

GRANDPA

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

Zoey

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?

ZOEY

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
(craaks it out)
... sure I do.

BONNIE
(a touch manic)
We all do, honey! We all love 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!

cut

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BOBBY
Damn right it will. Lilith's probably got Demons stashed all over town. We can't let any of 'em sound the alarm. If she knows we're here, we're dead before we started--

Zoey

Everyone takes a breath in. Then Dean CLAPS his hands together--

DEAN
Well, on that cheery note... let's hit the shindig, shall we?

Dean CLIMBS into the Impala. Shuts the door. Sam does the same. Off this--

20 INT. MCCORMICK HOUSE - DINING ROOM/LIVING AREA - NIGHT 20

THE TABLE. Covered with pie, cake, cookies, bowls of colorful M&M's, Skittles. Willy Wonka's dinner table.

Grandpa and Jimmy sit at the table. In hell, beneath their plastic smiles. As Bonnie places the obscenely over-frosted CAKE in front of Zoey. It's got 10 LIT CANDLES.

BONNIE
Happy birthday, sweetie.

JIMMY Happy birthday, honey! GRANDPA Happy birthday! *

ZOEY
(claps with glee)
It's my birthday every day!

Zoey blows out the candles. Bonnie takes the cake, begins slicing it. Jimmy gives a weary fake-smile--

JIMMY
Mmm. Cake. Again. Good.

ZOEY
(begins, casual)
Hey, Grandpa. Can I ask you something?

GRANDPA
Sure, Jelly Bean. Anything.

ZOEY
Why'd you try to go to Mr. Weprin for help?

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Everyone tenses. Horror. Bonnie stops slicing.

GRANDPA
(stammering)
... I didn't... I don't know
what...

Zoey

No anger from Zoey. Just simply, plainly, calmly--

ZOEY
You don't love me.

GRANDPA
... I do...

ZOEY
No, you don't. You're a mean old
man.

Grandpa's desperate by now. No more act. He shoots a WILD
LOOK to Bonnie, who's holding that big sharp KNIFE--

GRANDPA
Do something! Help me! Please!

ZOEY
I don't like you anymore.

Zoey makes a casual twist of her hand. As if screwing in an
invisible light bulb. And Grandpa's head JERKS to the side
(just actor action). But we hear a TERRIBLE, CRUNCHING NECK
SNAP! Grandpa's head PLOPS forward, squishing into the slice
of CHERRY PIE on his plate. Eyes glassy. Dead.

Bonnie's hand covers her mouth, biting back a HOWLING SCREAM--

ZOEY
Nobody scream, okay? Screaming
makes me mad.

Bonnie and Jimmy nod. With difficulty, they paint on smiles.
Trying not to look at the fresh corpse. Bonnie takes that
SHARP KNIFE-- and returns to cake slicing--

ZOEY
Mommy? Can I have ice cream with
mine?

EXT. FOR SALE HOUSE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

A DARK, EMPTY HOUSE. A "FOR SALE" SIGN prominent in the F.G.

/cut

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