

Sleepless Knights II: HAPPY HUMAN CYCLE!

By Matt Beaver

EXT. THE FRONT OF A TOY STORE. -NIGHT.

THUD! Greg's fist comes down on the darkened glass door of a toy store in front of a shopping center. He looks up to see his defeated reflection in the glass door, the closed sign hanging, tauntingly, on his reflected forehead just past the glass. Greg's eyes whip to a thrift store reflected behind him. The thrift store's lights are on.

INT. DOWN TOWN THRIFT SHOP. -NIGHT

Greg walks through the store filled with miscellaneous items that look to have been there when the city was founded. Thunder echoes from outside penetrating the store with sharp white light. He stops to get a good look of the entire store from where he stands.

His head stops on a dime when he spots the register counter.

At the register counter the REGISTER BOY (Teens, Caucasian/Latino) is frantically polishing a porcelain doll with a small towel and a spray bottle of clear liquid.

The part timer seems to be panicking over such a simple task.

GREG

How much?

REGISTER BOY

AHH!

The Register Boy jumps up in the air as if the query was a thousand volts that slapped him on the butt. He drops the porcelain doll and it falls to the floor with a clatter.

REGISTER BOY

Oh no! Oh no! nononononono.

The Register Boy as quickly as possible recovers the doll off the floor. He then proceeds to drench the porcelain doll frantically with the spray bottle of clear liquid.

REGISTER BOY

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Don't be mad.

GREG

Hey no problem, not mad. I remember my first part time job.

The Register Boy looks up at Greg in confusion.

REGISTER BOY

What?! No not you the.

The Register Boy looks at the porcelain doll. Lightning flashes, illuminating all of it's shiny features.

GREG

So, how much is it?

Greg nods his head toward the porcelain doll.

The Register Boy's face never turns from Greg's direction but his eyes slowly turn to the porcelain doll. The Register Boy rings up the antique cash register DING! \$0.00.

Greg walks toward the exit the porcelain doll now in hand.

The doll cradled in Greg's arms looks over his shoulder, its beady eyes staring at the Register Boy.

Eyes wide the Register Boy unscrews the spray bottle and dumps the contents on one of his hands and makes the sign of the cross. On the counter the bottles label revealed holy water.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

Rain has begun to waterfall down on Greg as he stops at his backward gate. He unlocks it, then peeks carefully inside porcelain doll cradled in the crook of his arm.

EXT. GREG'S BACKYARD. -NIGHT

Greg sneaks into his backyard. He turns around to safely re-lock it. As he does rapid chittering from the neighborhood rabid raccoons are heard as they close in on their long awaited prey, Greg.

Greg freezes as the chittering reaches his ears, he dare not turn around in this game of reverse red light green light. As the raccoons get closer the largest stops in place. This raccoon hisses, the rest hiss also in a cacophony of what sounds like broken steam pipes.

Greg's head turns slowly toward the rabid raccoons.

Greg spots a gap in the crowd of rabid raccoons and runs for it toward the glass back door. For once the raccoons flee as he passes them.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE KITCHEN -NIGHT

Greg quickly opens the sliding glass door that connects the kitchen to the backyard and just as quickly closes off the connection to the raccoons domain.

He sneaks through most of the kitchen not making a sound. He makes it as far as the pantry closet when lightning flashes. In the doorway to the kitchen a figure of a little girl is silhouetted during the light of the bolt. A small hand at the same time reaches for Greg's back. Greg reflexively does his best impression of the early thrift store part-timer when startled. He quickly opens up the pantry closet and throws the porcelain doll in.

INT. GREG'S PANTRY CLOSET.

The porcelain doll is thrust through the air into the pantry. It knocks into some salt before falling to the the ground. A small thin fog seems to slowly seep out of it. It suddenly goes out as the salt the porcelain doll knocked into begins to spill on it from above.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE KITCHEN -NIGHT

Greg inhales and exhales while leaning on the pantry door. The scariest thing in his life has always been his daughter Suzy who is the figure standing in the doorway.

GREG

Suzy, kiddo, why are you wondering around in the dark scaring me like that?

SUZY

Peep said it would be funny if I did.

GREG

Suzy, was it funny or mean?

SUZY

Yes!

