

Between Here and There

Brenna Moore

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Made in Highland

**EXT. FOREST - DUSK**

We open on a top view of a thick forest, green and lively. The birds are singing and running water is heard in the distance. We move to a view looking up through the leaves of trees to see the rapidly fading sunlight. The sound of the birds and the running water are quickly cut off as a grey tinge colors the forest. *This* forest is slightly foggy and dull. Suddenly, a red blur runs across our field of vision as we hear the buzzing of a phone. More red blurs run across and maniacal laughter is heard until the entire screen is covered in nothing but red.

CUT TO:

Silence.

Title: Between Here and There

CUT TO BLACK

The sound of voices can be heard, incoherent at first. Then, they start to get louder and louder, overlapping with one another until they turn into a sort of chant.

LAYLA'S MOM

Honey? Oh no, please wake up! Sweetheart, please open your eyes. Wake up, wake up, wake up! Layla!

DEMON CHORUS

Come on, Layla. Time to wake up. We want to play. Aw, what's the matter? Are you afraid. Come on, wake up! Layla! Wake up! Wake up! Wake-

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - DUSK**

We hear a sharp intake of breath as we close in on a pair of eyes. These belong to LAYLA, 23. She is short with brown hair and eyes. She is wearing Converse tennis shoes, a pair of jeans, a band t-shirt, and a black leather jacket. She gets up from the forest floor, holding her head and checking her hand, as if checking for blood. She rubs her eyes, lightly slapping herself awake, before she takes a look around her. She sees nothing but trees, and the sun is still fading above her. She takes out her phone and checks it. No signal and no missed calls or texts. She holds her phone up, even hits it a few times, but then she shoves it into her pocket. She is clearly drunk or disoriented in the way she walks, swaying from side to side and hanging onto trees. She tries to yell for help, but her voice is caught, so she clears her throat.

LAYLA

(echoing)

Is anyone there? Hello?

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Layla sits by a tree, checking her phone again. Still no signal. She sighs and holds her head, checking her hand for blood again. She closes her eyes and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Layla wakes up with a start but quickly calms down. She brings out her phone as if to check it but quickly puts it away, giving up. She stands up, spins in a circle with her eyes closed, stumbling a little, and stops, pointing in a direction. She begins to walk, looking up to see the faint crescent of the moon shining through the trees. The fog is still there, but it's faint, not inhibiting Layla's vision much. She walks slowly, cautiously, carefully stepping over tree roots and focusing intensely on where her feet are landing.

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
(giggling)  
Wrong way...

Layla stops. She fumbles as she takes out her phone and turns on the flashlight, moving it around her. There is nothing around her but the dark trees, the wind moving the leaves like a demonic ocean wave. She is clearly affected, but she quickly contorts her face into one of false confidence and bravery.

LAYLA  
Um...What?

A red blur passes by her and she yelps, dropping her phone. She shakes her head, mumbling to herself. When she picks up her phone and shines it in the direction of the blur, there is--of course--nothing there. She takes a deep breath, closing her eyes.

LAYLA  
Get a hold of yourself-

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
Come find us, Layla.

Layla hesitates, once again sweeping around with her flashlight. She looks determined, but she trembles, betraying her fear.

LAYLA  
Who are you?

There is no answer. Layla begins walking again, a little faster this time. She looks around her, keeping as much of her surroundings in her field of vision.

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It becomes somewhat of a twitch as she turns around to see behind her as she walks forward.

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
 You're going the wrong way, Layla.  
 (chanting)  
 Wrong way, Wrong way!

Layla starts to run as fast as she can, changing directions. Laughter is heard coming from all around her, and she can see flashes of red, eyes following her movements.

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
 Cold, so cold. Freezing. Do you even want to get home? We don't think you do. Why don't you stay here with us? We'll have so much fun together. Come find us and we'll take it all away. Come find us, Layla. Come find us!

Layla stops and huddles into a ball, covering her eyes with her hands. She is shivering violently, looking more like a little girl than a grown woman.

