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Get Out

By Jordan Peele

I appeal to you therefore, brothers, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind,

that by testing you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect. -Romans 12:1-2

EXT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

A perfect suburban house with bay windows and a front lawn.

The SHAW family. Caucasian and warm - RICHARD, 34; NANCY, 30;

JOSHUA, 6; and MAY, 4 - eat dinner inside. Richard reads

something on his tablet illuminating his face.

JOSHUA :

Which one are we going to?

RICHARD :

The one in Orlando.

NANCY :

Disney World.

JOSHUA :

Tony said that Mickey is not really Mickey; it's someone else in there.

RICHARD :

Mickey's Mickey.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

ANDRE, 29, an African-American man runs down the sidewalk in sweats. He listens to jazz on his phone. The music stops. He stops running and checks his phone.

ANDRE :

Damn.

He's right in front of the Shaw's house. He glances inside.

The Shaw's seem normal and content. Andre smiles.

A motion detecting security light floods the lawn.

INT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard looks up from his table to see Andre standing there.

The rest of the family doesn't notice. Nancy tends to May, who SQUIRMS in her chair. Richard watches Andre protectively.

2.

JOSHUA :

Also, Tony said he saw a chef Mickey and a normal Mickey.

NANCY :

He must have changed his clothes for work.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre walks on. It's getting dark. He is suddenly very alone.

A vintage creme-colored Porsche Boxster with tinted windows and a roof CREEPS up on the street behind Andre. It's following him.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV watching Andre. His BREATH ECHOES deep and tinny as if it were into a coffee can. Through the car's system we hear an English to French language tutorial recording.

TUTORIAL :

Pardon me. Where is the nearest restaurant? Pardonnez-moi. Ou est le restaurant le plus proche?

The driver doesn't repeat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre, feeling followed, stops to tie his shoe. The car also stops. Andre waves at the unseen DRIVER. There is no response.

The ENGINE PURRS.

Andre begins walking again. The car begins slowly too. Andre stops again. The car does too. Andre peers through the windshield but can't see through the tint.

ANDRE :

Can I help you...?

No response.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I'm new to the area. I just moved here... Down on Evergreen... Nothing. Did I do something wrong? 'Cause-

3.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV. Andre continues to talk, but isn't heard.

TUTORIAL :

Can you show me the nearest bathroom? Pouvez-vous me montrer la salle de bain la plus proche?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre hears nothing from inside.

ANDRE :

(under his breath)

This is some shit right here.

Andre begins walking. The car creeps alongside him. After a few steps, Andre stops again. The car stops. Andre laughs.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. I know you? You messing with me right?..Come on.

No response. He realizes it's not a friend.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

You know this could be considered

stalking and harassment. Plus,

you're sitting in a deadly weapon so that's some felony-type shit right there.

No response.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

What?!? Say something then.

No response. Andre can't hide his anger anymore. He starts walking the other direction. The car backs up, following Andre in reverse.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Calm down, Andre. Don't do it.

Don't let him get to you.

After a few more steps...

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

4.

Andre, fed up, stops. He approaches the passenger's sidewindow and bangs on it.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I'm from Brooklyn, man. If you wanna do something, then let's do something.

I'm ready...! Hey, I'm talkin' to you!!!

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV. Andre bangs on the window.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre bangs harder on the window three times. The car's passenger-side window rolls down.

TUTORIAL :

Can you help me find a hotel?

Pouvez-vous m'aider a trouver mon
hotel?

Andre's expression goes from anger to terror. The driver wears a tubular metal medieval knight's helmet with slanted rectangular eye holes.

ANDRE :

Shit.

The driver raises a gun with a silencer on it. Andre turns to run but is

shot in the back. Stunned, Andre stumbles towards the Shaw's house. The driver exits the car and follows him.

TUTORIAL:

(From inside the car)

Can you please call the police?

Pouvez-vous s'il vous plait appelez la police?

EXT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Andre falls in front of the Shaw's lawn. A dart sticks out of his back. He reaches towards the Shaw family. The masked driver approaches calmly Andre drags himself toward the house as everything blurs around him.

ANDRE :

(weakly)

Help

Andre passes out as the security light floods the lawn again.
5.

INT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Shaw family eats while Andre lays on their front lawn. This time Richard, buried in his tablet, doesn't notice. the driver lift Andre's limp body and carries him to his car.

JOSHUA :

Tony said Mickey's face doesn't move.

RICHARD :

That's right. Mickey's always happy.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The driver carries Andre to the car.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Why?

RICHARD (O.S.)

Because he hasn't aged in 100 years.

The driver plops Andre in the padded trunk. He gets in his car and drives off.

TITLE CARD:

"Get Out"

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK SLOPE - DAWN

The sun rises over the city. Autumn. Beautiful.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We move slowly through the small but clean apartment. The walls are

decorated with fascinating urban photography.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - BATHROOM - MORNING

CHRIS WASHINGTON, 26, a handsome African-American man shuts the medicine cabinet. He's shirtless and naturally athletic. He scrutinizes his reflection with a touch of vanity.

6.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - MORNING

ROSE ARMITAGE, 28 - Caucasian, brunette with freckles - cool and beautiful like an old Summer Camp crush. Rose looks at pastries through the glass. She can't help but smile.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris spreads shaving cream onto his face and shaves. He postures a little then nicks himself on the neck. He smirks; deserved that.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Chris, clothed, looks out his window through a professional camera. He flips through some striking urban images on the digital display much like the ones framed around his apartment. He is a very talented photographer.

Sid, a small black dog, watches him. The BUZZER RINGS.

INT. BROOKLYN BUILDING - HALLWAY. MORNING

Chris opens the door. Rose stands outside the apartment with her hands full. She has two coffees and two bags of pastries. Chris smirks.

ROSE :

I couldn't decide...

He takes the coffee tray and pulls her inside. They kiss.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rose and Chris have coffee and sweets by the window. The small mound of pastries sits on the coffee table. SID lays on her lap. She strokes him. It's a perfect morning.

ROSE :

Poor thing. Do you even pet him?

CHRIS :

Are you kidding me? When you're not here that dog gets the best fuckin' pets of his life.

7.

ROSE :

So, how come whenever I come over, he acts like he's been totally neglected.

CHRIS :

'Cause he know he's got you wrapped around his little paw.

ROSE :

oh, really?

CHRIS :

Yeah.

Chris picks up her foot sweetly and massages it. She melts.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Chris packs a small bag of luggage. Rose lays on the bed.

ROSE :

Toothbrush... Deodorant...

CHRIS :

Check... Check....

Chris puts a cigarette in his mouth. Rose pops up and grabs the cigarette from his mouth and breaks it. Chris tries to feign incredulousness but is amused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna have one the whole weekend.

ROSE :

You quit, remember?

CHRIS :

I'm nervous.

ROSE :

Why? They're going to love you.

CHRIS :

Yeah? How do you know?

ROSE :

Let's see, you're smart, sweet,
handsome, creative... You're you.

CHRIS :

Good answer.

8.

Chris packs in silence for a moment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do they know I'm black?

Rose is taken aback by the question.

ROSE :

I don't think so. Why? Should they?

CHRIS :

Seems like you might give them a heads up.

ROSE :

Really? Like "Mom, Dad, my black boyfriend is coming up for the weekend"?

CHRIS :

You said, I'm the first black guy you'd ever dated.

ROSE :

Yeah...?

CHRIS :

So this is uncharted territory for them.

Rose embraces him.

ROSE :

Baby, it's fine. My dad would legit vote for Obama a third time he could.

Yes, he will want to

talk to you about it, and that will be embarrassing, but they're gonna love you. I promise.

Chris nods. She kisses his neck and pulls him to the bed.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris turns on the TV for Sid. He and Rose stand by the front door about to leave.

CHRIS :

Bye.

ROSE :

See you soon.

9.

Rose blows Sid a kiss and they leave.

EXT. BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Chris puts his luggage in the trunk and enters the passenger's side of a shiny white BMW X5.

INT. BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rose sits in the driver's seat. Chris gets in the passenger seat. Her car is

a mess.

CHRIS :

How do they even let you in a hospital?

ROSE :

Shut up. I'm very sanitary at work.

She moves some fast food wrappers to the back seat.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You ready?

CHRIS :

Yeah. You?

ROSE :

Oh, wait.

She raises her phone and takes a selfie of the two of them.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ready.

Chris puts his hand on her leg, and they drive off.

EXT. NEW YORK - CITY - CONTINUOUS

The car leaves the city.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - BIRD'S-EYE VIEW - DAY

We soar over the car as it drives through the beautiful countryside; a road flanked by woods.

10.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose hums. Chris, in the passengers seat, looks through his camera at the passing trees. He snaps a test shot.

CHRIS :

How long has it been?

ROSE :

10 months, so a year basically;

longest I've ever been away.

Chris takes out another cigarette. Rose promptly grabs it and opens the window.

CHRIS :

Whoa... whoa!! Come on! I'm a

grown man. If a man says he wants a cigarette, a man should be able too-

She throws it out the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay, so that's like a dollar. You basically just throwin' dollars out the window.

ROSE :

You shouldn't have bought them.

CHRIS :

I didn't buy them. Rod... Shit.

ROSE :

What?

CHRIS :

I almost forgot Rod.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL - DAY

ROD WILLIAMS, 26, African American, a stocky TSA agent smokes a cigarette. His cell phone rings.

ROD :

'Sup?

INTERCUT WITH:

11.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Chris sits in the passenger seat and talks on the cell phone.

CHRIS :

Hey. You at work?

ROD :

Yeah. How I'm gonna get in trouble for following standard procedure?

Fuckin' Gary out here thinkin' just because a bitch old, she can't hijack an airplane.

Chris laughs.

ROD (CONT'D)

Like you can't hide a bomb in a wheelchair? Watch, Chris, the next 9/11 is gonna be on some geriatric shit.

CHRIS :

Look, man, real quick. You good to watch Sid this weekend right?

ROD :

What? You think I forgot? Damn 'C', give your boy a little credit. I don't

forget shit; youdo.

CHRIS :

You're right. My bad.

ROD :

Apology accepted. How's 'Lil MissRosie?

CHRIS :

She's good.-

Rose takes the phone.

ROSE :

Hi, Rod.

ROD :

Whattup babygirl? You better bringmy boy back in one piece.
12.

ROSE :

I don't even know what that means
but yes I promise.

ROD :

You know you picked the wrong guythough right?

ROSE :

It's not too late for us is it?
Chris takes the phone back.

CHRIS :

Okay, get your own girl.

ROD :

Damn, I never seen you like this.
Meeting the family and everything?
What does she do lick your ass?

CHRIS :

No! What the fuck is wrong withyou?

ROD :

That's it! First girl licks yourass and you done. Just...
Rod makes a WHIPPING SOUND.

CHRIS :

You need help.

ROD :

Yeah I do. I need your girl to introduce me to one of her freakydeaky boarding school friends.

CHRIS:

(laughing)

I'll see what I can do. Oh, and
I'll kick you some cash for watching Sid.

ROD :

Come on, son! I don't need your money. I got you!

CHRIS :

Thanks, man.

ROD :

You better not come back all
bougie on me tho-
13.

Chris hangs up. He gives Rose a look.

ROSE :

What..? Settle down. You know I'm
yours.

After a beat he puts another cigarette in his mouth.

ROSE (CONT'D)

No!

CHRIS :

Last one!

She goes for it. He dodges playfully and tickles her causing her to cackle.
A shadow darts across the road in front of the hood of the
car. It's hind legs SMACK the hood of the car with a loud THWAT-THWAT. It's
propelled into the woods at an awkward angle. The CAR SCREECHES to a halt.
Chris and Rose breathe hard for a few moments of shock.

ROSE :

Fuck!

CHRIS :

You okay?

ROSE :

Yeah. You?

CHRIS :

Yeah. That scared the shit out of me.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Rose gets out of her car and inspects the damage. Chris gets out as well. There's a small bloody dent in the hood.

ROSE :

Fuck!!!

Chris looks back in the direction of the collision.

CHRIS :

Stay here.

ROSE :

What are you doing?

14.

CHRIS :

I don't know... See if it's okay?

Chris walks a few more steps then stops. He rethinks.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Maybe it's gone-

A guttural, almost human, MOAN OF PAIN comes from in the woods behind them. They watch the woods in horror.

Chris walks back towards the haunting wail. It stops.

ROSE :

Chris...?

Chris motions for Rose to stay. He keeps walking towards the thicket about 60 ft behind the car.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Be careful!

