

*REVISED 4/7

JIMMY MCCORMICK

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Curious, Mr. Weprin sets down the briefcase, unwraps the paper. Scrawled, hasty and shaky, across it: HELP US.

Mr. Weprin looks up at Grandpa. But Grandpa's already closing the FRONT DOOR behind him. No eye contact.

Mr. Weprin reacts, bewildered. What the hell?

INT. MCCORMICK HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Grandpa locks the door. Then bolts it. Then chains it. His aw-shucks façade immediately melts away... revealing tension, fear.

He turns into the hallway. Stepping over the FACE-DOWN CORPSE of a MATRONLY WOMAN in her 60's. A sticky puddle of week-old BLOOD. Flies BUZZ. Grandpa barely even notices anymore. He continues into--

INT. MCCORMICK HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Grandpa joins BONNIE and JIMMY MCCORMICK, mid 30's. Jimmy peers out from behind closed drapes. Bonnie is putting the finishing touches on a BIRTHDAY CAKE... but oddly, she's PIPING on an obscene MOUNTAIN of FROSTING. They'd be a classic suburban couple... except for the strained terror on their faces. Their nerves stretched taut to breaking.

GRANDPA

Where is she?

BONNIE

Upstairs. Playing with Freckles.

Bonnie says this with dread. Jimmy shakes his head, eyes on the floor. As if "playing with Freckles" is too horrible to contemplate.

Grandpa steps to them. Speaks in an urgent whisper--

GRANDPA

We just sit here, we're dead.

JIMMY

(scared whisper)

She'll hear you!

GRANDPA

We gotta do something. It's her or us.

BONNIE

It's my baby girl.

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GRANDPA

It isn't your baby anymore. I'm telling you. There's something inside her. Something else.

JIMMY

(hissing)

Shut your mouth, she's coming!

Jimmy heard the pitter-patter down the steps. And sure enough, into the kitchen bounds ZOEY, 10. She wears a pretty, frilly party dress. Except the front of it is fairly SLICKED WITH BLOOD.

ZOEY

~~What were you guys talking about?~~

GRANDPA

~~Just how much we love you.~~

BONNIE

What... what happened to your dress?

ZOEY

Oh. Freckles was mean to me.

The adults exchange horrified looks. But they're on eggshells. Don't anger the girl. Bonnie forces a wan smile.

BONNIE

~~That's~~ That's nice, dear.

ZOEY

Daddy. Will you push me on the swing?

JIMMY

Sure, honey. But don't you wanna change first? You don't want the neighbors to see... all that blood.

ZOEY

(brightens)

You're so smart, Daddy! I love you.

Zoey HUGS Jimmy tight. Bloodying his clothes. Jimmy wants to recoil, wants to scream and run, but he has no choice. He lightly returns Zoey's embrace.

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JIMMY
I love you, too.
(venturing)
Hey, sweetie? Do you think...
maybe after awhile... you think
maybe you could... let us go?

Now Zoey pulls away. Looks up at Jimmy. Not angry, not hurt. Just a cool, calm, even stare that would curdle milk.

ZOEY
Why?

JIMMY
I, uh, I mean, I dunno...

Everyone tenses.

ZOEY
Don't you wanna be here? Don't you
love me?

If this wasn't a wholesome family show, Jimmy would be pissing his pants with fear about now.

JIMMY
(croaks it out)
... sure I do.

BONNIE
(a touch manic)
~~No all do honey! No all lo you
so much!~~

Zoey still levels that even gaze at Jimmy. But now, her PUPILS ROLL BACK, revealing IVORY WHITE EYES. As if you hadn't guessed already, this isn't Zoey at all. It's LILITH.

ZOEY
Don't be mean to me, Daddy. Like
Freckles. Or what's-her-name, that
mean old babysitter.

JIMMY
... I'm sorry...

Lilith/Zoey's eyes roll back to normal. She immediately brightens, a bubbly little girl again.

ZOEY
That's okay, silly! Now let's go
play!

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Just as Dean continues on... the POV EMERGES... coming up right behind him!

ANGLE ON DEAN. He senses it-- PIVOTS-- grabbing... JIMMY! Who's scared out of his wits for a million reasons. Sam and Ruby turn to watch, as Dean CUPS the man's mouth.

DEAN

Shh. We're here to help. Now I'm gonna move my hand, we're gonna talk nice and quiet, okay?

Jimmy nods... Dean pulls back his hand... they ALL WHISPER--

SAM

Where's your daughter?

JIMMY

(broken)
It's not... not her anymore...

SAM

Where is she?

JIMMY

Upstairs. Her bedroom.

DEAN

You're gonna get your ass to the basement. Salt the door behind you. You understand?

JIMMY

Not without my wife.

DEAN

Now.

JIMMY

(tiny bit louder)
No, not--

Without hesitation, Dean CRACKS the guy in the CHIN-- he SLUMPS forward, a sack of potatoes, out cold. Dean rolls his eyes at Sam, "what a day," begins dragging Jimmy toward an O.S. hallway that presumably leads to the basement. Sam and Ruby continue on. Up the STAIRWAY--

/cut

~~INT. MCCORMICK HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT~~

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~~Sam and Ruby ascend the steps. The upstairs hall is LINED with SEVERAL DOORS.~~

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