

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 visible scratches and dust marks.

FRESH BLOOD

MORGAN AND THE EVIL

"Celebrity Skin"

Written by

Skye Tenorio

emmaskyet@gmail.com
269.519.3053

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH CLASSROOM - NIGHT

ARTIE, late 40s, oafish, sits at his desk in a dimly lit classroom. He's studying paperwork peacefully until he hears movement. He looks around the classroom... nothing. Looks back down at his papers. Hears a creak. He looks up at the windows that are drenched in rain. He looks back down.

We see a dark figure standing in the doorway. Thunder crashes, and the figure steps into the light.

ERNEST

Hey, Artie.

It's the school's harmless janitor, ERNEST, 40s. Artie's completely unfazed.

ARTIE

Ernest. What's up?

ERNEST

Locking up for the night. Just wanting to make sure you lock this when you're done.

ARTIE

Oh, okay. Thought I was alone, to be honest.

ERNEST

You're grading papers at ten P.M. in the dark, Artie. You are alone.

Ernest leaves. Artie looks back at his papers, then up at a picture of himself with a cosplayer at a comic con. He sighs.

ARTIE

You're not alone, Art.

VIVICA (O.S.)

No. You're not.

We see Artie look up and hear him SCREAM as we cut away.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A girl in crumpled up sheets sleeps. This is our hero, MORGAN, 16, baby-faced and still wearing yesterday's makeup. She stirs.

EXT. WOODS - DAY [DREAM]

A serene forest. A cloudy sky.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

Morgan.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BEDROOM AND DREAM

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

She turns over in bed.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

We see the back of her, staggering through the woods, disoriented.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

Morgan...

The ground begins to tremble, then crack.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Moorgaaan...

She turns around. Is she undead? Possessed?

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Morgan's eyes open.

MORGAN

Hello? Who's there?

She sits up and surveys her surroundings. There's no one there. She lies down and closes her eyes.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

Moooooorgaaan...

MORGAN
 Okay, I *know* I heard something that
 time. Who's there?

Nothing. She sighs angrily.

GHOSTLY VOICE
 MOOOOORGAAAAAN!

MORGAN
 (annoyed)
 OH MY GOD, WHAT?!

The closet door FLIES OPEN.

GHOSTLY VOICE
 MORGAN... IT'S COMING.

Something flies straight towards her just as we cut to:

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan sits up in bed, shaken. Her bedroom door flies open.

MORGAN
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

It's her dad, MARTY, early 40s.

MARTY
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

KIM, Morgan's mom, early 40s, cooks eggs in a skillet. She hears screaming coming from upstairs and furrows her brow, but keeps on cooking.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

The three of them sit around the kitchen table eating breakfast.

KIM
 So, honey, I take it your sleep is
 still...

MORGAN
 Wonderful.

MARTY

Oh! Well, that's good. I thought since you woke up screaming it was still bad.

KIM

She was being sarcastic, Marty.

MARTY

Ah.

KIM

Everyone has a hard time sleeping sometimes, honey. It's normal.

MORGAN

Yeah, a sixteen-year-old with sudden onset night terrors is totally normal.

KIM

Sleep paralysis. It happens. To a lot of people. It'll be over soon.

MORGAN

Thanks, Mom. I'm gonna go.

KIM

Okay. Love you.

MARTY

Love you, kiddo.

Morgan leaves.

MARTY (cont'd)

You don't know that, you know.

KIM

Yes, I do.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Morgan walks down a quiet sidewalk. She hears rustling behind her. She stops walking, listening intently. Nothing. She starts walking again. More rustling. She stops and looks to her side before turning around slowly. It's just leaves, blowing around the pavement.

MORGAN

Get a grip, Morgan.

She turns back around.

FAINT VOICE

Morgan.

Her eyes widen. She turns around. There's nothing. A look of annoyed realization washes over her face.

MORGAN

Hi, Sam.

She turns back around to see SAM, 16, tomboyish, her best friend.

SAM

Boo.

MORGAN

Funny.

They start walking together.

SAM

Shouldn't you be chipper? Isn't Tom back from his stupid camping trip or whatever?

Morgan's face lights up.

MORGAN

Yeah, he is.

SAM

Check out the grin on your face. Someone's in love.

MORGAN

Woah. Let's be careful with that word.

SAM

Uh, you know you guys have been dating for like a year now, right? It's okay to say you love each other.

MORGAN

Fuck. It's a year tomorrow. And I haven't gotten him anything.

SAM

Oops. Well, I mean, you're the girl. You can get away with no gift. (off Morgan rolling her eyes) Oh, come on!

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

Sometimes sexism can work in your favor. Wait! I know what you could do for him. You could tell him you love him.

MORGAN

I'm not gonna tell the guy I love him to get out of giving him a gift!

SAM

So, you don't love him?

MORGAN

I mean... yeah, I do. I don't know. Maybe it *is* weird that I haven't said it. But I mean he hasn't either!

SAM

That's some mature logic you've got going on.

MORGAN

Whatever. I guess you might be right.

SAM

I'm always right.

MORGAN

But that doesn't mean I'm gonna say it tonight! I need some time to sit with it.

SAM

Slutever.

MORGAN

That's not how you use that word.

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Morgan and Sam walk in the front door and head to their lockers.

TOM, 17, cute in a guy-in-a-band way, leans against Morgan's locker. He looks over and sees the girls approaching. Tom and Morgan melt at the sight of each other. He leans in for a kiss just as a TEACHER, 60s, hates his life, walks by.

TEACHER

No.

Tom and Morgan back off each other. Tom rolls his eyes. Morgan shrugs. They're totally lost in each other.

SAM

HI, TOM.

TOM

Oh, Sam, hi. Didn't notice you there.

SAM

Uh yeah, I noticed you not noticing me. Whatever. I know I exist. I don't need proof.