An exasperated sigh escapes Greg as he looks at the clock then back to Suzy to pick her up in his arms. He begins to carry her away from the kitchen.

GREG

Well it's bedtime no more scaring me alright.

Suzy opens her mouth to object but Greg has prepared the perfect counter.

GREG

The faster you sleep the quicker your birthday comes tomorrow.

Suzy slaps her eyes shut, clasps her hands together and slaps them to her cheek.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

Greg lies asleep on his back in bed. Suddenly, Greg's eyes shoot open, panic quickly injected straight into him, heart going a mile a minute, stiff almost existing-less movement. That all adds up to him having sleep paralysis which means Peep is not far behind.

Greg looks towards Peep's usual spot of leaning next to the window but instead finds Peep actually in front of the window. Peep this time looks out pensively at the storm raging. No hellos, or updates this time.

GREG

Hey you OK?

Peep's head reflexively and partially turns back to Greg his pinprick star like eyes never leaving the window and the storm past it.

PEEP

Huh?

GREG

Peep, you OK? Like sick or something, sweets finally getting to you?

PEEP

Human sweets near me have gone unscathed for the last few times I've been here.

GREG

OK yeah something is wrong.

PEEP

Nothing wrong with preparing for your little one making it through another human cycle. Won't last long from the sweet sweet leftovers. Cake, candy, chips, ice-cream, cake, you did get

little one cake Greg? A big one
everyone full still half left for me?

Peep's eyes still don't leave the backyard.

GREG

So, your why Suzy had ideas of a cake
as big as her? So nothing is wrong, we
good?

PEEP

There is something wrong.

GREG

We bad. Got it.

PEEP

The raccoons, fear, palpable almost.

GREG

You can sense fear?

PEEP

Always could Greg, but you never
needed me to tell you or the little
one when you feel it. The raccoons on
the other hand, they picked a fight
with a Peep sized monster before. Now
they fear.

Peep's pinprick star eyes shrink in focus toward the floor
underneath them. The kitchen just past said floor.

PEEP

Is there someone in the kitchen?

GREG

Suzy maybe? Weird we can usually here
her little pitter patter in the
hallway. You think it might be a
robber, intruder or something?! You
need my bat?!

Greg starts to sit up stiffly like all his joints need oil.
Peep waves him off while still focusing on the floor beneath
the kitchen.

PEEP

Nah, nah I got this covered. I'll just
go down stand there and give them a
little welcoming.

Peep showcases a large razor toothed grin each tooth the size of a half slice of toast cut corner to corner.

Greg nods his head in approval.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE KITCHEN -NIGHT

The kitchen is a void of sound and light only the lightning and ambient light from the streets or a neighbors backyard alleviates it just a bit.

In a flash of lightning Peep appears in the doorway of the kitchen ominously. His head partially cut off due to his height, leaving him blind to the inside of the kitchen.

The corner of Peep's mouth move with an unzipping like motion revealing his signature large sharp teeth. He waits a few moments.

He hears nothing, no screams, no yells. Peep's confused head lowers to under the top of the door frame to peer into the kitchen.

PEEP

Hello? Trespassers? Spawns of a bad thing?

Peep steps into the kitchen, places the wrist of one oversized clawed hand on his hip and with the other scratches his head in confusion. Then lifts that same claw to his chin in contemplation.

PEEP

Huh, no one here? No one *here*.

Peep with one long side step plants himself in front of the fridge. Just when he opens it, Peep freezes not moving an iota. His pinprick light eyes narrow, squinting to focus. He sensed it before it even began. A knock, another knock.

PEEP

Someone is *here*?

Peep slowly closes the fridge. His head tilt akin to a dog having witnessed a treat vanish from slight of hand as he turns around. Footsteps, louder then quieter, closer then farther, back and forth, behind the pantry door.

Peep warily makes his way to the pantry in the amount of time to allow for whatever is in there to burst out before he gets there.

Peep stands in front of the pantry closet. Peep times the footsteps so when he grabs the handle the sound is on the other end of the nonexistent hallway beyond the door. He grabs the handle, all sounds cease entirely.

Peep leans back as far as he can with his elongated hand on the handle to the pantry. Creating the image of an upside down right triangle.

He throws open the pantry door to darkness, void, and abyss. Lightning flashes, revealing Captain Crunch's creepy quaker smile, pop-tarts, gummy vitamins with a Peep sized bite mark in the plastic bottle, a porcelain doll covered in salt.

