

# A Weird, Violent, Romantic Day In Seawall City

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Featuring Short Screenplays Previously Known As:

WHEN I DREAM  
WE ARE THE NIGHT  
A BEAUTIFUL DAY  
ALICE



...

Nothing.

Just silent, empty darkness.

Then, we slowly start to hear a radio tuning.

Through many channels, rock, country, news, etc.

REPORTER

Twelve different murders last nig-

Channel changes.

NEWSCAST

Crime is at an all time high-

Channel changes.

NEWSCAST 2

Gang known as the Nightw-

Channel changes.

REPORTER 2

Yet another string of robberies in-

Channel changes.

NEWSCAST 3

Officially named the most dangerous  
city in Americ-

Channel changes.

RADIO HOST

Gooooo evening, ladies and  
gentlemen, it is one gorgeous  
holiday night here in Seawall City,  
Florida, and you're listening to  
Seawall Classics, bringing you all  
the delicious musical works from the  
50's to 90's. Hope all of y'all are  
stayin' safe out there. Here's Gil  
Scott-Heron, with *The Revolution  
Will Not Be Televised*.

**Queue *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* by Gil Scott-Heron.**

CUT IN:

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

A car radio, in front of the windshield, through which we can see the night snow.

Someone groans in mild frustration.

VOICE

Change the fuckin' channel.

Now we're able to see everyone in the car.

Four men with various melee weapons, presumably criminals, with bits of cocaine dust below their noses.

Nightwalkers.

*Quite the group of scumbags, fyi. The worst that Seawall has to offer.*

NIGHTWALKER 2

Why?

NIGHTWALKER

He doesn't like us listening to this kind of music.

NIGHTWALKER 2

What?

NIGHTWALKER

You know. *Their* music.

NIGHTWALKER 2

Who cares? It's a good song.

NIGHTWALKER

It's just-... Nightwalkers should act like Nightwalkers. And Nightwalker don't listen to this kind of shit.

NIGHTWALKER 2

Look, I don't support them, I wouldn't have joined if I did, I just like the song is all. It's not a big deal.

NIGHTWALKER

Whatever. Just know that when we're out on assignments like this, what you do could get us all in deep shit.

NIGHTWALKER 3  
 (brushing his teeth)  
 Relax, let's focus.

Beat.

NIGHTWALKER  
 On what?

NIGHTWALKER 3  
 What?

NIGHTWALKER  
 Focus on what? We're just sitting  
 here.

Beat.

3 doesn't respond, he doesn't even bother thinking about his answer.

A phone rings, as 2 reaches for his phone.

He answers the video call, as a man with lots of black paint around his bloodshot eyes, wearing a dirty suit, and cocaine dust underneath his nostrils, appears on the screen.

With a pretty stereotypical 80's movie villain esc Russian accent.

Enter THE MIDNIGHT MAN.

*King scumbag.*

NIGHTWALKER  
 Oh shit!

He quickly turns the radio off, **causing the song to stop.**

MIDNIGHT MAN  
 What? What's wrong?

NIGHTWALKER 2  
 Uh, nothing, Mr. Midnight, we're  
 good here. Need somethin' boss?

The Midnight Man looks suspicious.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
 You're fuckin' lying. What happened?

NIGHTWALKER  
 (to Midnight Man)  
 Uh, I just forgot my machete is all!

MIDNIGHT MAN

Damn it, do you need to come back  
and get it?

NIGHTWALKER

Uh, no, no, Adrian has an extra. I'm  
good.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Alright w-

A female hand touches his shoulder, in an attempt to get his  
attention.

MIDNIGHT MAN

(to woman)

I already told you twice to leave me  
the fuck alone when I'm on a call!

We hear her walking way.

MIDNIGHT MAN

CUNT!

Beat.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Alright well lemme know if you need  
anything. Remember, tomorrow we're  
going for Michaels. Bye-bye-bye-bye!

He hangs up.

NIGHTWALKER

Whew.

He turns the radio back on, and **the song resumes**.

Nightwalker 4 is injecting heroine into his arms.

NIGHTWALKER 4

(clears throat)

Not gonna lie, I do think we should  
listen to something else.

NIGHTWALKER 2

Ugh, fine. Anyone have the aux?

NIGHTWALKER 4

Think he has it.  
(motions at 3)

NIGHTWALKER 3

Oh, shit.

NIGHTWALKER 2

What?

NIGHTWALKER 3

I think I forgot it at the uh...  
what's it called...

NIGHTWALKER 4

You've gotta be shitting me.

NIGHTWALKER 2

You remembered to bring your  
toothbrush to a job but couldn't  
remember the fucking aux cord?

NIGHTWALKER 3

I'm sorry, guys.

Nightwalker 4 stares at 3.

Beat.

NIGHTWALKER 2

You know what, why don't we just go  
in now?

NIGHTWALKER 4

Good idea.

NIGHTWALKER

Alright, pass the bowl.

3 hands 1 a small bowl filled with many small bits of meth.

He puts some on his finger, and snorts it, causing him to  
fall back into his seat.

NIGHTWALKER

WHEW! Shit!

Beat.

NIGHTWALKER 2

We ready?

NIGHTWALKER 3

Yeah.

NIGHTWALKER 4

Let's go.

*"The revolution, will be live."*

**Song abruptly stops**, as 1 turns the car off, and they all get out.

**EXT. CAR IN FRONT OF CHURCH - NIGHT**

The four Nightwalkers step out of the car, and start walking into the church, weapons drawn.

**Queue *Hollywood's Bleeding* by Post Malone.**

They go up to the doors, and aggressively open them.

Then they run into the building, and we hear screams from inside.

FADE TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

We see multiple police officers getting guns from their weapons lockers.

Text on the screen:

*Shut Up, Chris Studios Presents*

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

Sirens on a police car, as it speeds through the night.

Other police cars start to follow.

FADE TO:

**INT. BANK - NIGHT**

A hostage situation, with armed men, violently pushing around people.

Everyone is terrified.

FADE TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

Two older looking school students are beating a younger student to a pulp.

Many students crowding around, just watching.

FADE TO:

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Multiple cops and other officials investigating a dead body, with barricade tape closing off the scene.

One of the officers can't take it, and starts to walk away from it.

Photographers' cameras are flashing bright as they take pictures of the body.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

A man dressed in all black, with a motorcycle helmet, speeding past every other vehicle on the street.

He's barely avoiding the other cars.

FADE TO:

**EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW - NIGHT**

We see through the window, a woman suffocating a man with a pillow.

After moments of struggling, the man finally stops moving, and she takes the pillow off him, revealing him to be dead.

She backs up, and takes a moment to relax.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

A shootout with criminals and cops.

The cops are hiding behind a squad car, desperately trying to stay alive.



Shot, bloody corpses are everywhere on the street.

FADE TO:

**EXT. TOP OF A BUILDING - NIGHT**

A young woman is sitting up against a graffiti covered wall, smoking.

She looks incredibly exhausted.

FADE TO:

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Two men run up behind a teenage girl, and put a bag over her head.

They start dragging her off, as she struggles, flailing her arms and legs continuously.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

Back to the sirens on the police car, as someone throws a drink at it, spilling all over the vehicle.

The car makes a turn, **as the song finishes.**

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

We get a good look at the massive city, standing under the falling snow.

The many police sirens can still be heard.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The Midnight Man is staring at the city.

He sticks his hand out to feel the snow.

Then, he puts his hands down, and stares up at the sky, letting the snow land on his face.

**Queue *I'll Be Home For Christmas* by Frank Sinatra.**

FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY - MORNING**

Now, we see a different man. Wearing a long coat, and a fedora. Doing the same thing as The Midnight Man.

Allowing the snow to descend to his face. But he doesn't look very happy.

Enter DETECTIVE MICHAELS.

VOICE

Sir?

Det. Michaels turns to the source of the voice.

DET. MICHAELS

Yeah?

He's talking to a smaller, younger man, wearing a similar outfit.

Enter DETECTIVE SADLER.

SADLER

Got any advice?

Michaels looks confused, but intrigued.

DET. MICHAELS

What do you mean?

SADLER

You know, how to like, not get killed? I mean I only got bumped up to homicide yesterday. Not quite sure I'm totally prepared.

DET. MICHAELS

Well, just do what I say, don't try and run at anything you can't handle. Stuff like that.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS

Anyway. I'll be right back. Wait here.

He starts walking into a Christmas shop, as **the song slowly fades away.**

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

Michaels is walking in.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
I love Christmas. Makes this rathole  
a bit more tolerable.

He starts talking to the cashier, smiling.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
So if this is my last day, I'm glad  
it's a snowy one.

He looks up at a nearby TV, as his smile fades.

It's a news report of a massacre in a church, talking about  
the Nightwalkers.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
Yeah. I'm on their trail. And they  
know it.

He continues to stare at the TV.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
Only a matter of time.

CASHIER  
Mister?

Det. Michaels turns to the cashier.

DET. MICHAELS  
Hm?

CASHIER  
Would you like it wrapped?

DET. MICHAELS  
Um, yes, thank you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Michaels walks out of the shop, carrying a large wrapped Christmas gift. Sadler is standing by the car.

DET. MICHAELS  
Could you put this in the back seat,  
please?

SADLER  
Yeah, sure.

Michaels hands Sadler the gift, and he puts it in the back seat of the car, as Michaels gets in the front passenger seat.

SADLER  
Sir?

DET. MICHAELS  
What?

SADLER  
(getting in the driver's  
seat)  
How long do you think it'll be  
before we get some big case?

DET. MICHAELS  
I'd give it a few hours.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

**PITCH BLACK**

It's dead silent for a moment.

Then, we hear the sound of a needle drop on a record.

**Queue *She's A Rainbow* by The Rolling Stones.**

CUT IN:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - EVENING (COLOR)**

A pair of eyes opening.

The eyes look around, seeming quite confused.

Now we see whose eyes they are. A male teenager with brown hair looking around, on a sidewalk.

Enter AARON BLACKWELL.

He looks very uncertain, yet unbothered.

Aaron pauses, as he notices something.

AARON  
(whispering)  
Liz.

We see what he's looking at.

A female teenager, with red hair, wearing a red jacket, a red shirt, black pants, red shoes, and a red bracelet, in the distance.

Enter LIZ PALMER.

She signals for him to walk over to her.

He looks a little shocked, and points to himself, with his eyebrows raised.

She nods her head, smiling, and once again signals for him to walk over to her.

He smiles, and starts to walk toward her.

He feels a pain in his leg, causing him to limp. He's confused by this, but quickly ignores it.

He's determined to walk toward this girl.

When he gets close enough, he stops in front of her. The two stare at each other.

LIZ  
Hi.

AARON  
Wow, I uh, never expected this to actually happen...

Liz smiles.

LIZ  
Really?

AARON  
Did you?

LIZ  
Kinda.

Beat.

She starts to hold his hand.

AARON  
Changed your hair?

LIZ  
Yep.

Aaron looks at her outfit.

AARON  
So much red.

LIZ  
Yeah, well... it's the color of  
love, right?

He lets out a light laugh.

AARON  
Yes, it is.

The two continue to stare at each other.

Beat.

LIZ  
What do you wanna do?

Aaron sighs.

AARON  
I don't know. Was kinda hoping you  
had an idea.

Liz leans in closer to Aaron, still holding his hand.

She's about to put her lips onto his, and then -

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

**Song abruptly stops.**

Aaron is sleeping in his bed, smiling.

It's dead silent. We can't hear a thing.

He's clearly enjoying his slumber.

His eyes slowly open.

Now we can hear birds chirping outside, and an alarm going off.

His smile fades, and he groans in frustration.

AARON

Of course...

He grabs a laptop by his bed.

He opens it. On the screen there's a group of documents each titled -

*SHIT THAT HAPPENS WHEN I DREAM*

There appears to be a document for each category. The categories include *Nightmare*, *Lucid*, *Badass*, *Sad*, *Liz*, and *Other*.

He clicks on the Liz category, and types. We can't see what he's typing.

At the end of the paragraph, he puts -

UNFINISHED.

He closes the laptop, and slowly breathes in and out.

He gets up out of his bed, and starts to pace around his bedroom.

Continuing to do so, he starts to quietly speak to himself, making many hand gestures.

AARON

(whispering to himself)

Today's the day... today's the  
day... I'm... I'm gonna do it...  
just talk to her... just, just gonna  
talk to her...

There's a knock at his bedroom door. This frightens Aaron, and causes him to fall down.

AARON

What is it!?

VOICE AT DOOR

Are you good?

AARON

Yeah just... just give me a second!

VOICE AT DOOR

Hurry up. We gotta go.

AARON

Okay, okay!

An incredibly cute looking pit bull goes up to Aaron, and jumps up, licking his face.

AARON

(petting her)

Morning, Mya!

She wags her tail.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

*Queue Dream a Little Dream of Me by Doris Day.*

Aaron is sitting in the back, as the bus bumps around on the rocky road.

He looks like he's used to this.

The bus pulls up to the school, with many students in front of it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is getting off of the bus, looking around at all the other students.

He gets off, and passes some men being handcuffed by police officers.

Aaron and all the other students barely pay any attention to this, as they look like they're used to this as well.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is walking through a school hallway, surrounded by other walking students.



He's able to see Liz, with jet black hair this time.

She's the only thing that appears in color.

He starts to get nervous.

Then we see two hands quickly hit his shoulders.

FEMALE VOICE

Boo!

AARON

SHIT!

**The song abruptly stops.**

This causes all the students to look at him.

He looks back at all of them.

Beat.

The girl that scared Aaron starts to walk with him.

Enter AVERY SNOW.

AARON

Why would you do that? I'm already  
super fucking nervous. And pissed.

AVERY

Why are you pissed?

AARON

Why do we have school on Christmas  
Eve?

AVERY

Think I heard Seawall's breaks work  
differently, some shit, I don't  
know. At least we don't on Christmas  
Day.

Beat.

AVERY

You gonna ask her today?

AARON

Yes.

AVERY

You said that yesterday.

AARON

I know.

AVERY

And the day before.

AARON

I know.

AVERY

And for the past two months.

AARON

I'm going to. Relax.

AVERY

I'm the one who needs to relax?

AARON

Yeah. I told you, I'm gonna do it.

AVERY

How do you know?

AARON

My dreams. I've said this before,  
they always come true in some way,  
shape, or form. Every time.

AVERY

Right, like the time you dreamed  
about a football stadium full of  
french fries, and the next day you  
saw a fry on the ground at the  
football field.

AARON

Yes, exactly.

AVERY

Uh-huh. Well good luck, Aaron. Just  
relax, it's only a girl. She's just  
like you or me.

AARON

Yeah, thanks. Wait wait-

Avery turns back to him.

AVERY

Hm?

AARON

Are you going?

AVERY

Nah, Jessica's uncle got fucked up by the Nightwalkers the other day so Imma go spend some time with her. Then I got karate. But hey if you need me, just gimme a call.

AARON

Those Nightwalkers... God we need to move, Seawall's unbearable.

AVERY

Why do you think I'm taking karate? Anyway you could uh, come with me, you know. Watch me kick some ass.

AARON

Some other time.

AVERY

Well good luck again. Don't be so stressed all the time, it's Christmas Eve. You got this.

AARON

Hope so.

She walks off in a different direction.

AARON

(to himself)  
Relax...

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron walks into the classroom.

He looks around, clearly searching for a colorful someone.

He puts his backpack by his desk, and sits down. Near the desk is a male student, on his phone.

Enter CHARLIE WEST.

CHARLIE

You going to the Christmas thing tonight?

AARON

Yeah. Bought a tux yesterday. They asked me to be the pianist.

CHARLIE

Ah, nice. You're good at that.

AARON

Thanks.

CHARLIE

Are you going with a certain someone?

Aaron sighs.

AARON

No.

CHARLIE

Interesting. Do you know why?

AARON

Yeah, I do.

CHARLIE

I bet it's probably cause you didn't ask-

AARON

Yes I know.

We hear the classroom door open. Aaron and Charlie look in the door's direction.

In walks Liz, still appearing in color.

CHARLIE

Hey, speak of the dev-

Aaron lets out a painfully obvious fake sneeze, and everyone looks in his direction.

Short moment of silence.

STUDENT IN BACKGROUND

Bless you.

AARON

Thanks.

Everyone else in the classroom goes back to what they were previously doing, and Liz walks over to her desk, which is beside Aaron's.

She sits down. Aaron is trying not to look at her.

