

SYSTEMIC

Written by

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OVER BLACK. Faint chants.

CHANTS (O.S.)
Nigger go home! Nigger Go home!

SUPER: In 1912, white mobs set fire to black churches and black-owned businesses in Forsyth County, GA. Eventually the entire black population was driven out. It stayed all-white for 75 years.

FADE IN:

SUPER: CUMMING, GA 1987 (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE)

An all white protest made up of the KKK, and the towns racists, flood the streets with hate signs. A RACIST PROTESTOR speaks to the media.

RACIST PROTESTOR
There's no niggers here, why should they even come?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY (ATLANTA, GA 1987)

Loud commotion outside, sounds like a mob. A BLACK MAN (30s) with overalls and a high top fade BANGS on the door.

REGGIE (30s) black, with bloodshot eyes, opens the door just enough for him to squeeze through; steps into the hall.

REGGIE
Why you banging like the damn cops?

BLACK MAN
You in there smoking?
(shakes head)
You coming, or what?

REGGIE
Where?

Reggie has no recollection. Black Man sucks teeth.

BLACK MAN
Cumming! They protesting the boul
Chester and his girl. They just
copped a house out there. Got them
white folks hella mad.

Reggie is distracted, barely listens. Black Man peaks inside, Reggie shuts the door.

REGGIE
I can't go, I got some shit going
on right now.

BLACK MAN
Man, whatever.

INT. REGGIE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reggie walks into the bedroom. LEXIS (12) a pale-faced black girl, is chained to the bed. Reggie's WIFE (30s) a distressed black woman, stands at a distance from the bed. Another black woman, PROPHETESS ANIYAH (20s) prays over Lexis.

Reggie consoles his Wife. Lexis turns to Reggie, scared. Lifts her shackled arms.

LEXIS
Daddy what's going on?

REGGIE
Baby you're sick.

LEXIS
Who is she daddy?

Lexis nods at Prophetess Aniyah.

REGGIE
Her name is Prophetess Aniyah,
sweetheart.

LEXIS
I'm scared! I want a hug. Mommy
won't hug me.

The Wife cries, extends her hand.

WIFE
I want to hold you so bad, baby.

LEXIS
Then do it, hold me mommy.

Prophetess Aniyah anoints Lexis' forehead.

LEXIS (CONT'D)
What is she doing?

Smoke ascends from Lexis' forehead to the ceiling.

LEXIS (CONT'D)
What did she put on me? It burns!

REGGIE
It's going to be alright honey.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
SPEAK DEMON!

Lexis surveys the room, looks for the demon.

LEXIS
I'm scared, get me out of here!

WIFE
You need to get better first.

Lexis pulls on the chains, they stretch, displays superhuman strength.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
WHAT IS YOUR NAME DEMON?

Lexis looks at her dad with a menacing gaze.

LEXIS
Daddy, if you don't unchain me...
I'm going to set you and mommy on
fire, and say it was an accident.

Wife covers her mouth, utter fear. Lexis lowers her head.

LEXIS (CONT'D)
I'm going to count to three.

Reggie turns to Prophetess Aniyah.

REGGIE
DO SOMETHING!

LEXIS
One.

Objects in the room fall, the bed shakes.

LEXIS (CONT'D)
Two.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
In the name of the Jesus, I command
you to tell me your name!

LEXIS
Three.

Lexis raises her head, her eyes are as black as soot.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Lexis, God is with you.

Lexis breaks free from the chains, LEVITATES off the bed. Her voice changes, it's deep, raspy... DEMONIC!

DEMONIC LEXIS
There's no God here, only me.

Reggie and his wife cower to the corner.

WIFE
MY BABY, NOOOO!

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
I am crucified with Christ; and--

DEMONIC LEXIS
--You're too weak, prophet.

With a nod of her head, Lexis TOSSES Prophetess Aniyah into the wall. Turns, looks at her parents, smiles. The Wife folds her hands, prays.

DEMONIC LEXIS (CONT'D)
He. Can't. Hear. Youuuuu.

Reggie approaches Lexis nervously with his hand outstretched.

REGGIE
Lexis, baby I know you're in there.

DEMONIC LEXIS
Lexis is with the damned.

Reggie pauses. Fans his shirt, it's HOT! The Wife SCREAMS. Reggie turns, she is engulfed in flames.

LEXIS
(normal scared voice)
I don't know what happened. I heard screaming, woke up and the apartment was on fire.
(crying)
I couldn't save them!

Reggie tries to put out his wife. Lexis laughs sadistically. Reggie BURSTS into flames. He screams, flails around.

Prophetess Aniyah, shakes her head, and comes to. The room is now on fire. She pulls a gun out of her sock, stands, and points it at Lexis. Hesitates. Her hands shake, she weeps as she looks at the toasted corpses of Reggie and his Wife.

Lexis turns and notices Prophetess Aniyah is still alive, glides over towards her with a wicked smile.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Forgive me Father.

Lexis' smile ceases... TOO LATE!

GUN SHOT.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING (CUMMING, GA, PRESENT DAY)

Scrubs are thrown into a dirty clothes basket, a name tag is tossed on top of the dresser. It reads, "Fulton County Children's Hospital, Doctor Ronnie Miller."

A small rainbow illuminates next to his name. He opens a drawer to a bunch of sweat socks and shorts.

EXT. FRONT YARD - EVENING

RONNIE MILLER (30s) a black man in workout clothes pulls a trash can to the curb.

He nods his head to music from his earbuds. Looks over, sees his overweight, middle-aged white neighbor; water his grass. Waves. The fat man shakes his head in DISGUST.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (NEW JERSEY)

ERIKA (16) black, sits on one end of the couch in sweats and an oversized t-shirt, headphones on, and pen in hand; blissfully smiles at her notebook.

BROOKLYN (11) black, with French braids, jumps up and down on the other side of the couch, YELLS along to a Rihanna song. Erika turns the volume up on her phone, still can't hear.

ERIKA
Can you stop screaming?

BROOKLYN
I'm hungry!

She continues to jump and yell.

ERIKA
TURN IT DOWN, DAMN!

Brooklyn cuts the music, stops jumping, reaches her hand out, open palm.

BROOKLYN
Dollar, or I'm telling my mom.

ERIKA
I. DON'T. CARE!

BROOKLYN
Well. I'm. Hungry! And there's nothing here.

A loud KNOCK at the door. Erika puts a finger over her lips, shh! They freeze in silence for a moment. A PAST DUE NOTICE letter is slid under the door.

INT. LECTURE - AUDITORIUM - EVENING (NEW JERSEY)

A PROFESSOR (60s) white man in an oversized blazer, hands out papers. Hands one to CORA (30s) black woman, with glasses.

PROFESSOR
Well done, Cora!

She stares at her grade as if it were a map to the lost city.

BUZZZZZZ. Phone vibrates. Snaps out of trance, reads text.

ERIKA (TEXT)
This just came.

It's a picture of the past due letter. The brief moment of joy is gone, back to reality.

EXT. RONNIE'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

Ronnie's face glistens from sweat. He hunches over to put the password into the keypad. Notices the door is OPEN! Pushes it in slowly. Takes one step inside.

RONNIE
HELLO?

No answer. He pulls out a pocket knife.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
I'll CUT A BITCH!

Nothing. He turns on the foyer light, empty. Hears a noise, backs out onto the porch.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Uh-uh!

He meticulously reviews the Ring footage on his phone. Going through the past few hours with a fine tooth comb. Only person to show on camera in that time frame is himself taking out the trash.

INT. RONNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie fixes a snack in the kitchen. Phone rests on the counter, OPERATOR is on speaker.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Your estimated wait time is greater than 20 minutes. Would you like us to hold your spot in line, and we'll give you a call back when an agent becomes available? Press one for yes, and two for no.

Ronnie sucks his teeth.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Sorry that is not a valid option.

INT. LECTURE HALL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Cora's phone vibrates, it's a memory: snapshots of her, Erika, Brooklyn, and Ronnie at his white coat ceremony. She smiles...

We are transported in time and get to see a brief moment from that day. She hears the Professor speak, snaps out of daydream, and quickly puts her phone down.

INT. RONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie lays on the couch, browses Netflix.

RING DOORBELL
 Can't lock door.

He sits up, looks at the door, it's closed. Pulls out his phone, LIVE VIEW of front porch, NOTHING. Exhales.

Back to Netflix. Moments later, ALARM.

ALARM
 FRONT DOOR OPEN!

His heart races. He walks over, quickly scans the porch, slams the door shut, locks it and heads back to the couch. Before he can sit...

ALARM (CONT'D)
 FRONT DOOR OPEN!

He looks over, the door is open. He panics, the TV channels surge at an unnatural pace, settles on LIVE SECURITY FOOTAGE of his living room.

He waves his arms, it mirrors. The Video Ronnie stops abruptly. He quickly turns around, as if someone is behind him.

A hoverboard rolls into the living room on the screen, Video Ronnie freaks out. In reality, nothing is there. Video Ronnie points to the door, mouths the words "RUN!" Ronnie sprints towards the door, it closes! He tries to open, it won't budge.

Ronnie turns around and sees a shadowy figure kneel over his twitching video self. He throws a decorative from the entry way table through the window, clears the jagged edges left.

A long, inhuman moan echoes. Ronnie turns, the shadow is GONE! Instead he sees his lifeless body on the floor, the arm twitches then raises and points towards the dark dining room.

Ronnie looks into the darkness... suddenly, an inhuman figure charges towards him from out of the shadows.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LAUREN BODEN (40s) is a slim white woman in yoga pants and a sports bra. She sits on the bed with a glass of wine.

LILY (11) white girl in pajamas, reads from a chapter book.

LILY
The door flies open causing him to fall. He looks up, and out walks a giant. Scary. Drooling... CLOWN!

Lily BURSTS out in laughter.

LAUREN
You think that's funny?

LILY
Mom, you're too old to be scared of clowns!

LAUREN
Old?

Lily laugh's, buries herself under the blanket, only her eyes are visible. Lauren raises her hands, about to tickle her... BUZZZ! It's a Ring notification. It's RONNIE!

--LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH: Ronnie is hysterical. BANGS on door.

RONNIE
(mumble)
I don't want to die!

--LILY'S BEDROOM: Lauren, presses the mic button on the app.

LAUREN
(into phone)
Hey, what's going on?

Lily sits up in the bed.

LILY
Who is it?

EXT. LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie hyperventilates. Constantly looks over his shoulder, signs of paranoia. He takes out his phone, makes a call.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Professor teaches as Cora's phone vibrates loudly on the desktop, interrupts the class, it's RONNIE CALLING.

PROFESSOR
Cora do you need to step out?

Red doesn't show up on dark skin, but we don't need to see it to know her embarrassment.

CORA
No, sorry about that!

She presses END.

EXT. LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie throws his head back, calls again.

RONNIE
Damn it Cora, answer your phone!

Straight to voicemail!

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

LAUREN (V.O.)
The cops are on their way, they can help you.

He shakes his head. Sticks his face in front of the camera.

RONNIE
No they can't, I'm so sorry.

He mumbles. It's hard to make out the words.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Beelzebub, Beelzebub--

LAUREN (V.O.)
Sorry for what? What are you saying?

LILY (V.O.)
Mom, I'm scared!

Before Ronnie can say it a third time, he PAUSES.

RONNIE
You have a little girl in there?

LAUREN (V.O.)
Just leave us alone.

Ronnie SMACKS his temples in frustration.

RONNIE
IS THERE A LITTLE GIRL IN THERE?

LAUREN (V.O.)
YES, LEAVE US ALONE!

RONNIE
SHIT!

He punches the panels on the doorframe.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I can't kill a fucking kid.

A strange unearthly noise ECHOES from behind him. He turns around, SCREAMS.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lily shivers, buries her face in her moms armpit.

LAUREN
(into phone)
You're scaring my daughter. PLEASE
LEAVE!

--RING CAM LIVE FEED: Ronnie's back faces the camera, he spins around and holds a pocket knife to his throat. He mumbles something.

SLASH!

LAUREN (V.O.)
OH MY GOD!

Ronnie slides down the front of the door.

INTERCUT with Lauren's front porch.

Ronnie's phone rings, we see the caller ID, it's "RING CUSTOMER SUPPORT."

CUT TO:

TITLE: SYSTEMIC

INT. MORGUE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Cora sits in the waiting room with Erika and Brooklyn. Tears race down their faces like a steady stream from a faucet. Erika mindlessly scrolls through her phone.

Brooklyn gets up and runs off. Cora places her arm over Erika to refrain her from following, giving Brooklyn her space.

ERIKA

Aunt Cora, look at this.

Erika puts the phone in Cora's face. Social media post about Ring doorbell killing gay, black doctor.

Cora's blood boils.

CORA

Why would you show me that?

INT. MORGUE BATHROOM - DAY

Brooklyn walks into the bathroom, motion censor lights turn on one by one, over each stall; all the way to the end.

INT. MORGUE BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Brooklyn snuffles, washes her hands at the sink. She grabs a paper towel, dries her hands and swollen eyes.

BROOKLYN

It's not fair.

She throws her towel away. Her REFLECTION continues to dry its hands and eyes, repeatedly. Brooklyn's eyes widen. The Reflection now TALKS.

REFLECTION

It's not fair.

Brooklyn backs up.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

It's not fair.

BROOKLYN

Hello?

The Reflection puts down the paper towel, looks directly at Brooklyn and smiles. Brooklyn runs to the door, opens it a third of the way, but it slams shut, LOCKS.

The Reflection puts the paper towel over its mouth, GIGGLES. Brooklyn BANGS on the door.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

MOM! MOM! ERIKA!

She looks back at the mirror, it's still there.

The lights turn off one by one. Brooklyn follows each light with her eyes. The last light shines on the reflection, its' face has changed... a distorted version of Brooklyn with a sinister smile stares. The final light shuts off. The room is lit only by a dim red exit sign.

Brooklyn screams as if she were on fire. The Reflection speaks out from a stall.

REFLECTION
(softly)
Brooklyn.

Brooklyn's mutes herself at the sound of her name.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)
Let's be friends.

BROOKLYN
I don't want to be your friend.

Other children speak out now.

CHILD 1
That was mean.

CHILD 2
Forget her.

CHILD 3
We should kill her.

CHILDREN TOGETHER
Yeah, lets kill her.

Brooklyn freaks out, pounds the door.

BROOKLYN
Let me out! Help!

REFLECTION
If you let me show something, I
promise to let you go, deal?

CHILD 1
Yeah, we promise!

CHILD 2
Cross our hearts!

Brooklyn hesitates, but approaches the dark stall.

BROOKLYN
Who are you?

REFLECTION
Your friend, silly.

Brooklyn is right outside the stall.

BROOKLYN
What do you want?

REFLECTION

Come closer.

Brooklyn takes a small step forward.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Closer.

Another small step.

BROOKLYN

This is as close as I'm getting.
Now what do you want?

Brooklyn stares into the stall for long seconds.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

(whisper)

I want your soul.

Brooklyn looks closer into the darkness.

BROOKLYN

What?

A demonic face appears from behind, over her shoulder.

DEMONIC VOICE

I WANT YOUR SOUL!

Brooklyn SCREAMS.