Peep looks down at it. SLAM! Goes the pantry door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

Greg's body feeling and moving as if made up of multiple wooden boards linked together in the form of a human, uses the wall for back support as he sits up in bed. He hears the slam of the pantry door, and the sounds of thunderous stomps ascending the staircase.

Crash! Peep's foot goes through the door creating a hole in it. Peep squeezes through the hole he made in the door and finally is able to drag himself through.

Peep as stiff as Greg during sleep paralysis stands in front of the door.

GREG

So we good, you didn't eat the intruders did you?

PEEP

No Greg. Not good, not good, good not. Greg! snack closet, the bottom, what!? WHAT!? Creepy little little one!

GREG

Peep what are you going on about? Oh, yeah. Thanks for reminding me, got a wrap that thing up early in the morning.

PEEP

IN CEMENT!

GREG

No Peep.

PEEP

Then wrap that cement, in deep water!

GREG

Peep, I am not going to mafia, Suzy's birthday gift. By the by, you think she'll like it?

PEEP

No, underworld no. She see that, she see little one therapy.

GREG

Wait, Peep don't tell me you're afraid of it.

PEEP

I won't! YOU'RE AFRAID OF IT!

Peep hurriedly squeezes himself under Greg's bed in such a haste it shakes Greg back into laying position. The bed becomes a victim of an isolated bed sized earthquake.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -MORNING

On Greg's bed lays, a cardboard box placed on prepared cut wrapping paper of race cars, with the salted porcelain doll next to it. He himself stands on the far side of the bed closest to the wall opposite to the door.

Greg gently picks up the porcelain doll and looks at it. He smiles thinking Suzy will like it as he gently brushes off the remaining salt. Then just as gently lowers it into place on the way to becoming a fully wrapped gift.

Once the stick on bow is placed on top, jackhammer speed little pitter patters of little footsteps echo through the hallway. They make a b-line for his door.

The handle turns as a little girl giggles and the door slightly pushes in. The gift is placed down on the floor on Greg's side of the bed obscuring it from anyone at the door.

Hands behind his back, Greg almost excruciatingly stands at attention wide eyes, even wider grin in preparation to greet Suzy.

Nothing.

Greg walks over to the slightly open door. A shadow passes by from left to right under the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. -MORNING

Greg reflexively sticks his head out the door his vision chasing the direction of the dark movement to the right.

Nothing.

Door hinges cry squeakies to his left. The high pitched sound of un-oiled metal grab his ear drums and pulls his attention toward their direction.

The minuscule fuzzy form of Suzy in footie pajamas rubs her tired eyes as she steps into the hallway. Greg's vision whips back to look toward the direction the shadow went. Then back to Suzy.

Suzy smacks her lips for the same unknown reason some people do in the morning. Her eyes slowly widen and brighten like a morning sun peaking over the horizon.

She pounces forward toward Greg. Already on edge Greg reflexively slams the door from the oncoming onslaught of his daughter's birthday energy. Suzy's little hands rhythmically hammer back and forth on the door with the strength of someone twice her age.

SUZY

BBBBIIIIIRRRTTTHHHHDDDDDDAAAYYYY!!!!

GREG(O.S.)

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

EXT. GREG'S BACKYARD. -DAY

Kids are penned in by parents strategically placed in the backyard, blocking off all entrances and exits. Doubling as human watchtowers covering all angles of the designated play area making sure all activities are safe.

Greg stands near the backdoor of his house. Leaning on a baseball bat. The parents of one of Suzy's friends ISAAC(half asian, 6 years old), PAUL (forties Caucasian) and Michelle(mid-thirties Asian) stand near Greg watching as the kids have the time of their lives.

PAUL

Hear this neighborhood has a raccoon problem. Is the bat for?

GREG

This nah, pinata. I got the raccoon

problem covered though. Asked a neighborhood specialist to make sure they don't drag one of the kids off as a party favor.

Greg looks towards his neighbor HAROLD's (Asian fifties) house. In the second story window Greg spots Harold covered in a combination of bite and claw scars. Harold looks at Greg and lifts up his shotgun in one hand and then gives Greg a thumbs up.

