

GET OUT

Written by

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

-Romans 12:1-2

EXT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

ANDRE, 29, an African-American man walks down the sidewalk talking on his phone.

ANDRE

Hey. I'm trying to figure out what kind of sick individual would name a street Evergreen Way a half a mile from and "Evergreen Lane."

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Oh shit. You're at Evergreen Lane?

ANDRE

Took me long enough to figure that shit out too. Now I'm walking through creepy confusing-ass suburbs.

They laugh

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I'm serious though. I'm out here like a sore thumb and shit.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Stay put; we'll come get you.

ANDRE

No, I'm like 10 minutes away now. I'm good. I need a drink, but I'm good.

CRYSTAL

Okay. Sorry baby. I'll make it up to you.

ANDRE

I'm gonna hold you to that, too. See you in a minute.

Andre hangs up.

Andre stops. He looks down the street behind him. It's dark and empty. Andre looks up the street in front of him; A vintage creme-colored Porsche with tinted windows and a roof passes him.

A dog barks.

The car does a u-turn behind him. It now CREEPS up on the street behind Andre. It's following him.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Drivers's POV watching Andre. His BREATH ECHOES deep and tinny as if were into a coffee can. Through the car's system we hear the song "Run Rabbit Run."

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre, feeling followed, stops and turns. The car stops. He waves at the unseen DRIVER obscured by reflection of the streetlight on the windshield. There is no response. The ENGINE PURRS. The song "Run Rabbit Run" is playing from inside.

Andre peers through the windshield but can't see through the reflection of the street lamp.

Nothing. Sketchy. Andre resumes walking; the car follows suit...

 ANDRE
 (under his breath)
 This is some shit right here...

After a beat of walking.

 ANDRE (CONT'D)
 Nope.

Andre turns around and begins walking in the other direction.

 ANDRE (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Yo.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV. Andre walks.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre hears the song "Run Rabbit Run" more clearly now. Andre turns back to the car it's sitting in the street where he left it. He walks into the street and peers to get a better angle. The driver's side car door is open.

ANDRE

What the fuck?

Andre turns back to the curb and the DRIVER, in a black knight's helmet, steps towards him and quickly wraps him up in a rear naked choke hold. Andre struggles but soon passes out. The phone drops to the floor. HE is dragged to the trunk of the car.

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

TITLE CARD:

"Get Out"

EXT. CITY- DAWN

The sun rises over the city. Autumn. Beautiful.

INT. CITY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We move slowly through the small but clean apartment. The walls are decorated with striking urban photography. A SHOWER RUNS.

INT. CITY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

CHRIS WASHINGTON, 24, a handsome African-American man shuts the medicine cabinet. He's shirtless and naturally athletic. He scrutinizes his reflection with a touch of vanity.

INT. CITY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

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

INT. CITY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

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

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Rose rides in the elevator. The doors open.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

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

ROSE

I know. I couldn't decide...

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

INT. CITY APARTMENT - CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

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

Rose eats a chocolate croissant. SID lays by her on the bed. She strokes him. It's a perfect morning.

ROSE
Toothbrush... Deodorant...

CHRIS
Check... Check....

Rose notices Chris is being cagey.

Chris packs in silence for a moment.

ROSE
What? Where'd you go?

CHRIS
Nowhere.

ROSE
No, what?

CHRIS
Do the know I'm black?

ROSE
No. Why? Should they?

CHRIS
Seems like you might wanna mention
it...

ROSE
Right. You mean like "Mom, Dad, my
black boyfriend and I are coming up
for the weekend"? He's African
American, but I hope you can
overlook that.

Chris, being teased, pulls Rose by the ankle and gets on top of her.

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

ROSE

Yeah, so.

CHRIS

I'm just sayin' this is uncharted territory for them. I don't wanna get chased off the lawn with a gun.

Rose embraces him and pulls him to the bed.

ROSE

Dude, seriously. My dad would've legit voted for Obama a third time if he could've. Yes, he will want to talk to you about it, and that will be embarrassing as fuck, but it's just cause he's lame.

Chris laughs.

ROSE (CONT'D)

There are a lot of maddening things about them but they're not racist. I promise.

Chris nods amused, but isn't totally convinced.

ROSE (CONT'D)

And my mom loves Idris Elba.

CHRIS

(sarcastic)

Oh, why didn't you say so?

He holds her. He kisses her cheek. She raises her phone and takes a selfie of them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, sneak attack!

ROSE

(laughing)

Don't!

They roll around playfully.

INT. CITY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris and Rose stand by the front door about to leave. Rose blows Sid a kiss.

ROSE
 (to Sid)
 Bye, Sid.

They almost leave, but at the last second goes to turn the TV on for Sid. He rubs Sid's head briefly.

CHRIS
 (to Sid)
 Rod'll be by soon. Love you.

They leave. Sid watches a commercial for the United Negro College Fund.

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)
 The United Negro College Fund. A
 mind is a terrible thing to waste.

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

We soar over Rose's Car as it drives through the beautiful countryside; a road flanked by woods.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose hums. Chris, in the passengers seat, looks through his camera at the passing trees. He snaps a test shot. Chris picks up a fast food wrapper from the floor of the car and tosses it in the backseat.

CHRIS
 I can't believe they even let you
 in a Hospital.

ROSE
 I'm very sanitary at work.

CHRIS
 How long has it been?

ROSE
 Since I've been up here? I don't
 know. A few years? My dad grew up
 here. We used to come up every
 summer to visit my grandparents.
 Since they died, my parents
 basically moved here.

Chris takes out a cigarette sneakily. Rose grabs it promptly. Chris holds out his hand for it. He's played this game before.

CHRIS

Okay.

She poses sexy with it.

ROSE

Is this hot? Do I look hot?

CHRIS

I'm a grown man. If I say I want a cigarette, I should be able to--

She opens the window and throws it out and closes the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

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

Rose takes a crumpled dollar out of her purse.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hold on, I gotta call Rod.

Chris takes out his phone.

EXT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - DAY

ROD WILLIAMS, 26, African American, a stocky TSA agent smokes a cigarette and hides it from arriving passengers. His cell phone rings.

ROD

'Sup?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

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

CHRIS

Hey, You at work?

ROD

Yeah. Chris, tell me this. How I'm gonna get in trouble for pattin' down an old lady. It's standard procedure! I got fuckin' Gary out here thinkin' just because a bitch elderly, she can't hijack an airplane.

Chris laughs.

ROD (CONT'D)

Watch, the next 9/11 is gonna be on some geriatric shit too.

CHRIS

Look, man; Thanks for watching Sid this weekend. Remember, no human food; he's got IBS.

ROD

You actually think I forgot that shit? Damn 'C', I'm hurt. Give your boy a little credit. I don't forget shit, you do.

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah. Alright.

ROD

Apology accepted. How's 'Lil Miss Rosie?

CHRIS

She's good. She's drivin'--

Rose holds out her hand. Chris reluctantly turns on the speaker phone.

ROSE

Hi, Rod.

ROD

Whattup girl? Hey listen, you better bring my boy back in one piece.

ROSE

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

ROD

You know you picked the wrong guy though right?

ROSE

It's not too late for us is it?

Chris turns the speaker phone back off.

CHRIS

Okay, get your own girl.

ROD
Damn, I never seen you like this.

CHRIS
Like what?

ROD
Meeting the family? What does she lick your balls or something?

CHRIS
Goodbye, Rod. I'll kick you some cash when I get back.

ROD
I don't need your money, just get your girl to introduce me to one of her ball-lickin' girlfriends, and we're straight.

CHRIS
Bye.

ROD
You better not come back all bougie on me--

Chris hangs up. He gives Rose a look.

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

Rose pokes Chris. He's clearly very ticklish.

CHRIS
Hey!

After a brief standoff they begin a tickle fight.

ROSE
Stop! I'm driving.

Chris pulls away. After a moment...

CHRIS
You started it--

A shadow darts across the hood of the car. It's hind legs SMACK the hood of the car with a loud THWAT-THWAT!

EXT. RURAL ROAD. CONTINUOUS

The deer is propelled into the woods like a pinwheel. The car screeches to a halt. The passenger's side mirror swings dangling off it's mount. Chris and Rose breathe hard for a few moments of shock.

ROSE

Fuck!

CHRIS

You okay?

ROSE

Yeah. You?

CHRIS

Yeah. That scared the shit out of me.

Rose and Chris get out of the car and inspect the damage. The right headlight is busted and a scratch in the paint leads across the hood to the right rearview mirror which hangs

ROSE

Fuck!!!

Chris looks back in the direction of the collision.

CHRIS

Stay here.

ROSE

What are you doing?

CHRIS

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

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Maybe it's gone--

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

Chris walks back towards the haunting wail. It stops.

ROSE

Chris...?

Chris motions for Rose to stay. He keeps walking towards the thicket about 40 Ft behind the car. Something breathes deep in the bushes.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Be careful!

Chris gathers his courage and steps off the road into the dark thicket. He peers through the bushes. The deer lays there gasping for air and watching him with a black wet eye. Chris is transfixed.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A cop car is now pulled up behind Rose's car. OFFICER FROSTY - Caucasian - 33 stands near the deer on the road behind. Another officer, OFFICER RYAN - 40 - Caucasian, speaks with Rose who stands by the open driver's side door. Chris sits lightly on the hood facing forward lost in thought.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rose rummages through her messy purse.

OFFICER RYAN

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

ROSE

Right. Thanks. Here it is!

Rose finally pulls her driver's license from her purse. The Officer looks at it and over at Chris.

OFFICER RYAN

You two coming up from the city?

ROSE

Yeah. My parents live in the Lake Pontaco area. We're up here for the weekend.

OFFICER RYAN

Sir..? Can I see your license?

CHRIS

Oh... yeah. I have a state I.D.

ROSE

Wait, why?

OFFICER RYAN

Ma'am?

ROSE

He wasn't driving?

