

BAD INFLUENCE

written by

Kevin Revie

© Copyright 2020
(416) 417-9912
kevrevie@gmail.com

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A spacious living room has been overhauled by extravagant birthday decorations. A pastel shit show.

A confetti-filled "8" helium balloon stands proudly above SOPHIA BARNES (7), a real life American Doll. She stares dead ahead, with empty eyes, at a red recording light.

A pink bubble gum bubble comes expanding from her lips.
Reveal: A mountain of birthday presents surrounding her.

This is every kid's heaven, but Sophia looks like she's in hell, only numb to the flames.

BEVERLY BARNES (56), a show mom TLC hasn't gotten their hands on yet, avoids eye contact. She stands there tensely aside a camcorder.

The bubble continues to slowly grow to gigantic proportions until it POPS with a horror STING. Sophia lets the burst bubble gum decorate her lower face carelessly.

BEVERLY

Okay, hon. Let's try this one more time.

No response.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

And remember, it's your birthday so extra excitement.

SOPHIA

My birthday isn't for two weeks.

BEVERLY

(through clenched teeth)
And that's when this needs to be edited by so let's get to it.

Sophia just stares at her coldly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(reluctantly)

One more take and you can play with the puppets for half an hour. Yeah?

Sophia's eye twitches. It worked. She peels the gum off her face and takes one groan of a deep breath, looking directly into the camera. Almost like a light switch, she starts beaming with enthusiasm.

SOPHIA
(high spirited)
Thanks for watching, friends! Make
sure to like AND subscribe for more
super fun content! And remember, on
this channel, it's not Sophie-yah,
it's Sophie-YAY!!!

Sophia stays in a wide-smiled position awaiting approval.

BEVERLY
That was great! Now, just one more
time quickly. Your foot was
covering the packaging.

Sophia immediately resorts back to her dead-pan expression.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Okay, I guess we'll fix that one in
editing.

Sophia has no reaction.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Soph?

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

TITLE APPEARS: BAD INFLUENCE

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

The mid-afternoon sun beams down on a run-of-the-mill office building. A few suited business people stand outside smoking and complaining.

On the shrub-lined steps to the entrance sits a disheveled GRACE BARNES (26). Her sunglasses do little to disguise the hangover demons she's battling within. Next to her: the dreaded cardboard box.

Grace crouches forward and holds her pounding head, committing to full gargoyle position. She cringes as she hears the familiar sound of high heels tapping against the pavement.

CICI (20), a mousy girl with over-sized glasses, comes as fast as her pencil skirt will allow. She places some more of her things in the cardboard box.

CICI
I am SO sorry.

GRACE
He always said, "If the client drinks, you drink!" Fucking dick.

CICI
On the bright side, you DID have the account for at least four flutes of champagne.

Grace's sigh is almost interrupted by near vomit.

CICI (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I didn't even tell him about the karaoke.

Grace's fearsome eyes dart to Cici.

GRACE
Excuse me?

CICI
Oh god, you don't even remember the karaoke part?

GRACE
Did I -- Did I s--?

CICI
(haunted)
Yes.

Grace sits there for a moment. She doesn't want to know, but she has to.

GRACE
What, uh, what song?

CICI
The Kimpossible theme song.

GRACE
Jesus. I can't even believe they'd have that in the book.

CICI
They didn't.

Grace's shame becomes distracted by her phone lighting up with Beverly's face. A recent selfie that somehow still looks like it was taken with a 2003 webcam. The phone vibrates against the pavement.

CICI (CONT'D)
Oh, I almost forgot -

A text follows the incoming call. MOM: EMERGENCY!! It starts ringing again.

Grace holds up a finger to mute Cici and then picks up the phone.

GRACE
(into phone)
Hi Mom, can't talk right now, I'm at work.

Grace looks to Cici to confirm the judgement.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
It's Sophia!

GRACE
(sarcastically)
What? Did she lose a subscriber?

BEVERLY (O.S.)
(offended)
No. Her following has only gone up since our Disney trip.

Grace rolls her eyes.

CICI
Grace?

BEVERLY (O.S.)
Please tell me that's not your dumb A-F assistant.

GRACE
Jesus, mom. That's not true. And don't say A-F.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
She got mad at you for spoiling Titanic.

GRACE

Okay, I can't talk right now. I'm sure whatever Sophia is going through is completely normal for a four-year-old.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Grace, she's seven.

Cici can't wait any longer. She pulls something out of her pocket.

CICI

This morning you said you needed some hair of the dog?

Grace looks at what Cici hands her. It's a legit zip-lock bag filled with dog hair.

GRACE

Mom, I've got to go. Client call.
Bye.

Grace stares at Cici, dumbfounded.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Cici, is this... Is this the office dog's... Is this Roger's fur?

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Beverly paces around the hallway mid-phone call. Her air pods are the only timely thing about her 80's drenched appearance.

BEVERLY

We would love to collaborate, but we're gearing up for holidays, and we don't have the time to take on a new brand right now... Oh, really? And that's per video? Okay, well, let me check with Sophia.

Beverly cautiously pushes open Sophia's bedroom door. Sophia is sitting on the ground in front of a full length mirror.

She holds lipstick up to her face only to start drawing all fucking over it. It's a mask of red.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, she would be super excited to be a part of your new product launch...

Sophia proceeds to plant her face against the mirror. She slides it across leaving a haunting smeared mask of red face. This goes on for an uncomfortably long time.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Marv? I'm going to have to call you back.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Grace sits at a coffee shop among an array of "creatives."

She scrolls through bleak job postings, switching tabs to stare down her less than admirable resume.

Suddenly, Beverly's face comes jolting onto the screen, same picture. A video call. The RINGING scares the shit out of Grace as she rips out her headphones before turning down the volume.

GRACE

What now?

Beverly's feed appears on the screen. An unflattering low phone angle. Beverly glances at Grace's surroundings.

BEVERLY

Did you get a new place?

Grace looks around at the fact that she's clearly at a coffee shop.

GRACE

What?

BEVERLY

I need your help with Sophia. She needs you.

GRACE

How? I was out of the house most of her conscious life! I hardly even know her.

BEVERLY

She looks up to you. She listens to you. I'm ... I'm really worried about her. She's going through something right now -

GRACE

Loss of anonymity?

BEVERLY

Please, just come home for a few nights. A weekend. Week.

GRACE

I can't, I have -

BEVERLY

I know you got fired.

GRACE

What? How is that even possible?

BEVERLY

Your company's Instagram page made a story of your picture fading to black and white like on a reality show.

GRACE

Seriously?

BEVERLY

You're the one who was so adamant about working in a young and hip office.

GRACE

Mom, I'm trying to get my life together here. I'm busy making a name for myself. It's kind of hard for me to worry about Sophia when she makes my salary in one unboxing video.

BEVERLY

I'm giving you the chance to be a part of something much bigger! Why would you get into PR if you didn't want one of the biggest clients possible? Grace, I'm desperate here. One month. I'll pay you enough to get back on your feet.

Grace thinks about this for a second.

She pulls up SophieYAY's YouTube page. She scrolls through the thumbnails. Her entire life broadcast to the world. She notices Sophia's expression growing more and more disinterested. Grace stops at one blank expression. She sympathizes. She relates.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Grace? I've got to go that's the
UPS guy.

BEEP.

VOICE (O.S.)
(husky)
I love her!

Grace spins her head to see a burly WOMAN (50's) hovering
over her computer. She points to Sophia.

GRACE
Oh. Yeah. Same.

The woman continues on.

Grace looks at her resume again. Then to an empty inbox. Then
to her bank account, which she quickly exits out of. Fuck.
She has no choice.

She closes her laptop and walks up to the service counter.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Hi, can I get a key for the
bathroom?

BARISTA
The bathroom is for customers only.

GRACE
I've been here for two hours.

The barista doesn't seem to register her whatsoever.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I ordered three breakfast pizzas.

BARISTA
(judgingly)
That's ill-advised.

Grace stares at her in confusion. She taps the woman who
commented on Sophia earlier.

GRACE
She remembers me!

WOMAN
I've never seen her in my life.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Grace crouches behind the coffee shop dumpsters. A wad of branded napkins clenched in her hand.

She tries to make peeing in public as classy and discrete as she can, but this is a new low for her.

She stares forward in shame and pulls out her phone. She texts her mom: "Fine."

EXT. MANSION - FRONT - DAY

A show-y home with a decadent U-shaped driveway sits in a posh neighborhood where each mansion has enough space for a football field in between.

An Uber parks up the driveway. Grace steps out and looks at the place in disgust.

She sighs as she scopes her surroundings. It's been awhile. She lowers her sunglasses to see Sophia sitting on one of the lion head statues just staring at her.

GRACE

Sup?

Sophia stands up eerily and walks to the front door. She turns back once before entering to stare at Grace once again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay...

A UPS driver pulls up behind the departing Uber. A DELIVERY MAN (20's) steps out.

DELIVERY MAN

Do you live here?

GRACE

Uh, I guess, yeah. It's temporary.

DELIVERY MAN

Well this exchange can be temporary too if you just sign here.

Grace signs for the package. It's a dirty old box. There's no return address. She inspects it, but before she can ask, the delivery man has already headed back.

INT. MANSION - FOYER

Grace enters the grand foyer with the box. She places her bags to the side.

Beverly paces back and forth on her headset, she doesn't even notice Grace.

GRACE

Hi?

Beverly turns, relieved. She hugs Grace.

BEVERLY

Oh Grace! You're here.

Her eyes dart to the box.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

What is this?

GRACE

I don't know? It was just delivered.

Beverly frantically examines it. She whips open a laptop and scans through a spreadsheet.

Grace takes note of a giant fort made out of cardboard boxes taking up much of the foyer space.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(sneeringly)

I think I can guess who it's for.

BEVERLY

(flustered)

Did you get a name? Brand?

GRACE

No?

BEVERLY

God dammit. How do these people expect to get any impressions if they don't include at least a brand guide.

Beverly opens the box. She quickly shuts it with dread.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Fuck.

GRACE

Was that a puppet?

Beverly looks at her almost as if she just said a curse word.

SOPHIA

Puppet?

Sophia emerges out of fucking nowhere. This is the most interested we've seen her in anything yet.

Beverly grits her teeth.

BEVERLY

You know the deal sweetie. We only get puppet play time after we make a video.

Sophia sends eyes of resent before crawling back through the entrance of her box fort.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

She has a full scale mini princess castle in the basement with a glitter slime moat and yet... she prefers to dwell in this goblin grotto.

Grace looks to the fort.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

She reminds me a lot of you when you were younger.

Beverly walks over to a cabinet, unlocks it, and places the box in there among multiple others. She re-locks it.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Don't let her play with the puppets. I don't know where the fuck they are coming from but she loves them.

GRACE

Maybe she just wants to put on a show for you?

BEVERLY

Oh I'd love for her to put on a show. Imagine the views something like that would generate. But no, she only puts on shows for the... fireplace.

GRACE

What?

BEVERLY

Exactly.

Beverly's watch BEEPS.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Shit. I've got to take this meeting
with MerMarsupials.

GRACE

One more time?

BEVERLY

MerMarsupials. They're mermaid
marsupials.

GRACE

(sarcastically)

Of course they are.

BEVERLY

(defensively)

They are the hottest new toy -- You
know what? Never mind. I'll be
upstairs. Try to bond with your
sister.

Beverly walks upstairs, one finger pressed up to her ear.

BEVERLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello! Yes, we are l-o-v-ing the
brand. Um, a little... I guess
unnerved by the mermaid kangaroo's
webbed pouch? How exactly do you
want Sophia to highlight that
feature?

Grace looks to the box fort. Here goes nothing.