Chris gathers his courage and takes a step toward the thicket.

The Moan starts again, but much louder and closer than Chris realized. He's startled.

Chris peers through the bushes. The deer lays there gasping for breaths and watching him with a black wet eye. Chris is transfixed.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Do you see it?

Chris snaps to. He nods and takes out his phone.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK ROAD - DAY

A cop car is now pulled up to where the deer was hit. OFFICER FROSTIE - Caucasian - 33 stands near the deer. Another officer, OFFICER CROW - 40 - Caucasian with a patronizing smirk, stands by the driver's side window of Rose's car which Rose and Chris are both back in.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER CROWE :

So in the future the number to call is Animal Control Services.

Rose doesn't like the way he's looking at them.

15.

CHRIS :

Right. That makes sense.

OFFICER CROWE :

You two coming up from the city?

CHRIS :

Yeah.

OFFICER CROWE :

And what brings you up-

ROSE :

I'm from here. The Lake Pontaco area? We're going home.

OFFICER CROWE :

(to Chris)

You got a driver's license?

CHRIS :

Oh... yeah.

Chris gives Rose a "see?" Look as he gets his license.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't have a driver's license, I have a state I.D.

ROSE :

I was driving.

OFFICER CROWE :

I didn't ask who was driving. I asked him for his I.D.

ROSE :

My boyfriend shouldn't have to show you his I.D. because he hasn't done anything wrong.

OFFICER CROWE :

Ma'am, any time there is an incident-

ROSE :

No, fuck that!

CHRIS :

Baby. It's okay-

ROSE :

(to Crowe)

It's bullshit, and you know it.

16.

There is a tense silence. Officer Crowe's walkie chimes in.

OFFICER FROST (O.C.)

Everything alright up there Crowe?

Officer Crowe stares Rose down. After a moment he presses his walkie button.

OFFICER CROWE :

Yeah, I'm all good.

He hands Chris his I.D.

OFFICER CROWE (CONT'D)

You guys be careful.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The car winds through a thickly wooded road.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Chris sits in the passenger's seat deep in thought. He watches Rose with a new awe. Rose notices. She shrugs.

ROSE :

What? I'm not gonna let anyone fuck with my man.

CHRIS :

That was some ride or die shit,
baby. I like that.

Rose smiles at him.

ROSE :

We're here.

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The woods give way to an huge front lawn. A large mansion sits in the middle. Thick forest surrounds the estate except for one side which is the edge of a lake. The property feels expensive and isolated; no other houses in sight.

As they drive through the large front lawn, Chris sees WALTER, African American 35 in the distance facing away. Walter wears a gardening hat and trims hedges. He works slowly and methodically.

17.

ROSE:

(to Chris)

That's the grounds-keeper... I think his name is Walter.

Rose parks in front of the house, and. He has a pleasant smile. Rose gets out of the car and waves.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hi!

Walter turns and waves back. Chris gets out and waves too.

CHRIS :

(To Walter)

Hey! What's up?

Walter waves silently. Odd.

As Chris gets the luggage from the trunk, Rose runs to the front door and RINGS the DOORBELL. FOOTSTEPS. The door swings open revealing...

DEAN ARMITAGE, 59, a tall, balding, barrel-chested, bear hug of a man.

Though clearly smart, Dean has an endearing cockiness and a bad case of Dad humor. He is the kind of guy who pronounces garbage, Gar-bahge.

And... MISSY ARMITAGE, 56, A beautiful beacon of intellectual patience. She is poised and warm; relaxed and in control. They stand in the shadows of the doorway smiling. Rose hugs her parents.

ROSE :

Hi!!!

DEAN MISSY :

There's my girl! Hello sweetheart.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I miss you guys.

MISSY :

We miss you, Ro Ro.

Chris approaches with the bags.

CHRIS :

Hi.

ROSE :

Chris, these are my parents. Mom,

Dad, this is Chris.

18.

CHRIS :

Good to finally meet you...

Chris holds his hand out.

DEAN :

Mr. Armitage will do.

CHRIS :

Sure.

DEAN :

I got him.

(To Chris)

Come here.

Dean grabs Chris' arm and pulls Chris in tight.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Call me Dean. We hug around here,

Fella.

CHRIS :

Alright.

DEAN :

My wife Missy.

CHRIS :

I've heard so much about you guys.

Missy holds Chris' shoulders and examines his face and chest.

MISSY :

Yes, you'll do just fine. Sohandsome.

ROSE :

Can we get inside before you guys start embarrassing me?

MISSY :

Of course, come inside, make yourself at home.

CHRIS :

I'm fine with the embarrassing by the way; go ahead.

Missy and Dean laugh. The four enter the house. Missy shuts the door behind them.

Outside, Walter watches as his smile fades away. He slowly turns and goes back to work.

19.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

A wonderful house looms ahead. The interior is worldly and interesting; clean and homey. Several paintings of castles and medieval battles accent the walls. Taxidermy. One wall is all bookshelf, and there is a fireplace. Above the fireplace is a large hauntingly beautiful portrait of an old man and woman.

CHRIS :

Wow.

DEAN :

"Wow" is good. We'll take wow.

CHRIS :

I grew up in a one bedroom, so forme, this is ridiculous.

DEAN :

It ought to be. Lord knows we've done enough work on it through the years...

MISSY :

(To Rose and Chris)
How was the ride in?

ROSE :

We hit a deer.

DEAN MISSY :

Oh no! Where?

ROSE (CONT'D)

I don't know. Down around Lyonsroad?

CHRIS :

It came out of nowhere.

MISSY :

Are you guys okay?

CHRIS ROSE :

Yeah. Yeah. It just fruck us out.

MISSY (CONT'D)

I bet.

DEAN :

You know what I say. One down... afew hundred thousand to go.

Dean snickers.

20.

MISSY ROSE :

Dean. So awful! Dad.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What?! Those things are everywhere up here, Chris; like rats. The damage they've done to the ecology alone... Anyway, are we ready for the grand tour?

MISSY :

Let them unload their bags first.

DEAN :

Leave 'em. Walter will get 'em.

ROSE :

I think we'll manage, Dad.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Rose and Chris take their bags upstairs.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rose's old room is preserved in the state of a young-minded teenage girl. Lots of pink and dated boy band posters, a stuffed lion. A window overlooks the front lawn.

Rose and Chris place their bags down.

ROSE:

(sarcastic)

You think they wish I was still a kid?

CHRIS :

I cannot believe they kept it the same.

Chris looks at some pictures posted on her dresser.

ROSE :

So...

CHRIS :

They're great.

ROSE :

Yay.

21.

CHRIS :

No, they're totally sweet.

ROSE :

I told you they'd love you.

He sees a picture of Rose in high school on stage in a production of 'The Crucible.'

CHRIS :

What?! Is this you?

ROSE :

"The Crucible." I was Abigail.

CHRIS :

I didn't know you acted.

ROSE :

There's a lot you don't know about me.

Rose grabs Chris by the belt and pulls him to the bed on top of her. They kiss. She goes for his fly.

CHRIS :

Wait, what about the tour?

ROSE :

"The tour?" Are you serious?

CHRIS :

We just got here. I don't wanna be disrespectful...

ROSE :

Who gives a fuck? Be disrespectful.

He stops her.

CHRIS :

I'm serious. Later.

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Dean and Chris walk and look at pictures on the wall. Rose and Missy catch up in the living room.

DEAN :

Frankenstein's monster. Only pieces of the original structure remain; I like to think the soul is intact though.

22.

They keep walking.

DEAN (CONT'D)

There are seven bedrooms, ten bathrooms, three indoor dining areas, two study's, two main kitchens. There's an observatory wing on the top floor. And you'd be hard pressed to find a room that doesn't serve as library.

Chris zones in on a photograph taken in the 90's in front of the Armitage house. Dean and Missy are younger, and Rose and her brother Jeremy are kids.

DEAN (CONT'D)

That's Jeremy. Rose's brother.

He's in Med school.

CHRIS :

I've heard stories.

DEAN :

He went through a couple dark spots but came out the other side.

You'll meet him later.

CHRIS :

Oh, cool.

Dean points out the older couple in the picture, the same from the portrait in the living room; GRANDPA and GRANDMA.

DEAN :

Mother and Father lived here till the end. They died a few years ago now. Passed away within weeks of each other...

CHRIS :

I hear that happens a lot.

DEAN :

"Love" is a powerful thing.

They move down the hallway to a black and white framed picture of a 25 year old man posing in the starting position for a race.

DEAN (CONT'D)

My Dad was a runner. A good runner; great sprinter.
23.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, In fact, you might find this interesting, he was just beat out by Jessie Owens in the qualifying round for the '36 Olympics in Berlin. That's the one where-

CHRIS :

--Owens won in front of Hitler.

DEAN :

You know your history.

CHRIS :

Not really. That one always just stood out in my mind.

DEAN :

Of course. One of those perfect moments. There's Hitler on his high horse with his perfect Aryan race, and here comes this black guy to prove him wrong on the world's stage. What a moment.

CHRIS :

Yeah, tough break for your father though.

DEAN :

He almost got over it.

Dean winks.

HOUSE - MISSY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean opens the door to the office. He and Chris stand outside the door as Dean reaches in to turn on the lights. In front of the desk two comfortable-looking chairs face each other. Books line the walls, and are

stacked everywhere. Dean and Chris don't enter. A white cat laying next to a teacup wakes up on the desk.

DEAN :

Okay Snowbell just looking.

(To Chris)

Missy's office. This is where she takes appointments.

CHRIS :

She's a Therapist right?

DEAN :

Yeah. One of the best in the world. Not a tidy woman.

24.

CHRIS :

Like mother like daughter.

Dean Cackles.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS :

And you're a surgeon?

DEAN :

A neurosurgeon; was. I retired early. Now, I pretty much focus on the house and twiddle my thumbs.

Dean and Chris pass a closed door.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, downstairs is the wine cellar, the games room, some storage.

Apparently a black mold issue down there. Almost everything needs to get thrown out; shame.

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Dean and Chris continue their walk-through. The kitchen is large, homey and pristine. Large windows overlook the backyard. GEORGINA, African American, 30 stands facing a wall.

She is still.

DEAN :

My mother loved her kitchen.

Upon hearing them, Georgina comes alive. She resumes cleaning the kitchen.

CHRIS :

That view.

DEAN :

Oh, Georgina, this is Chris;
Rose's boyfriend.

Georgina turns to them. She has the same eerie smile as Walter. Like she's
masking something.

CHRIS :

Hi.

GEORGINA :

Hello.

25.

DEAN :

Ah ha! But now for the piece deresistance...

Dean opens the glass back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The yard is huge and the woods beyond it ominous. The wind RUSHES through
the trees. Dean leads Chris out through the yard towards a gazebo.

DEAN :

Badminton and bocce ball, croquet;
we're a family who loves games.

Two other families have properties on lake Pontaco, and they're way on the
other side. Total privacy.

Chris is distracted by Walter who prepares the lawn mower in the distance.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking.

CHRIS :

Yeah?

DEAN :

Well-to-do white family; black
servants...

CHRIS :

I wasn't gonna go there.

DEAN :

You didn't have to. We hired them

a few years ago to help care for my parents; they became part of the family.

Couldn't bear to let them go. I hate the way it makes us look though...

CHRIS :

Hey. People need work.

DEAN :

Yeah.

They arrive at an outdoor patio. Dean stops Chris from stepping on a dead sparrow.

26.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Well, crap.

(Calling)

Walter!

Walter turns to face them. He has that same eerily mild smile.

Vacant in its sincerity.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Another dead bird!

(To Chris)

Damn things fly into the patio from time to time; break their necks.

Walter nods slowly. Dean gently kicks the bird's carcass out of their way.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Iced tea?

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Dean, Missy, Chris and Rose sit with iced teas.

MISSY:

(to Chris)

Rose tells us your parents aren't with us.

CHRIS :

My Dad was never really in the picture. My mom passed away when I was 11; She was hit by a car.

MISSY DEAN :

Oh, that's awful; so young. I'm so sorry to hear that.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. My aunt raised me, with my cousins. We didn't have a lot of money or anything, but she's a good person; kept me off the streets. She gave me my first camera.

Rose holds Chris' hand.

MISSY :

You two seem like you've beentogether for years. How long hasit been now?
27.

CHRIS ROSE :

4 months? 5 months.

CHRIS :

5? She's right; I'm wrong.

DEAN :

'Atta boy Chris. Get used to saying that.

MISSY :

Not a lot of time, anyway. So...?
You guys in love or what?