OFFICER RYAN

I didn't ask if he was driving, I asked to see his I.D.

ROSE

(to Officer Ryan)

But why? It doesn't make any sense.

CHRIS

Here.

Chris offers Officer Ryan his I.D.

ROSE

No, fuck that. He shouldn't have to show you his I.D. because he hasn't done anything wrong.

CHRIS

Baby. It's okay--

OFFICER RYAN

Ma'am, any time there is an incident we have the right to--

ROSE

That's bullshit!

OFFICER RYAN

Ma'am...

There is a tense silence. Officer Ryan gives up. Not worth the trouble. Officer Ryan's walkie chimes in.

OFFICER FROSTY

Everything alright up there Crowsie?

He presses his walkie button.

OFFICER RYAN

Yeah, I'm all good.

(to Chris and Rose)

You guys drive safe.

Rose and Chris get into their car.

OFFICER RYAN (CONT'D)
Get that headlight fixed... And the
mirror.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Bird's eye view. The car winds through a thickly wooded road.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

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

ROSE
What?

CHRIS
That was hot.

ROSE
I'm not gonna let anyone mess with
my man.

CHRIS
I see that.

ROSE
We're here.

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The woods give way to an huge clearing. A lovely medium-sized
home sits in the middle. Thick forest surrounds the estate.
The property is charming and isolated; no other houses in
sight.

As they drive past the large front lawn passing WALTER,
African American 35, who trims hedges. Walter is tall and
wears a gardening hat. He works slowly and methodically. Rose
waves as they pass.

ROSE
Hi, Walter!

Walter waves back.

ROSE (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
The grounds-keeper.

CHRIS

Oh, okay.

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Having parked, Rose and Chris approach the front door with their luggage. Rose rummages through her bag.

ROSE

Where are my stupid keys...? I just had them in my hand.

Chris RINGS the DOORBELL. Touché.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Get ready.

FOOTSTEPS. The door swings open revealing...

DEAN ARMITAGE, 59, a tall, barrel-chested WASP. Dean is a well educated man with a poor social filter and a bad case of Dad humor. He is the kind of guy who pronounces garbage, Gar-bahge.

And... MISSY ARMITAGE, 56, is poised, warm and beautiful. She exudes patience and intelligence. Missy can read people like books. She's a perfectly attentive host.

Rose hugs her parents.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hi!

DEAN

There she is!

MISSY

Hello sweetheart.

Chris stands there awkwardly.

ROSE

Chris, this my Mom and my Dad. Mom, Dad; Chris.

CHRIS

Hey.

Dean holds his hand out.

DEAN

You can call me Mr. Armitage.

CHRIS

Of course. I--

DEAN
Got him. Come here.

Dean grabs Chris' hand and pulls him in for a bear hug.

DEAN (CONT'D)
We hug around here, my Man. Call me
Dean.

Rose rolls her eyes with love. She's already embarrassed.

MISSY (to Rose) Your father's very excited.	CHRIS Nice to meet you.
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MISSY
Hi, I'm Missy, welcome to our home.

Missy shakes Chris' hand warmly.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Come inside.

DEAN
Yes, Come in! Make yourselves
comfortable?

The four enter the house. Walter watches from afar. He slowly turns and goes back to work.

INT. ARMITAGE HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The interior is homey and eccentric; worldly and interesting.

DEAN
(to Rose and Chris)
How was the ride in?

ROSE
We hit a deer.

DEAN
Oh no! Is it dead?

CHRIS
Yeah.

MISSY
That's horrible. Are you guys
alright?

ROSE
Yeah. It just fruck us out.

MISSY
 "Fruck?" That's a good one.

CHRIS
 It came out of nowhere. We got it pretty good.

DEAN
 You know what I say: One down... a few hundred thousand to go.

MISSY
 (laughing)
 Dean. So awful.

Dad.

ROSE

DEAN
 What?! They're everywhere; like rats. The threat they pose to the ecology is pretty serious stuff.

MISSY
 I'm sure that was traumatic for you. You two must be exhausted.

CHRIS
 Yeah, a little.

DEAN
 So how long have you guys been a thing?

CHRIS
 4 months.

ROSE
 5 months.

CHRIS
 She's right, I'm wrong.

DEAN
 'Atta boy, Chris. Get used to saying that.

Dean stands.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Anyway, let me give you the grand tour.

ROSE
 Slow down. We just got here.

MISSY

Let them unload their bags first.

DEAN

Yeah, yeah. Alright. Well, hurry.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Rose and Chris take their bags upstairs.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rose's old room is a cross between a young-minded teenage girl... (a stuffed lion, ballerina music box etc) and a moodier more rebellious teen. A window overlooks the front lawn.

Rose and Chris place their bags down. She starts unpacking.

ROSE

I was never this clean.

CHRIS

Oh, right.

Chris looks at some pictures posted on her dresser.

ROSE

So...

CHRIS

What? Oh, they're great.

ROSE

I told you.

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

CHRIS

Wait, wait, wait, wait. Is this you?

ROSE

Where did you find that. I hate that picture.

Rose takes it from him and puts it in the closet.

CHRIS

I didn't know you were a drama kid.

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

CHRIS
Oh really?

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Wait, what about the tour?

Rose looks at him like "You've got to be kidding me." Chris
laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What? I want to be respectful.

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

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

Dean opens the door to the office. He and Chris stand
outside the door as Dean reaches in to turn on the lights.
In front of the desk, two comfortable-looking chairs face
each other. Books line the walls. Dean and Chris don't enter.

DEAN
Missy's office. She takes
appointments in there.

CHRIS
Nice. She's a therapist, right?

DEAN
Psychiatrist, yeah. Turns out
people up here are just as messed
up in the head as they were in the
city.

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

DEAN (CONT'D)
That's my Son Jeremy.

CHRIS
I've heard stories.

DEAN

He went through a couple dark spots
but came out the other side just
fine. He's in Med school like his
pops. You'll meet him later.

CHRIS

Oh, cool.

They pass Rose who's on her phone in the living room. She gives him an "Told you this would be boring" look.

DEAN

(chuckles)

We pop around quite a bit; always
seem to bring some new little
treasure back from wherever.

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

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh you'll like this. My dad's claim
to fame. He was beat out by Jessie
Owens in the qualifying round for
the Berlin Olympics in '36. That's
the one where--

CHRIS

--Owens won in front of Hitler.

DEAN

Talk about a perfect moment in
history. There's Hitler on his high
horse with his perfect Aryan race,
and here comes this black fella to
prove him wrong in front of the
world. What a moment.

CHRIS

Tough break for your Dad though.

DEAN

He almost got over it.

Dean winks.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean and Chris continue their walk-through. The kitchen is homey and pristine. It has a distinctly grandmotherly vibe.

GEORGINA (30), African American, stands in the middle of the kitchen cleaning the center island and smiling like she's been waiting for them.

DEAN
My mother loved her kitchen, so we kept a piece of her in here.

CHRIS
(to Georgina)
Hi

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

GEORGINA
Hello.-

DEAN
"Garbahge" goes under the sink. But now for the piece de resistance...

Dean opens the glass back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

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

DEAN
Smell that...? Space! I love it. I'm tellin' you, the nearest house is practically on the other side of the lake. It's total privacy out here.

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

DEAN (CONT'D)
I know what you're thinking.

Chris looks at him.

DEAN (CONT'D)
White family; black servants. Total cliche.

CHRIS
I wasn't gonna go there.

DEAN

You didn't have to. Trust me, I know. We hired them a few years ago to help care for my parents; they're like part of the family now. Couldn't bear to let them go. I hate the way it looks though...

CHRIS

Yeah, I know what you mean.

DEAN

And by the way, I would've voted for Obama a third term if I could've. Best president in my lifetime. Hands down.

Chris smirks.

CHRIS

I agree.

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Dean, Missy, Chris and Rose sit with iced teas. Missy stirs sugar into hers. Walter mows in the distance. Dean views pictures on Chris' camera.

DEAN

Wow. Look at that. Isn't that something?

He shows Missy a particularly cool photo.

MISSY

Gorgeous. Just gorgeous.

DEAN

I love this one.

ROSE

Which one?

Dean turns the camera around and it's a beautiful picture of Rose.

CHRIS

That was taken the day we met.

ROSE

I was volunteering at the blood drive.

MISSY
How long ago was that?

DEAN
So...? Are you guys in love or
what?

ROSE
Really, Dad..?

CHRIS
We've been trying to take it slow
but...

Chris blushes. He looks at Rose. Rose can't help but smile.

MISSY
Wouldn't that be wonderful.

DEAN
(to Chris)
And what do your parents do?

CHRIS
My Dad was never really in the
picture. My mom passed away when I
was 11... Hit and run.

MISSY
How did she die?

CHRIS
Hit and Run.

MISSY
Oh, that's awful.

DEAN
Sorry to hear that.

DEAN (CONT'D)
So young too.

CHRIS
--Actually I don't remember a whole
lot from that time.

MISSY
It's okay. We don't need to talk
about that.

Missy stirs her glass. The spoon hits the side of the glass
creating a small...

TING TING TING TING

Chris and Missy share a comforting look. They have an unspoken connection.

Chris scratches the table nervously. Missy notices.

DEAN
You smoke Chris?

CHRIS
I'm quitting.

ROSE
This is why I stopped bringing guys around.

MISSY
It's okay, I'm not judging.

DEAN
Ugly habit though. You should have Missy take care of that for you.

CHRIS
How?

DEAN
Hypnosis. She's developed her own system. It works like a charm.

CHRIS
Oh. Wow. Um...

ROSE
Believe it or not, some people don't want strangers all up in their heads.

DEAN
I thought the whole thing was bull shit too. I smoked for 15 years. She puts me under once, now the sight one makes me wanna vomit.

MISSY
Fall back, Dean.

CHRIS
I'm good, actually. Thank you though.

MISSY

Of course. I'm available for the next two days if you change your mind...

Georgina brings the pitcher of iced tea around and refills everyone's glass. She smiles and avoids eye contact.