MORGAN

I notice you.

SAM

Only because I would kill you otherwise.

MORGAN

That's sweet.

Morgan and Sam put their stuff in their lockers.

SAM

So, Tom. Lovely weather we're having, huh?

TOM

Uh yeah, I guess. Fall-like. Which is nice for, you know, fall.

SAM

Good point! Love fall. Love it. Speaking of love, specifically things you love, how was your trip? Did you love it?

Morgan shoots a death stare at Sam.

TOM

Uh, yeah... I did. I don't know. It was okay.

MORGAN

"Okay?" You love camping.

TOM

I do! It was fine. I mean fun.

Morgan looks puzzled. Tom holds her hand and smiles.

TOM (cont'd)

You look pretty today. The no-sleep thing is really working for you. It's like the opposite of beauty sleep. Beauty sleep deprivation.

MORGAN

Uh-huh...

TOM

Hey, where's the locket I gave you?

Morgan touches her neck.

MORGAN

Oh. I must have forgotten to put it on this morning. That's weird.

INTERCOM FEEDBACK.

INTERCOM

Good morning, students of Arlington High. There's no easy way to say this. But Mr. Arthur Stakowsky, our beloved Latin teacher, is dead. Actually, I guess that was pretty easy to say. Stakowsky's classes will proceed as usual with a substitute teacher. (quietly, to someone else in the room) What? Oh. (directly into the intercom) Also, today's lunch will be dinner steak and gravy. Have a super day! (to the other person in the room) Huh? (back into the intercom) but not too super. A man is dead.

SAM

And they say nothing exciting happens in Arlington.

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

An overhead shot of a pentagram surrounded by candles with two cloaked figures performing some kind of ritual.

Close up shots of bloody hands writing something in Latin on the floor. One of the hands dips into a bowl full of blood and pulls out a heart-shaped locket.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A young couple, BLAINE, 20, and SARAH, 19, get out of their car.

BLAINE

Last one there's a fertilized egg!

Blaine runs off. Sarah sighs and runs after him.

EXT. WOODS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sarah's still running through the woods. She stops, trying to catch her breath.

SARAH

Alright, alright! You won. I'm the fertilized egg.

She starts walking.

SARAH (cont'd)

Blaine? Hello? Okay, you got me! Very funny prank. Bl--

Sarah almost falls into a sizeable hole in the ground.

SARAH (cont'd)

Woah. What the hell?

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Morgan, Sam, and Tom sit in a full classroom. We hear students MURMURING.

DOUCHEBAG STUDENT

God, that is just so grim. One day you're a Latin teacher with no life... And the next you're a lifeless Latin teacher.

Sam laughs.

SAM

What a legacy. Arthur Stakowsky: he taught a dead language for a while.... And then... he... was a dead language... teacher?

TOM

You know, it might not be cool to
joke about someone we knew dying.
Does anyone know how he died?

KYLE, 18, a stoner who's been held back a couple years, leans
into their conversation.

KYLE

I heard the janitor went crazy and
pulled a murder-suicide. They still
haven't found his body yet...

MORGAN

If they haven't found the janitor's
body, how do they know it was a
suicide?

He stares at Morgan blankly. The classroom quiets down as a
woman, VIVICA TORINO, mid 30s, statuesque and intimidating,
enters the classroom.

VIVICA

Good morning, class. My name is Ms.
Torino. I'll be your substitute
teacher while Mr. Stakowsky is...
well... I'll be here for a while.

TOM

(to Sam and Morgan)
Hey, is it just me or--

VIVICA

Tom.

Tom's head whips up at her.

VIVICA (cont'd)

It is Tom, isn't it?

TOM

Uh... it is.

VIVICA

Do you mind? I'm trying to talk.

Tom shakes his head.

VIVICA (cont'd)

Great. Now as I was saying: I'm sure
some of you are wondering why we're
having class today.

(MORE)

VIVICA (cont'd)
 Maybe you're wondering why you have
 to take this class at all, so let's
 talk about it. Any ideas? Why is
 Latin important?

A PREPPY GIRL, 16, speaks up.

PREPPY GIRL
 Because we need a foreign language
 class to graduate, and French was
 already full?

Scattered laughs.

VIVICA
 Fair, but not the point. What's the
 point of learning a dead language?

Silence.

VIVICA (cont'd)
 Okay, I'll tell you. Latin is a dead
 language because it's an old
 language. And while I see how this
 idea is easily lost on a group of
 people who haven't even been around
 for two decades, old things matter.
 They matter because they came before.
 Now, what do we know came before us?
 Our roots. Without our roots we can't
 know where we come from, how we got
 here, and most importantly--

She makes direct eye contact with Morgan.

VIVICA (cont'd)
 Where we're going.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sarah peers down into the hole. The ground begins to rumble.

SARAH
 What the--

Sarah loses her balance and falls into the hole. Blaine pops
 out from behind a tree.

BLAINE
 Sarah? Did you feel th--

He spots the hole and looks down into it.

BLAINE (cont'd)
Oh, shit. Sarah?

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATER

The bell rings.

Everyone collects their things and gets up. Tom gets up first followed by Sam and Morgan.

They near the exit of the room where Vivica is.

VIVICA
Thanks, guys. It was a pleasure.

Tom smiles nervously.

VIVICA (cont'd)
No need to be scared of me just because I knew your name, Tom.

TOM
Oh, I wasn't...

MORGAN
How did you know his name though?

Vivica holds up a roster that's sitting on her desk.

VIVICA
Rosters. They come in handy.

TOM
Oh. Yeah. Well, I figured...

SAM
Sure you did. Well, mystery solved. Thanks for class. And thanks for scaring Tom.

They start walking out of the room.

VIVICA
Oh, wait. Morgan, would you stick around for a second?

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

We're back in the room with the pentagram and candles. The heart-shaped locket is in the middle of the drawing. A woman speaks in Latin.

