

PEOPLE WALK DOGS LATE AT NIGHT IN THE SUBURBS

(working title)

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OVER BLACK

The faint... faint sound of: DISTANT footsteps.

Getting closer.

The metronome for the scene.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURB - DAWN

A landscape of a
suburban street.

Symmetrical. Two rows of houses stretch to infinity.

The sky's color rapidly SHIFTS: grey, black, to pink.

Fog. Dawn.

Then

a dot coming near us.

Footsteps APPROACHING.

(Birds. Wind.) Suddenly

a VERY PREGNANT WOMAN walks across

from right to left.

Her arm extended

walking a dog.

The dog's legs TATTERING on the sidewalk.

The leash taut.

Somewhere NEAR an ice cream truck plays FÜR ELISE.

ALYSSA (late 20s), eight months pregnant. Hobbling.

Labored breathing.

She walks past fences and peers into the backyards.

Walking, she can see into the backyards through FENCE POSTS
flickering by like a moviola.

Kiddie pools, trampolines, patios.

(a SPRINKLER flickers.)

But then she sees

SOMETHING.

Faint MOANS, from behind the fence.

She slows down.

Behind the fence

it looks like MULTIPLE LIMBS, like an OCTOPUS,
only impossible to tell.

Obscured, naked gyrations.

She tries to see through the fence posts.

Is it an orgy? Is it a murder?

The dog starts BARKING, running up and down the fence line
PULLING Alyssa.

She GRIMACES,

CLUTCHING her bump.

She lets go of the dog, the leash trailing as it runs away.

Alyssa buckled over, looks again toward the backyard:

NOTHING, save for the wooden fence.

She moves her head back and forth but can't see past the
fence while she isn't moving.

Her EYE

through a crack in the fence.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun through blinds.

A couple spooning in bed

holding hands. Half asleep.

Alyssa, still EIGHT-MONTHS PREGNANT, spooned by

MR. CARTER (late 20s), flabby but sexy, attractive in a young DILFY kind of way.

MR. CARTER

Okay.

A heavy sigh. He kisses the nape of her neck.

ALYSSA

Getting up?

MR. CARTER

Yeah.

ALYSSA

NOOOOO!

She grabs onto him. Her eyes closed.

MR. CARTER

(kissing her neck)

Yes.

ALYSSA

Noooooooooo!

He keeps kissing the nape of her neck, his eyes closed.

Alyssa smiles, sleepily.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Here.

She moves his hand to her belly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Feel that? The kicking.

MR. CARTER

She says,
(changing the octave of
his voice)

"LET. ME. OUUUUT."

Alyssa eyes closed, caresses Carter's hand, her stomach.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Remember when you weren't excited
about having a baby?

Mildly annoyed, she turns back.

ALYSSA
Okay, just cause I wasn't one of
those
(a mimicking impression)
'I've loved my baby since the day I
found out I was pregnant!' moms
doesn't mean I wasn't excited.

Carter's mouth agape, laughing, a knowing look. Pushing
buttons.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(to the baby/her belly)
Don't listen to him. He's lying.
He's a liar.

Carter smiles. And tries to roll out of bed. Alyssa grabs
him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going.

MR. CARTER
(laughing)
I have to go to work!

ALYSSA
No. Not today you're not.

He slips out of her reach. Hovering over her stomach.

Carter WHISPERS to the baby.

MR. CARTER
You're mommy and daddy love you
very much.
(then)
I would do anything for you.

He kisses her belly. Then Alyssa's forehead.

He climbs out of bed.

Completely NUDE. And grabs a shirt off a hanger.

Alyssa watches.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
What d'you got goin' on today?
(from the closet)
Marcy coming over later?

ALYSSA
Yeah. We're grabbing lunch. Other
than that? Nothin'.

Carter in an undershirt and bottomless. His bare ass. He
throws on a dress shirt.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
You should go to school like that.

Carter turns to face her.

MR. CARTER
Yeah?

Feigning modeling.

ALYSSA
Yeah. I'm sure the girls will love
it.

Carter walks to the edge of the bed, sits and
STARES into Alyssa's eyes.

MR. CARTER
I'll fix ya breakfast.

They kiss. A little too long. As
he stands up

ALYSSA
Hold on.

she pulls him back to bed.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
before you do that.

She pulls him closer. Taking off his shirt.

From INSIDE A SHIRT:

the sound of CLOTH being pulled over a head carries us to:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Pulling out from

an EMPTY HALLWAY

and pushing into

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Rows of students. Math posters stapled to walls.

One of the students, PONCE (18), takes notes.

An American flag above the board.

Mr. Carter at the dry erase board. Pre-calculus problems written out.

A STUDENT in a class of twenty raises her hand. Mr. Carter indicates her.

STUDENT 1 (O.S.)

Where'd you get the point nine-five from?

MR. CARTER

Do what?

Somewhere - SNIFFLING.

STUDENT 1

How'd you get the point nine-five?
(points)
On the left.

MR. CARTER

So if we want to isolate "c" we'll have to divide by the sixty minus "c." And whatever we do to one side we'll have to do to the other side-

From somewhere in the back of the classroom, the sounds of
CRYING

restrained crying, under a female breath.

Mr. Carter's ear. He looks up from the board.

In the back row of desks a YOUNG GIRL'S face completely covered by long hair. Her invisible face buried in her hands. Her body shakes with hiccups.

She quietly WEEPS.

The BELL RINGS.

The students stand up exiting the class. The crying girl stays behind.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
See y'all tomorrow. Bye. Have a
good lunch.

Two FOOTBALL PLAYERS approach Mr. Carter as they exit.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
What're we doing at practice?

MR. CARTER
Find out at practice.

The football players exit the classroom. The weeping girl
stands up from her desk, still WHEEZING.

Only her and her teacher are left.

Mr. Carter SHUTS the door and LOCKS it.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
The fuck're you doing?!

Until now, Mr. Carter has been cool and composed. Now his
energy is manic, stressed. Like he's suppressing a terrible
force that's about to erupt.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Not at school, Teva! Please.

TEVA's face contorts, failing to fight back tears. She's 17,
good-looking, but by no means the most popular girl in
school.

TEVA
(bawling)
I know! I'm sorry I couldn't help
it. I was just - you never texted
me back --

MR. CARTER
STOP. Stop it! Stop crying! I told
you not to text me anymore.

TEVA
I'm sorry I know! I just thought
it's not gonna kill anyone to text
you every once in a while.

MR. CARTER
Teva! You can't text me. You can't
see me. Know what'd happen if
somebody found out about us? I'd be
fucked. I'd lose everything. My
job, my wife, my baby.

(MORE)

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
And I'm sorry, really. But I can't
do that. We gotta pretend like we
don't know each other.

Teva erupts in tears.

TEVA
How the FUCK am I supposed to
pretend when I have to see you
every day!?

Carter looks to the windowed

DOOR.

MR. CARTER
(quietly yelling)
TEVA! Please! Can you stop crying!

TEVA
Like did I do something?!

MR. CARTER
(ushering her to the
corner of the room)
No. You didn't do anything. But we
can't do this anymore. We gotta
move on.

TEVA
(still weeping)
That's so fucking easy for you. You
got a wife. You're gonna have a
kid!

MR. CARTER
QUIET. Teva. I know it's not easy.
But please. PLEASE. You can't be
crying during class. And you can't
be texting me. No one can ever find
out about us, okay?

She snorts.

TEVA
But what about the first?

MR. CARTER
What's the first?

TEVA
My mom's going out of town for a
week the beginning of next month.

Carter tries to recollect.

TEVA (CONT'D)
I thought you were gonna come over.

MR. CARTER
Teva. God. Fuck.

She stares at the floor.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
No I can't come over. Like this is
it, okay? We're done. No more
talking. No more texting. No more
anything, okay? From now on I'm
just your teacher. Alright?

Her sobs have gone softer. She's been avoiding eye contact.
She finally looks up at Mr. Carter.

TEVA
But I just want to hug you so bad.

She raises her hands, her body fighting a pantomime hug,
before her arms collapse.

TEVA (CONT'D)
I miss you.

Mr. Carter takes a deep breath.

MR. CARTER
I miss you too Teva.

MUSIC

HARD SMASH TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

ULTRA-ZOOMED IN

Fuzzy, colorful blobs

stuttering,

vibrating across in SLOW-MOTION -

students, out of focus, filling up a hall.

A curtain of faces pulls back.

Emerging from the blobs

TEVA,

suddenly in focus,

hair hypnotically bouncing.

She walks past Ponce

who looks her direction

and arrives at a locker. Dials it. It opens.

INSIDE:

on a heart shaped mirror

the TITLE of the movie written in lipstick.

As the locker SLAMS closed

INT. CARTER HOUSE - ALYSSA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Alyssa at her desk

in denim overalls.

A plate with a microwaved hot dog wrapped in a corn tortilla
with raw cucumbers.

A blank paint easel nearby.

She snacks, perusing YouTube, multiple browsers open.

She organizes an instruction manual for LED Smart Lights.

A KNOCK.

Alyssa turns.

The dog LOOKS up. A BARK.

ALYSSA

Remi, shh.

Alyssa stands up and

walks towards the window.

Peering through blinds

an OBSTRUCTED view of

a MAN.

Behind bushes

hard to see, waiting at the door step.

Alyssa, curious.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

PONCE (from Mr. Carter's class) in a tank top and shorts,
with muscles but skinny,

looks around the porch.

Alyssa opens the door.

ALYSSA
Back, Remi. Back.

She looks at the boy.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(confused)
Hi.

PONCE
Mrs. Carter?

ALYSSA
Yes?

They look at each other. Then, behind Ponce, she sees
a beat-up pick-up with a lawnmower in the bed.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Oh. OH! Shit. You're...?

PONCE
Yeah, hi. You hired me on nextdoor?
To do your lawn. We haven't met
before, you just responded to my
post.

ALYSSA
That's right. What is today,
Thursday?

PONCE
Tuesday.

ALYSSA
God. I'm all mixed up. What was
your name again?

PONCE
Ponce.

ALYSSA
Ponce? Ponce. Nice to meet you. The
side gate should be unlocked.

Ponce walks down to the truck.

Alyssa closes the door. Before she walks away, she stutters.
Turns back and looks through the eyeglass.

OUTSIDE through a fisheye:

Ponce lowers the mower out of the truck.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE GYM - DAY

ECHOING SILENCE. A cough.

An enormous gym with a wooden floor. A mirror runs across the
back wall.

THIRTY high school girls spread out across the floor.
Crouching. Their backs facing the mirror. In anticipation.
Then

a DRUM BEAT.

The DANCE TEAM staggered, each third synchronized to a
section.

ZOOMING in

somewhere in the dancers

TEVA, her moves precise but her eyes absent. She mouths along
to the song.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Teva puts on socks. Her mind somewhere else.

GIRL 1
You okay, Teva?

Teva looks up. Smiles.

a locker CLOSES as

INT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

the front door opens.

Ponce sweating. Sunglasses on his head.

ALYSSA

All done?

PONCE

Yes ma'am.

Alyssa wobbles inside, grabbing an envelope on the counter.
She wobbles back.

ALYSSA

(handing the envelope)

There.

She touches Ponce's hand as the envelope passes between them.

Ponce looks at Alyssa's

STOMACH.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You live around here?

PONCE

No, yeah, I live a few streets
down. On Heatherwood.

ALYSSA

Are you free in the evenings?

PONCE

I can be.

