

An anatomical illustration of a human face, rendered in a style reminiscent of a medical textbook or scientific drawing. The face is shown from a frontal perspective, with the eyes closed. The skin is depicted with a dense network of red and blue lines, representing the circulatory system (arteries and veins). The background is a textured, mottled green and purple. The text "FRESH BLOOD" is overlaid in the center of the face in a bold, purple, sans-serif font. The overall image has a vintage, slightly worn appearance with some fraying at the edges.

FRESH BLOOD

INCUBUS

PILOT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Dark and murky. GURGLING of water. A stream of white bubbles. Distorted echoes of lapping waves.

JANE (O.S.)

Mom?

CAMILLE PARK, 38, opens her eyes. Long black hair frames her oval face.

She holds her breath, cheeks puffed up.

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

Mom, where are you?

Camille looks to her left, then right --

Pitch black.

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

Look here.

Camille turns --

and comes face to face with JANE PARK, 6, translucent face with blue varicose veins around her eyes.

Camille freezes.

Jane smiles --

Then her eyes fill with blood.

Camille SCREAMS into the water, backs away.

Jane lunges forward, GRABS Camille by the neck --

Squeezes hard.

Camille thrashes, wrenches Jane's hands from her neck, but Jane latches on again.

Jane's smile creeps up past her cheeks, to her ears.

Camille kicks at her, misses. She frantically twists herself loose, then propels up toward the surface.

But Jane GRABS Camille's ankles and pulls her down.

Camille flails, SCREAMS bubbles --
 as Jane drags her deeper into the depths of blackness.

EXT. LAKE MERRITT - OAKLAND, CALIF. - NIGHT

Camille BURSTS through the surface of the water. She GASPS,
 takes in a lungful of air, CHOKES, COUGHS.

A muscular arm is wrapped around her upper chest, keeping her
 buoyant.

LOGAN (O.S.)
 Relax, I got ya.

Camille opens her eyes to see LOGAN, 19, paddling her to
 shore.

Logan pulls Camille up onto the grass --

Where TRUDY and PAUL, both 18, wait, shivering in their
 jackets.

TRUDY
 She okay?

LOGAN
 Make room. Give her air.

PAUL
 What a fucking dumbass.

TRUDY
 Chill out, asshole. At least she's
 alive.

PAUL
 Only cause Logan dove in after her.

LOGAN
 Yo, shut up and call an ambulance
 or something.

Camille scrambles to her feet, making the teenagers jump
 back.

CAMILLE
 She's still in there. You gotta get
 her.

LOGAN
 What do you mean?

CAMILLE
She can't swim!

Camille bolts for the water --

But Logan seizes her arm.

LOGAN
Slow down. What are you talking
about?

CAMILLE
Are you fucking blind? She's right
there.

Logan follows Camille's finger --

But the lake is calm, quiet.

LOGAN
Hey, lady. There's no one--

Camille PUNCHES Logan in the face.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!

TRUDY
Oh shit.

PAUL
This bitch crazy.

Paul pulls Logan away, and the three teens sprint off.

Camille charges back into the lake, dives underwater.

INT. OAKLAND POLICE DEPT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Low ceiling and fluorescent lights. Phones RING faintly
around the room.

OFFICER VINCENT ANGELO, 34, walks past a patrol cop taking a
statement from a bloodied woman --

Approaches OFFICER DAVIN KOH, 37, close-cropped hair and
glasses, who sits at his desk, typing up a report.

ANGELO
Koh.

Davin looks up.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
Your cousin's back. Sammy picked
her up.

DAVIN
Where?

ANGELO
Lake Merritt.

DAVIN
Jesus.

Angelo cocks his head toward the hallway.

ANGELO
I put her in Two. Might wanna take
some towels.

Davin exhales sharply, stands, and heads toward the rooms.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Camille sits, head between knees, dripping water onto the
floor.

Davin pulls up a chair, sets a roll of paper towels on the
table.

DAVIN
You lock all the doors like I told
you?

CAMILLE
Of course.

DAVIN
What about the security system?

CAMILLE
It was armed when I went to bed.

DAVIN
You expect me to believe you
disabled it in your sleep?

CAMILLE
What else could it be then?

Davin tears off a sheet of paper towel, hands it to Camille.

DAVIN

You gotta go back on your meds,
Camille.

CAMILLE

I told you, they're not helping.

DAVIN

You were fine last month.

CAMILLE

Yeah, and I might as well have been
lobotomized.

DAVIN

But no one was pulling you out of
the lake at two in the morning.

Camille takes a shaky breath.

CAMILLE

I saw her, Davin. She was there.

DAVIN

Stop. You can't do this again.

CAMILLE

She knew who I was. She said 'Mom'.

DAVIN

It was a dream, Cam.

CAMILLE

I'm not crazy.

DAVIN

I didn't say you were. But you
clearly need help.

CAMILLE

What do you think I've been doing
all this time? I'm through with
help.

DAVIN

Then get some fucking sleep.

Davin stands, takes a step toward the door.

CAMILLE

Davin.

He stops, but doesn't turn around.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

This has to be off record. I'm not telling Gail.

DAVIN

She's your psychiatrist. She needs to know.

CAMILLE

I just have to get back to a routine, that's all. Besides, I passed the evals and she cleared me for work. Gail can't know about tonight.

DAVIN

So what do I tell her when we fish your dead body out of the Bay next week?

Davin walks out, leaving Camille alone with a puddle of water under her chair.

INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - SFO - DAY

Elevator DINGS open --

and Camille steps out into a circular lobby. Khakis, white blouse, black quilted vest.

She climbs the set of stairs up to --

INT. TOWER CABIN - DAY

Wrap-around windows with a view of all four runways and the elevated tracks for AirTrain.

Camille strides to the row of desks --

Where JOEL CONWAY, 56, crew cut and wide shoulders, leans over QUAN LI, 24, a new trainee.

CAMILLE

He's not my replacement, is he?

JOEL

Another week and he would have been.

QUAN

Hi, I'm Quan.

CAMILLE

Why are you in my seat, Quan?

JOEL

Cause you're on Ground Traffic today.

CAMILLE

Ground? What the hell, Joel?