Greg looks confused, horrified, he shakes his head a no, once, twice, three, times for emphasis. Greg gives that a thumbs down. Dejectedly the neighbor lowers his head along with the shotgun.

GREG
Speaking of pinata.

Greg enters his house momentarily to recover a pinata about the size of a large watermelon. Only in shape alone however, the other details catches the children's wide eyed almost frightened attention. Greg speaks quieter to himself as he steps back outside. A figure dark human shape his height stands in the kitchen behind him.

GREG
And of payback.

The parents themselves look a bit apprehensive about the pinata. Suzy's own stare stands amongst them all, she never saw it until today. Her eyes none the less narrow at it in spite.

GREG
Suzy asked for this custom.

MICHELLE
She's got quite the imagination
doesn't she?

GREG
Not really. She kind of realized at a young age that real life can be a bit a stranger.

The pinata itself has striped dark grey and light grey coloring, the wide angler fish teeth extend to yellow horns and red beady eyes. Suzy walks up to her father who holds the pinata via the string, and the bat in the other hand.

Suzy stares at the bat, eyes still narrowed, she points at it pointedly, then lowers that same hand palm out.

Greg single eye brow raised hands the bat to his daughter gently. She tips a little bit left then right due to the sudden weight.

She hefts her weapon over her shoulder and marches toward the tree. The kids clear out a path for her as she passes. Greg watches as Suzy stares at him eyes never changing shape, chin out in determination.

With a string slumped over a branch the monster pinata head hung in the air freely spinning as if to take one last quick scan of the crowd.

Suzy hefts the bat resolutely into its purposed swinging position. The pinata head lowered slowly spinning just above Suzy's head.

SUZY
SPAWN OF A BAD THING!

SWISH! THUNK! CRACK! Greg backs up a bit afraid of the force of the swing. The pinata fractures in half, candy exploding out in all directions. The party children scramble forward then just as quickly back away. Some pulled by their parents out of the way as Suzy takes a second swing despite her pinata execution being successful.

SUZY
SPAWN OF A BAD THING!

SWISH! THUNK! Everyone wide eyed stare at Suzy then drag their attention to Greg. At the same time Greg's attention goes to the nothing in particular in the opposite direction.

GREG
It's her birthday Greg let her have this.

Suzy sits on a small pink plastic chair, a pile of birthday party tribute to her right, the wrapping paper and cardboard on the left. The rest of the children watching her but their minds on the sugar of the candy stimulating their young baby taste buds.

Greg hands Suzy his gift. She politely takes it as Greg waits.

GREG

Wait for it.

Suzy takes off the adhesive bow and places it on her party hat gently and politely. Then she proceeds to literally and figuratively rip into it like she can't get to the contents fast enough.

GREG

There it is.

Suzy looks into the violently skinned cardboard gift box and she lets out a gasp. Her tiny arms reach out and to carefully lift out the fragile porcelain doll.

SUZY

Wow, just like in scary movies!

Suzy holds up the porcelain doll for all to see. She is all smiles. The crowd of adults watching are smiles along with Suzy. Some have genuine smiles, some are forced.

The crowd of children closer to Suzy scoot back one looks like they're about to cry. All of the kids look afraid, or disgusted. Except for one of the kids, a little girl in the back, she wasn't at the party before and just suddenly appeared but has the only genuine smile.

The party guests have thinned out. Some have already left right after the presents others are in the process of leaving. The rest are just enjoying the rest of the party.

Suzy is taking stock of her birthday haul: clothes, dolls, stuffed animals, coloring books, and children books.

Just when Suzy lifts up the porcelain doll and smiles at Greg nearby, a blur of a boy Suzy's age rushes by to snatch the doll.

It's Isaac, son of Paul and Michelle, he dodges by all the adults he passes by trying to grab him and the little girl who suddenly appeared during the party. The little girl is not happy to see this disdain on her face targeted at him as he runs by. In this birthday heist the boy escapes the backyard via the gate.

SUZY

Hey!

Suzy pursues Isaac out of the backyard in a blur as well.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE FRONT YARD. -DAY

Isaac sprints across the front lawn giggling at this personally hilarious heist. He rounds the corner on the opposite side of the house and presses himself against the wall below a house window.

TAP! TAP! TAP! Someone's tapping at the window above. The boy moves away from the wall to properly get a look at the window. Isaac's eyes go wide in fear.

