

Sucking it down her throat.

A moment later - A shriek! Her body jolts! The chair rattles violently. We stay on Neil's face during the transformation.

Until Baghead goes still.

Iris nods to Neil.

IRIS

Two minutes.

She lets the timer run.

Hesitant, Neil reaches forward... removing the burlap sack.

His eyes well with tears.

A YOUNG WOMAN is now strapped into the chair where the creature sat moments ago. It's **SARAH** (30's).

The woman's head lolls forward, her big eyes flutter open.

Neil reaches out to touch her face... The moment his fingers meet Sarah's skin, her eyes fly open with a gasp!

She looks around frantically. Disoriented.

START →

SARAH

Whherre -- Where am I --

She suddenly realizes that her arms are strapped to the old chair. She begins to panic, jerking against the straps when--

She stops, seeing Neil sitting in front of her.

SARAH

Neil...?

Neil stares back at her. Overcome beyond words.

SARAH

What's going on? Where are we??

NEIL

Sarah, listen to me - what's the last thing you remember?

Her brow furrows, like she's battling a terrible headache.

SARAH

I, I, don't know, I can't -- I was driving.

NANCY NAYOR CASTING

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

NEIL

You were driving, and then what?

SARAH

It was raining. The lights all blurred together - then everything went black. I can only remember darkness.

Even saying this aloud scares her. She starts hyperventilating. Pulling at the restraints!

SARAH

Neil what's going on? I'm really scared.

Iris steps forward holding the timer.

IRIS

90 seconds.

Sarah shoots a look up at her --

SARAH

Who's that?

Neil shakes his head, there isn't time. He reaches forward to take Sarah's hands, trying to steady her gently...

NEIL

Sarah, we don't have much time. You were... there was an accident.

Sarah frowns, trying to remember.

NEIL

You crashed your car. You died.

*
*

Neil's voice breaks as he says it. Sarah stares in shock.

SARAH

What?

*
*

NEIL

But - you're here now. You're here.

He squeezes her hands.

Iris watches them. Affected by their connection.

SARAH

Why? Why am I strapped down?

NEIL

I, I can't explain right now.
There's so much I want to tell you.
I know I wasn't perfect, darling.
There's so many things I wish I'd
done better... I blame myself...
but I need to ask you something.

Sarah waits.

He looks at her squarely.

NEIL

Who were you seeing?

A beat.

Iris and Katie exchange a look.

SARAH

Seeing? Neil, I don't --

NEIL

It's all in the past now, but it
would help me to know.

SARAH

I don't know what you're talking
about.

*
*

IRIS

Sixty seconds!

NEIL

Sarah, please!

He takes a breath, forcing himself to say it out loud.

NEIL

You we're going to leave me. There
was another man.

Sarah goes still.

NEIL

You left the tickets up on my
computer. Like you wanted me to
find them.

Sarah swallows, tears filling her eyes.

NEIL

Who was it?

The question hangs in the air.

NEIL

I'm trying to move on! I need to know what happened!

Iris watches intently --

She doesn't see the egg timer's dial creep toward zero...

Tick tick tick tick

The temperature seems to drop in the room. Iris's breath plumes before her.

The patter of rain fills the background.

Suddenly - lights pan across Sarah's face like passing cars.

RINNGGGG!

KATIE

Iris, the time --

NEIL

No wait!

IRIS

We can't.

Sarah's head snaps toward Neil like she just remembered... *

SARAH

There was no other man, Neil.

There's a detached coldness in her voice as she tells him --

SARAH

I just couldn't stand the thought of being with you any longer.

Neil blinks. Stung.

Iris grabs the sack and rushes toward the chair --

She goes to bring the bag down but -- WHOOSH!

Sarah lurches backward! As if shoved by an invisible force --

NEIL

Sarah!

Iris grabs onto the chair as Sarah's eyes go dark.

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She speaks directly to Iris, her voice deep and unholy --

SARAH
You and me...

Her voice bends, taking on Owen's familiar gravel.

SARAH
...We're not so different.

←END

Iris tries to hold the chair in place but it begins shaking wildly, more and more erratic, until -- GAHHH!

Sarah spews a stream black liquid at Iris! The necklace comes up with it as she falls back on the ground!

Iris looks up - Sarah strains violently against the straps!

POP! One of them breaks loose.

IRIS
Stop!

But Sarah only struggles harder. Jerking her body! POP!

The second strap uncoils.

Sarah jerks to her feet. Half her body free from the chair --

IRIS
I said stop.

Sarah smiles down at Iris's terror.

IRIS
I order you to stop!

Finally, Baghead stiffens.

She drops back into the chair.

Iris scrambles up weakly, forcing the sack over Sarah's head.

Her body goes limp as she transforms back into the crone. Slumped over with exhaustion.

Iris catches her breath. Quickly re-fastening Baghead back into the leather restraints.

She lingers as the others move for the stairs... taking care that Baghead is safe and secure.

She props the witches head back. Staring a moment longer.