ALYSSA

Would you wanna walk Remi? Just
take her round the block in the
afternoon.

PONCE

I'd love to.

ALYSSA

I'd walk her myself but it's gotten
kinda hard now. And she needs the
exercise.

PONCE
No, don't worry, I'll work her out.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A one story home.

Alyssa sits on the couch with the TV running. Carter enters carrying a bundle of flowers and Styrofoam boxes.

The dog greets Carter, licking his hand.

MR. CARTER
(baby voice)
Hi puppy.

He walks through the hallway into the living room.

The living room and kitchen adjoined in the cramped home.

ALYSSA
Aww. Flowers?

He kisses Alyssa on the head.

MR. CARTER
Hi babe. How're you doing, how's
Marcy?

ALYSSA
Yeah, she's good.
(beat)
You won't believe this -

Carter enters the kitchen, setting down the food and his

CELL PHONE on the counter.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Did you know that Marcy still
hasn't cum?

MR. CARTER
She hasn't what?

ALYSSA
Cum.

MR. CARTER
Come? OH. Cum.

ALYSSA

Been married over a year and she's still never had an orgasm. Isn't that crazy? I told her she needs to buy a vibrator or something.

Suddenly

VIBRATING on the corner of the kitchen counter, Carter's phone.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Or at least try masturbating. Like - how's someone else supposed to make you cum if you've never made yourself cum?

Carter picks up his phone off the counter.

CALLER ID: TEVA M.

Carter denies the call

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Never masturbated, never looked at porn, never anything.

and puts his phone in his pocket.

His blood pressure rises.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I just can't fathom. I mean. I guess I've been doing that since I was a kid? But I feel bad for Dave. Waiting five years. Saving yourself for marriage.

MR. CARTER

(absently)

Yeah.

ALYSSA (O.S.)

I told her to get off birth control if she wants to have a sex drive.

Inside Carter's POCKET,

his phone BUZZING again. Carter looks down

towards his phone.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
I met one of your students today.

MR. CARTER
Do what?

ALYSSA
I said I met one of your students today.

VIBRATING, poking out of his pocket the SAME caller ID.

He rejects the call again.

Carter looks up.

MR. CARTER
Yeah?

ALYSSA
Yeah.

MR. CARTER
Where at?

ALYSSA
Here.

MR. CARTER
Who?

ALYSSA
Huh?

MR. CARTER
I said who was it?

ALYSSA
Ponce? Ponce something. Said he's in your class.

With his hands by the counter

Carter BLOCKS Teva's number.

MR. CARTER
What was he doing here?

Carter closes his phone screen.

ALYSSA
You didn't notice the yard? He's walking Remi tomorrow.

Carter dials in to Alyssa.

MR. CARTER
Is he now?

ALYSSA
That a problem?

MR. CARTER
Think you can get away with that?
Handing over my lawn. My dog? Why I
oughtta --

Alyssa walks over, a playful finger wagging.

ALYSSA
I got my eye on you, mister.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

ALL EYES on Carter. Polynomials written on the board.

MR. CARTER
And if anyone wants to do a retake,
I'll be here today and tomorrow
after school until four-thirty.

A student raises her hand.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Yep.

STUDENT 2
Homework was problems one, two,
sixteen and seventeen on two-
eighty?

Mr. Carter points to the board where the homework assignment
is written out.

STUDENT 2 (CONT'D)
Cause there isn't a problem
seventeen on two-eighty.

The student shows her textbook to Carter. Carter walks to her
desk, leaning next to her, looking over her shoulder.

Teva watches from the back row. Carter's HAND on the back of
the student's chair.

MR. CARTER

Oh shit.

Carter makes a face at uttering an obscenity. The students LAUGH under their breaths.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Oops.

Carter walks to the board, erases and rewrites the assignment. Several students make notes in their notebooks.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Problems fifteen and sixteen. No seventeen. Thanks Ashton. Anyone else? Questions? Comments, concerns?

Carter looks to the rows of students. In the back row raising her hand

TEVA

exasperated, eager to be called upon.

Carter ignores her.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Okay let's go to lunch.

The class breaks. Carter props open the door and is the first one to leave the room.

TEVA

lowers her hand in the back row.

PRE-LAP:

PONCE (V.O.)

Do you have an extension cord I can borrow?

The JOLTING sound of

I/E. CARTER HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

a garage door opening.

Ponce sweats. Alyssa grabs a cord.

ALYSSA

You do a lotta different odd jobs?

PONCE

Yeah. Anything I can to make money.
I sell stuff on Craigslist, too.

ALYSSA

A real businessman.

PONCE

I'm just trying to have my own
place. My own money. And not rely
on anyone. But Craigslist is super
annoying. I'm trying to sell a
motorcycle but then the guy wants
to trade me his rare coins and
antiques. I'm like dude. No! That
is not how this works. We are not
bartering. Give me cash.

ALYSSA

Careful. Don't try'n grow up too
fast.

PONCE

I don't know, I'm ready to be an
adult. Do my own things.

ALYSSA

What kind of stuff you sell?

PONCE

Anything. Everything. Old
furniture. Whatever I can flip.

ALYSSA

Lemme go through some old boxes and
see if I have anything I can give
you.

PONCE

That'd be awesome. So what do you
do, you work at home?

ALYSSA

Yeah, I'm a graphic designer.

PONCE

Like posters and stuff?

ALYSSA

More like instruction manuals. For
IKEA, furniture, electronics. Stuff
like that.

PONCE

You draw?

ALYSSA

Yeah kinda. I paint, for fun, but I don't get paid.

Alyssa looks at Ponce.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You're in my husband's class, right?

PONCE

Yeah. Mr. Carter's the shit.

ALYSSA

You're gonna have to give me the low down on my husband some time.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is QUIET.

The door propped open. Mr. Carter sits at his desk. A handful of students, a few in football jerseys, scattered throughout the room testing.

A CHUBBY STUDENT with a backpack walks in and approaches Carter's desk. The student mouths a silent "Hi."

Carter nods at the student and files through a stack of tests. He passes a test to the chubby student and smiles.

The student sets down his backpack and begins testing.

Carter pulls out his phone.

Teva enters the room frantically. She stands in front of Carter's desk.

TEVA

You mad at me?

She doesn't speak loud, but in a quiet room her voice carries.

MR. CARTER

No.

TEVA

Why're you mad at me? What'd I do?

Carter looks past Teva.

Several students having looked up from their testing, towards the desk.

Carter keeps his voice low. Teva doesn't match his volume.

MR. CARTER

Nothing. Lemme get you your test.

TEVA

You didn't call on me in class today.

MR. CARTER

What was your question?

TEVA

I don't get it.

MR. CARTER

What don't you get?

TEVA

All of it.

MR. CARTER

Would you wanna go over the homework?

TEVA

Yeah.

MR. CARTER

Well I'm doing retests right now. Could we go over it tomorrow?

Teva's shoulders slump.

TEVA

Okay.

MR. CARTER

I'll see you tomorrow.

She exits. He watches her out the door.

MR. CARTER

at his desk. Agitated. He looks to the testing students.

The students watching him. Synchronized: they turn away, facing their tests.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa on the couch. The TV runs. Carter in a suit grabs his satchel.

ALYSSA
Where ya going?

MR. CARTER
It's parent teacher night. Why, did you need the car?

ALYSSA
No that's okay.

Carter stops. He sees something.

MR. CARTER
What're you doing with this?

He picks up a cheap

MOOD RING

lying on the counter top. A jewel in the center.

ALYSSA
I was clearing out my desk drawer and found it.

MR. CARTER
What? You're not getting rid of it are you?

ALYSSA
I sure am.

MR. CARTER
You can't get rid of that.

ALYSSA
It's junk!

MR. CARTER
But the sentimental value. This was our engagement ring.

ALYSSA
No, no, no. You were kidding. You
proposed with that crappy mood ring
and then you took it back and said
you weren't serious.

MR. CARTER
(indicating their house/
each other)
Obviously I was serious.

ALYSSA
Here. Gimme a kiss.

Carter walks back to the couch and kisses the top of her
head.

MR. CARTER
I'll see you tonight.

Alyssa stands up.

ALYSSA
Come on Remi, less go ousside.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Alyssa and the dog walk down the driveway.

The dog pees in a patch of grass.

Across the street

Alyssa sees

two other folks standing in the shadows with dogs.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa walks the dog down the sidewalk. But up ahead
an SUV lightly

SHAKES.

She slows down as she nears the car.

The SUV with the backseat down.

She sees

hips being eaten out.

A head between a dress.

Alyssa footsteps with the dog. Then

a car drives by, its LIGHTS

WASH across the inside of the SUV for a moment.

The head comes up from

between the legs.

PONCE

makes split-second eye contact.

Alyssa keeps walking.

PRE-LAP: a bell RINGS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

"PARENT TEACHER NIGHT"

on the dry erase board.

Carter at the front of the room. A group of parents stand up from desks.

MR. CARTER
Alright, thank y'all.

Parents work their way out of the room. Carter grabs a stack of papers.

One woman lingers behind in the classroom.

TEVA'S MOM (O.S.)
Mr. Carter?

MR. CARTER
Yeah? Yes?

TEVA'S MOM
Hi, I'm Carolyn, I'm Teva's mom.

TEVA'S MOM (late 30s), an attractive woman carrying a striking resemblance to her daughter. She offers her hand.

MR. CARTER
Hi. Good to meet you.

TEVA'S MOM

Nice to finally meet you, too.

MR. CARTER

What's up? What can I do for you?

TEVA'S MOM

I wanted to talk to you about
Teva's grades.

MR. CARTER

Sure.

TEVA'S MOM

It's just - this is the only class
Teva really struggles with. And I
was wondering if you're seeing
anything that she should be doing
different? Or if you offer any kind
of extra credit -

MR. CARTER

Uhh... well. No, I don't do any
kind of extra credit. But um. I do
make up tests? So if a student
fails they can retake the test and
try to bring the grade up to a
seventy.

TEVA'S MOM

Mhm. Okay.

MR. CARTER

Have you thought about switching
her to regular? That might help her
GPA.

TEVA'S MOM

I couldn't do that, bad for
college.

(beat)

Do you do any tutoring after
school?

Mr. Carter baffled.

MR. CARTER

Um. Uh. Well. I don't do any
tutoring but the school, we have a,
uh, it's like a mentorship program
the kids can go to during lunch.
With other students.

TEVA'S MOM

Ok, thank you. That's great. Is there anything else?

MR. CARTER

Uh. No? No, not off the top of my head. Other than what I already mentioned. But you know a lotta kids struggle in Precal.

TEVA'S MOM

Yeah.

MR. CARTER

The class, it's uh, we're building off concepts they learned in algebra two. So it's one of those deals where if a student had a hard time in algebra two, they're probably gonna struggle in Precal as well.

TEVA'S MOM

Yeah.

(beat)

It's just that Teva never really had a hard time in algebra two.

The adults share a glance. Carter STARING.

TEVA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Well. Guess I have to see the other teachers now. But thank you.

She pulls out a business card.

TEVA'S MOM (CONT'D)

My cell phone's there if you see anything. It was so nice to finally meet you. Teva adores you. She just thinks the world of you.

MR. CARTER

Thank you, it was good meeting you too. Teva's a good student. And a hard worker.

They shake hands and Teva's mom exits.

A fraudulent smile stays glued on Carter's face. As the door SHUTS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Carter frantically LOCKS the door.

MR. CARTER
Was that you.

TEVA
Was what me?