LAYLA  
 (small, terrified)  
 It's not real. It's not real. You're still drunk or you're crazy, but it's definitely not real. Get a hold of yourself.

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
 Aw, that's mean. Nighty-night.

#### **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - LATER**

Silence. Layla cautiously looks up, and then, after a moment of hesitation, she gets her phone out one last time. The time is 11:30 pm, and she opens her call history. She sees a few missed calls from her mom, and she tears up. She looks up at the notification bar. No signal. She shoves her phone in her pocket and holds her head in her hands, quietly sobbing. She quickly pulls herself together, breathing raggedly. She starts walking again, but is stopped in her tracks by a low growl. She looks at the ground, squeezing her eyes shut. The sound of wind can be heard, and Layla looks up. She opens her eyes and sees her mom. LAYLA'S MOM stands in front of her in a white hospital gown. She smiles sadly at Layla before Layla begins to scream. Layla's mom runs to her, but Layla backs away.

LAYLA'S MOM  
 Sweetheart! Please stop! I'm here  
 to-

LAYLA  
Who the hell are you?

LAYLA'S MOM  
Oh, honey. It's me. You know it's me.

LAYLA  
(laughing without humor)  
No. Uh-uh. My mom's been dead for three years.

LAYLA'S MOM  
I know, I was there.

LAYLA  
What is this, some kind of sick joke? Oh, I get it, I'm just having a drunken hallucination. This is some kind of fucking guilt trip from subconscious isn't it? Alright, alright, I get it. I just gotta sleep this off, and then you'll go away, and we can all be on our merry way. Goodbye.

Layla begins to walk away, but her mom appears in front of her, stopping her. She stumbles back, her eyes wide.

LAYLA'S MOM  
Layla, I promise you, it's me. I'm stuck here, just like you. If you would just listen, I can explain-

Layla runs away from her mom. She looks around her frantically, as if searching for an exit or a road. Anything to help her escape. As she runs frantically and keeps tripping on tree roots and other objects, she sees her mom popping up in different places, pleading with her to stop and listen to her. Layla keeps running, tears streaming down her face. Finally, she gives up, finding a tree and sitting against it. She sobs loudly into her arms.

LAYLA  
(screaming in anguish)  
You're fucking dead! Leave me the hell alone!

Layla cries as a hand gently touches her hair. She flinches, looking up but not running away. She pushes her body against the tree as if she's trying to put as much distance between herself and her mom. Layla's mom reaches out and touches her face, shushing her and motioning for her to breathe deeply in and out. Layla shivers and pulls away. She scrambles behind the tree, only poking her head out slightly to look at her mom.

LAYLA'S MOM

(smiling sadly)

Sorry, love. I know it's cold. No pulse and all that. I mean, at least I can touch you. I was scared that my hand would pass right through you.

Layla's mom laughs in an attempt to lighten the mood and there is an awkward silence. Layla hesitates and then comes out from behind the tree. She looks into her mom's eyes for a moment before cautiously reaching out her own hand. She touches her mother's face, pulling back and rubbing her hand as if she's been burned.

LAYLA

Please tell me I'm just drunk. I'll wake up in my bed and this'll all just be a nightmare that I can talk to a therapist about.

LAYLA'S MOM

(sadly but with an edge)

Oh Layla, you're not still drinking, are you?

Layla's face switches from one of caution and fear to one of anger and resentment. She scoffs at her mom and crosses her arms.

LAYLA

Oh, please. Let's just say I choose to believe you, which I don't, by the way. Why would you care? You were the one who told me to leave in the first place. You told me not to come back. Why should I even listen to you?

LAYLA'S MOM

Because I'm the only one who knows how to get you out of here! Do you even want to go home? Now, I need you to think. What is the last thing you remember, before you woke up?