Greg lightly jogs from the backyard gate and looks around. His head swivels left to right scouring for Suzy and Isaac. They are no where in sight.

GREG

Suzy?!?

SUZY

DADDY!!!

Greg hurries over realizing both that Suzy's response was both filled with worry and on the opposite side of the house.

As he rounds the corner he spots both Suzy and Isaac. The latter eyes filled with tears laying on his back with Suzy holding him from crawling further away from the window.

SUZY

DAD HELP!

GREG

Suzy, what happened, did you accidentally hurt him?

SUZY

I didn't do it. Help!

Greg crouches down to their level, and pulls the boy up to his feet. Greg brushes the dirt off of his teary fearful form. Greg grabs him by the shoulders.

GREG

Are you OK?

The boy quickly latches himself to Greg and shakes his head a no. Greg gently picks the boy up and returns to the backyard. Suzy takes a few seconds to look for the porcelain doll.

GREG

We'll look for it later kiddo. We have

more important things to do.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE FRONT YARD. -SUNSET

The sun is now setting, Paul and Michelle load Isaac into the back seat of thgeir car. Greg approaches them alongside Suzy.

GREG

Sorry about what happened.

MICHELLE

Oh don't worry about it. It was bound to happen with his high energy and all.

GREG

What was bound to happen exactly?

MICHELLE

Oh you know. Too many videos games, cartoons, and sugar and their imagination just runs off like he did. Then he gets all afraid of it.

GREG

Um, OK?

Suzy looks up at Greg and gently tugs on his sleeve.

GREG

Oh right, me and Suzy were wondering if you can ask him where he put her doll. When we caught up to him we didn't see it anywhere.

MICHELLE

Oh! I'll ask him myself.

Michelle turns to her son Isaac safely strapped into his car seat.

MICHELLE

Isaac, honey, may I ask where you put Suzy's doll so they can find it quickly.

Isaac wide eyed puts one clenched hand to his mouth and points to the side of the house where Greg and Suzy found him.

MICHELLE

But Greg and Suzy said they didn't see
it outside. Is it inside the house?

Isaac shakes his head a yes.

INT. FIRST FLOOR LIVING ROOM. -SUNSET

Greg and Suzy enter the living room almost instantly they spot it. The porcelain doll just below the window leading out to where they caught up to Isaac.

Suzy instantly runs up, picks it up, and then runs out of sight. Greg however lingers. With confusion and curiosity Greg approaches the window. He places both hands on the window latches and unlocks them which confuses him more. Greg with a grunt and a good amount of effort opens the window only a little.

GREG

Huh. Isaac could not have opened this.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. -SUNSET

Greg ascends the stairs to the second floor hallway. He looks toward the sound of Suzy giggling and what sounds like her talking to herself. He concentrates too much on the sound of his daughter having a good time in her room he doesn't notice the softer sound of someone walking up the stairs behind him.

Greg approaches Suzy's room and opens the door just enough for him to watch Suzy porcelain doll in her arms.

SUZY

It was the best birthday party ever!
No, Isaac didn't get hurt just got
afraid, he'll be OK.

Greg opens the door to Suzy's room. Without the direction of her attention being broken she looks utterly dumbfounded. Her head starts looking around her room searching for something. Greg is confused from her confusion.

GREG

Is everything alright kiddo, what are
you looking around for?

SUZY

My new friend she was just here. She's
gone.

Greg eyes go wide. A smile slowly forms on his face.

GREG

Oh well, let's hope she comes back soon.

Greg slowly closes the door and begins to walk away.

SUZY(O.S)

You're back! The doll? You don't like it? It's scary. I know, it's great because it's scary!

GREG

Wonder if Peep can see imaginary friends. You wouldn't be surprised with him.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

Peep holding a plate of three large cake slices, paces back and forth at the foot of Greg's bed. Peep grabs one slice hastily stuffs it into his mouth and rudely talks with his mouth full. Cake pieces spray from his mouth.

PEEP

What is it? What is it? What is it?

GREG

Peep?

PEEP

Familiar but not, smudged maybe, too thin?

GREG

Hey, Peep.

Peep drops the second slice into his mouth.

PEEP

Don't like it.

GREG

PEEP!

