

SERVER (O.C.)
Hey! Someone's gotta pay!

Rachel stops and pulls out her wallet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elizaveta storms into her house, phone to her ear.

ELIZAVETA
I don't know, Rachel!

She closes and locks her door. A pile of cocaine rests on the table in the living room from the night before. Art supplies lie everywhere.

ELIZAVETA (CONT'D)
No! I have no fucking idea who this creep is or if I'm losing it because I'm clearly the only person who can see him if no one else says they saw it!

Elizaveta tosses her bag and jacket on the kitchen island. She walks to, and falls on the couch.

She folds a piece of paper over again until it's thick.

ELIZAVETA (CONT'D)
I told you! A black guy - not like African American - but a man completely black with fucked up teeth!

She cuts a line from the pile of coke with the paper.

ELIZAVETA (CONT'D)
No, I'm not! I'm just--

Frustrated, she tosses the phone on the couch.

She leans over to the line of coke and sniffs it up. As she raises her head, directly across the table, mirroring her exact movement, is the Demon.

Elizaveta screams. She grabs her phone.

ELIZAVETA (CONT'D)
Rachel!

The Demon raises it's arm and swings down at Elizaveta.