DEAN

Smoker or not, we're just glad you could join us for the big get-together.

ROSE

Oh shit. That's this weekend?

CHRIS

What's the get-together?

MISSY

Rose's grandfather's party.

DEAN

My Dad threw a shindig for his friends once a year. Bocce ball, horseshoes, badminton.

ROSE

It's basically a bunch of rich old people playing lawn games. Why didn't you tell me?

MISSY

It's the same day every year sweetheart.

(To Chris)

We kept it going after they died. Makes us feel like they're here with us.

Georgina's expression glazes over. Her head cocks a little, and subtle flashes of fear cross her face. No one notices.

ROSE

I just wanted to bring him up on a chill weekend.

CHRIS

Sounds like fun, actually.

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

MISSY
 (concerned)
 Georgina.

Georgina snaps out of her daze and starts to clean.

GEORGINA
 I'm sorry. Look what I've done.
 What a nincompoop.

MISSY
 It's fine, George. Just leave it.

GEORGINA
 Oh, I can't leave that there.

MISSY
 --Yes you can. Why don't you go lie
 down.

GEORGINA
 I think I will.

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

JEREMY (O.S.)
 What's up, FAM?!?

MISSY
 Jeremy's home.

JEREMY, 29, rounds the house with open arms. He's "Rich kid intense"; handsome with an unpredictable wildness behind his eyes.

JEREMY
 Who answers the door around here?!

INT. ARMITAGE DINING ROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Everyone but Rose laughs. She holds her face in embarrassment.

Dean pours the remainder of a bottle of wine into Chris' glass. Their meal is done and they are tipsy.

ROSE
 Okay, enough.

JEREMY
 "Enough?" We're just getting
 started. Let's see. What else?
 (MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What else? Did she tell you about her toenail collection?

ROSE

Oh my God!!!

CHRIS

What?

JEREMY

She'd bite em off with her teeth and suck on them and save them in her jewelry box.

ROSE

No I didn't.

JEREMY

Yes you did, liar.

Rose throws her napkin at Jeremy as he pops the cork on a new bottle. Dean and Missy try not to laugh.

CHRIS

That's really disgusting.

ROSE

(to Jeremy)

I hate you so much.

JEREMY

(to Rose)

Love you too.

(to Chris)

Oh, okay. Here's a good one. Let me set the scene. It was our junior year and Rose has a crush on this guy Conner Garfield.

ROSE

--No. Mom.

MISSY

Jeremy...

CHRIS

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

DEAN

Manners, Rose. Give the guest what he wants.

He winks at Rose warmly.

JEREMY

SO, Conner's from my lacrosse team. Huge kid, like 6'3", and pretty dumb, right? We threw a party--

ROSE

You threw a party.

JEREMY

--I think my parents were in Greece or something. We raided their liquor cabinet and we're all shit-faced. Like 15 of us.

MISSY

Ha! No you weren't. Were you?

JEREMY

We put water in the bottles so you wouldn't know. Let me finish. So I'm upstairs in my parents' bathroom hooking up with Jean Deely, hottest girl in our class.

MISSY

Ugh.

ROSE

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

JEREMY

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

CHRIS

Whoa, what?

JEREMY

Sure enough, there is a centimeter of tongue meat missing right here.

Jeremy demonstrates and Chris winces.

CHRIS

(to Rose)

Ahhhh! You bit him?

ROSE

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

CHRIS

That's badass.

DEAN

I never heard about that.

JEREMY

I made him clean up the blood.

Jeremy locks into Chris, intensely.

MISSY

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

(To Dean)

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

Missy walks out of the dining room into the kitchen. The door swings open and Chris gets a glimpse of Georgina who stands in a daze looking at the ceiling. The door swings shut.

DEAN

Chris, what's your sport?
Football...? Baseball?

CHRIS

Ah, Basketball, I guess. I don't know; not really into sports though.

JEREMY

You an MMA fan?

ROSE

Dude.

JEREMY

What?

DEAN

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

JEREMY

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

Dean exhales.

CHRIS

You mean like UFC? Yeah, nah. Too brutal for me.

JEREMY

You ever get into street fights as a kid?

CHRIS

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

ROSE

Awww.

JEREMY

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

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

MISSY

What'd I miss?

ROSE

A lot of nothing.

JEREMY

We're talking about sports.

(to Chris)

See the thing about jiu-jitsu, is that strength doesn't matter. All that matters is this.

Jeremy points to his head and stares Chris down.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

It's a strategic game like chess. It's all about being two, three, even four moves ahead.

CHRIS

Cool.

JEREMY
Stand up. Let me show you
something.

MISSY
No karate at the dinner table.

JEREMY
It's not karate.

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

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

JEREMY
I'm just--

DEAN
--Alright enough, Jeremy.

Dean is loud and stern for the first time. Jeremy's eyes flutter, DRUNK and embarrassed.

JEREMY
I wasn't going to hurt him.

He grabs a wine bottle and goes upstairs...

DEAN
Well... one more bottle?

EXT. THE ESTATE. NIGHT

Full moon. CRICKETS.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris lays in Rose's bed looking at Rose's computer. Rose brushes her teeth in the bathroom. She says something unintelligible.

ROSE
I mean, he was going to put you in
a headlock? What the fuck! He's
never talked to any of my
boyfriends like that.

CHRIS
Mmm hmm.

Chris smiles.

ROSE
And my Dad! He must've called you
"My man" eight times today. Eight.

CHRIS
Yep.

ROSE
Even my Mom is like borderline rude
to Georgina, right? Chris, what the
fuck?!?

Chris bites his tongue.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Well?

CHRIS
I told you so.

Rose pouts.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I wasn't going to say it.

ROSE
Chris.

CHRIS
Come here.

Rose comes to him.

ROSE
How are you so calm?

CHRIS
Honestly. It could be so much
worse. At least they're trying.

ROSE
They are. They love you.

CHRIS
I can tell. At the end of the day,
that's more than can be said for a
lot of people.

He pulls her on top of him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I like you on your racial flow tho.

They kiss.

ROSE
I'm worried about tomorrow. The party? What if it gets worse?

CHRIS
I'm good. How bad could it be?

Chris pulls her on top of him and she kisses him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You're minty.

They kiss again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You know, with my genetic makeup...

They wrestle and she pulls off her shirt.

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - NIGHT

All the lights are off in the house. Crickets chirp.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rose sleeps, but Chris is wide awake. There's a buzz in his ear. He smacks his own head and sits up. A stuffed lion seems to watch Chris from atop her dresser. He turns it away. A soft HOWL of WIND rushes through the room. The CLOSET DOOR CREEKS open.

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

INT. ARMITAGE HOME - NIGHT

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

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris gets to the bottom of the stairs. Chris continues to walk down the hallway past the pictures towards the kitchen.

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris walks through the kitchen and continues out back door of the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

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

Suddenly, Chris hears a RUNNING NOISE in the distance. Chris peers out into the darkness. A moment of terror comes over Chris. He makes out a shape. It's now running towards him. Chris backs up in fear. It gets closer and closer. When it's just 10 feet away, the moonlight reveals a now very close Walter, the grounds keeper who continues running by. Chris gathers his breath.

Chris turns back towards the kitchen window lights up from inside. He finds himself face to face with Georgina who, with teeth exposed in a frightening grimace, glares through the window dead in Chris' eyes. He drops his cigarette. Caught.

INT. ARMITAGE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chris realizes he's not caught. Close call. Inside Georgina begins to do laundry. Chris quietly sneaks around the house.

INT. ARMITAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris sneaks in through the door in the dark dining room. Chris moves down the hallway past Missy's office. The desk lamp turns on. Missy sits inside drinking a cup of tea.

MISSY

Do you know how dangerous smoking
is, Chris?

Chris is startled; caught; for real this time.

CHRIS
Yeah. Yeah I do.

MISSY
You alright?

CHRIS
Yeah, why?

MISSY
You seem a little jumpy, nervous.

CHRIS
I'm not nervous. That dude Walter
running out there scared me. And
Georg--

Georgina comes by with a teapot.

GEORGINA
Can I get you a cup.

CHRIS
Nah, I'm good. It'll keep me up.

MISSY
Come in.

Chris comes in.

INT. MISSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Georgina Missy and Chris sit across from each other. Georgina
pouring tea pot.

MISSY
I've got it Georgina.

GEORGINA
Of course.

Georgina leaves. Missy starts stirring sugar into her tea.

MISSY
They're both obsessive
compulsive... They get up too
early.

CHRIS
What about you?

MISSY
I just can't sleep.

CHRIS
Me neither.

MISSY
Is it the bed?

CHRIS
Nah, the bed's fine.

MISSY
Comfortable enough?

CHRIS
It's perfect, thanks.

MISSY
Enough sheets?

CHRIS
Yep.

Chris' scratches the chair. Missy notices.

MISSY
Wanna know how it works?

Missy puts two sugar cubes in her cup. She begins to stir slowly, CLINKING the SPOON softly and rhythmically against the sides of the cup.

TinG TING. TinG tinG.

CHRIS
What, do you swing a pocket watch
in front of people's faces?

MISSY
You watch a lot of Television. Now,
you are feeling very sleepy...

TinG tinG. TinG tinG.

They share a smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)
We do use focal points sometimes,
but just about any object or simple
motion can guide someone to a state
of heightened suggestibility.

CHRIS
Heightened suggestibility.

MISSY
That's right. Why do you wanna try?

CHRIS
Nope. Definitely not for me.

MISSY
I understand. Now do you smoke in
front of Rose?

CHRIS
Huh.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
Yeah, she's my kid...

CHRIS
Yeah, I'm gonna quit.

MISSY
What was your relationship with
your mother like?

CHRIS
Um I don't. Wait, are you?

MISSY
Tell me, it's alright. What was you
relationship with your mother like?

CHRIS
Yeah... She worked all the time.
She was funny. She loved me.