INT. MORGUE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Brooklyn wakes in a frenzy. She looks around, makes sure everything as it should be. Takes a beat, then jumps into her mother's arms.

CORA

It was just a dream. You're okay.

A door opens. The PATHOLOGIST (50s) white man, walks out dressed like something out of a science fiction movie.

PATHOLOGIST

Ms. Miller?

He opens the door to a cold pale room behind him. Cora lets go of Brooklyn, hesitates but gets up and walks to the door.

Inside, a sheet lays over a body, creating a silhouette. She steps into the room, the door closes behind them.

--MORGUE - LATER: We hear a WAIL, it PIERCES through the building.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Cora, Erika, and Brooklyn, stand solemnly behind a freshly dug grave. A somber crowd, which include several children; take turns dropping flowers into the freshly dug plot, paying their final respects.

--CEMETERY LATER: PROPHETESS ANIYAH, now middle aged with braids approaches Cora and her girls. Cora greets her with a warm smile.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Hi, I'm Prophetess Aniyah Freeman.
I worked with your brother at the
children's hospital.

She extends her hand for a shake, Cora reciprocates.

CORA
I'm Cora. This is my niece Erika,
and my daughter Brooklyn.

Cora points to each girl. Aniyah shakes their hand. A man passes by and uses a lighter to spark his cigarette, it startles Prophetess Aniyah who overreacts to it.

BROOKLYN
Why do you work at a hospital and
not a church?

CORA
Brooklyn!

Cora nudges Brooklyn.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
It's okay. I did, a long time ago.
I-- umm-- I like helping kids.

Prophetess Aniyah is distracted by her thoughts, but snaps out of it.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
So did your uncle. He loved the
kids at the hospital so much. Last
Christmas, he bought them
hoverboards and tried to teach them
how to ride it. He fell on his butt
so many times that day.

Cora and the girls laugh, but Cora's laughter is cut short by a sudden wave of grief. Aniyah hands her a tissue.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to make you upset. I--

CORA
 --No, no, thank you. I needed to
 hear that... Can I ask you
 something?

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
 Anything.

Cora motions subtly for Aniyah step aside. They walk off
 several feet away from listening distance.

CORA
 Was Ronnie in any kind of trouble,
 hang out with the wrong people?

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
 No! Nothing like that. Everyone
 loved Ronnie.

CORA
 Did he seem upset about anything?

Aniyah shakes her head, no.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
 If there was, he didn't share it
 with me. He loved coming to work,
 and he loved those kids.

Cora tears as Aniyah reassures the memory of her brother.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A small car with New Jersey tags pulls into the Forsyth
 County Sheriff's office lot. A few Deputies stand outside in
 cowboy hats.

--INSIDE CORA'S CAR: Cora puts the car in park. She turns,
 looks at Erika in the passenger seat and Brooklyn in the
 back.

CORA
 It shouldn't take long. Be nice to
 each other, please.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SHERIFF PIERCE (40s) has a stern gaze with a thick imposing
 mustache. There's also a tattoo of an American flag etched
 into his forearm.

SHERIFF PIERCE
 What can I do for you, Ms. Miller?

Cora sits down, her eyes red from all the tears shed.

CORA

I wanted an update on the investigation into Ronnie Miller's death.

SHERIFF PIERCE

I'm sorry for your loss. I've heard nothing but good things, but there is no investigation, his death was ruled a suicide.

With no facts, only a gut feeling, she blurts out.

CORA

My brother didn't kill himself!

SHERIFF PIERCE

I understand how you feel, but we have a video and an eye witness.

CORA

VIDEO? WHO'S THE WITNESS? WHY IS THIS THE FIRST TIME I'M HEARING ABOUT THIS?

SHERIFF PIERCE

Your brother's neighbor a woman and her daughter, witnessed the tragic event on her Ring doorbell. And please lower your voice, Ms. Miller.

Cora's eyes raise in disbelief.

CORA

RING DOORBELL?

SHERIFF PIERCE

Ms. Miller, voice please.

CORA

I just buried my brother!

SHERIFF PIERCE

I sympathize with your loss, but out of respect for others in the building, take it down a notch.

Cora looks around the near empty station, leans back in her chair, and with a sarcastic whisper...

CORA

Can I see the video?

Sheriff Pierce brushes his mustache with two fingers, anger growing.

SHERIFF PIERCE
I can't release the video.

CORA
You said yourself the case is closed, why can't I see it?

SHERIFF PIERCE
My hands are tied.

CORA
Can I speak to a supervisor?

Sheriff Pierce annoyed by the request turns his chair a full 360 degrees.

SHERIFF PIERCE
Hey Ms. Miller, I'm the supervisor on shift, how may I help you?

CORA
Wow, and you wonder why there's a disconnect in the community.

SHERIFF PIERCE
No disconnect, you people always--

CORA
--YOU PEOPLE?

Sheriff Pierce slams his fist on the table, turns red.

SHERIFF PIERCE
Don't start that race shit! I mean the YouTubers, who think they know the law.

CORA
Do I look like a damn YouTuber? I am in law school though, so I'm one of those people... You know, who know the law.

SHERIFF PIERCE
As a law student you should know what I am about to say then. Go to the county clerks office and fill out a public request form.

Cora snatches her purse whispers "asshole" under breath.

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND - DAY

Cora, Erika and Brooklyn eat ice cream at a table with a manila folder resting on top. A piece of paper sticks out with a seal in the corner.

CORA
I need to talk to you both about
something important.

Erika senses something serious. Her eye lids perk up.

CORA (CONT'D)
What if we moved into a bigger
place?

Brooklyn's eyes widen with excitement, Erika looks skeptical.

ERIKA
Where, with what money?

CORA
Uncle Ronnie left his house to you
girls.

BROOKLYN
For real?

Cora nods, pleased to see Brooklyn's enthusiasm.

ERIKA
What about school and my friends?

CORA
It's going to be a big change, but
it will be good for all of us. And
you could make new friends.

ERIKA
I don't want new friend. I only
have one more year left.

CORA
So you'd rather keep living in that
apartment for another year?

ERIKA
We did it for this long.

BROOKLYN
I want to move.

ERIKA
I don't.

CORA
Shit, we really can't afford to not
move. This is a blessing.

Brooklyn looks up, eyes wide with a smile. Cora exhales
reaches in her pocket, gives Brooklyn a dollar for swearing.

INT. CORA'S CAR - DAY (ONE MONTH LATER)

Erika is in the backseat with headphones on, writes in her notebook. Suitcases flood the other half of the backseat. Brooklyn is in the front drawing on her iPad.

TEXT comes in on Erika's phone.

ALICIA (TEXT)
I really can't believe you moved,
I'm not okay with this!

Out the window, "Welcome to Cumming" sign.

A white girl whose face we can't make out, steps into the road ahead. She holds three black baby dolls strung up by their necks. Brooklyn looks at her mom, normal. Squeezes her eyes shut.

CORA
We're here.

Cora pulls into a neighborhood. Brooklyn opens her eyes, the girl is gone.

As Cora drives further into the neighborhood, we notice a theme. Trump 2024, Confederate, and thin blue line flags hang from a majority of the porches.

ERIKA
Can't wait to meet our neighbors.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cora and Erika put boxes out in the yard, Brooklyn rifles through them.

E-mail chime. It's from the Forsyth County clerks office.

COUNTY CLERKS OFFICE (EMAIL)
Dear Cora Miller, Your request for
video record reference number
AL364022 has unfortunately been
denied...

Rage seeps through Cora's eyes. Brooklyn continues her assault on the boxes, finds a hoverboard.

BROOKLYN
MOM, CAN I KEEP THIS?

Brooklyn holds it up, Cora looks over unenthused.

CORA
Sure, no riding in the house.

ERIKA

I hope you fall and bust your butt
like Uncle Ronnie.

Erika laughs. Brooklyn takes a stethoscope out of the box,
flings it at Erika; just misses her face.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You almost hit me, you little...

Erika charges Brooklyn, she retreats behind Cora.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

What the hell is the matter with
you?

Brooklyn stands behind her mom, holds her waist.

BROOKLYN

Ooo, mom. Erika said a bad word.

Cora drops a box, puts her hands on her hip, breaking point.

CORA

Why do you always have to start
with her?

ERIKA

She started it.

CORA

Erika, you're almost 17, she's 11.
Be the mature one. When you came to
live with us, we said the rules
were--

ERIKA

--I know the rules. You recite them
everyday.

CORA

Don't be so dramatic.

Erika looks at Cora with anger and hurt. The moment gets the
better of her. She can't contain her emotions.

Cora realizing the pain she has caused steps forward to
console her, but Erika runs away.

Lauren and Lily cautiously approach with Tupperware.

LAUREN

I hope this isn't a bad time?

Cora smiles, her anxiety about the incident still lingers.

CORA
Not at all.

LAUREN
I'm Lauren. I live across the
street there.

Lauren points to a house. Cora's eyes light up, realizes this
must be the witness.

CORA
I'm Cora.

Cora shakes Lauren's hand. Lauren turns to Brooklyn.

LAUREN
Hey pretty girl, what's your name?

Brooklyn grins shyly.

BROOKLYN
Brooklyn.

LAUREN
What a beautiful name. Brooklyn
this is my daughter, Lily.

Brooklyn waves, Lily steps forward, excited.

LILY
Are you going to Stone Mill too?

LAUREN
No honey, They're just packing.

BROOKLYN
No, we just moved in. This is all
my uncle's old stuff.

Lauren is thrown off.

CORA
Their uncle left the house to them.

Cora shrugs shoulders with an honest dumbfounded laugh.

LAUREN
He did? Wow, a homeowner at 11.

Lauren let's out an ingenuous laugh. Lily hands Brooklyn the
Tupperware.

LILY
Here, your first dinner in your new
house.

Lauren hands hers to Cora.

CORA
You didn't have to.

LAUREN
A little southern hospitality.

BROOKLYN
Mom, Can I show Lily my new room?

CORA
If it's okay with her mom.

Lily looks at Lauren for approval.

LAUREN
Go ahead.

Brooklyn takes Lily's hand, we notice a gold bracelet with a charm attached on her wrist, they take off inside the house.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Erika's walls are littered with posters of teen heart-throbs. A picture falls off the desk as she unpacks.

She picks it up, stares. It's a picture of a young black girl on the shoulders of a black man. She softly drapes her hand down the frame, REMINISCES.

We hear a little girls laugh and birds chirp, memories.

CORA (V.O.)
ERIKA, YOU FORGOT A BOX!

Erika's trip down memory lane is interrupted, she sighs heavily, puts the picture on her desk. Leaves the room.

INT. BROOKLYN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooklyn unpacks, Lily looks around her room, notices all of Brooklyn's drawings everywhere. She picks one up.

LILY
Wow, you're really good!

Brooklyn smiles, feels validated.

BROOKLYN
Thanks.

LILY
I'm glad you guys are staying, now we can be friends.

BROOKLYN
BFFs!

LILY
We should take our first selfie.

Brooklyn sits next to Lily on the bed. They put their cheeks together, Lily holds the phone above their heads at an angle, DUCK FACES. She snaps the pic.

LILY (CONT'D)
Now it's official.

They laugh. Brooklyn finishes unpacking, Lily picks up a photo album and looks through it.

LILY (CONT'D)
Who is this? He's in a lot of pictures.

Lily points to a photo, it's the same man in Erika's photo.

BROOKLYN
That's my uncle Shawn, Erika's dad.
He died too.

LILY
Oh dang, I'm sorry.

BROOKLYN
It's okay, I was a baby, I don't remember him.

LILY
My dad died before I was born.

BROOKLYN
My dad left.

Beat.

LILY
Hey, I got an idea, come on.

Brooklyn follows Lily out the room.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lily and Brooklyn stealthily tiptoe into Erika's room. Erika is passed out on the bed, next to a big box.

LILY
Shhh. Shhh. In here.

Lily opens the closet door, they creep inside, close it. Erika sits up when the door closes, yawns, gazes. She notices the picture on the floor; balks at first, but picks it up.

She's alarmed by her dad's eyes; empty black voids that seem to draw her in.

He pushes Young Erika off his shoulders and chokes her. Suddenly an invisible force crushes Erika's windpipe. She drops the picture.

Gasps desperately for air, claws at her throat, then crumples to the floor. Her frantic fingers crawl towards the picture just out of reach. With what feels like her very last breath she turns, lifts her foot, slams it down on the picture with all her might and SMASHES it.

INT. ERIKA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erika erupts up off her pillow, holds her neck, surveys the room. Relief washes over her when she spots the photo on her desk intact and untouched.

Suddenly a noise comes from within her closet, startles her. She slowly moves forward against her better judgement. Reaches for the doorknob, opens it...

LILY

BOO!

Erika screams, stumbles into the wall behind her. Lily and Brooklyn burst into a fit of laughter. Erika sees RED.

BROOKLYN

Uh-oh.

EXT. CORA'S FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren sees Cora fight back tears.

CORA

Did my brother say anything that night?

LAUREN

Just that he didn't want to die.

Cora is overwhelmed with emotion, but composes herself enough to ask the next question.

CORA

Did you see anyone else-- was there anyone there with him?

Lauren shakes her head sadly, no. Cora nervously wrings her hands as she asks one last desperate plea.

CORA (CONT'D)

Do you have the video from that night?

Lauren shake her head no again.

LAUREN
 Amazon removed all footage from
 that day off my app.

Lily's screams can be heard from inside the house. The emotional tension snaps, Lauren takes off in a hurry towards the front door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 LILY!

Cora is right behind her. Before they make it to the porch, Brooklyn and Lily run through the door, hide behind their parents. Erika follows.

BROOKLYN
 ERIKA'S GONE CRAZY!

CORA
 WHAT HAPPENED?

ERIKA
 Brooklyn and her little friend were
 in my closet trying to scare me.

CORA
 They were just playing.

Lily looks up to her mom.

LILY
 Can we go home?

LAUREN
 We're going to--

Cora shakes her head in embarrassment.

CORA
 --I'm so sorry.

LAUREN
 Don't be, it's fine.

Lauren looks down at Lily.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Lily likes to scare people, and
 needs to learn that not everyone
 likes it.

LILY
 I'm sorry.

Cora gives Erika a stern look.

ERIKA
 (reluctant)
 I'm sorry for overreacting.

INT. CORA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cora and Brooklyn eat the food from the Tupperware... Fried chicken and collard greens. Erika plays with her food.

CORA
 I know it's weird being here, and changing schools mid year is not ideal; but look at the bright side--

ERIKA
 --I get to leave all of my friends, go to an all white school, stay in a racist neighborhood where the neighbors bring you fried chicken, and live in the house my uncle died in?

BROOKLYN
 (scared)
 Uncle Ronnie died in here?

CORA
 No honey, he didn't.

Cora gives Erika the side eye.

CORA (CONT'D)
 The school system is better, you get your own bedroom, and you don't have to listen to the neighbors fight anymore. You'll make new friends, I promise.

Erika fights back tears.

CORA (CONT'D)
 I know you're angry, but do you not want justice for your uncle?

ERIKA
 We already know what happened.

Cora drops her fork on the plate, angry.

CORA
 You can be excused.

INT. BROOKLYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's PITCH BLACK, dead silence. Brooklyn is sound asleep with a lit flashlight under her arm.