INT. BOX FORT

Grace crawls into Sophia's lair. Sophia sits cross-legged
playing with a few creatures made out of Popsicle sticks.

Grace nearly dismantles the entrance way trying to fit
through the narrow entrance. She makes it.

GRACE

Hey there. Remember me?

Sophia stares at her coldly.

SOPHIA

Yes.

GRACE

Cool.

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I remember playing with boxes when I was a kid too. I didn't have as many, but I remember being so excited anytime mom would buy some sort of big appliance. Making spaceships, tiny homes... often times a coffin. I really liked naps as a kid... didn't really understand the concept of death yet.

No response. Awkward.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wanna play with the puppets?

Sophia immediately lights up.

INT. - MANSION - FOYER

Grace looks at the puppets. Old wooden dolls with beak-like noses, and unsettling spiral eyes. They're undeniably horrific.

GRACE

(to herself)

Fuck.

Grace looks to Sophia and back at the dolls in a "Do you really want to play with this?" kind of way. She looks back at the puppets, analyzing them.

Her fingers graze a foreboding logo on the foot of each puppet. A spiral with several x's etched into the swirls.

Sophia stares at her, waiting.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay, here you go.

Grace hands her the most recent addition. Sophia immediately BOLTS (like fucking sprints) down a dark hallway.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Sophia? Can I come watch the show
too?

No response.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Sophia?!

Grace follows her path to an unlit hallway.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

It's incredibly dark. The only guiding light being to a living room down the narrow path.

Grace feels for a light. It takes awhile.

CLICK.

Suddenly, A SYMPHONY OF BABIES WAILING scaring the shit out of Grace.

Reveal: A wall of packaged motion-sensor baby dolls crying on cue.

Grace takes a moment to catch her breath.

GRACE
(under her breath)
What the fuck?

Distant CRACKLE.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Sophia?

Grace follows the flickering light in the next room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The living room has the curtains drawn and the lights off. The only source of visibility comes from the fireplace.

Sophia sits on the mantle, staring into the fire. She maneuvers her doll to dance on the concrete slab facing the flames.

Grace looks at the moment warily, but still approaches. She sits beside Sophia.

GRACE
Who are you putting on the show
for?

SOPHIA
(monotone)
Fire daddy.

GRACE
I'm sorry?

Sophia looks to Grace in a way that indicates she's not going to repeat herself.

Sophia starts to make the doll start bowing to the fireplace.

SOPHIA
(character voice)
I am yours. I am yours. Choose me.
Choose ME!

The doll then collapses into a dead-like position.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Get up Agatha. You can do this.

Sophia then jolts her hand up as if the doll was possessed and levitating in the air.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(deep character voice)
It's not your time yet... Fool.

Suddenly, the fire goes out.

Sophia casually turns to Grace. She claps.

GRACE
Uh, loved that. I like the ending.
Didn't see it coming.

No response.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I didn't think Agatha was ready
either.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
(angrily)
What are you doing?

The lights come on. Beverly is standing in the doorway.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Sophia sits at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal. A children's cartoon plays on the television. Some eggs SIZZLE unattended on the stove.

Grace and Beverly stand behind the door of a walk-in pantry in mid-debate.

BEVERLY

I told you NO puppets. It's her reward. She already doesn't want to make these videos -

GRACE

Do you hear yourself? She doesn't want to make them. Don't make her.

BEVERLY

It's not that simple, Grace.

GRACE

It really is. Do you ever think that maybe she's acting out because she's lonely? Does she even have friends?

BEVERLY

Oh please! She gets letters from people all over the world, she gets to meet celebrities, go to Disney World... What other kids can say that?

GRACE

Dying ones?

BEVERLY

Enough. She loves making videos. She's the one who started doing it. On. Her. Own. I'm just helping her live her dream.

GRACE

Her dream? Her dream that you rely on to live your dream? God Mom all she's missing is a bar code.

Beverly is about to explode. Grace diverts. She pours herself a bowl of cereal and sits down with Sophia.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sophia, what do YOU want to do today?

SOPHIA
Puppet show.

GRACE
How about maybe going to the park?
Hanging out with some kids your own
age?

SOPHIA
(whispering)
I want to play with the puppets.

BEVERLY
She can't just go to the park,
she's a public figure --

GRACE
Oh Jesus fucking Christ Mom.

BEVERLY
GRACE! Do not swear around Sophia.

SOPHIA
(whispering)
Puppets.

GRACE
Chill out! No one else is here.
It's not like she's being recorded
for once her life. She can hear the
word, "fuck."

BEVERLY
THAT'S ENOUGH.

Grace moves in closer to Sophia to taunt her mom.

GRACE
Common Sophia, say, "fuck."

Sophia looks at her curiously.

BEVERLY
GRACE!! STOP IT!! I SWEAR --

GRACE
Do it. I dare you.

Sophia starts fidgeting.

BEVERLY
ENOUGH!!!

More fidgeting.

GRACE
Common, I want to hear Sophie-YAY
say "fuck."

Beverly is about to nearly explode when suddenly -

SOPHIA
(demonic voice)
**FUCK THIS SEVERED SAC OF APE
TITS!!!!**

Silence.

Sophia returns to normal. Eats a bite of her cereal.

Grace and Beverly stand there staring at her in shock.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

Well kept privacy shrubs line a perfectly manicured lawn.
Toys lay out across the grass alongside a bouncy castle,
which is slowly deflating.

Grace sits on a bench, stress smoking a cigarette, rattled.

Beverly emerges from a sliding door.

GRACE
(re: cigarette)
Mom, I don't want to hear it. After
whatever that was, I'm allowed to
self destruct as I please.

Beverly sits down beside Grace. She holds her fingers out to
request a drag. Grace complies.

BEVERLY
(stressed)
I don't know what's happening.

Grace gives her a "no shit" expression.

GRACE
You mean how your daughter just
reinvented alto?

BEVERLY
It's only been getting worse. Every
day. I don't know what to do.

GRACE
What do you mean you don't know
what to do?
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Have you tried talking to her?
She's probably acting out because
she needs a break.

BEVERLY

A break from what?

GRACE

Really? From being Sophie-fucking-Yay! This is just like when I was a kid and you forced me to audition for commercials. I missed birthdays, sleepovers, after school tag games... and for what? To pretend to be a moose for a bunch of old men only to tell me I'm not good enough? At 6 years old!

BEVERLY

I know. I'm sorry. I should have listened to you. I also should have told you that audition was for a children's hair mousse. It never took off anyways.

Grace sighs.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

But Sophia *does* love this. I promise. It's just... recently she's been acting so strange like something inside her just snapped.

GRACE

Maybe she does or did. The point is, she's a kid. Let her be one. She shouldn't be working this much if at all.

Beverly sighs.

BEVERLY

It's not that simple.

GRACE

It really is. I think you of all people can afford to skip a few toy unveilings.

Grace flails a hand towards the mansion.

BEVERLY

(somberly)

No, actually. We can't.

Grace studies Beverly's serious tone.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I didn't -- I didn't tell you everything when Sophia's dad... you know. He didn't just leave us, he left us with an *enormous* amount of debt.

GRACE

How much debt?

BEVERLY

Let's just say... he had a serious gambling addiction. Even with the amount Sophia makes off each video, we've barely even been able to scratch the surface. We're getting there, but we're definitely not close to any type of cigar.

GRACE

Can't you sell the house? You don't need to live like this -

BEVERLY

We're renting it. All the toys, everything in the house have been sent to us for free. If Sophia's videos lose traction, if we stop, we're fucked. I won't be able to help out with your rent in the city... or transfer you every time another relationship goes sour.

Grace sits there thinking.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We haven't had any new content since Sophia's birthday video, which performed... passably. I can post MAYBE one or two annual highlight videos or montages, but if her page goes silent, people will move on. Another adorable little girl will fill the gap. Her subscriber count is already starting to dwindle.

Grace lights another cigarette. Beverly has been hogging. She lights it.

GRACE

Shit.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia's bedroom might as well be a master suite. It's the dream room of every little girl. Walls of toys, racks of frilly costume clothing, and enough plastic to pollute a small meadow.

A cartoon ocean backdrop sits in one corner of the room. Sophia, looking wildly unimpressed, sits beside a blow-up pool wearing a shimmering sequin mermaid tail.

Beverly sets up the camera on a tripod.

Grace looks at a toy instruction manual, super confused.

GRACE

So she drops a bath bomb shell into the water and a mermaid marsupial is revealed?

BEVERLY

Yes. A Mermarsupial. Some sort of new collectible line. They said they included a "rare." The possum princess. She's already been briefed.

Grace stares at one of the bath bombs. It's florescent pink and the glitter has already started clinging to her hands.

GRACE

Could they not have chosen cuter animals?

Beverly finishes setting up. She brings over the bath bombs to Sophia and makes sure a stack of the branded boxes are eye-fucking the camera.

BEVERLY

Okay, Sophia, you ready?

No response. Just a look of death.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's give it a try. Let's start with the intro, okay?

Beverly presses record.

Sophia continues to stare at the camera.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(lying)

I think a new puppet was delivered today. If we wrap this up quickly, you might still have some play time.

Sophia perks up a bit and immediately gets in the zone.

SOPHIA

Hi friends!

(forced awkward giggle)

It's me, Sophie-YAY! Today we have an exciting new toy to reveal! These new friends are called ---

Sophia starts mouthing silently. This is clearly something done routinely between them with filming.

BEVERLY

(whispering to Grace)

I'm just gonna dub it later.

Grace sighs.

SOPHIA

Let's see who we'll reveal first out of the new Poseidon Pouch Party collection!

Sophia dips one of the bath bombs into the water. It instantly turns a milky pink with blue sparkle swirls. She pulls out a kangaroo-mermaid hybrid. It's not cute.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Oh my! It's Merm-a-roo! Isn't she cute?

BEVERLY

(whispering)

Okay, now throw in some pretend play.

Sophia stares at Beverly as she violently dips the mermaid kangaroo toy in and out of the water, splashing everywhere as she does it.

Eventually, Sophia plunges the toy underwater as if she was drowning it. Adding motion as if it were struggling against her. Still making intense contact with her mother.

Suddenly, she removes her hand and lets the toy float to the surface as if she had just killed it.

GRACE

Okay. Let's take a moment. I have
an idea.

Beverly stares ahead, horrified.

Grace looks to Beverly nervously and then quickly pops in and
out of the room. She's carrying the terrifying puppets.
Sophia lights up instantly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(placating)

Hey Soph, I know how much you love
to put on a show *with* these guys.
How about you put on a show *for*
them? You know, pretend they are
your audience this time. I'm sure
they'd like that.

Beverly is nervous but she can tell it's working on Sophia.

BEVERLY

And remember to keep the energy up
sweetie.

GRACE

(quietly)

Are we going to be able to use any
of that footage?

BEVERLY

(quietly)

I might need to fake some close ups
with you playing with the toys...
but I've edited around strep throat
before so anything's possible.

Grace nods.

Beverly smiles to Sophia and gives the thumbs up.

Sophia smiles ahead staring at her puppets lined up against
the wall. She stays smiling at them for a moment too long.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(directing)

"I wonder who..."

SOPHIA

I wonder who we'll reveal next!
Let's grab another shell!

Sophia grabs a light blue shell-shaped bath bomb. She continues to stare at the puppets as she submerges it in the water.

Suddenly, the water turns a crimson blood color. Black swirls ripple throughout the kiddie pool.

Grace and Beverly look at each other, "What the fuck?"

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(excitedly)
Should we see who we got?

Sophia places her hands in the water and pulls out two
DECOMPOSING DEAD RATS.

GRACE
OH MY GOD!

Beverly's jaw drops.