MR. CARTER
Your mom. Was that you that had her
come talk to me.

TEVA
What?! No!

MR. CARTER
Jesus Christ Teva.

TEVA
I told her not to go to the thing!
I told her not to talk to you!

MR. CARTER
I'm serious. Don't be playing games
with me, Teva.

TEVA
Why, what happened, what'd she say?

MR. CARTER
Asking about your grades. Why
they've been dropping. And then
saying how much you liked me, how
good of a teacher I was.

Teva drops her face into her hands.

TEVA
Oh God.

MR. CARTER
Did you tell her.
(beat)
Teva, did you tell her.

TEVA
Tell her what.

MR. CARTER
(dropping his voice)
Tell her we had sex.

TEVA

NO! Of course not!

MR. CARTER

Don't fuck with me, Teva. I'm being serious.

TEVA

Why would I ever tell my mom something like that?! You think I'm talking to my mom about my sex life?!

MR. CARTER

Well she seemed like she knew something was up.

TEVA

She doesn't know anything. Stop being so paranoid.

MR. CARTER

Teva.

Mr. Carter's face contorts, like he's summoning words that aren't there.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Maybe this doesn't seem like a big deal to you. But this is a huge deal for me.

TEVA

What are you talking about this isn't a big deal for me?!

MR. CARTER

Well I have a wife. And I'm about to have a kid, okay. This is my career! The last thing I need is for you to come in and fuck it all up!

Teva stares at Mr. Carter in disbelief.

TEVA

Why're you so cruel to me? Did I do something terrible to you? I feel like all I've ever done was love you.

Mr. Carter settles down. He takes a deep breath.

TEVA (CONT'D)

And it's like. Like as soon as we had sex you stopped talking to me. Like did I do something?

MR. CARTER

No. No. I'm sorry. I don't mean to be so mean.

Teva stares.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Really. Like. The last thing I want to do is hurt you. I didn't want to be the one to break your heart.

She doesn't know what to say.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

But also, you gotta understand. You're not the only one hurting. It hurts me too.

Teva holds back her emotions.

TEVA

It's like I just... I just don't see why we can't be together. Like I get it, I know what you're saying. It's just. Like we could still make it work.

MR. CARTER

Teva, I'm your teacher.

TEVA

I know I know I know. But can't we wait? It's not like I'm gonna be in high school forever.

MR. CARTER

But I'm married!!

TEVA

What's that got to do with it? You said you weren't happy--

MR. CARTER

But it's more complicated than that!

TEVA

--and don't I make you happy?

MR. CARTER

Teva. It's not that simple. I wish it was that easy. But I'm bout to have a kid.

TEVA

And I'm excited for you!

Mr. Carter bows his head in a forfeit.

MR. CARTER

I hate this. I really hate this. But it's not gonna work, Teva. We can't be together. It's not ever gonna work. Just think about what people would say--

TEVA

I don't care what people say. I love you.

MR. CARTER

But just... please just THINK for a minute.

TEVA

What about all that stuff you said earlier?

MR. CARTER

I know what I said. But please you can't hold me to that.

Teva pleads with her eyes.

TEVA

You're it for me.

MR. CARTER

No. I'm not.

TEVA

Yes you are! You're everything I could ever want.

MR. CARTER

Teva. Stop. You're young. And I'm the first guy you've slept with. But you've got so much more life ahead of you. And you're gonna meet so many other people.

TEVA

I don't care about meeting other people. Like I know there's a million other fish in the sea and I know I'm young. But part of me feels like if I lose you, I'll never find another you again. You're it for me. I just love you.

MR. CARTER

You think too much of me.

TEVA

No, you're perfect.

MR. CARTER

Teva, like look at me! I teach and coach football. I don't make a lot of money.

TEVA

I don't care about that.

MR. CARTER

You gotta think about more than just love, alright? You can do way better than me.

TEVA

No I can't.

MR. CARTER

Yes you can!

TEVA

Before you I've never had a boyfriend in my life.

MR. CARTER

So what?

TEVA

I'd never even kissed a boy before you.

MR. CARTER

Teva. Stop it.

TEVA

What?

MR. CARTER

You don't give yourself enough credit. Any boy would love to be with you.

TEVA

That's why no one's ever even asked me to homecoming.

MR. CARTER

What? Stop. Teva. You don't realize how amazing you are. You think too low of yourself. Anyone would be happy to be with you.

TEVA

Except you.

MR. CARTER

You sell yourself short. Everyone around you but you can see how special you are. You're amazing.

Teva's eyes waver.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at me.

She looks back up.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

You're gorgeous. And you're hilarious. And you're brilliant.

TEVA

Not in math.

MR. CARTER

So? You don't realize how you light up a room. How easy you are to talk to. How easy it is to be comfortable with you. Everyone wants to be your friend. Every time you smile you make my day. You're perfect.

Teva's expression unchanged.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

You have so much waiting for you after high school. I know you're going to do great things. You're a special person. You're one of the loveliest people I've ever met.

(MORE)

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Stop selling yourself short. You're
perfect. And you're beautiful. And
you're sexy.

Teva doesn't smile or blush but looks up at Carter.

TEVA
How'm I sexy?

MR. CARTER
Just by being you.

TEVA
But really.

MR. CARTER
No I'm serious. You're sexy.
Everything about you is sexy. You
got sexy eyes...

Teva's eyes...

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
...and a sexy nose...

...Teva's nose...

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
...and sexy legs...

...her legs...

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
...and sexy hair...

...Mr. Carter's hand brushes through Teva's hair.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Everything about you.

TEVA

stares into Mr. Carter's eyes.

He stares back, longingly, lustfully.

They both hesitate. Mr. Carter moves forward.

He kisses her. She kisses him back. They back away, staring
at each other again.

Carter combs her hair tenderly and goes in for another kiss.

Teva and Carter make out. Slowly and passionately. The kissing progresses.

Carter lifts her up. She wraps her legs around his waist as they kiss.

And then

Carter lays her down on a desk. They don't stop kissing.

FADE TO RED:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - LATER

Mr. Carter puts a cup of coffee in a microwave. A Keurig on the counter. His hair disheveled.

MR. BRESSLER (O.C.)
How we doing.

Carter JUMPS. MR. BRESSLER (late 30s), bald. A belly tucked into his high-school sports tee, tucked into jeans.

MR. CARTER
What?

MR. BRESSLER
I said how we doing.

MR. CARTER
Oh. Yeah, good. Good.

Carter takes the coffee out of the microwave.

MR. BRESSLER
Fran said you're having a baby?

MR. CARTER
Yeah.
(beat)
Well not me, my wife.

Mr. Bressler nods his head.

MR. BRESSLER
Awesome, man. That's great.
(beat)
You and your wife, y'all were high school sweethearts?

MR. CARTER
Yeah. Well - we really didn't start dating dating til college.

MR. BRESSLER

Huh. You waited a long time before having kids.

MR. CARTER

I guess. Waited awhile before getting married, too.

MR. BRESSLER

You did, or she did?

Bressler laughs, taps him on the shoulder.

MR. BRESSLER (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding. When's she due?

MR. CARTER

Uh... beginning of next month. Round the first they said.

MR. BRESSLER

This the um...?

MR. CARTER

- yeah, first one.

MR. BRESSLER

Congratulations, my friend. Don't know how y'all do it.

MR. CARTER

Do what?

MR. BRESSLER

The whole kid thing. Both me and my wife can't even imagine making babies.

Carter stares.

MR. BRESSLER (CONT'D)

But also, you know. Never had to worry about kids. I got a vasectomy. Didn't even tell my wife, just one day got up and drove to the doctors. Didn't tell anyone. Didn't call my folks, nothing. Just got up, drove to the doctor, zip.

MRS. DRURY (40s) walks in flustered.

MR. BRESSLER (CONT'D)

Hi Jacquie.

MRS. DRURY

Yes?

MR. BRESSLER

No, I was just saying hi.

MRS. DRURY

(cold)

Hello.

She grabs a Styrofoam box from the fridge and LEAVES.

MR. BRESSLER

(a whisper)

That's a stressed out woman.

MR. CARTER

Huh?

MR. BRESSLER

You hear about her play?

MR. CARTER

No, what play?

MR. BRESSLER

Her production of Romeo and Juliet.

MR. CARTER

No.

MR. BRESSLER

She's meeting with the school district and a board of directors to see if the play fits with community standards.

MR. CARTER

Why?

MR. BRESSLER

She's doing like a contemporary version of Romeo and Juliet. Set in modern times. But at the end of the play instead of taking a sleeping pill, Juliet shoots herself in the face with a shotgun. But Juliet doesn't actually kill herself, she only blows off her face. And when Romeo sees Juliet's committed suicide, he kills himself too.

(MORE)

MR. BRESSLER (CONT'D)
Juliet wakes up with her face blown off by the shotgun, and when she learns that Romeo drank the poison she kisses his lips and dies.

MR. CARTER
Jesus.

MR. BRESSLER
Yeah I know. And these are supposed to be teenagers in the play.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - EVENING

Mr. Carter pulls up to his house. As he pulls in the driveway he sees

PONCE

entering his truck.

Ponce WAVES his hand to Mr. Carter. Carter offers a soft wave back.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Alyssa sits on the couch with the TV running. Carter walks in. Wired, hurried.

He enters the living room and kisses Alyssa on the head.

MR. CARTER
Hi honey, how ya feeling.

ALYSSA
Hey. You smell good.

MR. CARTER
I do?

ALYSSA
Yeah. You smell... you smell lavender-y. Vanilla-y.

MR. CARTER
Hm. I'm gonna hop in the shower.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - SHOWER - EVENING

Carter in the shower. A frenzied shower, as if trying to scrub off his skin.

He lathers his face in soap. As he closes his eyes to rinse off his face

DARKNESS

the pitter patter of WATER hitting the tub. When he opens his eyes

ALYSSA stands in the shower behind him.

MR. CARTER

Jesus fuck!

Carter grabs his heart.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Scared the shit out of me.

ALYSSA

Sorry.

(beat)

Let me in.

Carter and Alyssa shuffle past one another.

MR. CARTER

I'm not trying to stay in here for very long.

ALYSSA

It's okay.

Alyssa wets her hair. Carter shampoos his.

MR. CARTER

Here watch out.

The couple shuffles, Carter towards the water.

Alyssa stands behind her husband.

She hugs him from behind as he rinses off his hair. Alyssa's face pressed against Carter's back.

As Carter rinses, Alyssa draws figure eights on his chest with her fingers.

Her hands caress his stomach. Moving LOWER. Slowly reaching below his waist.

ALYSSA

eyes open, resting against her husband's back. Her arms moving.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Okay.

Carter turns around to face Alyssa.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

I'm done. I'm getting out.

The couple does another shuffle. Carter SLIDES BACK the perforated glass.

ALYSSA

Hey.

As he reaches for his towel

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Wanna give me a kiss?

Carter gives her a kiss. He shuts the glass behind him.

ALYSSA

a blank expression, staring into space as the water runs.

THROUGH PERFORATED GLASS

an obscured silhouette of a nude, pregnant Alyssa.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Rows of students quietly testing. Mr. Carter sits at his desk, his eyes lost in space.

An OVERWEIGHT STUDENT approaches his desk.

STUDENT 3

(whispering)

Can I use the restroom?

MR. CARTER

Hmm? Yeah, go head.

The student exits. Mr. Carter leans forward in his desk. Toying with a pen. He looks into the rows of students.