She erupts up, her legs bounce up and down. She gets up, walks to the bedroom door. Peeks out, black. She shines the light down the hall into the bottom of a door.

BROOKLYN
(loud whisper)
ERIKA! ERIKA!

Full River Dance now, can't hold it.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet flushes. The only light visible in the house comes from a crack in the bathroom door. A SHADOW walks by, briefly eclipses the light.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom light is still on. Brooklyn slowly walks down the hall, shines the flashlight in every direction. The floorboards creak with each step.

She pauses... the floorboards continue to creak.

She takes off to her bedroom door, it's STUCK! Creak. The flashlight and bathroom light shut off. Footsteps approach.

Brooklyn trembles, taps the flashlight, it turns on, the footsteps stop. She twists the hell out of the doorknob, the light cuts out again.

The footsteps are closer. She fumbles for her flashlight as they close in, and with a sudden flicker of light it stops. But the flashlight dies suddenly, leaving her in darkness.

Heavy footsteps echo through the hallway they charge towards her. She SCREAMS! The hall light turns on, reveals Cora at the end of it, with panic written across her face.

CORA
What happened?!

Brooklyn sprints to Cora, terror coursing through her veins.

BROOKLYN
THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE HALLWAY!

CORA
There's no one here. Another dream
maybe?

BROOKLYN
Can I sleep with you tonight?

Brooklyn squeezes her moms waist. Cora holds on tight.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALL WAY - DAY

Erika flings her locker door open, expects to find her textbooks, instead an onslaught of bananas fall to the floor. Laughter fills the hallway there are too many faces to pinpoint the culprit.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Erika hesitantly opens the door to the classroom, timidly steps inside.

A middle-aged man with a disheveled face, wears a white shirt that's slightly strained at the buttons; glances up from his desk. Welcomes her with a warm, yet tired smile.

Her gaze shifts around the room, takes in the sight of students lounging on desks, paper airplanes soaring through the air and phone screens illuminating their faces as they scroll away. Erika, flustered and angry, bolts out of the classroom without uttering a single word.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Erika strides into the counselor's office, her expression unreadable. The GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (50s) a white woman with heavy makeup, sits behind the desk.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Hey there! How's your classes?

ERIKA
I don't think my schedule is correct. I'm supposed to have English now and I'm pretty sure that's not the right class.

The Guidance Counselor takes her schedule, quickly scans it.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
It looks right, sweetheart. Basic English III with Mr. Mess.

ERIKA
I was in AP English at my old school.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Our standards are a little higher than New Jersey's, so I thought you'd like to give Mr. Mess' class a--

ERIKA
--I'll be fine in AP English.

The Guidance Counselor stares at Erika sternly, her lips pressed into a thin line.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Cora sits in a cubicle on a computer. A laminated sign that says ARCHIVE is posted on the side. She enters "Ronnie Miller death Forsyth County." Pauses, then adds Ring Doorbell. Multiple conspiracy and urban legend sites pop.

"Georgia Death Lake."

"Milledgeville State Hospital Haunting."

"Redlining in the 21st Century." Mentions Ronnie.

Clicks the link, CHESTER HAYES' is the first story. First black family to move to Forsyth County in 1987. His family died in an accidental drowning. Chester disputes, says "they were murdered by white devil!"

She continues to skim. Reads an urban legend. "Say Beelzebub three times in front of a Ring Doorbell, you die." It mentions numerous black people who have succumbed to the haunted doorbell, Ronnie being one of them.

INT. BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Brooklyn walks into a full classroom timid, with a death grip around her sketch pad and bookbag on her back. The TEACHER (30s) white woman dressed how a millennial teacher would be, greets Brooklyn with a smile.

TEACHER
Welcome, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn gives a half smile.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Class this is Brooklyn Miller.
Let's make her feel welcomed.

The Teacher looks at Brooklyn.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Go find a seat dear.

Brooklyn looks at a few empty seats, and the faces of the kids next to those seats are not welcoming. One girl even puts her foot in the seat in front of her to signal, NOT HERE!

Brooklyn continues to scan the classroom and sees a hand wave, gesturing her to sit here. When she focuses on who the hand belongs to, she realizes it's Lily. Brooklyn smiles wide as she walks over to the seat.

INT. BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM - LATER

The Teacher finishes an excerpt from a book.

TEACHER
Who wants to come up and draw a
picture of Terabithia?

The class sits, silent. Looks like it's going to be victim
over volunteer.

Lily looks at Brooklyn and nods her head towards the front of
the room, suggesting she should be the one. Brooklyn
frantically shakes her head, no. Lily insists.

LILY
Brooklyn will. She draws really
good.

TEACHER
She draws really well.

BROOKLYN
(under breath)
Lily!

TEACHER
So you're an artist? Come on up.

Brooklyn nervously gets up, trips over her bookbag.

Two white girls, RILEY (11) long, athletic, with a resting
bitch face, and CARA (11) the sidekick, both giggle.

RILEY
(under breath)
She can't draw? She can barely
walk.

More giggles from the class. Brooklyn walks for what seems
like forever to the front of the class.

The Teacher holds out a dry erase marker with a smile.
Brooklyn's shaky hand takes it from her.

TEACHER
I can't wait to see what you come
up with.

INT. BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mouths are wide open as the class looks on while Brooklyn
puts finishing touches on her work.

We hear chirps from classmates. They can't believe it.

LILY
 (loud whisper)
 Told you she was good.

Brooklyn smiles and hands the marker back to the Teacher.

TEACHER
 Brooklyn, this is-- I-- you're
 really good.

BROOKLYN
 Thank you.

Brooklyn turns, grins at Riley and Cara, their faces are bright red and riled with jealousy.

Some classmates start to clap, some reach their hands out for high fives as Brooklyn returns to her seat.

EXT. CORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark street, with a few street lights. The house is dimly lit by a porch light. Silence, not even a cricket chirp.

--HALLWAY: Pitch black, we make our way down the hall.

INT. BROOKLYN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooklyn jolts awake, her eyes wide and frantic. Soft moonlight spills in from the window, casts an eerie glow over the room.

Suddenly, multiple CHIMES echo through the air, startles Brooklyn even more. She grabs her tablet, it's the Ring app. On-screen is a PRETEEN standing at the front door, shrouded in darkness.

Brooklyn looks at the time, it's LATE! Presses the mic button with trembling fingers.

BROOKLYN
 Hello?

PRETEEN
 Hey Brooklyn.

Brooklyn skips a breath. It's the voice from the morgue bathroom, only the appearance is different.

BROOKLYN
 LEAVE ME ALONE!

PRETEEN (V.O.)
 I just want to play.

BROOKLYN
 GO AWAY!

-- LIVE FRONT PORCH VIEW: CHILD 1 (11) a girl, but we can't make out her face steps in front of the door.

CHILD 1
I knew we should have killed her!

CHILD 2 (12) a boy, whose face is also obscure, steps to the other side.

CHILD 2
We still can.

CHILD 3 (11) another faceless girl crowds in behind the others. Shadow-faced children now crowd the doorbell camera.

CHILD 3
I call first. I've been itching to kill someone.

The Preteen holds her hand up to pause the others, puts both hands against the door frame.

PRETEEN
Brooklyn? Please let me in. I don't want to hurt you, but they do.

--BROOKLYN'S BEDROOM: Brooklyn's hands tremor as she presses the mic button.

BROOKLYN
(into mic)
I SAID NO!

No response.

--HALLWAY: Brooklyn heads down the hall.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Mom!

Glass BREAKS from downstairs.

ALARM (O.S.)
FRONT DOOR OPEN!

Footsteps start to climb the staircase, which separates her room from her moms. She runs back into her room, locks the door and gets back in the bed

Brooklyn gasps, her breaths are heavy and rapid. She grabs the flashlight off her nightstand, dives back in the bed. Hides from whatever is coming.

Now the dreaded sound of multiple footsteps climb the stairs, louder, closer. The doorknob shakes. She buries herself underneath the covers, squeezes her eyes shut, desperately tries to will away the nightmare.

Suddenly she hears liquid pour. Opens her eyes to discover... she had PEED her pants. With nothing left to lose, she tightens her grip on the flashlight, and prepares for what awaits.

Her closet door squeaks open, footsteps surround her bed. In an instant a DEMONIC FACE appears underneath the covers, screams directly at her.

--BROOKLYN'S BEDROOM: Brooklyn jumps up out of the bed, frantically looks around. The closet door is still closed, her tablet is back on the charger, but there is a large wet spot on her bedsheets. Reality dawns upon her, it was all just a dream, or was it...

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erika is sound asleep. Footsteps run down the hall, get into her bed, she tosses.

ERIKA
Head to toe.

BROOKLYN is in new pajamas, lays head to toe with Erika.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Erika eats her lunch and writes at a small table in the back of the library, with her headphones on. BECCA (16) a pretty white teen approaches her.

BECCA
Hey, you're the new girl, right?

Erika takes off her headphones.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You're the new girl, Erika, right?

ERIKA
Yeah, how do you know my name?

BECCA
We have History together. Why are you sitting in here?

Erika is embarrassed, doesn't want to share the truth.

ERIKA
Listening to music.

BECCA
Who you listening to?

ERIKA
Taylor Swift.

BECCA
Oh God, a Swiftie?

Erika smiles, sits up in her chair, obvious excitement.

ERIKA
She's only the greatest song writer
of this generation.

Erika eases back into her seat, tames her excitement. Becca laughs.

BECCA
You have to meet my friend Ashely.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Erika and Becca sit at a long table. ASHLEY (16) another pretty white teen, in nice designer clothes, walks up.

ASHLEY
Made a new friend, have we?

BECCA
Erika this is Ashley, the smart ass
and fellow Swiftie, Ashley this is--

Ashley's slams her tray down and sits.

ASHLEY
--SHUT UP! Favorite album?

Becca rolls her eyes.

ERIKA
That's tough, but probably Lover!

ASHLEY
My favorite song on that album is--

ERIKA AND ASHLEY
--Cruel Summer!

They both laugh.

ASHLEY
I like you already.

INT. LAW OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Cora is in a skirt and suit jacket. She sits in a chair with her legs crossed, surrounded by other well dressed white women. She taps her painted nails on an iPhone screen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
MEGAN WILLIAMS?

Cora looks up, a tall blonde woman walks over to the front desk. Cora creeps on Lauren's social media page. Photos of old artifacts and weird symbols. If Indiana Jones were real, this is what his page would look like.

TIFFANY (20s) white woman, in sporty business attire, sits next to Cora, and is over the top friendly.

TIFFANY
Hey, I love your jacket.

CORA
Thanks.

TIFFANY
I'm Tiffany by the way.

CORA
Cora. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

TIFFANY
That's such a beautiful name.

Cora smiles.

CORA
Thanks.

TIFFANY
Are you here for the legal secretary position too?

CORA
I am. Did you go to law school around here?

Tiffany laughs.

TIFFANY
Me? No. My dad plays golf with one of the partners.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
TIFFANY LAWRENCE?

TIFFANY
That's me. It was nice to meet you.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Erika's books tumble to the floor as she scrambles to close her locker, running late again. RICKY (17) a black jock in a varsity jacket, strides over, hands her the scattered books.

ERIKA
Thanks.

RICKY
You're new, huh?

ERIKA
How could you tell?

He laughs, holds out his hand for her to shake.

RICKY
I'm Ricky.

Erika fumbles around for hers before finally taking it, eyes narrowing at his flirty tone.

ERIKA
I'm Erika.

Ricky steps closer, voice betrays his sudden interest.

RICKY
Where'd you move from?

ERIKA
New Jersey. We just moved into
River Gate.

Stark fear passes across Ricky's face; his flirtatiousness quickly turns into fright.

RICKY
River Gate?

ERIKA
Yeah, do you live there too?

RICKY
HELL NO!

The sudden change in Ricky causes Erika to lose immediate interest and shift back a step.

ERIKA
Why'd you say it like that?

His head shakes slowly, eyes wide and fearful.

RICKY
You haven't heard about this place,
have you?

ERIKA
I'm aware it's racist.

RICKY
No. I mean it is... Google Forsyth
County Ring Door--

ERIKA
--I've seen it. It's a stupid urban
legend.

Ricky shakes his head, doesn't agree. Starts to back up.

RICKY
I gotta go to class, I'll catch you
later.

INT. CAR - DAY

Cora scratches out Johnson and Watkins law firm on a notepad. Four other firms are already crossed off. She looks up out the windshield, it's a diner; now hiring sign on the door.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erika lies in her bed a pair of headphones securely cover her ears. Suddenly hears a TEXT come through, it's ALICIA.

ALICIA (TEXT)
You getting along with them white
folk? LOL

ERIKA (TEXT)
Haha. I ate lunch with two girls
today, one is a huge T-Swizzle fan.

ALICIA (TEXT)
Eye roll emoji.

INCOMING VIDEO CALL from Ashley and Becca. She answers.

ERIKA
What's up?

ASHLEY
(clears throat)
As a fellow Swiftie, I'd like to
formally ask you to join our friend
group... It's just the two of us,
but it'll be three, if you say yes!

Erika laughs.

She makes her fingers into the shape of an heart. Ashley does it right back.

BECCA
God! I already can't stand y'all.

The girls laugh.

ERIKA
 Hey, what do you know about River Gate, or Cumming in general?

Becca's narrows her eyes, suspicion written over her face.

BECCA
 Why, did something happen?

ERIKA
 This boy Ricky, he said--

ASHLEY
 --Oooooo!

Erika smiles.

ERIKA
 He's cute, but his whole vibe changed when I told him where I live.

ASHLEY
 Basically there's this urban legend going around that if you say Beelzebub three times in front of a Ring doorbell, the residents of that house die. The only way to get rid of the curse is to pass it along to another house.

ERIKA
 Have you guys tried it?

ASHLEY
 No, I like being alive.

Becca laughs at the absurdity of it all.

BECCA
 It's all BS. You really think ghosts from doorbells are killing people?

ASHLEY
 It's not just people, only black people have been the ones to die.

Becca rolls her eyes.

BECCA
 Got it, so a racist ghost?

ERIKA
 Okay, I need to go to sleep. I don't know why I even asked about this before bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is black, everything is still. The hoverboard is in the corner, on the charger.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Erika is fast asleep with cartoons playing on the TV. It shuts off.

A slither of colorful lights creeps in under her bedroom door. Two long shadows run parallel with the light. The doorknob turns slightly, it's LOCKED. Shadow walks away.

A quiet steady knock against the wall. It crescendos, wakes Erika. It's now a BANG!

Erika walks to her door, looks out down the hall; the hoverboard radiates bright colorful lights. A dark figure operates it. It continues to back up and ram into the wall, repeatedly.

ERIKA
(loud whisper)
BROOKLYN, IT'S THREE AM!

The hoverboard continues.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
BROOKLYN!

The hoverboard stops, then rolls into Brooklyn's bedroom. The door slams behind it.

Erika closes her door. She gets one leg in the bed... BANG! She stomps to the door, flings it open, hallway is EMPTY.

-- HALLWAY: She stomps down the hall to Brooklyn's room, pushes open her door. Brooklyn is asleep.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
I know you're not sleep!

KNOCK! Erika FREEZES. Chills run up her spine. She looks down the hall, sees bright colorful lights shine up the wall from downstairs. Then... Footsteps slowly climb the stairs.