JOEL

We'll ease you back in. It'll be better this way.

CAMILLE

Have Quan do Ground.

JOEL

He's in training.

CAMILLE

Then get someone else.

JOEL

I already have Travis and Megan in Center. They'll handle airspace till Grant gets in.

CAMILLE

I'm perfectly capable of managing flights. You read the reports.

JOEL

I know, Camille.

CAMILLE

So stop treating me like an idiot. I can do more than direct a bunch of Airforce rejects to the right plane.

Joel grimaces, leads Camille out of earshot.

JOEL

This job puts hundreds of thousands of lives in our hands every day and I won't risk that, even if it means you handle Ground for the rest of your life.

CAMILLE

It's been a year, Joel. I'm fine.

JOEL

If you really were, you wouldn't
have to say it.

Joel points to the work station facing Runway One.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Until then, time to order around
some Airforce rejects. Welcome
back.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cardboard boxes stacked to the ceiling. A dim lamp provides
the only light.

Camille emerges from the hallway, shaking her hands dry.

CAMILLE

You don't have towels up yet.

JAMES PARK, 67, thick gray hair and argyle sweater, pops up
from behind the kitchen counter.

JAMES

I can't even find my phone charger.
You think towels are on my mind
right now?

James holds up a Himalayan salt lamp.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I did find this though.

CAMILLE

For the last time, I don't need a
damn salt lamp.

JAMES

It releases ions into the
atmosphere. You'll feel more
relaxed.

CAMILLE

You can't seriously believe that.

JAMES

Take it anyway. There's too much
stuff here and I don't have space
for it all.

CAMILLE

Nobody forced you to move here.

JAMES

I know. But it gives me peace of mind to know I'll be closer if anything happens.

CAMILLE

Nothing's gonna happen, Dad.

JAMES

Is that why you woke up in the lake last night?

Camille GROANS.

CAMILLE

He told you.

JAMES

Your sleepwalking is getting dangerous. You could have drowned to death.

CAMILLE

But I didn't.

JAMES

For the last time, let me take you to my acupuncturist.

CAMILLE

I doubt acupuncture can solve sleepwalking.

JAMES

You'd be surprised.

CAMILLE

I'd rather drown.

James walks over to Camille, eyes her cautiously.

JAMES

Davin also said you saw her.

CAMILLE

Davin needs to stop reporting to you like a little kid.

JAMES

It's a sign. What did I tell you?

CAMILLE

Dad, I don't wanna talk about this again. It was a dream. It doesn't mean anything.

JAMES

She's trying to establish contact, Camille, to communicate. Spirits do that if there's some unresolved matter.

Camille springs to her feet.

CAMILLE

I gotta go, okay? Thanks for dinner.

JAMES

Wait, Camille--

Camille grabs her purse off the counter, knocking over the Himalayan salt lamp, and rushes out the door.

James sighs, picks up the lamp, and sets it back upright.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille sits on the carpet, glasses perched on nose. In front of her, stacks of financial papers.

A BUMP. Then a CLANG!

Camille whips her head up, takes her glasses off. Clock reads 2:30 AM.

A PITTER-PATTER of small feet on the hardwood floor outside.

Camille leans back to look out the bedroom door --

The hallway is dark and empty.

CAMILLE

Hello?

A THUD, then a young girl's GIGGLE.

Camille stands, takes a step into --

HALLWAY

She flips on the hall light and walks slowly into --

LIVING ROOM

Where the sliding glass door is open a few inches.

Camille walks over, closes and locks the door.

When she looks up --

A TALL FIGURE IN HOODED CLOAK stands outside.

Camille YELPS, jumps back.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Who's there?

The figure doesn't move.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Camille FLICKS ON the exterior light --

and the figure VANISHES.

Camille presses her nose to the glass, peers out into the darkness.

BANG!

The figure SLAMS into the door.

Camille SCREAMS, falls to the ground --

Just as a SMALL CHILD SCURRIES out of the kitchen on all fours.

Camille YELLS, scrambles backward as it GALLOPS toward her.

SMALL CHILD
Mama.

CAMILLE
Go away!

SMALL CHILD
Mama.

Camille shuts her eyes, presses her palms tightly over her ears.

A CHILD'S SHRIEK echoes throughout the room.

Camille draws her knees up to her chin, rocks back and forth.

CAMILLE

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up.

The SHRIEK grows louder. Camille SCREAMS.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight seeps in through the vertical blinds.

Camille lies on the hardwood floor, fetal position, hands still clenched over her ears.

She awakes with a start, eyes bloodshot and unfocused.

She relaxes her muscles, uncovers her ears, body still trembling --

and sees a SMALL RED HAND imprinted on her forearm.

INT. TOWER CABIN - SFO - DAY

Camille stumbles in --

and Joel storms over, holding a headset, completely livid.

JOEL

Where were you? It's almost one.

CAMILLE

Sorry. Had a tough morning.

JOEL

Get in line. We're one short today and I needed someone on Three, but you're clearly not ready for that kind of responsibility.

CAMILLE

I can do it.

JOEL

Absolutely not.

Camille snatches the headset from Joel, stomps past Quan at Station One and MEGAN, 33, at Station Two.

She takes a seat at Station Three, facing Runway 19.

Joel follows.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Get up.

CAMILLE
You gonna give me a chance or not?

JOEL
Get your ass up. Now.

Camille and Joel stare daggers at each other.

CAMILLE
I've been doing this for seven
years, Joel. You gotta trust me.

Joel clenches his fists. Takes a deep breath.

JOEL
One chance, Camille. You fuck it
up, you're out.

Joel turns on his heel and retreats to his own desk. Quan and Megan avert their eyes as he passes.

Camille pulls her headset on.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER CABIN - NIGHT

Camille rubs her eyes, blinks hard.

She watches real-time Departures and Arrivals on the monitor.

MEGAN (O.S.)
I'm walking down to the terminal.
You want anything?

Camille turns --

Megan stands there, wallet in hand. The cabin is empty.

CAMILLE
No, you go ahead. Where's Joel?

MEGAN
He took Quan to Security cause his
badge wasn't working again. And I
have another hour till my flights
get in.
(beat)
Joel told me not to leave you
alone, but--

CAMILLE

I can manage.