LAYLA

What? What does that have to do with this-

LAYLA'S MOM

Layla! This is important! What do you remem-

LAYLA

You know, just stop right there. I don't know why I'm even still listening to you. You're clearly a hallucination or a manifestation of, of, I don't know, guilt or something, but I'm not gonna listen to this anymore. I need to get home or find someone to help me. Just go away, please!

Layla waves her hands as if shooing a fly away. Layla's mom gives her a hurt look. Layla looks unfazed and motions for her mom to go, giving her an annoyed look. She stands there in shock for a few moments before daring to speak.

LAYLA'S MOM

Alright, I guess you're not going to believe me. Fine, if you want me to go, I'll go. But if you need me, I'll be around, sweetheart.

She walks up to Layla, touches her face, and begins to walk away. She stops but does not face Layla.

LAYLA'S MOM

I miss you, sunshine. I miss you so much.

Layla's mom walks away, and there are more tears running down Layla's face.

LAYLA

(mouthing)

Sunshine? What the hell?

Layla runs after her mom.

LAYLA

(normal voice)

Mom! Mom, wait! Come back!

Layla's mom is nowhere to be found. Layla runs, shouting for her, but there is no answer. Finally, Layla stops to catch her breath. A figure can be seen stepping behind her. The figure reaches out for Layla, startling her, and Layla backs away.

RED HEAD

Oh my gosh. I'm so sorry. Are you looking for someone?

LAYLA

What?

Layla looks up and around, seeing the identical trees all around her. But there is no sign of her mother. She looks up at the RED HEAD, who looks to be in her mid-30s, younger than her mother but older than her. However, there is a timeless look about her, and her eyes flash red before becoming a soft brown. Layla shakes her head and rubs her eyes with one hand.

LAYLA

Oh, no, I don't think so. I must've been really drunk. I think I was hallucinating. I'm sorry. Do you know the way back to town? I'm trying to get home, but I woke up here after drinking a lot at this party and I-

RED HEAD

(laughing)

Alright, alright. Calm down. Breathe. What's the last thing you remember, Layla? You know, before you woke up here.

LAYLA

Oh, well, I only remember the party, and even then, I don't remember much from that.

The red head holds out her hand, and Layla takes it to lift herself off the ground.

LAYLA

Thank you. Anyway, I don't remember much except one of my friends yelling at me to go home, and then...Wait a minute. How did you know my name?

Layla begins to back away. The red head looks at her with a sadistic smile, her eyes glowing red.

RED HEAD

Oh, did I mess up? Damn it. I was trying to find out how you got here without having to do this, but I guess-

The red head appears directly in front of Layla, seeming to teleport.

RED HEAD

We get to do this the fun way. Oopsy! Good night.

She touches Layla's forehead, and Layla blacks out.

CUT TO:

**INT. PARTY HOUSE - EARLIER THAT EVENING**

Layla wakes up and sees the face of one of her male friends, as well as a dense crowd of people. It's clear that this is a party from the shifting lights and the muffled but loud music.

MALE FRIEND

Layla! Are you okay? You slammed into the coffee table! Can you see me? How many fingers am I holding up?

Layla looks confused but reaches back to feel her head. She looks at her hand. No blood. She looks up at her friend and the crowd, smiling a drunken smile. He smiles back at her cautiously.

LAYLA

(slurring her speech)

Uh, yeah. I'm fine. I just had the weirdest-

One of Layla's FEMALE FRIENDS storms up to her and slaps her in the face. Layla holds her face and looks up in shock. The female friends just stands there, crossing her arms.

FEMALE FRIEND

Really, Layla? Again? Do you have to do this every fucking time? I get wanting to party, but this...

LAYLA

What're you talking about? I'm fine. There's no problem.

Layla gets up and looks around her, seeing the party in full swing. There are people everywhere, and some occasionally look at her with faces expressing disgust, confusion, and amusement.

LAYLA

(whispered, normal voice)

Wait. This already happened. Why am I here again?

She scans the room and sees the red head smiling and waving at her. Layla points to her.