We pan up and see one of the cloaked figures takes off her hood. It's Kim.

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - SAME

It's just Morgan and Vivica.

VIVICA

I noticed you were having a bit of a hard time paying attention in class.

MORGAN

Oh. Well, the good news is that's pretty typical. So, don't worry. It says nothing about your teaching.

Vivica laughs.

VIVICA

It does if I let it go unaddressed. Do you feel you struggle with Latin?

MORGAN

I guess sometimes the pronunciation gets me.

VIVICA

Alright! Why don't we go over some pointers?

MORGAN

Uh, I really have to get to my next class.

VIVICA

Oh, it'll just take a minute.

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

Kim cuts the palm of her hand with a dagger. The other figure takes off his hood to reveal he's Marty.

MARTY

Kim. Once we do this... there's no going back.

KIM

Yeah. That's kind of the point. Now give me your hand.

Kim takes his hand and cuts it. She presses it against hers.
Blood drips onto the pentagram.

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - SAME

VIVICA

Okay. Let's try saying a few phrases.

Vivica writes something on a piece of paper.

MORGAN

Animam meam...

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

Kim and Marty clasp bloody hands.

KIM

Atque praesentem haec
oblatio...

MARTY

Atque praesentem haec
oblatio...

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - SAME

MORGAN

In luce...

INT. DARK ROOM - SAME

KIM

Quorumcumque indemnitas...

MARTY

Quorumcumque indemnitas....

MARTY

I don't think we've thought this
through enough.

Marty tries to pull his hand away from Kim but she doesn't
let him.

KIM

Marty, shut up. We've thought and
talked about it enough. Let's finish
this.

Marty hesitates.

THE SCREEN SPLITS: KIM AND MARTY ON THE LEFT, MORGAN ON THE
RIGHT.

ACT THREE

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Blaine looks into the hole.

SARAH (O.S.)
(faintly)
Blaine?

BLAINE
Sarah!

We hear a low rumble as the ground starts to shake. It stops.

A HUGE STREAM OF BLOOD gushes out of the hole, covering Blaine's face. It stops. Blaine wipes it off his face.

BLAINE (cont'd)
(deadpan)
Sarah? Are you okay?

He starts to leave.

SARAH (O.S.)
Blaine?

Blaine looks over to the hole and runs back.

BLAINE
You're alright! Thank god.

SARAH (O.S.)
Get me out of here. Please. I'm so scared.

He grabs a nearby branch and leans in with it. His eyes widen with terror before we hear a HORRIFIC SCREAM.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan walks into her room and slumps her backpack off before sitting on her bed. Marty walks into her room.

MARTY
So, how are you feeling?

MORGAN
Like I just got knocked unconscious by a rogue baseball.

MARTY

Now see, I know you're not being sarcastic this time because that's what actually happened. But um, other than your head, you're feeling okay?

MORGAN

Yeah... why?

MARTY

I don't know. I just worry. You know.

Beat.

MARTY (cont'd)

Oh, hey. I almost forgot. (pulling her locket out of his pocket) Mom found this downstairs after you left.

MORGAN

Oh! Thank you.

She puts it on.

MARTY

Get some rest, kiddo.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - LATER, AT DUSK

We see Morgan's face on its side. She's fast asleep. A hand comes up from underneath her bed and reaches for her. It almost grabs her but doesn't quite make it. She rolls over on her other side to another hand reaching for her.

We pan out to reveal Morgan's bed is surrounded by arms reaching out from under her bed. Her phone RINGS and Morgan wakes up as the hands recoil before she can see them.

MORGAN

Ugh... Hello?

TOM

Oh no, I woke you. I'm sorry.

MORGAN

No, it's okay. If I sleep any longer I'll be up all night.

TOM

Well, I was hoping I could convince you to not get much sleep tonight anyway.

MORGAN
Oh, yeah?

TOM
Oh, yeah.

MORGAN
What time were you thinking?

TOM
Whenever you feel like looking out
your window.

Morgan looks out her window to see Tom waving from his car.

MORGAN
Creeper.

INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom drives with Morgan in the passenger seat.

TOM
I don't know. There was just
something weird about her.

Morgan's phone begins to ring. She takes it out of her
pocket.

MORGAN
Unknown caller?

TOM
Don't answer.

MORGAN
No, I always wanna know who these
mystery callers are.

Morgan answers the phone.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Hello?

Garbly static.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Hello?

MYSTERY CALLER
It's coming...

MORGAN
What? Who is this?

We slowly zoom in on Morgan's face.

MYSTERY CALLER
It's coming... and it won't let you
go... until it's finished...

MORGAN
Yeah sorry, wrong number.

Morgan hangs up, completely deflating the moment.

TOM
Who was it?

Morgan shrugs.

MORGAN
No idea. Anyway, Torino's a weirdo.

We pan out of the car and see that the street lights' and
houses' electricity have gone out behind them.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They're parked. No one else is around.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME

Tom and Morgan sit with her head on his shoulder.

TOM
You got your necklace back. I was
worried you'd chucked it because you
secretly hate it.

MORGAN
No, I love it. I do secretly hate you
though.

TOM
I figured as much. You know you're my
favorite though, right?

MORGAN
Favorite what?

TOM

Just my favorite. Out of everything. And you know if anything ever happened, it wouldn't change that. I'd never let anything come between us. I'm yours 'til the end. And possibly even a little bit after.

MORGAN

I... me too.

TOM

Morgan, I need to tell you something.

MORGAN

I do too.

She sits up and looks him in the eye.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Tom, I--

TOM

I'm moving.

MORGAN

What?

TOM

My mom's leaving my dad.

MORGAN

Okay, you'll just stay with your dad.

TOM

Morgan, you know I can't do that.

MORGAN

But what about us?