MEGAN

Grant's in Center handling
International Departures if you
need anything.

CAMILLE

I said I got it.

Megan nods, gives Camille a half-smile.

MEGAN

It's good to see you back, Camille.

As Megan leaves, Camille's dashboard BEEPS. She adjusts her
mic and flips a switch on the console.

CAMILLE

San Francisco clearance. Delta one-
four-five ready to copy IFR
Portland.

Camille listens, then types up the information that comes in.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

One-four-five, approach one-niner
left. Winds two-eight-zero at
eleven, cleared for takeoff.

Camille watches a DELTA AIRBUS accelerate down the runway,
then lift off.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

NorCal departure, Delta one-four-
five, one-thousand climbing six.

She pushes a FLASHING ORANGE BUTTON on the center console.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

One-four-five, climb and maintain
one-six-thousand. Good day.

As the monitor updates to show Delta Flight 145's departure,
Camille types up the logs.

INT. TOWER CABIN - LATER

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Camille awakens, flailing. She knocks over her thermos --

Coffee spreads across her station.

CAMILLE

Aw, fuck.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Station Two's radar display FLASHES RED.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Joel?

Camille looks around --

but she's completely alone.

She pulls her jacket off, mops up the coffee with it --

Then jumps onto Station Two. Flips the switch.

PILOT (V.O.)

San Francisco, United two-four-niner-one requesting landing. We're a few minutes out and still need confirmation. Is runway clear?

CAMILLE

United two-four-niner-one, San Francisco approach. Turn left heading three-two-zero, descend and maintain nine-thousand.

PILOT (V.O.)

There you are, Tower. Was getting a little worried. Roger, left three-two-zero, down nine.

Camille opens the log for United Flight 2491.

CAMILLE

Two-four-niner-one, descend and maintain five-thousand. Slow to two-two-zero knots.

PILOT (V.O.)

Roger, down five-thousand. Slowing to two-two-zero, Tower.

United 2491 slides into view on the graphic. Runway is clear.

CAMILLE

Intercept localizer runway two-eight right. Cleared ILS two-eight right.

PILOT (V.O.)
Gotcha. Two-eight right it is.

The landing simulation plays out as Flight 2491 approaches Runway 28.

Camille hits 'LOCK RUNWAY' on dashboard --

But it BEEPS, flashes red -- 'ERROR'.

Camille's eyes widen as a JETBLUE AIRBUS slides into view --

Approaching the SAME RUNWAY as Flight 2491.

CAMILLE
Shit. United two-four-niner-one,
runway is not cleared for landing.
I repeat, runway is not cleared for
landing. Pull up immediately.

STATIC over headset.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Two-four-niner-one, do you copy?
You're on a collision course. You
have to pull up now.

Camille looks out onto the tarmac --

Watches in horror as TWO PLANES approach the same runway from opposite directions.

A GROUND CREW MEMBER frantically waves his LED traffic wand, trying to grab the pilots' attentions.

Camille fumbles around on the console, hits a button. An alarm BLARES.

The ROAR of engines. A SCREECH as the planes touch down --
and hurtle toward each other.

Camille squeezes her eyes shut.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. TERMINAL 3 - SFO - NIGHT**

The tall white doors SWING open --

and WARREN DIXON, 50s, Chief Operations Manager, storms out. He jostles past a DOZEN AIRPORT EMPLOYEES and hurries to --

EXT. GATE 47 - NIGHT

Where GROUND CREW MEMBERS in yellow reflective vests huddle.

Camille stands with Joel and RICARDO ALVAREZ, 40s, Ground Crew Chief.

RICARDO

Here he comes. Look sharp.

JOEL

(to Camille)

You don't talk.

CAMILLE

But--

JOEL

Don't say a fucking word.

Dixon joins the group, stares down each person, scowling.

DIXON

I only want two things: the name of the person I'm firing tonight and their home address so I can direct all these goddamn news trucks over there.

JOEL

TCAS was triggered, Warren, so we're covered. Let the investigators figure out the rest.

RICARDO

Go Team's already here.

Ricardo points to --

TARMAC

Where FOUR NTSB INVESTIGATORS in navy blue windbreakers circle both airplanes, snapping photos and taking notes.

A few hundred feet of tire skid marks extend along the runway in both directions --

But the planes are fine, their noses three feet from the other.

All sets of evacuation slides have been deployed and now hang deflated from the aircrafts' emergency doors.

DIXON

Great. Just fucking great.

RICARDO

And Lead wants to talk to you.

DIXON

Who'd they send?

RICARDO

Gloria Soto.

DIXON

Well, happy fucking birthday, everyone. Better pack a coat. It's cold in Washington this time of year.

Dixon throws his hands up, stomps off toward the tarmac.

JOEL

(to Ricardo)

You better go with him if he wants to keep his job.

Ricardo nods, then sprints after Dixon.

CAMILLE

Joel, I just wanna say that I'm sorry.

JOEL

Not now.

CAMILLE

And thanks for not ratting me out.

JOEL

Everything always comes out in the investigations, Camille. So if anything, I was saving my own ass, not yours.

Joel walks away, leaving Camille alone in the cold.

INT. THE HOBNOB PUB - DAY

Dark, damp, and dusty. James sits alone at the bar, drinking a Guinness and watching the NEWSCAST --

-Footage of the near-miss at SFO.

-Interviews of Warren Dixon and NTSB Lead Investigator, GLORIA SOTO, 50s.

-Insert of Camille's employee headshot.

James GRUNTS, then downs the rest of his beer.

The door SQUEAKS open --

and a swath of light cuts across the floor.

DAVIN (O.S.)

Thought I'd find you here.

Davin, in OPD uniform, takes a seat next to James. He flags the BARTENDER, orders two more beers.

JAMES

All that money, all that time down the drain.

DAVIN

It's my fault. I should have called Gail that night.

JAMES

Bah. She should've never gone to a shrink in the first place. These nutjobs charge you an arm and a leg to tell you that life is hard.

DAVIN

You think everyone's a nutjob though.

JAMES

Am I wrong?

DAVIN

It's a lot more than that, Uncle. Gail helped her out of a really dark place after the accident.