AARON  
Afternoon, Liz.

Liz looks a little confused.

LIZ  
Afternoon.

The bell rings, and the teacher walks into the classroom.

Beat.

TEACHER  
You'll need a pencil.

Aaron reaches into his pocket for a pencil. He is unable to find one.

AARON  
Shit...

Aaron looks at Liz, and takes a deep breath.

He opens his mouth ready to ask her for a pencil.

Then, the student to his left taps Aaron's shoulder.

STUDENT  
I got you, bro.

The student pulls a pencil out of his pocket, and gives it to Aaron.

Aaron tries to not look irritated, and slowly takes the pencil from the student's hand.

AARON  
Thanks.

STUDENT  
No problem.

TEACHER  
We have a guest today. This is Detective Michaels. He's gonna talk about um. Cop things.

Det. Michaels walks into the classroom.

DET. MICHAELS  
Morning, everybody.

Beat.

STUDENT  
Have you shot anybody today yet?

DET. MICHAELS  
Uh, no.

Beat.

CHARLIE  
What's the biggest case you're on  
right now?

DET. MICHAELS  
Serial killer. Nasty stuff.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Ookay...

AARON  
Are you married?

DET. MICHAELS  
Yep.

AARON  
Um, how'd you meet her?

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Well, that's a pretty personal one,  
uh. I don't really remember. Feels  
like she's just always been around.  
Always by my side.

Aaron begins to think to himself, as some quiet discussion in  
the classroom forms.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron walks out of the classroom. He turns around to see Liz  
talking to the teacher.

He waits beside the doorway. The janitor is mopping the  
floor.

Aaron's eyes are looking all over at the floor, as he tries to contain his stress, thinking.

JANITOR  
You gonna ask her?

AARON  
Uh, yeah.

JANITOR  
No you're not.

Aaron looks a little confused.

Beat.

Then Liz, walks out of the classroom and past Aaron and the janitor, not paying any attention to them.

Aaron looks frozen. She continues to walk away.

Then Aaron starts to walk toward her, and freezes again.

He doesn't move a muscle, other than his twitching fingers.

She then walks off, out of sight.

AARON  
Shit.

He looks at the janitor, who is looking at Aaron with an "I told you so" look.

Aaron sighs, and walks toward the exit.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is on the phone in an empty hallway.

AARON  
You really can't pick me up?

Enter NICK BLACKWELL, Aaron's older brother, on the phone.

NICK  
Nope.

AARON  
Alright I guess I'm walking.

NICK

No no no, why don't you just wait  
there for a while until I get off.

AARON

When would that be?

NICK

I don't know in like, three hours.

AARON

You want me to stay after school -  
on Christmas Eve - for three hours?

NICK

You're not walking, it's too  
dangerous out there.

AARON

I'll be late to the party by the  
time I get there. I'm walking. I'll  
be fine.

He hangs up.

**EXT. CITY - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is walking on an empty sidewalk, presumably to his  
house, looking rather upset.

Then, his face of dejection and exasperation fades, as he  
looks down at the ground, and begins to daydream.

All of a sudden he's hit in the face and knocked down by a  
man.

Another man approaches as he's on the ground, and kicks him  
in the stomach.

Aaron yells in pain.

One of them takes off Aaron's backpack and runs off, while  
the other rummages through Aaron's pockets, pulls out a  
wallet.

Then the man pulls out a pistol, and points it at Aaron's  
face.

AARON

Wait wait wait!

The other man, from a distance, yells at the armed man.



MAN  
Come on, let's go!

The armed man groans in irritation, before running away.

Beat.

Aaron is lying on the ground, with his hand on his eye. He sighs.

AARON  
God, what the-

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

AARON  
-FUCK!

Aaron is looking in the mirror at his black eye, with Nick.

NICK  
I don't think you should go.

Aaron sighs.

AARON  
No, I have to go. She's gonna be there.

NICK  
Sorry. I take that back. I know you shouldn't go.

AARON  
I'm going.

NICK  
Fine.

Nick starts to walk off.

NICK  
Humiliate yourself in front of everyone at your school because of some crush. I can't stop you.

AARON  
I can still drive your car there right?

NICK  
I don't give a shit.

AARON  
Thanks!

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is quickly searching his bedroom.

AARON  
(to Nick in other room)  
Hey!

NICK  
What!?

AARON  
Where's my pages!?

NICK  
Pages!?

AARON  
Yeah my piano pages!

NICK  
Why would I know!?

AARON  
I don't know! I just... I can't play  
without my pages!

NICK  
Then maybe you shouldn't go!

Aaron groans in frustration.

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is putting on his white tuxedo.

He is able to put it on just fine, and he smiles, as he looks  
at himself in the mirror, tooth missing.

Then, as he walks out of the bathroom, he accidentally walks into his brother, who spills soda all over his tuxedo.

AARON  
Holy shit, you cannot be SERIOUS!

Beat.

NICK  
Aaron.

AARON  
What?

NICK  
Don't go.

Aaron thinks for a second.

Beat.

AARON  
Fuck you.

He walks away, toward the front door.

NICK  
Aaron!

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron gets in the driver seat of a car. His brother is following him.

Beat.

NICK  
Damn it, Aaron, come on.

Aaron starts the car, and pulls out of the driveway.

Nick stares at Aaron driving off.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is driving, talking with Charlie over the phone.

AARON

I'm just a few blocks away. Won't be long.

CHARLIE

Are you sure you should come?

Aaron starts to look irritated and tired. His eyes look half closed.

Beat.

AARON

YES! I'm gonna be there!

He hangs up, and continues to drive.

Beat.

As he's driving, a police car begins to follow him, and signals him to pull over.

Aaron sees this in his rear view mirror, and looks incredibly annoyed.

He thinks for a moment.

Then he finally pulls over.

The police car slowly stops behind the car.

Aaron rolls down his window as the cop gets out, and approaches.

The cop walks up to Aaron's window.

COP

Sir, do you know how fast you were going?

Aaron doesn't answer.

Beat.

COP

Sir?

AARON

Look man, I have had a really, really shitty day. I'd just appreciate it if you could give me a break tonight, I've got somewhere I need to be right now and I don't have time for this.

Beat.

COP  
Step out of the car.

AARON  
Dude...

COP  
Now.

AARON  
Come on.

COP  
Sir, step out of the car, right now.

Beat.

**EXT. CAR - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron opens the door and gets out of the car.

The cop starts to talk to Aaron, but we can't hear him.

It's dead silent, except for Aaron's heartbeat.

He pays no attention to the cop, staring at the ground, thinking to himself.

Aaron's hand transforms into a fist.

His heartbeat gets continuously more intense, before he finally looks at the cop's face and then we can hear again.

COP  
Sir?

AARON  
(smiling)  
My apologies, officer.

He opens his fist again.

AARON  
Won't happen again.

All of a sudden the cop is shot in the leg, and he screams in agony.

Aaron ducks, and looks to the source of the shot.

Three men wearing masks run up to the cop on the ground.

One of them points a gun at Aaron, as the two others begin to beat the cop continuously.

MASKED MAN

Go.

AARON

Shit...

Beat.

MASKED MAN

You fucking deaf, kid? Vamonos!

Aaron gets to his feet and goes to his front door.

He pauses as he looks at the cop being repeatedly kicked and beaten.

The masked man runs up to Aaron and hits him in the face with the bottom end of his gun.

MASKED MAN

GO!

Aaron quickly gets in the car, shuts the door, and starts it.

Then, he drives off, as the masked man with the gun goes to join in on beating the cop.

**INT. CAR - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

He tries not to look back.

Aaron thinks to himself, with his nose bleeding heavily.

His quick and heavy breathing begins to slow down.

Then, a tear is released from his right eye, and streams down his face.

He looks as if he's trying to bottle up strong emotions, as he tightens his hands on the steering wheel.

Beat.

Then, he repeatedly hits the steering wheel, causing it to honk a few times, as he grinds his teeth, and more tears come out.

He wipes the tears away and attempts to calm down. He also tries to wipe the blood on his face away with his suit jacket.

He breathes slowly and calmly.

AARON  
Okay... okay...

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron looks very tired.

His phone starts ringing.

He looks to his phone and picks it up, answering it.

AARON  
Yeah?

AVERY  
(on phone)  
How's it going?

AARON  
Uh, fine.

AVERY  
You talk to her yet? Dance with her?

AARON  
Not there yet.

AVERY  
Oh, well are you getting close?

AARON  
Yeah, look this isn't the best time,  
mind if I call back later?

Beat.

AVERY  
Are you okay? You sound weird.

AARON  
Yes I'm fine just... I gotta go.

He hangs up.

Beat.

Aaron is looking very sleepy, his eyes half closed.

The energy in his body begins to dissipate.  
After a few seconds, his eyes close completely.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - EVENING (COLOR)**

We're where we were in the dream at the beginning. Liz about to kiss Aaron.

Beat.

She hesitates.

LIZ

N-no...

She backs away from Aaron's face.

AARON

Wait, why not?

LIZ

You're not on the right path yet.

AARON

Well what does that me-

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROAD - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The car Aaron was driving crashes into a tree.

Aaron is awake again.

There is now blood and dirt all over his tuxedo.

He tries to focus, and realizes what just happened.

He slowly gets out of the car. He's now having to limp.

He recognizes a large house nearby, presumably the one where the party is at.

Aaron then begins to limp toward the house.

CUT TO:



**EXT. MANSION - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is able to see Liz through a window. He's breathing quickly and heavily.

Beat.

He goes to the front door, and walks in.

**INT. MANSION - EVENING (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Everyone who sees him goes quiet, as they look shocked.

He goes toward Liz.

AARON

Liz...

Liz turns to him, and looks shocked, as Aaron is still bruised and bloody.

LIZ

Oh my god, wha-

AARON

Liz, we gotta talk...

CHARLIE

Aaron, what the hell happened?

AARON

Please...

She starts to back away from him, afraid, while he continues to limp toward her.

Beat.

AARON

God's sake, Liz, come on...

LIZ

Just, uh-

CHARLIE

Aaron!

She starts to look very nervous.

AARON

I... I...

Aaron falls to the ground on his side.

He continues to look at Liz.

Slowly, her color fades away.

Aaron struggles to keep his eyes open, and after a few seconds, his eyes close, and we fade into pitch blackness.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE, CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Aaron is sitting in a hospital bed with a bandage around his head, staring at the ceiling, thinking to himself.

He hears a knock, and turns his head to its direction.

A doctor is standing in the doorway.

DOCTOR  
You have a visitor.

The doctor walks off, and Avery walks into the room.

Aaron goes back to staring at the ceiling.

Avery walks over to a chair in the room, and sits down.

AVERY  
Merry Christmas.

Beat.

He stays silent.

AVERY  
I, uh, I'm sorry it didn't go so well.

Beat.

Still silent.

AVERY  
Well... I guess I'll stay here with you for little while. I've got nothing to do.

She leans back in the chair in an attempt to get comfortable.

Beat.

AARON  
Congratulations.

AVERY

Hm?

AARON

You're my only visitor.

Avery sighs.

AVERY

Man, I'm sorry about Liz, Aaron. I mean I'm sorry about all of this but like, wow...

Aaron still doesn't look at her, still staring at the ceiling. He sighs.

AARON

Yeah, me too.

Beat.

AVERY

Not gonna lie, not a fan of the floor they put you on, there's criminals and weirdos here.

AARON

I don't know, I think it's kinda cool.

AVERY

Really?

AARON

Yeah, I feel a little badass.

Avery lightly laughs.

AVERY

Well that's good.

Beat.

AARON

How was karate?

AVERY

Um, I didn't go. Figured I'd rather be here.

AARON

Thought you hated hospitals. Said stuff like how there's death in the air and such.

AVERY

Yeah but I mean, look at your face.  
I feel kinda obligated. I get a call  
saying you nearly died, fuck that  
black belt.

AARON

Huh.

AVERY

Your brother coming?

AARON

Don't really want him to. Not trying  
to hear his whole "I told you so"  
speech. I mean I know he's right,  
you know. A crush. But... every time  
I put off asking her out or avoided  
talking to her... it all gave me a  
goal. A purpose. A reason to wake up  
every morning. And now it's over.  
It's done, it's finished. I'm  
finished. That purpose has been  
stripped away, and now I've got  
nothing left in me. Just this  
emptiness.

Beat.

AVERY

You gonna be okay?

Aaron doesn't respond.

Beat.

AVERY

Oof. Guess I'll just keep quiet.  
Sorry.

Avery begins to stare at the ceiling as well.

Short moment of the two being silent.

Aaron then turns his head, and looks at Avery's outfit.

AARON

So much red.

Avery looks back at Aaron.

AVERY

Yeah, well... it's the color of  
love, right?

and there it is.

Aaron starts to think.

Then, his eyes widen, as he has a realization.

Beat.

He slowly turns his head to Avery, who now starts to appear in color.

We can now see that she has red hair, and is wearing a red jacket, a red shirt, black pants, red shoes, and a red bracelet.

AARON

Yeah...

**Queue Sober by Childish Gambino.**

Beat.

Avery slowly nods, and smiles at him.

Aaron smiles back, appearing to be very content and fulfilled, as he and everything around him, begin to appear in color.

Avery relaxes in her chair.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

**The song is playing on the radio now,** as Michaels and Sadler drive through the city streets.

SADLER

So this is his eighth?

DET. MICHAELS

Yep.

SADLER

Well uh... any clues?

DET. MICHAELS

They all seem to be white blondes.  
But other than that, total ghost.  
It's weird.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
You said you got bumped up to  
homicide yesterday right?

SADLER  
Yes, sir.

DET. MICHAELS  
So you haven't seen any of the real  
gruesome stuff?

SADLER  
Nope. Most I've seen is my old  
partner getting shot in the thing a  
few weeks back.

DET. MICHAELS  
The thing?

SADLER  
The penis sir, sorry I was trying to  
be a little m-

DET. MICHAELS  
How did that happen?

SADLER  
His wife.

DET. MICHAELS  
His wife?

SADLER  
Yeah.

DET. MICHAELS  
His wife shot him?

SADLER  
Yup, right in the dingle.

DET. MICHAELS  
Wait, so this was off-duty?

SADLER  
Before I was a cop.

DET. MICHAELS  
Hold on, are you new to Seawall?

SADLER  
Sorta. I worked from home for a  
while so I didn't go out too often.

DET. MICHAELS  
Huh. Moved here?

SADLER  
Correct.

DET. MICHAELS  
Of all places?

SADLER  
Well...

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Go on.

SADLER  
It... it's a woman.

Det. Michaels smiles.

DET. MICHAELS  
(amused)  
You moved to Shithole City for a  
woman?

SADLER  
Yup.

DET. MICHAELS  
(laughing)  
Good for you, Sadler.

SADLER  
Yeah, haven't talked since senior  
year. High School.

DET. MICHAELS  
And how long ago was that?

SADLER  
Bout three years ago?

DET. MICHAELS  
No shit?

SADLER  
No shit.

DET. MICHAELS  
You not go to college?

SADLER  
Tried it. Wasn't for me. Been trying  
a lot of things.

DET. MICHAELS  
Nothing right now really suits you,  
huh?

Sadler sighs.

SADLER  
I don't know. Not sure I really know  
what *me* is.

Beat.

The car stops beside an apartment building.

SADLER  
This it?

DET. MICHAELS  
Yep.

Michaels opens his door and gets out, as Sadler turns the car  
off and does the same.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Michaels and Sadler are walking through the hallway  
approaching an apartment door.

DET. MICHAELS  
Hope you're not too nauseous,  
Sadler, cause this is gonna be a lot  
more than a shot to the dick.

Michaels opens the door, and they both walk in.

**INT. APARTMENT CRIME SCENE - NIGHT**

Many officers looking around the scene.

In the center is the corpse of a blonde woman, drenched in  
blood. Her stomach has been stabbed a great many times, her  
insides are slightly seen.

Sadler immediately sprints to the open apartment window, and  
vomits.



The vomit falls to the ground on the sidewalk, onto a man's shoes.

MAN  
(looking up at Sadler)  
What the fuck!

Michaels approaches the body, and crouches down to get a better look at it.

DET. MICHAELS  
(to other officer)  
Found anything?

OFFICER  
Jack shit. It's the same every time.  
No fingerprints, no signs of break  
in, no witnesses, poor blonde dead  
on her floor. Just different stab  
wounds.

Michaels looks at the dead woman's face.