--BROOKLYN'S BEDROOM: Erika sprints into Brooklyn's room, locks the door behind her. She gets in the bed with Brooklyn.

The hoverboard rolls up to the door. Colorful lights shine under the frame, a shadow walks past.

INT. CORA'S CAR - DAY

The whole family is in the car. Erika yawns, eyelids are low.

CORA
Do I need to start taking your
phone at night?

ERIKA
I wasn't on my phone late,
something woke me up.

BROOKLYN
Is that why you were in my bed?

ERIKA
I thought I saw-- I don't even know
what I saw.

Cora puts her hand on Erika's leg.

CORA
I found a family therapist. She can
see us in three weeks. I really
think this will help all of us.

Erika stares out the window in terror.

ERIKA
(under breath)
I hope so!

CORA
Remember, I have school and start
my new job this week. My schedule
is going to be crazy for awhile, I
need you two, to really get along.

ERIKA
Can I have a couple friends sleep
over, Thursday? I think it can help
with the stress.

Cora looks at Erika with pressed lips, for trying to finesse
the situation.

CORA
Really?

Erika laughs.

ERIKA
Please?

CORA
What happened to...
(Hillbilly accent)
I don't want new friends!

Erika laughs.

ERIKA
Please Aunt Cora!

CORA
Fine.

BROOKLYN
CAN LILY SLEEP OVER?

CORA
When you're in high school, sure.

Brooklyn crosses her arms, POUTS. Erika turns around sticks her tongue out. Brooklyn mouths the words "SHUT UP." Erika notices the police behind them, turns back around.

ERIKA
There's a cop behind us.

Cora tightens her grip on the wheel, scans the rear view mirror, then the speedometer. Blue lights flash through the back window.

BROOKLYN
Why are we getting pulled over?

CORA
It's fine. You guys buckled?

The girls nod. Cora slows her speed, cautiously pulls into a parking lot. DEPUTY HUGHES (40s) bulky, white, with a balding head and an intimidating presence steps out his car. He advances towards them, Cora rolls down her window.

CORA (CONT'D)
Good morning officer.

DEPUTY HUGHES
Where are y'all headed to?

CORA
Just taking my girls to school.

Deputy Hughes looks in the car suspiciously before he continues.

DEPUTY HUGHES
Y'all live around here?

CORA
What's the reason for the stop?

DEPUTY HUGHES
You have New Jersey plates.

CORA
That's not a reason to stop us.

DEPUTY HUGHES
Okay, relax. License and
registration please?

CORA
Is that a lawful order?

DEPUTY HUGHES
Yes! I am ordering you to provide
identification.

Erika takes out her phone, records interaction.

CORA
May I have your name and badge
number?

DEPUTY HUGHES
Step out of the car, ma'am!

CORA
For asking for your name?

Deputy Hughes opens her car door.

CORA (CONT'D)
May I have a supervisor?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Cora stands in front of the police car, noticeably angry.

DEPUTY HUGHES
I'm going to pat you down for
weapons, for my safety and yours.

Deputy Hughes continues with his procedure.

He spends an uncomfortable amount of "patting" Cora's butt
and thigh area for weapons.

CORA
There's nothing in my ass.

Deputy Hughes stops his pat.

DEPUTY HUGHES
You got a mouth on you.

An SUV pulls up, it's SHERIFF PIERCE. He gets out of the car,
discusses the incident with Deputy Hughes in private.

Deputy Hughes angrily gets in his cruiser, slams door.
Sheriff Pierce looks over at Cora.

SHERIFF PIERCE
You're free to go.

Sheriff Pierce walks back to his vehicle.

CORA
Best believe I'll be filing a
complaint about this.

INT. COUNTY CLERKS OFFICE - FRONT DESK

An OLDER LADY with chains that hang from her glasses presses
a button to talk through the intercom of the window.

OLDER LADY
Ho may I help you?

CORA
I would like to file a FOIA
request.

The Older Lady slides her chair backwards turns around and
grabs a form out of a red folder, slides it under the glass.

OLDER LADY
Is there anything else?

CORA
If I wanted video recordings from
two separate incidences, do I need
two forms, or can I put both on
one?

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Brooklyn mopes on a swing, her feet drag on the ground, as
the momentum carries her back and forth. Lily walks up, sits
on the swing next to her.

LILY
I was looking all over for you.

Brooklyn doesn't say a word.

LILY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

BROOKLYN
My mom is letting Erika have
friends sleep over, but said you
couldn't.

LILY
That sucks, but I wouldn't have
been allowed to come anyway.

BROOKLYN

Why not?

LILY

I'm not allowed over your house.

Brooklyn looks at Lily, offended.

BROOKLYN

(snarky)

Why not?

Lily shrugs her shoulders.

LILY

I don't know. When I asked, she
said...

(mocking)

Just do as I say, Lily Jane!

The bell rings, students head inside.

EXT. CORA'S PORCH - DAY

Doorbell rings. Becca and Ashley stand on the front porch with their overstuffed bookbag.

Becca accidentally pulls her bracelet off while scratching her arm. She stashes it in her bookbag.

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The girls stand around and talk, Brooklyn listens intently, trying to be apart of the teen conversation.

Cora blazes in with a couple bags, in a clear rush.

CORA

I'll be back in the morning. Love
you girls!

ASHLEY

Love you too!

Ashley looks around, out of place then nods her head slowly.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

She meant just you two, got it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brooklyn slumps on couch, watches the girls do TikTok dances.

BROOKLYN

Can we watch a movie or something?

KNOCK at the door. No one reacts, only Brooklyn hears it.

-- FOYER: Brooklyn stands on her tippy toes to reach peep hole. Erika creeps up behind her.

ERIKA
What are you doing?

Brooklyn jumps, puts her hand over her heart, dramatic.

BROOKLYN
Don't walk up on me like that!
Someone is at the door.

ERIKA
So you tell me, you don't just open
the door by yourself.

BROOKLYN
I didn't open the door.

Erika rolls eyes, looks through the peep hole, nothing.

--LIVING ROOM: Brooklyn and Erika walk back into the room.

BECCA
Who was it?

ERIKA
No one, Brooklyn is hearing things.

BROOKLYN
No I'm not.

ASHLEY
Maybe it was Beelzebub.

ERIKA
Don't start.

BROOKLYN
Who's Beez-a-bub?

ASHLEY
Beelzebub. It's a demon.

Brooklyn is stunned, goes into deep thought.

BROOKLYN
Can it go into your dreams?

BECCA
Don't worry B, it's just a stupid
ass urban legend.

Brooklyn snaps out of fear, holds her hand out.

BROOKLYN
Dollar please!

Becca is confused by Brooklyn's sudden emotional change.

ERIKA
We have this thing, whoever says a
bad word owes the person a dollar.
It's a dumb family thing, you--

BECCA
--I'll pay. It'll help keep my
mouth in check.

Becca pulls money from her pocket. Gives Brooklyn a dollar.
Loud knock at the door, sounds like SWAT! The girls jump.

Erika checks Ring App. They Gather around to look, no one.
Brooklyn takes a long paused breath, she believes.

Another KNOCK. They all scream.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)
Hello?

Laughter, and a sense of relief.

--FOYER: Erika opens the door, the girls stand behind her;
just in case. It's the PIZZA GUY.

PIZZA GUY (CONT'D)
About time. Not my fault if the
pizza is cold.

BROOKLYN
I hate cold pizza.

PIZZA GUY
Sorry kid, I've been knocking for a
while.

Brooklyn crosses her arms, looks up at Erika, vindicated.

INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cora runs down the hall. She reaches her class, a flock of
students stand outside of it. She maneuvers around them, like
a human maze, accidentally bumps into a few.

She reaches the door, class cancelled sign.

GIRL 1 (O.S.)
I heard he killed himself!

GIRL 2 (O.S.)
That's like the sixth person this
year!

Cora turns, looks at the WHITE GIRLS, both late 20's

CORA
 Sorry, do you know where the
 professor lived?

The White Girls are irritated that Cora has been eavesdropping.

WHITE GIRL 1
 Cumming.

Cora goes into a catatonic like state.

WHITE GIRL 2
 You okay?

Cora steps away, takes out her phone calls Erika.

CUT TO:

--CORA'S LIVING ROOM: Erika's phone rings on the table, goes unnoticed in a room full of pizza and loud girls.

--COLLEGE HALLWAY: The call goes to voicemail. Cora calls again... voicemail. She pulls up Lauren's contact information, sends text.

CORA (TEXT)
 Hey, I know it's late, but can you
 do me a huge favor and go over to
 my house and check on the girls?

... Lauren types back.

LAUREN (TEXT)
 No problem. Brooklyn is in the
 bath, so give me 20 minutes.

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pizza crust, and bottles of water flood the coffee table. The Bachelor plays on the TV. Brooklyn slouches on the couch, miserable.

BROOKLYN
 Can we watch something else?

ASHLEY
 Yeah, one minute. I just want to
 show Erika someone really quick.

She springs up, points to the TV.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
 That's her!

ERIKA
She's pretty.

ASHLEY
Isn't she. She wins, but Matt
leaves her.

ERIKA
Why?

Another loud KNOCK at the door, as if thunder were on the other side. They all sit up, Brooklyn moves closer to Ashley.

BROOKLYN
Th-- That's not the pizza guy!

ASHLEY
Check the app.

Erika, hands jittery, fidgets to get her phone out. They slowly gather around. A SMALL GIRL with a hoody on stands at the door. The hood casts a shadow, so we can't see her face.

Erika shows Brooklyn the phone.

ERIKA
Is this one of your friends?

Brooklyn squints. Slowly shakes her head no.

BECCA
Use the mic.

Erika presses the mic button.

ERIKA
(into phone)
Hello?

No response. Erika looks up, uneasy.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

SMALL GIRL (V.O.)
Is Dr. Miller there?

BROOKLYN
One of the kids from the hospital?

They all exhale, wanting to believe that story.

ERIKA
(into phone)
I'm sorry.

(MORE)

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Dr. Miller no longer lives here. He went away... he's not coming back.

The girl walks away.

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - NIGHT

Cora sits in a booth on her laptop, internet browser searches about her late Professor. JOE (40s) a large white man, with a black collared shirt, approaches.

JOE

Hey Cora, I know it's you're first day and all, but you're here really early.

Cora laughs.

CORA

I know. My class was cancelled, and I live too far to drive all the way home, just to come back.

JOE

You want a cup of coffee and a cookie or something?

CORA

Yeah, thanks Joe!

Cora continues her research. She is on Cumming's city council website. Head of Zoning, NATHAN HAAS. Her phone vibrates. EMAIL notification reminder from a few hours ago. She opens it.

COUNTY CLERKS OFFICE (email)

Dear Cora, This letter is in response to your Freedom of Information Act request, seeking access to the Ring doorbell app footage, along with body cam footage of Deputy Austin Hughes at the Forsyth County Sheriff's department. After conducting a search for the requested videos, we have determined that the video for the former has been deleted and the body camera footage of Deputy Austin Hughes was not active at the time of the stop, we apologize for--

--Cora SLAMS her phone on the table, irate!

INT. CORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls chill on the couch, Brooklyn surfs the horror section of Netflix.

BROOKLYN

How about this?

She stops on "The Exorcist."

BECCA
 Absolutely not! That movie scares
 the shit out of me!

Brooklyn holds her hand out. Becca rolls her eyes, reaches into her pocket pulls out cash.

BANG at the door. Everyone comes to an immediate halt. Erika opens the Ring app. A different kid from earlier.

ERIKA
 (into phone)
 Hello?

--RING FOOTAGE: No response. Moments later, Lauren appears in frame.

LAUREN
 I told you to wait for me, put this
 on!

--CORA'S LIVING ROOM: Erika's eyes widen.

ERIKA
 It's my neighbor!

Erika puts an appropriate movie on Netflix, straightens up the living room, quickly. The girls help.

-- FOYER: Erika opens the door.

LAUREN
 Hey, your aunt told me to come
 check on you guys. May I come in?

ERIKA
 Sure.

--LIVING ROOM: Lauren, Lily, and Erika enter the living room, find Ashley on the couch, with Brooklyn between her legs getting her hair braided.

Becca pretends to be mesmerized by the animated movie on TV.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
 We were just hanging out.

Brooklyn looks over, sees Lily. Becca looks at Lauren with familiarity.

BROOKLYN
 LILY!

Brooklyn jumps up runs over, hugs Lily. Brooklyn takes her by the hand, before Lily can take two steps...

LAUREN
 Uh-uh, Lily what did I tell you
 before we left?

Lily takes a deep breath, fed up. Walks over, stands next to her mom. Brooklyn glares at Lauren with suspicion.

BECCA
 Hey Ms. Boden.

LAUREN
 Hey you.

Lauren looks at Becca's wrist, BARE. Becca grabs it, nervous as hell! Lauren looks at Erika after the strange interaction.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Well everything seems fine, call
 your aunt though, she's worried.

ERIKA
 I will.

LAUREN
 Lily, lets go.

Lily waves to Brooklyn, flashes a gold bracelet on her wrist.

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - NIGHT

The smell of freshly brewed coffee fills the air, as steam rises from a mug. Crumbs scatter across the table from a half eaten cookie. Cora continues her research. Incoming TEXT.

LAUREN (TEXT)
 They're fine, just checked.

Another TEXT.

ERIKA
 Sorry I didn't see your call. We
 just finished our pizza, and Ms.
 Lauren just left.

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

The animated movie entertains Brooklyn. The older girls are on their phones. BANG on the door, startles the girls!

BECCA
 What in the actual fuck?!

Brooklyn looks up at Becca, she hands her a five dollar bill.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 For future occurrences.

Erika opens the Ring app. It's the small girl from earlier.

ERIKA
(into phone)
Listen, like I said before, Dr. M--

SMALL GIRL (V.O.)
--Is Brooklyn there?

Chills... The Small Girls voice changes.

SMALL GIRL (V.O.)
She's my friend.

Brooklyn recognizes voice, slaps the phone out of Erika's hand.

ERIKA
Brooklyn! What the hell?

Brooklyn's heart races, terrified.

BROOKLYN
That's Beelzebub!

Erika looks at Ashley.

ERIKA
See what you did?

Ashley turns red. Erika looks at Brooklyn.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Brooklyn, demons aren't real.

BROOKLYN
I've seen her before, twice! I
thought they were dreams. You even
said yourself you saw someone the
other night.

Erika is stricken with fear. Pauses. Shakes her head with reassurance, convincing herself ghosts are not real.

--FOYER: Erika walks to the door.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
You know it's true. Don't open the
door.

Ashley is unnerved by Brooklyn's convincing plea.

ASHLEY
Maybe you should listen to her.

ERIKA
It's just a little girl.

Erika opens the door. No one is there. Steps onto porch.

--CORR'S FRONT PORCH: Erika scans the surrounding area.

BROOKLN
Erika, please come inside!

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Listen to her, Erika!

--SIDEWALK: Erika walks out to the edge of the lawn. Turns around, their faces - genuinely terrified. They point and scream!

ALL THE GIRLS
COME INSIDE!

Erika's face turns frantic, like a mother searching for her lost child. She turns and sees the Small Girl standing across the street.

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
ERIKA, COME ON!