MISSY
Where were you when she died?

TING TING TING TING

CHRIS
I don't wanna think about that.

MISSY
The mind goes where it wants to.

CHRIS
Home; watching TV.

MISSY
And what do you hear?

CHRIS
Rain.

MISSY
It's been raining a while.

CHRIS
Yes.

MISSY
Hear that. Hear the rain. What does
it sound like? Hear it, Hear it...
Find it... Tell me when you find
it.

The sound of RAIN AGAINST a WINDOW slowly fades up along with
the MUFFLED sound of a SITCOM ON TELEVISION.

CHRIS
Okay... Yeah, I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
How old were you?

CHRIS
Eleven.

MISSY
Good. You're eleven. Now touch.
Feel your surroundings. Feel every
part of your body and what you
touched. Feel it. Find it... Tell
me when you find it...

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

MISSY (V.O.)
Tell me when you find it.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I found it.

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

TING TING. TING TING.

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

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

MISSY
Are you alone?

CHRIS
Yes.

MISSY
Where's your mom?

CHRIS
She's late.

MISSY
Well, where is she?

CHRIS
Something's wrong. She's still not home.

MISSY
What did you do?

CHRIS
Nothing.

MISSY
Nothing?

CHRIS
I just sat there.

MISSY
You didn't call anyone?

CHRIS
No.

MISSY
Your Aunt?

CHRIS
No.

MISSY
Why not?

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

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
Good. Do you see it? Do you see the
phone?

Chris doesn't answer.

MISSY (CONT'D)
You need to see it. See it. See it.
Find it.

Chris' continues to scratch the armchair.

TING TING. TING TING

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

11-year-old Chris scratches through the wood on his bed,
splintering a piece of the wood off. He watches TV from his
bed next to some action figures. Chris looks at a telephone.

MISSY (V.O.)
Tell me when--

11-year-old Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris nods and cries.

CHRIS
--I see it.

MISSY
You're scared.

Chris nods.

MISSY (CONT'D)
(realizing)
You think it was your fault.

Chris nods.

Chris' hand scratching the chair intensifies.

CHRIS
I can't move.

MISSY
You can't move.

He nods.

MISSY (CONT'D)
That's good. Now sink into the
floor.

CHRIS
Wait I--

MISSY
Sink.

TING TING...

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

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

...TING TING.

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

END FLASHBACK

INT. DARKNESS

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

He flails towards a pitch black abyss. He's illuminated by the fading blue flicker of a large downward facing TV-like screen. On it Missy sits speaking to him and clinking her teacup.

Missy's voice is everywhere.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

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

INT. DARKNESS

Chris continues to slowly fall backwards away from the screen. All of a sudden his body stops in the space. He turns upright. He's frozen in stasis.

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

He looks up. He can still see the screen above but it is far away, like the mouth of a deep and expansive well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Bring me back. Bring me back. Bring
me back. Bring me back. Bring me
back. Bring me back. Bring me back.

INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Missy stands. She walks towards Chris' motionless body and looks down at him through his own eyes.

INT. DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS

Chris looks up in the darkness. Missy comes towards him until her face is close to the screen.

CHRIS
Mrs. Armitage!!!

MISSY
Now you are in the Sunken Place.

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

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Chris wakes up with a start in Rose's bed, sweaty and heaving. He's alone and confused. Bad dream? Headache.

The shower runs inside Rose's bathroom. SHE hums.

DING DING, DING DING

He's gotten a message. It's a picture of Rod pretending to pour beer in Sid's mouth. Chris smiles. The batteries are low. He plugs his phone in and puts it on the dresser.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

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

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

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

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

Chris sees Walter working about 50 feet away in the yard. He walks towards Walter.

CHRIS

What's up?

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They working you good out here,
huh?

WALTER

Nothing I don't want to be doing.

Walter is different than we'd expect. He has a bold and assaulting energy. Like he's concealing a deep loathing with over the top enthusiasm. Chilling. Chris is instantly taken aback.

CHRIS

Yeah... I never really got to meet
you actually, up close. I'm Chris.

WALTER

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

CHRIS

Yeah. Her boyfriend actually. So,
where you from originally?

WALTER

She is lovely isn't she?

CHRIS
Rose? Yeah, she is...

WALTER
One of a kind; top of the line. A
real doggone keeper.

CHRIS
Right.

WALTER
And did it work?

CHRIS
Did what work?

WALTER
You were in Mrs. Armitage's office
for quite some time.

CHRIS
I don't...

Chris remembers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah. Actually, I guess I had
too much wine last night. I don't
really remember much.

WALTER
Well, I should get back to work,
and mind my own business.

Chris turns and walks away. He takes out a cigarette and puts
it in his mouth. He spits it out. Nasty.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

ROSE
Hi. Where have you been?

CHRIS
Out. Taking pictures. Hey, I think
your mom hypnotized me last night.

ROSE
Wait, what?

CHRIS

(hazy)

Yeah, I must've gone out for some air and run into her. I can barely remember any of it, but now the thought of a cigarette makes me wanna throw up.

Rose tries to hide slight amusement.

ROSE

I'm sorry. I just can't believe she did that.

CHRIS

I had some fucked up dreams.

ROSE

Of what?

CHRIS

I was in a hole or something. I couldn't move.

ROSE

That happened to me too. When I was a kid. She hypnotized me once for stage fright, and I had the craziest nightmares. It did work though...

CHRIS

Yeah. Yeah, it worked. Hey, what's Walter's deal?

ROSE

What do mean?

WALTER

I just talked to him. Dude's whole vibe was hostile.

ROSE

What do you mean?

CHRIS

I don't know. Maybe he likes you. Maybe he's jealous or something?

ROSE

I've never gotten that... But, if you think I have a chance..

Chris looks at her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I'll talk to my Dad about it.

CHRIS
No, no, no. Don't talk to your Dad.
It's fine. It's fine.

ROSE
I like that you're threatened by
him.

CHRIS
I'm not threatened.

Rose hears and looks. Out the window, A PROCESSION OF CARS
DRIVES onto the front yard. Chris looks as well.

ROSE
Okay. Here we go; It begins...

EXT. BACKYARD - NOON

The party is in full swing. The 30 or so guests mingle
excitedly. They are all white except for one Japanese man. A
few play horse shoes. Georgina places Hors d'oeuvres.

Rose and Chris walk through the party.

Chris glances through the kitchen window where Missy
entertains some guests. She makes eye contact with Chris and
then looks away.

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

GORDON
Nice to meet you, Chris. Nice to
meet you indeed.
(to Emily)
Good grip.

CHRIS
Thanks. You too.

GORDON
You ever play golf?

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

EMILY

Gordon was a professional golfer
for years.

CHRIS

Oh? No kidding.

GORDON

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

Rose and Chris share a subtle smirk.

ROSE

Wow, that's great.

CHRIS

Cool.

EMILY

Gordon loves Tiger.

GORDON

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

Chris humors him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

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

CHRIS

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

They laugh.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose speak to NELSON DEETS, 82, who's smiles in a
wheelchair with an oxygen mask, and LISA DEETS, 54, a loose-
lipped trophy wife smiles at Chris in a predatory manner. She
has a Dutch accent.

LISA

(to Rose)

How handsome is he?

ROSE

Extremely.

Lisa squeezes Chris' bicep. A bit too familiar.

LISA
Not bad huh, Nelson?

Nelson just stares.

LISA (CONT'D)
(to Rose)
So, is it true? The love making. Is
it better?

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

CHRIS
Wow. Um...

LISA
(to Rose)
I'm being too forward?

ROSE
We'll talk later.

CHRIS
Oh, will you now?

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose talk to PARKER DRAY, 60, and APRIL DRAY, 57. They are a rose-cheeked tipsy wasp couple. Chris and Rose try to mask boredom and annoyance.

APRIL
Who even cares about skin color? My
God.

CHRIS
A lot of people do.--

PARKER
I told you, April. The world cares,
It's human nature to care. It's not
like one's better than the other.
When you look at the big picture,
you'll see its always shifting. The
question of "What skin color is
more "culturally advantageous" that
is.

ROSE
I'm sorry... What are you saying?

PARKER

Well take this country. Fairer skin has been in favor the first couple of hundreds of years, but the pendulum has swung back again hasn't it..? Black is "in fashion!"

CHRIS

Pardon me. I'm going to take some pictures.

Chris walks away.

PARKER

I didn't mean to offend him.

ROSE

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

PARKER

Now Rose...

Chris steps into the party to take pictures. He snaps a couple pictures of mingling guests. HE hears a group cackle.

He sees Dean schmoozing animatedly with three couples and the Japanese man. Dean quickly scans the party, finds Chris and points him out. The three couples wave and smile giddily. They had all just been talking about him. Chris pretends to not see this.

Suddenly, Chris sees another black guy in a particularly square ascot and golfing hat. The man stands at the bar and faces away from Chris. Relief.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

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

CHRIS

It's good to see another brother around here.

The man turns to face Chris neatly. It is Andre, the jogger from the first scene, but he's very different than before. He seems glazed-over with the same frozen smile as Walter and Georgina. Andre's voice is completely different from the first scene. There is no longer any trace of an urban dialect. He speaks slowly and softly, enunciating his words precisely.

ANDRE

Yes, of course it is.

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

CHRIS

Who do you know?

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Who do you know?

ANDRE

Why, the Armitage's of course.
We're friends of the family.

PHILOMENA(60), Caucasian, a stern and guarded wealthy woman, cuts between them.

PHILOMENA

(to Andre)

There you are. Here, put this somewhere.

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

PHILOMENA (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

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

CHRIS

Chris. Rose's boyfriend.

PHILOMENA

Fantastic. You really make a lovely couple.

ANDRE

I'm sorry, where are my manners.
Logan, Logan King.

(to Philomena)

Chris was just telling me that he felt more comfortable with my being here.

Chris is let down. Andre isn't what he had hoped.