TOM

This doesn't mean I care about you any less, and it doesn't even mean we have to break up. It's a two hour flight to Boston. We could still--

MORGAN

Boston?

TOM

I know it sounds bad, but it's really not. We can do long distance until we graduate and--

MORGAN

Until we graduate? You mean in two years?

TOM

I know it sounds like a lot, but--

MORGAN

This is why you were weird today. Why didn't you tell me sooner before I--

He tries to reach out to her but she pushes him away.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Don't touch me, you jerk.

TOM

Woah. That's not fair.

MORGAN

Nothing could ever come between us? Yeah, nothing except you, apparently.

She gets out of the car.

TOM

Morgan! Please! Wait! What did you want to tell me?

Tom slumps against his seat.

TOM (cont'd)

Good going, Tom. Tell the girl you're never gonna leave her and then tell her you're gonna leave her. Very smooth.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Something watches Tom from the bushes.

TOM

Maybe next you could find a terminally ill child to reassure that he'll be fine except for when he dies in a few months.

Whatever's watching Tom gets closer to the car.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME

He puts the key in the ignition.

TOM

Jesus.

He adjusts the rearview mirror and sees a DEMONIC GIRL, covered in blood and mud, with blacked out eyes-- It's Sarah.

SARAH

Guess again.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Tom lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Morgan walks down a sidewalk crying. A car comes up behind her, then slows down next to her. It's Tom, looking perfectly normal.

MORGAN

Great.

TOM

Sweetie.

MORGAN

Leave me alone, Tom.

TOM

Babe, just get in the car. We can work this out.

MORGAN

No, we can't, Tom.

TOM

Morgles. I'm sorry. Please. I love you.

Morgan stops and looks at him. She sniffles.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME

Things are tense.

TOM
You know, you're really pretty when
you cry.

MORGAN
Don't say that.

TOM
Why?

MORGAN
Because it's creepy.

TOM
Listen. I'm sorry.

He puts his hand on her leg.

MORGAN
Tom...

He leans in to kiss her but she pulls away.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Stop.

TOM
Why? I thought this was what you
wanted. I thought I was what you
wanted.

MORGAN
You are.

TOM
So then I don't see the problem.

He tries to kiss her again.

MORGAN
Tom, no.

TOM
Don't you love me?

Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN
Of course I do. But I don't want to
kiss you right now.

He grabs her face and kisses her forcibly. Morgan suddenly sees flashes of blood and hears people screaming. She pushes him off of her.

MORGAN (cont'd)
What the hell?

TOM
Something wrong?

Morgan
I said no.

TOM
I know. I just don't care.

He contorts his face like he's in pain-- clearly fighting back something in himself.

MORGAN
Tom?

TOM
(demonic voice)
Just come here, you little bitch!

Morgan tries to open the door but Tom locks it. He lunges at her but she fights him back and manages to unlock the door.

The two of them spill out of the car and onto the ground. Morgan tries to crawl away but Tom grabs her ankle.

TOM (cont'd)
Come on, Morgan. Don't you wanna make a baby?

He grabs her other leg and twists her around so that his face is between her legs.

TOM (cont'd)
How about a little tongue play? I've got some tricks your boy's never even heard of.

Morgan squeezes her legs together, punches him square in the jaw and gets free.

MORGAN
HELP! SOMEONE PLEASE HELP ME!

She gets up and runs as fast as she can, limping. She looks behind her -- he's nowhere to be seen.

She takes out her phone. Tom comes out of nowhere and smacks it out of her hand.

TOM

Always on your phone, Morgan. Girls these days are just all talk and no action-- no wonder he was leaving you!

He lifts her up by the throat.

TOM (cont'd)

I bet you like it rough, don't you?
(as Morgan struggles
to breathe)
It's always the quiet ones.

She kicks him hard in the crotch and she drops to the floor as he lets go. She runs away again. Tom makes an inhuman noise in the distance.

She's back at the car. She fumbles around looking for the keys but doesn't find them.

TOM (cont'd)

(in the distance)

Marco!

Morgan looks outside of the car and sees him in the distance. She looks down, looks back up. He's gone.

MORGAN

Please, God...

TOM (O.S.)

Sorry, God's not home right now--

He's right next to her.

TOM (cont'd)

But leave a message after the screech and he'll get back to you as soon as he can!

Tom lets out a hellish scream as Morgan grabs a textbook and bashes it against his head repeatedly. He groans after the second hit and slumps over.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Morgan stumbles back to the tree where Tom knocked the phone out of her hand, occasionally looking behind her. She finds her phone and makes sure it's still working. It lights up.

MORGAN

Thank you.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morgan lays down on Sam's bed sniffing. Sam sits next to her.

SAM

I never liked Tom. I mean, I liked Tom. But I was always prepared not to. Just in case.

MORGAN

Sam, I know this sounds crazy, but I don't think it was Tom.

SAM

Huh?

MORGAN

Like... When I got in his car the second time he was just... a different person. He was talking as if Tom was someone else. It was like he was... possessed or something.

SAM

Well, that's... creepy. I'm sorry, Morgan. I don't know what to say. But I do know we're gonna figure this out. The first thing we need to do is tell someone.

MORGAN

Tell them what?

SAM

The truth.

MORGAN

But it's not that simple. I don't know. Part of me feels like I should check on him.

SAM

Um, no. Tom does not need checking right now. You do.

MORGAN

I knocked him out cold. And then I left him there.

SAM

Okay, well why don't we go over what he did to you one more time?

Morgan sighs.

SAM (cont'd)

Look, I think we should talk to Ms. Goode.

MORGAN

The last place I want to go tomorrow is school.

SAM

I know. But she's a counselor. She'll know what to do. Unless you want to talk to your parents.

MORGAN

Please. Like they would have any idea what to do. They barely know how to deal with me on a good day.

Beat.

MORGAN (cont'd)

What if Tom's there tomorrow?