TEVA,

her face empty, staring past the test and pencil on her desk. She's a still tableau, only her breathing indicates life.

She looks up and makes direct eye contact with Mr. Carter.

Teva smiles at Carter. When she smiles,
Carter looks away.

PRE-LAP:

ALYSSA (V.O.)
Where are you right now?

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALYSSA looks to the mirror across the bedroom.

Seeing herself. She sits between Carter's legs. He massages her hair. A TV casts light.

MR. CARTER
Nowhere... here.

ALYSSA
She's kicking.

She takes Carter's hand and moves it to her
BELLY.

The outline of a child's foot pressing from INSIDE.

MR. CARTER
Come're, baby.

Carter's hand tries to GRAB the foot through the belly.

ALYSSA
I don't think she likes it when you
try'n grab her foot like that.

He moves his hand, feeling around her stomach.

MR. CARTER
(to the unborn child)
Where are you. Come here you little
bitch. Gonna kick my wife, huh?

ALYSSA
Hey don't talk to my baby like
that.

He gets on top of Alyssa, straddling.

MR. CARTER

What, you're gonna take her side?
After all the grief she's put you
through?

ALYSSA

Hey motherfucker. YOU did this to
me.

MR. CARTER

I think she's retreating. Come back
here.

With his fists, he fake pounds on her stomach.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

GET! OUT! OF MY - WIIIIIIIIIFFE!

Carter kisses the top of Alyssa's head.

ALYSSA

looks to the mirror. Herself and Carter. Carter's eyes
distant.

ALYSSA

You okay?

MR. CARTER

Yeh?

ALYSSA

I said are you okay.

MR. CARTER

No, yeah, I said yes. Are you?

She watches his reflection.

ALYSSA

Mhmm.

MR. CARTER

Why?

ALYSSA

You've just seemed a little off
lately.

MR. CARTER

Huh... I don't know why.

ALYSSA
Yeah me neither.
(poking him)
You're not supposed to be the one
that's stressed.

MR. CARTER
I know, I know. I was thinking we
should move.

ALYSSA
Move? Like move, move?

MR. CARTER
Yeah.

ALYSSA
Did you get a job offer?

MR. CARTER
No, nothing like that. Just. I
don't know.

ALYSSA
Moving sounds like such a headache.
Specially with a newborn. Maybe
when the kids are older. Before
they start school.

Off Carter in the mirror:

MR. CARTER
(thinking something else)
Yeah...

PRE-LAP: The VIOLENT sound of a WEEDWACKER

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - BACKYARD

Strands of grass DECAPITATED.

Ponce, in headphones, cuts grass along a fence.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
PONCE? Hey Ponce.

Ponce stops and takes out a headphone. He turns around.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Could I use your muscles for a sec?

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM

ALYSSA
Just that box. You can set it on
the chair.

Ponce moves a cardboard box.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
You're a lifesaver.

PONCE
No it's no problem.
(beat)
Would it be okay if I stick around
and ask Mr. Carter a homework
question?

ALYSSA
Mr. Carter. Haha.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
What time is it - yeah, he should
be here any minute.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Ponce sits in front of the coffee table, leaning forward.
Alyssa in the adjoined kitchen making tea. An awkward
silence.

ALYSSA
What's the homework?

He looks at the paper.

PONCE
Logarithmic expressions.
(beat)
Want to do it for me?

ALYSSA
No, Jesus, no.

PONCE
Come on. You could do this.

ALYSSA
Uhn uh. That's cheating.

PONCE
How bout you just teach me how to
do it.

ALYSSA

Oh God, there's no way. I'm awful at math.

PONCE

(kidding)

You don't talk about math with your husband?

ALYSSA

(sarcastically)

Oh constantly. That's all we talk about. Multiplication tables, long division...

She's run out of math terms. Ponce helps her:

PONCE

Addition, subtraction.

ALYSSA

Yes, yes, of course.

A lull.

PONCE

How long've you and Mr. Carter been together.

ALYSSA

Been together or been married?

PONCE

I don't know. Both?

ALYSSA

Oof. God... well. We've known each other since we were little kids. Since we were like four years old.

PONCE

Woah.

ALYSSA

Yeah. We kinda grew up together. But we didn't get married until three years ago. What about you, you have a girlfriend?

PONCE

No, not really.

ALYSSA
(almost to herself)
Oh?

PONCE
What's that thing?

ALYSSA
What, this?

She indicates the mood RING on the counter top.

PONCE
Yeah.

Alyssa picks it up, eyeing it.

ALYSSA
It's uhm... just a ring. A mood
ring. My husband gave it to me
before we got engaged.

PONCE
It's cool looking.

ALYSSA
You want it?

PONCE
Huh?

ALYSSA
You can have it if you want it.

PONCE
You sure?

ALYSSA
Yeah, here take it. I'm not a
sentimental person.
(raising her wedding ring)
And I already upgraded.

PONCE
Don't worry, I won't sell it.

ALYSSA
Not like it's worth anything
anyway.

Alyssa walks to Ponce. She puts the

RING on Ponce's finger. The color CHANGES.

COLOR DISSOLVE:

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carter sits in bed beside the dog.

ALYSSA

enters. A smile.

A knowing look.

A seductive look. He sees her.

CUT TO:

CLOTHES

coming off.

A shoe box under the bed. The lid peeled OPEN. Inside: lubes, sex toys, a pink vibrator.

Underwear SLIDES

down skin.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM

ZOOMING OUT

Alyssa's face, in pleasure,
on a pillow.

Spooning sex.

Carter behind her.

His arm covers her breasts.

She holds a vibrator between her legs.

Alyssa's PREGNANT BELLY sticks out.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM

The pink vibrator in the sink.

Water runs over the vibrator as Carter washes his hands.

Alyssa pees. Carter bends down and kisses her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE GYM - MORNING

A full length mirror runs across the gym. A group of girls sit in a semi-circle on a wooden floor stretching.

Teva sits near the circle.

GIRL 1
Megan requested to follow me last night.

GIRL 2
Did she not already follow you?

GIRL 1
No, she did.

GIRL 2
So she unfollowed you to follow you again?

GIRL 1
Yeah.

GIRL 2
Weird.

GIRL 1
It's just like she's looking for attention at this point.

GIRL 3
Teva did your boobs get bigger.

Teva looks up.

TEVA
Huh?

GIRL 3
Your boobs look bigger.

TEVA
Oh.

GIRL 2
No, but they look good.

GIRL 1
Yeah, I'm jealous.

Teva looks down at her chest.

Her chest swollen.

She looks back up at the girls. Teva gives a soft and brief smile, a nervous smile.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MRS. IKNER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Teva at a desk flipping her pencil. Lost in space.

MRS. IKNER (O.S.)
I'm gonna pair y'all up for the project. Keith you're with Martha. Angel you're with Vamshi. TJ and Garrett. Joe and Carol. Charlotte you're with Blayne. Teva...

TEVA

looks up at the teacher.

MRS. IKNER (CONT'D)
...you're with Ponce.

Teva looks to

PONCE

across the room. Ponce gives a half smile. He picks up his notebook and backpack and walks over to Teva. He takes a seat next to her desk.

MRS. IKNER (CONT'D)
Also, the production of Romeo and Juliet is next weekend and I highly encourage you all to go see it. Not just because it may show up on the AP Test, but also to support your classmates.

A GIRL IN A DESK smiles at the teacher.

PONCE
Did you read the book?

TEVA
No. Did you?

PONCE
Un uh. Only like the first chapter
or something.

TEVA
Same.

They look at Mrs. Ikner. And then each other.

PONCE
We'll be okay.

Ponce smiles at Teva.

MUSIC

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - BACKYARD

OVER MUSIC

a weedwacker SILENTLY cuts grass along the fence.

Ponce, drenched in sweat, holds the weedwacker. He wears
headphones and sunglasses.

Alyssa approaches behind Ponce carrying a plastic cup of
water. She taps his shoulder.

Ponce turns around. He cuts off the trimmer and takes out his
headphones.

The MUSIC ABRUPTLY quits. NATURE interrupting.

Alyssa hands Ponce the cup.

ALYSSA
I'm running to the store. In case
I'm not back before you leave I put
your money on the front step.

Ponce finishes drinking and passes the water back to Alyssa.

PONCE
Okay, thank you.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Ponce walks up to the front of the Carter house.

An envelope is taped to the door. Ponce takes it off.

He opens it up. There's cash inside. He flips over the envelope.

Written in a woman's handwriting:

"Ponce" with a heart drawn next to his name.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A test flipped over.

Mr. Carter at his desk grading a stack of papers with a RED PEN.

He flips to the last page of a test. An open-ended math problem in multiple steps. The math is worked out over the entire page.

Carter puts a check mark next to each step of the problem. He flips to the front of the test. He writes an "89" and circles it.

He puts the paper at the back of the stack. The next paper in line has

TEVA'S NAME written in the upper left-hand corner.

Mr. Carter takes a deep BREATH.

He grades the front page. The majority of problems are marked incorrect, some problems left entirely blank.

He flips to the last page of Teva's test. The open-ended problem isn't even attempted. Instead

A LONG NOTE IN TEVA'S HANDWRITING

TEVA (V.O.)
VC. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to text you and make you mad at me but I need to see you. We need to talk...

LATER:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CARTER'S CLASSROOM

Teva is glowing. Carter is short, irritable.

MR. CARTER
What, what is it?

TEVA
(smiling)
Don't act too excited.

MR. CARTER
Can we make this short, please, I
got practice.

TEVA
It's okay, if you're in a hurry we
can talk tomorrow.

MR. CARTER
No let's talk right now. What is
it.

Teva takes a deep breath, her mouth curling back a smile as
she looks up at Carter.

TEVA
Fuck. Okay.

Carter impatiently watching.

MR. CARTER
What's up?

Teva looks down, silently popping her knuckles.

TEVA
I missed my period.

SILENCE.

Carter is frozen.

Teva bubbling, failing to withhold an internal happiness.
When she notices Carter's demeanor:

TEVA (CONT'D)
What, what's wrong?

Carter hasn't moved, his expression unchanged. As if trying
to wake up a man asleep:

TEVA (CONT'D)
Hey.

MR. CARTER
How long have you known.

TEVA
Bout my period?

MR. CARTER

Yes.

TEVA

Uh... it was like a little over a week ago. And then I waited a couple days just to be sure.

Carter eerily still.

TEVA (CONT'D)

What? ... hey.

MR. CARTER

What the fuck are you doing to me Teva.

TEVA

What?

MR. CARTER

Seriously what the fuck are you doing.

TEVA

What do you mean what am I doing?!

MR. CARTER

Are you joking with me?

TEVA

What? No!

MR. CARTER

I swear to God I hope you're joking with me, Teva.

Teva's suppressed joy has evaporated.

TEVA

No, I'm not joking.

Carter's body and expression still static. We feel the atoms reverberating inside him.

TEVA (CONT'D)

What, what's wrong?

MR. CARTER

You're getting an abortion this weekend.

TEVA

What?

MR. CARTER

You're gonna get an abortion this weekend. I'll pay for it. And then I don't ever want to talk to you again, okay, understand me?

TEVA

I don't want an abortion.

MR. CARTER

I'll pay for it, don't worry.

TEVA

I'm not getting it aborted.

MR. CARTER

Is it mine?

TEVA

Yeah, of course it is.

MR. CARTER

Then you're gonna get it aborted.

TEVA

No I'm not.

MR. CARTER

Teva.