Sophia lets out a DEMONIC, low pitched cackle. She lets her head back ominously in laughter.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Beverly sits at a large iMac. External hard drives everywhere. She knows what she's doing.

She stares at the screen with reading glasses on in intense editing mode.

Grace walks in with a repulsed look on her face. She takes off two rubber gloves that have the same liquid from the kiddie pool. Hey, someone's gotta clean.

Grace looks over Beverly's shoulder.

GRACE
How's it look?

Beverly plays the end clip of Sophia demonically cackling. She stops it prematurely. She raises the pitch drastically in the editing tools. She plays it again. Sophia's laugh now sounds somewhat inviting -- still, it's almost mechanically childish. GIF-like spinning stars cover the dead rats.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Not too bad.

BEVERLY
I still have to color correct the water. The rest I can work with.
(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Although I do worry if I add one more starburst transition I might give a kid a seizure.

GRACE

Okay. So. Are we going to talk about the rats?

Grace steps back.

Beverly spins around in her chair to meet eye to eye.

BEVERLY

I don't know where she got them. I guess she thought it would be funny?

GRACE

You *actually* think that she planted the rats?

BEVERLY

I mean I don't think she killed them herself, but what other explanation is there?

GRACE

You don't think ... that maybe... she might be ...

BEVERLY

It was probably just her version of a prank. Home schooled kids sometimes cross the line unknowingly.

Grace looks to her mother in disbelief. Some fucked up shit is going down and they've both seen horror movies, but neither of them wants to seem like the crazy one.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

It's not what you're thinking.

GRACE

Why? What is it you think I'm suggesting?

BEVERLY

I'm not entirely sure, Grace. I don't know how your mind works. But it's not that.

They have a stare off.

GRACE
(surrendering)
Okay.

BEVERLY
We'll have a serious talk with her
tomorrow, all right? Goodnight. Get
some sleep.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - LATER

Grace walks down the hallway in a fresh set of pajamas. She passes Sophia's bedroom. The door slightly ajar. She peaks her head in.

Sophia is sound asleep. She cuddles with her creepy dolls. Grace observes it for a moment. That's probably not a good idea.

She closes the door and walks to her bedroom.

INT. MANSION - GUEST ROOM - DAY

The morning light beams through the elegant guest room blinds. Grace lays on a tightly made bed, doing little to disturb the sheets until -

SCREAMS!!

Grace jolts up. She looks around panicked.

INT. MANSION - FOYER

Beverly stands in the middle of the front foyer in her pajamas in utter horror. Across the entire house, every doll imaginable has been graphically hung by rope and disfigured.

Grace runs down the stairs pushing the hanging dolls out of her way like she was speeding through some sort of derranged fun house.

She finally makes it to meet Beverly and looks out at the full display of plastic carnage.

SOPHIA
Mom?

Sophia sits on the staircase, rubbing her eyes.

They both look to her nervously.

BEVERLY
Sophia... Go to your room!

SOPHIA
Why are my dolls all tied up?

BEVERLY
Excuse me?

Grace walks over to Sophia delicately, crouching to meet eyes on her level.

GRACE
Sophia, did you hang these dolls last night?

SOPHIA
I don't remember.

GRACE
You don't remember? This is a LOT of work, and assumingly, a LOT of climbing to have not remembered doing.

BEVERLY
Just admit that you did it Sophia, and then we can talk about it, okay?

SOPHIA
I don't remember.

Grace and Beverly look to one another. They look back to Sophia, but now she's smiling devilishly at them, knowingly.

BEVERLY
(angrily)
SOPHIA! GO TO YOUR ROOM! NOW!!

Sophia walks up the stairs backwards while still smiling at them both. She SLAMS her bedroom door shut.

GRACE
Uh --

Beverly starts taking down the dolls frantically.

BEVERLY
Hurry! Help me! Before the UPS guy gets here!

Grace starts ripping down the dolls. Granted, they are much easier to take down than they must have been to put up.

GRACE

Mom... I don't think this is just a
"prank."

BEVERLY

Not right now, Grace.

GRACE

Mom... I don't think this is even
humanly possible for a child to
have done.

Beverly is still in doll-ripping mode. She throws them into
trash bags. She's already cleared the front foyer.

Grace follows her, concerned.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

Beverly, still in shock, rips open the back sliding doors
lugging multiple garbage bags. She takes them to a shed,
unlocks it, and starts hauling them in.

Grace runs after her, also carrying a few garbage bags.

GRACE

Will you just listen to me for one
second?

BEVERLY

What are you getting at, Grace?

GRACE

Let's stop beating around the bush.
I think Sophia... as crazy as it is
to say... might be fucking
possessed.

BEVERLY

Fuck!!!... I know.

GRACE

You know?

BEVERLY

Believe me, I have NOT wanted to
believe it, but what other choice
do I have?

GRACE

So you agree? Because I've never
seen anything like that. And
yesterday, I mean --

BEVERLY
 Why the hell would the devil want
 to be my daughter?

GRACE
 I don't know? Maybe because she has
 unparalleled reach??

Beverly thinks about this for a second.

BEVERLY
 The puppets. It has to be the
 puppets. We need to destroy them.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The UPS truck pulls up routinely to the mansion. The same
 Delivery Man gets out, looks at the house and sighs.

He scans over a list and pulls open the back of the truck. He
 throws a few boxes on a dolly and then proceeds to the front
 of the house.

DING! DONG!

No response. Although the front door is notably open, and
 CREAKING open moreso ever so slightly.

The Delivery Man looks peers in.

DELIVERY MAN
 (projecting)
 Mrs. Barnes?

He looks down at his phone, annoyed.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
 Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
 (faintly)
 Hi.

He stands there for a moment, waiting.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Come in...

The Delivery Man looks around. Weird. He complies.

INT. MANSION - FOYER

The Delivery Man walks into the foyer.

The dolls have all been cleared. Few remain in other areas of the house, but from this distance, they just look like some sort of artsy decoration.

His eyes dart around the room to find the source of the invitational voice.

POP! POP! A POPPING sound grows louder. Closer.

DELIVERY MAN

Mrs. Barnes? I have a delivery. I need you to sign...

Distant GIGGLES.

POP!

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

What the?

He turns to spot Sophia peeking her head around a corner. She's holding the end of a roll of bubble wrap.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Hi there. Is your mom home?

POP! POP! Sophia continues to squeeze the bubbles, laughing adorably with each satisfying rupture.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

You like bubble wrap, huh?

Sophia nods.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Do you know where your mom is?

Sophia shyly walks over to the Delivery Man. She rips off a piece of bubble wrap and hands it to him. He smiles. POPS a few bubbles.

Sophia laughs, wildly entertained. He can't help but find a sense of joy from her innocent merriment.

She hands him more bubble wrap.

He takes the piece and POPS all of them simultaneously in his fist. A symphony of POPS. Sophia loves it! She claps her hands for an encore.

She now hands him a large ball of bubble wrap excitedly. He takes it, places down his work gear, and grips a hand on each side as if he was holding a basketball.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

Ready?

Sophia nods.

With all his might, he SQUEEZES the ball of bubble wrap.

P-P-P-P-POP!!!

The Delivery Man suddenly lets out a combination of a WHIMPER and a SCREAM.

He looks down his hands are covered in blood. He removes them from the bubble wrap, multiple loose razor blades hidden within are now protruding from his palms.

Blood trickles onto the hardwood below.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

The Delivery Man looks to Sophia, she continues to smile at him. She starts laughing, the pitch descending into demonic.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU??

He backs away, horrified. She walks towards him, unyielding.

He shakes his hands as bloody razor blades fall to the ground. He uncomfortably pulls out the remaining clingers.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT

The Delivery Man bolts out of the mansion, ripping his keys out of his pocket as quickly as humanly possible.

He jumps into his UPS truck. Keys in ignition. He looks back momentarily out of disbelief.

Sophia stands there on the front steps of the mansion entryway. She innocently raises a hand and waves goodbye.

His bloody hands grip the steering wheel. He SLAMS his foot on the gas and the truck goes tearing out of the U-shaped driveway - TOO FAST TO NOTICE - a car coming RIGHT down the street.

He impulsively swerves, attempting to BREAK, but nothing's happening. P-P-P-P-P-POP! Reveal: The break has been jammed by bubble wrap.

The truck goes CRASHING into a steel iron fence that has a prominent guard dog warning sign. The Delivery Man goes launching out of the vehicle onto the grass.

SCREAMS from a distant jogger.

Two guard dogs come loose from their restraints and start mauling him. Blood sprays as the dogs take what's left of his lifespan's quick decline.

Sophia casually turns around, walks back into the house, and shuts the front door.

INT. MANSION - FRONT FOYER

A hi-tech Roomba finishes cleaning up the blood-spill of the UPS delivery man.

Sophia closes the door and turns to see Grace standing in the middle of the foyer like a deer in headlights.

GRACE
(signaling)
Sophia!

Beverly's feet go barreling up the staircase trying to go unnoticed.

Sophia looks at Grace skeptically.

Grace quickly glances upstairs. Beverly is out of sight.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Uh, what are you doing?

SOPHIA
I was looking for Mom.

GRACE
Oh. She's -

BANG! from upstairs.

GRACE (CONT'D)
She's looking for you too.

SOPHIA
Where is she?

Another BANG! from upstairs.

GRACE
I thought she told you to go to
your room?

SOPHIA
Someone was at the door. Mom says
the doorbell is opportunity's ring
tone.

GRACE
What'd they want?

Sophia shrugs.

SOPHIA
(ominous)
They're gone now.

Sophia starts walking up the stairs.

GRACE
Ah -- wait!

Sophia doesn't.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Sophia's bed sheets go flailing in the air as Beverly searches desperately for each of the puppets. She already has a small pile by the window.

FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

GRACE (O.S.)
(purposefully loud)
I'll let mom know you're in your
room, okay?

FOOTSTEPS.

Beverly panic searches. She finds the last puppet under a pile of plush toys.

She wrangles them all together.

FOOTSTEPS.

There's no time. She struggles to open the window and then throws the puppets out of it. A distant CLATTERING.

Sophia opens the bedroom door.

Beverly stands there as if she was waiting for her.

BEVERLY
There you are.

Sophia casually walks in front of her mom, facing her.

SOPHIA
(coldly)
Hi.

Beverly waits for a second, but Sophia stands dominantly.

BEVERLY
Is there anything you want to say
to me?

Sophia just stares at her.

Grace watches awkwardly from the door frame.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
An apology perhaps?

Sophia starts staring up to the ceiling intently.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Sophia, look at me when I'm talking
to you.

Sophia doesn't.

Grace follows Sophia's eye-line. She's not looking at the ceiling, she's looking at the ceiling fan directly above Beverly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Sophia!

It spins quicker and quicker, the blades looking more and more threatening. It shakes.

GRACE
(dramatically)
MOM!!

Beverly looks to Grace, confused and almost annoyed at her for interrupting.

BEVERLY
What?

Grace, without wanting to jump to conclusions, puts an arm around Beverly and guides her to a nearby window seat.

GRACE

Just...uh, maybe give Sophia a chance to explain herself.

Beverly looks at her quizzically. She then pats the cushion aside her, inviting Sophia to sit. She does.

Grace turns off the ceiling fan.

Sophia sits there.

SOPHIA

(monotone)

What's happening to me, Mommy?

Beverly analyzes Sophia warily. Her eyes are dark, her skin unusually pale, dewy.

Beverly looks to Grace and then back to Sophia.

BEVERLY

Are you feeling okay?

Beverly puts a hand to her forehead to check her temperature. She immediately recoils.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Jesus! Your skin is scalding!

SOPHIA

Can I play with the puppets? Till I feel better at least?