Erika slowly back peddles, as she stares at the Small Girl.

SMALL GIRL
Why did the little girl cross the road?

No one answers, brief silence.

SMALL GIRL (CONT'D)
(demonic voice)
TO FUCKING KILL YOU ALL!

The Small Girl lunges, in hot pursuit, she's on Erika's ass.

Erika runs, dives inside the house. Ashley slams the door, it gets caught on something.

ERIKA
HELP!

It has ahold of Erika's leg, drags her halfway out the house. The girls grab ahold of Erika's arms, PULL!

ASHLEY
Hold on!

They're not strong enough, Erika slowly inches out the door. Brooklyn lets go, runs off.

-- KITCHEN: Brooklyn opens the junk drawer, tosses everything out, finds what she's looking for, a CROSS!

-- FOYER: Brooklyn returns, the demon almost has Erika! Brooklyn places the cross on the demonic hand. It smokes, BURNS! The demon lets go, the girls drag Erika in. Brooklyn shuts and locks the door.

Everything becomes still. Heavy breaths.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I think it's gone.

Brooklyn points to the door, and screams. In the window above the door frame, a demonic entity smiles at them.

The girls SCREAM, run upstairs.

INT. ERIKA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erika looks under her bed, and in her closet. She finds her old lacrosse stick.

The girls fan out, look for something that can be used as a weapon. Brooklyn picks up a trophy. Ashley looks at her.

ASHLEY
Let me have the cross!

Brooklyn hands her the cross. Becca finds a piece of PVC pipe under the bed, then ravages through her bookbag, finds a gold bracelet. She fastens it to her wrist, then holds the pipe up like a batter.

They unite in front of door, ready for war.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Should we call the cops?

ERIKA
And tell them what?

Ashley nods her head in agreement - no one will believe them.

INT. ERIKA'S ROOM - MORNING

The door opens. Everyone is in extremely uncomfortable sleep positions, holding random objects.

CORA
Why was the door locked? Must have been some party. It's almost time for school.

Brooklyn jumps up.

BROOKLYN
MOMMY!

She runs over and grabs Cora.

CORA
Hey love. You have fun with the
girls last night?

QUIVERS.

CORA (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

Tears run down Brooklyn's face like sweat from a cold bottle.

CORA (CONT'D)
What happened?

Ashley and Becca get up, glance at each other, then Erika.

CORA (CONT'D)
Someone tell me what happened!

They're all shaken up. No responses. Becca and Ashley grab their stuff, walk around Cora, hastily.

INT. CORA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Erika and Brooklyn eat breakfast in deafening silence. Only the sound of forks clanking against plates. Soft BUZZ, it's Erika's phone. Cora storms in, snatches it away.

ERIKA
Aunt Cora!

CORA
You can have it back when I get the
truth.

ERIKA
We are telling the truth.

BROOKLYN
We promise.

CORA
Okay, no friends, no phones, and no
hoverboard. Not until I get the
damn truth!

Brooklyn hesitantly slides an open palm across the table. Cora gives her a death stare, she recoils it.

ERIKA
We are!

Cora looks exasperated, sits down next to them.

CORA

I'm tired you guys. I have school, work, I keep getting the run around on uncle Ronnie. I need help... I need the truth.

Brooklyn takes a deep breath, speaks up.

BROOKLYN

A demon girl came to the door.

Cora slams her hand on the table, in disbelief.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

I promise! I've seen her before, at the morgue.

Cora looks puzzled, then a realization washes over her face.

CORA

That was just a nightmare, honey.

BROOKLYN

I saw her last night, and the other night... tell her Erika!

ERIKA

She doesn't believe us.

Cora lowers her head, overwhelmed with exhaustion and frustration.

BROOKLYN

Tell her it was Beelzebub.

Cora lifts her head suddenly, like she's just seen a ghost.

CORA

Where did you hear that name?

BROOKLYN

Ashley told us about it.

CORA

What did she say?

ERIKA

She thinks black people in this county are being picked off by something supernatural.

Cora's mind races with possibilities that stretch outside of reality.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You've heard the stories?

Cora remains silent.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
If you knew this, why would you
move us here?

Cora in a trance state gives Erika her phone back, walks off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Erika and Ashley rush into the girls bathroom. Ashley checks under the stalls, no one. It's safe to talk.

ERIKA
Okay, what the hell was that?

ASHLEY
Where's Becca?

Erika shrugs her shoulders.

ERIKA
She wasn't in class.

Ashley paces. Erika steps in front of her.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
What's happening?

ASHLEY
Isn't it obvious? Beelzebub's real.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Cora sits in an empty lobby, impatiently waits for the RECEPTIONIST to get off the phone. She finally hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST
How may I help you?

Cora gets up, walks over.

CORA
I'm here to see Chester Hayes.

INT. NURSING HOME - CHESTER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cora walks in, the NURSE closes the door behind her. CHESTER HAYES, an elderly black man in a vegetative state, is propped up in a chair. He stares out the window, but eyes are vacant.

CORA
Mr. Hayes?

Cora takes slow, hesitant steps towards him.

CORA (CONT'D)
Mr. Hayes? My name is Cora Miller,
I live in Cumming.

No answer. She moves closer.

CORA (CONT'D)
I think my house is-- strange
things have been happening to my
family. Have you heard of the name
Beelzebub?

Silence.

CORA (CONT'D)
What about the white devil?

Chester's hand TWITCHES.

CORA (CONT'D)
What is the white devil?

Chester's toe that hangs from the opening in his slipper,
twitches.

CORA (CONT'D)
Please! How do I stop it?

Chester leaps up from his chair, tackles Cora to the ground,
CHOKES her.

CHESTER
DID YOU BRING IT HERE?

Cora screams, gasps for air.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
DID YOU?

The Nurse rushes in, calls for code blue, the alarm sounds.

-- DOWN THE HALL: Prophetess Aniyah pushes a PATIENT with a
bible in a wheel chair. They look on at the chaos.

INT. NURSING HOME - PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Cora sits on the cold examination table, trembles. The Nurse
examines her neck gently, shock visible in her eyes.

NURSE
I'm so sorry. He's never acted like
this. He hasn't even spoken in
years.

CORA
It's okay, it's not your fault.

NURSE

There's some swelling, but this should help.

The Nurse hands Cora an ice pack, she quickly applies it.

CORA

Thank you. Does he have any relatives I can talk to?

NURSE

I can't give out personal information.

CORA

Please, just a name.

The Nurse swallows hard, hesitates, eyes fixed on the floor. She turns looks into Cora's eyes, full of pain.

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Erika and Brooklyn put their bookbags down on the floor. Erika plops on the couch with a snack.

BROOKLYN

Can you come with me upstairs to get my tablet?

EXT. ETHEL'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Cora, hesitantly presses a Ring doorbell. ETHEL an older black woman opens the door slightly, with caution.

CORA

Ethel? Ethel Hayes?

ETHEL

Who's asking?

CORA

My name is Cora Miller, I live in Cumming. Can I ask you a few questions about your husband?

INT. ETHEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Scattered throughout the living room are pictures of a young Chester and Ethel, with their daughter and two grandsons.

Ethel and Cora sit in chairs across from each other, each holding a glass of water.

ETHEL

I was out of town that day. I was a travel nurse... the only job they allowed me to have.

(MORE)

ETHEL (CONT'D)

I think that was retaliation for us moving to their county.

CORA

Why did you move there?

Ethel shakes her head, takes a sip of water.

ETHEL

Chester and I were college graduates, with great careers. We worked hard for everything we had and we weren't going to let some racist hillbillies scare us from buying our dream home. There wasn't any law stating blacks couldn't move there. Someone was going to be the first, we figured why not us?

Ethel takes another sip and puts her glass down.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Worst decision of our lives. I remember that call, I was at the hospital and his voice-- I couldn't even hear what he was saying. I don't know if he even said anything. Eventually I got the story. My daughter and grandsons-- they drowned.

Ethel wipes her teary eyes.

CORA

Is that what you believe?

ETHEL

Hell no! Some racist crackers killed my babies. They mine as well have killed Chester too, he hasn't been the same since.

CORA

Ethel, what is the white devil?

ETHEL

Not what, who. It was a little white girl that caused all of it. Stood there smiling as those men killed my family.

Cora tenses in fear and confusion. In a panic state.

CORA

So it wasn't a demon, or your Ring doorbell?

Ethel looks more confused than Cora.

ETHEL
 Demon? Ring Doorbell? Ring
 Doorbells weren't around back then.
 I don't think we even had a regular
 doorbell. Honey, are you okay?

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erika and Brooklyn are wide awake on the couch in front of the TV, despite their exhaustion. Cora walks in with plastic bags, the kids are relieved to see her.

Cora doesn't say a word, walks into the kitchen, comes out with a hammer and hooks. She hammers hooks into every wall of the living room.

ERIKA
 What are you doing?

No answer.

BROOKLN
 Mom?

Cora walks out the room again, returns with crosses, hangs them on the hooks. She breaks down in tears before finishing. Brooklyn runs over, grabs ahold of her.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erika and Brooklyn lie sound asleep, head to toe on the bed. A cross hangs on the wall over their bed.

Something SNATCHES the blanket off of Brooklyn, she snaps awake in fright. Glances off the edge of the bed, reaches for the blanket, it's pulled straight into the dark closet, the door slams shut behind it.

Brooklyn jumps back, taps Erika.

BROOKLYN
 Erika, wake up! Erika!

ERIKA
 Mmmmm!

The door creaks something groans from inside the closet, as it slowly opens. Brooklyn shakes Erika violently, until she wakes.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
 WHAT?

BROOKLYN
There's someone in the closet!

Erika sits up, alert. Desperately stares into the closet for any sign of abnormal activity, everything is in order. She walks over to it.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Erika, what are you doing?

Erika closes the door.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Erika!

She turns around.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
It's standing right next to you.

Brooklyn's hand shakes uncontrollably, points. Erika glances.

ERIKA
I don't see anything.

BROOKLYN
It-- It said it wants me to watch
it kill you.

Erika looks around frantically, in fear.

ERIKA
WHERE IS IT?

Erika hears a demonic whisper, filled with malice.

DEMON (O.S.)
Right here!

In fear, Erika slowly looks out her peripheral. She sees nothing, but then... An entity cloaked in darkness, slowly rises with glowing yellow eyes.

Erika freezes in fear. Without warning it THROWS her into the wall. Brooklyn SCREAMS.

--CORA'S BEDROOM: Cora is awoken by screams, without wasting a second, she jumps out of bed and sprints down the hall.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cora bursts through the door, flips on the light, sees the girls cling onto each other. They point towards the closet.

BROOKLYN
THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE!

Cora marches towards the closet, the hoverboard rolls out directly into her feet. The girls SCREAM, run behind her. Cora picks it up and turns it off.

CORA
It's just the hoverboard.

ERIKA
THAT WASN'T IT!

Cora cautiously approaches the closet, turns on the light. Fully expects something horrifying, but finds nothing but clothes and shoes. She lets out an exhale of relief, turns around faces the girls.

CORA
There's nothing in the--

Just then they hear a sinister laugh course through the air, followed by an evil voice that chills them to the core.

DEMON (O.S.)
--Dead, dead, you're all dead!

The bulb BREAKS! The closet door slams shut. The girls scream louder than ever, Cora's eyes widen in fear, her first encounter.

CUT TO:

--LAUREN'S RING APP: Cora, Erika, and Brooklyn's call for help blares out from Lauren's Ring app. The door flings open, they rush inside, their breaths heave with fear.

INT. LAUREN'S KITCHEN BAR - LATER

Cora sits at the kitchen bar, eyes fixed on her girls sleeping in the living room. She takes in the tribal symbols on the walls. She gathers courage, grabs her keys tiptoes out the house.

--INSIDE CORA'S CAR: Emotions come crashing down. Tears stream down Cora's face as she screams and slams her fists against the steering wheel. She takes a deep breath, starts up the car, accelerates into the night.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CAR - NIGHT

Cora spots a random house, slams on the brakes, notices a Ring doorbell, parks the car. She pulls a face mask from the center console, places it over her mouth and ties her hair up.

--RANDOM HOUSE: Cora gets out of the car, creeps towards the house.

Lights are visible inside, but no sign of anyone being home. She gets to the front door, wrestles with indecision, but continues.

CORA
Beelzebub... Beelzebub...

She closes her eyes, internal conflict of giving someone the curse.

CORA (CONT'D)
Beelz--

--She opens her eyes, and in the window parallel with the door, a little black girl smiles coyly and waves at her. She resembles a young Erika. Cora gently waves back, then puts her hands together and rests her head on them. Beckons the child to return to sleep.

A nod of acknowledgement, the little girl disappears from view. Cora rips off her mask, and returns to her car.

INT. LAUREN'S FOYER - NIGHT

Cora warily enters Lauren's home. She tries to avoid discovery as she moves silently through the hallway... MADE!

LAUREN
You feel better?

--LAUREN'S KITCHEN BAR: Lauren pours hot water into a mug. Cora sits on a bar stool.

CORA
Thanks!

She nods, grateful. Takes a sip, gazes at the girls sleep.

LAUREN
Lily always wanted a sleep over.

Cora takes in their tranquil faces, smiles at Lauren, sad.

CORA
So has Brooklyn, just never thought it would be like this.

LAUREN
What are you going to do?

CORA
I don't know, but I'm convinced more than ever my brothers death wasn't a suicide.

Lauren looks frightened.

LAUREN
What about the girls?

CORA
We have nowhere else to go, and even if we wanted to sell, it could take months. And who wants a-- I sound insane.

Cora shakes her head in disbelief.

LAUREN
I believe you. I've experienced something similar when I was younger. I've never told anyone this, but a ghost used to come into my room at night. It was dripping wet; I still remember the way it whispered my name. It scared the shit out of me!

QUICK FLASH OF WET GHOST'S FACE.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
My parents didn't believe me, they thought it was just an overactive imagination.

Cora is petrified by the revelation.

CORA
I didn't believe the girls until tonight.

Lauren shakes the haunting image out of her head.

CORA (CONT'D)
So what happened?

LAUREN
One night police car lights flashed in my window. My parents rushed into my room; my mom was crying hysterically, and my dad had a cross and was praying... something he had never done before.

Cora is stricken with fear.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
See? You're not crazy at all.

Cora grips her cup tight, consumed by dread.

CORA
 I have no idea what to do. I've
 always had an answer for every
 situation, but this?

Cora shakes her head.

Lauren walks over to the kitchen table, rummages through her
 purse. Pulls out a business card, hands it to Cora.

LAUREN
 Lindsey is the best realtor in
 town, if anyone can sell your
 house, it's her.

Cora takes the card. A glimmer of hope sparkles in her eye.
 It changes to confusion. She recognizes the last name, HAAS.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 And there's someone from my church
 who also might be able to help.

The warmth from Lauren's words brings a tear to Cora's eye.

CORA
 I don't know what I would do if you
 didn't live across the street.

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN
 That's what neighbors are for.

EXT. CORA'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Cora paces, and checks her watch multiple times. A very clean
 but older model car pulls up.

ROBERT (50s) steps out rigidly, in loose fit khakis and a
 tucked in shirt; meets Cora on the porch.

CORA
 Father Robert?

ROBERT
 Call me Bobby.

CORA
 Thank you for helping.