Mr. Carter's face becomes animated. Words failing him.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

I don't know what the fuck it is you're trying to do to me--

TEVA

I'm not trying anything!!

MR. CARTER

But I swear to God. You're not having that baby.

TEVA

Yes I am.

Carter starts pacing.

MR. CARTER

What did I do?!

TEVA

Huh?

MR. CARTER

What the fuck did I do to you?! Did I do something horrible?

TEVA

What? No!

MR. CARTER

Then what the fuck is this?!

TEVA

I don't know.

MR. CARTER

You're not having this baby. You can't have this baby.

TEVA

But I want to.

MR. CARTER

You can't.

TEVA

But I want to! I'm excited. Just thinking about it gets me so happy. All my life I've wanted to be a mom.

MR. CARTER

All your life?! Are you kidding me!? Teva. This is a mistake. Please. I'll get you the money. I'll pay for it all. Just... please don't have this baby. Please!

TEVA

You act like it's the end of the world.

MR. CARTER

Teva. If you have this baby I'm fucked. I'm fucked!!

Teva listens.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? Do you understand me? I'm fucked, okay? Don't fucking do this to me. Please.

TEVA
(under her breath)
But I'm so excited. Just thinking
about being a mom.

MR. CARTER
You're gonna have plenty of
opportunities down the road to be a
mom. Just please. PLEASE. PLEASE.
PLEASE. Don't do this to me.

TEVA
It wasn't just being a mom.

Carter listens. Incredulous.

TEVA (CONT'D)
It was like... it's like being a
mom to our kid. And also being a
mom for your kid.

MR. CARTER
Don't bring up my kid Teva.

TEVA
Why not? I'll be a really good mom.

MR. CARTER
Teva I swear to God don't bring up
my children.

TEVA
But why?! I can help you raise
them! I want to!

Mr. Carter's nostrils flare. His temples throb. His arms
raised and fists clenched as if to summon words.

Frozen in an aggressive stance like a wax statue.

MR. CARTER
SHUT UP. SHUT THE FUCK UP. Okay?!
What the fuck are you trying to do
to me?!

Teva backs away.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
No. Okay? NO. NO! You're not having
this child. I swear to God,
alright. No. I'll pay for the
abortion and then I don't ever want
to talk to you again. I don't want
you to raise your hand in my class.
(MORE)

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
I don't want you to cry in my
class. I don't want you to ask any
goddamn questions in my class. And
Teva I swear to God. I don't want
you anywhere near my fucking
family, okay? You understand me?

TEVA.

Empty. Depleted.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
And I swear don't ever tell anybody
what happened between you and me.
Okay?

Teva backs away. Heartbroken. Defeated. Exhausted just from
listening.

TEVA
You're not a good person.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa scratches Mr. Carter's head as they lay in bed.

Mr. Carter's nostrils flare as he looks to the TV. He sighs.

ALYSSA
You seem stressed?

MR. CARTER
How come.

ALYSSA
I don't know you just do.

She looks to her husband. Mr. Carter removed.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
You're not supposed to be the one
stressed out.

MR. CARTER
Yeah I know. I'm sorry.

ALYSSA
Did I do something?

MR. CARTER
What? no.

ALYSSA
You sure?

MR. CARTER
Yeah.

ALYSSA
Would you tell me if I did?

MR. CARTER
Did something wrong?

ALYSSA
Yeah.

MR. CARTER
No, yeah I would.

ALYSSA
I hope so.

She grabs his hand and shakes it.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Still excited to have this baby?

MR. CARTER
I didn't know I was gonna be the
one having the baby.

ALYSSA
Okay smart ass.

Carter crawls up, hovering over her stomach. He kisses her
belly. Between each KISS:

MR. CARTER
Yes. I'm. So. Excited. Can't wait
to see this little shit.

He leans up and kisses Alyssa on the mouth.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Okay babe. I'm going to bed. I love
you.

Carter rolls over. Alyssa looks to her husband. Waiting.

Then Alyssa's eyes begin to drift off. Each blink heavier.
SLOW BREATHING.

Hypnogogic.

Inhaling.

And exhaling.

LEAVES sound like an OCEAN WAVE as she falls asleep.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - ALYSSA'S DREAM

Alyssa closes her eyes.

It's quiet.

Only the sound of the FAN WHIRRING. And gentle breathing.

A lucid dream.

She opens her eyes; half-open.

The doorway is completely dark, (the sounds of a CAR OUTSIDE)

Lights

like a car driving through the doorway, then turning

into the silhouette of a man in a hard hat carrying a mattress.

She looks to the mirror across the bed.

In the mirror:

TWO SEVENTEEN-YEAR OLD GIRLS in 17th century Puritan clothes hanging from a noose.

The faces of the girls squished, indecipherable.

At the foot of the BED:

an enormous party,

people in tuxedos and New Year's hats,

blowing party horns, bustling, but

everything SILENT save for the metronome of the fan whirring and

BREATHING.

The party guests usher Alyssa to get up.

ALYSSA
(half asleep)
Sorry I'll have to get ready before
I can join you.

She speaks in whispers. Her eyes barely open.

ALYSSA, her head against the bedroom pillow,

she barely looks up to see

the distant sound of:

a SHOWER running. And turned off.

The outline of a man in perforated glass.

The door SLIDES open.

PONCE

emerges.

Shirtless. In a towel.

INT. INFINITE FLOOR - ALYSSA'S DREAM

Alyssa peers down. Her head stays on a pillow; her body on the floor, in a dress.

The floor seems to go forever, in every distance.

The dress rolls over her body.

Ponce looks between her legs. She looks at Ponce.

Ponce's eyes BULGE. He breathes HEAVILY, but silently.

We see what he sees:

a BRIEF glimpse of

Alyssa's genitals

only her vagina is

A USB PORT.

Alyssa stares back at Ponce. Then Ponce looks at his hand.

The tip of his index finger is a USB DRIVE. Ponce studies his hand.

Turning it over, back and forth.

He places his hand between her legs.

ALYSSA

her eyes rolling in the back of her head.

The EYEBALLS frantically skidding under her EYELIDS.

Her head bobs back and forth against the
bedroom PILLOW.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING

Students stand at their desks, hands across their hearts.

All facing the front of the classroom.

STUDENTS
I pledge allegiance... to the
flag...

Carter stands at his desk. His hand over his heart but his
eyes are absent. Or transfixed.

STUDENTS (CONT'D)
...of the United States of
America...

The collective chant melodic.

STUDENTS (CONT'D)
...and to the republic, for which
it stands...

Carter watches

TEVA.

STUDENTS (CONT'D)
...one Nation, under God,
indivisible...

Teva's eyes off in space. She doesn't mouth the chant.

STUDENTS (CONT'D)
...with liberty and justice for
all.

Carter's eyes

burning.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
You can now be seated.

Teva sits. The class, in sync, takes their seats.
Carter still staring, the last to sit at his desk.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Carter ENTERS. He pauses, leaning against the wall.
He waits, a deep sigh.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Honey? Can you get the mail? I
forgot it the last couple days.

He waits in the doorway. His eyes frozen. Holding a satchel.

MR. CARTER
(calling out)
Sure thing honey.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - NIGHT

He pulls a stack of mail out of the mailbox.
Carter walks up his driveway, his hands full.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME

The door SHUTS behind Carter.
He lazily strolls down the front hallway.
He looks at the stack of mail in one hand. As he walks
Carter tilts his head upside down.
In between stacks of envelopes and coupons he sees a
HANDWRITTEN LETTER in a green envelope.
His eyes focus in. Peeking behind the other mail.
The name written in the upper left-hand corner reads:
Teva Meadows
Carter's eyes WIDEN.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM

Carter takes the letter into the bathroom and GENTLY locks the door behind him.

He quietly TEARS open the envelope and pulls out a letter written on a piece of notebook paper. He reads it.

TEVA (V.O.)
Dear Mrs. Carter, I have an urgent
matter we need to discuss
concerning your husband...

Carter's eyes frantically scan the letter - "student" "math class" "texting" "love"

TEVA (V.O.)
...My cell phone is below and my
address is on the envelope. Feel
free to reach out to me anytime.
Sincerely, Teva Meadows.

Carter stares at the letter. Then he

FLUSHES it down the toilet. The flush carrying to:

THE VIOLENT SOUND OF

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

a LAWNMOWER pushed by two hands across tall grass.

PONCE

pushing. He wears headphones. Sweating.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Alyssa on the phone. The lawnmower HUMS from outside.

Growing LOUDER. Until Ponce passes the living room window cutting the grass in a systematic pattern.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - BACKYARD

From ABOVE

a shrinking rectangular shaped pattern as Ponce cuts the grass.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Alyssa watches Ponce in the backyard from the kitchen window.

His hair and shirt bounce rhythmically. Slowly.

Alyssa closes her eyes.

She moves her hand between her legs.

Alyssa touches herself.

The sounds of the lawnmower GROWING...

INT. CARTER'S CAR - DAY

An engine RUNNING.

Carter in the driver's seat. Teva in the passenger. Staring forward. A nondescript parking lot.

MR. CARTER
I don't get it.

They don't look at each other.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Was I not clear before?

TEVA
No.

MR. CARTER
No, I wasn't clear?

TEVA
No, you were clear.

MR. CARTER
So you got it, you just didn't
care? Or what.

Still avoiding eye contact. Carter fidgets with a pencil.
Then

the agonizing urgency of a phone

VIBRATING.

Carter ignores it. Staring. Then looks: "Alyssa"

He lets it ring.

TEVA
You need to get that?

MR. CARTER
(no patience)
No.

EXT. CARTER HOUSE - BACKYARD

ALYSSA
Hey Ponce? I hate to ask but my
husband's not answering his phone
and he has the car. Could you run
me to the store?

INT. PONCE'S TRUCK - DAY

Ponce moves trash out of the passenger seat.

Alyssa slides in.

She clocks a JOINT in the cup holder.

Ponce tries to be discreet. Embarrassed of the mess.

As he DRIVES

Alyssa looks at his thigh, but avoids his face - only a
glimpse in the rearview mirror.

INT. CARTER'S CAR

Mr. Carter EXHALES. An effort to control his temper.

MR. CARTER
Teva. I'm sorry. I really am. I
hate having to break your heart. I
hate being the bad guy. But please,
for one second, hear me out,
alright? You got a full life ahead
of you. But for me, like, I have my
career. And I got my family, okay?
It's too late for me to redo it
all. But you, you've got your whole
life. And I'm just asking you,
please, please, don't do this.

TEVA
Do what, exactly?

Carter snickers. He bites his tongue in frustration and gathers himself.

MR. CARTER

All of it.

TEVA

But like what?

MR. CARTER

Teva, just please. Don't be cute right now. Please don't talk to my wife. Don't go to my house. Don't try to make me feel guilty in class. If we could just... please, just keep all this between ourselves.

She speaks softly, under her breath.

TEVA

Okay.

MR. CARTER

Okay? Can we do that?

TEVA

Sure.

Carter relaxes.

MR. CARTER

Ah thank God. Terrific, fucking terrific. Okay. Is it alright if I give you cash?

TEVA

What?

MR. CARTER

Is cash okay? For the abortion.

TEVA

You don't have to give me money.

MR. CARTER

No, but I want to.

Carter reaches for his wallet.

TEVA

Really, like you don't have to give me anything.

MR. CARTER

No, no I'll pay for it, really I don't mind.

TEVA

But I'm not getting an abortion.