JAMES

She wouldn't have needed counseling if I'd been here.

DAVIN

There's nothing you could've done.
There's nothing any of us could've
done.

The bartender slides over two Guinnesses.

JAMES

All this psychiatric stuff. In my
days, we just dealt with it.

DAVIN

You didn't lose your entire family
in one afternoon either.

JAMES

How dare you. I lost a
granddaughter and a damn fine son-
in-law.

James CHUGS half his beer, then wipes his eyes with the back
of his hand.

Davin stares straight ahead, sips his beer.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NTSB BOARDROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Camille paces the marble floor, back and forth across the
NTSB seal.

The door to the boardroom opens --

Megan and Quan walk out. Megan's eyes are red.

CAMILLE

How'd it go?

QUAN

How'd it go? Your dumb ass cost me
my future, that's how it went.

MEGAN

Quan--

QUAN

Shut up, Megan. She needs to know.
(to Camille)
I hope you go to prison.

Quan stomps away.

CAMILLE

Megan, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for any of this to happen.

MEGAN

Why didn't you re-sequence the flight to ATC? Or contact the other pilot? I even told you Grant was in Center. Why, of all things, did you authorize a landing you had no jurisdiction over?

CAMILLE

It was an emergency. I had thirty seconds to make a decision.

MEGAN

And we're all trained how to properly handle that. You didn't follow any of the protocol.

CAMILLE

Like I said, I'm sorry it ended this way, but the planes didn't crash and nobody died.

MEGAN

Nobody died? Is that your defense? Eighty-three passengers were injured, Camille. And now the Pilots Union is involved. We're in big trouble here, and I lost my job cause you couldn't think clearly for half a minute.

The door opens again --

and Joel steps out, wearing a suit. His face hardens when he sees Camille.

JOEL

(to Megan)

Let's go.

CAMILLE

Joel, can we talk?

Joel leads Megan away.

NTSB INTERN (O.S.)

Ms. Park?

Camille wheels around --

An NTSB INTERN holds the boardroom door open for her.

NTSB INTERN (CONT'D)
Please follow me.

Camille takes a deep breath, smoothes out her skirt --
Then walks in.

EXT. LAKE MERRITT - DAY

Camille stands at the edge of the concrete walkway overlooking the water.

DAVIN (O.S.)
How was D.C.?

Camille breaks out of her trance as Davin joins her, this time in civilian clothes.

CAMILLE
How'd you find me?

DAVIN
Your dad said you're back.

CAMILLE
And he told you to check on me.

DAVIN
Yes. But I was gonna either way, so don't blame him.
(beat)
Did you at least get a severance package?

CAMILLE
Yeah, ten weeks plus COBRA.

DAVIN
Could be worse.

CAMILLE
And a forty thousand dollar fine.

DAVIN
Jesus, forty thousand?

CAMILLE
That's nothing compared to how much damage I caused.

DAVIN

What about Joel? He's your supervisor. He has to be responsible in some way.

CAMILLE

He wasn't implicated in anything. None of this was his fault.

Camille and Davin stare out over the lake in silence.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Something's really wrong with me, Davin.

DAVIN

You were exhausted. It's not an excuse, but you were cognitively impaired.

CAMILLE

It's more than that. She's angry at me. Very angry.

DAVIN

Angry? Who?

A YELL rises up behind them.

Camille turns --

as a HUGE MAN sprints toward her.

He grabs her around the waist --

and tackles her into --

EXT. THE WATER - DAY

Camille lands with a SPLASH.

She kicks upward, breaking the surface --

Before strong hands pull her back under.

Camille fights, JABS her elbow into the man's face.

But he wraps his arms around her chest --

and drags her deeper under.

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille jerks awake, GASPS for air. Forehead wet with sweat.

The red numbers on the bedside clock read 2:30 AM.

Camille regains control of her breathing, muscles relax. She concentrates on the rotating blades of the ceiling fan.

A slow CREAK --

and the closet door SWINGS OPEN.

Camille cranes her neck forward --

A TALL MAN IN A SUIT stands in the doorframe. Bald, no eyebrows, unusually big eyes and smile. He stares at her, unmoving.

Camille tries to move her limbs -- but she can't.

She's completely immobile.

The Tall Man's smile widens. He puts a long, wiry finger up to his lips.

TALL MAN

Shhhh.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Camille sits on the edge of a plush couch. She reaches for the TIME MAGAZINE on the coffee table, hand shaking.

The door CLICKS opens --

DR. GAIL O'CONNOR, 40s, tortoise shell glasses and orange turtleneck, pokes her head out.

DR. GAIL
Come on in, Camille.

INT. DR. GAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Gail watches Camille fidget nervously in the leather recliner.

DR. GAIL
How do you know he was trying to
kill you?

CAMILLE
If you'd seen him, you'd know too.

DR. GAIL
I mean, did he talk to you? Do
anything?

CAMILLE
No, I woke up before he reached the
bed.

DR. GAIL
Who is he, Camille?

CAMILLE
I've never seen him before in my
life.

DR. GAIL
You may not know him personally,
but you've definitely seen him
before. Our minds don't invent new
faces in our dreams.

CAMILLE
Well, this wasn't a fucking dream.

Dr. Gail sighs, puts her pen down.

DR. GAIL

You're clearly under a ton of stress, which is understandable after the week you've had. Coupled with the sleep deprivation, it's taking a toll on your mental facilities.

CAMILLE

No, Gail. You don't get it. I was fully conscious. I could see everything in the room, even hear the clock ticking. But I couldn't move or scream, couldn't even breathe.

DR. GAIL

And all of that sounds frightening. But keep in mind that nightmares can affect you physically, and everything you described are common symptoms of that.

Camille grits her teeth, digs her nails into the armrest.

CAMILLE

They're out to get me, Gail. Why can't you see that?

DR. GAIL

Because you're most likely experiencing PTSD psychosis. Something is triggering these memories, which replay in your mind as hallucinations.

CAMILLE

Don't you dare say I'm just seeing things.

DR. GAIL

I'm saying you're terrified of something. Fear comes from a loss of control and circumvents conscious thinking. Your brain is concocting plausible stories to explain sensory stimuli and construct explanations for what's being perceived.