ROSE :

Mom.

CHRIS :

I mean, we've been trying to takeit slow but...

MISSY :

Yep. You're in love. I can tell.

DEAN :

Can't resist the inevitable.
Walter mows past them in the distance.

MISSY :

And how did you meet, again?

CHRIS :

At the blood drive.

ROSE :

Remember when I volunteered at the
community center?

DEAN :

Ah, yes.

MISSY :

And he really is so good looking,
isn't he? You'd have beautiful
babies.

ROSE :

I know!

DEAN :

Uh oh. Get out of here before it's
too late!
28.

ROSE:

(to Chris)

Now, all you have to do is justquit smoking.

DEAN :

Oh no! A smoker!?

MISSY :

And we were just beginning to like
you.

CHRIS :

No. I'm quitting.

DEAN :

You should have Missy take care ofthat for you.

ROSE :

Oh God.

CHRIS :

How?

DEAN :

Hypnosis. Works like a charm.

Missy watches Chris' reaction intently. He is uncomfortable.

CHRIS :

Oh.

DEAN :

I thought the whole thing was B.S.

too. I smoked for 20 years. She puts me under once, now the sight of a cigarette makes me want to vomit.

MISSY :

Of course, I'd give you the service for free. You are family after all.

CHRIS :

Wow. I don't... Thank you. Um, I don't know.
Chris looks to Rose for help.

ROSE :

You guys, normal people don't want strangers fiddling around in their heads.
29.

MISSY :

If you change your mind... We're just glad you could join us for the big get-together.
Georgina brings the pitcher of iced tea around and refills everyone's glass.
Chris tries to thank her with a look. She smiles and avoids eye contact.

CHRIS :

The get-together?

ROSE :

The party tomorrow? I told you.

CHRIS :

I must have forgot.

MISSY :

Oh, well we host a shindig once a year for our friends.

DEAN :

A tradition. Some of my Dad's old social club. Some old patients.
Some just friends...

MISSY :

Drinks, good food, good people...

CHRIS :

Sounds fun.
Georgina has been pouring Chris' drink too long and his glass has overflowed.

MISSY :

Georgina!

Georgina snaps out of her daze. She realizes what she's done and starts to clean.

MISSY (CONT'D)

It's fine George, I'll get it.

Maybe you need a nap.

Georgina nods, smiles and walks away. Chris and Rose look at Dean. That was odd. Dean shrugs.

A CAR HORN HONKS in front of the house.

DEAN :

Jeremy's home.

JEREMY, 29, rounds the house with open arms.

30.

He's "Rich kid intense"; handsome and strong with an unpredictable wildness behind his eyes.

JEREMY :

Who answers the door around here?!

INT. ARMITAGE DINING ROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Everyone laughs.

Dean pours the remainder of a bottle of wine into Chris's glass. Their meal is done and they are tipsy. Jeremy pops the cork on a new bottle of wine as he energetically holds court.

JEREMY :

One more... So, let me set the scene. I'm a junior; Ro's a freshman and she has a crush on this guy Connor-

ROSE :

--No. Mom.

MISSY :

Jeremy...

CHRIS :

No, no... These are good. I wanna hear this.

DEAN :

Manners, Rose. Give the guest what he wants.

JEREMY :

Yeah, Rose.

ROSE :

I hate you.

JEREMY :

Connor Garfield was on my lacrosse team. Huge guy, like 6'3", and crazy, just like "Looney Tunes," right? We had thrown a party-

ROSE :

You did.

JEREMY :

I think my parents were in Greece or something. We had gotten into their liquor cabinet and we're all shit-faced.
31.

MISSY :

No you weren't. Were you?

JEREMY :

We put water in the bottles so you wouldn't know. Let me finish. Okay, so I'm upstairs in my parents' bathroom hooking up with Jenny Richardson. Hottest girl in our class.

MISSY :

Uch.

ROSE :

You realize you're coming off like a total douche right now, right?

JEREMY :

Thanks. All of a sudden Connor starts banging on the bathroom door, right? I open it, and he's got blood gushing out of his mouth and he's screaming "Your thith-terbit my fuckin' tongue off!!!!"

CHRIS :

Whoa, what?

JEREMY :

Sure enough, there is a centimeter of tongue meat missing right here. Jeremy demonstrates and Chris winces.

CHRIS :

(To Rose)

Ahhhh! You bit him?

ROSE :

He cornered me and shoved his tongue in my mouth, so yeah.

CHRIS :

Damn. That's badass, Bae.

MISSY :

I'm going to see how dessert is coming along.

(to Dean)

Maybe we can change the conversation to something a little lighter.

32.

ROSE :

Yeah, great story. Thanks for making it totally uncomfortable.

Missy walks out of the dining room into the kitchen. The door swings open and Chris gets another glimpse of Georgina who stands with a kitchen knife and wears an intense and wicked little smile. The door swings shut.

DEAN :

Okay, new subject. Chris, Yanks or Mets?

CHRIS :

Ah, Orioles. My mom was from Baltimore so-

JEREMY :

You an MMA fan?

ROSE :

Oh God.

JEREMY :

What?

DEAN :

She's right. Let someone else talk for a bit.

JEREMY :

You've had your chance. He's dating my sister. I can't bond with the guy?

Dean exhales.

CHRIS :

You mean like UFC? Yeah, nah. Too brutal for me. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

JEREMY :

You ever get into street fights as a kid?

CHRIS :

Not really. I did take Judo for after-school in 1st grade.

ROSE :

Awww.

33.

JEREMY :

Cause, with your frame, your genetic make-up? If you pushed your body, I mean really trained, you'd be a beast.

CHRIS :

Cool... Thanks?

The kitchen door swings open again, and Missy walks back in with a perfect carrot cake. Georgina is gone.

MISSY :

What'd I miss?

ROSE :

More ramblings from King Awkward.

JEREMY :

We're talking about sports.

(To Chris)

Stand up. Let me show you something.

MISSY :

No karate at the dinner table.

JEREMY :

It's not karate, it's jiu-jitsu.

He stumbles a little towards Chris and tries to put him in a headlock. Chris

stands.

CHRIS :

I've got a rule. I don't play-fight with drunk dudes.

JEREMY :

I'm just-

DEAN :

--Alright, enough Jeremy!

JEREMY :

I wasn't going to hurt him.

Dean is loud and stern for the first time. Jeremy's eyes flutter, DRUNK and embarrassed. He grabs a wine bottle and goes upstairs`.

ROSE :

And that's my brother.

34.

EXT. THE ESTATE. NIGHT

Full moon. CRICKETS.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose and Chris make hushed love in her bed. A stuffed lion seems to watch Chris. He turns it away.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rose sleeps, but Chris is wide awake. There's a buzz in his ear. He smacks his own head and sits up. A soft HOWL of WIND rushes through the room. The CLOSET DOOR CREEKS open.

Chris' eyes drift to the pack of cigarettes sticking out of his camera bag pocket draped on the desk chair.

INT. ARMITAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris leaves Rose's room and walks down the dark hallway. A floorboard creaks under his feet. He turns down the stairs.

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris gets to the bottom of the stairs. He hears the floorboard creek upstairs. He stops and turns, expecting someone to follow him down. Nothing. Chris continues to walk down the hallway past the pictures towards the kitchen.

The basement door is open a crack. Chris peers into it curiously. A stairwell leads down into pitch darkness. Chris shuts the door. A figure now stands at the end of the hallway behind him. He doesn't notice. He just keeps going into...

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris walks through the kitchen. He bumps into a bar chair moving it slightly. He keeps walking. He continues out the sliding back door of the house.

35.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris steps out the back door and takes a cigarette out. Chris looks into the vast night around him. The CRICKETS are deafening.

Suddenly, something DARTS FAST across the yard in the distance. Chris peers out into the darkness. The thing RUNS across the lawn again. A moment of terror comes over Chris. He makes out a shape. It's now running towards him. Chris backs up in fear just as the figure emerges from the shadows and into the moonlight. It's Walter, the grounds keeper. He passes Chris without noticing. Chris gathers his breath.

The kitchen light turns on and floods the backyard. Chris drops the cigarette and stomps it out. He turns back towards the house and finds himself face to face with Georgina, who glares through the window dead in Chris' eyes. He's caught.

Georgina doesn't react. Chris is still. Georgina suddenly exposes her teeth in a frightening grimace. Chris backs away slowly.

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Georgina sucks her teeth. She doesn't actually see Chris at all. She's looking at her teeth in the reflection in the window which, front lit, reflects her and the room around her.

Outside is invisible.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chris realizes he's not caught. Close call. Inside Georgina notices the bar chair has been moved. She moves it back into its original position, and begins cleaning the kitchen cabinets. Chris quietly sneaks around the house.

INT. ARMITAGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sneaks in through the door in the dark dining room.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris moves through the living room towards the stairs, the lamp in the middle of the room turns on startling Chris. Missy sits near him; cat in lap; almost seductively. He's caught; for real this time.

36.

MISSY :

Quick fix?

CHRIS :

Yeah. Nerves got me I guess.

MISSY :

Come. Let's nip this in the bud.

INT. MISSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Missy sits in a chair and directs Chris to sit across from her. She pours them both some tea. Chris sits.

CHRIS :

I still don't know if this is right for me.

MISSY :

There really is no need to be nervous.

CHRIS :

I'm good. The dude was running out there. Scared me.

MISSY :

Walter starts early every day.
He's borderline obsessive compulsive. Tea?

CHRIS :

Nah, I'm good. It'll keep me up.
Missy puts two sugar cubes in her cup. She begins to stir slowly, CLINKING the SPOON softly and rhythmically against the sides of the cup.
TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY :

How's the bed. Good?

CHRIS :

Yeah.

MISSY :

Comfortable enough?

CHRIS :

It's perfect, thanks.
37.

MISSY :

Enough sheets?

CHRIS :

Yep.

TING TING. TING TING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So, how does this work? Are you going to swing a pocket watch in front of my face?

MISSY :

You watch a lot of Television.

Now, you are feeling very sleepy...

They share a smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)

We do use focal points sometimes,

but just about any object or simple motion can guide someone to a state of heightened suggestibility.

CHRIS :

Heightened suggestibility. Okay,
where do we start?

MISSY :

Your childhood.

CHRIS :

Yeah, my memory sucks.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY :

Wounds get locked in your heart and they fester and grow into ugly little things like depression and addiction. But, they are all in there somewhere.

All we need to do

is find the key.

TING TING. TING TING.

The world around Chris slowly goes out of focus.

CHRIS :

I guess if it makes me quit...

Wait... Has it started--?

38.

MISSY :

--we're going to go back to a place that might be uncomfortable for you. Your Mother's death to be specific. Were you there when she was hit?

CHRIS :

I was home. I was watching TV.

MISSY :

Let's go back there. Hear this place. Let the vibrations rush run through your body and ears. Hear it... Find it... Tell me when you find it. The sound of RAIN AGAINST a WINDOW slowly fades up along with the MUFFLED sound of a SITCOM ON TELEVISION.

CHRIS :

Okay... Yeah, I found it.
TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY :

Good. How did you find out she died?

CHRIS :

I knew it. She was never late after work. When she didn't come home, I just knew something was wrong.

MISSY :

Good. Now touch. Feel your surroundings. Feel every part of your body and what you touched.

Feel it. Find it... Tell me when you find it...

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT. NIGHT

Close on 11 year old Chris' hands scratches the bed post nervously.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me when you find it.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I found it.

His toes brush the carpet as his dangling legs swing off the side of his bed.

39.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. - NIGHT

Chris' feet try to swing but are too long. He scratches the arm of the chair in Missy's office.

MISSY :

You said 'you knew something was wrong.' What did you do?

CHRIS :

Nothing.

MISSY :

Nothing?

CHRIS :

I just sat there. Watching TV.

MISSY :

You didn't call someone? Your Aunt
or the police?

CHRIS :

No.

MISSY :

Why not?

CHRIS :

I don't know. I thought if I did,
it would make it real.

MISSY :

Next is smell and taste. Breathe
in and let the scent fill your nose. Smell that place. Taste it.
Find it.

Chris is getting emotional. He breathes deep through his nose.

FLASH BACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Chris finishes inhaling. The rain hits the window sill.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me. Tell me when you find it.

Young Chris takes sip of a juice box.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

26 year old Chris sips from an invisible straw.

40.

CHRIS :

I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY :

Good. Now lastly, you must see it.

Let the light flood into your eyes. Every color, every detail.

See it. See it. Find it.