LAYLA

Hey, you! I know you! What did you do to me?

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MALE FRIEND  
Who are you talking to?

LAYLA  
Her!

They look to where Layla is pointing. There's nothing there.  
The female friend walks in, holding an empty bottle of whiskey.

FEMALE FRIEND  
Are you fucking kidding me, Layla?  
You drank this entire bottle? What  
is wrong with you?

LAYLA  
(slurring her speech again)  
Oh, come on, you know me! I just  
wanted a little drink to get me  
going. What's the harm in that?  
It's not like any of you were  
going to drink it.

FEMALE FRIEND  
Oh, fuck you, Layla! That's it.  
We're done here. Get out.

She starts pushing Layla toward the front door. Layla pushes  
back but her friend is unaffected, as if she doesn't know that  
Layla is even pushing her.

FEMALE FRIEND  
That's it. I'm done defending you  
and your messed up life. You need  
to get your shit together!

Layla is pushed out the front door, but when she turns around,  
she is not outside, but inside her childhood home.

CUT TO:

**INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - 3 YEARS EARLIER**

Layla sees her house as it was 3 years earlier. There are  
pictures of her and her mom everywhere. She smiles as she picks  
one up where she's dressed as Wonder Woman for Halloween. The  
only light is coming from the kitchen, and Layla follows it,  
only to see her mother waiting for her. Layla smiles and goes  
to hug her, only to be stopped by her mom yelling.

LAYLA'S MOM  
Where have you been, Layla? I've  
been calling you all night! Were  
you out drinking again?

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LAYLA  
 (whispering)  
 Oh god no. Not this night.

LAYLA'S MOM  
 You know what? I just, I can't  
 take this anymore, I really can't.  
 I've tried and I've tried to make  
 you see what you're doing to  
 yourself and you never listen. I  
 think you need to go.

LAYLA  
 (suddenly angry)  
 What do you mean, I need to go?

Layla sounds angry, but her face is surprised, and she brings her hand to her mouth as if to stop herself from going on. Her hand is thrown to her side and off of her mouth, as if pulled by an invisible force.

LAYLA  
 I'm not hurting anyone! I just  
 like to have fun every once in a  
 while. What the fuck is wrong with  
 that, mom?

LAYLA'S MOM  
 Every once in a while? Are you  
 kidding me? You call coming home  
 nearly blackout drunk every night  
 "having fun every once in a  
 while?"

LAYLA  
 It's not every night-

LAYLA'S MOM  
 Yes it-You know what? I'm not  
 going to argue with you anymore.  
 You wanna ruin your life, fine.  
 But you're not going to drag me  
 down with you. I want you out of  
 this house tonight. I don't care  
 where you go, but I want you out  
 of here. I can't do this.

LAYLA  
 You want me out of here? Fine!  
 I'll leave right now, and you'll  
 never have to see me again!  
 That'll make you happy, right, not  
 to be burdened by a daughter who  
 embarrasses you? I'm gone.

Layla turns around and walks to the front door, yanking it open, but again, she isn't outside.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 3 YEARS EARLIER**

Layla walks into a hospital room and sees someone on the bed. A doctor blocks her view of their face, but as Layla is about to speak, the doctor leaves the room. It's Layla's mom who's laying in the bed. She looks tired and pale, thinner than the last scene.

LAYLA  
(whispered)  
Mommy.

Her mom doesn't look up at her. She can't hear or see Layla at all.

LAYLA  
(normal voice, on the verge  
of tears)  
I wasn't here. I was at a stupid  
party or a bar or something. You  
called me-

Layla's mom picks up her cell phone and calls someone. She holds the phone to her ear, waiting for someone to pick up, but all that is heard is the faint sound of Layla's voicemail greeting. Layla's mom hangs up and puts the phone down.

LAYLA  
And I didn't answer. I was too  
drunk to care or think that  
something could be wrong. Or that  
maybe you just wanted to talk to  
me.