PHILOMENA

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

ANDRE/LOGAN

Ah, well it was nice meeting you Chris.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Chris holds out his fist for Andre/Logan to bump. Andre/Logan grabs Chris' fist.

ANDRE/LOGAN

Tootles.

Andre/Logan and Philomena laugh and walk away. They join a small group of people who applaud Andre's arrival. Andre does a little spin showing off his clothes.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Chris comes looking for Rose. He is more creeped out and agitated. Dean projects over the crowd.

DEAN

Hello!

Everyone applauds and gives Dean their attention.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Ahem! If I can have your attention for a moment. Words cannot express how much it would mean to my father that after all these years we can all still get together like this.

Dean sees Chris.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, actually first, everyone this is my daughter's boyfriend Chris.

Everyone turns to Chris. Too much attention.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Chris is a fantastic photographer and an all around good kid. If you haven't met him yet, make sure you introduce yourself to him at some time during the party.

Chris sees a man sits alone by the gazebo. His Chauffeur walks away. Chris walks over to the man as Dean speaks to the crowd.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You know, if Dad were alive, I know he would remind us of how the knights of old would gather in honor of a new crusade. He'd ask us to remember that though they'd massed great fortunes, the Templar lived lives of humility. So as we gather here today in celebration, let us not forget that our mission is far from over. In fact it's just beginning. And in the years to come let us not forget the sacrifices that have been made so long ago so that we might enjoy this wine, and these games. So for now let us drink to the dawn of a new era. One that has been given to us by the generations before us. Thank you. Cheers.

EXT. GAZEBO. DAY.

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

JIM

Ignorance...

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

CHRIS

Who?

JIM

All of them. They mean well but they have no idea what real people go through.

CHRIS

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

Chris notices his faux pas.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean...

JIM

You're right. And usually not even that much. That's people. Jim Hudson.

CHRIS

Chris-

JIM

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

CHRIS

Wait. Jim Hudson... of Hudson Galleries?

Jim smiles.

JIM

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

CHRIS

How do you do it?

JIM

My assistant describes work to me in great detail. You've got something... The images you capture... so brutal; I mean... so melancholic. Powerful stuff. I think.

CHRIS

Thank you.

JIM

I used to dabble myself. Wilderness mostly. I submitted to Nat Geo 14 times before realizing I didn't have "the eye" for it. No one took me seriously in the art world until I began dealing and then, of course, my vision went to shit.

The party guests APPLAUD the end of Dean's speech.

CHRIS

Damn.

JIM

I know. Life can be a sick joke.
One day you're developing prints in
a dark room, and the next day -
BAM. You wake up in the dark.
Genetic disease.

CHRIS

Shit ain't fair, man.

JIM

You got that right. Shit ain't
fair.

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

JEREMY

Chris, we were hoping we could
borrow you. I need to kick
someone's ass in Badminton.

Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS

(to Jim)

Nice to meet you.

Chris, Jeremy and Derrick begin to leave.

JIM

Stop by the gallery. Bout time you
had a solo show.

CHRIS

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

JEREMY

We'll get together some time.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose play badminton against Jeremy and Derrick.
Chris is actually having fun. He swings big but misses the
shuttlecock.

JEREMY

HA! Come on, come on, come on. You
can do better than that, Bruh!

CHRIS

Not my game.

JEREMY

Thought you didn't have a game.

ROSE

Shut up Jeremy.

JEREMY

I'm just saying, if your boy isn't gonna bring even a little heat, we might as well bring one of Grandpas old friends up here.

CHRIS

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

JEREMY

Your serve.

Chris serves the shuttlecock hard. The following rally is long. As they play the more and more guests come over to watch. They aren't following the shuttlecock as much as watching Chris. Chris ends it with an impressive diving swat. Derrick misses the return and the crowd goes wild. Chris throws his arms up in celebration.

CHRIS

Boom!

ROSE

Yay, baby!

JEREMY

That's what I'm talking about!!!
Okay, I see you dog! I see you!
Again!

Chris is about to serve. He scans the crowd of beaming faces. Everyone is rooting for Chris. They love him. Chris scans the crowd. It's too much.

CHRIS

Hold up. Here.

ROSE

Where are you--

CHRIS

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

Chris gives his racket to Gordon Greene.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris walks through the kitchen.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

As soon as he is out of sight and earshot, the mingling guests stop in mid-conversation. Everyone in the room waits and listens to Chris' footsteps above. It is now clear that their conversations have been fake. They are all hanging on Chris' actions.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris walks to Rose' room.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris leaves Rose's room. Across the hallway is a crack open. Chris slowly walks down the hall, and peers inside. He sees a couple hip hop posters, lacrosse trophies and jujitsu. Jeremy's room. Movement inside. It's Georgina making the bed.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rose enters looking for Chris. Everyone is mingling again. She goes upstairs.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris looks in Jeremy's room. The door creaks alerting Georgina of his presence, she turns slowly. Before she sees him he walks quickly back to Rose's room just as she comes upstairs.

ROSE

Hey.

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

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ROSE
Hey, what the fuck? You left me out there.

Chris speaks quietly and frantically to Rose.

CHRIS
She unplugged my phone.

ROSE
Who?

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

ROSE
So... Why would she do that?

CHRIS
Maybe she doesn't like the fact that I'm with you.

ROSE
(Not buying it)
Really?

CHRIS
What? It's a thing.

ROSE
I mean, she shouldn't be unplugging peoples phones, but I don't think she would do that on purpose.

CHRIS
Forget it. Nevermind.

ROSE
No. Don't do that. Don't shut me out like that... Don't do that to me. We're a Badminton team.

CHRIS
Okay, yeah. I'm sorry. It's all good. I'll just plug it back in and I'll be down in a minute, okay?

ROSE
Okay... Say hi to Rod and Sid for
me.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rod lies on the couch with Sid watching TV.

ROD
Oh, they got you on display?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

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

CHRIS
It's so weird, man. It's like some
of these people never met a black
dude that doesn't work for them.

ROD
Yup. You in it now.

CHRIS
Also, shit, I don't even wanna tell
you.

ROD
What?

CHRIS
I got hypnotized last night...

ROD
Nigga, what the fuck?

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

ROD
I don't give a fuck if a bitch is
Dr. Phil. You ain't getting in my
head.

CHRIS
I know. She caught me off guard.
But it's cool. I mean, it worked.

ROD

Nope. That's some scary shit. Who knows what they gonna make you do. White people into some crazy sex slave shit. You know that right?

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm pretty sure they're not a kinky sex family--

ROD

Why not? Jeffery Dahmer ate niggas' heads, but that was after he fucked the heads. You think they saw that shit coming? Hell no. One second they think they just gonna suck some dick, next second they sucking dick but their head isn't on their body, Chris

CHRIS

And thanks for that image, right there.

ROD

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

CHRIS

It's the black people out here too though. It's like their living in a different era.

ROD

Maybe they got hypnotized--

CHRIS

(dry)
Ha ha--

ROD

I'm just connecting the dots you presenting me with. The mom puttin' trances on niggas and fuckin' them. It's clear as day and that's fucked up. She hot?

CHRIS

What's fucked up is: You're the first line of defense against terrorism.

ROD

Don't say I didn't warn you 'cause my ass sure as Hell ain't coming up to the country to save you from no fuckin' witch coven... Unless the mom's really hot. On a scale of one to ten--

CHRIS

Thanks Rod, bye.

Chris hangs up and turns. Georgina stands in the doorway, eerie smile and all. Chris is startled.

GEORGINA

Hello.

CHRIS

Hi.

Georgina's voice is shaky and careful. Pleasant on top, but angry underneath.

GEORGINA

I owe you an apology. How rude of me to have touched your belongings without asking.

CHRIS

Oh, no. It's cool. I was just confused.

GEORGINA

Just so you know, there was no funny business, allow me to explain. I had lifted your cellular phone this morning in order to wipe down the dresser and it accidentally came undone.

CHRIS

Yeah, I--

GEORGINA

Rather than meddle with it further, I left it that way. How foolish of me.

CHRIS

No. It's fine. I wasn't tryin' to snitch...

GEORGINA

Snitch?

CHRIS
Rat you out?

GEORGINA
"tattletale."

CHRIS
Yeah.

GEORGINA
Don't worry about that. I assure
you, I don't answer to anyone.

CHRIS
Right... Well, all I know is
sometimes, being around too many
white people makes me nervous.

He's half joking. Georgina doesn't laugh. Instead eyes get
lost for a moment. A tear falls down her face as if there is
a pain behind her otherwise vacant smile.

GEORGINA
Oh no, no, no, no, no, no... Aren't
you something? That's not my
experience. Not at all. The
Armitages are so good to us; They
treat us like family.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

CHRIS
Too many names to remember but,
hi...

The couples all laugh nervously.

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

DEAN
 (in Japanese)
 Of course.

HIROKI
 Do you find that being African
 American has more advantages or
 disadvantages in the modern world?

Chris pans the crowd who all give him their undivided attention. The silence is long. He looks for Rose. She is off talking to someone.

CHRIS
 Yeah, I don't know, man.

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 That's actually a great question.
 Logan! They were asking me about
 the African American experience.
 Maybe you could take this one.

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

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

The crowd chuckles. Chris takes out his phone.

PHILOMENA
 We've become homebodies...

ANDRE/LOGAN
 (to Philomena)
 But recently, even when you go to
 the city, I've just had no
 interest.
 (to the group)
 The chores are my sanctu--

With the attention on Andre/Logan, Chris raises his phone toward Andre/Logan and the group and snaps a picture. The flash pops.

CHRIS

Shit.

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

PHILOMENA

Logan?

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

ANDRE

Get out.

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

CHRIS

Hey, man, I'm sorry, I--

Andre/Logan grabs Chris by the shoulders and screams shrilly. Blood trickles out of his nose.

ANDRE

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!!

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rose sits on the couch arms crossed. Chris comforts her but is clearly traumatized. A few other concerned guests mill around. Dean enters and CLEARS HIS THROAT. Everyone gives him their attention.