Chris' eyelids flutter. He continues to scratch the armchair.

TING TING. TING TING

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

11-year-old Chris scratches through the wood on his bed, splintering the wood. He watches TV from his bed next to some action figures.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me when-

11-year-old Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris nods and cries.

CHRIS :

--Found it.

MISSY :

(realizing)

You think it was your fault.

Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY (CONT'D)

I want you to feel that fear again, Chris.

CHRIS :

I don't want to.

MISSY :

It's okay. I'm here.

Chris trembles anxiously.

41.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Are you afraid now? Paralyzed like that day?

He nods. Her empathetic expression turns into a sick smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Good. Now sink into the floor.

CHRIS :

Wait-MISSY

Sink! Now!

TING TING...

Chris' hand has compulsively scratched open the arm of the chair. His hand stops. His mouth drops and eyes open, frozen.

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

...TING TING.

Suddenly, 11-year-old Chris falls through the bed and floor.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DARKNESS

Terror. Chris, 26 again, breathes fast but falls in slowmotion though darkness as if through water.

TING TING. TING TING.

He flails towards a pitch black abyss. He's illuminated by the fading blue flicker of a large downward facing TV-like screen.

On it Missy sits Speaking to him and clinking her teacup.

Missy's voice is everywhere.

MISSY :

Good. Good. Sink. Sink.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris' body sits in his chair motionless. He can't move. His eyes are wide open, staring strait at Missy.

42.

INT. DARKNESS

Chris continues to slowly fall backwards. Missy approaches on the screen above him. It shows what his eyes are seeing.

CHRIS :

No! NO!!! I'm done! Bring me back!

Please!!!!

There is no response. Chris cries. Eventually he slows down and comes to a stop. He lands feet first on a soft ground.

This place sounds like it's crawling with insects. He looks up. He can still see the screen above but it is far away, like the mouth of a deep and expansive well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mrs. Armitage!!!

On the screen, Missy stands. She walks towards Chris' body and looks down at him through his own eyes.

MISSY :

Now you are in the Sunken Place.

Missy reaches towards the screen and shuts his eyelids. The abyss goes almost completely dark. Now he's alone in the dark.

He cries in terror.

Chris hears a DEEP HULKING BREATHING in the darkness.

CHRIS :

(whispering)

Something's down here...

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Bring me back. Bring me back.

Bring me back. Bring me back...

In the darkness, the SOUND OF HOOVES CRUNCHING ON SOFT GROUND approaches.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bring me back. Bring me back.

Bring me back.

The sounds get louder and louder.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

43.

An antlered thing emerges from the shadow. It's head is that of a deer, but with the flesh stripped off and with mostly its skull exposed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No!

Its eyes glow and flicker faint blue in its sockets. It MOANS A WRONG SOUNDING MOAN; in hateful anguish. It charges Chris...

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

The bloody deer impales Chris on its antlers. They both MOAN.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Chris wakes up with a start in Rose's bed sweaty and heaving.

He's alone and confused. Bad dream? Headache.

The SHOWER RUNS inside Rose's bathroom. SHE HUMS.

DING DING:

He's gotten a message. It's a picture of Rod pretending to pour beer in Sid's mouth. Chris smiles. The batteries are low.

He plugs his phone in and puts it on the dresser.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

It's Golden hour. Beautiful. Chris walks through the yard to the edge of the forest with his camera.

Chris keeps walking. He looks through a long-zoom lens into the wilderness. He sees a bird and snaps a picture.

He turns to the house. Georgina can be seen through an upstairs window knitting. He raises his camera. She's beautiful. She stands and begins to remove her wig. Then as if aware she's being watched, she turns towards him. Chris turns away, taking a picture in another direction. He glances back at the window. Georgina is gone.

BANG. A sparrow slams against the gazebo and falls to the ground. Startling

Chris.

CHRIS :

Damn.

He turns away and is startled even more by Walter smiling serenely at him about 50 feet away in the yard. Embarrassed, Chris gathers himself. He walks towards Walter.

44.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's up?

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They working you good out here,
huh?

Walter's voice is soft and methodical. His eyes remain distant as though he is looking through Chris. Chilling. There is a hidden anger behind his pleasantness.

WALTER :

Nothing I don't want to be doing.

CHRIS :

Ha!

Walter isn't joking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah... yeah. No, I can tell. I never really got to meet you actually, up close. I'm Chris.

WALTER :

I know who you are. You're Rose's friend.

Chris stops walking about 15 feet from Walter. Something doesn't feel right.

CHRIS :

Yeah. That's one way to put it.

So, where you from originally?

WALTER :

She is lovely isn't she?

CHRIS :

Rose? Yeah, she is...

WALTER :

One of a kind; a real doggone keeper.

Chris is weirded out.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Sorry if I scared you last night.

CHRIS :

Oh, yeah. Actually, I guess I was pretty drunk.

(MORE)

45.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't remember much.

WALTER :

And the hypnosis? Did it work?

CHRIS :

Hypnosis? No, I didn't...

Chris remembers.

WALTER :

Well, I should get back to work.

Chris raises his hand in a timid 'black power fist.' Walter raises his hand in an open wave.

CHRIS :

There's another bird...

Walter nods. Chris turns and walks to the house. Chris makes pops a cigarette into his mouth. He is repulsed by the taste of it. He looks at it. More of last night seems to come back to him.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris enters as Rose finishes blow drying her hair. He's worked up.

ROSE :

Hi. Where have you been?

CHRIS :

Out. Taking pictures. Hey, so I think your mom hypnotised me last night.

ROSE :

Wait, what?

CHRIS:

(hazy)

I think I snuck out for a smoke, and she caught me and offered? I don't know. I must have agreed to it 'cause

the thing just made me
nauseous.

ROSE :

Okay. Well then that's good,
right?
46.

CHRIS :

No, not good. I can barely remember any of it even happening;
I don't like that. Plus I had
these fucked up dreams.

ROSE :

That happened to me too.

CHRIS :

What did?

ROSE :

The nightmares. When I was a kid.
She hypnotized me once for stagefright, and I had the craziest nightmares,
but it worked...
She wraps herself up in Chris' arms. Chris thinks.

CHRIS :

And, what's the deal with the
help?

ROSE :

Like... The iced tea thing? Yeah that was weird.

CHRIS :

That, but also the lawn-mower guy creepin' me the fuck out too.

ROSE :

Why? Did he say something?

CHRIS :

It's not what he says, it's how he says it. You know?

ROSE :

Yeah, something about them seems... different.
Out the window, A CAR DRIVES onto the front yard. Rose hears and looks.

ROSE (CONT'D)

They're here.

Chris looks as well. A car parks on the front lawn. A Chauffeur gets out and opens the backseat passenger door. A well-trained Husky service dog exits the car followed by JIM HUDSON, 57.

Jim is blind and has slicked back grey hair.

47.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NOON

Bird's-eye view. Walter helps direct 12 expensive cars onto a makeshift parking lot on the front lawn. Wealthy guests emerge from each one.

EXT. BACKYARD - NOON

The party is in full swing. The 30 or so guests mingle excitedly. They are all white except for one Japanese man.

Through the kitchen window, Georgina fixes food and helps occupy four white children by helping them make Hors d'oeuvres.

Rose and Chris get a drink at the bar. They walk through the party. Missy mingles with some guests. She makes eye contact with Chris and winks. He looks away.

Chris and Rose are stopped by GORDON GREENE, 68, and his wife EMILY GREENE, 67. Gordon is a cute man with a cane and impish excitement. Emily is pretty and birdlike. They watch Chris intently and smile from ear to ear. Gordon shakes Chris' hand thoroughly.

GORDON :

Nice to meet you, Chris. Nice to meet you indeed.

(to Emily)

Good grip.

CHRIS :

Thanks. You too.

GORDON :

You ever play golf?

CHRIS :

Once, actually; a few years ago. I wasn't very good.

EMILY :

Gordon was a professional golfer for years.

CHRIS :

Oh? No kidding.

GORDON :

Can't quite swing the hips like I used to though. You know, I met Tiger.
48.

Rose and Chris share a subtle smirk.

ROSE CHRIS :

Wow, that's great. Cool.

EMILY :

Gordon loves Tiger.

GORDON :

Best I've ever seen. Ever, hands
down. Let's see your form.

CHRIS :

Me? I could barely hit the thing.

GORDON :

Show me...

Chris does.

GORDON (CONT'D)

If I knew what I know now at your age? Now then I could really play.

CHRIS :

It'd be kind of a waste of time
travel though.

They laugh.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose speak to NELSON DEETS, 82, who's smiles in a wheelchair with
his jaw hanging, and LISA DEETS, 54, a loose-
lipped trophy wife smiles at Chris in a predatory manner. They have Dutch
accents.

LISA :

(To Rose)

How handsome is he?

ROSE :

Extremely.

Lisa squeezes Chris' bicep. A bit too familiar.

LISA :

Not bad huh, Nelson?

NELSON :

Eh?

49.

LISA:

(to Rose)

So, is it true? The love making.

Is it better?

Rose cackles at the bluntness of the question. Chris almost chokes on his drink. Lisa continues to size Chris up.

CHRIS :

Wow. Um..

LISA :

(to Rose)

I'm being too forward?

ROSE :

We'll talk later.

CHRIS :

Oh, will you now?

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose talk to PARKER DRAY, 60, and APRIL DRAY, 57.

They are an overweight, rose-cheeked tipsy wasp couple. Chris and Rose try to mask boredom and annoyance.

APRIL :

Who even cares about skin color?

My God.

CHRIS :

Right. I mean-

PARKER :

The world cares, April. But it's not a question of physical superiority, it's "What skin color is more culturally advantageous?"

As Parker drones on Chris looks around the party. Deanschmoozes animatedly with two couples. He quickly scans the party, finds Chris and points him out. The two couples wave and smile giddily. They had all just been talking about him.

Chris pretends to not see this.

ROSE :

"Advantageous?"

Suddenly, Chris sees another black guy walking through the crowd. Relief. It is Andre, the jogger from the first scene, but he's very different than before.

50.

He seems glazed-over with the same frozen smile as Walter and Georgina, and wears a particularly square ascot and golfing hat.

PARKER :

Fairer skin is has been in favor'

the last couple of thousands of years, but the pendulum has swung back again hasn't it..?

CHRIS :

I'm sorry. I'm going to get another drink.

Chris walks away.

PARKER :

I didn't mean to offend him.

ROSE :

Really? 'Cause you have yet to say anything that's not a blanket statement about race.

PARKER :

Now, Rose.-

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Andre stands by the bar and makes himself a Martini. Chris approaches him.

CHRIS :

It's good to see another brother around here.

Andre turns to face Chris neatly. Andre's voice is completely different from the first scene. There is no longer any trace of an urban dialect. He speaks in a lower pitch and slow, enunciating his words precisely.

ANDRE :

Yes, of course it is.

Chris expects Andre to engage more. He doesn't. He just stares at him smiling.

CHRIS :

Who do you know?

ANDRE :

Why, the Armitage's of course.

We're friends of the family.

51.

PHIL, 65, a craggy effeminate man with manicured eyebrows, cuts between them.

PHIL:

(to Andre)

There you are. Here, put this somewhere.

Phil hands his napkin to Andre who pockets it obediently. Phil places his hand on Andre's back possessively.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Oh, hello. I'm Phil... and you are...?

CHRIS :

Chris. Rose's boyfriend.

PHIL :

Fantastic. Logan and I know Rose very well.

ANDRE :

I'm sorry, where are my manners.

Logan, Logan King.

(To Phil)

Chris was just telling me that he felt more comfortable with my being here. Chris is let down. Andre isn't what he had hoped.

PHIL :

That's nice. Logan, I hate to tear you away, dear, but the Wincott's were asking about you.

ANDRE/LOGAN Ah, well it was nice meeting you Chris.

CHRIS :

Sure.

Chris holds out his fist for Andre/Logan to bump. Andre/Logan shakes Chris' fist and then, realizing his error fist bumps him like it's the first time. Andre/Logan and Phil laugh and walk away. They join a small group of people who applaud Andre's arrival. Andre does a little spin showing off his clothes.

52.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Chris comes back to Rose. He is more creeped out and agitated.

ROSE :

Where's your drink?

CHRIS :

What? Oh, I forgot.

Dean projects over the crowd.

DEAN :

Hello!

Everyone applauds and gives Dean their attention.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Achem! Once again, I want to thank
you all for coming. Words cannot
express how much it means to us
that after all these years we can
all still get together and share.
I'm reminded of stories of how the
knights of old would gather in
honor of a new crusade...