Beverly sighs then gets distracted by the top of Sophia's head. The way her hair falls from her middle part looks off.

BEVERLY

Come here for a second.

Sophia leans her head down.

Beverly takes a closer look. Something protrudes from two parallel spots on Sophia's head. She moves some of the hair - budding HORNS!

Suddenly, SMAAACK!!!! A crow comes crashing into the bay window behind Sophia and Beverly.

Beverly SCREAMS.

Sophia stares at the bloody crow slowly sliding down the glass, completely unfazed. She makes eye contact with it, expressionless, until it eventually falls to the ground. SPLAT.

Sophia looks at her mom's horrified expression.

SOPHIA
(demonic)
Puppets?

Sophia gags as if she's going to almost puke, but instead smiles as a black tar drips from her lips.

Beverly cringes. Takes a deep breath.

BEVERLY
I think you should get some rest,
Sweetie.

Beverly guides Sophia to her giant princess bed and lays her down. She wipes her mouth and tucks her in cautiously yet lovingly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Try to get some sleep.

She goes to kiss her on the forehead.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
FU--

She immediately recoils once again as if she took a sip of coffee that was too hot. She holds her lip in pain.

Sophia closes her eyes. She lays there as if she was about to be mummified.

Beverly gives Grace a serious look and storms out of the bedroom. Grace follows.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY

Beverly marches to the staircase, she's on a mission. Grace clears her throat to get her mother's attention.

Just as she closes Sophia's bedroom door, Sophia begins to levitate in her bed, unnoticed. Door shut.

GRACE
Where are you going?

Beverly grabs a garbage bag and continues down the stairs without looking back to Grace.

BEVERLY
(hell-bent)
I'm going to get my daughter back.

Grace looks back to Sophia's bedroom door. Better to not be left unsupervised.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD

The back sliding door comes ripping open once again. Beverly, in a rage, runs to the side of the house and starts collecting the fallen puppets into a garbage bag.

She throws the bag over her shoulder and stares dead ahead at a shed across the lawn.

HISSS! Distracted, Beverly looks down as multiple garter snakes slither towards the house. This only re-instills Beverly's urgency.

INT. SHED

Beverly sets out each freaky puppet in a line as if they are about to get individually tortured. She starts pulling random tools off of the shed walls.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Beverly rips off each of the limbs of one of the puppets. She takes garden sheers to the strings connecting them.
- Beverly takes a sledgehammer to one of the puppets, smashing it to mere wood chips.
- Beverly saws the face of one of the puppets in fury. She's getting a little enjoyment out of this at the same time.
- Beverly slides all of the disassembled doll pieces back into the garbage bag. She's not done yet. She begins SMASHING the bag against beams, walls, tables, anything.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly walks out of the shed, saw dust in her hair, a few beads of sweat dripping down her forehead.

She walks over to an elegant fire pit and throws the bag on top of the coals. She grabs a remote (because rich people shit) and ignites the flames.

The plastic and wood melt together creating a ghastly smoke billowing above. Beverly coughs and looks away.

Suddenly, a CHOIR OF CHILD SCREAMS fade in and out with the smoke. The fire goes out.

Beverly looks at the fire pit and then up to Sophia's bedroom window in hope.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY

Grace stands guarding the door, looking at her phone. A THUD comes from within Sophia's bedroom. She looks to the door curiously.

Beverly comes running up the staircase, out of breath.

BEVERLY
I think I did it.

GRACE
Did what?

Beverly pushes past Grace and opens Sophia's bedroom door.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Sophia sits on her bed giggling as she plays lovingly with two stuffed animals. She looks significantly healthier and happier.

Beverly lights up but doesn't want to get ahead of herself just yet.

BEVERLY
Sophia?

Sophia smiles giddily when she sees her mom. She runs over and gives her a big hug.

SOPHIA
Mom! What happened? Was I asleep
for awhile? I had a really scary
dream.

Beverly looks to Grace, completely relieved. She stoops to Sophia's level and returns an even bigger hug.

BEVERLY
Oh don't worry hon, everything's
okay now.

Sophia smiles at Grace, but she doesn't return it, suspicious.

SOPHIA
When are we going to make another
video?

BEVERLY
Uh, let's just -

Beverly looks to Grace and then back at Sophia.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Take a break for a bit, okay?

SOPHIA
Okay Mommy.

Grace studies Sophia. She looks over to her princess vanity. She takes note of a variety of children's makeup kits open on the table. Questionable.

She walks over and taps her finger on a tablet screen. A YouTube makeup tutorial pops up.

Grace looks back to Sophia apprehensively. She's still smiling at her. Grace uncomfortably walks to the window and looks out, a newfound concern overcomes her.

GRACE
What the -

EXT. MANSION - FRONT

The sun begins to dip behind the clouds and the streetlights beam to life. The UPS truck remains crashed on the opposite side of the street. Police tape wrapped around the vicinity.

Curious onlookers peer from afar sipping on their craft coffee cups. One woman is casually carrying a full glass of wine.

Beverly and Grace open the front door and look out at the chaos. A concealed stretcher gets rolled into an ambulance.

BEVERLY
What the hell happened?

GRACE
Is that the UPS guy?

They study the scene from afar.

Grace looks to the side of her and then worriedly nudges Beverly.

BEVERLY

What?

Grace nods to guide her eye-line towards the stack of freshly delivered boxes sitting on the front stoop. More notably, the UPS man's work gear beside the packages.

GRACE

You don't think -

BEVERLY

No.

GRACE

The boxes are still on the dolly...

BEVERLY

Let's just... roll them inside.
Now. Quietly.

Grace and Beverly look up to Sophia's bedroom window. She sits staring at them, smiling. She uses a stuffed bear to wave at them. They both hesitantly wave back.

Grace wheels the dolly into the house. Beverly follows and quietly shuts the front door.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Beverly and Grace sit in the living room staring nervously at the stack of unopened boxes in front of them.

Sophia dances around the room, entertaining herself, looking for attention. Typical kid shit.

SOPHIA

Can we play hide and seek?

GRACE

A thousand percent no.

BEVERLY

Not right now, hon.

Sophia shrugs and continues frolicking throughout the house.

GRACE

If it's more of them, we'll just
get rid of them. Again.

Beverly sighs and walks over to the boxes. She cautiously opens each one. They are all filled with florescent crinkle paper. She digs a hand in and feels around, pulls out a card.

BEVERLY
(re: card)
Oh shit!

GRACE
(concerned)
What is it?

BEVERLY
Toy Fair.

GRACE
(preemptively)
Nope.

BEVERLY
It's the biggest event for
influencers of the year. Sophia
can't miss this or --

GRACE
Mom, really? You can't be serious.

BEVERLY
What? Being in PR you should know
how important this is. People will
ask questions if she's not there.
Brands literally create
personalized gifts for her. She's
like an Egyptian god.

GRACE
There is a dead UPS guy across the
street -

BEVERLY
Don't jump to conclusions Grace.
You've seen her. She's better now.
She just needs to show face. Take a
couple of pictures and leave. Just
like you have for the past four
Christmases.

GRACE
You are fucking relentless.

BEVERLY
(quietly)
She's lost over 200 subscribers in
the last week. Only a few of them
were bots. That's real people going
out of their way to press a button
to no longer see Sophia's face on
their feed.

Grace rolls her eyes.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Until you find a new job, you might
want to take this as seriously as I
am.

GRACE
(defeated)
Let's just see how tonight goes
before we throw her in a convention
center? Monitor her just a little?

Beverly nods, distracted.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Mom?

BEVERLY
What? I nodded.

GRACE
I know there's a rack of clothes
behind me, and I know you're
already planning her outfit.

There is indeed a rack of clothing behind Grace. Beverly
shrugs, busted.

BEVERLY
(excited)
She just looks so fucking cute in
houndstooth.

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sophia brushes her teeth on a step stool in front of the
well-lit bathroom mirror.

Beverly stands behind her with her cell phone, recording. She
lifts a signaling thumbs up.

Sophia turns to Beverly with a wide smile full of brown
toothpaste foam with little yellow chunks sliding down her
mouth.

SOPHIA
(enthusiastically)
I love this new Choco-Chunk Banana
Funk toothpaste!

Sophia spits out the toothpaste and smiles into the mirror.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
It tastes just like the cereal!!

Grace walks past the bathroom in the hallway. She rolls her eyes.

BEVERLY
Ah, that was perfect Soph!

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Grace walks past Sophia's bedroom and suddenly stops as if she heard something. She walks into the room curiously.

The lights are dimmed and a constellation projector beams stars onto the ceiling and walls.

Grace looks around as if something just doesn't feel right. CRRRRREAK. She looks over to the closet.

The open closet doors gently sway back and forth as if they were breathing.

She approaches cautiously. She peers into the darkness. Only a few foreground items can be visually made out. Strands of her hair drift as if caught in wind. She cringes her nose at the smell.

BREATHING. HEAVY, OMINOUS BREATHING.

Grace stares into the back of the closet nervously. Two glowing red eyes come into view, waiting, until -

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Grace, what are you doing?

Grace jumps, startled, and looks to Sophia and Beverly standing in the doorway. She looks back at the closet, suddenly less sinister.

GRACE
Ah, nothing. I... I was thinking that maybe Sophia should sleep with you tonight, Mom.

BEVERLY
Ooo that's great idea! Why don't we all have a little sleepover?

SOPHIA
YAY!!

Sophia runs to Beverly's room, excited. Beverly quickly follows. Grace's fake smile quickly diminishes with their absence.

Grace looks back at the closet before exiting the room apprehensively.

INT. MANSION - BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beverly, Sophia, and Grace all lay asleep, bundled in Beverly's way-too-massive-for-one-person bed.

Floral sheets have been lazily hung around the bed posts to make a fort. Dangling fairy lights hang around the perimeter.

CRRRRRRREAAAAAK. The bedroom door opens slightly.

Grace turns in her sleep. She wakes up and turns to Sophia and Beverly, both sound asleep.

BEVERLY
(mid-sleep)
Just boost the post ...

Grace studies Sophia.

Imprints of hands, almost too large and skinny to be human, start pressing in on the bed sheet closest to Grace. She turns her head towards it, and just as her eyes meet it, the sheet falls to the ground.

There's nothing there. Just the open bedroom door with hallway light bleeding in.

VOICE (O.S.)
(ominous, faint)
SSSSSSOOOOOOOPPPHHHHIIIIIIIAAAAAA

Grace looks around to find the source of the sound.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(ominous, faint)
TIMEEEE TOOOOO PLAY

Sophia's eyes burst open.

Grace doesn't notice, her eyes fixated on the bedroom door.

Sophia's pupils shake as they slide into the back of her head. A sinister smile grows across her face to almost unnatural proportions.

The string lights flicker.

Sophia's face retorts back to normal. Sleeping. Angelic.

Grace looks over to her once again. She takes a deep breath and slides back underneath the covers, forcing her eyes shut.

INT. CAR - DAY

A way-too-made-up Beverly sits in the driver seat with a giant smile on her face.

Grace sits in the backseat looking out the window unimpressed.

GRACE
(serious)
I really don't think this is a good idea.

BEVERLY
Shh. She's coming out. Like I said, we just have to show face.

GRACE
I heard something last night.

BEVERLY
It was probably just my sound machine.

GRACE
I don't think it was ocean waves.

BEVERLY
It's set to ambient mall. The distant chatter helps me feel less alone, okay?

GRACE
What?

Sophia, dressed like a real-life princess, opens the car door and jumps in with a beaming smile.

Beverly adjusts her lipstick in the rear view mirror and then faces the road ahead.

BEVERLY
Hey guys, it's Sophie-Yay's Mom here!