MR. CARTER

Huh, what? But I just... you just said you would?

TEVA

No I didn't.

MR. CARTER

What? I'm confused --

TEVA

I'm not gonna get an abortion.

MR. CARTER

But... uh, didn't we just - I thought --

TEVA

Like sure. I won't tattle on your wife. And if you don't ever want to see me again that's fine. But I still want to have my baby.

Carter's lips quiver without words.

MR. CARTER

Why?

TEVA

Cause I do!!

MR. CARTER

TEVA. No. Stop.

TEVA

You can't tell me not to have my baby.

MR. CARTER

Why not?

TEVA

Cause it's my baby.

MR. CARTER

But it's mine too.

TEVA
No it's not.

MR. CARTER
Yeah. It is.

TEVA
You're not gonna be the one having it, okay? It's my baby. And I want it.

MR. CARTER
It's not a big deal, I can pay for it!!

TEVA
What the fuck are you talking about. I'm gonna have this baby. And I don't care if you don't help raise it, no one has to know it's yours.

MR. CARTER
Then whose fucking baby is it!!

TEVA
I don't know. I'll figure it out. It's fine.

Teva has remained even keeled, Carter in her orbit.

MR. CARTER
Are you being serious right now?

TEVA
Like I get it, I understand. You don't have to raise him with me. But like... uh. I don't want you to think I take this lightly. I don't. I've really thought about it. I just know that if I did it, I don't know. I'd always be thinking I made a big mistake.

Carter can't believe it.

TEVA (CONT'D)
And if in the future you end up wanting to see him obviously you can.

MR. CARTER
Okay, don't try and fucking guilt trip me like that.

TEVA

I'm not guilting anyone.

MR. CARTER

Bull fucking shit, okay? Bullshit. Like what do you want from me?! I said I was sorry. And I am sorry! But I need you to stop. Just STOP. PLEASE. Please don't ruin my life. I don't need this right now.

TEVA

You don't need this right now?

MR. CARTER

No. I don't.

Teva GRITS her teeth furiously. BOILING.

TEVA

Don't say that, okay, you can't say that! You knew I was in love with you. You used me! You should have fucking known better. So don't you dare say I'm ruining your life.

Mr. Carter RAISES his hand to get a word in.

TEVA (CONT'D)

Like you think me having a baby is gonna ruin your life?

Carter stops.

TEVA (CONT'D)

Cause if I really wanted to ruin your life, I could. I really could. It would be so easy. I could destroy you. I mean - I could just go to the police?

MR. CARTER

Teva --

TEVA

I don't even need to go to the police, I could just tell Principal Foster.

Carter shrinks.

MR. CARTER

You don't mean that.

TEVA
What if I do.

MR. CARTER
Teva. Don't.

Teva shrugs. Nonchalant.

TEVA
What're you gonna do? You wouldn't even have to tell your wife, she could find out on the news.

Mr. Carter STUCK. His finger frozen at Teva.

TEVA (CONT'D)
Or you know what? I could just wait. Wait until you forgot about me. Wait until your life is all good and perfect and one day I'll just show up out of the blue and tell your wife everything. How you have another family. How you were lying to her for years. Show her the beautiful child that you neglected, tell her how you took advantage of one of your students. Made her fall in love with you.

MR. CARTER
(under his breath)
Teva I swear to God.

TEVA
- so you won't tell me I can't have my baby.

Mr. Carter's face TAUT. He fumbles for words.

MR. CARTER
No. Okay? NO. I don't see why you're so goddamn bent on having this kid! You're in high school! You shouldn't be having kids!

TEVA
And you're my teacher! Maybe you shouldn't be banging your students.

MR. CARTER

frozen. His temple pulsing.

MR. CARTER
I WISH I'D NEVER FUCKED YOU!

The two sit in silence in the car.

PRE-LAP: A coach's whistle.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

MR. CARTER

blank. Tormented. SILENT heavy breathing. Eyes lost.

He stands on the sidelines. Then a

PIERCING SHRIEK.

A player in pads SCREAMING.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
COACH! COACH!

INJURED PLAYER (O.S.)
AHHHHH!!! AHHH!

Carter steps through a curtain of players
gathered around.

In the center:

the INJURED PLAYER

his hand severed, dangling, limp from his wrist.

Blood SPEWS.

Blood curdling SCREAMS. White practice pants stained.

Mr. Carter's mouth falls.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER HOUSE - EVENING

A still life painting of fruit. On the coffee table, a bowl
of plastic fruit and slowly wilting flowers.

Alyssa sits on the couch. Her legs propped against an
ottoman.

Her stomach enormous. She lightly caresses her belly and WHISPERS to the baby.

ALYSSA
(gentle whispers)
I know you want out. I want you out
too. I can't wait to meet you.

She shifts her legs. As she changes her position, she looks down

BETWEEN HER LEGS

a small puddle of liquid forming.

FADE TO RED:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Carter puts a cup of coffee in the microwave and hits START.

MR. BRESSLER
How we doing.

Carter turns around. His eyes bloodshot.

MR. CARTER
Hey.

MR. BRESSLER
You look tired.

Mr. Bressler freezes. His mouth open with a realization.

MR. BRESSLER (CONT'D)
Did it happen? You have the baby?

MR. CARTER
(not as excited as
Bressler)
Yeah, couple days ago.

Mr. Bressler hugs him.

MR. BRESSLER
Oh my God! I don't know why you're
here! You should've taken the week
off! Congratulations! Send me a
picture.

Bressler holds Carter by the shoulders. As he walks away

MR. BRESSLER(CONT'D)
If you're not busy with the baby,
I'm going to the play on Friday.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Carter sits at his desk gazing in the distance. Students in rows quietly test. His eyes pink and glossy, bloodshot.

He looks up towards

TEVA.

Teva has her head down, working out problems on her test.

MR. CARTER

glaring. Concentrating. Not blinking. His eyes manic.

As he stares at Teva, the sound of a HEARTBEAT growing LOUDER

INT. CARTER HOUSE - DAY

The HEARTBEAT carries over to

THE INFANT

cradled by Alyssa as she lays across the couch.

Alyssa hums a MELODY to the newborn. She cautiously reaches for her cell phone.

She pulls up "PONCE" in her contacts and writes out a text.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Ponce's POCKET.

A small VIBRATION. Ponce, at his desk, pats his pocket with his hand. Ponce looks over to

CARTER, off in space.

Ponce discreetly opens his phone. He peaks over the desk to read a text message

from "MRS. CARTER":

"Hi Ponce would you know where I could find some "flower emoji"? I will pay \$\$"

Ponce's eyes SCAN the text. He carefully

looks back over to

CARTER, at his desk.

Carter opens his desk drawer. Various knick-knacks littered inside. He fumbles through the materials and pulls out a

STUDENT DIRECTORY

He flips through the pages: some have sponsors listed, some with long lists of names.

Carter licks his thumb and flips to the "M" section. His finger pressed against the page. He scrolls down each individual name:

"MARTINEZ, ISABELLA"

"MATTHEWS, JORDAN"

"MAVERICK, COREY"

His finger finally stops:

"MEADOWS, TEVA"

Mr. Carter slides his finger to the right. Next to Teva's name:

"1802 Forestdale Dr."

He grabs a pencil and scribbles the address on a Post-it note.

He looks at the calendar on the dry erase board.

It's the FIRST of the month.

Mr. Carter folds the Post-it and puts it in his pocket.

In the rows of students:

PONCE

sits behind Teva. Ponce looks up from his test, watching Teva.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MRS. IKNER'S CLASSROOM

Teva sits next to Ponce. They play a silent game of tic-tac-toe in Teva's notebook, sliding it back and forth. The page is full of played games.

On Ponce's finger

the mood ring.

MRS. IKNER (O.S.)

Projects are due on Monday so
please don't wait until the last
minute.

Ponce looks over to Teva.

PONCE

(whispering)

When did you want to work on the
Romeo and Juliet thing?

TEVA

I dunno. Maybe tonight?

PONCE

I can do tonight.

TEVA

We can meet at my house if you
want.

PONCE

Okay.

TEVA

I'll text you my garage code, just
come in when you get there.

PONCE

I can come over like nine-thirtyish
if that's not too late.

TEVA

Sure that's fine.

EXT. SUBURBS - SUNSET

A cotton candy sky. The sunset pouring through tree branches.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Alyssa on the couch holding the newborn. LOCAL NEWS plays.

Mr. Carter walks into the living room from the bedroom.
Dressed in a long black shirt and dark jeans.

He leans over and kisses Alyssa and the newborn and heads to the front door.

ALYSSA
Where ya going.

Carter stops.

MR. CARTER
I was going to meet with some of
the other coaches.

ALYSSA
Okay.

Carter stares back at her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
I'll see you later.

She cranes her head as Carter SHUTS
the door.

EXT. SUBURBS - CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

The ENGINE RUNNING,
trailing behind Carter's car through a suburban street.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter slows the vehicle to a halt. He looks at his map app:
"Arrived"

He cranes his head, searching addresses.

"1805" painted on the curb. He looks to the other side of the
street.

An "1804" on the mailbox.

Carter looks to the neighboring home. Next to the front door:

"1802"

He studies the house for a moment.

The tree in the front yard, a painted red door. A two story home.

He looks at the crumpled Post-it with the written address.
"1802"

Carter ROLLS up the car windows sealing himself in a vault of SILENCE.

He cruises the block. He takes the first left off the street and drives down.

The neighborhood is set up like a grid, streets arranged row by row.

Carter passes several streets and takes another left. He breathes through his NOSE and uses a TURN SIGNAL, despite being the only car on the road.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

ALYSSA mixes baby formula and then

touches up her makeup. She reaches for a tube of lipstick, but hesitates, then grabs the tube and coats her

LIPS.

A KNOCK - she goes to the front door.

An empty space, something MISSING, from the wooden knife block.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

In the PASSENGER SEAT

the shadows of the street lights rhythmically pass over a KNIFE wrapped in a plastic bag.

Carter passes under a street lamp. When his vehicle enters darkness, he puts the car in PARK.

MR. CARTER

stares at his dashboard. Lost in focus.

His hand reaches up and grabs the key to pull out of the ignition but he stops, hesitating, then moves his hand away.

He looks to the passenger seat.

BLACK GLOVES, and

a plastic bag forming the outline of a large KNIFE.

Carter looks back to the dashboard.

He's still. He closes his eyes and forms prayer hands in his lap. He bows his head.

Carter's eyebrows scrunch.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Alyssa, glowing, done up, opens the door to Ponce.

ALYSSA
(smiling, under her
breath)
Hi.

PONCE
I got you this.

A small bag of weed passes between their hands.

ALYSSA
You're a saint. How much do I owe
you?

PONCE
You don't owe me anything.

ALYSSA
No, how much.

PONCE
Really.

Alyssa's lips curl.

ALYSSA
Thank you.

Ponce nods his head and turns to walk away.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Wai- hey -

Ponce stops.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Do you have anything to smoke it
with?

PONCE
I have papers in my truck.

ALYSSA
Would you want to smoke with me?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Carter's car. Just outside the street lamp's touch.

The engine idly RUNNING.

INT. CARTER'S CAR

He opens his eyes and takes a deep breathe. He sees himself
in the rearview mirror. He takes the key out of the IGNITION.

Carter grabs the knife wrapped in plastic and gloves from the
passenger seat and opens his car door.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

He SHUTS the door behind him.

What was a silent vacuum in the car is now overrun with the
sounds of NATURE.