EXT. GAZEBO. DAY.

During Dean's speech, Chris wanders away from the group.

JIM :

Ignorant shit...

Chris hadn't seen Jim Hudson, the blind man, who sits in the
gazebo with his seeing eye dog. He is close to Chris, but far enough away
from the group that no one else hears them.

CHRIS :

Who?

JIM:

All of them. Ignorant assholes.
They have no idea what real people
go through.

CHRIS:

I guess people only see what's in
front of them.

Chris notices his faux pas.

53.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean...

JIM :

Heh. No, you're right. And usually not even that much. That's people.
Jim holds a glass up. Chris fist bumps the glass.

JIM (CONT'D)

Jim Hudson.

CHRIS :

Chris-

JIM :

I know who you are. I'm an admirer of your work; you have a great
eye...

CHRIS :

Wait. Jim Hudson... of Hudson
Galleries?

Jim smiles.

JIM :

The irony of being a blind art dealer isn't lost on me.

CHRIS :

How do you do it?

JIM :

I have an assistant describe work
to me. You've got something... The images you capture... so
brutally melancholic. Powerful stuff.

CHRIS :

Thank you. Yeah, I just like finding the beauty in abandoned things.

JIM :

I used to dabble myself.
Wilderness mostly. I submitted to Nat Geo 14 times before realizing I didn't
have "the eye" for it;
Began dealing. And then, of course, my vision went to shit.

CHRIS :

Damn.

54.

JIM :

I know. Life can be a sick joke.

One day you're working in a darkroom, and the next day - BAM. You wake up in the dark. Genetic disease.

CHRIS :

Shit ain't fair, man.

JIM :

Yeah.

Jeremy comes over with his preppy friend, Derrick, 29.

JEREMY :

Chris, we need you...

CHRIS :

Yeah, sure.

(to Jim)

Nice to meet you.

JIM :

Stop by the gallery some time.

Bout time you had a solo show.

CHRIS :

Really? Wow, okay. Thank you. That would be a game changer.

JIM :

I think we could do wonderful things together.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose play badminton against Jeremy and Derrick. A gaggle of party guests watch, entertained. Chris is actually having fun. He swings big but misses the shuttlecock.

JEREMY :

HA! Come on. You can do better than that!

CHRIS :

Not my game, what can I say.

JEREMY :

Yeah, I see that.

ROSE :

Shut up Jeremy.

55.

JEREMY :

I'm just saying, if your boy isn't gonna bring his 'A' game, we might as well bring Mom up here.

CHRIS :

Whoa, whoa, okay. Now we talkin' smack huh?

Chris serves the shuttlecock hard. The following rally is long, captivating the crowd. Chris ends it with an impressive diving swat. Derrick misses the return and the crowd goes wild. Chris throws his arms up in celebration.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Boom!

ROSE :

Yay, baby!

JEREMY :

See, that's what I'm talking about!!! Okay, again!

Chris is about to serve. He scans the crowd of beaming faces.

Everyone is rooting for Chris. They love him. Chris scans the crowd. It's too much.

CHRIS :

Hold up. Here.

ROSE :

Where are you-

CHRIS :

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

Chris gives his racket to Gordon Greene.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris walks through the kitchen.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris slips past several small groups of guests mingling. He goes up the stairs to the second floor.

As soon as he is out of sight and earshot, the mingling guests stop in mid-conversation. Everyone in the room waits and listens to CHRIS' FOOTSTEPS above.

It is now clear that their conversations have been fake. They are all

hanging on Chris' actions.

56.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris walks to Rose' room.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris exits the bathroom in Rose's room. The bed is made. He picks his phone up from the dresser. It's unplugged and out of batteries. That's odd. He plugs it in again as he hears a CREAK down the hall.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris leaves Rose's room. A door at the end of the hallway is a crack open. Chris slowly walks down the hall, and peers inside. A couple lacrosse trophies and one for ju-jitsu.

Jeremy's room. Movement inside. It's Georgina making the bed. The door creaks alerting her of his presence, she turns slowly. Before she sees him he walks quickly back to Rose's room just as she comes upstairs.

ROSE :

Hey! You okay?

Chris waves for her to join him back in her room.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris speaks quietly and frantically to Rose.

CHRIS :

The housekeeper unplugged my phone.

Rose sighs. "Not this again."

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm trying to check in with Rod,
and I got no juice.

ROSE :

I'm sure it was an honest mistake.

CHRIS :

Yeah, or maybe not. Maybe she doesn't like the fact that I'm with you.

ROSE :

Chris...

57.

CHRIS :

What? It's a thing.

ROSE :

You think my family's housekeeper gives a shit who you're with?
That's crazy bae.
Chris sits on the bed and rubs his forehead.

CHRIS :

Forget it. Nevermind.

ROSE :

Look, I get it. This whole thing is stressful. I mean, they're circling you like hyenas down there. I just don't get why you're taking it out on George and Walter.

CHRIS:

(passive aggressive)

You're right. I'm being paranoid.

I just need a minute and I'll be down.

ROSE :

Fine.

Rose leaves a little annoyed.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rod eats a cheeseburger and watches a true crime show on Chris' couch with Sid the dog. His PHONE RINGS.

ROD :

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Chris is alone in Rose's room. He peers out the window.

CHRIS :

Bruh. What's up?

ROD :

Not much. Sid's chillin'. We
eatin' burgers. What's up with you?
58.

CHRIS :

Yeah...

ROD :

Uh oh. That doesn't sound good.

CHRIS :

They just got me over here meeting all the family friends. It's like they never met a black dude that doesn't work for them or some shit.

ROD :

Oh, they got you on display?

CHRIS :

Exactly. Also, I got hypnotised last night...

ROD :

Nigga, what the fuck? Oh, Hell no!

CHRIS :

Yeah, to quit smoking. Rose's mom is a hypnotherapist-

ROD :

--Nope. I don't give a fuck if she's Dr. Drew up in this bitch. You ain't getting in my head.

CHRIS :

(Seeing Rod's point)
Right.

ROD :

Who knows what they'll make you do. You know white people into some crazy sex slave shit.
Chris laughs.

CHRIS :

Yeah, I'm like 99% sure they're not a kinky sex family, but-

ROD :

Why not? Jeffery Dahmer ate niggas' heads, but that was after he fucked the heads.

ROD (CONT'D)

You think they saw that shit coming? Hell no.

(MORE)

59.

ROD (CONT'D)

One second they think they just gonna suck some dick, next second they sucking dick but their head isn't on their body Chris.

CHRIS :

And thanks for that image, rightthere.

ROD :

I saw that on A&E, so that's real life.

CHRIS :

It's the black people out herethat are the weirdest. The help. It's like they're possessed or...

ROD :

Hypnotised.

CHRIS :

(dry)
Ha ha-

ROD :

I'm just connecting the dots youpresenting me with. The momputtin' trances on niggas andfuckin' them. It's clear as dayand that's fucked up. She hot?

CHRIS :

What's fucked up is: You're thefirst line of defense againstterrorism.

ROD :

This is good shit tho.

CHRIS :

Oh, and the one other black guestis like the whitest-most dude at the party.

Rod laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean Rod, if you could see whatthis dude is wearing.

ROD :

Send me a picture. You are aphotographer.

(MORE)

60.

ROD (CONT'D)

You should be documentin' this shit.

CHRIS :

(amused)

Aiight. I'll try.

ROD :

And yo, don't say I didn't warnyou 'cause my ass sure as Hellain't coming up to the country tosave you from no fuckin' witchcoven... Unless the mom's hot. She hot?

CHRIS :

Thanks Rod, bye.

Chris hangs up and brings his phone with him. He opens thedoor. Georgina stands right outside it, eerie smile and all.

Chris is startled.

GEORGINA :

Hello.

CHRIS :

Hi.

Georgina's voice is shaky and careful.

GEORGINA :

I owe you an apology. I shouldn'tbe touching things that don'tbelong to me.

CHRIS :

Oh, no. It's cool. I was justconfused.

GEORGINA :

I lifted your cellular phone thismorning to wipe down the dresserand it accidentally came undone, see?

CHRIS :

Yeah, I-

GEORGINA :

Rather than meddle with it further, I left it that way.
61.

CHRIS :

Really, it's okay. I didn't mean

to rat you out.

Georgina eyes get lost for a moment. There's a pain behind hersmile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

...get you in trouble.

GEORGINA :

Oh no, no, no, no, no, no...

Aren't you the sweetest thing? Notat all. The Armitages are so goodto us;
They treat us like family.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Chris walks back into the back yard where Dean entertainsseven people Chris
hasn't met. They turn as Chris approachessmiling eagerly. They all seem to
share a private joke.

DEAN :

Chris! There you are. I wanted tointroduce you to some old friends.
We'll do it quickly. Down theline: David and Marcia Wincott,
Ronald and Celia Jeffries, Hiroki
Tanaka, and Fredrich and Jessika
Walden.

Each couple - DAVID and MARCIA, RONALD and CELIA, HIROKI,
FREDRICH and JESSIKA - waves as they are named.

CHRIS :

Too many names to remember but...
The couples all laugh nervously.

HIROKI :

(to Dean in Japanese)
Can we ask him questions?

DEAN :

(Japanese)
Of course.

HIROKI :

Do you find that being AfricanAmerican has more advantages ordisadvantages
in the modern world?
Chris pans the crowd who all give him their undividedattention. The silence
is long. Chris sighs. He looks forRose. She is off talking to someone.
62.

CHRIS :

Yeah, I don't know, man.

They all smile like hungry vampires. Chris is very uncomfortable with this unprovoked group interrogation. Andre/

Logan and Phil approach.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's actually a great question.

Logan! They were asking me about the African American experience.

Maybe you could take this one.

Andre/Logan is a little caught off guard but dives in.

ANDRE/LOGAN My life as an African American has been, for the most part, very good. It's hard to be too specific as I haven't much desired to leave the house in a while.

The crowd chuckles. Chris takes out his phone.

PHIL :

We've become homebodies...

ANDRE/LOGAN

(To Phil)

But recently, even when you go to the city, I've just had no interest.

(To the group)

The chores are my sanctu-

With the attention on Andre/Logan, Chris subtly backs away from the conversation. He raises his phone toward Andre/Logan and the group and snaps a picture. The FLASH POPS.

CHRIS :

Shit.

Everyone turns to Chris. Andre/Logan steps forward and looks at Chris oddly; His head cocks a little and his peaceful expression drifts slowly to maddened horror. Some of the party guests gasp.

PHIL :

Logan?

Andre/Logan drops his glass and stumbles towards Chris. Chris backs up, but Andre is already up in his space.

63.

ANDRE :

Get out.

Andre/Logan's voice is higher and scratchy, like it was in the first scene.

CHRIS :

Hey, man, I'm sorry, I-

Andre/Logan grabs Chris by the shoulders and screams shrilly.

Blood trickles out of his nose.

ANDRE :

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!!

Phil and Jeremy grab Andre. They have to pry Andre/Logan's grip off of Chris. When they do Andre/Logan screams bloodcurdlingly. It takes all their strength to bring him into the house. Missy and Dean follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rose sits on the couch. She's been crying. Chris comforts her but is clearly traumatised. A few other concerned guests mill around. Dean enters everyone gives him their attention.

ROSE :

What the Hell was that?

DEAN :

It was a seizure.

ROSE :

A seizure?

DEAN :

Yes. Logan's okay. Missy's with him now. Are you okay Chris?

CHRIS :

Yeah. Why did he come at me like that?

ROSE :

Yeah seizures don't make people attack people, I'm sorry.

DEAN :

It was an abnormal manifestation

but yes, actually, sometimes they do. The flash on your phone must have triggered it.

Andre/Logan enters with stands with Missy and Phil to a smattering of concerned applause.

64.

He addresses a group in his lower pitched "Logan" voice.

ANDRE/LOGAN Well, I do believe I owe you all an apology.

The group grumbles.

MISSY :

We're just glad you're feeling yourself again.

ANDRE/LOGAN Well yes I am. It's quite like being trapped in a dark room

and watching my experiences through a window. Thank God you and Dean were here to calm me down.

DEAN :

It's a simple glitch of the brain.

Nothing to be afraid of.

ANDRE/LOGAN I know I scared you all quite a bit.. especially you Chris.

CHRIS :

No, I'm sorry about the flash. I didn't know.

ANDRE/LOGAN Of course. How could you have?

PHIL:

(to Andre/Logan)

You shouldn't have been drinking either.