Cora rushes in, clear angst, Robert follows.

INT. CORA'S FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Cora shuts the door behind him, he glances around.

ROBERT
Wow! The ghost picked a good one.

Robert chuckles at his poorly timed joke; Cora is not amused.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(clears throat)
Well then, let's get started.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Teens flood the hall in-between classes. Erika, visibly overwhelmed, opens her locker door and more bananas tumble out. Frustration has boiled over.

ERIKA
WHO KEEPS DOING THIS?

Her eyes dart around the crowded hallway, zeroes in on a couple girls who giggle across the hall, mockingly. She picks up a banana and hurls it at them, they duck, but... SMASH! The fruit bursts open into the lockers behind them. Erika walks up on them with bad intentions.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY? LAUGH AGAIN!

The other students fall silent, intimidated by Erika's fiery gaze. The girls don't say a word, gulp hard.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

Erika walks back to her locker, slams the door shut. Ashley is on the other side of the door, grins ear to ear.

ASHLEY
Who are you, and what have you done with Erika?

Erika grins.

ERIKA
I hate that I have to act like that, but I can't keep letting shit like that slide.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cora and Robert enter hesitantly, clutching a cross and a Bible respectively. Cora shudders involuntarily, points to the closet door.

CORA
It came from in there.

Robert looks at the closet, doesn't look particularly confident. He opens the door, then darts away. Cora looks at him, unsure. He smiles nervously.

He takes a deep breath, steps forward and raises his cross.

ROBERT
 In the name of Jesus I command any
 foul spirits present in this place
 to be gone from this world, and--

--A sudden gust of wind whips through the room, Robert trembles with fear, but holds his ground.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 I CLEANSE THIS PLACE OF ALL EVIL
 AND BRING GOD'S HOLY LIGHT!

The wind continues to howl in a fury.

CORA
 I don't think it's working!

ROBERT
 IN THE NAME OF JESUS, BE GONE!

The wind dies down as quickly as it began. A Stunned silence descends over Robert as he looks at the cross, skeptical.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 I did it... I actually did it.

Cora looks on, iffy. Robert stands up tall and regal. New found confidence radiates.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 You can rest easy knowing your
 house is safe. Because with faith
 in our hearts and divine guidance
 we overcame this hurdle.

CORA
 Is that another one of your corny
 ass jokes... forgive me father!

Cora crosses her heart.

ROBERT
 It means the evil is gone, and just
 Bobby.

INT. BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Brooklyn sits in class, tunes out the teacher. Something outside catches her eye. She fixates on a young white boy 50 yards away, who gazes back at her. He beams a sinister smile.

Brooklyn's attention is diverted to a black girl who runs by the boy. With lightning fast reflexes he trips her, bends down, and PUMMELS her with his fists.

Brooklyn explodes out of her seat.

BROOKLYN
OH MY GOD! SOMEBODY HELP HER!

She points frantically in the direction of the attack. No one flinches. The class looks at her like she has three heads.

RILEY
I knew she was weird.

BROOKLYN
DO SOMETHING!

The black girl lays lifeless. The boy opens his mouth wide, hundreds of FLIES eject out and straight into her mouth. She violently shakes, seizure like.

Brooklyn SCREAMS in horror.

The boy stands up, never taking his eyes off of Brooklyn. He smiles as his body GLITCHES, he advances closer to her.

Brooklyn tries to get out of dodge... but Riley GRABS her wrists, pins them to the desk. Brooklyn looks up, it's not Riley, it's a DEMONIC PERVERSION of her.

DEMONIC RILEY
Where do you think you're going?

The boy is now in the classroom somehow. He sniffs Brooklyn's hair, licks her face, opens his mouth, and regurgitates FLIES into Brooklyn's mouth.

--BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM MOMENTS LATER: Brooklyn with her head resting on the desk jumps out of her seat. She grabs her throat, coughs, gasps for air. It was just a dream! The teacher walks over.

TEACHER
Ms. Miller are you okay?

Brooklyn drops down to her knees, continues to cough. The teacher bends down, pats Brooklyn's back.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Deep breaths.
(voice changes to demonic)
Let it in!

Brooklyn looks up, the Teacher's face is a demonic distortion. Brooklyn SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

--BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM: Brooklyn jumps back in her seat, screams. The class turns, looks at her. The TEACHER, normal appearance, looks at Brooklyn.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Is everything okay, Brooklyn?

Drool runs down Brooklyn's lip.

RILEY
Weirdo.

The kids snicker.

TEACHER
How about we try not falling asleep
in class?

BROOKLYN
Yes ma'am.

Brooklyn grimaces, grabs and rotates her wrist, she looks, they're bruised. She coughs, a fly falls out of her mouth onto the desk. Her eyes widen in fear.

INT. CORA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Chocolate chips sizzle in the beige goop, releases an aroma that wafts throughout the house. Cora dances around joyfully.

The front door opens.

CORA
IN HERE!

The girls walk into the kitchen, see an upbeat Cora. Erika looks on, skeptical. Cora dances around, tries to lighten the mood.

ERIKA
Is everything okay?

CORA
More than okay.

Erika doesn't look convinced.

CORA (CONT'D)
A pastor from church came by
earlier. Whatever was here is gone.

Erika's eyes light up.

ERIKA
Are you serious?

Cora nods yes, blissfully. Twirls, then turns to Brooklyn.

CORA
I'm making pancakes.

Brooklyn's eyes light up.

BROOKLYN
We love (voice changes to demonic)
Pancakes!

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The house is dark and still, everything seems right, a little too right!

Cora cracks her eye... sees a vision of Ronnie, a warm sleepy smile flashes across her face. Ronnie's eyes darken, and his mouth opens to a black abyss. Cora jumps up in terror, she sees a sinister shadow lurk in her room. Brooklyn steps out the shadows with a devilish smirk.

BROOKLYN
Did I scare you, mommy?

An intense fear grips Cora.

CORA
What are you doing up?

BROOKLYN
I couldn't sleep, and I didn't want to wake you. You were sleeping so peacefully, like a little lamb unaware of danger.

Brooklyn strokes Cora's cheek, Cora shudders.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Can I sleep with you?

Cora slides back, lets Brooklyn get in the bed. She turns around, looks at Cora.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to snuggle me?

Cora hesitantly wraps her arm around Brooklyn, nervously watches the back of her head, unable to go back to sleep.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM - TABLE - DAY

Erika and Ashley slump exhaustedly against one another when Becca walks up with her lunch, sits.

BECCA
You guys look like shit.

ERIKA
Ashley stayed on the phone with me
all night.

BECCA
And?

ERIKA
Not even a single creak.

BECCA
If you guys are still looking to
sell the house, my mom can help,
she's a realtor.

ERIKA
We'll see, I don't know now that
everything is good.

Becca scowls at her response.

INT. BROOKLYN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Brooklyn sits silently at her desk, lost in thought, as she
sketches away on her paper. The teachers cell phone rings.

TEACHER
I have to take this, I'll be right
in the hall. You may talk quietly.

The Teacher excuses herself, which prompts Riley and Cara to
approach Brooklyn's desk with malice in their eyes.

RILEY
Hey Brooklyn.

No response... Cara pushes Brooklyn lightly in the side.

CARA
Brooklyn!

Riley rips a sketch out from the other side of Brooklyn's
sketch pad and crumbles it. This gets her attention, as Riley
and Cara cackle wickedly together.

RILEY
I hear your mom is a waitress?

Riley smiles, waits for a response, gets nothing.

RILEY (CONT'D)
She left one of her nappy hairs in
my food.

She places a coarse strand of hair onto Brooklyn's desk. Jeers from the class. Brooklyn holds her picture up.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Aww, did you draw that for me?

BROOKLYN
I did! Want to know what it is?

RILEY
(sarcastic laugh)
Sure!

The drawing has a stick figure, a large blob, and a dog; all hovering over fire. Every detail on the paper was composed of awful truths about Riley's family.

BROOKLYN
Well this is your homosexual brother, Cooper. You can tell it's him, because if you look really close, you can see a dildo sticking out of his ass.

Riley's mouth drops, the class erupts in laughter.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
This is your racist, obese dad, Dean. He cheats on your mom by the way.

Tears stream down Riley's face. Cara backs up, terrified.

RILEY
SHUT UP!

BROOKLYN
Here's your dog Lucky. His luck runs out really soon! Down here... This is where you're all going, really soon in Lucky's case.

Brooklyn grins and her eyes light up dim yellow. Riley runs out of the class in fear.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
WAIT, I DIDN'T DRAW YOUR MOM YET!

Brooklyn turns around, looks Cara in her eyes.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Want me to draw your family next?

Fear overwhelms Cara, she shakes her head, NO. Brooklyn shrugs her shoulders, squinches her lips.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Mmmm, I will anyway.

The Teacher storms into the room.

TEACHER
BROOKLYN MILLER! WHAT DID YOU SAY
TO RILEY?

BROOKLYN
Only that her family going to hell.
Don't worry, your son Max will be
with them too.

The Teachers eyes widen. The class cannot believe it.

TEACHER
GO TO PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, NOW!

INT. FRONT OFFICE - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Brooklyn sits in a chair in the front office. She swings her legs back and forth, hums.

THE ADMIN (50s) white woman, with glasses, looks at Brooklyn with disgust.

THE ADMIN
You know you're in really big
trouble, right?

Brooklyn continues to hum.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

PRINCIPAL, middle aged white woman with a saccharine southern belle persona, sits across from Cora and the Teacher. The tension in the room is thick with accusations and anger.

TEACHER
Ms. Miller, Brooklyn's behavior has
changed drastically in the past few
weeks.

CORA
It's been a really tough few months
for my family.

TEACHER
I understand, but look at what she
drew earlier.

The Teacher shoves the grotesque sketch towards Cora.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 She called another student's
 brother gay, and drew something
 vulgar in his rectum. She also said
 they were all going to hell.

The Teacher points to the crude sketch of the boy. Cora
 shakes her head in disbelief.

CORA
 Are you sure Brooklyn drew this?

TEACHER
 Drew it and then explained who each
 person was to the whole class.

CORA
 I can't believe this. She doesn't
 talk like that at home, at all.

TEACHER
 She also said my son is going to
 hell. I think family counseling is
 in order.

Cora's blood boils.

CORA
 I understand what she said is
 wrong, and we have scheduled to see
 a therapist, but are you qualified
 to give my daughter recommendations
 like that?

The Teacher and Principal exchange a glance.

PRINCIPAL
 Ms. Miller in light of everything.
 Unfortunately I have to suspend
 Brooklyn from school.

CORA
 SUSPEND, FOR A DRAWING?

PRINCIPAL
 We don't tolerate that kind of
 behavior here.

CORA
 What did the other student do?

PRINCIPAL
 Excuse me?

CORA
 Brooklyn did all of this
 unprovoked?

The Principal looks at the Teacher, no answer.

TEACHER

I--I, she was crying and I tried
calm--

CORA

--So you call me down here,
recommend counseling, suspend my
daughter, and you don't even know
what happened? Only that the other
student was crying?

No explanation.

CORA (CONT'D)

And I bet they're white.

TEACHER

This has nothing to do with race.

PRINCIPAL

I can assure you Ms. Miller, this
school prides itself on inclusion
and fairness.

CORA

So why is my daughter the only
party in trouble, if you pride
yourself on fairness?

The Principal and Teacher are at a loss for words.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Brooklyn continues to hum and swing her legs.

THE ADMIN

Stop humming!

Brooklyn ignores her. The admin stands up.

THE ADMIN (CONT'D)

I SAID STOP HUMMING!

Brooklyn stops. The admin sits down.

THE ADMIN (CONT'D)

(under breath)
Bad ass kids!

The admin looks up, Brooklyn is gone. She looks around,
suddenly... Brooklyn is right next to her, the admin JUMPS.

BROOKLYN
 (sweet voice)
 Did you know it's damaging to a
 child's psyche to call them bad?

The Admin grins, nervously. Changes tone.

THE ADMIN
 You're absolutely right, I lost my
 cool. You weren't listening, honey.

The principal's door opens. Cora storms out. Followed by the
 Teacher and Principal.

CORA
 Brooklyn let's go!

Brooklyn walks off, turns back, looks at the Admin.

BROOKLYN
 I would learn to keep my cool If I
 were you.

Brooklyn's eyes gloss over, has a slight change, then goes
 back to normal. She giggles and walks off.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
 See you tomorrow.

Brooklyn and Cora leave. The Principal turns to the Teacher.

PRINCIPAL
 Find out what the other girl did,
 before we have protestors in front
 of our damn school.

INT. CORA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Erika searches the pantry. Cora and Brooklyn burst into the
 kitchen. Cora slams her purse onto the counter.

CORA
 Go to your room!

BROOKLYN
 Why?

CORA
 Are you kidding? Go, NOW!

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erika lays motionless on her bed in complete darkness.
 Suddenly loud footsteps run down the hall and into her room,
 landing on the bed. It sinks inward, Erika squirms.

Labored breaths.

ERIKA
Head to toe.

The breaths continue. Erika sucks her teeth with frustration.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
HEAD TO TOE!

Erika lays still with her eyes open. The bed moves, the sheets tussle, then stops. She closes her eyes, satisfied.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Now go to sleep.

Complete silence for a while. Labored breaths pick back up.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
BROOKLYN, I SAID HEAD TO TOE!

GIRLS VOICE (O.S.)
(whisper)
I'm not Brooklyn.

Erika jumps out of the bed, in shock, trips over backwards, falls flat on her butt.

Something sits up buried underneath the sheets. Child feet hang off the side of the bed, it stands up-right, it is now the size of an NBA center.

Erika trembles in fear, scoots backwards to the door, reaches her hand out, grabs the knob. It's LOCKED.

GIRL VOICE
Where you going, silly?

Erika tears.

ERIKA
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GIRL VOICE
Your fucking soul, silly.

Erika bangs on the door.

ERIKA
AUNT CORA! AUNT CORA!

Giggles. Erika turns and looks, the unknown figure rushes closer towards her, making monstrous footsteps.

As soon as the entity reaches her, the sheet drops to the floor, like a trap door was below. Erika pulls on the knob.

SQUEAK! The closet door slowly opens to endless darkness. She gets up, runs, slams the door shut. Runs back to the bedroom door, pounds and screams for help.

Another squeak. Erika turns around, the closet door is open. A SCURRY. Sounds like a squirrel in the attic. She turns around, nothing. Pounds on the door.

Scurry! This time from right above her. She looks up, nothing. Erika SCREAMS louder than ever. We hear a sound like something landing. Erika turns around, nothing, turns back to the door and her and the demon are face to face.

CUT TO:

--CORA'S BEDROOM: The scream wakes Cora. She jumps out of her bed, runs into the hallway.

--HALLWAY OUTSIDE ERIKA'S ROOM: Cora tries to open Erika's door, it's stuck!

CORA

ERIKA?

Cora hears a struggle inside. She pushes and pushes, it won't budge. She grabs ahold of the knob, thrusts her body into the door. It opens.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cora turns on the light, Erika runs to her, hysterical. As she holds Erika, she feels something on her back. She lifts her hand up, sees blood. Turns her around, her shirt is torn, from what looks like wild cat scratch marks.

CORA

Oh my GOD!

ERIKA

You said everything was fine!