SAM

Then he's--

INT. ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Close up of a RANDOM STUDENT'S FACE as he sobs.

RANDOM STUDENT
 DEAD! TOM IS DEAD! THEY FOUND HIM IN
 HIS CAR. DEAD. OF CARBON MONOXIDE
 POISONING!

We pull out to see that we're looking at a group of students standing in front of a makeshift memorial for Tom in the school hallway. Then a medium shot of Morgan looking shocked.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

Medium shot of Morgan's same blank face as someone hugs her.

INT. DIFFERENT ROOM - DAY

Same blank face. This time someone hands her a casserole.

INT. MORGAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Same blank face. This time, she's in a bathrobe. We pull out to reveal that we're looking at Morgan's reflection in her bathroom mirror. We can hear water running in the bathtub.

She disrobes off camera before getting into the tub. She blinks slowly and leans her head against the side. She dozes off as we fade to...

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAY

Rain POURS as Morgan stands at the entrance of the cemetery. Disoriented, she looks around. She looks up to see clouds MOVING QUICKLY across the sky.

GHOSTLY VOICE

Morgan...

She looks back down. Standing several yards in front of her is Tom's grave.

MORGAN

Tom?

She walks towards it. The rain gets heavier as she approaches. It's starting to collect. Tom's grave seems to get further away with each step she takes. Suddenly, things get bright.

She looks up to see the clouds have left. The sun shines brightly for a moment, then fills with blood as it starts setting quickly.

It's night now and the rain has died down. She puts her hand out to see if it's really stopped. One drop falls on her palm. It's blood. More of it starts pouring down. She looks behind her as the cemetery floods.

She almost loses her balance when she realizes there's an open grave filled with blood right behind her.

She turns around. Tom's standing right in front of her. He grabs her by the hair.

TOM

There she is! How about a little sugar, baby?

He pulls her close to his face.

TOM (cont'd)

Don't you get what's happening, Morgan? I'm gonna come. And you're gonna go.

He kisses her and then SNAPS HER NECK. She falls into the grave with a huge bloody splash.

INT. MORGAN'S BATHROOM - SAME

Morgan wakes up to someone BANGING on the door.

KIM (O.S.)

Morgan! Is everything okay in there?

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cars park. People greet.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY - SAME

We're at Tom's wake. The room's full of people. Morgan and Sam stand against a wall watching people mingle.

SAM

Why is Ethan here? They didn't even talk.

Morgan says nothing.

SAM (cont'd)

Who is that guy? Do you know him? Who are all these people? What are they doing here?

Nothing from Morgan.

SAM (cont'd)

Tom's dead, he's not throwing a party for everyone to crash--

Morgan speed-walks away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - SAME

Morgan sits on a bench with her head in her hands. Sam walks into the room.

SAM

I am so sorry. I didn't mean to be so... I don't really know what I'm doing. I know I don't have to tell you of all people this but when I don't know how to handle something I just start talking, you know, and I don't really think. It's really dumb and it's not--

MORGAN

It's my fault.

SAM

What?

Morgan wipes her face and then puts her hands on her lap.

MORGAN

You're not the one who should be sorry. I am.

Sam sits down next to her.

SAM

Look--

MORGAN

You're my best friend. You love me, so you can't see it. But it's true. If it weren't for me, Tom would still be here. I killed him.

SAM
No, you didn't.

Morgan stares at the ground. A couple of tears fall.

SAM (cont'd)
Hey. Look at me.

She sighs but obliges.

SAM (cont'd)
Do you remember sophomore year, we were going to homecoming for the first time and you were so excited you made us go to fucking David's Bridal to get a dress?

She nods.

SAM (cont'd)
The dress you picked was beautiful. But it was the most dramatic thing I had ever seen.

MORGAN
I loved it.

SAM
We both did.

MORGAN
But I would have looked ridiculous wearing it to a school dance.

Morgan smiles.

SAM
Being best friends doesn't mean I'm going to lie to you just to make you feel better. But I am going to have to say some things that aren't nice to hear.

Sam puts her hand on Morgan's.

SAM (cont'd)
Tom attacked you. You protected yourself, and then he committed suicide.

MORGAN
But it wasn't him. I--

SAM

Yes, it was. It was him. It doesn't make sense, I know, but it was. You have to accept it. And you have to stop blaming yourself. Okay?

MORGAN

Okay.

Sam hugs her.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MAIN ROOM - SAME

A man with a microphone talks in the background as we pan through the crowd. Sam and Morgan sit side-by-side.

SAM

You don't have to do this, you know.

MORGAN

Yes, I do.

MAN WITH MICROPHONE

...But what we can be sure of is that we'll see him again. And now for a few words from our dear Morgan.

Morgan gets up and takes her place behind the podium. We see Tom's open casket. She clears her throat.

MORGAN

Hello. Um. For those of you who don't know me, I'm Tom's girlfriend. Was. I was Tom's girlfriend. I don't really know what to say. I can't really wrap my head around what's happened. And how sudden this is.

She looks out at the crowd. We see Sam, her parents, and Tom's open casket.

Morgan looks down at the notes she's prepared. They're out of order. In the background, we see Tom slowly sitting up in his coffin.

TOM

Morgan?

Morgan stops shuffling through the cards. She looks up.

MORGAN

W-what?

The crowd looks confused. Sam looks behind her at the casket. It looks normal to her.

We return to Morgan's POV. Tom looks like himself- normal, bewildered, lost.

Tom
Where am I? What happened?

She's speechless.

TOM (cont'd)
Did you do this? You did, didn't you?
I remember what you did. You bitch.

Tom starts grimacing and fighting something back like in the car.

TOM (cont'd)
You whore!

He starts breaking the coffin and getting up.

MORGAN
N-no! Please!

She looks back at the crowd. No one's reacting to Tom -- just staring back at her in confusion. She looks back at the coffin.

