

DAUGHTER

Written by

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**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CASSIE (18) stares O.S. Her face is normally vibrant with the vitality of youth -- but she's in pain.

A quiet, steady BEEP counts away the seconds.

HER HAND -- rests on on the rough skin of a man's fingers. At the tip of his finger is a PULSE OXIMETER. It BEEPS.

Cassie grasps the man's hand tighter. He rests in bed, sickly, underweight, a shadow of his former self.

This is Cassie's father, JACK (54).

CASSIE  
Please. Stay awake. Don't...

The BEEP sounds on, relentless. Jack WHEEZES. Dying.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
Please stay with me. I'll give  
anything if you just stay. Daddy...

Jack's breathing stops. The oximeter breaks into a series of rapid BEEPS.

He's gone.

The BEEPS overwhelm Cassie. She claps her hands to her ears, an agony of grief, as if she can shut it all out.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP...

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The house is modern but somehow lifeless. An over-leveraged mimicry of the American Dream. CREDIT CARD BILLS and LATE PAYMENT NOTICES are stacked along the counter.

Cassie sits, dead-eyed, at the table. Phone to her ear.

CASSIE  
Why can't you just take him tonight?  
(then)  
No, I can't pay. We spent everything.  
There's nothing left for me.  
(then)  
Please. I don't want to stay here  
with the body. Please!

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cassie stands over Jack's body. His face is ashen, his skin waxy. She draws the blanket over his face and turns to leave.

BEEP!

Her eyes go wide. Breathless, she waits, but --

Nothing.

**INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cassie lies in bed, eyes wide.

Out her door, across the hall, she can just see the edge of Jack's open door. A yawning blackness.

She turns over.

**LATER**

BEEP!

Cassie startles awake.

BEEP! BEEP!

From the dark doorway across the hall -- A MAN appears. Gaunt, shambling toward her like a corpse.

CASSIE

Daddy?

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The man stumbles forward. It's Jack. But his eyes are dull, his face still ashen.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Daddy --

Jack lurches forward and grabs her by the ears.

JACK

Anything.

Cassie shrieks in terror as his mouth opens and presses to hers -- inhaling, sucking the air from her lungs, draining the soul from her body. Her skin goes waxy. Her face ashen.

Jack, fully alive now, releases the broken body of his daughter onto the bed.

He reaches down and brushes hair away from her contorted face. Tender, loving.

JACK (CONT'D)

Anything, my daughter.

**THE END.**