BROOKLYN

Scaredy cat.

Brooklyn smiles in the doorway. Cora looks at Brooklyn.

CORA

What the hell has gotten into you?

Brooklyn smiles.

BROOKLYN

You have no idea.

Erika's phone RINGS. The ringtone is...

MUSIC CUE: "CRUEL SUMMER" BY TAYLOR SWIFT

It's Ashley! Erika declines the call.

LOUD creak. Brooklyn stands inside the room with her head down, chin to chest. The door closes behind her, she finishes the rest of the verse.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
She looks up...

She slowly raises her head. Cheeks are pale, lips chapped, and her facial structure is blocky, she's fully POSSESSED.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
(demonic voice)
Grinning like a devil!

The lights go out. Erika Screams.

CORA
(shaky voice)
Brooklyn, honey?

ERIKA
(scared)
Auntie!

CORA
Don't let go of my hand.

BROOKLYN
(soft whisper)
I'm over here mommy.

CORA
Are you okay, honey?

BROOKLYN
I'm okay, just a little hungry.

Complete silence and blinding blackness, then... Muffled screams for help, a struggle.

CORA
ERIKA?

Cora makes her way to the light switch, turns it on. Brooklyn has Erika pinned to the floor, she scratches and slaps her. Cora runs over, pushes Brooklyn off.

Brooklyn rolls into the desk, then jumps up in a bear crawl position and lets out a demonic GROWL. Cora grabs Erika's hand, they run for the door. Brooklyn crawls after the two, narrowly misses them; the door shuts.

She pounds on the door, almost opens it, but Cora and Erika combine their strength to shut it.

BROOKLYN/DEMON
 Let me out, you stupid bitch! I'm
 going to kill you both.

Cora and Erika hold onto the knob with their lives.

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Light creeps through the blinds, wakes Erika from the couch.
 She stretches and begins to come to. A deep sense of dread
 washes over her.

ERIKA
 Aunt Cora?

She doesn't respond. Erika grows more frantic.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
 AUNT CORA?

Cora runs downstairs, on edge, embraces Erika.

CORA
 What's wrong?

Erika's anxiety is lifted, she blinks away fear-induced
 tears.

ERIKA
 I didn't know where you were. What
 are we going to do?

CORA
 I'm going to the church for help.

ERIKA
 We already tried that.

CORA
 Then what else should we do?

ERIKA
 I don't know, I'm just saying.

Cora shakes head in frustration.

CORA
 We have no other option. The church
 is our only hope.

Erika nods reluctantly.

CORA (CONT'D)
 I won't be gone long. Brooklyn
 can't get out, just stay downstairs
 until I get back. Can you do that?

Erika reluctantly agrees, glances over at the staircase, in terror.

INT. CHURCH - STAFF OFFICE - DAY

STAFF MEMBER files papers, eats an apple. The door bursts open, almost off its' hinges. Cora rushes in, distraught.

He puts down his apple, approaches Cora with the same angst.

STAFF MEMBER
Is everything alright?

CORA
(slightly out of breath)
NO! I NEED TO SPEAK TO ROBERT!

Staff member looks confused.

CORA (CONT'D)
WHITE, MAYBE SIX FOOT, GOES BY
BOBBY. HOW MANY PASTORS WORK HERE?

STAFF MEMBER
We have two, well three, a woman
just transferred here from the
Atlanta area. None of them are
named Robert though...

Cora falls into despair, struggles to catch her breath.

CORA
I don't understand.

STAFF MEMBER
Tell me what you need ma'am.

CORA
It's my daughter, she's...

STAFF MEMBER
Ma'am?

CORA
I think she's possessed.

The Staff Member doesn't know how to handle that kind of information, brief silence.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (O.S.)
Maybe I can help?

Cora turns around, it's PROPHETESS ANIYAH.

CORA
Aniyah?

Cora runs to her. Speaks in incomplete sentences.

CORA (CONT'D)
It's Brooklyn! She-- her face! Her
voice-- can you help me?

Prophetess Aniyah rubs the rosary around her neck, unsure.
But nods her head yes anyway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Erika stands outside of her room door with a protein bar. The
door has nails going all the way up the side of the frame.
She slides the bar under the door.

ERIKA
You must be hungry.

No response.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Let me know if you need anything
else.

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
(scared voice)
Erika?

Erika exudes excitement with the sound of Brooklyn's voice.

ERIKA
Yeah Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
I'm going to kill you slowly.

Brooklyn laughs.

ERIKA
Why are you doing this to her?

Brooklyn's voice changes, sounds like there are two.

BROOKLYN/DEMON (O.S.)
Shut up you whore, you don't even
like her.

Erika shakes her head.

ERIKA
That's not true, I love her. She's
like my little sister.

BROOKLYN/DEMON (O.S.)
It'll be a shame when I kill her
then. Another person you couldn't
save.

Erika lays her hand on the door.

ERIKA
Brooklyn, keep fighting.

Phone BUZZES, Erika looks, Ring notification. It's Ashley!

INT. CORA'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Erika opens the door, out of breath.

ERIKA
Ash, it's not really a--

Ashley barges in.

ASHLEY
--Try answering your phone!

ERIKA
I had a lot going on.

ASHLEY
So did I. Where's your aunt?
You're not going to believe it.

Erika looks intrigued.

ERIKA
What?

ASHLEY
I was over Becca's house, and--

--Loud SCREAMS, a number of furious thuds against the wall.

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
HELP ME! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

ASHLEY
Brooklyn?

Ashley has a look of worry, Erika ignores the commotion, acts like everything is fine. Ashley takes off upstairs.

ERIKA
Ashley don't go up there.

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
WHO'S THERE? PLEASE HELP ME!

--HALLWAY: Ashley reaches the top floor, sees the nails inside the door, Erika is right behind her.

ASHLEY
OH MY GOD!

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
Ashley? YOU HAVE TO GET ME OUT OF
HERE!

Ashley looks at Erika.

ERIKA
It's not what you think.

ASHLEY
What do you mean? Your little
cousin trapped in a room.

Ashley sees the hammer on the ground, Erika notices. Ashley
reaches it first.

ERIKA
Let me explain.

BROOKLYN (O.S.)
Please open the door, Ashley!

ASHLEY
Hang on, I'm going to get you out!

Ashley pulls nails out of the door frame.

ERIKA
ASHLEY STOP!

Erika advances on Ashley, she points the hammer at Erika, who
puts her hands up, nervously.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Listen to me, she's possessed.
That's why she's in there.

BROOKLYN
NO! She saw something in her room
the other night. She hasn't been
the same since.

ASHLEY
You did tell me you saw something
and you did snap on everyone at
school.

ERIKA
I snapped because the school is
fucking racist.

Ashley takes more nails out.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
ASHLEY, SHE'S LYING!

BROOKLYN
I'm not. I swear on everything.

Ashley stops. Drops her hands to her side... Brooklyn would never swear. The door knob shimmies.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Ashley?

The door knob shimmies again. Ashley backs up a bit.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
(faint voice)
Ashley, open the door.

Ashley is in shock, not sure what to believe.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Ashley? When I get out of here, I'm going to crawl inside you and fester.

Ashley's eyes widen. She drops the hammer, covers her mouth, straight fright. She backs up into the wall behind her. Erika grabs the hammer, puts the nails back in the door. Brooklyn pounds on the door.

BROOKLYN/DEMON
YOU FUCKING HEAR ME? YOU'RE DEAD!

INT. CORA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ashley rocks back and forth on the couch. Erika walks over, hands her a glass of water. Ashley sips, but more water ends up on her shirt than in her mouth.

Erika takes the glass. The front door opens, it startles Ashley. Cora and Prophetess Aniyah enter. Cora looks at Erika.

CORA
What is she doing here?

ERIKA
Ms. Aniyah?

Ashley stands up, DISTRESSED. Explains in a single breath.

ASHLEY
I came to see you, then I heard Brooklyn cry, I saw she was locked in the room, so I tried to let her out, and Erika told me not to because she's possessed, and I didn't listen, so then I--

CORA
--You did what?

ASHLEY
(shaken up)
She said she's going to kill me.

Cora puts her arm around Ashley, walks her to the door.

CORA
That's why she's here.

Cora nods to Prophetess Aniyah.

ASHLEY
Ms. Miller, I have to tell you something.

CORA
It'll have to wait, there isn't much time left to help Brooklyn.

ASHLEY
Please Ms. Miller, I don't think it can wait.

CORA
ASHLEY, it has to!

They reach the door. Cora tries to nudge her out, Ashley blurts out before she is forced out the door.

ASHLEY
I SAW THE VIDEO OF YOUR BROTHER!

The atmosphere changes drastically, Cora stops dead in her tracks. Erika and Aniyah stare in disbelief.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Ms. Miller?

CORA
Where-- how-- what did you see?

Ashley looks grossed out.

ASHLEY
It's bad, Becca had it on her phone.

CORA AND ERIKA TOGETHER
BECCA?

Ashley nods slowly with fear.

ASHLEY
Your brother didn't commit suicide,
Ms. Miller.

Cora breaks down, can't speak. LOUD screams echo upstairs through a corridor of terror.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Cora? We don't have much time.

Cora cries, shakes her head.

CORA
When this is all over, we're going
to talk, okay?

Ashley nods in fear.

INT. CORA'S DINING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Prophetess Aniyah sets her bag on the table. Pulls out a bible, cross, and a small jar of oil. She dips her thumb in the oil, then makes a cross on the foreheads of herself, Cora, and Erika.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
The devil attacks by division,
pain, sorrow, anger, any emotion
that is not of love.

She looks at Cora.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
It will lie and try to distract
you. You need to clear your head
right now. It's the only way to
save Brooklyn.

Cora nods her head, Erika doesn't look convinced.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Metal clanks, screeches against the door, it opens. Prophetess Aniyah walks in with Cora by her side, Erika behind them.

Brooklyn colors at the desk, with her back to them.

CORA
Brooklyn, we brought a friend.
She's here to help you.

BROOKLYN
(sweet giggly voice)
I don't need help, mommy. I'm a big
girl.

Prophetess Aniyah takes a few steps closer, looks for signs.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Hey Brooklyn, I'm Prophetess
Aniyah, remember me?

BROOKLYN
Of course. I never forget a smell.

She inhales through her nose. Prophetess Aniyah moves closer.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
What are you working on?

BROOKLYN
I'm surprised the church sent a
woman, a black woman at that.

Prophetess Aniyah ignores the comment, pushes on.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Can I see what you're drawing?

BROOKLYN
I'm not finished yet.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Okay, take your time.

BROOKLYN
Do you still hear from God?

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
All the time.

BROOKLYN
Hmm. So he forgave you?

Prophetess Aniyah has a look of worry.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
He forgives everyone, if they ask.

BROOKLYN
You don't recognize me, do you?
It's been a long time, but I
haven't forgotten you.

Brooklyn giggles. Her voice changes.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
I'm going to burn them all.

Prophetess Aniyah looks like someone walked over her grave.

CORA
What is she talking about?

Brooklyn turns around, DEMONIC face.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
HELLO AGAIN, PROPHET.

Brooklyn jumps out of her seat, charges Prophetess Aniyah. She pulls out a cross and holds it up, Brooklyn stops dead in her tracks, snarls.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
STRAP HER TO THE BED!

Cora and Erika each grab an arm, struggle to move Brooklyn off her spot. Brooklyn laughs.

They finally get her onto the bed and fight to control her writhing body. Erika manages to cuff one arm, while Cora struggles with the other.

Brooklyn looks up at Cora.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Hey?

Cora looks Brooklyn in the eyes. Brooklyn's voice changes... it's RONNIE'S VOICE!

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
(Ronnie's Voice)
Hey sis.

Cora eases up on Brooklyn's arm.

ERIKA
Aunt Cora.

Cora loses complete focus.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
STRAP HER IN!

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
(Ronnie's Voice)
Why didn't you answer the phone?

Cora lets go of Brooklyn's arm, covers her mouth. Brooklyn smiles, and TOSSES Cora across the room.

Erika runs to Cora, Prophetess Aniyah notices Brooklyn trying to break free, she grabs her arm. Erika runs over, helps. They pin Brooklyn's arm down, cuff it to the bed.

INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooklyn's hands and feet are strapped to the bed. Erika tries to get Brooklyn to drink water.

--CORNER OF THE ROOM: Prophetess Aniyah and Cora talk quietly in the corner, fear visibly derives from Cora.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
You have to pull it together,
Brooklyn needs you.

CORA
What does she mean, she hasn't
forgotten you?

Prophetess Aniyah takes a deep breath.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
I--I think this is a demon I fought
before... over 30 years ago.

CORA
What happened? Why is it back?

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
I have no idea how or why it's
back.

Prophetess Aniyah omits part of the story.

CORA
Can exorcised demons come back?

Terror still lingers in Cora's expression.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
I--I, honestly--

--Saved by the glass SHATTER. Brooklyn's voice is deep and raspy, full demon.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
You have anything a bit stronger?

Brooklyn laughs wickedly. Cora walks over and grabs the pitcher of water from a trembling Erika and places it on the dresser. Erika cowers to the corner and prays.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Aww I forgot you're no fun. Not
like Shawn.

Erika's body tenses in the corner, her prayers halt. Hearing Shawn's name elicits a deep pain within. Brooklyn lifts her nose into the air, takes a deep EUPHORIC inhale through her nose. She glares over at Erika.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
We sure do miss him. I can still
smell the whisky on his breath.

Erika bursts forward, rage and anguish overwhelming her.

ERIKA
SHUT UP ABOUT MY DAD!

Brooklyn cackles with sadistic joy.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Is that what he was?

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Don't engage, it's lies.

Brooklyn laughs again.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Your love wasn't enough, that's why
he killed himself. You couldn't
save him. It eats at you, I can
smell the guilt on you.

Erika's tears race down her face. Brooklyn turns to Cora.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Just like you couldn't save Ronnie.
You're the last of the three. What
are you waiting for?

Brooklyn points to scissors on the desk with her eyes.

CORA
You're lying!

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Who are you trying to convince, me
or yourself?

Brooklyn laughs. Prophetess Aniyah continues to pray.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
I was there when he slit his
throat!

Brooklyn inhales with joy.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
I bring the best out in people!

Brooklyn smiles. Cora tries hard to ignore the comments,
continues to pray.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
He called you. He needed his
sister...

Brooklyn turns to Erika.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Just like daddy needed a drink.

Brooklyn's laughs have gotten louder, objects begin to fall at random around the room. Prophetess Aniyah stands still and strong, continues to pray. Cora turns to a fragile Erika.

CORA
Don't listen honey, Shawn adored you.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Like how you adore her? She's a burden. Think how easier life would be without her? Give her to me.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
ENOUGH!

Prophetess Aniyah puts anointing oil on Brooklyn's forehead. She laughs in pain.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Don't tempt me with a good time.

Prophetess Aniyah hands Erika the bible to read, it's Jeremiah 17:14. Cora walks over to her.

Prophetess Aniyah zeroes in on Brooklyn.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Who possesses this girl?

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
I go by many names.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
WHAT IS YOUR NAME, DEMON?

Brooklyn's eyes have a yellowish glow, the bed shakes.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
You have no power here, prophet.
Just like old times, huh? Where is your God when you need him?