A symphony of CICADAS. The trees alternating in waves with
the musicality of CICADAS BUZZING.

Carter jogs over to the sidewalk heading down the street.

His FOOTSTEPS against PAVEMENT.

He walks funny. Half tip-toed, half hurried. Suspicious in
his black attire. Occasionally looking over his shoulder.

He takes a right, retracing his steps.

A DENSE FOG permeates the neighborhood.

The streets wet and shiny.

Past the block, he walks by an OLDER WOMAN with a dog. The
woman stands next to her dog as the dog goes to the bathroom.

MR. CARTER
(under his breath)
hi-howyadoin'.

The woman ignores Carter. He keeps moving.

Down the next block. He looks to the other side of the street.

A MAN WITH A DOG walks in the shadows. Carter keeps walking.

While on the sidewalk, a truck APPROACHES,

the lights temporarily BLINDING Carter,

before it passes. The truck bed overflowing with strapped wooden furniture and a fridge.

A gust of WIND blows the TREES.

EXT. FORESTDALE - CONTINUOUS

Carter stops at the next block. He looks at the street sign.

"FORESTDALE DRIVE"

Then he walks up the street. His FOOTSTEPS make a distinctive WHISPER against the concrete.

His strides are long and goofy, brisk.

Up ahead

A SPRINKLER SYSTEM

disrupts the sidewalk, spray overlapping from the lawn. Carter walks into the street to avoid the water.

He continues up the sidewalk.

Carter gazes into a living room across the street.

TWO DOGS SIT ON A COUCH WATCHING TELEVISION.

He watches the dogs. And then moves up the road.

Up the sidewalk

Carter turns to the other side of the street and sees a two-story house with a red door.

"1802"

He stops.

Carter takes out his phone. He scrolls through texts between him and Teva. He finds a text reading:

" *8297 "

Carter puts the phone in his breast pocket. He pulls the pair of BLACK LEATHER GLOVES out of his back pocket and puts them on each hand.

He walks up to Teva's house.

As he approaches a

MOTION ACTIVATED LIGHT

shines across the driveway.

Carter ignores it and walks up to the garage door opener.

He opens the clicker. With black gloves, he enters in: *, 8, 2, 9, 7 and then

ENTER.

The garage door

OPENS.

Carter ducks under the door into

INT. TEVA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door STOPS. In an open position.

A dark figure in SILHOUETTE. Backlit.

Carter walks to the back of the garage. He hits a BUTTON to CLOSE the garage door.

The door SHUTS. Carter enters

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE - SAME

Carter looks around. The house neat. Wooden floors.

He leans down to see a picture of Teva and her mother.

A selfie. Taken outside of a restaurant.

Carter enters into the main foyer. He looks at the

STAIRCASE.

The staircase looks down at CARTER from above.

Carter WALKS up the stairs. He holds the plastic bag with the knife in his glove-covered hands.

He passes a bathroom at the top of the stairs.

He looks to his right and his left.

And then takes a left.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

A TONGUE

licks the outside of a joint.

Alyssa and Ponce sit in a dark and dank storage shed. Light comes in through a single window. Ponce sets his phone on a shelf, the phone flashlight on.

PONCE

I probably won't stay long.

ALYSSA

No, that's okay. I won't need much anyway.

PONCE

Where's the baby?

ALYSSA

Oh she's sleeping, she's fine.

He offers her the finished joint.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You start it.

PONCE

Sure?

ALYSSA

Please.

Ponce LIGHTS the joint. He takes a DRAG and EXHALES.

He looks up, as the smoke illuminates in the shed's window. He passes the joint to Alyssa. She takes a hit.

PONCE
Did you always smoke?

ALYSSA
Pot?

PONCE
Yeah.

ALYSSA
No. I didn't. I used to smoke
cigarettes

PONCE
You smoked cigarettes?

ALYSSA
Yeah. Why?

PONCE
I just can't see you smoking
cigarettes.

ALYSSA
Why not?

PONCE
I don't know I just can't. You just
don't seem like - I don't know.

ALYSSA
Don't seem like what?

Ponce blushes.

PONCE
I don't know.

He takes a hit and passes the joint.

ALYSSA
Does this make me a bad mom?

PONCE
I don't think so.

ALYSSA
You're not supposed to smoke and
breast feed. But I don't breast
feed anyway so.
(beat)
Sorry, that's probably TMI.

PONCE
No you're okay.

ALYSSA
When my husband was a little kid my
mother-in-law told him never marry
a woman that won't breast feed.
Isn't that bizarre? When he was a
little kid. Says he never forgot
it. But he married me.

She's in her head, looks off into space.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
You like being in high school?

PONCE
I guess so.

Ponce stares at lipstick at the end of the joint filter
between his fingers.

PONCE (CONT'D)
You like being married?

ALYSSA
Uhhm... yeah?

PONCE
Why'd you say that?

ALYSSA
Say what.

PONCE
You paused.

ALYSSA
Huh? No I mean. It's just
different. It's funny. You just get
a lot of different expectations for
things when you're little. And you
don't realize how fast life goes
by. I don't know.

(Ponce offers her the
joint)
No'm okay.

Ponce takes another hit.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Like I met my husband when we were kids, we dated off and on for years, we got a dog, we bought a house and now I just had a baby. I don't know. It's like. Like what do you do after you do all the stuff you're supposed to do? Know what I mean? Like what're you supposed to do with all the time you have left?

Ponce in space. Thinking.

PONCE

No, yeah, I don't know.

ALYSSA

When I was in high school I wrote down everything I wanted so I could see my own future.

PONCE

How did that work out.

She thinks.

ALYSSA

Different from what I expected.

A beat. Smoke LINGERS in the shed.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

PONCE

What, why? What're you sorry for.

ALYSSA

I'm just ranting.

PONCE

No, that's okay. I don't mind.

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A silhouette in a doorway.

A LIGHT SWITCH

flicked on. The room suddenly illuminated.

CARTER

looks around.

The bed is made. The walls painted pink. A full body mirror. A poster of Ingrid Bergman.

Carter makes eye contact with himself in Teva's mirror. A full body, vertical frame.

BLACK LEATHER GLOVES set the KNIFE down on her drawer.

Carter walks over to Teva's wooden desk. On the top panel are little homemade action figures of Teva.

The figures are arranged in chronological order. A picture of Teva as a baby. The picture physically cut out and pasted onto the figurine.

As it goes from left to right, Teva gets older. Cut out pictures of Teva as a dancer in elementary and middle school.

Carter studies the photos and figurines.

Pictures of her entire life up to this point.

He looks down at the desk.

A notebook.

The notebook is upside down. Only a sentence is written out.

Carter tilts his head, craning upside down to read the sentence.

When he can't, he turns the notebook right side up. The sentence reads:

"is it even worth it at this point"

Carter picks the notebook up from the desk.

He turns the journal back several pages. Flipping with his black gloves.

He stops at another page. It reads:

"had a terrible and vivid dream about the near end of the world. the world had flooded. baze was up to your ankles and knees w/ water"

He licks his glove and turns to the next page.

"maybe earth is destined for destruction within this century. I hope it's not and I pray for my children and childrens children as well as our animals"

Carter studies the journal.

His face curious and confused. But then...

a long, drawn out SOUND.

Carter stops. He looks up.

Pausing to listen. Trying to identify the sound. But then he realizes it's

EXT. TEVA'S GARAGE - SAME

the GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

Teva's car PULLING in.

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM

CARTER

frantic. His eyes darting around the room. Searching for a place to hide.

He puts Teva's journal back the way it was. He jogs to her door but he left the

KNIFE

on the drawer. He quickly runs back and grabs it.

He flicks off the LIGHT SWITCH. The sound of

the GARAGE DOOR CLOSING carries over until

INT. TEVA'S GARAGE

The garage door SHUTS.

Teva gets out of her car. She wears a backpack and carries a soda and a fast food bag.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

Teva puts the KEYS on a counter.

She HUSTLES up the staircase

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM

and enters her room. She flips on her LIGHT SWITCH.

Teva puts her backpack on the floor and the bag of fast food on her desk.

She opens a ketchup packet and grabs a couple French fries.

Teva takes a phone charger out of her back pack and plugs it in next to her bed.

She plugs in her phone.

INT. TEVA'S CLOSET

MR. CARTER

in DARKNESS. In between hanging shirts.

Holding his breathe.

A KNIFE in his hand.

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM

Teva arranges her pillows on the bed into a back rest.

She stands next to the phone outlet, perusing her phone and sipping her soda.

She unplugs the phone and walks into

INT. TEVA'S BATHROOM

Teva enters from the hallway and sits on the toilet.

She leaves the bathroom door open.

She SCROLLS through her phone as she PEES. She takes a sip of her soda.

The bathroom door lingers behind her. Teva keeps scrolling.

Suddenly

MR. CARTER TIP-TOES past the door.

A split second. Completely silent.

Teva sets the soda on the bathroom counter and tears off toilet paper.

She FLUSHES. Then puts on body spray and heads back into her room without washing her hands. Holding the soda.

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM

Teva grabs the fast food bag and crawls into bed, sitting criss-cross applesauce. She sets the soda on the floor.

She eats with one hand and looks at her phone with the other. Dipping fries into ketchup. Suddenly

A FLOOR CREAK

Teva stops. In the middle of chewing food.

Her bedroom door is open. She stares into the HALLWAY.

Nothing.

She cranes her head to see further down.

Still NOTHING.

She finishes her chewing. Teva looks back at her phone. Then she sees the

CLOSET.

The door slightly ajar. The feeling of a presence. She stares at the closet.

The closet stares back.

Teva's eyes wander around the room. As if embarrassed to keep eating.

SILENCE.

Teva reaches back into the bag. The bag CRUMPLING as she grabs several fries.

She eats suspiciously and looks back at her phone.

MR. CARTER'S EYES

from SOMEWHERE. Looking up. And to the left.

Holding his BREATH.

Teva finishes eating.

She crawls off the bed holding the bag of fast food. She grabs the soda off the floor and heads

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE - MAIN FOYER

into the hallway. She GALLOPS down the staircase and turns the corner, heading into

THE KITCHEN

She's nonchalant. She looks at her phone as she holds the bag of fast food.

Teva walks around the island headed towards the trash can.

For a SPLIT SECOND

she walks past

MR. CARTER

in plain sight.

Hiding in the dining room, standing against the window, holding his breath as Teva passes.

She goes to the trash can, steps on the opener and throws the fast food bag away.

Teva moves over to the kitchen sink. She WASHES her hands.

She walks over to the oven and grabs a dish rag to dry off.

She turns the corner and then

TEVA

AHHH!

a deafening SHRIEK.

She sees

MR. CARTER

just as he was. Standing in the dining room. Startled.

Mr. Carter appears scared. A deer in the headlights. He is still. Without his black gloves or knife.

Both have their hands raised, like a "calm down" gesture.

TEVA (CONT'D)
JESUS FUCK!

Teva's eyes bulging. Her BREATH is heavy. She stands a distance away from Carter.

TEVA (CONT'D)
You scared the shit out of me!

Carter breathing HEAVY.

TEVA (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing here?!

MR. CARTER
I, uh...nothing, I wanted to come see you.

TEVA
Why.

MR. CARTER
Cause I wanted to talk.

TEVA
About what.

MR. CARTER
Nothing. I don't know. Stuff.

TEVA
How the fuck did you get inside.

MR. CARTER
You gave me the garage code.