CAMILLE

This was something else, Gail. And whatever it is, it's not from this world.

Dr. Gail grimaces. She considers for a moment, then scribbles in her prescription book. She rips the page out, hands it to Camille.

DR. GAIL

Doctor Baylor. He specializes in neuropsychiatry. I'll send in a referral.

Camille takes the piece of paper, face full of concern.

CAMILLE

Why is this happening to me?

DR. GAIL

I don't know yet, Camille. I honestly don't know.

INT. CRYSTAL ISLAND SPA AND SAUNA - DAY

Thick white steam. Condensation dots the bamboo benches.

James and Davin lounge half-naked, towels around waists.

DAVIN

You set up the furniture yet?

JAMES

It's too complicated. Whatever happened to good old second-hand discount shops?

DAVIN

They died alongside fax machines and pension plans.

JAMES

Aren't you eligible for a pension?

DAVIN

Yeah, after seventeen more years.

JAMES

By then, you'll be Chief of Police.

Davin lets out a scoff. He closes his eyes and leans back.

DAVIN

Haven't heard of many Police Chiefs with multiple demerits on their record.

JAMES

Demerits? What's going on with you, Davin?

DAVIN

I just have a lot on my plate.

JAMES

Don't tell me Camille's distracting you.

DAVIN

She's not.

(beat)

But she needs me. It's bad enough I wasn't there when--

JAMES

Stop. We both know it's my fault. If I had just picked up my phone that night--

DAVIN

You're being too hard on yourself. The point is, she's gotta get help. Real, medical help. And this new doctor seems to be it.

JAMES

He's just stuffing more pills down her throat.

DAVIN

Good. That's definitely what she needs right now.

JAMES

They'll screw her up even more.

DAVIN

Oh come on, Uncle. Welcome to the twenty-first century. This stuff works.

JAMES

There are some things western medicine can't solve.

DAVIN

So what do you want her to do?
Drink tea till she feels better?

JAMES

That's a first step.

DAVIN

Jesus, I was kidding.

(beat)

I bet you didn't know she's seven
months behind on her mortgage.

James sits up quickly.

JAMES

Seven months?

DAVIN

Yes, which is why she needs more
than palm readings and feng shui
and those jade crystals you keep
putting up all over her house.

James exhales audibly.

JAMES

Between the two of us, we're not
doing a very good job, are we.

DAVIN

Well, Ronny's shoes are big ones to
fill. He was the only one who could
keep her head above water.

JAMES

Ironic, isn't it?

INT. LUCKY STRIKE BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

High ceilings, POP music, neon lights.

Camille side-steps a DRUNK COUPLE --

and approaches Joel in Lane 12, who bowls a perfect strike,
then returns to his THREE BUDDIES.

CAMILLE

Joel.

Joel reels at her sight.

JOEL
No, no, no. Absolutely not.

CAMILLE
Two minutes. I promise.

He exchanges a quick look with his bowling buddies, then walks out of earshot with Camille.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
I need a job.

JOEL
You're kidding, right?

CAMILLE
I'm only asking for a reference.

JOEL
I'm already on thin ice with Dixon and now the FAA. How do you think they'll react if I recommend you for a job?

CAMILLE
They don't have to know. I'll go to Oakland. Or San Jose.

JOEL
After what happened, no one in aviation will touch you with a ten-foot pole. Go into marketing. Or tech. There's a ton of openings in the South Bay.

CAMILLE
This is the only job I know, Joel. I need this.

JOEL
Not my problem.

As Joel spins to leave, Camille grabs his arm.

CAMILLE
Joel, please--

Joel shakes Camille off violently, knocking her to the floor.

She falls, hits the back of her head, hard --

and the entire room turns PITCH BLACK.

Complete silence.

After a moment, a small BUZZ of electricity --

Then Lane 12 lights up, the neon glow illuminating Camille's face as she sits up.

A WISP OF GRAY SMOKE wafts up through the floorboards --

Then splits into two, morphing into a PAIR OF ARMS.

Camille stares, frozen to the spot.

An outline of a FACE strains against the wood paneling --

before it finally BURSTS through --

and the TALL, BALD MAN materializes into human form.

Camille's face contorts with horror as he ambles toward her. She's stuck, unable to move.

The man's arms STRETCH FORWARD, elongating rapidly.

Camille can only watch as they grab her around the neck --

and squeeze.

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille JERKS UP in bed, thrashing. She GASPS for air, reaches around her neck --

Finds nothing there.

She lurches out of bed, stumbles into --

INT. CAMILLE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Where she peers into the mirror --

and finds a SET OF RED HANDPRINTS around her neck.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. OAKLAND POLICE DEPT - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The front door BURSTS open --
and Camille bolts in, scarf wrapped around her neck.
The DESK OFFICER startles, sits up.

DESK OFFICER
Yes, hi. Good evening. I mean, can
I help you?

CAMILLE
I need to see Officer Koh.

DESK OFFICER
I'll go check if he's available--

Camille barges past the front desk and into --

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Camille sprints past rows of desks. Officers look up,
confused.

DESK OFFICER (O.S.)
Hey, lady!

Camille glances over her shoulder as the desk officer charges
toward her --

SMACKS into Officer Angelo.

ANGELO
Whoa, slow down. Camille?

CAMILLE
Where's Davin, Vinny?

ANGELO
Interviewing someone.

Camille turns, rushes down the hallway.

Officer Angelo runs after her.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
You can't go in there though!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM FOUR - NIGHT

Davin sits across from a SUSPECT with a shaved head.

Camille races in.

Davin jumps to his feet as Officer Angelo runs in and grabs Camille.

 ANGELO
Sorry, she just stormed in.

 CAMILLE
Someone's trying to kill me, Davin.
Look.

Camille unwraps the scarf from her neck.

 CAMILLE (CONT'D)
Is this proof enough for you?

 DAVIN
What am I looking at?

 CAMILLE
The handprints.

 DAVIN
What handprints?

 CAMILLE
On my neck.

 DAVIN
There's nothing there.

Camille runs to the one-way mirror, peers at her reflection --

The handprints are gone.