ROSE

What the fuck was that?

DEAN

It was a seizure.

ROSE

A seizure?

CHRIS

Why did he come at me like that?

DEAN

Seizures can have a wide range of effects.

ROSE

Yeah, but randomly attacking people?

DEAN

The flash on your phone must have triggered it. Andre/Logan enters with Missy and Philomena to a smattering of concerned applause. Jeremy follows.

Andre/Logan enters with Missy and Philomena to a smattering of concerned applause. Jeremy follows.

Andre/Logan addresses a group in his "Logan" voice. Chris now looks at him like he recognizes him.

ANDRE/LOGAN

Well, I do believe I owe you all an apology.

The group grumbles.

MISSY

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

ANDRE/LOGAN

Well yes I am. Thank God you were here to calm me down. I know I scared you all quite a bit.. Especially you, Chris.

CHRIS

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

ANDRE/LOGAN

Of course not. How could you have?

PHILOMENA
 (to Andre/Logan)
 You shouldn't have been drinking
 either.

ANDRE/LOGAN
 Right. Now you'll all have to
 proceed without the aid of my
 marvelous wit; the whole ordeal has
 left me a quite a bit exhausted.

The group chuckles.

DEAN
 Of course.

ANDRE/LOGAN
 It was nice meeting you.

CHRIS
 Yeah.

Chris is skeptical.

MISSY
 (to Dean)
 Something to brighten the mood?

Missy shows Philomena and Logan out. Andre and Philomena
 leave.

DEAN
 Yes! I think it's time for my dad's
 favorite... sparklers and BINGO.

JEREMY
 Yes, Bingo!

The group applauds. Dean gives Rose and Chris sparklers.

ROSE
 We're going on a walk.

Rose grabs Chris' hand and leads him out the front door. He
 pulls away from her as they leave.

EXT. THE WOODS - AFTERNOON

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

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

ROSE
I mean... my dad is a neurosurgeon.

CHRIS
How long have you known that guy?

ROSE
Not at all. I've known Philomena since I was little, her husband died last year. Logan is new... Why?

CHRIS
I don't know. This is gonna sound weird, but when he got up in my face like that, I got this feeling like I knew him.

ROSE
You know Logan?

CHRIS
No, I don't know Logan. I know that guy who grabbed me.

ROSE
Chris... That doesn't make any sense.

EXT. BACK YARD. SAME TIME

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

Dean raises his hand and makes numbers with his fingers: "Three and three." Several party guests raise their hands. Dean points to the Waldens.

This is an auction.

EXT. THE WOODS - SAME TIME

Rose and Chris are in little nook in the trees.

ROSE
No. No, no, no. Don't do this..

CHRIS

I don't know what to say. I think your mom got in my head. I think she got into my head.

ROSE

I thought she helped you.

CHRIS

No she didn't. She got in my head. She fucked some shit up there and since then...

Chris shuts down.

ROSE

Chris... I'm here. Talk to me.

INT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Dean raises his hand again making more numbers with his fingers: "4, 5."

Gordon Greene raises his hand. Dean points to him accepting his bid.

EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME

CHRIS

It's not about what's happening, it's about what's actually happening.

ROSE

What's happening? Explain it to me. I'm sorry, I don't understand. Yes everybody is crazy out here but don't take it out on me.

CHRIS

I'm not. I'm not. I just need to go.

ROSE

You want me to stay here?

CHRIS

Whatever you want. I need to go

Rose sinks. She tries to hide a tear. After a long silence.

ROSE
...I'm late.

CHRIS
Late?

ROSE
I should've got my period like last week.

CHRIS
Oh.

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

Chris thinks silently.

ROSE (CONT'D)
So...?

CHRIS
I don't know what to say.

ROSE
Say anything.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

The auction is flying now. Dean's hand signals are going fast. It's down to three couples.

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

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

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

Dean scans the crowd signaling "10, 2?" "10, 2?" The crowd looks around. No one is challenging. Dean smiles. Finally Dean bangs his fist onto his open palm and points to Jim Hudson. Jim's chauffeur whispers in his ear.

The guests clap in a mixture of delight and disappointment.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Chris and Rose sit watching the sunset over the lake. Chris kisses her hand. He hears the faint APPLAUSE in the distance. He looks in the direction of the house.

ROSE

I didn't tell you that to make you stay, I just thought you should know.

CHRIS

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

ROSE

Baby--

CHRIS

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

ROSE

It wasn't your fault.

CHRIS

I found out later she had survived the initial by the side of the road all night, cold and alone. And that's how she died in the early morning... Cold and alone. And I was watching TV. There was time. If someone was looking for her, there was time. But no one was looking.

Chris cries. Rose cries for him.

ROSE

You were just a kid.

CHRIS

Yeah... yeah.

ROSE

There's nothing you could have done...

CHRIS

I could have tried... I could have tried.

Rose almost responds, but doesn't. She gets it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're all I got now. I'm not gonna leave here without you. I'm not going to abandon you. Okay?

She wipes her tears and nods.

ROSE

Let's go back home.

CHRIS

Yeah?

ROSE

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

CHRIS

I love you.

ROSE

I love you too.

The two get up and walk back toward the house.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DUSK

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

CHRIS

That was fast.

ROSE

Yeah.

The guests wave to Walter and Georgina, who stand at the front door, and then to Chris and Rose. Jeremy hangs out on the porch. He seems less menacing than before. Parker and April Dray are leaving. Parker is tipsy.

PARKER

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

Chris and Rose wave.

APRIL

Come on, Parker. Before you say something stupid.

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

INT. ARMITAGE BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

He finds the picture he took of Logan/Andre on his phone and sends it.

Chris plugs the phone in and goes to pack. The phone vibrates.

Chris picks it up.

CHRIS

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rod is on the phone. Sid is there too.

ROD

That's Dre.

CHRIS

Dre?

ROD

Andre Hayworth! He used to kick it with Veronica, remember? That's him.

CHRIS

Veronica from...

ROD

...Teresa's sister! Worked at the movie theatre on 8th. Why's he dressed like that?

CHRIS

(realizing)

Yeah. That is him. But... Wait, wait, wait, This is so fuckin' crazy. He's different.

ROD
No shit. Why is he dressed like that?

CHRIS
No, it's not just that though, it's everything. He came to the party with a white woman like thirty years older than him.

ROD
What?

CHRIS
I don't know if she was his boss or if they're fuckin' or both.

ROD
Slave! Chris, you in a fucked up Eyes Wide Shut situation. You need to--.

The phone goes dead. No batteries.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris goes to finish packing with a purpose. Rose enters.

ROSE
Hey, should we eat and then leave?

CHRIS
No. Rose, we gotta go.

ROSE
Is everything okay?

CHRIS
I'll tell you in the car.

She does.

ROSE
Okay, I'm gonna get my bag.

Rose leaves.

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

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

The next one is of Rose at 13 playing Ms. Hannigan in Annie. Chris flips through a few more pictures of Rose at different ages in different class plays.

Finally Chris comes upon a photo printed from a computer. It's a selfie of her and some other black guy. The picture is almost identical to the one she took with Chris before the ride up. Under the image are written the words. "X-mas 2014" Stunned, Chris flips to the next picture.

It's another romantic selfie, this time with a different black guy. Underneath, the caption "Memorial Day 2013"

He continues flipping through the stack of pictures of Rose with 8 different black guys. The last one is a picture of Rose with Walter. In it she kisses Walter's cheek intimately. "Thanksgiving 2009" Walter looks different in the picture. He isn't smiling vaguely; he's got swagger.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hey? Are you ready?

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

ROSE (CONT'D)

What?

CHRIS

Yeah, Um... Looking for my camera.

ROSE

Here.

Rose hands him the camera.

CHRIS

Where are the keys..? I'm gonna put our bags in the trunk real quick.

Rose picks up her bag and ruffles through it.

ROSE

Okay. They're in here somewhere. Are you okay?

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah. Can we do that on the move.

Chris walks out the door, leaving Rose.

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rose follows Chris down the stairs.

ROSE
(Hushed)
Chris... What's wrong?

CHRIS
Nothing.

Jeremy stands near the front door twirling his lacrosse stick.

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

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

Missy enters the hallway behind Chris.

MISSY
Would you like some tea, Chris?

CHRIS
I'm good.

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

MISSY
You're leaving us. Is something wrong?

CHRIS
No. Well, yeah... Um.

ROSE
(still blank)
His dog is sick. He needs to go to the vet first thing in the morning--

Dean, in Missy's office in front of the roaring fireplace, presses play on a remote control and a darkly classical track comes on.

DEAN
What is your purpose, Chris?

CHRIS

What?

DEAN

In life? What is your purpose..?

CHRIS

Right now, it's finding the keys.

Dean stares into the fire.

DEAN

Mesmerizing isn't it? The fire is a reflection of our own mortality. It's born, it breathes and then it dies.

CHRIS

Rose...

Rose lamely rummages through her messy bag.

ROSE

I'm looking.

Dean now looks at the painting above the fireplace.

DEAN

Even the Sun will die some day, Chris. It is us who are the divine ones. We are the Gods who are trapped in cocoons.--

CHRIS

--Rose.--

DEAN

--You'd take the baptism wouldn't you? You'd shed your skin to awake renewed and perfect. Of course you would.

CHRIS

I was raised Episcopalian.

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

JEREMY

Whoa! Be careful, bro.

MISSY

Jeremy...

JEREMY

I'm not doing anything.

MISSY

What is this shit?!!

DEAN

It's our purpose! It is our destiny! The requirement for spiritual transmutation is the will of a new vessel must sacrifice!!!

CHRIS

Rose! The keys!

Rose backs away.

ROSE

You know I can't give you the keys.

Chris makes a run for the door. Missy clinks the cup with her spoon.

TinG tinG. TinG tinG.