Grace looks around like, "Who the fuck is she talking to?" until she sees Beverly speaking to a camera mounted on the dashboard. She groans.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Are you excited?

Sophia claps her hands and jumps up and down in her seat.

SOPHIA
YAY!

BEVERLY
It might not be snowing out, but
it's Christmas for us, because
today we're going to TOY FAIR!!
Woo! Join us to get a sneak peek at
all the newest toys coming out for
the fall season!

SOPHIA
(too enthusiastic)
I LOVE TOYS!

BEVERLY
Do you have your swag bag ready?

Sophia nods.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(through her teeth)
Grace, hold up the swag bag.

Grace reluctantly pulls up a giant branded bag with a cartoon
Sophia's face plastered on it. She puts it over her head and
leans against the window.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Woohoo! That's just Sophia's wacky
sister Grace. Now let's go have
some FUN!

Sophia cheers.

Beverly veers off onto the road when suddenly, HONK!!!! A
large transport truck goes speeding by. Beverly did not check
her mirrors. Beverly SCREAMS.

DRIVER (O.S.)
(pissed)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Beverly catches her breath. They almost just died.

Grace removes the "swag bag" from her head.

GRACE
What just happened?

BEVERLY

Nothing.

Beverly catches her breath and puts on music. It's a wildly inappropriate pop song being covered by a choir of children. Beverly and Sophia start singing along.

THE SONG CONTINUES TO:

INT. TOY FAIR - DAY

A giant convention center has been overhauled by bright colors, cartoon characters, and toys galore. A combination of business people and selfie-stick equipped families tour the maze of booths.

Sophia enters the convention center wearing sunglasses like a fucking A-lister, which here, she is. Grace and Beverly walk behind her wearing lanyards.

CHILD VOICE (O.S.)

Oh my god! Mom, look! Sophie-Yay is here!

Beverly has a camera and her cell phone recording Sophia's every move. Grace is juggling papers, notepads, and of course, the "swag bag."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Sophia takes photos with adults dressed up as cartoon characters.
- Sophia is coddled by PR people trying to get her to play with their brand's toy.
- Sophia signs autographs for other kids walking by.
- Grace tries to squeeze as many free toys as she can in the swag bag while also organizing stacks of brand guides.
- Beverly, completely in her element, has a handful of business cards as if she was playing Go Fish and losing.
- Sophia plays flashy carnival-like games to win prizes.

END MONTAGE.

A giant recreation of a claw machine has the attention of most of the kids. Kids maneuver a claw truck-like machine to pick up large inflatable toys.

Sophia stares at the display coldly.

Grace struggles to write down a bunch of notes as Beverly reads off a bunch of things off of her phone.

BEVERLY

(mid rant)

We still need to visit the MerMarsupial booth. We don't have any footage of Sophia at any of the sensory play stations, do we?

GRACE

Uh, I don't think so?

BEVERLY

Well, let's get that before we leave. I want to cross-promote the new Kidz Bop version of "Hooked on a Feeling" over that footage, which SHIT! That reminds me, we need to get Sophia interacting with some of the top tier influencers. Shaking hands, giggling, braiding each other's hair, I don't give a fuck. Anything. Oh, and don't even take any gifts from Trinket Trove, they still haven't paid us for the last shout out we did.

GRACE

Anything else?

Beverly looks up, distracted.

BEVERLY

Oooh! It's the Shuckin' Toyster people. Stay here with Sophia. I want to make sure they still want us for their holiday guide.

Before Grace can respond, Beverly has already wriggled her way to a group of important looking business people.

Grace looks over to Sophia who is still looking at the claw display. She bends down to her level.

GRACE

Hey Soph, do you want to go and find some ice cream or something?

Sophia doesn't break her stare.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sophia?

VOICE (O.S.)
Grace, is that you?

Grace jolts up. It's a voice she recognizes. She spins around to see Cici looking flustered with a clipboard.

GRACE
Cici. What are you doing here?

CICI
I was about to ask the same question. We got Growrbz as a client.

GRACE
Oh no way, that's the water bead toy, right?

Grace looks over to their booth where the toy is being demonstrated.

A bottle of seeds are poured into a glass of water. The seeds immediately grow into marble sized, colorful slimy jelly balls that overflow and come bouncing from the cup.

CICI
Yeah! They're huge on YouTube right now. Kids filling pools, bathtubs, you name it. It's like it's promoting itself.

Grace smiles, wanting the conversation to end. She tries to turn away.

CICI (CONT'D)
So you found a job already?

BARNEY (50's), a creepy thin man you wouldn't ask directions from, aggressively taps Cici on the shoulder.

BARNEY
(irate)
Convivial Clan just walked by! What the fuck are you doing?

Barney and Grace's eyes meet. Instant shame.

BARNEY (CONT'D)
Grace. What the hell are you doing here?

GRACE
I, uh, I got a new job.

Grace looks down and proudly displays Sophie-Yay.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm doing PR for Sophie-Yay now.

CICI
(impressed)
How did you land that gig?

Barney's hostility immediately diminishes.

BARNEY
Oh... You wouldn't mind if we get
her to play with a couple of toys
while the camera guy's still here?

GRACE
Uh, actually, we've got a lot of
booths to hit.

Barney frantically grabs some of the product. Small bottles
of little beads with the logo plastered over it.

BARNEY
Maybe if she just takes some
product home? Makes quick a post?
Only if she wants to.

Barney starts stuffing them in Sophia's swag bag. He tries to
pitch the toy shamelessly.

BARNEY (CONT'D)
(fake enthusiasm)
See these water beads? They start
as seeds and INSTANTLY grow over
200 times their size when placed in
water. Wow, right?

Grace zips up Sophia's bag and guides Sophia behind her
taking pride in her moment of leverage.

GRACE
Actually, Barney, we're in a rush
right now, we don't have time for
your water balls.

BARNEY
GROWRBZ!

Sophia notices a man dressed as a cartoon character taking a
break. The head of his costume sitting unattended. She sneaks
over and steals it, placing it over hers for a sense of
anonymity.

She walks into the crowd getting lost in the sea of people.

Beverly walks over to Grace.

BEVERLY
Sweetie, I said I would handle the
business talk.
(to Barney and Cici)
She's just handling public
relations.

Barney studies the interaction.

BARNEY
Sweetie?

BEVERLY
Oh. This is my daughter.

BARNEY
Aha. So that explains it.

Barney looks Grace up and down, judging.

Grace sighs, embarrassed. It doesn't help that Beverly's hand is lovingly gripping her shoulder like she's a child.

BEVERLY
Have you guys met Sophia yet?

Beverly looks down. Sophia's gone.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Sophia?

GRACE
Shit.

Barney and Cici look confused, but continue mingling with passerby.

BEVERLY
Grace, what the fuck? I told you to
watch her.

GRACE
She was just here!

A few booths over, Sophia stands still in the middle of the crowd.

The giant costume head turning with her head all the way around as she stares at the chaos.

KIDS SCREAMING.

TOY SOUNDS BLARING.

BAD MUSIC.

CRYING.

Sophia's costume head starts spinning faster and faster.

She looks to kids playing with a new version of an Easy Bake Oven (but we'll call it Lovin' Oven for legal reasons).

She looks to a group of parents sliding their hands into a large sandpit filled with slime. An game show-like ANNOUNCER (30's) directs them via microphone.

ANNOUNCER

(into microphone)

Now the first parent to find the
toy their kid hid in the slime will
WIN our new Slime Blaster Extreme!

The parents laugh as they feel throughout the slime. Giggling children watch.

Sophia looks to a dentist game where kids have to pull teeth out before the mouth closes. They all laugh as the mouth chomps down with a buzzer.

A BRAND AMBASSADOR (20's), dressed as a fun dentist, guides them with an annoying amount of enthusiasm.

BRAND AMBASSADOR

Okay kids, want to see how fast I
can remove the teeth?

KIDS COLLECTIVELY

YEAH!!!

Sophia looks to the claw machine game again. The head starts spinning faster, faster, FASTER.

BRAND AMBASSADOR

3, 2, 1... AND HERE WE GO!!!!

Suddenly, the Lovin' Ovens explode in flames. Onlookers SCREAM at the sight.

Everyone flees from the booth as the flames catch one of the banners, fire spreading throughout the maze of stalls.

The parents with their hands in the slime take note of the fire. They start panicking, they attempt to remove their hands but they are cemented like rats on a sticky trap.

Kids and parents run and scream. It's quickly becoming absolute anarchy.

The flames rapidly approach the hand-stuck parents.

PARENT 1
(freaking out)
WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!? GET US
OUT OF HERE!!!

PARENT 2
(screaming)
I CAN'T MOVE MY HANDS!! WHAT THE
FUCK IS THIS STUFF?!

The flames have invaded the slime booth.

Parent 1 tries to pry her hands out with all of her might. Skin TEARING off her hands. She finally escapes but with fleshy skeleton hands. Parent 2 attempts the same to even more brutal results.

A demonic laugh escapes from Sophia as she watches.

The dentist clad brand ambassador has the game CHOMP down on his hand, abnormally aggressively. His fingers pulverize underneath the pressure.

Sophia turns to stare at the claw machine. It suddenly starts going haywire. The claw quickly whips back and forth, unforgivably hitting bypassers along the way.

Barney attempts to run out of the crowd. The claw grabs his stomach and fucking flings him against the wall where he's impaled by a pole.

SCREAMS.

BLOOD SPLATTER.

EMBERS EVERYWHERE.

This building is going down.

Grace and Beverly run against the crowds looking for Sophia. They watch the activity around them in absolute horror.

Sophia takes off the costume head. She looks around at the madness in absolute glee. The flames erupting around her.

The building sprinklers go off.

Water pours down on Sophia. Streams of water remove makeup revealing a dark grey scaly skin on her face. She lets her head back, cackling demonically.

BEVERLY

SOPHIA!

Beverly and Grace spot her and run over to her.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

YOU DUMB BITCHES!

They stare at her, terrified.

The fire alarm WAILS.

Sophia starts suddenly getting weaker like a toy losing battery power. She falls to the ground.

Beverly runs over to her and lifts her into her arms. Grace and Beverly run for the nearest exit sign.

A giant ceiling beam on flames come crashing onto the ground.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

In a video baby monitor, Sophia lies motionless in the backyard shed. Beverly watches it from her office chair, still in absolute shock. She barely blinks, covered in soot.

Grace enters with a hammer looking frazzled. Beverly jumps, startled.

GRACE

I think I escape-proofed her room.
Are you ready to move her or -

Grace gets distracted by the muted television playing on the wall.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Beverly looks up to the television. The news plays as a chipper REPORTER stands in front of the charred convention center. Several firefighters attempt to hose down the burning remnants.

Beverly unmutes the television.

REPORTER (O.S.)

The hottest new toys at the annual Toy Fair ended up being a little TOO hot for the West Shipley Convention Center as it erupted into flames earlier this afternoon turning play into... dismay. Over fourteen people died, making this the highest death toll in Toy Fair history in North America. We have one of the survivors here to discuss what she saw during this toytastrophe.

Beverly and Grace stare at it, horrified.

SURVIVOR (O.S.)

(frantic)

It wasn't just a fire... It was something so much more than that. It was EVIL. PURE EVIL!

Beverly mutes the television.

DING! Beverly's phone lets out an important sounding ringtone scaring her once more. She turns it off in a rage.

BEVERLY

(breakdown)

FUUUUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FFFFFFFFUCK!

GRACE

What?

BEVERLY

Press. Everyone who was there has released some sort of statement. We need to do something.

GRACE

Mom, people are dead. We need to go to the cops. Or a priest.