The suspect stifles a laugh.

 SUSPECT
And you wanna lock me up?

Davin and Angelo share a concerned look.

 DAVIN
 (to Angelo)
Take over for me.

EXT. WEBSTER AND 8TH INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The stoplight turns red as Camille and Davin approach the crosswalk. Camille PUNCHES the Push-to-Walk button.

CAMILLE

It's sleep paralysis, what I'm having. I did a deep dive.

DAVIN

What the hell is sleep paralysis?

CAMILLE

It happens when you're transitioning into or out of sleep. Your body's still sleeping but your mind wakes up, so you're conscious but paralyzed.

DAVIN

So it's a sleep disorder. Which means it's not life-threatening.

CAMILLE

Gee, thanks. Now I can go about my life again.

Light turns green. Camille and Davin cross the street into --

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

They pass a street vendor selling steamed buns.

CAMILLE

Do you believe me, Davin?

DAVIN

I believe that you believe you're seeing things.

CAMILLE

What kinda bullshit answer is that?

DAVIN

Come on, you know how I feel about this. It's psychological. And the anniversary of Ronny and Jane's death isn't helping.

CAMILLE

But what if it's not psychological? What if psychiatry can't save me?

DAVIN

Then maybe we seek an expert.
Someone who can provide a grounding
in all this, whatever it is.

CAMILLE

What, like a scientist?

Davin pulls Camille off to the side, out of earshot.

DAVIN

Remember how Roger used to frequent
all those shady speakeasies? A few
years ago, he met this guy down in
Long Beach. Pioneer in the
neuroscience world for his
unprecedented discoveries on sleep
disorders. Was even on track to win
a Nobel Prize. Then something
happened, and he lost everything.
Fell off the grid for over a
decade.

CAMILLE

What did he do?

DAVIN

I don't know exactly. But Roger
thinks something unethical.
According to him, this guy's
teaching now, joined academia, to
distance himself from his past.

CAMILLE

And you think this guy can help.

DAVIN

He's top-of-the-line in sleep
disorders research, Cam. Roger
might still have his number.

CAMILLE

But he sounds shady as hell.

DAVIN

At this point, aren't you willing
to take that risk?

INT. OLLY'S DINER - DAY

Camille sits in a corner booth. Through the window, the sun rises over Lake Merritt.

Camille stares at the business card in her hand.

KENJI KAMITANI

INTEGRATIVE BRAIN SCIENCE & NEUROBIOLOGY

DEPARTMENT OF NEUROSCIENCE

UC BERKELEY

510-642-8915

Camille pulls out her phone, dials.

Two RINGS, then a CLICK as someone picks up on the other end.

CAMILLE

Mr. Kamitani? I got your number from Roger Dougherty. Can we set up that consultation?

KENJI (V.O.)

Fifty-four hundred.

CAMILLE

Excuse me?

KENJI (V.O.)

Fifty-four hundred for a consultation.

CAMILLE

Oh. I don't have that kind of money right now--

CLICK.

Camille looks down at her phone, frowns. She hangs up.

INT. ZEN BODY THERAPY - DAY

The JINGLE of bells and Camille enters.

The RECEPTIONIST looks up, smiles.

RECEPTIONIST

Message?

Camille marches past the CUSTOMERS in the waiting area into --

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - DAY

James hunches over his desk, organizing files.

Camille strides in.

CAMILLE

I need to borrow some money.

JAMES

Try again.

CAMILLE

Hi, Dad. I need to borrow some money please.

James slowly takes his glasses off.

JAMES

Start from the beginning.

CAMILLE

There's a doctor at Berkeley, and I'm gonna see him today.

JAMES

Why do you need the money then?

CAMILLE

Consultation fee. Fifty-four hundred.

JAMES

That's a scam if I ever heard one.

CAMILLE

I'm going whether you like it or not, and I thought I'd ask you before borrowing money from Davin again.

JAMES

That's not fair. You didn't give me a chance last time.

CAMILLE

That's why I'm asking now. I need you to be on board with me. Just this once.

JAMES

Of course I am, Camille--

CAMILLE

I'm going crazy, Dad, and if this guy knows how to help me, I'm willing to try. And maybe he can get Jane out of my head for good.

JAMES

You'll never forget her. You'll just have to learn to move forward without her.

(beat)

I'll write you a check.

EXT. WASHINGTON PARK - SOFTBALL FIELD #3 - DAY

The field is dotted with MIDDLE SCHOOL SOFTBALL PLAYERS, half in green jerseys, half in yellow.

SHOUTS and CHEERS as a yellow team batter SMASHES the ball to left field.

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

PARENTS CLAP as the batter rounds the bases for an easy homerun.

KENJI KAMITANI, 55, walks up to the fence. Stiff white dress shirt and leather loafers.

Kenji sets his eyes on the THIRD BASEMAN of the Green Team.

KENJI

Head's up, Em. Next ball's coming to you.

EMI RICHARDSON, 12, looks up, spots Kenji through the fence. Her face lights up. She waves.

EMI

Hi, Dad!

Kenji smiles, then takes a seat on the bleachers as the game resumes.

EXT. VISITORS' DUGOUT - DAY

Kenji stands by the steps as the girls line up and shake hands on the infield.

Emi races over, softball in hand, body-slams him into a hug.

EMI

You made it.

KENJI

Course I did. What'd you hit, two for four?

EMI

Yeah, but we still lost.

Emi hands Kenji the softball.

EMI (CONT'D)

We got the game ball though. Here, you can have it.

KENJI

You'll have to sign it for me.

CLARK (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

CLARK RICHARDSON, 53, walks up. Tall, lean, and wears bright red sneakers with a blazer. He holds Emi's softball bag.

KENJI

Hey, Clark.

CLARK

Answer the question, Kenji.

KENJI

I wanted to see her play.

CLARK

You should have asked.

EMI

(to Clark)

Daddy--

CLARK

Not now, Emi. Take your bag and grab a snack with the team.

Emi hangs her head, then takes the bag from Clark and joins her teammates at the picnic tables.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You can't keep doing this, Kenji.
You'll screw her up.

KENJI

Me? You're the one keeping her away
from her father.

CLARK

That was the plan. You agreed to
it.