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

INT. DARKNESS

Chris falls through the dark abyss of his mind again just like when he was hypnotized. The blue screen above him displays what his real eyes see. It's his own perspective in the real world in which his body falls backwards to the floor. CRASH! The screen now shows the living room ceiling. Jeremy leans over him.

JEREMY

Oh shit!

MISSY (O.S.)

Is he hurt?

CHRIS

No!

JEREMY

Did you see him drop?

DEAN (O.S.)

He hit his head pretty good.

MISSY (O.S.)

Take him downstairs. Jeremy, get the legs. Dean, help him.

JEREMY

I can take him alone.

MISSY (O.S.)

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

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

CHRIS

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

DEAN

You're going to drop him.

JEREMY

No, I'm not.

MISSY (O.S.)

Be careful what you say, everyone.
He can hear every word.

JEREMY

Why? He's gonna find out sooner or
later..

MISSY

Not like this.

DEAN

Listen to your mother.

CHRIS

Rose!!!!

Rose approaches Chris' face.

ROSE

(whisper)

You were one of my favorites.

Chris stops sinking. He turns right side up.

CHRIS

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

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

Chris shivers. He's cold and alone. He takes out his lighter and lights it.

Something large and dark moves underneath Chris. Chris looks around frantically.

His light goes out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit.

Chris tries to light his lighter again. In takes a couple tries. Each flash illuminates a large face beside his. He doesn't see it. The amorphous antlered thing emerges from the shadow. Its eyes glow and flicker faint blue in its sockets.

He finally lights the flame and feels the beast's presence he turns, but the creature is gone.

He turns back and there it is. Very close. It's head is the skull of a deer and it has dim blue glowing eyes. It MOANS A WRONG SOUNDING MOAN OF HATEFUL ANGUISH.

EXT. AIRPORT - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - DAY

Rod smokes a cigarette and dials Chris.

CHRIS' VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

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

ROD

(anxious)

Sup? Dude, you scaring me, man? I
thought you were coming back
yesterday. Hopefully you home
already and just sleeping or some
shit. Aiight. Let me know.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rod opens the door. Sid wags his tail hungrily.

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - LATER

Rod opens dog food while he calls Chris.

CHRIS' VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

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

Rod hangs up. He places Sid's bowl down. Sid doesn't eat. Instead Sid looks back up at Rod and WHINES.

ROD
Yeah... me too.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

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

Rod's eyes go wide.

ROD
Oh shit.

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

Chris wakes up. In front of him, a deer's head is mounted above an old-school floor-standing television. Behind him, a goat's head is mounted under a taxidermy owl, wings spread. There are several objects precisely placed around the room.

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

Chris pulls at the straps that bind his arms and legs. Chris tries to gnaw at the harnesses, but they are too thick.

CHRIS
Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh fuck. Oh shit.
The fuck?!?

The television in front of Chris flickers on and the image of a tea cup comes into focus on the screen. A spoon stirs and clinks the side of the cup.

"TING TING, TING TING"

Before he can react, Chris falls asleep.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - DAWN

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

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rod sits at a desk with Sid on his lap.. DETECTIVE LATOYA (40), African American enters. She's been doing this too long. She speaks to someone outside her office.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

...Then he should've gone back up there and made sure everything was accounted for. 'Cause hey, look; how about this? If you record the evidence, you're responsible for it.

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr...

ROD

Williams... Rod Williams...

DETECTIVE LATOYA

From the TSA?

ROD

Yes Ma'am.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

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

ROD

It's not TSA business, ma'am.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Please don't call me "ma'am," or we're not gonna get along. How can I help you, Rod Williams from the TSA?

ROD

Here it is: My boy Chris has been missing for two days.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Your son is missing?

ROD

No, sorry, not my son, my boy. He's my friend. He's 26. His name is Chris... Washington...

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

ROD (CONT'D)

He left town on Friday with his girlfriend Rose... Armitage... She's white.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

That's four days ago.

ROD

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA

--I'm gonna stop you right there. Now you know the minimum amount of time without contact before you can file a missing persons report is--

ROD

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Go on.

ROD

Chris was set to come back home on Sunday. I was watching his dog Sid.

Latoya points to Sid.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

That's Sid.

ROD

Yup. Cute right? Now look...

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

ROD (CONT'D)

Chris sent me this which he took at the girlfriend's parents house. That's Andre Hayworth, a guy we knew from back in the day. Come to find out he went missing 6 months ago in an affluent suburb upstate.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Doesn't look missing to me.

ROD

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Different how?

ROD

This dude is from Brooklyn. He didn't used to dress like that.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

I didn't used to dress like this.

ROD

Plus, now he's married to a white woman twice his age.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Well, that explains the clothes. Look Rod Williams from the TSA-

ROD

I know, I know. I'm working up to it. Look, I know what I'm about to say is gonna sound crazy.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Try me.

ROD

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA

...Brainwashing?

ROD

Yeah.

DETECTIVE LATOYA

Hold on one second.

(over her intercom)

Garcia, Drake, get in here a second.

(to Rod)

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

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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

ROD

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

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

DETECTIVE LATOYA

(to her colleagues)

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

They all laugh harder.

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

Chris wakes up suddenly. He takes in his surroundings again. He's in the same room. He's scratched the arm of the chair to the point where the leather on the arm of the chair has begun to rip open.

CHRIS

Okay. Okay! What do you want? You tryin' to break me? Done. I'm broke. What do you want me to do? What do you want me to do????

Chris is exhausted. He laughs at the absurdity of the situation.

The television flickers on and again the image of a tea cup comes into focus on the screen. A spoon stirs and clinks the side of the cup. Terror flashes across his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No--

Again Chris becomes paralyzed.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DUSK

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

ROSE
Hello?

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

ROSE (CONT'D)
Chris?

ROD
Yo. Um, Rose? It's Rod.

ROSE
Hi.

ROD
Where's Chris?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DUSK

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

ROSE
He left like two days ago.

ROD
He left?

ROSE
He got paranoid. We got in a fight. And flipped out. Then he took a cab home and left his phone. Wait... You haven't seen him?

ROD
No. He never made it back here.

ROSE
Oh my God.

ROD
I've been calling. I went to the police and--

ROSE
--What did you say?

ROD
I told them he was missing.

ROSE
Okay, wait... um... Did you call
his aunt?

ROD
Yes. Lemme ask you something, Rose.
What cab company did he use?

ROSE
I don't know. A local one I'm
guessing. Maybe Uber? Wait, I'm so
confused...

ROD
Hold on a second.

Rod hits mute.

ROD (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
This bitch knows she got something
to do with this.

He opens up 'Garage Band' on Chris' computer and puts the
phone on speaker, recording her. He un-mutes the phone.

ROD (CONT'D)
So, last time Chris and I talked,
he told me your mom hypnotized him?

Rose is silent. Then...

ROSE
Rod, just stop.

ROD
Huh?

ROSE
I know why you're calling.

ROD
Why is that?

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

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

ROD
What?

ROSE
That there's something between us.

ROD
No. I'm calling about Chris.

ROSE
We'd all go out drinking... I remember you looking at me.

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

ROSE
I know you think about fucking me, Rod.

ROD
--No. You crazy... What? No!

Rod hangs up in a panic. He looks at Sid helplessly.

Rose's expression goes blank. She places the phone on the dining room table and looks back at her family. They watch in approval.

INT. GAMES ROOM - DAY

Chris, still strapped to the chair, wakes up again. He is drained. The arm of the chair is more torn than before.

The television in front of Chris flickers on again...

CHRIS
Wait--

The image that comes on isn't the teacup this time. Instead it's...

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - SUNSET

A beautiful landscape of the Armitage grounds. In it, the sun rises through a clearing in the trees accompanied by SOOTHING CLASSICAL GUITAR MUSIC.

There is a distinctly dated mid 90's feel to the look of the video. Chris is confused. The image pans to reveal ROMAN ARMITAGE 80 Caucasian, watching the sunset.

ROMAN

Ah, is there anything more
beautiful than a sun rise?

Roman turns to the camera. We recognize him as Dean's father from the pictures in the hallway. Underneath the pleasant tone of the video, Roman suppresses a spiteful glee.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Roman Armitage, and if
you're watching this, your probably
wondering what's going on. Well
don't you worry, answers are coming
soon. Let's take a walk...

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Roman walks by a hedge which he occasionally prunes as he addresses the camera.

ROMAN

What if I told you, you would never
have to work again. No more
responsibility, or difficult life
decisions. Isn't that what you'd
want? Let's take a walk.

EXT. ARMITAGE'S BACK LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Roman walks towards the back of the house.

ROMAN

You were chosen because of the
physical advantages you've enjoyed
your entire life. I'm certain that
with your natural gifts and our
determination we'll soon both be a
part of something greater.
Something perfect.

EXT. ARMITAGE BACK LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Roman walks in the distance.

ROMAN (V.O.)

The Coagula procedure is a man-made
miracle.

(MORE)

ROMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Our order had been developing it
 for many many years, but was
 perfected only recently by my own
 flesh and blood.

EXT. ARMITAGE BACK LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

ROMAN (V.O.)
 My family and I are honored to
 offer it as a service to members of
 our group.

As Roman approaches the house, JOSIE ARMITAGE, 78 Caucasian,
 waves to Roman through the kitchen window.

ROMAN
 Save your strength. Don't try to
 fight it. You can't stop the
 inevitable.

EXT. ARMITAGE'S FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The Armitage family stands around Roman. They are all 20
 years younger. Dean, Missy, as well as 6 year old Rose and
 Jeremy.

ROMAN
 And who knows, you might just enjoy
 being part of our family.

The family waves at the camera as it pulls out. The words
 "Behold the Coagula" come up. The Screen goes blank. A few
 seconds later. The screen pops back on to...

INT. GAME ROOM - TELEVISION - DAY

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

JIM
 Hey Chris. How's it going...? You
 can answer. There's an intercom in
 the room.

CHRIS
 I need water.

JIM
 I know, this probably feels like
 some kind of sick joke or...