The group chuckles.

ANDRE/LOGAN As I said I'm feeling much better now, but you'll all have to proceed without the aid of my marvellous wit; the whole thing has left me a quite a bit exhausted.

DEAN :

Of course.

ANDRE/LOGAN It was nice meeting you.

65.

CHRIS :

Yeah, you too.

Chris is skeptical. Missy shows Phil and Logan out. Andre and Phil leave.

DEAN :

Let's do sparklers shall we?

Brighten the mood?

He gives Chris and Rose sparklers and to other people who light them.

ROSE :

Let's go.

Rose takes Chris' hand.

MISSY :

Anybody need a drink?

ROSE :

We're going on a walk.

Rose grabs Chris' hand and leads him out the front door. The party guests in

the living room, Dean and Missy included, go silent. As their sparklers burn they approach the window, watching Rose and Chris leave the front yard.

EXT. LAKESIDE - AFTERNOON

Rose and Chris walk by the lake. Their sparklers fizzle.

CHRIS :

My cousin is epileptic. That wasn't a seizure.

ROSE :

Honestly? That was one of the strangest things I've ever seen in my life.

CHRIS :

Also, this is gonna sound weird, but when he got up in my face like that, I got the feeling like I knew that guy.

66.

EXT. BACK YARD. SAME TIME

With Chris and Rose are away, the party guests have all gathered in the back yard facing Dean who stands by a large picture of Chris on an easel.

Everyone is silent.

Dean raises his hand and makes numbers with his fingers:

"Three and three." Several party guests raise their hands.

Dean points to the Waldens.

This is an auction.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SAME TIME

CHRIS :

Let's go back home tonight.

ROSE :

What? Wait, no.

CHRIS :

I'm just... Something doesn't feel right.

ROSE :

You mean with us?

CHRIS :

No. With this whole situation! I just... I can't explain but I need you to trust me. Let's just go. It doesn't even have to be a big deal.

ROSE :

It is a big deal. It's my family.
I wouldn't even know what to tell
them.

INT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Dean raises his hand again making more numbers with his fingers: "4, 5."
Gordon Greene raises his hand. Dean points to him accepting his bid.
67.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SAME TIME

ROSE :

Yes, it's weird. There are a lot
of ways I wish this was going different. I wish my brother wasn't a cock. I
wish my parents friends were chill; but just because it's tough, it doesn't
mean you run away...
Rose cries.

CHRIS :

Baby, I-

ROSE :

...I'm late.

CHRIS :

Late?

ROSE :

I should've got my period like last week.

CHRIS :

Oh.

ROSE :

I mean, I did change my birth control, so it could just be that,
but...

Chris thinks silently.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So...?

CHRIS :

I don't know what to say.

ROSE :

Okay... Try any emotional response whatsoever.

He's silent. Rose wipes her tears.

ROSE (CONT'D)

If you wanna go then go. I'm not going to force you to stay but I'm not leaving.

68.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

The auction is flying now. Dean's hand signals are going fast.

It's down to three couples.

Dean signals "5, 6." Mr. Greene raises his hand. Dean points.

Dean signals "5, 8." Mrs. Deets raises her hand. Dean points.

Dean signals "6." Jim Hudson raises both his hands and signals "10." His chauffeur stands beside him whispering in his ear.

Dean points at him.

Dean scans the crowd signalling "10, 2?" "10, 2?" The crowd looks around. No one is challenging. Dean smiles. Finally Dean bangs his fist onto his open palm and points to Jim Hudson.

Jim's chauffeur whispers in his ear.

The guests clap in a mixture of delight and disappointment.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DUSK

Chris and Rose sit watching the sunset over the lake. Chris kisses her hand.

He hears the faint APPLAUSE in the distance.

He looks in the direction of the house.

CHRIS :

I told you about the night my mom died. How I didn't call 911; didn't go out looking for her.

ROSE :

Baby-

CHRIS :

One hour went by, then two, three... I just sat there... I just watched TV.

ROSE :

It wasn't your fault-

CHRIS :

I found out later she had survived the initial hit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She laid there bleeding by the side of the road all night, cold and alone. And that's how she died

in the early morning... Cold and alone. And I was watching TV.

(MORE)

69.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

There was time. If someone was
looking for her, there was time.
But no one was looking.
Chris cries. Rose embraces him.

ROSE :

You were just a kid.

CHRIS :

Yeah... yeah. So, I'm not gonna leave here without you. I'm not going to
abandon you. Never.
They share a moment of pure love.

ROSE :

Fuck it. Come on. Let's go back home.

CHRIS :

Yeah?

ROSE :

Yeah. I mean, you're right. This sucks. I'll go back with you. I'll make
something up.

CHRIS :

I love you.

ROSE :

I love you too.

The two get up and walk back toward the house.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DUSK

Chris and Rose approach the house as the last of the guests get into their
cars and drive off. The fireflies are out.

CHRIS :

That was fast.

ROSE :

Yeah.

The guests wave to Dean and Missy, who stand at the front door, and then to
Chris and Rose. Lisa Deets, the trophy wife,
is tipsy. Nelson is in their car.

70.

LISA :

Bye Chris! It was a pleasure meeting you. I hope you-
Chris and Rose wave.

NELSON :

Come on, Lisa. Before you say something stupid.

Chris laughs. Walter shuts the car door behind Lisa. Walter stands pleasantly watching the cars leave. He turns to Chris with the same 'ol smile. Chris and Rose enter the house.

INT. ARMITAGE BATHROOM - DUSK

Sink running. Chris washes his hands and looks in the mirror.

His phone SIGNALS a text message from Rod. It's picture from the internet of witches in a circle around a man being sacrificed followed by the text message. "You dead yet?" Chris texts back. "Bruh, you have no idea." He finds the picture he took of Logan/Andre on his phone and sends it. Moments later, his phone vibrates.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DUSK

Rod is on the phone.

ROD :

That's Dre.

CHRIS :

Dre?

ROD :

Andre um... Hayworth! Yeah! He used to kick it with Veronica.

CHRIS :

Veronica from...

ROD :

...Teresa's sister! Worked at the
movie theatre on 8th;

ROD (CONT'D)

got us into the movie a couple of times; Rush hour 2 and, um Usual
Suspect.

71.

CHRIS :

Yeah. That is him. But...

ROD :

...But what?

CHRIS :

This is so fuckin' crazy. He's different now.

ROD :

Different? How?

CHRIS :

Different. Slower... I mean he was street; now he's all like... white- seeming. Oh, plus he's gay!

ROD :

No, he ain't.

CHRIS :

I'm telling you: He's gay, I met this man. He's-

ROD :

Chris, you in a fucked up EyesWide Shut situation. You need to--.

The phone goes dead. No batteries.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris' phone lays on the dresser plugged in. He's in a hurry now. He packs his small bag and looks out the window. One car remains parked in the designated parking area. It's the first to have arrived for the party: Jim Hudson's. The driver brings the dog to the back seat. He gets a green envelope from the glove compartment and brings it to Missy at the front door.

She accepts it silently.

The driver drives away without Jim.

Chris goes to leave Rose's room. Her closet creaks open. Chris sees a framed picture of Rose inside. Not quite knowing what he's looking for, he goes to the closet. The picture is a frightening one. Rose is one of the witches in a high school production of Macbeth. It's on top of a red shoebox that has the drama/comedy masks drawn on top of it.

He takes it off of the shelf. Inside is a pile of pictures. On top is one of Rose dressed as Juliet in a high school play.

72.

The next one is of Rose at 13 playing Ms. Hannigan in Annie.

Chris flips through a few more pictures of Rose at different ages in different class plays.

Finally Chris comes upon a photo printed from a computer. It's a selfie of her and some other black guy. The picture is almost identical to the one she took with Chris before the

ride up. Under the image are written the words. "X-mas 2014"

Stunned, Chris flips to the next picture. It's another romantic selfie, this time with a different black guy.

Underneath, the caption "Memorial Day 2013"

He continues flipping through the stack of pictures of Rose with 8 different black guys. The last one is a picture of Rose with Walter. In it she kisses Walter's cheek intimately.

"Thanksgiving 2009" Walter looks different in the picture. He isn't smiling vaguely; he's got swagger.

ROSE :

(emotionless)

What are you doing?

Rose stands there in the doorway behind him. Chris subtly drops the pictures back in the shoebox.

CHRIS :

Um... Looking for my camera.

Rose points to her desk. He grabs his bag and the camera.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where are the keys...? I gotta put our bags in the trunk.

ROSE :

Walter can do that.

CHRIS :

Nah, I'll do it.

Rose is truly distant for the first time. A different person.

She is methodical and emotionless. The jig is up, and now she is now phoning it in.

ROSE :

I was just looking for them. I'm such a mess, will you help me?

Chris walks out the door, leaving Rose.

73.

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rose follows Chris down the stairs.

ROSE :

Chris... What's wrong?

CHRIS :

Nothing.

Jeremy stands near the front door twirling his lacrosse stick.
Dean and Missy sit in the living room.

JEREMY :

Where are you going? The party's just getting started.

CHRIS :

I'm going to the car; see if we left the keys in there.

MISSY :

I just made tea.

CHRIS :

I'm good.

The family is silent. Missy's glare pierces Chris. He avoids eye contact.

ROSE :

Oh, I know where they are. In my bag. Duh.

MISSY :

You're leaving us.

CHRIS :

Yeah.

MISSY :

Is something wrong?

CHRIS :

No. Well, yeah... Um.

ROSE:

(still blank)

His dog is not well. He needs to go to the vet first thing in the morn-

Dean hits play on the sound system. Darkly valiant classical music begins.
He standing in front of the fireplace.

74.

Lost in the fire, Dean begins conducting the music.

DEAN :

What is your purpose, Chris?

CHRIS :

What?

DEAN :

In life? What is your purpose..?

CHRIS :

Right now, it's finding the keys.

DEAN:

We've been looking for our purpose for such a long time. Fire has mesmerized man since the Stone Age. It is a reflection of our impermanence in the world. Fire is born, it breathes and then it dies.

CHRIS :

Rose...

Rose lamely rummages through her bag.

ROSE :

I'm looking.

CHRIS :

Rose, what is this shit?!

DEAN:

There's a reason we worship the Sun, Chris. He who lights the way through the darkness of life. He in all his glory was around long before us and will be here long after we are gone, but he too will die some day! That's right even the Sun God will die. It is no less mortal than we, but it inspires us to defy it! So what do we do?-

CHRIS :

--Rose.-

DEAN:

(unhinged)

--What do we do?! We baptize
ourselves in the firewater!

(MORE)

75.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We bathe in his reflection, for
one chance to emerge having defied death!

DEAN (CONT'D)

You'd take that baptism wouldn't you, Chris? The baptism of immortality?

CHRIS :

I was raised Episcopalian.

Chris starts toward the door, but his path is blocked by Jeremy swinging at
air.

JEREMY :

Whoa! Be careful, bro.

MISSY :

Don't hurt him, Jeremy.

JEREMY :

What? I'm not doing anything.

DEAN :

Listen, Chris-

CHRIS :

--I don't know what you're saying!

DEAN :

(Through tears of joyous madness)

I'm saying that we've found OUR PURPOSE!!! There must be a
sacrifice! Sacrifice is essential

for the righteous to achieve our true potential. A vessel must be comprised.
A host must be born!!!

CHRIS :

Rose! The keys!!!

Rose backs away.

ROSE :

Oh baby... You know I can't give you the keys.

Chris makes a run for the door. Missy CLINKS the cup with her SPOON.

TING TING. TING TING.

76.

The world instantly blurs around Chris. He begins to fall. He sees a flash.

INT. DARKNESS

Chris falls through the abyss towards 'The Sunken Place' again just like when he was hypnotized. The blue screen above him shows what his open eyes see. It's his own perspective falling to the floor. CRASH! The screen now shows the living room ceiling. Jeremy leans over him.

JEREMY :

Oh shit!

MISSY (O.S.)

Is he hurt?

CHRIS :

What the fuck?

JEREMY :

Did you see him drop?

DEAN (O.S.)

He hit his head pretty good.

ROSE (O.S.)

It's just a bump. He's fine.

CHRIS :

Rose!!!

MISSY (O.S.)

Why do you push them, Dean?

DEAN (O.S.)

It's important to me that they acknowledge the purpose.

MISSY (O.S.)

Why do you think he ran?

JEREMY (O.S.)

Rose gave it away.

ROSE (O.S.)

He already knew.

MISSY (O.S.)

Take him to the games room.