PEEP

WHAT?!

Peep's quick frustrated response fires a shotgun spray of cakes and spittle at Greg. Greg winces as it splatters

against his face.

PEEP

Oh sorry.

Peep attempts to wipe the pieces of cake and spit off of Greg's face with his oversized hand. The hand that handled slices of cake covered in icing. Greg's face is now covered in icing. Peep reaches for Greg to try again.

GREG

Forget it for now. More importantly,
is something wrong with the cake?

Peep's head tilts in disbelief right before placing the entirety of the last slice into his mouth.

GREG

So it's not the cake. Then what's with
the pacing?

PEEP

We are not alone in this house Greg.

GREG

Yeah, Suzy's in her room.

PEEP

The little one and another. I think?

GREG

Wait you can sense fear right so does
that mean you can sense imaginary
friends too maybe?

PEEP

No, no don't know what that is? It's
like last night but stronger. More
there but still thin.

GREG

OK, what is it exactly?

PEEP

Another little one, but fuzzy,
smeared, like little ones colorful
scribbles when making them colorful
but all human shaped.

Peep drops the cake plate it clatters on the floor. Peep slowly edges to Greg's door. Greg looks to Peep and to the

door then back to Peep.

PEEP

Like what's at the bottom of the
stairs. Fuzzy smeared human.

Quiet but clearly audible footsteps climb up the stairs but
suddenly stop halfway.

Peep suddenly looks at the floor toward the kitchen.

PEEP

Kitchen now.

Head shoots to the window out toward the backyard.

PEEP

Backyard!

Peep looks toward the lamp on the night stand and just as
suddenly pounces forward. CLICK! The nightstand lamp turns on
by itself. Peep crashes to the ground hard.

PEEP

Here.

GREG

What is it like a ghost? No, there's
no such thing as ghosts? A spirit or
some paranormal thing in this house
isn't possible.

Greg watches Peep as he gets himself off the floor. Greg has
a look on his face realizing who he is talking to about this.

Peep suddenly looks to the direction of where the hallway
ends to the right. It turns from right to left following the
movement of something past the wall and door. Greg notices
Peep following the movement of something out in the hallway.

GREG

Peep after it! I'll catch up!

Peep rushes for the door. Greg starts to move for the bat
laying next to the night stand near the window.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. -NIGHT

Peep launches himself almost on all fours toward Suzy's room.
Peep's foot is about to kick a hole through Suzy's door stops
centimeters away. A sticker of a kitten right in front of his

foot. He gently lowers his kicking foot.

Peep grabs the doorknob and gently turns it before almost tearing the door off hits hinges with the force he opens it with. Peep looks around but doesn't see Suzy anywhere.

Peep hears giggles, two of them, downstairs from the kitchen. Soft residual kitchen light lays on the staircase from the ground floor.

Peep throws himself down the stairs like a rag doll crashing down at the foot of the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

Peep can't control his monument of speed and slides into the kitchen. Suzy sits on the kitchen island watching Peep's lack of braking skills. She slowly climbs down the kitchen island mouth covered in leftover cake.

SUZY

You want some cake Uncle Peep?

Peep ignores her his head whip-lashing all over the kitchen. It stops at the far end of the kitchen island where the porcelain doll stands. Peep sees a dark transparent foggy cloud pouring out from the doll.

PEEP

Little one! It's the creepy little
little one!

Suzy, confusingly grabs the doll off the island. She then follows his gaze and sees nothing. Then the lights in the kitchen burn out with a loud buzz and POP! A transparent grey skinned, white iris beady eyed transparent, GHOST MAN(mid thirties) reaches for Suzy.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

SUZY(O.S)

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Greg's attention snaps to the sound of the scream as he reaches for the bat. His attention suddenly snapping to the scream causes him to knock the bat down to the ground.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

Peep torpedoes forward and actually connects with the transparent Ghost Man tackling him to the ground. Peep pins

it to the ground for a few seconds before it mists out of his grip and floats toward Suzy. Suzy drops the doll and runs for under the kitchen table.

The Ghost Man carefully picks up the porcelain doll, gently brushes it's hair and places it on the island between him and Peep. He continues to float toward Suzy.

From underneath the table Suzy sees that Peep is hesitating to pass the doll on both sides. His mouth in a frightened grimace and panic wondering how can he go around it without getting near it.