Tom's back to normal. Completely lifeless.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DUSK

We see Tom's tombstone. Someone places flowers in front of it. The sun sets in the background.

It's night now. A graveyard caretaker opens the cemetery entrance whistling.

We see Tom's grave. A low rumble creeps up as the ground starts shaking. Suddenly, Tom's hand BURSTS OUT OF THE GRAVE. He claws his way out of the dirt and pulls himself out.

TOM
Boy, they're just not making coffins
like they used to.

We throw back to the caretaker who's just stepped foot into the cemetery. He stops whistling and turns right around.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan walks into her room. She stands in front of her window, looking at the spot where Tom picked her up. Her eyes glisten with tears.

INT. MORGAN'S BATHROOM - SAME

She leans over the sink while it runs, sobbing into her hands.

GHOSTLY VOICE

Morgan.

She stops. We pan up to the mirror with her as she sees a different, grotesque version of herself in the mirror. She freezes in terror.

MIRROR MORGAN

Morgan... You have to watch out.

MORGAN

What?

MIRROR MORGAN

You have to watch out. It's coming.

The reflection's demeanor changes. The mirror CRACKS and begins to BLEED, with the blood running upwards. We follow the blood to see that it's pooling on the ceiling.

MIRROR TOM (O.S.)

I'm coming.

Morgan looks down to see that her reflection has changed into Tom. The blood from the ceiling falls onto her. She screams and then opens her eyes to see that the bathroom and her reflection are back to normal. She checks herself for blood but it's gone. She looks towards the door.

MORGAN

Mommy...

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

She's almost to her parents' room when she hears them arguing. She stops to listen.

KIM (O.S.)

We've talked about this. She can never know.

MARTY (O.S.)

We're responsible for this. Tom's dead because of what we did.

KIM (O.S.)

And what do you propose we tell her exactly? That her parents are demons? That we performed an ancient blood ritual that ended up killing her boyfriend?

Morgan's eyes widen as she stumbles backwards, in shock.

INT. MARTY AND KIM'S BEDROOM - SAME

MARTY

Demons? Kim, don't be dramatic.

KIM

Look, what do you think--

They hear a CRASH outside of their room.

INT. MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Morgan stumbles through the house, desperately trying to get to the front door.

She clears through the kitchen and manages to find her parents' car keys. She rounds the corner and bumps into someone. She shrieks only to realize it's Sam, standing in front of the open front door.

SAM

Hey, hey, hey! Calm down. It's just me!

MORGAN

Sam, we have to get out of here!

SAM

What? Why?

MORGAN

My... my parents... my parents are monsters!

The door slams shut behind Sam.

KIM (O.S.)

Not exactly.

Morgan turns around to see Kim and Marty standing behind them.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN TOWN - NIGHT

Two teenagers, ERIC, 17, and SHAY, 16, make out in a car. He kisses her neck as she looks out the windshield. Her eyes widen.

SHAY

Eric... Eric!

ERIC

Oh, Shay. Oh, Shay.

SHAY

No, Eric. Look! Look outside!

He sits up so that they're face to face.

ERIC

Babe, I promise that nothing out there is more interesting than what I'm looking at right now.

She points outside to where we see a deranged and demonic-looking Tom clawing at himself and shambling past their car.

ERIC (cont'd)

Alright. I can admit when I'm wrong.

INT. MORGAN'S KITCHEN - SAME

Kim and Marty sit across from Morgan and Sam at the kitchen table.

KIM

We're not who you think we are.

MARTY

But we're not demons. That's actually a misnomer. We're... uh, how do we put this?

KIM

Well, it's a very long and complicated--

MARTY

Your mother and I are fallen angels who were prophesied to birth the Antichrist. You. Just in case that's not clear.

Kim looks at Marty, deeply annoyed. He lets out a big sigh of relief.

MARTY (cont'd)

Boy, does that feel good to finally say out loud.

KIM

Seriously?

Morgan and Sam stare blankly at them.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Tom shambles and contorts his body in the middle of the street. He's somewhere downtown, walking past a bunch of shops.

A middle-aged man walks out of a store with a bag of trash to throw out. He observes Tom's demonic behavior.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Goddamn druggies.

He throws the trash into a dumpster and walks away.

MIDDLE AGED MAN (cont'd)

Whole town's goin' to hell.

INT. MORGAN'S KITCHEN - SAME

MORGAN

So... I'm sorry, but I think I'd like to hear the long version of this story.

SAM

You want to entertain more of your parents' drug fueled descent into madness?

KIM

That would be nice, but there's no time.

(MORE)

KIM (cont'd)

I know how this sounds and we always hoped we'd never have to tell you any of this, but what your father so eloquently blurted out is true. We're fallen angels. From Heaven.

MARTY

Ugh, you guys would love Heaven.

KIM

Obviously they would love Heaven. Anyway, yes. We're fallen because of some bad choices we made that we deeply regret. Especially now. Because the funny thing about choices is that they pretty much always come with consequences. And not always just for yourself.

She sighs.

KIM (cont'd)

What we're getting at here is that there's this whole prophecy thing that basically says one day you'll grow up to become evil incarnate.

Marty grabs a banana from one of two fruit baskets on the table.

MARTY

AKA the Antichrist.

KIM

You'll unite the two kingdoms on earth.

Marty pulls the two fruit bowls close together.

MARTY

AKA heaven and hell.

KIM

Thereby unleashing every unholy thing you can imagine into this dimension and, presumably, kicking off the end of the world.

Marty pours the fruits from the two bowls and they spill all over the table.

MARTY

AKA the apocalypse.

KIM

But only if evil is allowed into you. And that's what we've been trying to avoid. We weren't sure when it was coming, but once you started having the dreams we knew it would be soon, and that we had to do something.

Marty takes a bite of the banana. Kim gives him another dirty look.