Completely lifeless, like her soul exited her body. Nothing there.

DET. MICHAELS  
(looking up at the  
windows)  
Something'll turn up.

***Queue Midnight, The Stars and You by Al Bowlly.***

*yes, that one.*

FADE TO:

# **INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

It's very crowded, as **the song plays through the building's speakers.**

Lots of people looking at various pieces of art.

We focus on just one, staring at a painting.

Enter THE PHOTOGRAPHER. A skinny young man wearing a buttoned shirt with a backpack. Looks to be in his early 20's.

He's staring at the painting *Nighthawks* by Edward Hopper.

A man in a suit walks up, and stares at the painting too. Standing beside the Photographer.

MAN

What do you think it's about?

The Photographer takes his eyes off the painting, and looks at the man.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hm?

MAN

(pointing at the painting)

You know. What do you think is going on here?

The Photographer looks back at the painting.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I mean, there's a lot of ways you can interpret it. It's a gorgeous piece.

MAN

Yeah, but what do you think?

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Well. I like to think that...

He points at the waiter in the painting.

PHOTOGRAPHER

He leads a pretty stressful life. There's one big, constant thing that worries him, which makes him have a worrisome attitude toward everything in his life. Stress, stress, stress. Day to day. But that constant thing gives him purpose, even if it makes his life harder.

He moves his hand, and points at the woman in the painting.

PHOTOGRAPHER

She's reflecting. Reflecting on everything, her relationships, jobs, near-death experiences, etc. She's hit a sudden turning point in her life, she's at a point of no return, so she feels the need to just go get a night's drink.

He points to the man sitting next to the woman in the painting.

PHOTOGRAPHER

He's bored out of his mind. Yearning for more. He needs a thrill. Something exciting. A desperate need to not be the ordinary man.

Beat.

MAN

(pointing to the lone man  
in the painting)

What about him? What's his story?

The Photographer thinks as he looks at it.

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER

He's a mystery, for the most part. Pretty distant from people. Has a hard time connecting with them. But he watches. He's an observer. Never interfering with the world around him. He has a very quiet existence.

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER

The lives of four strangers intersecting.

MAN

And you didn't make any of that up?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Nope.

The Photographer slightly smiles.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You can tell a lot about someone through a window, unaware that you're watching. I think there's something kinda beautiful about that. When they don't know you're there. They look so real. Unaltered. Their true selves.

The man looks uncomfortable.

MAN

Um, cool.

## PHOTOGRAPHER

Particularly when they're nude.  
That's when they look the most free.  
The most real.

## MAN

Ooookay. I'm gonna go ahead and  
um...

Beat.

He walks away.

The Photographer continues to stare at the painting, by himself again.

Then, he looks around.

Something catches his eye.

A gorgeous blonde woman. Looking to be in her mid 30's.

She briefly smiles at the Photographer.

He looks very intrigued for a quick moment, before smiling back.

She starts to look at art.

He looks back at the painting in front of him.

He looks distracted now. He slowly turns his eyes back to the woman.

The woman is slowly walking in a different direction, as she continues to look at all the artwork.

The Photographer tries to look at the painting, but he can't keep his eyes off her.

He starts to look nervous.

He looks around at everyone, and starts to walk toward the woman.

Walking slowly and quietly, and staying behind her.

The woman goes to the exit, and walks out the doors.

He stops for a moment, and takes a deep breath, before continuing on.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

The woman walks outside.

The Photographer begins to follow her, staying at a distance, so she doesn't notice.

After a minute or two of following, he turns and walks down an alleyway.

We start to focus on just the blonde woman walking.

She turns a corner, walking beside a building.

Then, we rise to the roof of the building, to reveal the Photographer following the woman from the rooftops.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

The blonde woman walks into a very rich looking house, presumably hers.

She puts her purse on a table.

We see the Photographer outside, hiding in a tree.

He is searching through his backpack.

He takes out a picture of him, with a brown haired girl resting her head on his shoulder.

He stares at it, before putting it back in the backpack.

He then pulls a camera out of the backpack, and gets it ready.

His camera zooms in on the woman through a window.

She takes off her jacket, puts it on a coat rack, and walks into another room.

The Photographer looks intrigued.

He zips the backpack up, and puts it on. He jumps down from the tree, and slowly moves around the house.

He finds the living room, with a large window.

The Photographer then hides behind some bushes, as the blonde woman walks into the room.

She walks into the room, and pauses.

Then, she begins to undress herself.

The Photographer's eyes widen.

As she takes off her shirt, and reveals her breasts, he takes a picture of her.

Needless to say, he's fascinated by this woman's body.

She completely undresses.

He continues to take pictures.

She goes into a different room, as the Photographer starts to fiddle with his camera.

Then she comes back out, with a robe on.

She turns on the TV, and lays down on her couch.

Then, a masked person emerges from the corner of the room, and covers the woman's mouth.

At this moment, the Photographer takes a picture at this exact right time, capturing the event accidentally.

The masked person then stabs the woman in the throat, killing her, as gallons of blood pours out of her neck.

This shocks the Photographer, causing him to yell and accidentally take a picture.

The killer hears the yell, and looks in the direction they heard it.

The Photographer peeks over the bushes at the Killer. Staring at him, frozen.

The Killer stares back, taking the knife out of the woman's throat.

The Photographer begins to breathe heavily.

The Killer walks toward the window, still staring at Photographer.

Beat.

After a few seconds of staring, the Killer begins to walk away, slowly sliding their hand across the woman's body, as they head toward an exit.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(whispering)  
Holy shit...

The Photographer then opens his backpack again, and pulls out an old looking cell phone.

He begins to dial 911, but pauses.

Beat.

He realizes he can't call 911. He can't go to the cops.

So he puts the phone and the camera back in the backpack.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(whispering)  
Damn it.

Now he doesn't know what to do. He starts to think.

He looks up at the Killer, exiting the house through the front door.

He takes a deep breath.

Beat.

He stands up, and starts walking the other direction.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

The Photographer is walking on the sidewalk, looking deep in his thoughts.

He's walking through a small crowd, touching shoulders with various people.

He walks across a crosswalk, as a taxi just barely stops in front of him.

He reaches the sidewalk, and police cars with their sirens blaring zoom past him.

The sun is rising, as a man walks with The Photographer, trying to sell him something, but we can't hear what he's saying.

The Photographer isn't processing any of the words the man is saying.

The man gives up and walks away.

All of a sudden, a gunshot snaps him out of it.

He turns to the source of it, and we see a large group of cops in front of a gas station, as an armed man is in inside, causing all passerby outside to run off.

The Photographer stares at the event, before also running off.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer is sitting on his bed, shirtless, in silence.

He's very skinny, his ribs look like they're about to tear through his tight skin.

He's staring at the two pictures of the murder.

He can't stop looking at it.

Then, he takes a deep breath, and stands up, and pulls his phone out of his pocket

He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear, as he walks off and tosses the pictures away.

***Queue Tessellate by Alt-J.***

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer is having sex with a woman on his bed, as she's on top of him.

He looks distracted. Clearly thinking about something else.

The pictures of the murder are beside the bed, next to a baseball bat with a signature on it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT**

A heavy thunderstorm. A nearly completely empty street.



No cars, no passerby.

The Photographer is looking through his camera, before pulling it away from his face, as he sees something.

It's the blonde woman, completely nude, in the distance.

He starts walking toward her.

She's completely frozen, not moving a muscle.

He continues walking to her.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The Photographer is taking a shower, letting the water hit his face.

He's very uneasy and distressed, as he has his hand on the shower wall.

He tries to breathe slowly and deeply.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT**

The Photographer gets closer to the blonde woman.

She's still not moving. Completely frozen.

He drops the camera, and puts his hand on her.

As the sky begins to rain harder and harder, he caresses her cheek.

The thunder gets louder.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A different woman has her lips on the side of The Photographer's neck, as his hand grasps her hair.

He still seems preoccupied.

He aggressively closes his eyes for a quick moment, in an attempt to brush it off.

Then he puts his arm around her shoulders, and tries to focus on her.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT**

The Photographer takes his hand off the blonde woman's face, and puts it on her breast.

Then rests his forehead on hers.

She's untouched by all the rain, as opposed to The Photographer, who is soaked.

He closes his eyes and inhales.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM (SHOWER) - NIGHT**

He exhales, trying to relax.

Then he aggressively shakes his head, trying to literally shake off his eerie and stressed feeling.

He rubs his face with his hands repeatedly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT**

The storm keeps intensifying.

A very loud sound of thunder hits, causing The Photographer to look up at the sky.

When he looks back down at the woman, she now appears zombified, with blood pouring out of her throat, and disgusting looking mold all over her.

This frightens him, and causes him to back away.

Now, hundreds of pictures of the murder are falling out of the sky.

He continues to back away, panicking, looking at all the pictures and the woman.

Then, the Killer suddenly comes up behind the Photographer, and grabs him.

And right as the Killer slits his throat -

CUT TO:

**INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY**

**The song ends**, as the Photographer quickly and loudly wakes up in the classroom, accidentally pushing his camera away. It breaks as it falls to the ground.

The class is watching a similar scene from Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*.

All the other students and the female professor to look at him, after getting distracted by his loud awakening.

He looks incredibly tired, and now embarrassed.

PROFESSOR  
You alright there?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Yeah, just... yeah.

Beat.

PROFESSOR  
Well okay.

Everyone turns back to the film.

The Photographer gets himself together, and starts to think.

He takes a deep breath, as his face of curiosity transforms into one of determination.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

The Photographer is walking down the hallway, approaching an apartment door.

He knocks on the door, and waits.

A young woman answers the door, looking somewhat disappointed to see him.

The brunette resting her head on the Photographer's shoulder in the photo.

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Mind if I borrow a camera?

She stares at him for a moment, thinking.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What happened to yours?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Broke.

YOUNG WOMAN  
It broke?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Yep.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I thought you loved that thing.

He shrugs.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Well... do you need another one  
right now?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
I need one for tonight.

The young woman rolls her eyes in disgust and starts to close  
the door.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Wait!

He keeps her from closing the door.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(keeping her voice down)  
Why are you still doing that?! It's  
wrong and... gross...

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Hey, you never called the cops.

Beat.

She doesn't respond.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
It's not for that anyway.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What's it for, then?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Secret project.

YOUNG WOMAN  
And it doesn't involve invading the  
privacy of nude women?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Ehh, sort of. This is different.

She thinks for a moment.

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I need to know what this is before I  
give you a camera, I don't wanna  
somehow end up on the news as your  
accomplice or something.

The Photographer stares at her, hesitating, before reaching  
into his jacket pocket.

He pulls out the two pictures of the murder, and shows them  
to her.

She stares at them, slowly forming a face of shock.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Son of a bitch...

CUT TO:

**INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The young woman is searching through a duffel bag, as the  
Photographer sits on the edge of her bed.

YOUNG WOMAN  
And you're gonna catch him?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
That's the plan.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Well uh... why?

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
He stared right at me. Knowing that  
I couldn't do anything. I... never  
felt so weak before.

Beat.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
That and, I need some sleep.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Do you have your own lens?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(thinking heavily)  
Uh, yeah, I can get one.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Alright good bec-

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Do you wanna try again?

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Huh?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
You know, if I make it out of this.

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Um-

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(standing up)  
I'll stop taking those pictures. I  
promise. I mean, I'm losing interest  
anyway. This whole thing has got me  
to rethink some stuff.

The young woman stares at The Photographer, contemplating.

Beat.

She sighs.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I have one camera. It was my mom's.  
If you catch this guy and bring this  
back in one piece, I'll consider it.

The Photographer nods his head.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Done.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

The Photographer is walking through crowds of people on the sidewalk, wearing the camera around his neck.

As per usual, police cars are zooming through the streets.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SEAWALL UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

The Photographer is checking his surroundings, as he goes toward the building.

It's snowing heavily.

CUT TO:

**INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Photographer is walking quickly but quietly through the halls, looking around.

He dials a number on his phone.

As he waits for someone to pick up, he continues to sneak through the halls.

The phone answers.

YOUNG WOMAN

What now?

PHOTOGRAPHER

What lens do I need for taking pictures a little under 200 feet away?

YOUNG WOMAN

How do you not know?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey my last lens was a birthday gift, you're better with this stuff.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't typically take ones that far  
away.

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Are you at a store?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Something like that.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Well um. An EF 800mm lens would  
probably do you the most good.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Uh.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I'll send you a picture. It's like  
fifteen hundred dollars though.

He approaches a door, and immediately opens it.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(walking into the room,  
not turning the lights on)  
Won't be an issue.

She sighs.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Of course.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Thanks.

It's very dark, but mostly everything in the room is barely  
visible.

There are tables with lots of camera equipment, such as  
lenses and tripods.

He opens his phone, and looks at the picture of the lens.

He looks at all of the lenses on the table, before seeing the  
one he wants.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(to young woman)  
Is it always white?



YOUNG WOMAN

I think so.

Grabbing the long lens, he takes the camera off, before attaching the lens.

Then he takes a picture of the room, testing the camera's flash, illuminating the entire room for a quick moment. Revealing a masked figure in the corner.

Beat.

The Photographer's face turns pale, as he knows exactly what it is.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you find it?

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hellooo?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I um...

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hey wh-

He hangs up, still staring at the now pitch black corner.

Then he starts to back away to the door, wearing the camera.

Light footsteps from a different part of the room are heard.

The Photographer runs to the door, and The Killer's hand grabs the back of the camera neck strap, keeping him from running.

The Killer then pulls him with the neck strap, and pulls a knife out.

The Photographer hits the Killer in the stomach four times with his elbow, causing the grip on the neck strap to loosen.

Then the Photographer throws the camera off his neck, freeing himself.

He quickly sprints out the door, not looking back.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SEAWALL UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

The Photographer still running, through the snowstorm.  
Continuously gasping for air.

He runs toward the street. A cab is driving up.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Taxi!

The cab slowly stops in front of the Photographer.

He quickly gets in the back seat.

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT**

PHOTOGRAPHER

(out of breath)

Goldlight Apartments.

DRIVER

Sure thing. You alright sir?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, yes. Just drive, please.

The cab starts moving through the streets.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING**

The Photographer, looking dirty and exhausted, is standing in front of the young woman, in her apartment doorway.

Silence. Neither of them say a word.

She looks incredibly angry, staring at him.

He has his eyes locked on the floor.

Beat.

She backs away, and slams the door.

He continues to stand there for a moment, and gently puts his hand on the door.

Then he starts to walk away.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - MORNING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The Photographer is standing in front of his burning fireplace in front of his bed.

None of the lights are on. The room feels so cold, despite the warm fire.

He tosses the pictures of the murder into the fire.

He's looking regretful, and tired.

Then he sits on his bed, and watches it burn into nothingness.

The Photographer slowly lays down, and tries to relax.

He moves his hands through his hair, taking slow and deep breaths.

CUT TO:

**INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY**

The Photographer is sitting in class as all the other students are working.

He looks even more tired now, with his eye sacks more noticeable than ever.

He's looking around at everyone in the classroom.

Then he notices something in the corner of his eye.

His professor, at her desk, subtly caressing her shirt in a seductive manner, looking right at him.

He raises his eyebrows in curiosity.

She slowly nods her head, staring into his eyes.

**Queue Movement by Hozier.**

He ponders for a moment, looking at his desk, before looking back at her again.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - BLACK AREA**

The Photographer opens his eyes.

He's surrounded by nothing.

Then, he sees a figure in the distance.

The young woman, hardly moving, looking at him from afar.

He starts walking toward her.

She begins walking backward, away from him.

He seems disoriented by this, and starts walking faster.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer and his professor walk into the apartment, and quickly shut the door.

He starts to take unbutton his shirt, as he walks to his bed.

She follows, taking her coat off.

He gets his shirt off, and throws it to other side of the room.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - BLACK AREA**

The young woman is backing away even quicker now.

The Photographer starts running toward her.

She doesn't appear to be getting any closer at all.

He starts to sprint, breathing heavily, looking quite desperate.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

The Photographer and the young woman, sitting together at a table.

Smiling and laughing, enjoying themselves.

It feels much more vibrant and colorful here. Warm.

She poses, as the Photographer takes a picture of her, smiling.

He has a big smile on his face as well, looking completely carefree and blissful.

CUT TO:

**INT. COLLEGE DANCE - NIGHT**

The young woman and the Photographer dancing, surrounded by others their age, also dancing.