Prophetess Aniyah smiles, something is different.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Your arrogance blinds you.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
It's not arrogance, he's right here.

Prophetess Aniyah points to her heart. Brooklyn cackles.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
You're delusional, prophet.

Brooklyn looks over at Cora.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Your daughter is as good as dead.
Did she tell you what happened to
the other little girl she tried to
save from me?

Cora looks on, intrigued, and terrified.

Brooklyn jerks her head back.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Shot her right between the eyes!

Cora stops praying, shakes. Brooklyn grins, sadistic.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Some prophet, huh?

CORA
You lie!

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
Do I? Ask her yourself.

Cora looks at Prophetess Aniyah, who's silence gives her the answer to her burning question.

Brooklyn laughs.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
She can't help you, no one can.

Tears run down the face of Prophetess Aniyah. She starts to lose focus and strength as Brooklyn looks more powerful than ever.

Erika suddenly grabs a distraught Prophetess Aniyah.

ERIKA
I don't believe in coincidences.
You were meant to be here and help
us. I believe in you.

Prophetess Aniyah, is calmed by Erika's words. She looks over at Cora, who nods her head in agreement.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
And that's why you're all going to
die.

Prophetess Aniyah prays for strength. Brooklyn laughs.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
Don't you get it? He's not coming.

Prophetess Aniyah smiles.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
He's been here the whole time. It
is written.

For the first time, Brooklyn looks unconfident. Prophetess Aniyah raises her hand over Brooklyn.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, WHO IS
LORD OVER EVERYTHING, EVEN YOU
DEMON. I COMMAND YOU, TELL ME YOUR
NAME!

Brooklyn tries to resist. The lights flicker, the room shakes, she SCREAMS.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
TELL ME YOUR NAME!

Brooklyn sits up in the bed, arms pulled behind her from the straps. A small draft enters the room.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
I've been called many names.
Beelzebub, Baal, Abyzou, Alastor,
Ukobach...

Brooklyn tilts her head all the way back.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
But, I'm the accuser. The devourer
of souls, the whisper in Judas'
ear, the tormentor of Job. I'm the
serpent in the garden, the seducer
of mankind, and the lord of flies!

Brooklyn LEVITATES. Gusts of wind blow heavy. She leans her head forward, her eyes are as black as deep space.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN (CONT'D)
I am Satan in the flesh!

A demonic growl emerges from within, Brooklyn breaks free from the straps, the room goes black. Erika SCREAMS.

Cora turns on her cell phone flashlight.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
Remain calm.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN

(low voice)

Yes. Try to remain calm, you all
will be dead soon.

Brooklyn laughs sadistically.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH

Remember God has given us a spirit
of power, love--

DEMONIC BROOKLYN

And a sound mind?

The light finds Erika, unharmed. Then Prophetess Aniyah.
Suddenly a massive THUD shakes the room, followed by heavy
footsteps and a struggle.

CORA

ERIKA?

Cora rotates her flashlight back in the opposite direction.
Prophetess Aniyah is GONE! Loud footsteps again. Cora rotates
back to Erika, she's GONE too. She continues to rotate the
light, finds...

Brooklyn on Erika's shoulders, with her hands under her chin.
She drives it up, tries to snap her neck.

Cora screams, drops the phone, runs to Erika's aid. A loud
commotion, sounds like a bar fight. The lights flicker on.

Prophetess Aniyah lays on the ground across the room. Cora is
on the floor with scratch marks all over her back, she
shields Erika from Brooklyn.

Erika looks up at Cora with innocent eyes. They water over,
she finally feels wanted. Sweat drips down their faces.

Brooklyn LEVITATES off the ground, with an insidious smile,
that salivates.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN

Do you feel it? Hell on earth.

Prophetess Aniyah panics, full circle moment. She sits up on
one knee, reaches down by her foot, pulls out... a CROSS! She
holds it up, limps towards Brooklyn.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH

BROOKLYN, YOU MUST RESIST!

DEMONIC BROOKLYN

Brooklyn is alone, only I exist.

Erika puts Brooklyn in a bear hug.

ERIKA
She's not alone.

The smile is wiped right off Brooklyn's face, her voice sounds like it's being torn apart. Fragments of the real her forces its way out.

BROOKLYN/DEMON
Erika?

ERIKA
I'M HERE, KEEP FIGHTING!

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
IT'S WORKING!

Cora limps over, grabs ahold of Brooklyn as well.

CORA
I'M HERE TOO, BABY!

Brooklyn shakes. Literally fights her inner demon.

DEMONIC BROOKLYN
YOU BITCHES! GET OFF OF ME!

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
THAT'S IT BROOKLYN, RESIST!

Prophetess Aniyah limps closer with the cross, it agitates Brooklyn; she squirms.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH (CONT'D)
You are a child of God. He who is
in you, is greater than he who is
in the world. And he loves you, you
are loved!

Erika closes her eyes, squeezes.

ERIKA
I love you Brooklyn!

CORA
I love you too, both of you!

Brooklyn screams, it sounds like all of hell screams with her. Prophetess Aniyah walks up to Brooklyn, anoints her forehead.

PROPHETESS ANIYAH
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, SON, AND
HOLY SPIRIT, I CAST YOU OUT, AND
COMMAND YOU BACK TO HELL!

Brooklyn's mouth opens, her head tilts back, seizes. Cora and Erika let go. Brooklyn pants and retches. Flies shoot out of her mouth and into a black hole in the floor.

Cora catches Brooklyn before she hits the floor. Erika kneels by the two.

CORA
Brooklyn?

She lightly slaps her face multiple times, no response.

ERIKA
Come on Brooklyn, wake up!

Prophetess Aniyah stands with her hands folded. Erika looks at her.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Do something!

Prophetess Aniyah shakes her head, she has done all she could. Cora and Erika weep for what seems like an eternity. Cora caresses her bruised and cut face.

CORA
Come on baby, WAKE UP!

Cora cries.

CORA (CONT'D)
Brooklyn, get up!

Erika puts her head down, tears fall to the floor. All of a sudden... Brooklyn COUGHS! She looks up.

CORA (CONT'D)
That's it baby!

Cora sits Brooklyn up, wraps her arms around her, doesn't let go. Brooklyn opens her eyes, sees Erika from over Cora's shoulders; She breaks free from Cora, grabs ahold of Erika.

BROOKLYN
You saved me.

Erika squeezes hard, cries. Her guilt is lifted. Brooklyn looks at the two of them, smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LAUREN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (TWO DAYS LATER)

Lauren holds a glass of wine, she reaches her hand under a lamp to turn off the light, sees a shadowy figure. Notices it right as the light goes out. Drops her glass.

Footsteps run.

LAUREN
GOD DAMNIT, LILY!

Lauren turns the light back on. Lily stands a few feet away.

LILY
What happened?

LAUREN
Lily it's not funny anymore, stop scaring me!

LILY
But, I didn't.

LAUREN
Got it?

LILY
Yes ma'am.

Loud SCREAMS. They rush to the window. Cora's house looks like it's hosting a laser show.

LILY (CONT'D)
That's Brooklyn's house.

LAUREN
Go upstairs and get ready for bed, I'll be up in a few minutes.

LILY
What about Brooklyn, is she okay?

Loud KNOCK at the door. Lauren checks her Ring app, sees Cora on the porch, frantic. She mumbles, and paces!

LILY (CONT'D)
Is it Brooklyn?

LAUREN
What did I say?

Lily stomps up the stairs.

EXT. LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A paranoid Cora twiddles her fingers, continues to pace.

CORA
Beelzebub! Beel--

--The door opens. Lauren steps onto the porch. Cora words flow out like a frantic river.

CORA (CONT'D)
The man you sent to help, he
blessed the house, I thought
everything was going to be okay,
but Brooklyn became possessed, we
thought we got rid of it, but it's
back and--

LAUREN
--I though you were selling?

CORA
At first we were, but I changed my
mind after the house was blessed.
It doesn't matter now. I need to do
something or I'm afraid Brooklyn
won't make it through the night.

LAUREN
Do what?

CORA
Beelzebub, Beelzebub, Beelzebub.

Cora stares intently into the night sky, waits for some kind of response.

LAUREN
Okay, fuck. I'm so sick of this.

Cora looks on in confusion.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
It's not fucking real. It's just an
urban legend that started on
Twitter, X, whatever. Your brother
put your girls on the deed, so they
probably started seeing things not
long after his death. They're still
going to die, but not because of a
cursed doorbell. I tried to tell
you to sell, but you didn't listen.

INT. YOUNG CHESTER'S BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CHESTER (40s) with a mini afro, and a look of wealth, is in the backyard on a grill. Loud music BLARES from a boombox. TWO BOYS, both black, frolic in the pool.

TWO FIGURES appear, we can only see their lower halves. They stand close together... too close. The children YELL in alarm, the music cuts OFF abruptly.

We now see it's a REDNECK, in a torn flannel and jeans. He has his arm around CHESTER'S DAUGHTER'S neck like a vice. His other arm grips the barrel of a gun, points it at her temple.

CHESTER'S DAUGHTER
It's okay boys, get out of the
pool, and go with pop-pop.

The Two Boys quiver with fear, get out of the pool and stand next to Chester. The Redneck digs the gun into the her temple. She writhes in pain.

TWO BOYS
MOM!

Chester grabs them. The Redneck has a country accent.

REDNECK
Shut up! And shut those monkeys up!

CHESTER'S DAUGHTER
It's okay! Mommy's going to be
okay!

CHESTER
What do you want from us? Take
anything!

REDNECK
There's nothing you niggers have
that I want.

On second thought... the Redneck places the cold gun against her skin, and runs it up her leg.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
There might be something.

Chester strides forward, fists clinched.

CHESTER
Take your cracker hands off her!

Before he can take another step, the Redneck points the gun at him.

REDNECK
Back the hell up!

Chester freezes with his hands raised, surrenders.

CHESTER'S DAUGHTER
Just tell us what you want.

REDNECK

I want blood.

CHESTER'S DAUGHTER

We haven't done anything. You have the wrong people.

The Redneck tightens his grip around her neck. She GASPS.

REDNECK

You calling me dumb?

CHESTER

No one is saying that, but we really haven't done anything.

REDNECK

Come here honey.

Suddenly a little girl walks into the backyard. We can't see her face, but a gold necklace hangs around her neck. It has an ominous charm, an unknown symbol.

REDNECK (CONT'D)

My daughter said your negro boys put their hands on her, and that you watched.

His choke hold gets tighter, she gasps in agony!

CHESTER'S DAUGHTER

I swear to you, it's not true.

REDNECK

My baby wouldn't lie!

A loud angry mob of white men storm into the backyard, they take the little girl away and return a few moments later. Chester is savagely beaten and the Boys are dragged away.

SCREAMS for help, splashing water. The little girl sneaks back in, we finally see her face as she witnesses the horror, she enjoys it. A large grin streaks across it.

CORA (V.O.)

They ruled their deaths as accidental drownings. No one believed Chester when he said they were murdered by the white devil.

INT. YOUNG LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Something stands next to a little girl in bed. At first glance it looks like a demon emerging from the darkness, upon closer look... it's the ghost of CHESTER'S DAUGHTER!

CORA (V.O.)
 Just like no one believed that
 little girl who claimed she saw a
 ghost in her room.

INT. YOUNG LAUREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cop lights shine into the room. Lauren's mom holds her tight on the bed. Redneck marches into the room, bible and cross in hand, he prays for deliverance from whatever evil lurks.

CORA (V.O.)
 A little girl whose daddy came into
 her room one night, and prayed for
 the first time ever.

EXT. LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Cora stands erect in posture. She smiles, has Lauren dead to rights.

Cora reaches for Lauren's neck, she FLINCHES. Cora pulls the necklace out from under Lauren's shirt. It's the same charm Chester saw on the little girl, the same charm Becca and Lily had on their bracelets.

CORA
 White Devil.

Lauren smiles and claps, the jig is up.

LAUREN
 So what, you call the cops and they
 arrest me for... summoning the
 devil?

CORA
 No. I know the Sheriff and others
 are in on it too.

LAUREN
 I'm surprised you figured it out.

CORA
 Well Ethel and Chester's story
 didn't relate to the doorbell, or
 anything my family was going
 through. Not until Ashley showed me
 the video she saw on Becca's phone.

INT. LAUREN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ashley shows Cora and Erika the video from the night of Ronnie's untimely demise.

He ELEVATES off the porch, fights to break free. His movements STOP! Something controls his body. He's swung around, faces the doorbell, MUMBLES.

RONNIE

Help me!

SLASH.

Cora gasps aloud, covers her mouth in shock at its content.

CORA (V.O.)

The same Becca whose mom Lindsey is your realtor friend.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Erika eats lunch in the library, Becca approaches her.

CORA (V.O.)

The same Becca who befriended Erika on her first day of school.

INT. COUNTY CLERKS OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Cora sifts through the papers of the house deed. She notices faint watermarks on each page. A closer look reveals strange symbols on the page.

CORA (V.O.)

That still didn't explain the haunting and demonic possession. That's when I noticed the weird watermarks on each page of the deed. I had seen something like it before.

INT. LAUREN'S KITCHEN BAR - NIGHT

Cora notices symbols throughout Lauren's house.

EXT. LAUREN'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Cora hashes out details on the front porch.

CORA

The only thing I can't figure out is why?

LAUREN

I lived here my whole life, and when your people started moving here again, it drove the value down. The southern principles I grew up on, changed.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Then the neighborhoods started to look like shit, it became a ghetto. The protests and riots started next, now the gays and trans have flocked here. So I found a way to stop it.

Cora shakes her head in disgust.

CORA

You really are evil.

LAUREN

Witnessing a family being murdered at such a young age sticks with you.

Lauren shrugs her shoulders, could care less about all of the pain she has caused.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Summoning demons was just the next progression. And this charm?

Lauren caresses the charm on the necklace.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

On it's own, it's just a family heirloom. With a special chant, it's a protection against evil.

Lauren smiles. Cora tenses up.

CORA

You murdered that family and my brother for no reason at all.

Lauren sneers, smug in her victory.

LAUREN

I have my reasons. And it was far from just them. Thanks to your brother, I'm now over two dozen.

Cora struggles to restrain her rage.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And I'll do it again to the next family of niggas who moves into this county. Consider this your warning - tell your people to stay out of Cumming!

Cora shakes her head in disgust, but lets go of her anger. A knowing grin creeps onto her face.

CORA
You haven't noticed anything
strange in your house lately? Odd
noises, things not being where you
left them, shadows?

Lauren's smile fades.

QUICK FLASH

-- Cora sneaks into the county office pulls Nathan and
Lindsey Haas, Lauren Boden and Sheriff Pierce's files.

-- Redacts Lily's name on all sheets.

-- Draws the same strange symbols on their deed.

BACK TO SCENE

CORA (CONT'D)
It's probably just Lily. You know
how she likes to scare people.

Cora locks eyes with Lauren. She's done the unthinkable.

Lauren gasps audibly. Cora descends the porch.

Lauren's front door slowly opens wider, she trembles. Only
darkness behind her. She looks out her peripheral, a single
tear falls from the corner of her eye.

A larger than life red shoe peeks slightly from out the
shadows. Lauren SCREAMS.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS

Video of Oprah's special in Forsyth County, GA plays.