Jeremy, get the legs. Dean, help him.
77.

JEREMY :

I can take him alone.

MISSY (O.S.)

No. We've already damaged him enough. Dean, please.

Chris continues to fall slowly further from the screen above which continues to show his body's POV as it is being lifted by Dean and Jeremy and carried out of the room.

CHRIS :

Rose!? No, no, no, no. Shit,
shit...

DEAN :

You're going to drop him.

JEREMY :

No I'm not.

MISSY (O.S.)

Be careful what you say, everyone.

He can hear every word.

CHRIS :

Rose!!!!

ROSE (O.S.)

It doesn't matter any more does it?

A DOOR CREAKS open. Chris' body is taken downstairs into the darkness. The screen in the abyss goes dark.

CHRIS :

No!! Help!!! Help!!!!!! Help!!!!!!

Chris sinks, his screams are enveloped by the pitch black.

INT. AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

Rod sits by the bag x-ray but stares into space distracted by thought. GARY (40) a condescending supervisor snaps his fingers in Rod's face.

GARY :

Hey... two strikes. Go take 10;

get it together.

78.

EXT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - DAY

Rod smokes a cigarette and dials Chris.

CHRIS' VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

It's Chris. I'm away from my phone or I just don't want to talk to you.

ROD :

Sup? Making sure you good. I thought you were coming back yesterday, so hopefully you home already and just sleeping or some shit. Aight. Let me know.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rod opens the door. Sid wags his tail hungrily.

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - LATER

Rod opens dog food while he calls Chris.

CHRIS' VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hey, it's Chris. I'm away from my phone or I just don't want to talk to-

Rod hangs up. He places Sid's bowl down. Sid doesn't eat.

Instead Sid looks back up at Rod and WHINES.

ROD :

Yeah... me too.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rod sits at Chris' desk in front of his laptop. Sid sits on Rod's lap. Rod types "Andre Hayworth" into the search engine.

Images of Andre come up.

Rod finds an article entitled: "What Happened to Andre Hayworth?" under in bold "Brooklyn Native Goes Missing In Evergreen Hollow."

Rod's eyes go wide.

ROD :

Oh shit.

79.

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

Chris wakes up with a bump on his head. In front of Chris, a deer's head is mounted above an old-school floor-standing television. Behind him, a goat's head is mounted under a taxidermy owl, wings spread.

His arms and legs fastened to a leather upholstered chair in the middle of a small dark room full of board games.

Chris pulls at the straps that bind his arms and legs.

CHRIS :

Hey. Hey!!!! Rose!!!!

Chris tries to gnaw at the harnesses, but they are too thick.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh fuck. Oh

shit. The fuck?!?! Y'all are
psycho!? Is that it? Let me out of this chair.

Chris looks around.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

People know I'm here. I told a bunch of people where I was going!

You don't know me!!! You don't

know me!!!! Hey! Hey!! Hey!!!!

The television screen turns on. Chris watches intently. The image of deer
walking through woods comes on. The words

"YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND by James Taylor" comes up as the song starts to PLAY.

It's a forest-themed karaoke video.

Chris is confused. He tries to slip out of the binds again drawing blood on
his wrists.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Sid wakes Rod up with a lick to the face. He's on the sofa.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rod sits at a desk with Sid on his lap.. DETECTIVE LATOYA 50,
African American enters. She looks like she's been doing this way too long.
She speaks to someone outside her office.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

...Then he should've gone back up
there and made sure everything was
accounted for.

(MORE)

80.

DETECTIVE LATOYA (CONT'D)

'Cause hey, look; how about this?

If you record the evidence, you're responsible for it.

Latoya shuts the door and sits at her desk. She begins opening and eating a
bag of cashews.

DETECTIVE LATOYA (CONT'D)

Hello Mr...

ROD :

Williams... Rod Williams...

DETECTIVE LATOYA

From the TSA?

ROD :

Yes Ma'am.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

You know that TSA issues should be
brought to your authorizing officer, right?

ROD :

It's not TSA business, ma'am.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Please don't call me "ma'am," or

we're not gonna get along. How can I help you, Rod Williams from the TSA?

CHRIS :

Here it is:

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Your son is missing?

ROD :

No, sorry, not my son, my boy.

He's my friend. He's 26. His name is Chris... Washington...

He gives her time to write the name which she doesn't do. She just stares at him.

ROD (CONT'D)

He left town on Friday with his girlfriend Rose... Armitage...

She's white.

81.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

That's four days ago.

ROD :

Yeah, I mean he's only been MISSING for two days. He was supposed-

DETECTIVE LATOYA

--I'm gonna stop you right there.

Now you know the minimum amount of time without contact before you can file a missing persons report is-

ROD :

--Three days I know, but I have reason to believe he's been abducted.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Go on.

ROD :

Chris was set to come back home on

Sunday. I was watching his dog Sid.

Latoya points to Sid

DETECTIVE LATOYA

That's Sid.

ROD :

Yup. Cute right? Now look...

Rod takes out his phone and scrolls to a photo of Andre.

ROD (CONT'D)

Chris sent me this which he took
at the girlfriend's parents house.

That's Andre Hayworth, a guy we knew from back in the day. Come to find out
he went missing 6 months ago in an affluent suburb upstate.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Don't look too missing to me.

ROD :

Well that's the thing. We found him and now, according to Chris,
he's gay with a different personality.

82.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Gay?

ROD :

But he didn't used to be.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

I think he might just argue with
you on that one.

ROD:

I know what I'm about to say is
gonna sound crazy.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Try me.

ROD:

You ready for this...? I think
this family is abducting black
people and brainwashing them to
work for them as sex slaves and
shit... Sorry.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

...Brainwashing?

ROD :

Yeah.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Hold on one second.
(over her intercom)

Garcia, Frostie, get in here a second.

(To Rod)

I want you to tell these officers exactly what you just told me.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Two detectives, Garcia, 37, and Drake, 43, stand behind Latoya.

ROD:

...See, I don't know if the hypnosis makes you a slave or if just turns you gay or what, but they already got two brothers that we know of, and who knows how many more there could be.

The officers are all riveted... Then... All three detectives laugh. Rod is not being taken the slightest bit seriously.

83.

LATOYA:

(to her colleagues)

So, I don't want none of you sayin' I don't do nothin' for you... White girls'll get ya everytime!

They laugh even harder.

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

The SONG PLAYS Over and over. Chris is too weak to struggle.

CHRIS :

Is this the only song you got?

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

The SONG ends. It BEGINS again.

CHRIS :

Okay. Okay! What do you want? You tryin' to break me? I won't say shit!! I'll just... I'll do what you say, just answer me!

INT. CHRIS' LOFT - DUSK

Rod sits by the window with Sid. He looks out over rooftops and thinks. He picks up his phone and calls Chris again. He knows Chris won't answer. Then-

ROSE :

Hello?

Rod is taken off guard. He almost drops his phone.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Chris?

ROD :

Yo. Um, Rose? It's Rod.

ROSE :

Hi.

ROD :

Where's Chris?

INTERCUT WITH:

84.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DUSK

Rose stands by the dining table on Chris' phone. Rose starts to cry.

ROSE :

He left like two days ago.

ROD :

He left?

ROSE :

We got in a fight. He got allparanoid and flipped out; He tooka cab home. He forgot his phone.

Wait... You haven't seen him?

ROD :

No. He never made it back here.

ROSE :

Oh my God.

ROD :

I've been calling. I went to thepolice and everything.

Rose is silent.

ROD (CONT'D)

Hello?

ROSE :

What did you say?

ROD :

I told them he was missing.

ROSE :

Uh huh...

ROD :

So... What cab company did he use?

ROSE :

I don't know. A local one I'm
guessing. Maybe uber? Wait, I'm soconfused...

ROD :

Hold on a second.

Rod knows she had something to do with it.

85.

He opens up 'Garage Band' on Chris' computer and puts thephone on speaker,
recording her.

ROD (CONT'D)

So, last time Chris and I talked,
he told me your mom hypnotizedhim?

Rose is silent. Then...

ROSE :

Rod, just stop.

ROD :

Huh?

ROSE :

I know why you're calling.

ROD :

Why is that?

We now see Rose's family standing in the living room behindher. They watch
her operate.

ROSE :

Come on. I mean, it's kind of
obvious.

ROD :

What?

ROSE :

That there's something between us.

ROD :

No. I'm calling about Chris.

ROSE :

We'd all go out drinking... I remember you looking at me.
Rod is put on the spot. He becomes extremely uncomfortable.

ROD :

That's my best friend. If you did something-

ROSE :

I know you think about fucking me,
Rod.

ROD :

--No. You crazy... No.
86.

Rod hangs up in a panic. He looks at Sid helplessly.
Rose's flirtacious smile goes blank. She places the phone on the dining room table and looks back at her family. They watch in approval.

INT. GAMES ROOM

"You've Got A Friend" plays.

Chris, still strapped to the chair, hangs his head in resignation. Eyes shut, he sings along.

CHRIS :

...Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall, all you need to do is call.
And I'll be there. You got a friend. Ain't it good to know you've got a friend. Ain't it good to know you've got a friend. Oh, yeah, yeah, you've got a friend.

The song is over. After a moment. Chris begins to sing the opening guitar lick. He gets a couple notes before realizing he's singing alone.

The television in front of Chris flickers off and then back on to the image of a tea cup comes into focus on the screen. A spoon comes into the shot and clinks the side of the cup.

"TING TING, TING TING"

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No-

Before he can react, Chris falls asleep.

Later...

Chris wakes up bald. Static snow clicks fills the TV lighting the room. The

image clicks to that of...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (TELEVISION)

Jim Hudson, also shaven, sits on a hospital bed. And faces Chris through the television.

JIM :

Hello Chris. How's it going...?

You can answer. There's an intercom in the room; I can hear you.

87.

CHRIS :

I need water.

JIM :

Yeah, sorry about that. If it makes you feel any better, I'm thirsty too.

CHRIS :

I need to get outta here.

JIM :

Right. So, the reason I am talking to you now is so you can understand what is happening to you. I guess your 'understanding' it raises the success rate of this whole thing. Not even sure I 'understand' it.

CHRIS :

Where's Rose?

JIM :

Hot isn't she? Hot voice anyway, you dirty dog. You're one of the lucky one's. The son Jeremy's wrangling method sounds way less pleasant.

CHRIS :

Is this some kind of a game to you?

JIM :

They asked me for my favorite song, which was hard; I like all types of music. Turns out they really just needed one I knew all the words to: I went with James Taylor's "You Got a Friend." I hope it hasn't been too torturous; that wasn't the point. The point is that you learn it, and for us to have

that knowledge in common.

CHRIS :

Who the fuck are you people?

JIM :

Oh right. Okay, let me back up and give you the cliff notes. The Armitages and I are a part of a society. A pretty extraordinary society actually.

(MORE)

88.

JIM (CONT'D)

One whose sole purpose for many many years has been a search for a very powerful object. Armitage lineage redefined the nature of that search. They proved that the power didn't just exist in that object; You see, with science the Armitage's created a miracle.

CHRIS :

You hypnotize me? Break my will..?

Make me a slave like the others?

This is some crazy racist shit.

JIM :

No. Not racist, Chris. We don't

hate you. We want to be you... You are not going to be a slave.

You're going to be a vessel.

CHRIS :

Wait, what?

JIM :

Missy's hypnosis was merely to sedate you. Oh, that and to prepare you psychologically...

CHRIS :

For what?

Jim smiles.

JIM :

For the procedure.

CHRIS :

What's the procedure?

JIM :

Are you ready...? Drum roll please. Brain transplantation.

Some say it could never be done;

JIM (CONT'D)

They experimented for centuries,

but it turned out re-linking the brain to a foreign central nervous system was impossible. The nerve connections are far too intricate and delicate.

89.

CHRIS :

What the fuck?

JIM:

Dean's the only guy who really gets the science. He's the one who discovered that full brain transplantation isn't actually necessary to transfer the soul, and that partial brain transplantation solves the little nerve ending problem.

CHRIS :

No.

Jim holds up a Color coded diagram of the human Brain. There is a big red part that takes up 80% of the image. The other 20% is blue and located near the lower back of his skull.

JIM:

Okay so... You see the blue part? That's the piece of your brain that's all rooted in the nervous system. So that stays; keeping those tricky little connections intact. The rest is discarded. Then they'll remove the red part of my brain from my skull and put in yours. Your "blue" and my "red" basically absorb each other. And apparently the brain heals surprisingly fast, so assuming everything goes as planned, we should be up and functioning in a couple weeks.