Their moves aren't the best.

But they don't care in the slightest, the two can't stop laughing, always looking into each other's eyes.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer is having sex with his professor on his bed.

He's paying attention, but it's not enough.

He still looks regretful, almost miserable.

Then, he tries to hide it all by smirking, and increasing the physical contact.

He locks hands with the professor, and grasps them tightly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - BLACK AREA**

The Photographer is sprinting like a bat out of hell, sweating heavily.

Despite this, the young woman still doesn't appear to be getting any closer.

He's gasping for air incessantly, still running.

Then she enticingly signals for him to come closer.

The Photographer starts sprinting even faster, looking more determined now.

Suddenly she falls backward into a pool of water, and descends deeper into the water.

The Photographer immediately speeds closer, and dives into the water.

He sees her in the water, and tries to swim closer.

Again, she doesn't seem to be getting any closer.

He eagerly keeps trying to get closer.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer is getting exhausted.

The professor smirks at him.

He doesn't respond to this.

He wipes the sweat off his forehead, and puts his other hand on the side of her face.

After staring at her face for a moment, he starts to look distracted again.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNKNOWN - UNDERWATER**

The Photographer is still trying to get to the young woman.

She continues to sink in the water.

He finally starts to get closer.

Then, the Killer appears from under the young woman, and stabs her in the stomach many times.

This causes the water to begin turning red.

The Photographer stops swimming, as the red water surrounds him.

The Killer and the young woman, continue to sink deeper into the water, until they're no longer visible.

The photo of the young woman resting her head on the Photographer's shoulder starts ascending to the surface.

The Photographer just stays there floating, completely submerged in a sea of red, **as the song closes out.**

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Photographer is standing beside his bed, buckling his belt.

His professor is looking around the room, still nude.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Heading out?

PROFESSOR  
Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Alright. Well, Merry Christmas.

Beat.

She starts rummaging through her coat.

The Photographer is pondering, just staring at the wall. He looks confused.

He looks at his professor through a small mirror on his dresser. Something in particular about her.

A bruise on her stomach.

The Photographer sees this, and turns around to look at her.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Been meaning to ask um... what happened there?

PROFESSOR  
Some stupid kid.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Oh.

PROFESSOR  
Why do you ask?

He turns back around to the wall.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Don't worry about it.

Beat.

She turns to him.

PROFESSOR  
Still taking pictures?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Uh-what?

PROFESSOR  
You know. With your camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
I mean, I've been taking a little  
break.

PROFESSOR  
(slowly walking up behind  
him)  
Oh. Why's that?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(getting very nervous)  
Um. Stress.

She lightly laughs.

PROFESSOR  
I see.

Beat.

PROFESSOR  
You know, I've been pretty stressed  
lately too.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(slowly making the  
realization)  
Well uh... wh- why?

PROFESSOR  
(putting her hand on his  
shoulder)  
Because you...

She grasps his shoulder.

PROFESSOR  
...have been a pain...

She shoves a knife into his lower back, causing him to groan  
in agony.



KILLER  
...in my ass.

Beat.

Blood starts coming out of his mouth.

KILLER  
Where are the pictures?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
B-burnt...

KILLER  
Bullshit.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
I-I promise...

KILLER  
Yeah well sorry to break it to y-

He grabs the small mirror and smashes it on her face.

She yells in pain, as some reflective glass shards are in her face.

He starts limping toward the baseball bat beside his bed.

He picks it up, and goes toward the Killer.

She gets up and backs away quickly.

He charges at her with the bat, missing.

She moves out of the bedroom, and into the living room.

The city lights are illuminating the room through the glass wall.

He runs after her again, and pushes her against the glass wall, cracking it.

She stabs him in the side, making him scream.

Then, he hits the glass wall with the bat, cracking it even more.

She pushes the knife further into his side, as he hits the glass wall multiple times.

She's able to push him back, and they both fall on the floor.

They're both having a hard time getting up.

The Photographer slowly gets up, skin turning very pale, with his back to the glass wall.

Blood continues to pour out of his mouth.

The Killer slightly backs up, before running at the Photographer for the final stab.

He avoids her attack, causing her to go face first into the glass wall, cracking it yet again.

Then, he immediately uses all the energy he has left to strike the back of her head with the bat.

The glass wall shatters, and the Killer falls out, plummeting to the streets below. Screaming the whole way down.

Her body hits the ground, quickly creating a large puddle of blood.

*Splat.*

The citizens in the streets start screaming and running away from the body.

On the street, we can see Det. Michaels and Sadler, running to inspect the body.

Det. Michaels looks up at where the body fell, and runs into the apartment building, on the phone.

The Photographer sees that she's dead, and breathes a sigh of relief.

With his energy depleted, he falls onto his apartment floor, on his side.

### **Queue *Purple Rain* by Prince.**

He's bleeding heavily, all over his floor.

He rolls over on his back, and tries to relax.

He's still in pain, as he puts his hand on the wound on his side.

Then, he turns his head, to face the sunrise.

Staring at the sunrise, the pain in his face seems to fade away.

He doesn't look scared or hurt, despite the fact that he's laying in a pool of blood.

Det. Michaels and Sadler run into the apartment, and see the Photographer on the ground.

We see Michaels yelling to get some help, but we can't hear him.

We can only hear the song, and sirens from police cars and ambulances.

The Photographer is barely conscious. Frozen.

Medics put him into a gurney, and start to roll him out of the apartment.

A medic asks the Photographer if he can hear him.

The Photographer doesn't budge.

As they roll him through the hallway, we see the young woman, looking incredibly distressed, following, before the medics tell her not to.

This causes the hardly conscious Photographer, to blink.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - MORNING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The medics roll him out of the building and start going toward the ambulance.

They pass the Killer's body, which is covered, and crime scene tape surrounding the area.

The medics roll the Photographer into the ambulance, and shut the back doors, before driving off.

The ambulance speeds through the streets, with its sirens blasting.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

**The song is playing on the radio now,** as the car is parked while Michaels and Sadler are eating sandwiches.

SADLER

Oh god.

He changes the channel.

DET. MICHAELS  
What?

SADLER  
Prince.

DET. MICHAELS  
What about him?

SADLER  
Makes me sad.

DET. MICHAELS  
Why's that?

SADLER  
I don't know, something about him  
just gets me down.

DET. MICHAELS  
Ah.

SADLER  
You ever get sad, sir?

DET. MICHAELS  
Huh?

SADLER  
That was a weird question, I'm  
sorry.

DET. MICHAELS  
Do I ever get sad?

SADLER  
Yeah.

DET. MICHAELS  
Of course. Why?

SADLER  
I mean I've been pretty sad lately.  
Like, all the time, and I was just  
wondering if that's... normal.

DET. MICHAELS  
So you meant to ask *how often* I get  
sad?

SADLER  
Uh, yes.

DET. MICHAELS  
As of late, pretty often.

SADLER  
Why?

DET. MICHAELS  
Well, you know. Stuff around here.  
It's escalating. Every time I put on  
my hat in the morning, it looks like  
an even worse day than the last.

SADLER  
Don't worry sir, I think it'll get  
better soon.

DET. MICHAELS  
I sure hope so.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
But yeah that's normal. It's good  
that you get sad. Means you can  
still feel. You're still sane.

SADLER  
Oh. Well that's good I guess.

A man on a motorcycle speeds past then incredibly fast.

DET. MICHAELS  
Ah, this asshole again.

Sadler starts the car, and drives after the man.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

We see the face of a young boy, maybe seven to nine years  
old.

He looks upset. And bored. Sitting on his bed.

Enter CONNOR HUGHES.

FEMALE VOICE  
Watcha doin', kiddo?

He looks to the source of the voice.

CONNOR  
Nothing. I don't wanna do anything.

The woman walks closer into the room.

Enter Connor's MOM.

MOM  
Why not? You have a bad day?

CONNOR  
Yeah.

MOM  
Hm. What happened?

CONNOR  
I just wanted to play soccer with  
the other kids. Then I fell down and  
got dirt all over me and nobody  
helped me up and...

Beat.

Connor's Mom sits next to him on his bed.

MOM  
Soccer, huh?

CONNOR  
Yeah, I just wanted to do something  
cool, all the time I feel like no  
one ever sees me, like I'm not there  
and...

Beat.

MOM  
I get it.

CONNOR  
You do?

MOM  
Yes, I do.

Beat.

MOM  
Recognition. That's what that's  
called. You want recognition.

CONNOR  
Rec-... recognition?

MOM  
Uh-huh. Your mom here wanted that a  
lot too when she was your age.

CONNOR  
Did you ever get it?

MOM  
(hesitant)  
Well...

Beat.

Connor looks back at the ground.

MOM  
Come on. Let's go to the park.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

The two are walking away from their house, and onto the sidewalk.

Beat.

CONNOR  
Do we have to?

MOM  
Yep, let's go. Come on, it's a  
beautiful day.

They continue to walk on the sidewalk, hand in hand.

Beat.

FADE TO:

**EXT. SAME HOUSE - EVENING**

An eighteen year old Connor is standing in front of the house, staring at it.

In the background is a girl, looking about the same age, sitting on the hood of a car.

Enter KARLA JACOBS.

KARLA  
Want me to go with you?

CONNOR  
I mean, not sure that would change  
anything.

Beat.

KARLA  
Why don't I just stay out here and  
uh, let you do your thing.

CONNOR  
Sounds good I guess.

Karla nods.

Connor takes one more deep breath.

CONNOR  
(whispering to himself)  
Rev... rev, rev...

He begins walking to the front door.

He knocks on the door.

Beat.

A woman answers the door.

WOMAN  
Can I help you?

CONNOR  
My name is Connor Hughes, I used to  
live here.

WOMAN  
...and?

CONNOR  
Is it alright if I come in and just  
take a look around? I won't be long.

The woman pauses to think.

Beat.

WOMAN  
Sure, alright.

CONNOR  
Thank you so much.



The woman opens the door for Connor and lets him in.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - EVENING**

Connor looks around.

The house looks surprisingly not very different.

WOMAN

Any reason in particular you came by today?

CONNOR

I graduated today.

WOMAN

Ah. Well congratulations.

CONNOR

Thank you.

Connor walks further into the living room.

Beat.

He hears his young laughter throughout the house.

His face seems unaffected. Unchanged.

Emotionally numb to it.

Connor then walks to a different part of the house.

He walks through the hallway, looking through the various rooms.

Then, he stumbles upon a master bedroom and pauses for a moment to look at it.

He hears a male voice and a female voice arguing loudly.

His face, still unaltered.

Connor then continues walking down the hallway.

He sees his old bedroom.

WOMAN

(in background)

Want a drink?

He turns to her.

CONNOR  
No, I'm okay, thank you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - EVENING**

Karla is still sitting on the hood of the car, drinking soda.

She looks around.

She sees Connor looking out the window of the house.

He awkwardly waves.

She awkwardly waves back.

Connor walks away from the window.

Karla goes back to her drink and looking around at the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - EVENING**

Connor is looking around the kitchen.

WOMAN  
How long did ya live here?

CONNOR  
Until I was 13.

WOMAN  
Ah, must have a lot of memories  
here, huh.

CONNOR  
Um. Yeah.

Beat.

Connor sees the backyard door, and approaches it.

He opens the door, and walks through to the backyard porch.

As he watches the grass blowing in the wind under the orange sky, he sees a younger version of himself, looking about 12 years old, sitting on the porch.

He's wearing a suit and tie, looking very regretful.  
Young Connor takes a deep breath, adjusting his tie.  
Then he looks up at the sky, at all the clouds.  
Like he's hoping for something.  
Then he looks back down at the ground, in disappointment.  
A teenage boy walks onto the porch.  
Enter a young TRAVIS HUGHES, also in a suit and tie.

TRAVIS  
How ya holdin' up, Con Air?

Young Connor looks back down at the ground again.

CONNOR  
Still here, I guess.

Travis walks over to Connor and sits next to him.

The two continue to simply sit there, staring at the world in front of them.

TRAVIS  
Thought I'd have some some  
motivational speech to cheer you up  
but...

He starts to fidget with his fingernails.

Beat.

CONNOR  
You know how many people today have  
told me that they're sorry?

TRAVIS  
Well, what else can they say, you  
know? That's just like, the thing to  
say.

CONNOR  
It's just so pointless to me, it  
doesn't help. Like if you're at the  
fucking funeral then I would imagine  
that you're sorry, I don't need you  
to tell me that.

TRAVIS  
Relax.

Beat.

Travis takes a deep breath.

TRAVIS  
Who am I kidding, acting like I  
don't miss her too. Shit.

Travis puts his hand on Connor's shoulder.

TRAVIS  
Well, I think she'd want us to have  
some of that tasty ass lookin' food  
in there, whadya think?

CONNOR  
I wanna stay out here.

Travis stands up.

TRAVIS  
Yeah, no shocker. Tell you what, why  
don't I fix you a plate, bring it  
out here and we just eat and chill.  
Sound good?

Beat.

TRAVIS  
Helloooo?

CONNOR  
Yeah yeah, let's do that.

TRAVIS  
Atta boy.

Travis goes into the house.

Young Connor continues looking toward the clouds.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - EVENING**

The front door closes behind older Connor.

He squints, looking closely at something.

He's looking at Karla, now in the front passenger seat in the car.

Then he starts walking to the car.

Connor approaches the driver's seat door, and opens it.

He gets into the car, and shuts the door.

His head turns to look at Karla, sleeping.

He opens his mouth to say something, but doesn't.

Then he starts the car and starts to drive.

Beat.

As he drives, he continues to be deep in his thoughts.

Thinking. Contemplating.

Then he takes a deep breath, and tightens his hands on the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT**

A hand wearing a black glove, tightening its grip on a motorcycle handle.

A backpack being unzipped, and putting numerous bags of what seems to be crack cocaine inside of it.

The person zipping up their jacket.

The backpack zipping back up.

The person taking four pain killers.

Then, the person in the jacket, now revealed to be present day Connor, slowly putting on a motorcycle helmet.

***Queue Sing Along by Sturgill Simpson.***

He quickly puts on the backpack.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

The motorcycle revving, before taking off into the night.

He's riding faster than Usain Bolt on a good day.

He quickly approaches a group of cars stopped in front of a red light.

So he goes in between two of them, just barely avoiding contact with them.

He quickly looks back at them, before setting his concentration back on the road in front of him.

He's going so much faster than everybody else. All the other cars look like snails in comparison.

After he zooms past a police car, the sirens immediately start going off, and the car starts to accelerate.

Det. Michaels and Sadler are in the police car.

DET. MICHAELS

Ah, this asshole again.

Michaels looks tired, and puts his seat belt on, as the car begins to chase Connor on his motorcycle.

Michaels takes a deep breath, and prepares to dive straight into danger once again.

Connor, for a split second, checks his watch.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

An intense looking man quickly walks into a room, toward a garage door on the other side.

Enter THE OBSERVER.

He also looks quite tired.

Then he crouches down, and opens the garage door.

He looks down the dark alley through the garage doorway.

As he leans on the side of the doorway, he lights a cigarette, and keeps his eyes toward the alley, waiting for something.

*Don't smoke, y'all.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

Connor is still speeding through the streets of Seawall.

Another police car is starting to chase him.

The car speeds up to Connor, and the officer inside rolls his window down, and shoots at him.

This throws Connor off, making the bike swerve as he tries to avoid the shots.

He gets closer to the officer in the car, and grabs the gun in his hand, while trying to keep his eyes on the road.

Connor takes the gun from the cop's hand, and shoots the car's tire with it.

Sparks start flying off the tire area, and the car comes to a halt, as Connor speeds off.

He throws the gun away.

Another police car starts to chase him through the streets

He looks at the cars on his tail, and tightly grips the bike's handles.

He then immediately brakes, making the police cars zoom past him, then he quickly turns around and speeds off.

The police cars, a few seconds afterward, brake.

DET. MICHAELS  
Son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OTHER PART OF CITY - NIGHT**

Connor is riding through the nightly streets, approaching a busy intersection.

He then slows down slightly and goes onto the sidewalk, barely avoiding various people walking.

The people start yelling at him.

MAN  
ASSHOLE!

The man throws an alcohol bottle at Connor, speeding away on the street again.

Connor looks at his watch again.

He seems to be in the clear, as he puts his eyes back on the road in front of him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT**

Det. Michaels and his partner are quickly driving through Seawall with their sirens blaring.

He still looks tired and unmotivated.