MARTY

What?

MORGAN

Dreams?

KIM

See, the thing about evil is that, on earth, it's always around. Always lingering. But up until recently, it's been confined. We don't quite know how it managed to get out, but clearly, if what you say happened to Tom is true, it has. Morgan, what's after you is pure, concentrated evil, with a very specific intent: to take over your soul. You have to take it seriously. Because it's coming. And it won't let you go until it's finished.

Morgan thinks back to every time she's heard that in the past few days. We tighten on her face to see the realization wash over her it.

MORGAN

Well, fuck.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME

Tom walks briskly down the street. A RUNNER wearing a bright pink track suit and white earbuds jogs towards him.

She glances at him and gives him a polite runner's wave. She can't hear the crazed sounds he's making over her music.

INT. MORGAN'S KITCHEN - SAME

SAM

Okay, yeah, I'm calling bull--

MORGAN

How would the evil get out?

Sam looks shocked.

SAM

Wait, you're actually buying this?

MARTY

Your basic ritual. Blood. Latin.

MORGAN

Latin? And... blood?

MARTY

Yup. Again, not sure how that happened. But we were anticipating that it would eventually, so we did a ritual of our own to ensure that it wouldn't be able to get into you forcibly. It would need your permission.

KIM

Which is how we get to Tom. You were right when you said it was like he was possessed. Because he is. What got into Tom was meant for you. It was made to fit into your soul, and when it couldn't, it found the next best thing: someone who could.

MORGAN

So, it's my fault he's dead.

MARTY

Well, no. Because Tom's not dead. That thing out there's attached itself to his soul. Tom may not be in control of his body anymore, but he's in there somewhere. Locked away while the evil uses his body for its own fun and games. And trust me, it's not giving that up without a fight. A little carbon monoxide poisoning might knock it out for a while, but there's no way it's dead. It will come back.

MORGAN

So, what do we do?

Kim and Marty look at each other for a moment.

KIM

The only thing we can do. Kill it.

MORGAN

No. I'm not killing Tom. Not again.

SAM

Well, technically, if you believe everything they're saying, you didn't kill him earlier, so...

MORGAN

That's not the point! It's my fault that all of this is happening.

KIM

It isn't, honey. You didn't know.

MORGAN

But that thing that's got him was meant for me. Tom doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve to die.

SAM

Speaking of... can he? How does one even go about killing pure evil? Not that I'm on board. You two are insane, just to be clear. And Morgan, I'm starting to question you too.

KIM

There are a few ways. Drowning, dismemberment--

MORGAN

I AM NOT DISMEMBERING MY BOYFRIEND.

KIM

Look. Tom is going to die no matter what. You're right. That evil was meant for you. Not Tom. His body won't be able to contain it for long and when it can't anymore, it'll kill him and find another host.

Marty sees the hope fading from Morgan's face.

MARTY

There is something else we could try.

KIM

Marty.

MARTY
She has a right to know.

MORGAN
Know what?

MARTY
The other option.

INT. MARTY AND KIM'S BEDROOM - SAME

Marty opens up a huge chest full of crosses, holy water, some books, and rope.

MARTY
Welcome to Exorcism 101.

MORGAN
So, you guys have just casually had an exorcism kit laying around this whole time. Cool.

MARTY
Before we do this, you should know the risks. Once we get this thing out of him, it's out. If everything goes as planned, it'll go back to hell. But for a brief moment, it'll be in our world, and it might make one last grab at what it wants.

MORGAN
But what about the ritual you guys did? I thought it couldn't get into me now.

MARTY
Without your permission.

MORGAN
Okay. So, I won't give it permission. Problem solved.

MARTY
I know it sounds simple. But it'll be a battle of willpower, and evil that ancient and powerful has got a good amount of will. I just want to be sure you feel that this is worth risking your soul for.

MORGAN

Of course it's worth it. It's Tom.

Marty smiles and looks lost in thought.

MARTY

You know, you're a lot more like your old man than you might realize.

MORGAN

What do you mean?

MARTY

I'll tell you when you're older.

MORGAN

Because that's worked out well in the past.

INT. MORGAN'S KITCHEN - SAME

Marty and Morgan walk in with backpacks full of exorcism gear. Kim gives Marty a look of disapproval.

MARTY

Well, we're all set.

SAM

(hushed, to Morgan)

I'm glad you're back. It's been awkward. Your family's weird.

MARTY

Honey, do we still have that shovel in the garage?

KIM

We do.

MARTY

Good.

SAM

So, you guys are really gonna dig up Tom's body and perform an exorcism?

MARTY

Yeah, and the timing is actually great.

(MORE)

MARTY (cont'd)

If he's still underground that means we're dealing with an unconscious demon, which is convenient since we're gonna have to hold him down in order to perform the ritual. Pretty cool that it worked out like this.

SAM

Yeah... super cool...

KIM

Morgan, are you sure you want to go through with this?

MORGAN

No, Mom. I'm fine letting evil incarnate claim my boyfriend's soul for all eternity.

MARTY

Sarcasm.

Marty smiles confidently as he opens the door only to find a DEMONIC TOM SCREECHING HELLISHLY.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marty slams the door shut. Tom bangs and thrashes against the door.

SAM

Alright. I would just like to take a moment to say that I'm officially in the believer camp. That is definitely a demon.

MORGAN

What are we gonna do?

KIM

(annoyed)

Yeah, Marty. What do we do now?

Tom sounds like he's walked away from the door. Sam walks over to a window and moves the curtain aside to see Tom completely losing his mind and laughing to himself out on the lawn.

SAM

I do have to say though... when you guys kept tossing phrases like "the essence of pure evil" around, I kinda had something else in mind.

KIM

Sam, get away from that window. You're really asking for it.

SAM

Oh, okay. Victim-blaming. Cool. Hey, does anyone else miss when Demon Tom was six feet in the ground and unconscious?