BEVERLY

We can't! What do you think is going to happen if the press catches wind of what's happened to Sophia?? It's going to get worse. More people WILL die. We have to control this ourselves. It's the only way.

GRACE

Okay, I get it, but can't we just make some sort of compassionate statement post to tide them over?

BEVERLY

This isn't something that a paragraph and a stock photo of a dove flying in front of a sun is going to fix, Grace. They are going to want to see Sophia.

Grace looks to Sophia in the baby monitor.

GRACE

I think I know a way we can get help... discretely.

BEVERLY

How?

GRACE

The... Exorcistahs.

BEVERLY

What?

GRACE

The Exorcistahs... I don't know how I found them. Weird YouTube spiral. But they are big in the occult community and they did this one video where they exorcised some demonic Victorian girl who drowned.

Beverly looks to the computer. Types in the name.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh, that's how I got there. My bathtub was leaking.

BEVERLY

Only 20,000 subscribers. These people will be worse than the press. They'll just want to leech off of our following.

GRACE

Exactly. We make a deal with them. They can't film or say a word about any of this, and in return, we'll advertise their channel for our next five videos.

Beverly thinks about this for a moment.

BEVERLY

Okay, yes! That's the kind of thinking I'm looking for from you.

GRACE

Good... because I already contacted them after Sophia's little doll exhibit. Luckily, they're in the town over for a David Blaine masterclass.

BEVERLY

Do you really think they'll be able to fix this?

GRACE

It's worth a try. I have nothing else to suggest.

Beverly sighs. She looks to the television, which is still recapping the Toy Fair massacre.

BEVERLY

We still need to acknowledge this. People are going to get suspicious.

INT. SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beverly, overly done up once again, checks her reflection in a flipped over DSLR camera monitor. An attached halo light beaming above brings her back a visual decade.

She presses record.

BEVERLY

(into camera)

Hello Sophollowers. As you've heard, Sophia didn't have a very yay day today.

She pans the camera over to the bed. Sophia lies there under a surplus of covers, only the back of her hair visible.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We just wanted to let all of our fans know that we are absolutely heartbroken over the tragedy at West Shipley. Luckily, we made it out safe and unharmed. Our condolences to all the lives lost today.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I think it's safe to say that we'll
all be taking a break from play
during this harrowing time.

Beverly takes a beat to give a mournful gaze into the camera.
Too long.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Remember to subscribe to follow
Sophia's pathway back to yay, and
if you want to donate --

GRACE (O.S.)
NO! NOPE. STOP!

REVEAL: Grace tearing off the covers pretending to have been
Sophia. She gets out of her curled up position and stares at
her mom, judging.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Have some fucking morals.

Beverly sighs and turns off the camera.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(concerned)
FUCK! MOM!

Beverly reviews the footage.

BEVERLY
Calm down! I'll edit out the last
part.

GRACE
No! Look!

Grace points to the baby monitor. Live footage of an empty
shed. Sophia's gone. They look to each other in dread and
then bolt out the door.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The back sliding door slowly creeps open as the porch lights
flick on. Grace and Beverly cautiously walk into the darkness
of the backyard with flashlights held high.

BEVERLY
(timidly)
Sophia? Are you out here?

Silence.

The beams of light survey the forestry in the backyard. The empty shed with a door broken open.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
It's bedtime sweetie cakes.

Distant RUSTLE.

Grace whips her flashlight towards the source of the sound. A dirt path through the bushes.

GRACE
SHH!!

Grace signals Beverly to stop. They both look down the path.

Beverly tries to be quiet as she walks towards Grace, but makes a RATTLING sound.

BEVERLY
Sorry.

Beverly holds out a pill bottle.

GRACE
(whispering)
What is that?

BEVERLY
(whispering)
Sleeping pills. How the hell else do you think we're going to be able to handle her? It's not like I have chloroform stocked in my medicine cabinet.

Beverly throws Grace the bottle. She examines it.

GRACE
Jesus this is a high dosage.

BEVERLY
Yeah, well, it takes two for me just to have a nap.

RUSTLING.

Grace and Beverly slowly follow the sound into further darkness. The shadows eerily make the bushes look like they're moving as the beams of light pass them.

RUSTLING.

AGGRESSIVE CHEWING.

PANICKED SQUEAKING.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(nervously)
S-S-Sophia?

Suddenly, Grace's flashlight illuminates Sophia crouching over a torn open family of recently deceased possums.

She GROWLS viciously at them.

Grace covers her mouth to withhold a scream.

Beverly approaches Sophia with motherly concern yet simultaneous repulsion.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Sophia, let's get you to bed.
There's food inside, okay?

Sophia HISSES. She still looks weak, struggling to bring each possum limb to her blood-soaked mouth.

Beverly cautiously moves closer.

Grace looks to the pill bottle. Light bulb.

GRACE
Wait!

She takes out a handful and begins crushing them with two rocks, letting the powder mount into her palm.

Beverly stops. Grace approaches warily, hands shaking in front of her.

She dumps the powder into the carcass Sophia's demolishing.

She quickly steps backward towards Beverly.

The two watch Sophia inhale the possum with the sleeping pill residue. They stare in disgust and disbelief.

She continues to eat away undistracted, but she visibly starts to grow more and more debilitated.

Beverly and Grace continue to watch, horrified.

It takes an awkwardly long time.

Finally, Sophia falls asleep, her body falling limp onto the dirt. She lets out a demonic SNORE.

BEVERLY
Okay, quickly! Let's go!

Beverly and Grace each grab a side of Sophia and start carrying her back to the house.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beverly and Grace sit among a mountain of stuffed animals. They are absolutely exhausted and dirtied from the shit storm of a day. They try to stay attentive as possible despite fading from exhaustion.

Sophia lies passed out in the bed. She looks feral. The pastel comforter and sheets have been tainted by dirt stains and dried blood.

BEVERLY
You good to stay up for a bit if I
just take a quick twenty?

Grace pulls out her phone to keep her awake.

GRACE
(unconvincingly)
Yeah. I'll need a nap after that
though.

BEVERLY
Oka--

Beverly falls asleep before she can even finish the second syllable.

Grace checks analytics on Sophia's YouTube page to try and keep herself awake. There's a notable spike in recent activity.

She tries to look at it closer at her phone, but it's apparent that she can hardly keep her eyes open either. She nods off.

Silence.

Sophia's eyes slowly open. She eerily sits up like a haunted house animatronic. She watches Beverly and Sophia sleep. She smiles. She slithers off of the bed and starts crawling past them.

She moves over to the makeshift studio side of the bedroom. She sniffs the tripod mounted camcorder, animalistic. She figures it out and presses record.

THROUGH CAMCORDER:

A dim light on a blank backdrop. Sophia creepily crawls into the center of the frame, her greasy hair dangling in front of her face. She pushes it to the side to reveal a demonic smile beneath.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The morning light makes the griminess that has infected Sophia's bedroom look a little less sinister.

Beverly, now alone, rolls off the pile of plush toys into consciousness.

She yawns, and almost instinctively, whips out her phone. After reading for a second, Beverly's eyes widen as if she'd just been injected with a shot of adrenaline.

She looks to see that Grace isn't there.

She warily turns to Sophia's bed, but Sophia is there as she remembers her being so from the night prior.

She looks to her phone again, that shot of adrenaline immediately re-injected. She runs out the bedroom door.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE

Grace stares at the computer screen. She's in an almost robotic state of typing and clicking. Bags heavy under her eyes.

Beverly storms into the room.

Grace looks up to her in a "you don't even want to know" kind of way.

BEVERLY

What is it?

GRACE

Sophia... posted... a video last night.

BEVERLY

Of what?

Grace just stares at her. Beverly walks over and looks at the monitor.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(excited)
Holy shit that view count!

GRACE
Really?

Beverly watches the actual video.

BEVERLY
What the fuck? When did this
happen?

GRACE
We must have been sleeping.

BEVERLY
What is she even saying?

Grace pounds the volume up button. The sounds are distorted,
foreign, malevolent.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
What are people saying?
(reading)
"If I didn't hate Sophie-Yay's face
before, I definitely do now. Ugly
whore." Jesus!

GRACE
I deleted the video, but people
keep re-posting it.

BEVERLY
You've been reporting them, right?

GRACE
Yes, but that's not what I'm
worried about.

Grace expands the description of the video where there is a
prominent link being presented to viewers.

Grace clicks it. A privately made website pops up selling the
puppets Sophia was playing with. "SOLD OUT" is written in red
atop the check out button.

Grace and Beverly look to each other nervously.

Grace opens YouTube. She scrolls through recently added
videos. The thumbnails show all the videos are of kids
unboxing special "Sophie-YAY" branded packages containing the
puppets.

Grace clicks one of videos.

VIDEO ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

A chubby CHILD (7) unboxes the creepy puppet. He is absolutely thrilled. The parents look at it, disturbed and confused.

BEVERLY

We can't let this happen again. We can't risk her leaving the house again.

Beverly looks around the room for tools. She thinks for a moment and starts heading out the door.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You keep deleting videos!

Grace sighs.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sophia lies sound asleep in her bed. Beverly stands at the foot of the bed staring at her with wrangled piles of rope in each hand.

She cautiously approaches each of Sophia's limbs, tying them to a respective bed post. She can't help but feel guilty doing this regardless of her daughter's state. She tries to tie her gently, but she makes sure each knot is tied tightly as possible.

She leans over to grab one of Sophia's wrists when it suddenly JOLTS unexpectedly.

Beverly GASPS and then covers her mouth.

False alarm. She's still asleep.

Beverly slowly reaches for the wrist again. She manages to tie it, unnoticed. She ties the other end of the rope to the wooden beam.

DING! DONG!

Beverly looks to the door, surprised.

INT. MANSION - FRONT FOYER

Beverly runs downstairs and peeks through the giant window panes siding the front door. She sighs, relieved and opens it half-way.

BEVERLY
Come in. Quickly.

Beverly ushers in CONSTANCE (40s) and LYDIA (40s), two expired Burning Man attendees dressed in ground length sheer robes.

Beverly looks them up and down.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Hello. You must be the -

Constance places a finger on Beverly's lips. Beverly stands there very uncomfortable.

CONSTANCE
(soft)
It is us.

LYDIA
(inhaling)
Do you feel it?

CONSTANCE
Oh. I feel it.

BEVERLY
Feel what?

CONSTANCE
There's a darkness present.

BEVERLY
Uh, yes, upstairs.

CONSTANCE
You're a Pisces rising aren't you?

BEVERLY
I'm not sure.

CONSTANCE
(juding)
Mhmm....

Beverly turns her body towards the staircase as an invitation to follow her.

Lydia and Constance stop and stretch.

They take a moment to lather essential oils on each other's limbs in a disturbingly sensual way. They make the process look like an interpretive dance.

They stop as if that was a normal thing to have happen, and then follows Beverly up the staircase.

BEVERLY

(strictly)

Okay, I'm not sure how much my daughter, Grace, told you, but you know that whatever you see, hear, or whatever happens in this house doesn't leave it, okay? She's printing out contracts as we speak.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE

Grace struggles to read the surplus of emails pouring in each passing second. She changes tabs to Sophie-YAY's analytics page. She analyzes a graph.

There's a giant spike in recent activity. Grace takes note of the view count pattern over the past couple of days. She thinks for a moment.

Another new e-mail notification pops up, but this time, the logo present catches Grace's attention: A spiral with several x's etched into the swirls. The same logo on the puppets.

Grace opens the email: "FollowUp+". She searches the sender to find several pages of emails from them. She goes to the first one, opens an attachment. Her eyes widen as she continues to read.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Sophia is still fully asleep as Constance and Lydia place crystals all around her on the bed.

BEVERLY

And these crystals will remove, uh, whatever is possessing my daughter?