Then they turn a corner and collide with a helmeted man on a motorcycle, making the man fly into their windshield.

**Abruptly end song.**

DET. MICHAELS

Shit!

SADLER

You alright!?

DET. MICHAELS

Yeah yeah, let's just cuff this guy already!

The two get out of their car.

Sadler approaches the unconscious biker with hand cuffs.

SADLER

What was that other fella thinking?  
We can't just kill him like that.

DET. MICHAELS

Yeah well, that's most Seawall officers for you.

Michaels goes to the bike.

He crouches down to get a better look at it, and sees that the license plate isn't the same.

Then he sighs, stands back up, and walks over to Sadler.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Connor is riding slowly, approaching the garage doorway from earlier.



The Observer continues to wait.

Connor slows down and stops, as he goes into the garage.

The Observer then closes the garage door.

Connor gets off the bike, and takes his helmet off.

THE OBSERVER

You are...

He looks at his watch.

THE OBSERVER

1.3 seconds late.

CONNOR

Had some trouble.

THE OBSERVER

Still got it?

CONNOR

Why do you feel like you have to ask  
that every time?

THE OBSERVER

Excuse me?

Connor sighs.

CONNOR

Yes, I have it.

He takes the backpack off, unzips it, and pours all the drugs  
onto a nearby table.

The Observer walks over to the table.

He stares at the drugs.

THE OBSERVER

Alright.

CONNOR

Is it okay if I just take the 5k and  
go?

THE OBSERVER

Why?

CONNOR

I'm just really tired and I don't  
think I need to stay.

THE OBSERVER  
Quit being weird.

CONNOR  
What?

THE OBSERVER  
Stop being so weird, bro.

CONNOR  
What are you talking about? I just  
wanna go get some rest.

THE OBSERVER  
Forget it, come get your money.

Connor opens his mouth to say something, before changing his mind, and following the Observer.

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

It's very dark, all the lights are off, as the front door opens, slightly illuminating the room.

We see Connor's silhouette walk through the doorway, and shut the door, carrying a large duffel bag.

He puts the bag down and turns a light on, taking his jacket off and putting it on a coat hanger by the door.

He sighs, looking and sounding very tired.

Then, he picks the bag up, and walks further into the room.

He approaches the couch, and attempts to quietly move it.

It makes a slight screech, and he stops moving it for a moment.

CONNOR  
(whispering to himself)  
Shit...

He looks around.

Nothing but silence.

Then, he takes a deep breath, before slowly moving the couch again.

He sets it down, and stands up.

As he looks around again, he walks to a spot in front of the now turned couch, and crouches down.

He takes off some loose floorboards, then uses his phone's flashlight to see.

We now see that there is a large amount of cash hidden underneath the floor.

Connor unzips the duffel bag and dumps all of the money out under the floor, joining the rest.

He makes sure to pour every dollar out.

Then he puts the floorboards back on.

He gets up, and starts to move the couch again.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Connor is splashing water on his face at his sink.

He's breathing slowly.

Beat.

                                CONNOR  
Rev, rev, rev...

He grabs a towel, and rolls it up, gripping it with both hands.

As if gripping a motorcycle's handle.

He closes his eyes for a moment.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Connor is driving, with Karla in the front passenger seat.

Karla is on her phone.

They're stuck in traffic.

Connor takes a deep breath and rests his head on his seat, closings his eyes, as he calmly grinds his teeth with his mouth closed.

Karla quickly notices this, and takes her eyes off her phone.

KARLA

You good?

He opens his eyes.

CONNOR

Yeah.

Karla looks around.

Beat.

KARLA

It'll be alright. Remember, this is the only route we can take without getting shot.

CONNOR

Yeah, well, Lunt Street is a lot quicker.

KARLA

You been down there?

CONNOR

Um, yeah. Once.

Karla thinks to herself, and opens her mouth to say something, before changing her mind, and going back to her phone.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

Connor is standing behind a counter, dressed in a theater employee uniform.

A man walks up to the counter.

CONNOR

How can I help you?

MAN

I want an extra large popcorn.

CONNOR  
Uh, alright.

Connor grabs a large bucket of popcorn and fills it up.

Beat.

He then walks back over to the customer.

CONNOR  
Here you go.

MAN  
I said extra large.

CONNOR  
We don't have extra large.

MAN  
You gave me a large when I said  
extra large.

CONNOR  
Sir, we have large, medium, small,  
and the kids size popcorn. We do not  
have extra large.

The man looks angrily at Connor.

Beat.

MAN  
Fine. But I think I should get a  
discount because of your  
inappropriate attitude.

CONNOR  
Excuse me?

MAN  
You shouldn't be talking to your  
customers this way.

CONNOR  
Sir, I hate to tell you this but  
you're not going to get a discount  
just because you didn't know about  
the sizes of our theater's popcorn,  
and I simply explained it to you.  
It's not happening.

Beat.

The man doesn't say anything, staring at Connor.

Connor stares back.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Connor is talking to a man sitting at a desk, presumably his boss.

CONNOR  
Mr. Shah, please.

BOSS  
I'm sorry.

CONNOR  
I'll make sure it won't happen again, I promise. And you said you believe me so I... I don't really understand.

Connor's boss sighs.

BOSS  
Look, I was planning on letting you go regardless.

Beat.

BOSS  
You're always leaving early, never showing up to your night shifts...

Beat.

Connor starts thinking about something else. His face still looking emotionless.

BOSS  
I get that you can have a busy schedule and everything but-

CONNOR  
Forget it.

Beat.

CONNOR  
Don't worry about it. I'll just finish my shift and I'll be gone.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - EVENING**

Connor is driving through the city.

His phone rings.

He picks it up, and sees that Karla is calling.

Connor thinks for a moment, before answering the call.

KARLA  
(on phone)  
Connor?

Beat.

He doesn't respond.

KARLA  
Connor, where did you get all this  
money? Why's it all under the  
fucking floor?

Beat.

KARLA  
I know you didn't make all this shit  
from the theater, so you better  
start talking right now.

Beat.

KARLA  
Connor?

Beat.

KARLA  
Say something, please.

Beat.

KARLA  
Connor!

He hangs up.

Connor tightens his grip on the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Connor is putting gloves on.

Putting a jacket on.

Pouring five pain killers onto his hand.

He stares at the pills.

He takes his eyes off the pills, and looks elsewhere.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE BAR - NIGHT**

Connor is walking toward The Observer with two other men drinking, clearly drunk.

CONNOR

Hey um-

THE OBSERVER

B-bike boy!

CONNOR

Yeah do you mind if I have a quick drink to take my pills?

THE OBSERVER

I don't know... I really like this drink...

Connor sighs.

CONNOR

Please it... It's been a bad day. If I can't take my pills then I'm not doing the job. Give me a drink.

Beat.

The Observer slaps Connor across the face.

Connor looks down at the ground, not retaliating.

THE OBSERVER

Who do you think you are talking to me like that?

Connor looks up at The Observer, not saying anything.

Beat.



The Observer punches Connor, causing him to fall to the ground.

Then the Observer starts kicking Connor on the ground repeatedly.

We focus on Connor's eyes. We finally see some emotion within him.

Pain.

Then, that pain slowly transforms into anger.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

We're looking at a window and door outside the room.

Continuous screams, as well as glass breaking, can be heard inside.

More screams, accompanied by gunshots.

A final gunshot, as blood splatters all over the window.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE BAR - NIGHT**

Connor. Blood all over his face. Tears streaming from his eyes.

Standing in the middle of the room, over the bodies of the Observer and his friends.

He looks around, before grabbing a gun off a body, and sprinting out of the room.

As we hear a motorcycle revving, we see the pain killers on the ground, in a pool of blood.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - MORNING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Connor is speeding through the streets, without a helmet.

Still crying his eyes out.

The police begin to chase him, sirens blaring.

Connor looks backward at the for a moment, before turning his eyes back to the road.

Det. Michaels is in the police car.

DET. MICHAELS  
That him?

SADLER  
Has to be.

Michaels thinks to himself for a moment, noticing something is off.

More police cars begin to chase after Connor. He looks back at them, before t-boning a car, causing him to fly off his bike.

He miraculously lands on his side, in front of a grocery store.

SADLER  
Shit!

Connor slowly gets up, and runs into the store.

Michaels and Sadler get out of the car. Sadler starts to run toward the store, before Michaels stops him.

DET. MICHAELS  
Wait! He could have hostages!

#### **INT. STORE - MORNING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Connor locks the store doors.

He holds up a gun, causing everyone in the store to panic.

CONNOR  
Everyone who tries to run out of  
here gets a bullet to the skull I'm  
not kidding! Get on the ground!

A few sit down on the ground.

Connor fires a shot into the ceiling.

CONNOR  
NOW!

Everyone in the store quickly gets down on the ground, many of them screaming.

All the cops get out of their cars and aim at the store, not firing.

Beat.

Connor sits down on the floor, and pulls out his phone.

He reads the screen.

*5 Voice Mails from Karla*

He then puts the phone to his ear.

KARLA  
(voice mail 1)  
Connor, look I... I'm sorry for  
yelling on the phone earlier just,  
please call back.

KARLA  
(voice mail 2)  
Please, I know I probably don't  
understand whatever's going on with  
you right now but just- um we can  
talk about it. Please call back.

KARLA  
(voice mail 3, sounding  
more emotional)  
Connor please I- I'm sorry I- I get  
that it's been rough lately and I  
shouldn't have talked to you that  
way just- please come home...

Connor starts to cry again.

Michaels approaches the store.

DET. MICHAELS  
Hey!

Connor looks out the window at Michaels.

DET. MICHAELS  
Why don't we talk!?

Connor thinks for a moment, and looks at his phone's lock screen. Him and Karla. He tries to stop crying and stands up.

CONNOR  
(to himself)  
Shit.

Connor goes to the doors, and unlocks them.

**EXT. SHOP - MORNING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

He walks out, and stares at the cops, before putting the gun to his head.

This causes everyone to panic.

DET. MICHAELS  
Whoa whoa whoa!

Connor puts his finger on the trigger.

Det. Michaels slowly gets closer to Connor.

DET. MICHAELS  
Let's talk.

Connor is trying to not cry, but failing, as tears pour uncontrollably from his eyes.

DET. MICHAELS  
What's your name?

CONNOR  
...Connor...

DET. MICHAELS  
Connor. My name's Jackson. Are you hurt?

CONNOR  
Yeah...

Connor's watered eyes look around at all the officers aiming at him.

CONNOR  
Are they gonna shoot me?

DET. MICHAELS  
Not unless you shoot them.

CONNOR  
I don't wanna hurt anybody...

Beat.

CONNOR  
I wanna go home...

DET. MICHAELS  
Yeah, me too. I get it.

Connor looks at all the terrified civilians.

CONNOR  
Jackson?

DET. MICHAELS  
Yeah?

CONNOR  
Am... am I the bad guy?

Det. Michaels tries to respond, but can't say anything.

Connor's crying intensifies more, as he presses the gun against his head.

DET. MICHAELS  
Why don't you put the gun down,  
Connor?

CONNOR  
(crying heavily)  
I don't... really want to right  
now...

Michaels thinks to himself.

DET. MICHAELS  
Who do you have in your life? Who  
are you close with?

Connor snuffles.

CONNOR  
...girlfriend.

DET. MICHAELS  
Girlfriend. Good. What's she like?

CONNOR  
(calming down)  
She's sweet. Always looks out for  
me. Keeps me in check. She's nice to  
everybody, except when they're mean  
to me. My mom would've liked her.

His crying intensifies again.

CONNOR  
She doesn't deserve this...

DET. MICHAELS  
Don't you wanna see her again?

Connor, still sobbing hysterically, nods his head.

DET. MICHAELS  
Then please. Put the gun down.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Come on, Connor. It's a beautiful day.

Connor's crying slowly stops.

Beat.

CONNOR  
Yes. Yes, it is.

**Queue *Sunny Afternoon* by The Kinks.**

Connor takes the gun away from his head, and lightly throws it away.

Then he puts his hands up, as the cops approach him.

The cops handcuff him, and begin to escort him to a car.

Connor looks around at all the people watching.

Some watching in horror, others in curiosity.

Then, he gets into the back seat of the police car, before an officer shuts the door.

He rests his head on the car window, as the car starts to drive off.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Connor is in a hospital bed, cuffed to it.

Karla is asleep in a chair next to him.

He's watching his room's TV, a news report of him in front of the store.

He looks at Karla, before looking at the TV, and changing the channel.

His face, now flowing with energy and emotion.

Our formerly passionless and unfeeling biker is now saturated with health and contentment.

He looks up at the ceiling, and lightly smiles.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

**The song is now playing on the radio**, as Sadler and Michaels are driving through the night.

SADLER

Oh yeah.

He turns the volume on the radio up a little bit.

DET. MICHAELS

The Kinks, huh?

SADLER

Yep. My friend Meg and I would love listening to the Vietnam era type music.

DET. MICHAELS

Is Meg *that* girl?

SADLER

Nah, Meg's an old friend.

DET. MICHAELS

Ex?

SADLER

Uh, yeah. We dated for just a lil' bit.

DET. MICHAELS

How'd that go?

Beat.

SADLER

For some reason, I just tried really hard to keep us together.

Even though I knew it was a bad relationship, I kept trying so hard to hold on and... I just didn't wanna let her go.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
I should stop asking these questions shouldn't I?

SADLER  
(lightly laughing)  
No, no, I like them.

DET. MICHAELS  
Wish I could say I've been there but my wife was my second girlfriend so.

SADLER  
Nice. How's that going?

DET. MICHAELS  
Honestly, pretty great.

SADLER  
Really?

DET. MICHAELS  
Yeah. We have the occasional argument of course but after twenty years, I still love her just as much as I did when I met her.

SADLER  
Wow. Most guys seem to always say how their wife is such a pain and how they wish they could just have a super long break from them.

DET. MICHAELS  
It's all an act, I'm sure. Deep down, I think they know how important it is to have someone like that by your side. Holding your hand. Or at least I hope they know.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Lot of people like to act like they don't need that.



SADLER  
Need what?

DET. MICHAELS  
Love. Any kind, really. Doesn't have to be romantic. Could be your best friend, your pet, anybody. Anybody willing to take time out of their day to do something for you. Lots of people like to reject it, or act like they don't need it, even if it means they'll end up broken and alone.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Sorry, I'm a dramatic person by nature.

SADLER  
Well I-

The car in front of them abruptly stops, causing them to crash.

DET. MICHAELS  
Fuck.

Sadler coughs.

DET. MICHAELS  
You alright?

SADLER  
Yeah, I'm good. The hell happened?

Det. Michaels takes off his seatbelt.

DET. MICHAELS  
Let's go find out.

He gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

**INT. YET ANOTHER DAMN APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

We see an adult woman walking down a hallway. She looks to be in her mid 30's to early 40's.

Enter AMARA MALIKS.

She approaches a door, and knocks.

A man answers the door.

MAN  
Can I help you?

AMARA  
Mr. Harbor?

MAN  
That's me.

AMARA  
I'm here to talk about your nephew.  
May I come in?

MAN  
Uh, sure.

He opens the door, and she walks in.

He closes the door, and turns to her.

MAN  
So wh-

Amara punches the man in the throat, and he falls to the floor.

AMARA  
Throat, check.

She kicks him in the face as he's on the ground.

AMARA  
Face, check.

She stomps on his ya know, causing him to yell in agony.

AMARA  
Those, check.

MAN  
FUCK!

She pulls a small paper out of her jacket pocket, and starts to read it.

AMARA  
"Harbor, I recommend you mind your  
own business when it comes to me and  
my factory, or else I will-" um...

"wreck peanut refrigerator" that's  
not right uh...

The man is squirming on the floor in pain.

AMARA

I'm sorry this part is in like a  
totally different handwriting than  
the rest. Why don't I just skip it?  
"Step the fuck off my lawn.  
Sincerely, Johnny." Wow. Wonder if  
he writes poetry.

The man is still in extreme pain, with his nose bleeding.

Beat.

AMARA

Is that Ramen I smell?

She walks into the kitchen.

AMARA

It is!

Beat.

She walks out of the kitchen with a bowl of Ramen noodles,  
and a fork.

AMARA

I'm gonna take this if that's okay.  
Starving.

She goes toward the door.

AMARA

I can send you the bowl through mail  
or something. I'll figure it out.

She steps over the man on the floor.

AMARA

Excuse me.

Then she opens the door, walks out, and closes it.

