to yourself. Really? You look like you've been through a fucking cheese grater. You're a fucking mess. Without me, you're nothing--

--RAAAAGH! Abby lets out a guttural cry--

She sprints over to Mark and without hesitation, SMASHES HER TEETH ONTO HIS NOSE. Mark screams as she BITES IT CLEAN OFF. Blood seeps out from where his nose used to be. What's left is a bloody, shredded, fleshy mess.

Holding his face, Mark screams in pain-- AAAH!

SHAY

Abby!

Abby turns to Shay, VISCERAL RAGE. She picks up the ceremonial dagger that still lays in the circle, and charges at her.

As Shay defensively sticks out her left arm, Abby quickly grabs onto it, and with the Athame, SLICES OFF SHAY'S LEFT HAND. It falls to the ground with a THUD. Shay screams-- Aaaah.

RYAN

Shay!

Ryan runs over to help Shay, but Abby takes the athame and STABS him deep in the gut, while simultaneously DIGGING HER THUMB into his left eye. His eye BURSTS out of his head like a grape. SPLAT! It's gone. Ryan seizes in overwhelming agony, then drops to the floor.

Panicked, Mark gets to his feet. With tears streaming from his eyes, and shaken to his core, he wildly fires the gun.

For the first time ever-- it goes off.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

This pulls Abby's attention.

While keeping her murky white eyes on Mark, Abby YANKS the blade from Ryan's stomach.

Ryan screams-- Aaaah!

She tears over to Mark, tackling him to the floor. With out-of-control rage she--

STABS HIM.

QUICK FLUTTER FLASH-- to the bloody red watery inter-dimensional world.

Stabs him again.

AGAIN, FLASH -- to the inter-dimensional world.

Abby stabs him repeatedly, each time flashing to the harsh, underwater universe.

Until-- Mark finds himself...

BACK IN THE PARALLEL WATER DIMENSION--

Mark now floats in the perilous watery darkness. Panicked, he looks around when he sees--

The silhouette of the tentacled creature coming right for him.

He screams in terror.

BACK TO NOW--

On Shay and Ryan's faces-- watching, eyes wide as we hear BONES CRACKING AND SNAPPING. FLESH TORN AND EATEN.

Even monstrous Abby blankly stares.

REVEAL-- Next to the gun on the floor...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF MARK BUT A TORN UP LEG STICKING OUT OF A PILE OF HIS BLOOD-SOAKED CLOTHES.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to self, all fucked up)
Hey, the gun worked.

ECU-- With her hair mostly gone and burnt bluish purple skin, Abby's face is monstrous. Horrific.

Abby stands completely frozen. Still.

Seeing her chance, Shay limps over to Ryan and helps him to his feet with her remaining three fingered hand. She then does her best to get them over to the nearby stairs.

When the stairs creak, the sound pulls Abby's attention to the limping couple. She lets out a deep demonic growl.

Adrenaline pumping, Ryan stands on his own.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Go! Go!

Shay takes off up the rest of the stairs with Ryan right behind. They run into the guest room and slam the door shut.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan falls onto the bed, his gut continues to bleed out. With the dresser beside the doorway, Shay throws her shoulder into it and slides it in front of the door. For added weight, she then drops herself against the dresser.

BANG! Abby is now on the other side, desperate to get in.

Abby screams-- RARAAAA!

Ryan forces himself up. He also collapses against the dresser. Both doing everything they can to keep Abby out.

RYAN
Mark is dead.

SHAY
Yeah well, I'm more worried about you.

Shay looks at Ryan's brutal knife wound and missing eye.

RYAN
I'm fine.

SHAY
You're a bad liar.

Abby continues SMASHING on the door. Abby-- "AAAAARGH."

SHAY (CONT'D)
I don't think we're going to get
out of this.

RYAN
It's not looking great.

SHAY
Weren't you going to ask me
something before this all started?

Ryan smiles. Shay passionately kisses him. Bloody face to bloody face.

The door violently shakes. SMASH! SMASH! RAAA! Abby is not happy and wants in now. The door starts to give. Crack.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Do something for me?

RYAN
Sure.

Again the door shakes with rage. RAAA!