RED HEAD  
(laughing)  
Wow, you were a horrible daughter,  
weren't you? I mean, gotta give  
respect where respect is due, but  
I mean wow. You were a fucking  
mess!

LAYLA  
Why am I here? I don't understand  
why you're showing me all of this.  
You clearly don't care about  
teaching me a lesson, so what is  
this really about, huh? What do  
you want from me?

RED HEAD

You really don't remember what happened to you, do you?

The red head disappears, leaving Layla alone with her mom. Layla hesitates but then walks to her mom's bed and sits on it, touching her mom's now sleeping face. She kisses her mom's forehead and squeezes her hand. She gets up and walks cautiously toward the door to the room, opening it and seeing the red head standing in a clearing of the forest, looking bored as she leans against a tree. She walks through the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

The red head looks at Layla with a smile, her eyes glinting red again. Layla glares at her, then turns to where the door was, only to see empty air behind her.

RED HEAD

Having fun yet?

LAYLA

Oh, screw you. What was all of that?

RED HEAD

(casually)

Oh, we just had to distract you. There was something you had that we wanted. Unfortunately, blacked out memories are harder to unlock than we thought, you little drunk, you. So, I guess we'll just have to wait for the next one.

LAYLA

The next what?

RED HEAD

Oh, Layla. You don't have to worry about that. All you have to worry about is how long of a head start we're going to give you.

Layla's face blanches, and she slowly starts to back away. Then she takes off in a sprint.

RED HEAD

That's right, dear, run. It's more fun that way anyway.

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The sound of whoops and shouts can be heard behind the red head as thousands of red eyes start to glow.

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
Aw, come on, Layla! We just wanna  
kill ya!

Layla keeps running until she's suddenly pulled behind a tree. She sees her mother and backs away like she's going to run away from her. When she sees it's her mom, she visibly relaxes for a moment. Then, she springs up and pushes her mother away quickly.

LAYLA'S MOM  
Layla, it's okay.

LAYLA  
Mom, you have to go! They're after  
me, and I don't know how much time  
I have!

LAYLA'S MOM  
Why do I have to go? I'm already  
dead, remember? They can't do  
anything to me. Now come on, I  
know a place you can hide for  
now.

Layla's mom takes her hand and they appear in front of a cabin. Layla looks at her mother like she's sprouted another head.

LAYLA  
How did you do that?

LAYLA'S MOM  
Perks of being a ghost, I guess.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Layla and her mom enter the cabin, Layla trying to catch her breath. Layla's mom looks out the window.

LAYLA'S MOM  
We lost them for now, but they'll  
find us. They'll sniff us out like  
dogs.

LAYLA  
Okay, mom, you need to tell me  
everything you know about what the  
fuck is going on?

(MORE)

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LAYLA (CONT'D)

Why are they after me? Why can't I get out of here? I've been here before, I should know these woods.

Layla's mom sighs and sits on the floor, Layla following suit. She hesitates.

LAYLA'S MOM

Sweetheart, I'm going to tell you what I know, but you can't freak out.

LAYLA

Mom, I really don't think I can freak out any more than I already have.

LAYLA'S MOM

You think that now, but-

LAYLA

Mom, just tell me. Rip the bandaid off.

LAYLA'S MOM

You're not exactly alive anymore.

Layla laughs, then looks at her mother. Her mother sits patiently staring at her, not laughing. Layla's face changes into one of terror and confusion.

LAYLA

Wait a minute. I'm dead?

LAYLA'S MOM

(quickly)

Now, I didn't say that. I just said you weren't exactly alive anymore.

LAYLA

What's the goddamn difference!

Layla holds her head in her hands, groaning. She begins to hyperventilate, and then her mom grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her gently. Her mom removes her hands from her face so Layla can look at her.

LAYLA'S MOM

The difference is that this place seems to be some sort of in between zone.