CHRIS
Where's Rose?

JIM
You dirty dog. You're one of the lucky one's, trust me. Jeremy's wrangling method sounds way less pleasant. I'm supposed to answer any outstanding questions you may have so far. I guess our common understanding of the process has a positive impact on the success rate of the procedure.

Chris is silent.

JIM (CONT'D)
Okay, then let me just tell you what it is. Phase one was the hypnotism. That's how they sedate you. Phase two is this. Mental preparation. It's basically a psychological pre-op.

CHRIS
Pre-op?

INT. GAME ROOM - TELEVISION - DAY

The television turns off. Chris clenches his body trying to pry free from his restraints, before his shoulders collapse with exhaustion. He lifts his head. The leather arm of the chair is completely torn revealing tufts its cotton stuffing. Chris gets an idea.

INT. GAMES ROOM - DAY

We hear nothing except a HEART BEAT.

Chris' head hangs, asleep. His lips are dry. Chris wakes up.

The Television turns on. On the screen, a woman's hand holds a tea cup. With a spoon, she clinks it. We don't hear it though. We still hear nothing but the HEART BEAT.

CHRIS
No, No--

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM.

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

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

Dean stands in ceremonial operating scrubs in the middle, his palms upwards in silent prayer near some ceremonial candles. Jeremy, also in scrubs, watches his father. Dean finishes his prayer.

DEAN

Saw...

Jeremy hands Dean a circular surgical saw.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Get the vessel.

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

INT. DARK HALLWAY

Jeremy wheels a wheelchair and IV down the hallway.

JIM

For Phase three: Brain transplantation. Partial actually, the piece of your brain connected to the nervous system needs to stay put, keeping those intricate connections intact, so you won't be gone; not completely. A sliver of you will still be in there somewhere; limited consciousness; You'll be able to see and hear what your body is doing, but your existence will be as a passenger... an audience. You'll live in--

CHRIS

(defeated)

--In The Sunken Place.

JIM

That's it. That's what she calls it. I'll control the motor functions so I'll be--

CHRIS
--Me... You'll be me.

JIM
Good. You got it quick. Good on ya.

CHRIS
Why black people..?

JIM
Who knows. People want a change.
Some people wanna be stronger,
faster, cooler. Blah blah blah, but
don't lump me in with that ignorant
shit. I could give two shits about
race. I don't care if you're black,
brown, green, purple... whatever.
People are people. What I want is
deeper: Your eye, man. I want those
things you see through.

CHRIS
That's crazy.

JIM
Is there a greater complement?

INT. GAMES ROOM

Jeremy enters with the wheelchair. He unstraps Chris' arms then legs. Then turns to prepare his IV.

Chris raises behind Jeremy with a bocce ball in his hand. He's not really hypnotized! He hits Jeremy in the back of the head with the bocce ball. Jeremy crumples in pain. Chris hits him again. Jeremy falls limp and blood rushes from his head.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Dean is busy sawing Jim's cranium off.

INT. GAMES ROOM

Chris takes the earplugs out of his ears and can hear again.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

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

DEAN
Jeremy...?

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

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

DEAN (CONT'D)
Ahhh--

His scream gargles. Dean falls knocking a candle over which lights the unused bed on fire. The fire grows fast. Chris slams the door shut and continues through the dark hallway lined with ceremonial photos. He finds the pitch black stairwell and ascends to...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

She sniffs the air. She is suddenly afraid. She turns off the light illuminating the back yard. She turns the light back on again. Chris' bloodied reflection emerges from the basement door behind hers. He looks savage. Georgina runs out the back door.

Chris heads to the door, but sees his phone on the dining room table. He goes for it.

INT. MISSY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chris picks up his phone and presses the power button. The loading screen comes up. Chris walks to the front door. They see each other. The teacup is on the table by the chair in the middle of the room. They both go for it, Chris gets there first. He knocks the teacup off the desk shattering it. They stare each other down for a moment. Missy walks towards her desk and Chris follows.

Missy grabs a letter opener from the desk and stabs him through the hand. Chris grabs her wrists. He is unhinged. He pushes his forehead against hers in a show of primal dominance. In this moment he becomes a being motivated by revenge.

MISSY
No. No. No!

Chris screams in rage. He pushes Missy further into her office. We hear the struggle and screams of a excruciating fight. We see a quick flash of a stab. We hear a CRASH as a lamp light turns off. The FIGHT SOUNDS slow down. MISSY GARGLES. Chris comes out of the room bloodier than before holding the letter opener.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Chris turns towards the front door. Jeremy comes out of nowhere with blood all over his face, and puts Chris in a rear naked choke hold.

Chris attempts to stab Jeremy behind him twice but can't reach him. Chris grabs the door knob and opens the door; Jeremy SLAMS it shut. The struggle continues, and Jeremy's choke sinks in deeper. Chris goes for the door again; Jeremy kicks the door shut propelling them both back into the wall. Chris looks down. He gets an idea but is losing consciousness fast.

With his last bit of awareness, Chris makes a final push towards the door. Reaches for the door knob again; a seemingly futile pursuit.

Chris opens the door again, Jeremy KICKS the door again; Chris STABS Jeremy in the leg. Jeremy falls to his knees.

Chris kicks him to the ground. Chris stomps on Jeremy's head 3 times.

CHRIS

Jujitsu this Motherfucker!

Chris takes the keys from Jeremy's pocket.

Moments later...

INT. ROSE'S ROOM -NIGHT

Rose sits on her bed listening to music and researching college basketball. All her pictures are up again.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

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

TUTORIAL

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

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

INT. SPORTS CAR ON RURAL ROAD

Chris dials 911.

911 OPERATOR

911 emergency

CHRIS

I'm at the Armitage--

Chris looks in the rearview mirror. All of a sudden, BAM!
The car slams into and over Georgina, who, in the night,
seems to have come out of nowhere.

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rose takes off her headphones. She heard something.

EXT. ARMITAGE FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

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

CHRIS

(to himself)

No... no... Don't do it... Just get
the fuck gotta here... Just go!
Just...

He looks back and sees Georgina's body laying motionless.
Chris flashes back.

INT. YOUNG CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young Chris watches TV in his apartment.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Chris looks back at Georgina.

CHRIS

Fuck!

EXT. ARMITAGE FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Chris gets out of the car to get Georgina. The house is beginning to burn from deep inside. He lifts her up and

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Moments later...

TUTORIAL

Where is the nearest train station?
Ou est la gare la plus proche?

He puts Georgina into the passenger's seat of the car. He shuts the door and gets in the driver's seat. He floors it.

As Rose comes out of the house with a rifle.

ROSE

Grandma!!!

After a moment of driving, Georgina's eyes open and she rises. She is Grandma. The wig slides off her head revealing an old surgical scar around the top of her head. Chris hasn't noticed her yet. He reaches for his phone.

TUTORIAL

Can you please call the police?
Pouvez-vous s'il vous plait appelez
la police?

Annoyed, Chris turns off the sound system just before Georgina grabs his face. They both scream. Chris, veers the car into a tree. Georgina's head hits the windshield hard and bursts open. She's dead. So is the car.

A bullet hits the rear view mirror. Rose stands with the hunting rifle 100 Ft behind the car. Chris crawls out of the car and runs. Rose shoots a tree and starts reloading.

ROSE

Grampa!

Walter, the grounds keeper, runs from behind Rose at top speed. Walter is grandpa aka Roman Armitage and he's so fast.

As Walter/Roman sprints across the front lawn straight at him. Walter's hat flies off revealing the surgical scar around his head like the others. Walter/Roman closes the gap quickly. As Chris reaches the road, Walter/Grandpa pounces like a jaguar and rolls him over on his back. He grabs Chris' face.

WALTER/ROMAN

Damn you to Hell!!!

Rose arrives behind them.

WALTER/ROMAN (CONT'D)

You ruined everything!!!

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

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

ROSE

What...? Grandpa--?

Walter/Roman raises and gathers his bearing. His eye is cocked and blood trickles out of his nose. He holds his hand out for the gun. She gives it to him.

Walter/Roman shoots Rose in the stomach. She falls. Walter turns to Chris. His face changes from Walter's anger to Roman's rage. He points the gun at Chris.

WALTER/ROMAN

I never beat Jessie's time.

CHRIS

What?

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

Chris lays in shock. It's over until...

Rose is still alive! Blood pours from her mouth.

ROSE

Ahhhhhh!

She goes for the gun, and grabs it, but Chris pulls her away and ends up on top.

ROSE (CONT'D)

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

Chris chokes her. Tears stream down his face. Chris is lost in violence.

CHRIS

Shhhh.

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

Chris pulls his hands off her neck. She's not going to make him a monster. Rose is confused, sure he would do it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Cold and alone...

Rose grimaces in agony. Her wound is bleeding a lot now.

Siren lights flash on the side of their heads. The scene doesn't look good.

Chris turns towards them raising his hands. Rose smiles again and pleads with the approaching officers.

ROSE

Help. Help! He's trying to kill me.

The driver of the car opens the door. It's Rod. The siren's are coming from a TSA security vehicle!

ROD

Oh shit! Chris!

(to Rose)

You fucked now, huh?

Chris hobbles to the car. He gets in the passengers side. The gravity of what he's been through sets in. Rod looks at Chris. Rod tries to gauge Chris' mental state by see He tries to breaking the tension.

Chris is silent and emotionless. Not a smirk. Rod realizes he may be too late to save Chris' sanity. Rod looks at Rose through the windshield.

ROD (CONT'D)

What about her?

CHRIS

I think we need some time apart.

Chris looks at Rod and gives a little smirk. Rod exhales in relief. Rod does a three point turn. Rod and Chris drive away leaving Rose to die.

ROD

I told you to get the fuck out that house, man.

Rose watches the car leave.

INT. ROD'S CAR. NIGHT

Chris in the passenger's seat watches Rose get smaller in the rear view mirror. He takes a breath and shuts his eyes.