Suzy, rushes from underneath the table in between the legs of the ghost man just as it reaches the table. She runs for the porcelain doll, scoops it up off the island and runs for the exit. The Ghost Man turns to pursue but Peep's arms wrap around it in a bear hug from behind and lifts it further up off the ground.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. -NIGHT

Suzy one hand on the stair case railing and her other carrying the porcelain doll.

PEEP

Hey, gonna ask you to do a stop it
with the unfair misting and get back
HERE!

She hears Peep race out of the kitchen which can only mean the Ghost Man got away from him. Peep passes Suzy going up meaning that the Ghost Man is now already upstairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR MASTER BEDROOM GREG'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

Greg is on the door side of his bed bat in hand. The door to his room is open he can see Peep and Suzy coming up the stairs. SLAM! CLICK! The door to his room slams shut and locks. A force he cannot see suddenly tries to yank the bat out of his hands but Greg is turning this into a tug of war.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. -NIGHT

Suzy starts banging on the door with one hand while never letting go of the porcelain doll in the other.

PEEP

STAND BACK LITTLE ONE!

Peep lifts a giant foot and kicks a hole through the door

where patchwork boards were placed. He quickly grabs Suzy and throws her into the door hole.

Suzy quickly climbs to her feet and begins to run toward the bed. Suddenly the force attempting to pull the bat out of Greg's hands loosens which causes him to drop the bat which rolls to Suzy's feet.

At the same time the Ghost Man appears behind Suzy and grabs her by the back of her pajamas. The sudden stop causes her to throw the porcelain doll forward, toward Greg.

Greg catches the porcelain doll barely by the hair with one out stretched hand. Peep's arms meanwhile reach through the hole and grab the Ghost Man by the ankles trying to pull him through.

Suzy is able to pick up the bat at her feet while fighting the pull of the Ghost Man. Greg is holding the porcelain doll out by the hair like a pinata. Suzy hefts the bat up. She swings for the fences.

SUZY
SPAWN OF A BAD THING!

WHOOSH! CRASH! TINKLE, TINKLE. The fragile head of the porcelain doll explodes sending pieces to the four corners of the room.

Everything stops, silence, no Ghost Man he disappeared when the doll broke. Peep squeezes through the hole. Peep hefts Suzy up and places her on Greg's bed sitting up.

Silence as they look at each other then around the room.

Soft crying is heard. All three of them turn their heads to the Ghost Man. Who is now on his knees crying over the porcelain doll whose head is now in pieces.

GHOST MAN
Birthday, daughter, Molly.

Another figure appears, MOLLY(six years old) a ghost girl. Suzy smiles and gives it an energetic wave which it returns. The Ghost Man tears flowing from it's eyes looks at Molly. Molly looks at the broken doll before kicking it under the bed. The Ghost Man shocked expression follows the path of the doll as it slides under the bed. It looks at the Ghost Girl, then down dejectedly. Molly hugs her ghost father, shocked from this for a second he hugs her back. They both fade away.

GHOST MAN
Happy Birthday.

Greg sits up on the window side of his bed looking out into the backyard from his second story window. Watching Peep shovel dirt with his oversized claws with Suzy next to him holding the broken porcelain doll in one hand and a birthday hat in the other. A plate of a few slices of leftover birthday cake on a plate next to them.

Peep stands up from his digging and nods to Suzy, they look toward Greg who also nods. Suzy gently places the broken porcelain doll into the grave.

She reaches for the plate with the cake on it and swats Peep's hand away from it as he reaches. She dumps the cake in with the porcelain doll.

Peep pushes the pile of dirt he dug up back over the broken porcelain doll and the cake. Suzy walks over to the head of the dirt pile and places a party hat as a grave marker.

Suzy, Peep, and Greg meet back up in Greg's room Suzy sitting on the foot feet dangling, Peep on his usual spot, and Greg sitting up back supported by the back wall.

GREG
Sorry about your birthday gift kiddo.

SUZY
Don't be sad daddy, I'm happy you bought me a gift and it came with adventure! Uncle Peep when's your birthday?

Peep lifts his claw to his chin to think about this for a few seconds. A large sly smile creeps onto his face.

PEEP
Tomorrow? (pause) All next week?

GREG
No.