KENJI

I just want to see her sometimes.
Is that too much to ask?

CLARK

Yeah, you made it pretty clear.

KENJI

Let me take her to dinner tonight.
Two hours at most.

CLARK

That's not a good idea.

KENJI

Please, Clark. I'm at my wit's end.

CLARK

Then get a therapist.

Clark turns, marches away. Kenji watches him go.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Kenji unlocks his Jeep, looks down at the softball he's
holding. He clenches his jaw, then spins around --

and THROWS the ball into traffic --

Where it SHATTERS the window of a passing CORVETTE.

A long HONK, then the Corvette SCREECHES to a stop in the
middle of the road.

CORVETTE OWNER

You motherfucker!

Kenji FLIPS him off --

and the CORVETTE OWNER SPRINTS out of the car toward him.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF NEUROSCIENCE - UC BERKELEY - DAY

Kenji JABS the button for the elevator. His left eye is bruised.

GABE (O.S.)
Professor.

GABE, 20, approaches, notebook under one arm.

GABE (CONT'D)
Glad I caught you. I noticed office hours were canceled today, and I had a question about the midterm.

KENJI
Not now, Gabe.

GABE
But Professor--

KENJI
Tomorrow.

The elevator DINGS open. Kenji steps in.

GABE
But the midterm is tomorrow.

Kenji ignores him as the doors close.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF NEUROSCIENCE - BASEMENT - DAY

Kenji walks down the dimly-lit hallway.

Straight ahead, a WOMAN sits on the floor next to his office.

KENJI
Office hours will resume tomorrow.

The woman startles, jumps to her feet --

It's Camille.

CAMILLE
Kenji? I mean, Doctor Kamitani?

KENJI
I prefer Professor in an academic setting.

CAMILLE
Professor--

KENJI

Like I said, come back tomorrow.

CAMILLE

I'm not in your class.

KENJI

What class then?

CAMILLE

Uh, Neural Computation.

KENJI

With Professor Gitta.

CAMILLE

Exactly. And he said you'd address my concerns.

KENJI

She is on sabbatical right now and the department stopped offering Neural Computation in 2007.

CAMILLE

Right.

(beat)

Okay, my name is Camille Park. I called you the other day.

Kenji brushes past Camille, unlocks the door to his office.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I have the check.

As Kenji steps inside, Camille offers up an envelope.

KENJI

Can't help you.

CAMILLE

You don't even know my story yet.

KENJI

Don't need to. It's all the same.

CAMILLE

But I think...I think I might kill myself if this doesn't stop.

KENJI

Then get a therapist.

Kenji SLAMS the door in Camille's face.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF NEUROSCIENCE - BATHROOM - DAY

Camille sits in a stall, sobs uncontrollably.

SQUEAK of the door opening --

THUMP-THUMP of footsteps across the tile floor. But as they draw nearer --

THUMP-THUD-THUD. THUMP-THUD-THUD.

Camille raises her head, listens --

and the footsteps stop.

CAMILLE
Hello? Anyone here?

A SCREECH fills the air.

The SMALL CHILD ON ALL FOURS SCRAMBLES under the stall door, its head turned upside-down.

SMALL CHILD
Mama.

Camille SCREAMS, kicks at the child --

But it latches onto her leg, then BITES into her calf.

Camille YELLS IN PAIN, kicks the child away. She unlocks the stall door, LIMPS out --

Where she sees JANE in the mirror above the sink, blue and swollen in the face.

Camille SHRIEKS, then bolts to the sink, draws her arm back --

CAMILLE
Leave me the fuck alone!

-- and PUNCHES the mirror.

It CRACKS.

In the reflection, Jane smirks at her mother.

Camille PUNCHES the mirror again --

It SPLITS INTO PIECES.

And again --

A CRUNCH of bones, then blood SPLATTERS onto the glass.

Camille HOWLS IN PAIN --

But Jane is gone.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF NEUROSCIENCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Camille stumbles out, holding her broken and bloody hand. A trail of blood follows her.

She crashes into THREE UNDERGRADS, who SCREAM at the sight of all the blood.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Help.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. ALTA BATES EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

An ER DOCTOR finishes wrapping fiberglass casting tape around Camille's hand and wrist.

On the medical cart between them --

Blood-soaked gauze, surgical needles and sutures, an empty bottle of antiseptic.

ER DOCTOR

Make sure to keep your cast dry,
and elevate your arm for the first
thirty-six hours.

CAMILLE

How long will it take to heal?

ER DOCTOR

About three weeks, but if you feel
any numbness or pain, come back
ASAP.

As the doctor disappears through the curtains, Camille bends over and pulls up her pant leg --

But there's no sign of bite marks on her calf.

NURSE BRAD enters, papers in hand.

NURSE BRAD

All right, Ms. Park. Everything's
set with your insurance. Here's
your outpatient paperwork, and you
can check out with our cashier.

Camille takes the forms.

NURSE BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, and your father is here to pick
you up.

CAMILLE

My father?

NURSE BRAD

He's waiting for you outside.

EXT. ALTA BATES EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The automatic doors SLIDE open.

Camille walks out --

It's not her dad. It's Kenji.

KENJI

Let's talk.

EXT. BERKELEY MARINA - DOCKS - DAY

Kenji leads Camille down the concrete path, then onto the docks. They pass rows of yachts tied to the pier --

until they reach a Sea Ray Sundancer, white with silver trim.

KENJI (CONT'D)

Get in.

CAMILLE

I can't get the cast wet.

KENJI

Just get in.

CAMILLE

Are you going to kill me?

KENJI

If you want answers, we need to go somewhere we won't be overheard.

Kenji unravels the rope from the post, steps into the yacht.

A moment of hesitation --

Then Camille steps aboard.

EXT. THE BAY - DAY

The Sundancer glides across the water, motor HUMMING.

EXT. KENJI'S YACHT - DECK - DAY

Kenji cuts the engine, and the yacht comes to a lull. He takes a seat across from Camille.

KENJI

The mind is a powerful thing, Ms. Park. Especially the grieving mind.

CAMILLE

Who said I'm grieving?

KENJI

I saw what happened to the mirror.