Morgan has a light bulb moment.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - SAME

Tom shambles around the yard crazily. Morgan walks up behind him, but keeps herself at a distance.

MORGAN

Tom...? It's me.

Tom's head whips up to Morgan. He growls menacingly and begins to make a go for her, but not before Marty hits him in the back of the head with a shovel.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We see Tom tied up to a tree. He wakes up, sees the gang in front of him, and begins to laugh.

SAM

Uh...

TOM

Awwww. How sweet. Family bondage time.

SAM

Ew!

TOM

Oh, come on, Sam. Don't act like you've never gotten off to the taboo section of those porn sites you love so much.

SAM

Can we gag him? Why didn't we gag him?

TOM

I'll make you gag if you wanna come over here and untie me, Sam.

He laughs insanely.

KIM

ENOUGH! Listen up, demon. I'm gonna give you one last chance to leave of your own accord and go back hell. If not, we'll gladly escort you.

TOM

Oh no! Not hell! GIMME EVERYTHING YOU GOT, YOU STUPID MILF!

Sam turns to Morgan and mouths "MILF?!"

KIM

Marty.

Marty stands beside Kim with a vial of holy water.

KIM (cont'd)
 (to Marty in a hushed voice) You
 shook it up, right?

MARTY
 (offended)
 Yes!

KIM
 Okay. DEMON!

TOM
 WHAT?!

KIM
 Nos eiciant vos a nobis, quisquis es,
 statem spirituum immundorum--

Marty throws holy water onto Tom's face as the demon
 screeches in discomfort.

KIM (cont'd)
 Omnis satanica viribus, omnes
 infernales erupisse hunorum examina--

TOM
 STOP! YOU STUPID WHORE! STOP!

SAM
 WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH DEMONS AND
 SLUTSHAMING?!

KIM
 Omnia impium legiones, ecclesiis et
 sectas!

MARTY
 Morgan, now!

Morgan presses a crucifix onto Tom's face.

MORGAN
 Get the HELL out of my boyfriend!

The wind picks up and the earth begins to rumble. Tom
 convulses and screeches. He stops, and the woods fall still.

SAM
 Is it gone?

Morgan lifts the crucifix from Tom's face. A beat. He lets
 out a deafening screech.

KIM

...No.

He flails around like his body's about to explode. Blood starts pouring out of his mouth. Is he actually going to explode? Nope. He falls lifeless.

MORGAN

Tom?

She puts his hand on his face and then under his nose.

MORGAN (cont'd)

He's not breathing.

Morgan starts desperately performing CPR.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Please. Anything but this. Anything.

She tries again. Nothing. She lets his head fall forward. Suddenly, Tom coughs back to life, coughing blood all over her. Her eyes widen. He won't lift his head. Is it Tom or the demon?

He looks up. He's back to normal.

TOM

(weakly)

Oh, no... Your shirt. I'm sorry.

MORGAN

Tom? Is it really you?

TOM

It's me.

MORGAN

I thought you were gone.

TOM

I was for a little bit there, wasn't I?

MORGAN

I love you. I'm sorry I didn't say it sooner. And I'm sorry I can be a total brat sometimes. And I just... I thought you were gone, and I--

TOM

I love you too. Bratty or not. Now... would you mind untying me?

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises.

INT. MORGAN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Sam sleeps on the couch.

SAM
 (whispering in her
 sleep)
 Morgan... Morgan. Should I get bangs?

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Tom wakes up to sunlight on his face. He smiles, lying on his back. He turns on see his side to wake up Morgan, but she's not there.

TOM
 Morgan?

He sits up and sees her necklace mixed up in their crumpled sheets. The window's open.

INT. MARTY AND KIM'S BEDROOM - SAME

Marty wakes up to see Kim sitting up.

KIM
 Hey.

MARTY
 Morning, sweetheart. Ugh. I feel awful. Feels like I--

KIM
 ...Had to exorcise the essence of pure evil out of your daughter's boyfriend last night?

MARTY
 Look at that. You still get me.

He studies her face.

MARTY (cont'd)
 Hey... you okay?

KIM
What do you think?

MARTY
But everything's fine now. We won.

KIM
Yeah. Because we got lucky. What if we hadn't? What if we'd died because you left a life-or-death decision up to someone who didn't exist two decades ago? And don't think I haven't realized that this *whole* thing is your fault. You messed up the spell because you were too busy second-guessing our decision.

MARTY
What? I said the words! My Latin may not be what it used to be but...
Wait. Why are we fighting? Kim, everything is fine.

An off-camera SCREAM interrupts them.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - SAME

Marty and Kim rush downstairs to see Sam, white as a sheet of paper and huddled in a fetal position.

KIM
Sam.

Sam stares with wide eyes but says nothing. She's shaking.

KIM (cont'd)
Where are they?

She points to the open front door. It's raining.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Marty, Kim, and Sam move briskly through the trees.

SAM
Do you guys smell--

KIM
Fire?

MARTY

Wait. What is...

Marty walks off without them.

MARTY (cont'd)

Over here!

He stops. We see flames in front of him, and the side of Tom's face, but it's upside down. He's shaking slightly.

KIM

Tom? Tom!

MARTY

Oh, god. Is he...

Tom's face falls towards us so we can see it. His eyes are vacant.

KIM

Oh my god.

They get closer to see that Tom isn't convulsing. He's dead, on fire, and tied upside down to the same tree he was exorcised on. His body's shaking because Morgan's gnawing on his corpse like an animal.

Morgan turns around, her face covered in blood. She screeches like the demon she's finally become, only to cough up the bloody locket. She clears her throat.

MORGAN

Woo! Sorry about that, guys. Got something stuck in my windpipe.

(beat)

What? Do I have something on my face?

CUT TO:

BLACK.

END OF SHOW