Everyone in the hallway is staring, presumably because they  
heard the yelling.

Amara is walking through the hallway, eating the noodles.

AMARA  
(mouth full of noodles)  
Evening!

The man can still be heard yelling from his apartment.

AMARA  
He'll be alright, he's just having a  
rough day.

Beat.

AMARA  
(leaving)  
Merry Christmas!

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara exits the apartment building, with the bowl now empty.

She starts walking on the sidewalk, as she pulls a phone out,  
and puts it to her ear.

It rings.

A man on the other end picks up.

Enter JOHNNY HALE.

HALE  
Hello?

AMARA  
Harbor's good. Didn't take long.

HALE  
Nicely done. He give you a fight?

AMARA  
No, he gave me noodles.

HALE  
But you still did what I asked?

AMARA  
Yeah. He won't be having children  
anytime soon.

HALE  
Terrific. You'll have your green by  
tomorrow morning.

AMARA

Cool. Anywhere else I need to go tonight?

HALE

Nope, you should be done.

AMARA

Thanks, I'm getting pretty tired. Plus Alice is-

HALE

Shush. I don't need to know anything about your personal life.

AMARA

My bad. Well I'm gonna head on home then.

HALE

I'll let you know if anything last minute comes up.

She hangs up.

As some police cars with the sirens going off drive by, she turns her head to face the other way.

After they pass, she continues walking normally.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANOTHER APARTMENT BUILDING, I SWEAR THIS IS THE LAST ONE - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara is walking to the building.

A young boy, looking to be about 8 to 10 years old, sees her, and runs to her.

Enter BEN ROLLINS.

BEN

Hi, Amara!

AMARA

What's up, Ben. What do you think you're doing out this late?

BEN

My mom said you wouldn't be far.

AMARA  
You were looking for me?

BEN  
Yeah.

AMARA  
Why?

BEN  
I went to ask Alice if I could borrow some Parmesan cheese but she wouldn't come to the door when I knocked.

AMARA  
Oh, she's really sick right now, probably sleeping.

BEN  
Mom really needs the cheese for our Christmas Eve party.

AMARA  
Tell you what, when we get up there I'll get you the cheese.

BEN  
Awesome. How's your dad?

AMARA  
Better. I'm going to see him later.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara and Ben are walking to an apartment door, as she pulls a key out of her jacket pocket.

She unlocks the door, and opens it.

They both walk in.

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - EVENING (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara goes into the kitchen, and opens a cabinet.

Ben looks at a picture of Amara and Alice, with Amara kissing Alice's head.

Amara grabs a bottle Parmesan cheese, and walks over to Ben.

AMARA  
(giving the bottle to Ben)  
Here you go.

BEN  
Thanks, Amara!

AMARA  
No problem. Get going now.

Ben quickly walks out of the apartment, and shuts the door behind him.

Amara starts walking to a different part of the apartment.

AMARA  
Hey Al, I-

She walks into the bedroom, to find it empty.

AMARA  
Al?

Beat.

She walks to the bathroom, and looks in there.

AMARA  
Al!?

Beat.

No one responds.

AMARA  
Shit.

She pulls her phone out, and dials a number, before putting it to her ear and waiting.

She notices something, and starts to walk out of the bathroom.

Then, as she walks back into the bedroom, she sees a phone ringing. Alice's.

Amara looks really confused.

She picks up Alice's phone.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY PARK - DAY**

Alice, sitting on a park bench.

Of course, enter ALICE CALDWELL.

Taking in the sunlight, and the blue skies above her.

AMARA  
Watcha thinking about?

We see Amara sitting next to Alice on the bench.

She turns to Amara.

ALICE  
Guatemala.

AMARA  
Guatemala?

ALICE  
Guatemala.

AMARA  
Why Guatemala?

ALICE  
I wanna go there.

AMARA  
Really?

ALICE  
Mm-hmm.

AMARA  
Huh.

ALICE  
Not even sure why.

AMARA  
I mean, do you think it looks nice?

ALICE  
Yeah. It's not that though.  
Something about it just really  
clicks with me.

Beat.



AMARA  
Not really in the position to go on  
vacations right now.

Beat.

ALICE  
Right...

Beat.

ALICE  
Would you *wanna* go to Guatemala?

AMARA  
I mean, maybe. Can't really say that  
I like it here.

Alice turns back to the skies around her.

Beat.

AMARA  
Guatemala, huh.

ALICE  
Paris too.

AMARA  
Paris?

ALICE  
And Rome.

AMARA  
Rome too?

ALICE  
And Tahiti.

AMARA  
Wait-

ALICE  
And Japan.

AMARA  
Alright, relax.

Alice lightly laughs.

AMARA  
Not sure where I *wanna* go.

Amara lays back, and thinks.

CUT TO:

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara is on the phone, looking very stressed.

AMARA

I don't wanna hire a PI, just tell me where you last saw her. She didn't come into work today right?

WOMAN ON OTHER END

Yeah she did, she left too, worked her whole shift no problems.

AMARA

Ugh.

WOMAN ON OTHER END

What?

AMARA

She told me she was sick. Shit.

WOMAN ON OTHER END

You say that a lot don't you?

CUT TO:

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

AMARA

(frustrated)

SHIT!

She tries to calm down. Slowly breathing in and out.

AMARA

Okay...

She goes toward her front door, and opens it.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara walks to the door next to hers, and knocks.

A teenage boy answers.

TEENAGER

Oh hi there. How's your dad?

AMARA

Fine. You've been here all day right?

TEENAGER

Yep.

AMARA

And you still do that weird thing where you stand in the hallway?

TEENAGER

Yeperoo.

AMARA

Did you see Alice?

TEENAGER

Uh-huh. I asked where she was off to and she didn't say nothin'.

AMARA

She just walked off?

TEENAGER

Yeah, was really awkward. She usually starts up a whole conversation, talks about all kinds of stuff. The latest movie she watched, complaints about you, her job-

AMARA

She complains about me?

TEENAGER

I mean, yeah.

AMARA

Like wh-... you know what, never mind. Did you notice anything else about her?

TEENAGER

Had a backpack. Walked off pretty quiet-

AMARA

SHIT!

TEENAGER  
Jesus. What's wrong?

AMARA  
(trying to calm down)  
Don't worry about it. Thanks for the  
info, kid.

She briskly walks back into her apartment.

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara quickly shuts the door behind her, walking further into the room.

She paces frantically around the room, hands on her head.

She stops, and once again attempts to calm herself down.

Then she notices something and locks her eyes onto whatever it is.

It's a picture of Alice and a young man. Her brother.

Amara ruminates for a moment, sitting down on a chair.

She stares at Alice in the picture.

The stress disappears from her face, as she realizes what she has to do.

She pops her neck, and breathes slowly.

AMARA  
(quietly)  
Son of a bitch.

She gets up off the chair, and walks elsewhere.

CUT TO:

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

***Queue These Worries by Kid Cudi.***

Amara pulls out a drawer, with a gun inside of it.

A relatively old looking .44 Magnum.

She grabs the gun, and makes sure it's loaded.

She practices aiming it for a moment, before putting it down.

Then she puts the gun in her coat pocket, and walks away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara walks out of her apartment building, now wearing a long black coat, and starts walking along the sidewalk, into the night.

Surrounded by the vibrant city lights, she doesn't pay any attention to the people bumping into her.

She's set on getting to her desired destination.

A man pushes her, after she accidentally bumps into him.

She doesn't pay any mind to this.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara walks near a large gathering around a huge Christmas tree in the city.

Police officers surround it, on their guard.

Lots of couples dancing, looking very happy under the tree's lights.

Amara glances at all of them, still on her trail.

As usual, police cars bolting through the streets.

Everyone seems used to this, not seeming bothered by it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara is talking to an older woman, who is pointing to a certain direction.

Amara nods her head and thanks the woman, before walking off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara starts quickly crossing a street, despite a red light.

This makes a car slam on the brake to avoid hitting her, and a police car crashes into the back of it.

Amara stops and looks at the crash, considering going to help, but quickly deciding not to.

Michaels and Sadler get out of the police car.

Amara stops, and sees Michaels.

Michaels sees her.

She clutches the gun in her pocket, somewhat alarmed.

Michaels simply stares, recognizing her, as Sadler checks on the driver in front of them.

Then, Sadler sees the staredown, and looks at Amara as well.

Seeing Sadler, she starts to back away.

Amara then lets go of the gun, and begins walking off.

Sadler walks up to Michaels.

SADLER  
Old friend?

DET. MICHAELS  
Something like that.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
Let's get going.

Then the two get back into their police car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara is walking up the long driveway leading to the house.

It looks as if it's in a totally different world than the rest of Seawall.

Everything appears shiny, and clean, even when it's all covered in snow.

She's preparing herself for what's to come, as she's getting closer to the front door of the massive house.

She passes the expensive looking vehicles in the driveway.

Then she approaches the front door, and knocks.

**The song fades out.**

She waits for someone to answer the door.

No one does.

She knocks again.

AMARA

Jack!

Beat.

She knocks once more.

JACK

Quit knocking, I hear you.

Enter JACK CALDWELL.

AMARA

We need to talk.

JACK

Do we?

AMARA

As of matter of fact we do.

JACK

You sound different. What happened to that asshole charm of yours?

AMARA

Let me in. Let's talk.

JACK

What would I wanna talk about with you, Amara?

AMARA

Your sister.

JACK

She's not here.

AMARA  
So you know she's missing?

Beat.

She hits the door again.

AMARA  
Hey!

Jack doesn't respond.

She sighs.

Then she starts walking toward the driveway.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANSION - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Jack, looking like he hasn't gotten sleep in weeks, is downing a bottle of vodka, pacing around his living room.

He sits down on his couch, and tries to relax.

He closed his eyes, and adjusts his back.

Then, a loud crash is heard, causing him to jump, spilling some of the vodka on himself.

Jack looks around, shocked.

He gets up and puts the vodka on his coffee table, before walking off.

He quickly heads toward a door and opens it, leading to the garage.

A car has crashed into the garage, and Amara gets out of the front seat.

JACK  
What the FUCK is your problem?!

Amara doesn't respond, walking through the garage to the open doorway.

Beat.

JACK  
Hey!



She continues.

JACK  
(as she passes by him)  
I'm talking to you!

Amara walks into the house, looking around, before going up the stairs.

Beat.

JACK  
AMARA!

Beat.

Amara is quickly walking around the house, going into the hallway, Jack loosely following her.

JACK  
What the...

Jack quits following her and walks into a different room.

Amara keeps checking rooms.

After checking all of them, she walks out of the hallway, and hurriedly goes down the stairs.

She stops by the kitchen counter, pulls her phone out, and starts to look through it.

Jack walks out with a pistol, cocks it, and points it at the back of Amara's head.

AMARA  
Put that down, you're not gonna use it.

JACK  
Get out before I call the cops!

AMARA  
Your hands are as dirty as mine. Not a good idea.

She turns around, still looking at her phone.

He still has the gun pointed, looking very distressed.

Amara looks up from her phone, at Jack.

AMARA

Jack. Just because you sell guns,  
doesn't mean you have the cojones to  
shoot somebody with one. And you,  
defin-

He fires, sending a bullet through her hair and into the  
wall, barely missing her head.

She quickly turns and looks at the bullet mark in the wall,  
then back at Jack.

AMARA

Motherfucker...

Amara pounces at him, grabbing his armed hand and pointing it  
elsewhere, as he fires again.

She grips his hand and the gun, attempting to pull the gun  
away.

AMARA

Get-

He fires again.

AMARA

Can you let go of the gun please?

Of course, he doesn't let go.

Amara then grabs a cleaning spray bottle off the counter with  
her other hand.

AMARA

Spray spray.

She sprays him twice in the face, hurting his eyes, causing  
him to yell in pain, let go of the gun and stumble backward.

Amara takes the gun and puts it in her coat pocket.

AMARA

Jack. Let's chill.

JACK

(with his hands on his  
eyes)

You drove my car through my garage!

AMARA

Fair point.

Jack starts walking toward Amara.

AMARA  
Why don't we-

Jack lunges at Amara, pushing her against the wall.

She immediately pushes him off of her.

AMARA  
Don't do that.

Amara backs up into the kitchen, not looking very concerned, but prepared.

Jack lunges again.

Amara dodges him, as he keeps attempting to attack her.

AMARA  
Jack, come on, this is stupid.

He grabs a plate, and throws at her.

She avoids it with ease.

AMARA  
Alright we're playing that game?

She grabs a pan off the stove, and hits Jack in the throat with it.

He puts his hand on his throat, and falls to the ground, giving up.

AMARA  
Shit. I went for the face, that's my bad. My bad.

Jack, coughing repeatedly, sits on the ground.

Amara catches her breath, leaning on the counter.

Jack begins to cry, as Amara crouches down, looking at him.

Beat.

AMARA  
Jack.

He looks up at her, with his eyes very red.

AMARA  
Where's Alice?

Jack tries to calm himself and get it together.

Beat.

JACK  
She was here.

AMARA  
Why?

JACK  
(sniffling)  
She... she came to get a gun from  
me. Told me not to tell anybody at  
all.

Amara looks confused.

JACK  
She looked pretty set on it so...  
you know. I even took the time  
wiping away her fingerprints and  
shit.

AMARA  
Where did she go after?

JACK  
(still sniffing)  
Well... she did have her VIP tag for  
the Gem House down on Booth Street.

AMARA  
(getting up)  
Welp, this has been nice. Thanks for  
being mostly cooperative.

She starts to walk away to the house's exit.

JACK  
Amara.

She turns back to him.

JACK  
(getting up)  
You're not gonna like this but, you  
might wanna think about whether or  
not she actually wants to be found.

AMARA  
(continuing to walk off)  
Uh-huh. Well I'll see you around,  
Jack.

JACK  
Amara she-

AMARA  
(on her way out)  
Yeah I got a long night ahead of me.  
Bye!

CUT TO:

**INT. AMARA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Alice is laying down on a couch, watching TV.  
She's watching 1974's *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*.

AMARA  
(in the background)  
Al?

ALICE  
(loudly so Amara can hear  
her)  
Yeah?

AMARA  
How much pepper do you want in this?

ALICE  
Just a little bit!

AMARA  
And salt?

ALICE  
Lots!

Beat.

AMARA  
In that bowl you like?

ALICE  
Yep!

Beat.

The movie gets to the part where the chainsaw-wielding  
Leatherface hangs his victim on a hook.

ALICE  
Oh hell no.

She grabs the remote.

ALICE  
Nope nope nope.

She changes the channel.

The channel changes to a boxing match at the Seawall Gem House club.

One of the boxers is doing significantly better than the other.

ALICE  
Oh hey.

AMARA  
What?

ALICE  
I know him.

AMARA  
(walking in with two bowls  
of noodles)  
Which one?

ALICE  
The one kicking the other one's ass.

Amara sits down beside Alice.

AMARA  
Really?

ALICE  
Yep. Met him at a Subway. His name's Paul.

AMARA  
(handing Alice a bowl)  
In a Subway?

ALICE  
The restaurant Subway.

AMARA  
Oh. When?

ALICE  
When I worked there.

AMARA  
Oh yeah, that's right.

Beat.

AMARA  
Haven't been there.

ALICE  
Subway?

AMARA  
No, the Gem House.

ALICE  
You should go. Pretty wild.

AMARA  
Crowds aren't my thing. Can't really  
focus in crowds. Loud, sweaty  
assholes smelling of cigarettes.

ALICE  
(grabbing TV remote)  
You smoke cigarettes.

AMARA  
Hey I'm tryna quit.

Alice lightly laughs.

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. GEM HOUSE CLUB - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

***Queue In Cold Blood by alt-J.***

Amara enters the crowded club, charged with lots of flashing  
colorful lights.

She's taken back by the amount of people in the room.

She tries to navigate her way through the energetic crowd.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
Ladies and gentlemen! Get ready for  
our final fight of the night tonight  
in the Seawall Gem House!

The crowd gets louder, cheering, as Amara moves through.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
Get hyped for the uh... INCREDIBLE  
Bricksmack!

LITERALLY EVERYONE IN THE CROWD  
Booo! BOOOOO!

After moving through enough people, Amara approaches the boxing ring in the center of the large room.

A boxer, presumably the one that the audience is booing, is getting ready in the ring.

Amara looks around, at everyone watching.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
And now for the fighter I know you  
all have been waiting to get your  
eyes on once again!