LYDIA

(orgasmic)

YYYY-EEEE-SS!

Constance glides over to Beverly.

CONSTANCE
It's best not to distract Lydia
when she's mid-practice.

BEVERLY
I'm sorry, this is ... new to me.

CONSTANCE
(softly)
But yes, the crystals will absorb
the negative energies like a grunge
sponge.

BEVERLY
(unconvinced)
Oh. Good.

Beverly watches this bizarre practice, perplexed.

CONSTANCE
(chanting)
Sy-ah-sy-ah-HOOSH-sa-ya-HOOSH-
HOOSH-HOOSH

LYDIA
(chanting)
Kwash-ah-lee-lu-KWASH-ah-lee-lu

Light KNOCKING.

Beverly looks over to see Grace standing in the doorway.
Instead of interrupting, Beverly sneaks out of the room and
quietly shuts the door.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY

Beverly is still haunted from witnessing the ritual.

BEVERLY
How'd you find them again?

Grace presents her a bunch of papers. Beverly sifts through
them.

GRACE
What is this?

BEVERLY
FollowPlus+? It's just one of those
services that give you a following
boost. Why? Did I miss a payment?
They got us into top tier
territory. I set a monthly alarm.

GRACE

No, you didn't miss a payment. Do you remember the contract you signed?

BEVERLY

No? Why?

GRACE

You didn't look over the contract?

BEVERLY

Clearly not. Do you look over every detail before you sign something? No one does, that would be insane.

Grace stares at Beverly. She gulps.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Why?

GRACE

YOU LITERALLY SIGNED YOUR
DAUGHTER'S SOUL OVER TO THE DEVIL.

Beverly looks over some sections Grace has visibly highlighted. Shit. She did.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Constance looks over at Sophia sleeping. She looks unnerved by her speculation.

Lydia listens by the door and nods to Constance to make a move.

Constance goes over to her bag and pulls out a few small discrete cameras. She begins setting them up inconspicuously in the bedroom while Lydia keeps guard.

CONSTANCE

(whispering)

Can you imagine what this will do
for our following?

Lydia lifts her finger to be quiet.

Constance re-positions some of the crystals near Sophia's head. She continues to make sure each is sitting perfectly.

Just as she places one by Sophia's foot, a rogue crystal comes rolling down to her hand.

Crystal follows it's path to see Sophia smiling demonically at her. Wide awake. Hungry eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Oh, uh -

Constance backs away in fear.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Lydia!

Lydia looks over, horrified at Sophia's haunting stare.

SOPHIA
(whispering/demonic)
Want to play?

Constance looks over to Lydia in a "Fuck this" kind of way. Lydia eyes her back in agreement. They start slowly and quietly packaging up their things.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(demonic)
I want to play.

CONSTANCE
(timid)
Oh, next time. We, uh, we're just going to take a quick lunch break.

LYDIA
Yes. Starving.

Sophia smiles. Wide.

Suddenly, Constance freezes.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What are you doing? Come on!

CONSTANCE
(through teeth)
I can't... move.

Lydia suddenly freezes up as well under Sophia's spell. Her eyes twitch as the two women begin involuntarily moving towards Sophia's swag bag on the floor.

Constance and Lydia's stiff limbs reluctantly pull out two bottles of GROWRBZ, the instantly growing water beads. Their eyes stare at the bottles in fear and confusion.

SOPHIA
(demonic)
Welcome to my tea party.

Their faces tremble in objection, but their hands continue to twist off the GROWRBZ bottle lid.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(demonic)
Drink up. Drink Up.

Both Constance and Lydia hold the bottles to their mouths. They begin chugging the seeds whole.

Sophia laughs.

Suddenly, they regain power over their bodies. They try to spit any of the seeds up, but they've already started growing.

They start panicking as they feel their GRUMBLING, POPPING stomachs.

CONSTANCE
(throat-blocked)
WHAT THE FUCK!?

A few colorful, bouncing full-sized water beads come dribbling out of her mouth.

Lydia MOANS in agony. She holds her stomach as it pulsates and grows as if it were a microwavable popcorn bag with too many kernels. She stares at Constance in horror.

Constance gags and reaches for her throat. Her stomach begins protruding irregularly to the point where her rib cage visibly breaks open underneath the skin.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY

Beverly is still reading over the multiple pages.

BEVERLY
It doesn't say how the fuck we end this? What do we do?

GRACE
I know, but look at this. There's been notable spikes in Sophia's page activity. Here, one the highest, is from the Toy Fair. It's like her following dictates her power.

BEVERLY

But her last video just went viral.
That would mean she has
unparalleled power right now. Why
isn't she using it?

GRACE

(tensely)

Maybe she's conserving it.

SCREAMS from the bedroom.

Beverly swings open the door.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Beverly and Grace run into the bedroom and immediately GASP
in horror.

CONSTANCE

(muffled)

HEEEELLLLLPPPPPPPP!!!

Constance and Lydia's stomachs suddenly ERUPT as organs,
blood, and crimson-soaked water beads go bouncing all over
the fucking bedroom.

Sophia laughs hysterically.

Beverly and Grace shield themselves from the blood-soaked
GROWRBZ bouncing erratically around the room, painting it
like some sort of sadistic art project.

Beverly steps forward, but slides in the carnage and sends
Grace tumbling down with her. They try to get up but
continually slide in the blood and water bead slime.

Sophia howls as she shakes the restraining bed posts.

Beverly looks up to her daughter with a newfound sense of
terror.

BEVERLY

GET OUT OF MY DAUGHTER!!

Beverly lunges for Sophia, but slips back onto the ground.

Sophia smiles at Beverly and tilts her head.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

NO.

GRACE

What do you want from her?

SOPHIA

(demonic)

I WANT WHAT SHE CAN GIVE ME. POWER.
SHE'S OUR BEST VESSEL YET.

BEVERLY

Why Sophia? Why a child?

SOPHIA

(demonic)

WE TRIED ADULT INFLUENCERS.
CHARCOAL PRODUCTS. BUT IT TURNS OUT
CHILDREN ARE JUST THE EASIEST TO
MOLD. LIKE PLAY-DOH.

Sophia tilts her head back in laughter.

Grace walks over to Sophia, looking over her possessed body
in a newfound sense of rage.

GRACE

Whatever you're trying to do. We
won't let you.

BEVERLY

Grace! Be careful.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

Yeah, Grace, be careful.

Sophia widens her eyes intimidatingly.

BEVERLY

Seriously, Grace! We don't know
what she's capable of!

GRACE

No. I do. She can't hurt us or else
she would have already.

Sophia stares at Grace, pissed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

She can't touch you because you
have authority over her.

Sophia GROWLS.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And she can't touch me because...
of you.

Grace turns to her mom, heartfelt.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(moved)

I saw in your email exchange. Your
only contract requirement was that
if anything happens to you, I'd
have control.

Sophia HISSES.

BEVERLY

Of course, hon. Who else would I
trust?

GRACE

I don't know. You never tell me
these things. How am I supposed to
know? I always thought that you
thought I was a failure. I felt
like Sophia was your re-do.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

SHUT UP CUNTS!

Beverly looks to Sophia, offended, as if the word "cunt" is
the most terrible thing that's happened so far. She looks
back to Sophia, tenderly.

BEVERLY

Grace, never. You are both my
world, and all I do is work to try
and give you the world you want.

GRACE

Mom, we don't want anything. You
never needed to do any of this.

Grace flails her arms to Sophia's usually glamorous bedroom.
However, right now it looks like a tribe of princesses were
massacred.

BEVERLY

That's not true. After your father
left us, I was beyond broke, and
you went on and on about that new
robotic gymnast doll that does a
back flip? Remember?

GRACE

What?

BEVERLY

(somberly)

I remember repeatedly telling you she was sold out, but your friends kept getting new ones. I couldn't afford it. I tried. It's the first time you told me you... hated me.

GRACE

Mom, I was a kid.

Sophia writhes around in the bed as if listening to this tender moment was like nails across a chalkboard for her.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE!!

BEVERLY

Well, I promised to myself in that moment that I would do everything in my power to make sure I could always give you what you wanted. Both of you. Maybe I've gone a bit overboard at times, but I'm trying. I'm really trying.

GRACE

I know you are, mom. I just didn't know why.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

I WILL TEAR YOU APART!!!

Beverly and Grace both tear up. They look at each other lovingly, for the first time in years.

Suddenly, a distant CHOIR-LIKE singing.

Sophia begins smiling.

Grace and Beverly direct their attention back to Sophia. Heartfelt moment over. They both grow concerned.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(demonic)

I HOPE YOU GUYS DON'T MIND, I INVITED SOME FRIENDS OVER TO PLAY.

Sophia breaks out into laughter again. She wriggles her body uncontrollably trying to free herself from the restraints.

The SINGING grows louder.

Grace nervously walks over to the boarded up window. She peers out through the wooden slabs.

GRACE
OH, WHAT THE FUCK!

EXT. MANSION - FRONT FOYER

The streetlights flicker on as the sun sets behind the mammoth houses.

A horde of possessed children walk like zombies. Their eyes glazed over and pupils shoot backwards. They each have a wooden puppet and are holding one of its arms forward as if they were directing them.

They all sing a creepy cover of a modern pop song, Kidz Bop style, but it's music-less and terrifying.

The fingers all lead toward the mansion.

CAR ALARMS WAIL in the background. Police SIRENS blaring in the growing distance.

INT. MANSION - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM

Grace spins back from the window and leans against the wall, placing her hands on her knees. She tries to catch her breath.

Beverly crawls over to the window and peers out of it. Similar reaction.

BEVERLY
(sobbing)
WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING
TO DO!?

Sophia stares up at the ceiling and smiles. Her eyes go back into her head.

SOPHIA
(demonic)
Please like and subscribe to follow
our journey to HELL ON EARTH!

Sophia begins levitating. She rises to as high as her restraints will allow, the knots firmly tugging at the Spear-like tops of the bed posts.

Beverly pulls herself up against the wall in fear.

Sophia shakes violently as the bed posts wobble and begin to splinter. She abruptly stops movement, and then lets her body fall back onto the bed. She aggressively pulls on the ropes inward. The bed posts come SNAPPING off on all corners.

Sophia moves into a Gollum-like position. Her eyes dark, skin like moldy pizza crust. She laughs in their faces.

Sophia starts quickly crawl-running toward the open bedroom door. Beverly and Grace scramble to the best of their ability to chase her down.

Sophia bolts around the corner, the bed posts wildly dragging behind her. Beverly grabs hold of one of the bed posts, it manages to drag Beverly, as she slides out of the room in a tug-of-war position.

BEVERLY
GRACE! GRAB ONE!

Grace grabs another one of the posts. She assumes position. She pulls with all of her might. The two of them start to finally create resistance.

GRACE
(painfully)
FUUUCK!!!!

INT. HALLWAY

Sophia lunges forward against the power of Grace and Beverly holding her back by one leashed leg and one leashed arm.

Sophia hops forward aggressively. Her free arm extends to try and grab at anything to help pull herself.

Despite Grace and Beverly's vigorous pulling, they continue to be yanked forward.

Violent BANGING on the windows and doors begin to grow from all around the lower level. The muffled soundtrack of the children singing.

Sophia HISSES. Black tar drools down her mouth.

She grabs onto the railing leading to the staircase. She hurls herself over the banister to the lower level.

Grace and Beverly's strength is no match, they come pummeling forward onto the ground. The ropes slither through the banister bars until the bed posts snag - CLANK!

Grace crawls forward and looks through the banister. Sophia is hanging like a skydiver mid-jump.

Grace runs down the stairs.