(MORE)

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LAYLA'S MOM (CONT'D)

It only looks like the woods  
because that's where your physical  
body is right now. Where we are  
is-

She pauses, looking around at the cabin, trying to find the words. She looks back at Layla.

LAYLA'S MOM

It's like purgatory or limbo or  
whatever you want to call it. It's  
someplace that gives you the  
chance to decide whether or not  
you're staying or going.

LAYLA

Wait, then why are you here? You  
died three years ago. Shouldn't  
you be, I don't know, up there?

Layla's eyes begin to well with tears, and she quickly and roughly rubs her eyes.

LAYLA'S MOM

Well, honey, from what I can tell,  
I haven't been here for very long.  
Time doesn't exactly work the same  
way here as it does out there.

LAYLA

But why are they after me  
specifically? Why did they show me  
all those things?

LAYLA'S MOM

What did they show you?

LAYLA

I saw you in the hospital. You  
called me, and I wasn't there. I  
was too busy drinking when I  
should have been there to take  
care of you. I had to relive you  
kicking me out. That was-

Layla's mom gathers Layla in her arms as she cries.

LAYLA

I just don't understand what any  
of that would have to do with  
what's happening now? What do they  
care if I'm dead?

Layla's mom pulls away from her, cradling Layla's face in her hands and resting their foreheads together.

LAYLA'S MOM

Well, from what I can gather, you've got a chance of pulling through. I can't tell what made you so close to death, but I can guess.

Layla's mom gives her a slightly annoyed but mostly sad look. Layla takes her mother's hands in her own.

LAYLA

Mom, please don't give me the speech right now. We have demons after us.

LAYLA'S MOM

Right. Anyway, they want someone who is viable enough to bring them out into the land of the living. Since you're not older or sick or dying from injuries sustained in an accident, you're not going to be suspicious, and you'll last longer.

Layla doesn't speak for a few moments, letting the information sink in. She looks up at her mother, who is looking out the window.

LAYLA

Is there a way out of here?

Layla's mom looks back at her, and then out the window again.

LAYLA'S MOM

I think so. If you can find your body before they do, you can wake up and get out of here safely. The only problem is-

LAYLA

I don't even know where my body is.

Layla's mom finally looks back into her eyes.

LAYLA'S MOM

I do. I can help you get there. Just follow-

Layla's mom is suddenly frozen, not moving from her position. Layla moves her hand in front of her mom's face. Then she begins to shake her, trying to jolt her out of the trance she's in.

LAYLA  
Mom? Mom!

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN - NIGHT**

The demons are closing in on the cabin. They are human but not, their bodies floating in and out of existence as black smoke, and the red head is leading the pack. There seem to be millions of them. They go on forever and ever around the cabin. The red head smiles, and the pack speaks as one in this moment.

DEMON CHORUS  
Layla, this is ridiculous. Come on out. We'll make it quick.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Layla keeps trying to shake her mom awake. Her mom does not move, but her eyes dart around as Layla shakes her.

LAYLA  
Come on! Wake up, mom! Please!

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN - NIGHT**

DEMON CHORUS (O.S.)  
Why are you even trying, Layla? You'll feel so much better if you let us in. What has your mom ever done for you anyway? All she ever did was bring you down. She kicked you out of your own house instead of helping you!

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

LAYLA  
(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

No, no. That wasn't your fault, mom. It was mine. I refused to be helped, and that was the only option you saw. I know that. I knew that then, but I was too stubborn to acknowledge it. I'm so sorry, mom. I'm so sorry. I gotta go.

Layla leans forward and kisses her mom's forehead, trying to hold back her tears. She looks in her mom's eyes for a moment before going to the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

As Layla steps out of the cabin, she looks left and right, seeing nothing but hearing laughter and screams. She runs as fast as she can, seemingly trying to retrace her steps. The whoops and screams start to close in on her as she frantically looks around her.

LAYLA

(to herself)

Come on, come on. Where am I?

LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Sweetheart?

LAYLA

Mom? Where are you?

LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Just listen to me. Follow my voice and I'll lead you to your body. I don't have much time, so we have to hurry.

LAYLA

Alright. Am I going in the right direction at least?

LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Yes. Keep going straight.

The demons' laughter and screams sound closer now, causing Layla to falter and trip over a tree root. She screams in pain, blood streaming from her leg.

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LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)  
Come on, Layla. Get up. It's not  
real. Remember that.

LAYLA  
It might not be real, but it hurts  
like a son of a bitch.

Layla struggles to stand, then grabs onto a nearby tree in order to steady herself. She continues to run as the sound of the demons becomes louder and louder.

LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)  
Take a left.

Layla hangs a left, looking behind her and seeing the red head running, flanked by the other demons.

LAYLA'S MOM (O.S.)  
Now keep going straight. You're  
getting close.

Layla stops when she sees her body in front of her. She smiles, looks back quickly, then runs as fast as she can. As she reaches her body, the red head and the other demons block her way.

RED HEAD  
Gotcha.

Layla charges the red head, clearly fed up. The red head smiles as Layla slams into her. The red head punches Layla in the face as Layla kicks her, and both of them cry out in pain. The other demons run toward them, but the red head throws up her hand, stopping them in their tracks.

RED HEAD  
Uh-uh. She's mine. Just get the  
body!

One of the demons nods and flies toward the body. They pick it up as Layla wriggles her way out of the red head's arms. She runs toward the demon as another demon blocks her way. Layla pauses, then runs under their legs. Nothing happens, and red head grabs her, dragging her away. She punches Layla in the head and knocks her out.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - NIGHT**

Layla wakes up to see demons smiling down at her, and they force her to her knees.

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The red head is standing next to her body, smiling.

RED HEAD

Good, you're awake. You're gonna  
wanna see this.

LAYLA

(sighing)

I still don't get it. Why did you  
need me? What's so special about  
me?

The red head pauses, and then she saunters up to Layla and  
squats to look her in the eye.

RED HEAD

Ah, Layla. I thought I told you.

The red head slowly transforms into Layla's mother.

RED HEAD

"You've got a chance of pulling  
through."

The red head turns back into herself, walking away from Layla's  
shocked face and limp body.

RED HEAD

You're young and you have time  
left. This was just the perfect  
opportunity for us to leave this  
place. There's nothing special  
about you. You were just here. We  
were just lucky.

The red head laughs, joined by the rest of the demons. Layla  
takes this opportunity to look at where her body is. She sees  
that the demon directly next to her body is fairly small, and  
she elbows the demon that's holding her in the stomach. As the  
demon doubles over, Layla runs to her body and takes a hold of  
her hand. The demon next to her body tries to drag her away,  
but Layla kicks them in the face.

LAYLA

Come on, come on, come on.

The red head and the other demons close in as a bright blue  
light fills Layla's vision, then everything turns black.

CUT TO:

Made in Highland

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAWN**

Layla is walking along the side of the road as the sun rises on the town. She stops to dust off her pants and check her phone. The signal is back and the time is 7:06 am - technically, 6:66 am. The screen changes and shows that someone is calling Layla. Layla picks up the phone.

LAYLA  
Hey, what's up?

MALE FRIEND (O.S.)  
Hey? Layla, we've been looking for you all night. Someone told us that you ran into the forest. Are you okay?

LAYLA  
Yeah, I just had too much last night.

Layla pauses.

LAYLA  
(sincerely)  
I've had "too much to drink" a lot lately. I think we should talk. I think I'm finally ready to get help.

MALE FRIEND (O.S.)  
Well, I'm glad you said that. Do you wanna meet for coffee?

LAYLA  
Sure. I'll text you the details once I'm ready, okay?

MALE FRIEND (O.S.)  
Okay. I'll see you later.

LAYLA  
Later.

She smiles and puts her phone away. She slowly looks back at the forest, her eyes turning red. Layla is gone, and the demons have taken over her body.

CUT TO BLACK