CAMILLE

And you think I'm crazy too.

KENJI

I'm a scientist. There's no such thing as crazy.

Kenji leans forward.

KENJI (CONT'D)

What's fascinating about your case is the reappearance of certain apparitions in your episodes. Usually, our brains can separate reality from the dreamworld, but your mind has synthesized the two, and I've never seen that before.

CAMILLE

What does that mean? And why is this happening to me?

KENJI

It means you've buried something deep within your psyche, and now it's clawing its way out.

CAMILLE

If you're telling me to go back to counseling--

KENJI

Go to the National Institute of Health. They'll contribute better insight into your condition, and they even have the funding to do so. You said you're done with psychiatrists, so this is the way to go.

CAMILLE

And what's your way?

KENJI

Who said there's a 'my' way?

CAMILLE

That's why you brought me out here,
isn't it?

Kenji smirks.

KENJI

Think of it as mutual assistance. I help you banish the intruders in your dreams, which will, in turn, chase away the hallucinations in your waking life. And all you have to do is submit yourself to my clinical trials.

CAMILLE

You mean experiments.

KENJI

My research is based on deep image reconstruction of the images that occur during sleep paralysis. I believe that if we put a picture to the phenomenon, we as a scientific community can understand it better. The problem is, clinical trials of sleep paralysis are not recommended for lab testing because there's no biomedical benefit to the field. But if given the opportunity, why leave any stone unturned?

CAMILLE

You don't wanna help me. This is just a breakthrough research moment for you. I'm your claim to fame.

KENJI

This is your best bet to get your life back. Psychosis is a symptom, not an illness, and if you don't reconnect with reality soon, you might lose your mind to it forever.

Camille leans back in her seat, stares out over the water.

KENJI (CONT'D)

Take it off. It'll help you move on.

CAMILLE

What?

KENJI

Your ring.

Camille looks down at her wedding ring.

KENJI (CONT'D)

Tonight at the lab. Nine o'clock.
Don't forget the money.

INT. CAMILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille picks up the picture frame on her desk --

RONNY, JANE, and CAMILLE wearing cowboy hats, smiling.

She stares for a moment --

Then tosses it into the black trash bag she's holding.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Camille lugs the trash bag in.

She takes Ronny's toothbrush off its wall mount, throws it away. Swipes the monogrammed robe off its hook, trashes it.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camille takes a deep breath --

Then pushes the door open and steps inside.

Neatly-made bed with purple sheets. Daisy-print curtains pulled shut above the desk. A stuffed elephant sits on a rocking chair in the corner.

Camille goes to the closet, slides the mirrored door open --
and stares at the rows of brightly-colored clothes.

She takes a yellow summer dress in her hands, brings it up to her nose, and breathes in deeply.

Camille slowly lets the dress slip between her fingers, then slides the door shut --

JANE SITS CROSS-LEGGED ON THE BED in the reflection.

Camille GASPS, stumbles backward --

Spins around to find the bed EMPTY.

She hurries out, SLAMMING the door behind her.

INT. COGNITIVE NEUROSCIENCE LAB - UC BERKELY - NIGHT

Camille enters, drops her duffel bag by the foot of the bed, hands Kenji a manila folder with a stack of papers inside.

CAMILLE

Signed and initialed. All thirty-seven pages.

Kenji takes the folder, gestures to the bed.

Camille steps out of her shoes and lies down as Kenji attaches the last few wires to the heart rate monitor.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Can I ask one question? What's the money for?

Kenji secures a Velcro belt around Camille's waist, turns the machine on.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Cause you're not in it for the money. The fame alone is worth more than five thousand dollars.

Kenji reaches into the supply cart and pulls out a bundle of electrode cables.

He peels the adhesive off, sticks two on Camille's forehead, one on each temple, and one above each ear.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Fine. I get it. No personal stuff.

Kenji goes to the door. He hesitates, then looks back.

KENJI

A one-way flight to Japan and enough to completely change my identity. In case everything goes wrong.

Kenji turns the lights off and walks out.

INT. LAB OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kenji sinks into the chair, powers on the two monitors in front of him --

One shows an XY GRAPH filled with different colored lines.

The other is a LIVE IMAGE BRAIN SCAN.

Next to him, an OSCILLOSCOPE shows wavelengths of electronic signals from the EMG.

Kenji leans toward the microphone.

KENJI

Let yourself gradually and naturally fall asleep. The EMG will measure nerve impulses in your brain throughout the night.

INT. COGNITIVE NEUROSCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Camille stares up at the darkened ceiling.

KENJI (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

Once you transition into REM, I'll electrically stimulate your amygdala.

(beat)

Prepare yourself. Triggering your fear center might bring out your worst nightmares.

Camille slips off her wedding ring, tucks it under the pillow.

CAMILLE

I'm ready.

Camille pulls the blanket up to her chin --

and closes her eyes.

INT. LAB OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Kenji lounges, eyes closed.

The oscilloscope BEEPS.

Kenji opens his eyes --

The wavelengths are smooth, consistent.

KENJI

Go time.

Kenji types into the keyboard, hits 'ENTER'.

INT. CAMILLE'S MIND - NIGHT

Camille wakes up -- in her dream.

Her surroundings haven't changed --

But the room is darker.

Camille strains to move her head, her limbs, but she's frozen.

Sleep paralysis.

INT. LAB OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kenji sits up, frowning.

The lines JUMP OFF the XY graph.

The brain scan image SWELLS rapidly.

The wavelengths on the oscilloscope go HAYWIRE.

KENJI (CONT'D)

Shit.

The clock on the wall behind him reads 2:30 AM.

INT. CAMILLE'S MIND - NIGHT

Pitch black.

The CLICK of a lock turning, then the door SQUEAKS open.

Camille's breath quickens. Rapid BEEPING from machine as it registers her rising heart rate.

A low HISS --

Then a SHADOW enters the room.

As Camille struggles to move --

A DEMON WITH RED, PINPOINT EYES slithers in.

AN INCUBUS.

Frightening beyond words.

Camille tries to scream, but nothing comes out.

All she can do is watch as the Incubus crawls toward the bed.

It GROWLS --

Then LUNGES AT HER.

END PILOT