The audience cheers again.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
Ladies and gents of the Gem House,  
make some noise for The Zombie!

The audience gets incredibly loud, as the boxer walks onto the ring.

Enter PAUL 'THE ZOMBIE' REACH.

It's the same boxer that Alice recognized.

Amara immediately notices this.

The Zombie walks onto the ring, dancing and hyping up the crowd.

He gets into Bricksmack's face, taunting him.

The audience, of course, cheers this on.

The Zombie goes to his corner of the ring.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
5...

The Zombie sees Amara in the audience.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS  
4...

He looks directly at her, like he recognizes her.



ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS

3...

Amara notices him too.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS

2...

A staredown between the two starts.

ANNOUNCER ON SPEAKERS

1...

Sound of the bell.

CUT TO:

**INT. GEM HOUSE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

**The song fades out.**

Amara walks in, searching the room.

She sees Paul 'The Zombie'. Sitting on the locker room bench, thinking to himself, staring at the floor.

He's heavily bruised from the fight.

Two construction workers are working in the background.

Beat.

AMARA

Nice fight.

He looks up and turns head to her.

PAUL

Thanks.

The two workers start walking out of the room.

WORKER

Watch out for the patch in the floor there. It's not quite stable yet so you'll fall right through.

AMARA

I'll watch where I step.

The worker nods his head, then him and the other walk out of the room.

AMARA  
Why don't we save ourselves some  
time and you just tell me where  
Alice is?

Paul looks up at the lockers in front of him.

PAUL  
(quietly)  
Alice.

He stands up, still not looking at Amara.

PAUL  
Figured that's why you were here.

AMARA  
Come on. Where is she?

Beat.

PAUL  
I can't tell you. I'm sorry.

Amara looks tired.

AMARA  
Man, I really *really* don't want to,  
I already had to tonight, but I'm  
gonna have to get mean if you don't  
tell me.

Paul turns to Amara.

PAUL  
Is that a fact?

Amara stretches her back.

AMARA  
Yeah.

Paul looks down at the floor again.

Beat.

PAUL  
I don't think she'd want me to tell  
you.

Beat.

AMARA  
Well that's kind of an issue because  
I need to know.

PAUL  
Amara, is it?

She nods her head.

PAUL  
I see. She's said a lot about you.

Paul thinks for a moment.

Beat.

PAUL  
You care about Alice?

AMARA  
Nah, I just walked clear across the  
club district on the coldest night  
of the year for fun.

Paul sighs.

PAUL  
I see what she meant.

Beat.

PAUL  
(getting up)  
Alright, come on.

CUT TO:

**INT. GEM HOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Paul and Amara quickly walk in through the doors.

In the room, we see a suited man discussing with two other  
men, presumably bodyguards.

Enter THIN AIR.

Air turns to see the two entering.

AIR  
Shit.

Paul closes the doors behind them, as Amara looks at Air.

AIR  
(to Paul)  
Is this her?

PAUL  
Yep.

AMARA  
Ama-

AIR  
Amara Malicks, yeah. We've sort of  
been expecting you.

AMARA  
Sort of?

AIR  
We were all hoping you wouldn't  
actually show up. She said how um,  
upset you can get.

AMARA  
She said a lot, huh?

AIR  
Yep. I'm Air. Thin Air.

AMARA  
Thin Air?

AIR  
Yeah.

AMARA  
Your- your name is Thin Air?

AIR  
You know, I help people disappear  
into thin air.

AMARA  
That's pretty dumb.

AIR  
Yeah it's not very subtle, but it  
works. Thus, Thin Air.

AMARA  
Huh. Didn't think it could worse  
than the "Midnight Man". Wait so,  
have you talked to her?

AIR

I have. We know you wanna know where she is.

AMARA

Uh-huh.

AIR

Well I can tell you that she's okay. She's perfectly fine, she left on her own terms.



AMARA

Bullshit.

AIR

Don't jump to conclusions here. Anyone would want out of Seawall.

AMARA

But her family's here. I   here!m

Air sighs.

AIR

I get it. You're trying not to look at the whole picture.

Beat.

Amara doesn't respond.

AIR

Ms. Malicks, you know why Alice left.

Beat.

Amara's lips quiver, as she tries to keep a lid on her emotions.

AIR

You weren't doing her any good. And you're not gonna leave the city any time soon. You're too wrapped up in it. She knew that.

Beat.

AIR

If you really care about Alice, you're gonna leave this building, go home, and let that be the end of it.

Beat.

A tear is released from Amara's eye.

AIR  
Let her go.

Beat.

AIR  
You-

Amara, quicker than the creation of the universe, draws the two guns from her coat and shoots the two bodyguards in the face, drenching the wall in blood.

Thin Air screams.

Amara then turns the guns to Paul and Thin Air, keeping them from attacking her.

Paul puts his hands up, as Air panics.

AIR  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!

PAUL  
Amara!

AMARA  
Shut the hell up!

Air continues to scream.

AMARA  
SHUT UP!

Air tries to calm down.

There's a knock at the door.

Amara signals Paul to answer it.

Paul, starting to sweat then goes to the door, and cracks it open, not revealing the bloodbath inside to the young employee at the door.

EMPLOYEE  
Mr. Reach?

PAUL  
Yeah?

EMPLOYEE

Is everything alright? Sounded pretty loud in there.

PAUL

Oh, Aidan just accidentally dropped his gun and scared the hell out of us. Nothing to get worried about.

EMPLOYEE

Aidan?

PAUL

What about him?

EMPLOYEE

Thought Cameron and Jesse were working tonight. Didn't even know an Aidan worked here.

PAUL

Uh.

Beat.

EMPLOYEE

Well I'll get back to it then. Sorry I interrupted.

He walks away.

Paul then closes the door.

Amara turns her head to Thin Air, who is looking whiter than a Kanye concert.

AMARA

(sternly)

Where is she?

AIR

She uh, she- she...

AMARA

She uh, she uh, WHERE?!

AIR

Shit, uh. I booked her on a flight to Guatemala! If you hurry to the airport you might be able to catch her!

AMARA

Which one?

AIR  
Uhhh-

AMARA  
Come ON!

AIR  
Cloudlines! Cloudlines!

Amara puts the guns back in her coat, and runs out of the room.

Thin Air tries to breathe.

Beat.

AIR  
How did we not think to frisk her...

CUT TO:

**INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara is sprinting through the airport, pushing people away.

AMARA  
Fuck out of the way!

She's drawing lots of attention, as she hurries.

She stops, noticing something in the distance.

Alice. Wearing a different colored wig, and glasses.

Amara just stares.

Alice then notices her from afar, and looks concerned.

Amara takes a step forward, before Alice shakes her head.

Seeing this, Amara stops.

Alice lightly smiles, and shakes her head again.

Amara thinks for a moment, looking around.

Then, Amara's face is finally flooded with peace, and acceptance.

Amara nods her head in forbearance.

Beat.



WOMAN ON INTERCOM  
Flight 32 to Guatemala, boarding  
now.

Alice, too, nods her head, before turning around and walking away, to board her flight.

Amara takes one final look at her now former lover, before turning to the opposite direction, and making her way out.

CUT TO:

**EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara walks down the steps of the airport entrance, and pauses.

She looks around at the towering city around her.

**Queue Billie Jean by Michael Jackson.**

She stops a cab, and gets into it.

Then, it drives off, back into the snowy Christmas night.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Det. Michaels and Sadler, carless, are walking along the sidewalk, beside a club which is **blasting the song**.

Sadler sighs.

SADLER  
Fuck all this walking.

DET. MICHAELS  
I like it. Not a huge fan of sitting  
in that car all night.

SADLER  
Suit yourself, my feet fuckin' ACHE.

Beat.

SADLER  
And it's so cold man, FUCK.

Beat.

SADLER  
So what was that about earlier?

DET. MICHAELS  
Hm?

SADLER  
The woman. Looked like you knew her.

DET. MICHAELS  
Oh. Yeah. She's something.

SADLER  
What's the history?

DET. MICHAELS  
Don't think I've been chasing after  
a criminal longer than her. Never  
able to get the evidence to lock her  
up. She's like the Joker to my  
Batman. Always one step ahead of me.

SADLER  
I don't know, I'm getting more of a  
Vincent Hanna/Neil McCauley vibe.

DET. MICHAELS  
You cannot tell me that Seawall  
isn't Gotham. Plus, I like being  
Batman.

SADLER  
Makes sense.

Beat.

SADLER  
So am I Robin?

Michaels looks at Sandler, and smiles.

DET. MICHAELS  
Sure. You're Robin.

SADLER  
Sweet.

Beat.

SADLER  
Where are we going again?

DET. MICHAELS  
Seawall General. Wanna check in on  
Mr. Hughes.

SADLER  
The biker we busted our asses  
chasing?

DET. MICHAELS  
Correct.

The two continue to walk through Seawall, as **the song fades away.**

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Lots of doctors and nurses walking around, at work. Tons of rooms with patients.

A radio sits on the front desk of the floor, playing music.

Out of one of the patient rooms, comes Aaron Blackwell, still with the bandage around his head.

A nurse walks by him.

NURSE  
(smiling)  
What do you think you're doing up  
and at 'em like that? You ain't  
supposed to leave yet.

AARON  
I will be damned if I have to sit in  
that bed *all day*.

She lightly laughs, before walking off.

Avery stands in the doorway of his patient room.

WOMAN ON RADIO  
Hey everybody, I, and everyone else  
here at Seawall's Modern Melodies,  
hope you're having a wonderful  
Christmas Eve. Here's one of the  
city's favorites, *Love\$ick* by Mura  
Masa and A\$AP Rocky.

**Queue *Love\$ick* by Mura Masa, ft. A\$AP Rocky.**

The nearby hospital staff cheer, as the song starts.

The woman sitting at the front desk turns the volume up on the radio.

Aaron smiles, as some of the staff start lightly dancing to the song.

AVERY  
You gonna dance, Blackwell?

AARON  
Nah.

AVERY  
Come on.

She walks toward Aaron.

Beat.

AARON  
Nope.

AVERY  
Yep.

AARON  
Nope.

AVERY  
Yep squared.

AARON  
Ugh.

Avery takes Aaron's hand, as she dances to the music.

After a moment, Aaron begins to nod, and sway to the beat.

Avery slowly spins around, still holding Aaron's hand.

CUT TO:

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara's resting her head on the car window, attempting to relax.

Staring at the city lights through the snow.

She starts to tap on her knee to the rhythm of the song.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The couples in front of the large city Christmas tree, still dancing.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Michaels and Sadler enter, and go through the lobby.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Karla, sitting next to Connor in his bed.

She starts to nod her head to the music, as she looks outside the window, at the city.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Police cars zooming past the hospital.

CUT TO:

**INT. GEM HOUSE CLUB - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

A black light changes the look of the large room.

Everyone is slowly dancing to the song.

They all look very alive and full of energy.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

A taxi pulls to a stop, and Amara gets out.

She looks up at the huge hospital in front of her, as the taxi drives off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

A boom box, playing the song.

VOICE

Fuck that.

**A person puts a disc in, as the song suddenly stops.**

The boom box loads the disc.

**Queue *Burn It To The Ground* by Nickelback.**

The Midnight Man, with lots of black paint around his eyes, dressed in a messy looking black and white suit with no jacket, black gloves, and a sword strapped on his back.

He's sitting in the trunk of a large red truck, joined by five other Nightwalkers.

They're doing all kinds of drugs, cocaine, heroine, meth, ketamine, etc.

A very large Nightwalker swallows some pills, presumably steroids.

One of them carries the boom box.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The Midnight Man approaches the house, pulling his sword out, with the Nightwalkers following him.

They all have various melee weapons.

He walks to the front door, and has one of the Nightwalkers kick it open.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

The Midnight Man and his Nightwalkers walk in on a Christmas party. Everyone at the party starts screaming.

Midnight Man and his entourage walk through the party, with one of them still carrying the boom box, blasting music.

MIDNIGHT MAN

HOWARD BARNES!

People start running out of the house. Midnight Man walks to a man in a sweater.

MAN  
Wait, WAIT!

Midnight Man slashes his throat with his sword.

People start screaming even louder now, as blood gets everywhere.

Two people run at the Nightwalkers and try to attack them.

One of the Nightwalkers hits their attacker in the face with a sledgehammer, knocking them down, getting more blood on the wall.

The other attacker is hit in the stomach by a Nightwalker, using a baseball bat with a saw blade attached.

A little boy in the room is crying loudly, watching the carnage. A woman grabs the little boy and runs out of the house.

The Midnight Man smiles with blood on his face, reveling in the mayhem.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

A Nightwalker lights a molotov cocktail, and hands it to the Midnight Man.

The Midnight Man throws it at the house, setting it ablaze.

The Nightwalkers applaud for him.

He accepts the applause, and dances.

His moves are awful.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

**The song closes out**, as we see the truck of Nightwalkers darting through the streets of Seawall, cheering and screaming, wreaking havoc.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Det. Michaels and Sadler stand in front of an elevator, waiting.

SADLER

Ugh.

DET. MICHAELS

What?

SADLER

I need to piss so bad.

DET. MICHAELS

Well hold it in for a minute.

Beat.

The elevator doors open, revealing Amara in the elevator.

She immediately notices Michaels, and looks a little nervous. Sadler looks incredibly nervous.

Michaels tries to hide how unnerved he looks, before walking into the elevator.

Sadler walks in too, as the elevator doors close.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara, Michaels, and Sadler, all looking very awkward.

AMARA

What uh... what floor?

DET. MICHAELS

(not making eye contact)  
...fourth.

AMARA

Ah. Nice. That's mine too.

Long, uncomfortable beat.

AMARA

Since when do these not have music?

Sadler is sweating. Amara sees this.

AMARA

You alright there, buddy?



SADLER  
I, uh-

DET. MICHAELS  
He has to shit.

AMARA  
Oh.

Beat.

Amara clears her throat. The elevator doors open, and they all get out.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

SADLER  
(to Michaels)  
Imma go the bathroom.

DET. MICHAELS  
Alright, go.

Sadler walks away. Det. Michaels approaches the front desk.

DET. MICHAELS  
Connor Hughes?

RECEPTIONIST  
Room 12.

DET. MICHAELS  
Thank you.

He walks away.

Beat.

Amara goes to the front desk.

AMARA  
Quentin Malicks?

RECEPTIONIST  
Room 8.

AMARA  
Appreciated.

She walks off.

Amara passes Avery, as they walk by the patient rooms.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Det. Michaels knocks on the doorway of Connor's hospital room. Connor is asleep.

Karla turns to Michaels.

DET. MICHAELS  
May I?

KARLA  
Yeah, sure.

Michaels walks in, and sets his gun on a table.

Karla shakes Connor to wake him. He wakes up, and sees Michaels.

CONNOR  
Oh shit.

DET. MICHAELS  
How you doing, Connor?

CONNOR  
Better.

DET. MICHAELS  
Good, good. Just wanted to ask some questions, if that's alright.

CONNOR  
Um. Okay.

KARLA  
Should I step out?

DET. MICHAELS  
That'd be preferable.

KARLA  
Cool, I'll just wait out here, then.

She walks out, shutting the door behind her.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Karla walks away from the room.

She looks around at all the rooms.

Then she leans back on a wall, next to Aaron.

Aaron's staring at something.

KARLA

Is every patient in here a criminal?

AARON

I'm not. But mostly every patient,  
yeah. I don't know about him though.

KARLA

Who?

AARON

Directly ahead, the one with the  
door open.

KARLA

Why him?

AARON

Some woman fell from his apartment  
window this morning. Twelve story  
drop.

*well what are the odds*

KARLA

Damn.

AARON

But he was found stabbed to shit.  
Whole place was caked in blood. All  
the signs of a fight. Question is  
who was in the wrong.

Beat.

Aaron turns to Karla.

AARON

Your boyfriend in there is the Motor  
Knight, right?

KARLA

What?

AARON

That's what people at my school call  
him, at least.

KARLA  
Connor Hughes?

AARON  
The dude who kept getting away from  
the cops like it was a Sunday  
stroll.

Karla sighs.

KARLA  
That's Connor.

Beat.

AARON  
Is he okay?

KARLA  
Yeah, he'll be fine. Just pretty  
shaken. Been through a lot.

AARON  
That's good.

Beat.

AARON  
I mean, it's good that he'll be  
alright not that- eugh.

Karla smiles.

