

THE POSSESSED GIRL

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FADE IN ON:

Los Angeles - AT NIGHT

A parked car stands in the quiet street.

AMY (O.S.)
It's just... I don't know anymore,
okay. I-

We reveal, AMY (20s) in the drivers seat, leaning against the wheel, gazing up front.

AMY (CONT'D)
Things have been different lately.
With me. With us.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Isn't that a good thing?

Amy glances over too, SHAWN (20s), in the passengers seat, eyes red from crying.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Look at my mom and dad, they were
total jerks when they met in high
school, now they're the complete
opposite. Can't say the same about
Brody though but-

Amy stares him in the eyes.

AMY
It's not that simple, Shawn. We're
not your parents.

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
I told you from the start, we're
not good for each other. And now
with what's happened, it's just...
sometimes I lose control all
together, okay. And it ends up
making you miserable. I don't want
to put you through this.

SHAWN
It doesn't matter. We can move past
that. We don't need a break.

AMY
I can't. We're...
(beat)
(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
 We're messy. We always screwing
 things up for one another and-

SHAWN
 That's why we have to try this
 time. **Really try**. Not say we're
 gonna try but do exactly the same
 thing we did before.

Amy looks back at Shawn with pity in her eyes.

AMY
 Shawn...

Amy diverts her attention to her window, looks out, and sees,
 A GIRL, '**SHELLY**' in a WHITE DRESS, barefoot, alone, staring at
 the couple. Her hair covering her face.

SHAWN
 I know you messed up, Am's, but I
 can get past it, I promise.

AMY
 (staring at the girl)
 Do, you, see this?

Shawn glances to the front, looking over her.

AMY (CONT'D)
 What is she doing?

SHAWN
 She must be lost.

AMY
 She's staring at us.

SHAWN
 Maybe we should help her.

Amy rapidly turns to Shawn.

AMY
 What? Are you crazy! She is clearly
 possessed or on drugs or something.
 We should get out of here.

SHAWN
 Don't be silly. She looks harmless.

Amy turns to the WINDOW again... She's GONE. Her eyes grow in
 confusion.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Ha. You probably scared her.

AMY
(stern)
Good.

She turns to Shawn.

AMY (CONT'D)
Getting back to us...
(beat)
Yes, I regret what happened that night, I wish I could take it back, but I can't. And you may be okay with what happened, but I'm not okay with being the one that did that to you.

SHAWN
Amy. I promise you, I'm okay, we can mo--

AMY
We can't just move on from it, Shawn. What if down the line you realize you made a mistake and that you're actually hurting and end up leaving me. How am I supposed to feel?

SHAWN	AMY (CONT'D)
It won't happen. Trust me.	
We're gonna raise a family together. Get a dog to cheer us up. Everything.	--Stop. Stop. Please stop. I can't. I'm sorry. I can-

AMY (CONT'D)
Shawn, STOP!

Shawn quiets down, getting sent back a bit. Tears form in his eyes. He glances to his window, looks out.

Amy leans back against the car seat, sighs.

AMY (CONT'D)
Ugh!

She covers her eyes, letting out a loud sigh. Then-- lowers her hands, her eyes meeting the front.

The GIRL, stands up front, Amy JUMPS.

Her JUMP, JUMPS Shawn. He glances at her. Sees her eyes focused up front, and turns his attention forward.

The GIRL, a bit of a distance away, but enough to see that it's HER, again. Still alone.

AMY (CONT'D)
What's her problem?

SHAWN
Maybe she needs help. I'm gonna go ask her.

Shawn unlocks the car, Amy GRABS his hand, stopping him.

AMY
Don't be an idiot.

SHAWN
I'm not an idiot, she's clearly alone and afraid.

AMY
You're not a hero, Shawn. Don't start now.

Shawn glares at her.

SHAWN
At least I'll be somebody's hero.

Amy's face goes to ZERO.