Beverly takes a moment to catch her breath, she quickly runs into the bathroom and then follows.

INT. FOYER

Grace makes her way down the grandeur staircase, dirtying the banister and steps with bespattered blood.

GRACE
Shit! She's biting through the ropes.

Sophia is gnawing at the ropes like a rabid animal, she's already freed one of her limbs.

BANG! BANG! Kids fists SLAM against the windows siding the front door.

Beverly comes barreling down the staircase.

BEVERLY
SOPHIA! STOP!

Beverly has the sleeping pills in hand.

No luck. Sophia HISSES, and then bites the rope and shakes her head intensely. The rope breaks and Sophia comes crashing onto the ground.

She quickly run-crawls into the darkness of the hallway.

Grace and Beverly chase after her.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Darkness.

CLICK.

Lights on. The symphony of WAILING MOTION SENSOR BABIES returns as the toy infants wriggle within their packaging.

Grace and Beverly jump, startled. They look down the hallway, the living room it leads to is dark.

No sign of Sophia.

They start to creep towards the living room, listening for any sound of movement.

GRACE
(whispering)
She can't get out that way.

CREAK.

They stop. The creak sounds too close.

Grace takes a step backward. Something hits the back of her head. She swats at it like it's a bug. It's dangling rope.

Beverly spots the rope in fear. She looks up.

Sophia's on the ceiling like a spider. She instantly drops down on them sending them both to the ground.

Beverly and Grace fight to grab a hold of Sophia, but she manages to slip out and run-crawl into the living room.

Grace brings herself to a stand and chases after her. Beverly, winded, follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grace turns on the light. Sophia is desperately looking for an escape.

She BANGS against the windows where kids stand, waiting. The glass withstands the impact.

Sophia surveys the room frantically. She looks back at Grace and Beverly, trapped. She GROWLS.

Grace grabs a fire poker as a weapon. Sophia looks at it. Light bulb. She smiles.

Sophia spins towards the fireplace and starts crawling towards it.

GRACE
(screaming)
WAIT! NO!

Grace picks up a remote control. Click. The fire place ignites with flames in attempt to stop her.

Sophia stops momentarily. She turns around in gargoyle position. She smiles maniacally at Grace as she backwards crawls into the flames.

She sits there, staring at them spitefully, her demonic smile visible through the flames.

She starts climbing up the chimney.

Beverly stares, jaw open, aghast.

Grace whacks a nearby wall with the fire poker in frustration.

GRACE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

EXT. MANSION - ROOF - NIGHT

The view from the roof shows just how many kids have amassed from every angle and for as far as can be seen in the distance.

Their collective song transitions into an almost drum roll of a chant. It slowly grows in intensity.

Two decrepit child hands come clawing out of the top of the chimney. Sophia slowly rises and crawls onto the spine of the California tile roof.

The sky darkens, clouds swirl as if a big storm was brewing.

Sophia gets to the edge of the roof. She slowly makes her way to a stand. She looks out at all of the children like she's the fucking *Lion King*.

Grace and Beverly exit out the front door. They walk through the congregation of kids while looking up at the roof. They stare in fearful awe of Sophia.

The children all finish singing. They stand there, eyes glued to Sophia, waiting for instruction.

Sophia rolls her head back, eyes vibrating in the back of her head, basking in the omnipotence.

SOPHIA

(demonic)

Hello friends.

She cracks her neck and starts speaking in tongues.

Grace looks to her phone. Traffic to Sophia's social media pages is going insane. She turns to Beverly who is still focused on Sophia.

GRACE
Mom, her traffic is feeding her.
It's her power.

BEVERLY
(distracted)
We have to get her down from there.

GRACE
Mom! Listen to me! We need to cut
her reach. If we cut her reach, she
won't have any control.

Beverly looks to Grace. She thinks about it.

BEVERLY
We'll lose everything.

She then looks around at the complete fucking chaos surrounding her.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Do it.

Grace nods.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
All the passwords are in the file
cabinet in the office. Delete it
ALL! Cancel EVERYTHING!

Grace smiles at her mom, words she never thought she'd hear her say. She runs into the house.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE

Grace runs into the office and slams the door shut behind her. There's multiple file cabinets. She begins feverishly sifting through each of them.

GRACE
(to herself)
Passwords.... passwords... YES!

She finds a folder labelled "passwords." She starts tearing through the pages for any relevant information.

She starts looking through all of Sophia's various social accounts.

She types in each platform address in desperate search for the deactivate account prompt. Each is a maze-like nightmare of clicking.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
FUCK! COME ON!

Grace types in a password multiple times. She manages to deactivate the account. She clenches a celebratory fist. Onto the next.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT

Beverly remains courting her daughter's potential fall from the house.

Sophia stops speaking for a moment. She raises her arms to her "followers."

ALL KIDS
(synchronized)
KILL THEM ALL! KILL THEM ALL! KILL
THEM ALL! KILL THEM ALL! KILL THEM
ALL! KILL THEM ALL!

Beverly looks around nervously as the smiles on each kids' face grows threateningly wide.

Suddenly, Sophia stumbles on top of the roof.

Beverly GASPS.

She finds her footing. She brings herself to a power stance once again, but almost like being punched in the gut, she stumbles backward.

Sophia studies the crowd of children. She sees Beverly alone. She starts breathing heavily. She knows what's happening. She can feel it. She lets out a monstrous SHRIEK.

SOPHIA
(demonic)
STOP THEM!

The kids follow direction immediately. A horde of children grab a hold of Beverly's arms and begin dragging her away from the house.

Beverly SCREAMS.

Sophia crawls down the side of the house towards the office window in absolute rage.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE

Grace continues to deactivate accounts. She continually crosses off accounts on a paper list next to her.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
(screaming)
GRACE!!!!

Grace looks out the office window to see the children pulling Beverly away like a crazed fan at a concert.

Grace stares out the window in concern, but she can't quite see what's happening in the chaos.

Suddenly, Sophia comes BANGING against the window like a flesh-hungry Spider-Man. Grace jumps, startled.

One of the possessed children hands Sophia a brick. She begins HURLING it at the glass pane. CRACKS spiderweb throughout the window.

Grace tries to focus. She deactivates another account. Sophia SCREECHES VIOLENTLY.

Grace looks down. One more. It's the biggest one. Her YouTube account.

Grace tries to maintain poised. Her eyes race through the page. Settings. Delete your account.

A window pops up, "Are you sure?"

Grace cringes and SLAMS the yes button.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

The window is only a few impacts away from shattering.

Another page pops up: "Please answer one of the following security questions so we can verify your authority." She cringes again.

She scrolls through the options: "What was the name of your 4th grade teacher?" She types in a wild guess. Wrong. 2 out of 3 attempts remaining.

"Where's your favorite place to vacation?" Her fingers teeter on the keyboard keys. She types something in. Wrong. 1 out of 3 attempts remaining.

Finally, the last prompt catches her eye. "What accomplishment am I most proud of?"

BANG!

Grace looks at the screen for a moment. She looks back to Sophia's horrifically distorted face.

She types in: "Sophia."

She stops before clicking enter. She looks over to a framed picture of Beverly and her holding a newborn Sophia.

She backspaces.

She types in: "My daughters."

BANG! BANG! The window glass SHATTERS. Sophia leaps into the office space. She lunges at Grace.

Before falling to the ground, Grace presses enter. "We're sorry to see you go :("

Suddenly, Sophia collapses as do all of the manic surrounding children.

Grace back crawls away from Sophia. She stares at her warily while she tries to catch her breath.

BUZZ! She looks to an e-mail notification on her phone: "Sophie-YAY's account has been successfully deleted."

She sighs and leans her head against the wall in relief.

BEVERLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(panicked)
GRACE?! SOPHIA!?

Beverly comes crawling through the smashed window. She absolutely lights up when she sees Grace and Sophia safe.

Beverly cautiously approaches Sophia and lifts her head.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Sophia?

Grace looks to her, still concerned.

Sophia snaps into consciousness as if she just had a terrible dream.

SOPHIA
(sweet, innocent)
Mom!?

BEVERLY

Oh my god, Sophia, are you okay?

Sophia is still covered in blood, dirt, and grime, but her skin has returned that of a child's.

SOPHIA

What happened?

Sophia looks around, confused.

BEVERLY

It doesn't matter sweetie. We're here now, okay?

Beverly brings her in for a big hug.

Sophia looks up to see Grace. She smiles, excited.

SOPHIA

GRACE! I didn't know you were coming!

Sophia crawls over and gives her a big hug. Grace is surprised by the affection, but embraces the moment. A tear streams down Beverly's face as she joins the hug.

They sit there cuddling among the destruction.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Who are all of these kids?

The other kids begin slowly regaining consciousness. They look around not knowing where the fuck they are.

KID 1 (O.S.)

(distant)

MOM!? DAD!?!?

KID 2 (O.S.)

WHERE AM I?!?!? HELP??

Various kids start CRYING.

HELICOPTERS and SIRENS are heard approaching the house.

Grace looks to Beverly.

GRACE

What are we going to do?

BEVERLY

Let's get the fuck out of here.

Sophia looks to Beverly, offended.

SOPHIA
Mom! That's a bad word!

Beverly smiles. She pats her head, tearing up once again.

BEVERLY
Yes it is hon, yes it is.

The trio makes their way to a stand and Beverly guides them through the destruction safely, motherly.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

Kids aimlessly wander the streets as incoming cops try and separate them to get towards the house.

Beams of light from hovering helicopters survey the chaos. It looks like a giant house party for kids just got busted.

The mansion garage opens and Beverly's vehicle comes peeling out onto the road.

HONK!!!!

The horn blares as the vehicle veers between the rogue kids and goes speeding off into the distance.

KID (O.S.)
(wailing)
I WANT TO GO HOME!!!

EXT. MOTEL - FRONT - DAY

MONTHS LATER.

A run-down side of the road motel in the middle of nowhere the matters. People hang outside on the connecting balconies in clouds of smoke.

The luxuriousness of Beverly's packed car makes it stand out among the other cheap vehicles.

Beverly and Grace sit in bathing suits out by the sad excuse for a public pool next to the parking lot. Plastic flamingos everywhere.

Sophia, looking much healthier and child-like, wears big pink sunglasses and does a running jump into the pool.

Beverly watches her, smiles.

A poorly manicured hand gently grazes Beverly's shoulder. She looks up to see JANET (50's), a heavily made up woman in a cheetah print one-piece and a beer branded shawl.

JANET

(raspy)

Hi, you must be Sophia's mom?

Beverly looks to Grace nervously.

Grace lowers her sunglasses to get a better view.

BEVERLY

Uh, yes?

JANET

(friendly)

I'm Christie's mom!

Beverly looks to her, confused. She points to the pool where Sophia is playing with two other little girls.

BEVERLY

Oh. Nice to meet you?

JANET

They've really hit it off, huh? You guys staying awhile?

BEVERLY

Uh, we don't really know yet. How about you?

JANET

Well, let's just say this... I'm everywhere the Magic Midway carnival isn't... if you know what I mean.

Janet laugh-coughs. Beverly nods superficially. Grace doesn't mask her judgement.

BEVERLY

Well, it's nice to see Sophia made a friend.

Beverly looks back to her celebrity gossip magazine.

JANET

Oh yeah, Christie loves her. You'll have to tell me where she got those sunglasses. She won't shut up about having a pair "just like Sophia's."

Beverly and Grace look at each other warily.

JANET (CONT'D)
She's a little trend setter, isn't
she?

Beverly and Grace look to Sophia. She's somehow managed to
get a few more kids to join her play session as well.

Sophia looks over to them.

She smiles. A moment too long.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

A Kidz Bop version of "Highway to Hell" by AC/DC plays.