SHAY
Ask me again?

RYAN
What? Now?

SHAY
Just do it.

Ryan smiles. He painfully takes out the little box from his pocket.

RYAN
Emma Lopez aka Shay Hadad, would
you do me the honor of marrying me?

Through bloody teeth, Shay smiles.

SHAY
Yes.

The dresser is moving. The door is bending. Ryan places the ring on her middle finger of her right hand. Her only hand.

RYAN
Sorry, I have to put it on your
right hand because you don't have a
left hand anymore.

She looks at the ring on her middle finger on her right hand.

SHAY
(tearing up)
I love you.

Those words melt Ryan's heart, his one good eye wells up.

The door is giving way. We can see Abby's arm clawing through the bent door. It's only a matter of time.

Shay gives Ryan a long passionate kiss. She then moves him aside, gets up, and pushes the dresser away from the door. Ryan tries to stand but the blood loss is too much.

RYAN
Shay, what are you doing?

Ryan tries to force himself up but can't.

RYAN (CONT'D)
No! Don't! Shay!

Shay looks at him lovingly.

She opens the door and shuts it behind her. When... Abby stops banging. It's dead quiet. Nothing.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Shay stands before the increasingly decayed Abby. With hair gone and skin falling off, Abby stands perfectly still. Shay looks up at Abby's monstrous face.

SHAY
Take me, but leave him. Please.

Shay puts Abby's hand around her throat. Abby slowly comes alive and begins to tighten her grip on Shay's neck.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan crawls to the door, clumsily gets it open, and sees Abby choking Shay to death.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

RYAN (O.S.)

Shay!

Shay closes her eyes. Abby's grip tightens. Shay is starting to pass out.

Ryan pushes his way through the door and crawls over to Abby. Begging.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Please. Stop. Please!

Abby's choking harder and harder. Shay is gagging, fighting for air.

With adrenaline coursing through his veins, Ryan gets to his feet and tries to remove Abby's hands but she's too strong.

Finally, Shay stops struggling and drops to the floor.

Abby turns to Ryan. He backs up, rightly assuming he's next.

With incredible strength, Abby grips him by the throat. It's almost over. Accepting his fate, Ryan stops fighting. He lets it happen.

He begins to choke until-- Abby COLLAPSES to the floor.

ABBY IS DEAD. AGAIN.

Collecting himself, Ryan hurries over to Shay. He tries to shake her awake, but nothing. He listens to her heart. He starts chest compressions. Desperate for her to live.

WHEN SUDDENLY... SHAY GASPS FOR AIR. A FLUSTERED RYAN HELPS HER SIT UP.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A limping Shay helps Ryan enter the living room. What's left of Mark lays nearby.

Shay smiles like a weight has been lifted.

RYAN

What does this mean?

SHAY

I think it means Azrael let us
go... we're free. We're really
free.

Shay smiles. A sense of relief. Overwhelmed, she slowly makes her way over to the door. She stands there, taking in the moment.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The door opens and Shay steps into the fresh air and the warm sun. Birds are chirping. It's beautiful. Idyllic.

She helps Ryan out and they limp over to the manicured lawn. They both fall onto the grass. They roll over and look up at the sun.

POV-- A beautiful blue sky. A perfect day. It's a strong contrast to the bloody and beaten couple's recent adventure.

We finally get a good look at them in the light. Ryan is missing an eye, an ear and has a huge, bloody gut wound. Shay's missing her left hand and only has three fingers on her right. Her leg is bleeding profusely. They're fucked up.

Yet, for the first time, Shay seems truly happy. Calm.

Ryan looks back through the open door into the house with his good eye. Even from here it's clear the place is a bloody mess.

RYAN

So what now?

Shay looks up. Feeling the sun on her face. A look of total peace. Reborn.

Shay's POV-- A bird effortlessly soars across the blue sky.

SHAY

I don't know.
(bloody smile)
But isn't it beautiful out today?

ECU- Ryan takes Shay's remaining three fingered hand. They lie there, taking in the moment.

When, Shay remembers something. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out Ryan's ear.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Shit. I forgot to put your ear in
the fridge.

END