Shawn unlocks the door, EXITS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He slowly walks over to the GIRL.

SHAWN
Hi. Are you okay? Do you need any help?

Silence.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Are you waiting for somebody?

Silence.

Shawn glances around, checking his surroundings. Everything seems to be okay.

He turns back to her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Do you want to sit in the car while
we wait and call the police?

SUDDENLY...

She NODS.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Okay then.

Shawn turns and makes his way back to the car. The GIRL follows.

Amy's eyes stare back at him, confused.

AMY
(mouthing)
What the--?

Shawn opens up the backdoor, the GIRL ENTERS.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Amy stares at her through the Rear-view window.

Shawn ENTERS.

SHAWN
I'm gonna call the police and maybe
they can help her.

Amy leans towards him.

AMY
(whispers)
What is wrong with you? Why did you
bring her inside the car?

SHAWN
Because, she looked cold. Anything
could've happened to her in the
city. She's lucky to get us and not
some rando with cruel intentions.

Shawn pops out his phone. Opens his dial pad...

9...

1...

1...

He glances at the top part of his phone where the RECEPTION would be. He sees: ZERO BARS, NO SERVICE.

Amy keeps her eyes on the GIRL through the Rear-view mirror.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Crap. No reception.

AMY

Perfect. Now we have no reception and a creepy girl at the back of our car. Great. I'm living my own horror movie right now.

SHAWN

Jesus, Amy, could you be more discreet.

AMY

No Shawn. I've had it. I'm done. You deal with this.

Amy goes to UNLOCK the car door, she struggles. She pulls and pulls, but nothing.

AMY (CONT'D)

Unlock the door, Shawn.

SHAWN

It is.

AMY

No, it's not. Unlock the door, please Shawn.

SHAWN

I never locked it, Amy.

AMY

Well it's not opening.

Amy glances at the GIRL through the Rear-view mirror again, sees her head is leaned down.

AMY (CONT'D)

What do you want? Huh?

SHAWN

Amy-

AMY
Hello? Do you speak, English? I'm
asking you a question. WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

SHELLY
(calm with a sense of
terror)
I WANT YOU!

Amy goes BLANK.

AMY
What the--

Amy glares at Shawn.

AMY (CONT'D)
Get, her, out of this car. Right
now.

Shawn turns to the door and pulls on it. But it doesn't open.

SHAWN
It's not opening.

Amy tries her side.

Nothing.

Then--

Turns to the GIRL.

AMY
What did you do to our car?

Shawn starts banging on the WINDOW, it doesn't break.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Huh? What did you do to our car-

SHAWN
(banging on window)
What the hell is going on here!?
Why can't I open this- Amy?

Shawn turns too Amy. She's completely still.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Amy?

Silence.

Shawn turns around, checks the car.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
What happened?

Shawn looks back in confusion.

Amy stares straight ahead.

Shawn sits back in his seat. Glances at Amy.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
You okay?

Silence.

Then--

TING!

A text message notification, from BRODY...

'I'm sorry bro. I effed up. Please call me'.

QUICKLY, we can see their previous chats (about a week ago):

BRODY: Mom asks when you're gonna introduce us to HER?

SHAWN: Saturday!

Shawn switches the phone off and tosses it to the side.
Checks their blind spots. It's safe. Then--

Adjusts the Rear-view mirror, about to look at it, it's safe.

Silence.

Amy's eyes stay focused up front. Shawn sees and looks forward.

Nothing's there.

He glances at Amy again, this time -- her FACE is RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS.

He jumps.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Jesus, Amy, don't do that.

Amy focuses up front again. Starts up the engine. The radio crackles.

AMY
(monotone)
I think you're right... we can get
past this.

Shawn smiles.

SHAWN
Let's go home.

Shawn leans back in his seat, content, as Amy, staring
blankly ahead, begins to smirk.

They drive off as the MUSIC crackles along.

~~THE END~~