CHRIS :

And my brain?

JIM:

Your red part? It'll be discarded,
but don't worry. You won't be gone.
Well not completely. You'll still
be in there somewhere; limited
consciousness of course;

JIM (CONT'D)

you'll still be able to see and
hear but your existence will be as
a passenger... an audience. You
will live in...

90.

CHRIS :

(defeated)

...The Sunken Place.

JIM:

Yes. That's what she calls it.
Good! So you understand, I'll
control the motor functions, the
will of our body, effectively
making me-

CHRIS :

Me... You will be me.

JIM:

As far as the world is concerned.
It's still a pretty new operation.
Some kinks. We're supposed to stay
away from flashes of light for
example. They can trigger a
"momentary lapse in control of
motor functions..."

CHRIS :

Why black people?

Jim is disappointed in the question.

JIM:

Well, because you get the highest bids. For the last decade or so anyway. I wish it was less simple than that, but it's not. You're in fashion, baby!
Final hope sinks from Chris shoulders.

JIM (CONT'D)

Honestly though, personally..? I couldn't give two shits about race. I don't care if you're black, brown, green, purple... whatever. What I want is so much

deeper:

those things you see through.

CHRIS :

That's crazy.

JIM :

Take it as a compliment.

CHRIS:

You're not going to get away with this.
91.

JIM :

We have and we will. We'll be together soon, brother.

The television turns off. Chris clenches his body trying to pry free from his restraints, before his shoulders collapse with exhaustion. He lifts his head to a rip in the leather arm of the chair revealing its cotton stuffing. He looks at the cotton. We see Chris make a difficult decision.
LATER...

We hear nothing except a HEART BEAT.

Chris' head hangs, asleep. His lips are dry. Chris wakes up. The Television turns on. On the screen, a woman's hand holds a tea cup. With a spoon, she clinks it. We don't hear it though. We still hear nothing but the HEART BEAT.

CHRIS :

No, No-

Before Chris can finish SCREAMING, his eyes widen. He goes limp -- unconscious again.

Rose enters wearing a white and black nurse's outfit with a red cross on the chest. She rolls a medical table into the room. She draws a dotted line across his forehead and around to the back of his scalp. Then she unstraps his arm and prepares it for an IV. She inserts the needle.

She goes to put earbuds connected to an ipod in his ears but sees the arm of his chair has been stripped open. She looks at Chris. Cotton makeshift earplugs have been stuffed in his ears!

He's not really hypnotized!

Rose tries to scream but Chris grabs her throat with his free hand and squeezes. The HEARTBEAT quickens. Rose pleads, but we don't hear her.

ROSE :

(inaudible)

Wait. Wait. Chris!.... Chri-

Chris chokes her. Tears stream down his face.

CHRIS :

Shhhh.

Rose convulses. She scratches his hand and cheeks. He's too strong. She stares at Chris' eyes as her consciousness fades. Then, through the agony, her face curls into a twisted smile. She's having fun. Psycho. Rose goes limp in Chris' hands.

92.

Chris takes the cotton out of his ears. We can hear again.

"You've got a Friend" plays on the earbuds of the ipod.

INT. OPERATING ROOM.

Earbuds also rest in Jim Hudson's ears playing the same song.

He lies unconscious on one of two operating beds in the center of the room connected to an IV and heart monitors.

A bright medical light shines on Jim's shaved head which also has a dotted line around it. The other bed is empty and has a light shining on it as well. This bed is for Chris.

Dean stands in a black and white robe with a red cross in the middle, his palms upwards in silent prayer near some ceremonial candles. Jeremy watches his father. They are unaware of what's happening in the Medical room down the hall.

Dean finishes his prayer.

DEAN :

Saw...

Jeremy hands Dean a circular surgical saw.

DEAN (CONT'D)

The vessel.

Jeremy leaves as Dean begins to saw into Jim's cranium.

INT. DARK HALLWAY

Chris finds an old badminton set.

Jeremy exits the room briskly and walks down a dark hallway.

He turns into the games room and finds Rose's body.

Jeremy's eyes go wild. He turns as Chris emerges lunging from the darkness with a badminton racket. Before Jeremy can scream, Chris slams him in the face with the metal side of the

racket. He pulls Jeremy inside and shuts the door cutting off the sound from outside. Jeremy wilts in pain.

Chris whips him over and over warping the racket to a crumpled bloody mess.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Dean finishes sawing the top of Jim's skull off. He removes the cranium preciously exposing Jim's brain.

93.

DEAN :

Jeremy...?

Dean walks to the doorway. Dean scans the dark hallway. It's quiet.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Ro Ro...?

Chris emerges charging from the darkness with Deer's head in his arms. He punctures Dean through his neck and shoulder with the antlers. Dean and stumbles back into the operating room, deer's head attached.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Miss-

His call to Missy devolves into gargles. Dean falls knocking the unused bed over along with some candles. The bed has caught fire. The fire grows fast.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Missy takes a whistling tea pot off the stove and pours herself a cup.

Georgina sits nearby knitting. The window, like before reflects the room around them.

She sniffs the air. She is suddenly afraid. She turns off the light illuminating the back yard. Walter runs back and forth in the distance. She turns the light back on again. Chris's reflection is now behind hers. He looks savage; covered in blood. Georgina screams and runs out the back door. Chris heads to the door, but sees his phone on the dining room table. He goes for it.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs through the dining room and finds his cell phone on the dining room table.

Chris picks up his phone and presses the power button. The loading screen comes up.

Chris grunts with frustration as he hears a creak behind him.

It's Missy, now in the kitchen doorway behind him holding her tea cup and spoon. She begins clinking her tea cup...

TING...

Chris knocks the cup out of her hand spraying hot water on her chest and face. She screams.

94.

The cat bounds off the dining room table at Chris' face. Chris punches it out of the air. This has given Missy enough time to grab a knife. She lunges at Chris screaming psychotically.

Chris can't pin her down. She slices his hands. Chris grabs the tea pot and cracks her in the head with it. She falls. He hits her one more time. Done. The cat slinks out an open window.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs towards the front door. Before he can open it, he hears a footstep running upstairs from the basement followed by a bloodcurdling scream from back in the kitchen:

JEREMY (O.C.)

Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Jeremy bursts through the dining room and pounces on Chris' back. The two roll around.

Chris throws his elbow back at Jeremy who blocks it and uses it to put Chris in a choke hold from behind. Chris slams the back of his head into Jeremy's face. He does it again, and again, and again. Jeremy squeezes tighter.

Chris, about to pass out, reaches into Jeremy's pocket and pulls out his keys. He scrapes them deep into Jeremy's eye.

Jeremy screams in pain and Chris wriggles out of his grasp tripping him with an improvised Judo throw. Jeremy lunges at Chris again but slips on his own blood banging the back of his head on the coffee table. He's out.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Chris begins to run but then sees the beige sports car he recognizes from the opening scene. He looks at Jeremy downed in the doorway and then at the keys in his hand.

Moments later...

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Chris is in the driver's seat. The tubular metal helmet sits next to him in the passenger's seat. His phone finally turns on. There is a very small amount of battery. He turns the ignition. The English to French tutorial comes on.

TUTORIAL :

I seem to have misplaced my passport. Je crois avoir égaré mon

passeport.

95.

Chris peels off, driving fast through the field into the night. He dials 911.

911 OPERATOR

911 emergency, I'm at the home of Dean and Missy Armitage-

Chris looks in the rearview mirror as the house gets smaller behind him. All of a sudden, BAM! The car slams into and over

Georgina, who, in the night, seems to come out of nowhere. The phone falls.

CHRIS :

Ahhhh!

TUTORIAL :

Can you direct me to the nearest hospital? Pouvez-vous me diriger vers l'hôpital le plus proche?

He drives on a few more seconds on a flat tire but then stops the car. Chris breathes heavy.

CHRIS:

(to himself)

No... no... Don't do it... Just

get the fuck gotta here... Just go! Just... Fuck!

Chris puts the car in reverse and drives backwards beside the motionless bloody heap that is Georgina.

TUTORIAL :

Where is the nearest train

station? Ou est la gare la plus proche?

He looks back at the house which is now filling with smoke.

Chris quickly gets out of the car and lifts what's left of Georgina's mangled unconscious body into the passenger's seat of the car. He shuts the door and gets in the driver's seat.

He floors it.

After a moment of driving, Georgina's eyes open and she rises.

The wig slides off her head revealing an old surgical scar around the top of her head. Chris hasn't noticed her yet. He reaches for his phone.

TUTORIAL (CONT'D)

Can you please call the police?

Pouvez-vous s'il vous plaît appeler la police?

Annoyed, Chris turns off the sound system just before Georgina grabs his face and scratches it.

96.

GEORGINA :

Ahhhhh!!

CHRIS :

Ahhhhhhhhh!!

Chris, veers the car into a tree. Georgina's head hits the windshield hard and bursts open. She's dead. So is the car.

A bullet hits the rear view mirror. Jeremy stands in front of the smoking house with a hunting rifle. He's soaked in blood.

JEREMY :

(Through tears)

Grandma!!!!

Chris looks at Georgina's body. Georgina was Grandma.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Grampa!

Walter, the grounds keeper, rounds the house at top speed.

Walter is grandpa and he's so fast.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Get him!!!

Chris crawls out of the car as Walter/Grandpa sprints across the front lawn straight at him. Walter's hat flies off revealing the surgical scar around his head like the others.

Jeremy shoots again, and it grazes Chris' side. Chris runs through the trees. Walter/grandpa closes the gap quickly.

Another shot hits a tree. As Chris reaches the road, Walter/Grandpa pounces like a jaguar and rolls him over on his back. He pushes his thumbs into Chris' eyes.

GRANDPA :

Damn you to Hell!!!

Jeremy arrives behind them crying.

JEREMY :

Kill him, Grandpa.

GRANDPA :

The gun, Jeremy.

Jeremy tosses the rifle. Grandpa catches it and holds it up to Chris' head.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You ruined everything!!!

Chris, blinded, raises his phone to Walter/Grandpa's face. He takes a picture, flashing straight into Walter/Grandpa's eyes.

97.

Walter/Grandpa doesn't shoot. Instead he looks up. Jeremy is confused as to why Walter/Grandpa has stopped.

JEREMY :

What...? Grandpa--?

Walter/Grandpa spins and gathers his bearing. His eye is cocked and blood trickles out of his nose. He lets out a

PAINED MOAN reminiscent of the deer's.

WALTER/GRANDPA Ahhhhhhh!

Walter/Grandpa shoots Jeremy in the chest. He falls. Chris, on his back, pushes himself away. Walter/Grandpa sees Chris's hurry. He turns looking mad.

CHRIS :

Wait.

Walter/Grandpa raises the gun under his own chin and shoots himself through the head. He falls. Approaching sirens blare in the distance.

Chris lays in shock. It's over. Just then a hand grabs Chris's face! Jeremy's still alive! Blood pours from his mouth.

JEREMY :

Ahhhhhh!

They both go for the gun, grabbing it at the same time. They roll around in the grass. Chris ends up on top. He bludgeons Jeremy over and over with the butt of the gun into the ground.

Chris is lost in violence.

2 police cars pull up. He drops the gun.

COPS :

Hands! Hands! Get away from the weapon/ Show me your hands! /

Hands! Hands!! Get on your Knees! /

Hands! Hands! / Goddamn Hands!!!

Chris, covered in blood, raises his sliced hands.

CHRIS :

Look in the basement!

He is violently swarmed by officers. The house burns.

98.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

Rod sits down opposite Chris who wears a prison jumpsuit and smokes a cigarette. Both of them look like shit. Rod is gaunt with circles under his eyes. Chris' hair and beard have grown in.

There's a long silence.

ROD :

I really need to...

CHRIS :

...I don't remember...

ROD :

...impress on you the importance of remembering some of those names. The fire didn't leave

enough-

They've clearly had this conversation many times before.

CHRIS :

I don't remember.

ROD :

You gotta help me out, Chris.

Secret societies doesn't get you very far on Google. I'm over here feeling like I'm playing connect the dots on a fucking football field. One name...

CHRIS :

I don't remember.

ROD :

Well, try again please.

CHRIS :

Rod.

ROD :

Let's start at the beginning; walk me through it again.

CHRIS :

Rod.

Rod knows he's been defeated.

99.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm good, man. I stopped it. You know? I stopped it.

Chris is at peace. He takes a long good drag of his cigarette then gets up and leaves.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two GUARDS escort Chris back to his cell. He WHISTLES "You Got A Friend."

The End