AARON  
Sorry. It's just been a really weird  
fucking day.

Beat.

KARLA  
Yes, it has.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Avery is sitting next to a man in a Santa Claus costume.

She's eating a small bag of chips, looking at his costume,  
smiling.

He notices her looking at him.

She nods her head.

AVERY

Sick.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara sits next to a hospital bed, with an older man in it.

Enter QUENTIN MALICKS, her father.

QUENTIN

What have you been up to?

AMARA

Me stuff.

QUENTIN

How's Alice?

AMARA

Well. We uh. Broke up.

QUENTIN

Oh man. I'm sorry, kiddo.

AMARA

Ah, don't worry about it. Was just a little sudden. I'll be okay.

QUENTIN

I know. You always are. Still, it's rough.

Beat.

QUENTIN

There's a girl out there for you.

Alice lightly scoffs.

AMARA

You think so?

QUENTIN

Know so. There's someone for everybody, even if they don't think there is.

Beat.

QUENTIN  
Whether they find them or not is a  
different story.

A woman outside the room screams.

Amara reacts, and gets out of her chair.

She walks to the door and opens it.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Amara walks out of the patient room, to see The Midnight Man and his five Nightwalkers with their weapons drawn.

The Midnight Man is pacing around the room, holding his sword.

We can see Aaron, Karla, Avery and Amara watching in panic.

All the hospital employees look incredibly stressed.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
DETECTIVE JACKSON MICHAELS!

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Det. Michaels hears this, and his heart drops. He hesitantly turns to the door.

Connor looks very on edge, as he sits up in his bed.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

MIDNIGHT MAN  
Come out, RIGHT NOW, and maybe not  
as many of these people have to die!

Everyone panics loudly.

AARON  
Whoa whoa, this isn't necessary!

The room goes silent, as the Midnight Man turns to Aaron.  
Looking confused.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
Say that again?

Aaron turns pale with fear.

Avery's face is filled with dread.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
REPEAT YOURSELF!

AARON  
(looking at the floor)  
...this isn't necessary.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
This isn't necessary! Delightful.

Aaron takes a deep breath, and looks up at The Midnight Man.

AARON  
(slightly shivering)  
Come on, man... It's Christmas Eve.  
Can't you just let us all go home?  
Most of us have had a pretty shitty  
night...

NIGHTWALKER  
Kill him already!

MIDNIGHT MAN  
SHUT THE FUCK UP! ...what's your  
name?

AARON  
...Aaron...

MIDNIGHT MAN  
Aaron. You have a purpose, right?

Aaron looks at Avery.

AARON  
...yeah.

Avery looks back at him.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
Well...

He spreads his arms.

MIDNIGHT MAN  
This is mine. Simple as that.

Beat.

MIDNIGHT MAN

The reason why I was forged from  
every sin known to man. Why I was  
meant to have this little  
conversation with you.

He walks even closer to Aaron.

MIDNIGHT MAN

(aggressively pointing at  
his head, getting in  
Aaron's face)  
To drag you all into my own, cold,  
midnight.

The Midnight Man continues to speak, but all we hear is  
Aaron's heartbeat, as he stares at the ground.

It gets continuously louder, and faster.

Then, it stops, before Aaron looks back up at The Midnight  
Man, and slaps him across the face.

Beat.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Did- did you just slap me?

Aaron doesn't look afraid anymore.

Det. Michaels opens the door to the patient room, ready to  
walk out.

Midnight Man pulls back his sword, ready to shove it into  
Aaron's chest.

Avery can't watch.

AMARA

Leave him be!

The Midnight Man and Aaron both look at Amara.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Well would you look at that. Another  
one. Give me a sec, ma'am, I'll be  
with you in a moment.

Amara starts walking toward him.

**Queue *Rasputin* by Boney M.**



A Nightwalker approaches Amara with a knife and tries to attack her, before she makes him trip and fall on the ground.

Then she lifts her foot up, and plunges the heel of her boot into his eye.

She continues to push, as everyone in the room watched in shock, and the Nightwalker screams in agony.

Aaron then punches The Midnight Man in the face, knocking him back.

Connor stands up out of his hospital bed, and tries to tear off the bed's arm, which he's still cuffed to.

Aaron reacts to the pain in his hand after the punch.

The Midnight Man tries to stab Aaron, before Amara throws the Nightwalker's knife into his back, and he drops the sword.

A Nightwalker with a machete sees Michaels and sprints into the room, attacking him.

Connor finally tears off the bed arm and hits the Nightwalker with it, knocking him down.

Aaron grabs the Midnight Man by his hair, pulls his arm back, and punches him again, making him spit blood.

Det. Michaels struggles with the Nightwalker, before pushing him to the window frame.

Connor walks to him to finish him off, before Michaels stops him.

Michaels grabs the Nightwalker, before shoving his face into the broken, sharp glass.

Aaron continues to pummel the Midnight Man.

Lots of hospital staff running around screaming.

A Nightwalker with a sledgehammer starts going to Aaron as he keeps attacking the Midnight Man.

Then the man in the Santa costume starts sprinting toward him.

SANTA  
EUUUUGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!

He tackles the Nightwalker, making him drop his sledgehammer.

The Midnight Man hits Aaron back, and starts to gain the upper hand.

Avery then runs in, grabs the sword off the ground.

She cuts The Midnight Man's leg with it.

MIDNIGHT MAN

SHIT!

Avery helps Aaron up.

AVERY

You alright?!

AARON

Yeah, yeah!

They run off.

Det. Michaels and Connor are running through the chaos.

CONNOR

(to Michaels)

Find Karla!

Michaels nods his head, and runs elsewhere.

Then the Nightwalker with the modified baseball bat takes a swing at Connor, which he blocks with the arm of the bed.

The Nightwalker pushes Connor against the wall, pushing the arm of the bed up against Connor's neck.

Suddenly the Nightwalker is hit with something in the leg, and he falls down in pain.

Connor falls down and gasps for air, and sees the Photographer with the sledgehammer, who repeatedly hits the Nightwalker's head with it as he's on the ground, crushing his face.

The Photographer puts his hand out to Connor.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Move it.

Connor hesitantly takes his hand, and the Photographer helps him up.

Amara and The Midnight Man look at each other from across the room.

Amara pops her neck, and starts walking to him.

The Midnight Man, heavily bruised and with teeth missing, draws his sword.

The Photographer drops the sledgehammer, and picks up the baseball bat.

Amara is barely avoiding swipes from the Midnight Man's sword.

The man in the Santa costume is slamming the Nightwalker's face onto the ground continuously.

SANTA  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Det. Michaels sees The Midnight Man fighting Amara.

The Midnight Man kicks Amara in the stomach, and she falls to the ground.

Det. Michaels quickly slides the machete over to her.

She grabs it, and uses to block The Midnight Man's sword.

Avery is defending herself from the Nightwalker whose eye was stomped, blocking all of his hits.

Aaron then drives a fire axe into the Nightwalker's back.

The Nightwalker screams in anguish.

Connor and The Photographer run up to them.

Connor hits the Nightwalker in the head with the bed arm, sending him to the ground, onto his back with the axe still in it.

The Photographer rolls the Nightwalker's body over, and tries to pull the axe out.

Connor helps him pull it out of the back.

The Photographer then hands Aaron the axe.

Aaron looks unsure about this, before he and Avery follow Connor and the Photographer as they run off.

Amara headbutts the Midnight Man, and gets up.

They both run at each other.

Amara blocks more of the Midnight Man's attacks with the machete.

Then in a moment of weakness, Amara grabs the Midnight Man's arm, and slices his wrist, making him drop the sword.

She catches the sword, and quickly impales him with it.

Blood starts coming out of the Midnight Man's mouth.

She lets go of the machete and pulls the sword out of him, as he drops to the bloodied hospital floor.

Aaron, Connor, The Photographer, and Avery run in, joining Amara.

Det. Michaels and Karla run in as well.

KARLA

Shit.

An incredibly large and muscular Nightwalker approaches our now unified group of characters.

AARON

Uhh...

Aaron carefully picks up the machete, and hands it to Avery.

AARON

Take this, take this.

She accepts the machete, and gets into a fighting stance.

Connor sees Karla and Det. Michaels.

CONNOR

(to Karla)

Stay back!

The Nightwalker lunges at them, and punches Connor in the face when he isn't looking, knocking him down.

He picks Connor up by the legs, and swings him at the others, hitting Aaron and Amara.

Avery and The Photographer cut him, as he roars at them, continuously swinging his fists.

The hulking Nightwalker knocks the Photographer down with the back of his hand.

Avery flexibly dodges the huge Nightwalker's hits.

All of a sudden, the Nightwalker is shot in the stomach.

Then again in the chest.

And again, and again, and again.

And then a few more times.

*"And so they shot him, til' he was dead..."*

He's repeatedly shot in the face, splattering his brains on the wall behind him.

**The song closes out**, as everyone looks back.

They see Sadler, with the barrel of his gun smoking, now out of ammo.

*"Oh, those Russians..."*

Beat.

The dust settles in the room, as all the knocked down characters get back up on their feet.

They look around at all the brutal havoc that ensued.

Beat.

Aaron then pukes all over the floor.

AARON

Whew... sorry...

Det. Michaels approaches The Midnight Man, bleeding out very heavily as he sits on the ground against the front desk.

He looks up at Michaels.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Motherfucker...

Beat.

MIDNIGHT MAN

Shit, you happy now? Now... you can go home to your stupid bitch of a wife... and your retarded kids... and-

Det. Michaels kicks him in his huge hole of a wound.

MIDNIGHT MAN

AGHHHHHH!!

Det. Michaels continues to kick the wound with all his might.

Everyone else watches, not interfering.

Then, the Midnight Man's screams go silent, as Michaels keeps kicking.

He finally stops, and turns to all the others.

Beat.

AMARA  
Cool. That's over with.

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - SUNRISE (CHRISTMAS DAY)**

{slow-motion}

***Queue Christmas (Baby Please Come Home) by Darlene Love.***

A group of police officers enter the room.

They look surprised by what they see.

Beat.

All in a row, sitting on the floor against the front desk:

Avery, resting her head on Aaron's shoulder. Aaron looking distressed, but calming down.

The Photographer, relaxed as can be.

Connor, closing his eyes. Karla, holding his hand, and smoking a cigarette.

Amara, lighting Karla's cigarette, as she smokes one as well.

*Seriously, don't smoke y'all.*

And finally, Det. Michaels, sharing a laugh with his partner Sadler.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

{slow-motion}

A SWAT team busts a door down.

They look around the room, and see lots of tied up teenager and children.

With graffiti on the wall reading:

"MIDNIGHT"

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE)**

Detectives are investigating a house, which seems to belong to the Photographer's professor.

One of them opens up a closet, revealing many picture of various blonde women, presumably her victims.

The detective start to examine it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - SUNRISE (CHRISTMAS DAY)**

{slow-motion}

Our heroes finally walk out of the hospital, each of them looking very exhausted.

Surrounded by ambulances, medics come up to them.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - SUNRISE (CHRISTMAS DAY)**

Aaron is being talked to by the police, as he stares at the concrete ground.

Det. Michaels walks in.

DET. MICHAELS  
(to the cops)  
Hey guys, why don't we give him a  
rest for a minute?

COP  
Sure thing, sir.

They officers walk off.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
You alright?

Aaron looks up at Michaels.

AARON  
Yeah. Just wanna go home.

DET. MICHAELS  
Me too.

Aaron looks back down.

DET. MICHAELS  
Tell you what, why don't you go on  
home for Christmas and we can do all  
this police stuff some other time.

Aaron looks up again, and takes a deep breath.

AARON  
That would be nice.

DET. MICHAELS  
Good deal. You have a ride?

AARON  
Yeah, I have one coming.

DET. MICHAELS  
Alright. Merry Christmas.

Det. Michaels walks off.

Avery walks up to Aaron, and puts her hand on his shoulder.

Aaron looks around, and sees Amara.

AARON  
(to Avery)  
Is it okay if you give me a second?  
I gotta go do something.

AVERY  
Yeah, sure. Wanna get out of here  
soon though.

AARON  
This won't take long.

Aaron approaches Amara, **as the song closes out.**

Amara starts to light up another cigarette, before-



AARON  
Excuse me, miss...?

Amara looks at Aaron.

AMARA  
Malicks.

AARON  
Ms. Malicks, I uh, I just wanted to  
thank you. Saved my ass. Plus it was  
just... pretty awesome.

She sparingly laughs.

AMARA  
No problem, kid.

AARON  
Other then when they killed that  
poor nurse, that wasn't awesome...

AMARA  
Yeah well, you get to tell people  
you beat the shit out of the  
Midnight Man.

AARON  
That is pretty cool. Well I've gotta  
get going, thanks again.

Amara nods her head, and lights her cigarette.

Avery joins Aaron as they both walk off, hand in hand.

Amara smokes her cigarette, as she sees Det. Michaels in the  
distance.

Michaels sees her as well, and nods his head.

She stares, taking one last smoke, before nodding back, and  
flicking the cigarette away.

She walks away, as Det. Michaels watches.

SADLER  
Sir?

DET. MICHAELS  
Yeah?

SADLER  
I think I know what *me* is now.

DET. MICHAELS  
(turning to Sadler)  
Yeah, and what's that?

SADLER  
Saving people. Taking down bad guys.  
Never felt more alive doing this.  
This is me.

DET. MICHAELS  
I like that you. Good on you,  
Sadler.

CUT TO:

**INT. PRISON CELL - DAY**

Connor, now in an orange jumpsuit, walks in, as the cell door shuts behind him.

He goes up to his cell's sink, and sets down a Polaroid of him and Karla, looking very cheerful and untroubled.

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

The Photographer unlocks his apartment door, and looks down the hallway at the young woman's door.

He then contemplates, staring at her door.

Beat.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - DAY (CHRISTMAS DAY)**

Det. Michaels walks through the front door.

CHILDREN  
Dad!!!

DET. MICHAELS  
Hey!!!

Three children hug him, as he hugs back.

FEMALE VOICE  
About time.

Det. Michaels approaches the woman, and immediately kisses her right on the lips.

Of course, enter ANGELA MICHAELS.

ANGELA  
Wow, you're happy.

DET. MICHAELS  
Well yeah, it's Christmas.

She smiles, and kisses him again.

DET. MICHAELS  
Alright, we ready for presents?

CHILDREN  
YEAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Michaels and Angela are taken back by the noise of their kids' volume.

DET. MICHAELS  
(walking off)  
Damn, y'all have some LUNGS.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

A news report on a TV.

REPORTER  
In a truly bizarre turn of events, a group of yet to be identified strangers turned the tables against the Nightwalkers, leaving not one of them left alive, including the notorious Midnight Man, the head of the entire operation, thus marking the end of the Nightwalkers' reign of terror. We'll get back to you as soon as we identify the combative citizens, but whoever they are, it seems they've made the dark streets of Seawall City, a little brighter.

The channel changes to 1997's *Pulp Fiction*.

We see Michaels, putting his coat on, on his way out of the house.

He opens the front door, and steps outside onto the porch.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

He sees Sadler waiting in their car.

SADLER  
Hey! Look at this!

Sadler rolls down the back seat window.

A K9 German Shepard peeks her head out.

SADLER  
Her name's Abby!

DET. MICHAELS  
Well hi, Abby!

ABBY  
*bark!*

Det. Michaels smiles.

Then he looks up at the snow, falling from the sky, still with a smile on his face.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
I love Christmas. Makes me focus on people a little more.

Beat.

DET. MICHAELS  
(narrating)  
People that make me a bit more happy to be here.

Beat.

**Queue *Take Five* by Dave Brubeck.**

He closes the door behind him, and puts on his hat.

Then, he starts going toward the car, ready for what is sure to be another weird, violent, and romantic day.

**FADE TO BLACK**

SPECIAL THANKS

Aidan

Cam

Jesse

Shah

Gus

David

Egor

Ms. Basham

Carson

Tanner

Adam

Jacob

Whitley

Bryson

Forrest

Bryan

Johnathan

Chris, I guess

Jairo

Harry

Mya

Abby

Tariq

Ultra

Doc

Nick

Caity

Mom

The legend herself, Grandma Shirley

Grandpa Jack

Grandma Mary

Grandpa Orlo

Dad

God

My wonderful new niece, Camryn

And every single one of my people who's had my back along the way. No matter how far away they are.

You gave me the love and the motivation to finish this script, and I could not have done this without you all.

So, thanks.