TEVA
I didn't hear the garage.

MR. CARTER
No, I just came in.

Teva stares. Distraught. Her breathing still heavy.

TEVA
Why'd you come to my house.

MR. CARTER
Cause I didn't want to talk at school.

Carter's hands still raised.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare
you.

He stares at Teva.

She stares back.

TEVA
You look funny.

MR. CARTER
Yeah?

TEVA
Yeah. Why do you look funny?

MR. CARTER
I dunno this is just how I look.

TEVA
What was it you wanted to talk
about?

MR. CARTER
I don't know. Us. I guess.

TEVA
What about us?

MR. CARTER
Just us, I don't know.

TEVA
Did your wife have the baby?

MR. CARTER
Yeah.

TEVA
Nice. Congratulations.

MR. CARTER
You wanna talk?

Teva's breathing has finally slowed down.

TEVA
Sure. We can go upstairs.

Teva turns towards the staircase. Carter still with his back
against the wall.

A knife protruding from his

BACK POCKET.

Mr. Carter grabs the knife. He tucks it into his pants at the belt loop.

The knife still wrapped in plastic. He covers his shirt over the handle.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE - MAIN FOYER

Mr. Carter follows her to the main entryway.

Teva SCAMPERS up the staircase and heads into her room.

Carter follows her.

His feet ECHO on each step.

As one foot reaches the top of the stairs

Mr. Carter

STOPS.

His eyes are WINCING.

He looks down.

He grabs his

RIGHT QUAD

with both hands. He bites his lip.

BLOOD

growing in an enormous circle seeping through his blue jeans.

Mr. Carter's

SHOES

covered in blood.

Blood drips down his leg onto the wooden floor.

Mr. Carter instantly sweats. Teva turns around.

TEVA

What, what's wrong?

She walks in front of Carter.

TEVA (CONT'D)
Oh my God what happened.

Carter clutches his leg. The blood has pooled around his shoe. He sweats, exhausted. His hair matted.

MR. CARTER
Fuck. I don't know.

TEVA
Go into the bathroom.

Carter hobbles into

INT. TEVA'S BATHROOM

He leans against the sink.

TEVA (O.S.)
(walking away)
Take off your pants, hold on.

Teva heads into the master bedroom.

Carter. Alone in the bathroom. The door open.

Mr. Carter takes the knife out of his pants and sets it on the floor.

He uses his foot to take off his shoe. He UNBUCKLES his belt and pulls off his jeans.

Carter stands in the bathroom in blood soaked boxer shorts and bloody socks.

His quad still BLEEDING profusely.

He wraps the knife in his jeans. He folds it up hidden and sets it on the FLOOR.

Mr. Carter grabs his leg. As he grabs it

BLOOD seeps out of a large, open flesh wound.

Carter WINCES.

MR. CARTER
Ah fuck.

Teva rounds the corner into the bathroom. She's holding a large thing of rolled gauze and rubbing alcohol.

Carter sits against the sink.

Teva grabs hold of his leg. Lifting the boxer shorts and revealing the CUT near his thigh.

TEVA
(motherly concern)
Holy shit, what happened?

Mr. Carter breathes heavy.

MR. CARTER
Ah FUCK!

Blood BURSTS out of the cut. Carter's blood soaked hands clutching the wound.

TEVA
You might need stitches.

MR. CARTER
No. I'm fine. It'll be okay.

TEVA
Are you sure?

MR. CARTER
Yes I'm sure.

TEVA
I can take you to the urgent care center.

MR. CARTER
No, I'm okay.

TEVA
Here.

Teva grabs near his inner thigh.

Teva pours rubbing alcohol on the wound and dabs it with a cotton ball. Carter winces.

She's kneeling between his legs to wrap the gauze.

Teva unravels the gauze

wrapping it around Mr. Carter's entire leg. Back and forth and back and forth.

BLOOD stains the white gauze.

Mr. Carter winces. Then

he looks down to Teva. She's

between his legs.

Teva wraps a significant amount of gauze. And then she looks up at Carter and smiles. Still kneeling between his legs.

TEVA (CONT'D)
Yes? Can I help you?

Carter smiles and laughs. Teva stands up, using the sink counter to lift herself.

Still standing between Mr. Carter's legs.

He's wearing the blood soaked boxers, tall white socks, and a long sleeve black shirt. His cell phone in the breast pocket.

Sweating. Straddling Teva.

TEVA (CONT'D)
You okay?

MR. CARTER
Yeah. Felt like I was about to pass out.

TEVA
What happened?!

MR. CARTER
I think it was my keys.

TEVA
Your keys?

MR. CARTER
Yeah. Jamming into my leg.

TEVA
Holy fuck. Is it still hurting.

MR. CARTER
No it kinda stopped.

TEVA
Well shit. You should probably get stitches still. Does it hurt to stand?

Mr. Carter hops off the counter. The two bodies are close together. Near touching.

MR. CARTER
No.

TEVA

Good.

Teva stares at Mr. Carter. Cloaking a smile.

Mr. Carter's BLOODY SOCKS.

Teva steps onto his feet.

She looks up at Carter.

Carter looks down at her.

Teva leans up and pecks Mr. Carter on the cheek. And then she steps off his feet.

She stands a step away from Carter. Smiling.

TEVA (CONT'D)

Did you still want to talk?

Carter's hair pasted to his forehead.

MR. CARTER

Sure.

For a brief second, Teva reaches and gently cups Mr. Carter's groin with her hand.

She backs away and leaves the bathroom.

PONCE (PRE-LAP)

I think I gotta go.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Alyssa and Ponce stand at the front door.

ALYSSA

(under her breathe)

Okay.

A soft, forced smile, like hiding a missed opportunity. The door halfway open.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(almost a whisper)

Thanks for coming. And for bringing the pot.

PONCE

Let me know if you need more.

Ponce walks onto the patio.

ALYSSA
I'll be okay. Come by whenever you
want.

PONCE
Yes ma'am - er, shit. Okay.

From the front door

Ponce walks away, Alyssa CLOSES the door behind him.

She takes a deep breath. A sigh. Her eyes swelling. She
gently TAPS her head against the door. Her fist clenched.

ALYSSA
(a whisper)
you're too fucking high.

INT. TEVA'S BEDROOM

Teva crawls into her bed and sits criss-cross applesauce.

Mr. Carter walks in and sits on the chair at Teva's desk.
Facing it towards her. His gauze wrapped leg covered in
blood. So are his boxers.

TEVA
What did you want to talk about.

Mr. Carter thinks. He holds onto his leg.

MR. CARTER
To tell you I'm sorry.

TEVA
Yeah? What're you sorry about.

MR. CARTER
Everything.

TEVA
What's that mean.

MR. CARTER
The way I treated you. For being an
asshole.

Teva listens. Not convinced.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

You deserve so much better. And I'm sorry I ever did anything in the first place. I shouldn't have talked to you. It's just like a fucked up thing I did and I never should have.

Teva's eyes go sad.

TEVA

No I'm happy you did.

MR. CARTER

I just wanted to say I feel really awful about it all. And I'm sorry I let you fall in love with me.

TEVA

No I'm glad I fell in love with you.

MR. CARTER

But still.

Mr. Carter looks up at Teva. She's staring at him.

TEVA

You're so cute. I just want to give you a hug.

Teva crawls from her seated position to the edge of the bed to hug Carter.

She gets off the bed and hugs Carter while he sits in the chair. He puts both arms around her.

TEVA (CONT'D)

(indicating the bed)

Sit down.

Carter stands up and sits at the end of Teva's bed. In his boxer shorts and gauze wrapped leg.

Teva sits on Carter's lap, face to face, her legs wrapped around his waist.

Her arms around his neck.

They WHISPER as they speak.

TEVA (CONT'D)

Do you hate me?

MR. CARTER
No? What? Of course not.

TEVA
You love me?

MR. CARTER
Yeah. I do. Very much.

Teva gives a small KISS on his forehead.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
I just think you love me too much.

TEVA
No. I think I just love you more
than you love me.

MR. CARTER
That's not true.

TEVA
Yes it is. And it's okay that it
is.

She KISSES his forehead.

And then wraps both arms around him.

Mr. Carter holds onto Teva as if trying to remember her
touch. He closes his eyes and rests on her shoulder. He takes
a deep breath.

TEVA (CONT'D)
(RE sitting on his lap)
Does this hurt?

MR. CARTER
No.

TEVA
I think your leg is still bleeding.

She slides back off his lap.

BLOOD staining through the gauze.

TEVA (CONT'D)
Let me grab some more gauze.

Teva moves off his lap.

Mr. Carter watches as she leaves the room.

Teva walks into the hallway.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

A puddle of CARTER'S BLOOD at the head of the wooden stairs.
Her foot SLIDES.

She SLIPS.

CLUNK!

CLUNK! CLUNK!

CLUNK! CLUNK!

CLUNK! CLUNK!

TUMBLING down the staircase.

MR. CARTER

running to the top of the stairs.

His arms outstretched. FROZEN.

His mouth agape. His eyes bulging. Disbelief.

TEVA

at the base of the stairs.

Her body stuck like a question mark. Her legs dangling
lifelessly over her face.

A pool of blood forms underneath her head.

MR. CARTER

Oh fuck.

Carter runs down the stairs. Hobbling in his socks and boxer
shorts.

He walks over to the crooked body.

TEVA

on the ground. Her eyes open but absent.

Carter covers his mouth as he looks down. Horrified. His eyes
swelling.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuck
fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Oh God.
Oh my God. Shit. Oh fuck. Oh God.
Please.

Carter stops pacing.

He walks back to the body with his arms extended, reaching out as if he wants to save her.

Carter's hands hesitate. Helpless.

He backs away and walks into the foyer. Pacing.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
No no no no no no no no no. Ah
fuck. No, no, no. Goddammit.

Mr. Carter leans against a wall like his legs can't support him. His breathing HEAVY. Exasperated.

He HYPERVENTILATES.

He closes his eyes to calm down. But then he hears

quiet HEAVING

from across the room. Like a WHISPER.

Carter opens his eyes. He walks back over to Teva. Her body mangled.

Teva's mouth slightly open, and then closes.

And then OPENS.

An empty GURGLING. Like a guppy breathing out of water. Gasping for air.

Carter backs away. Grabbing the back of his quads. Bending at the waist.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Oh fuck. Oh God.

Carter leans up. He looks back to the body.

TEVA

she's still. Her legs dangling.

Carter on the verge of tears. His face contorting.

He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

He dials a number but then he -

PAUSES.

He looks back over to Teva.

His face in conflict. Part crying, part disturbed.

He places the cell phone back in his breast pocket.

Carter walks back over to the body.

He reaches out, wanting to touch it.

Staring in fascination.

The pool of blood has stopped beneath her head.

MR. CARTER motionless. Looking down below.

Teva's FACE. Calm. Poised.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
Fuck me.

Carter lifts up his foot and looks at the bottom of his sock.
He sets down the foot and looks at the bottom of the other.

He looks to the top of the staircase.

His BLOOD.

Carter runs upstairs. When he gets to the top he is careful
to step around the POOL of his own blood.

He goes into

INT. TEVA'S BATHROOM

and puts on the leather BLACK GLOVES folded in his jeans.
Carter opens the drawers beneath the sink.

He frantically searches through supplies. Spare toilet paper.
Air freshener. Spray bottles. Toilet bleach. Before finding

DISINFECTANT WIPES

He takes the wipes into the hall at the top of the stairs.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

Carter hysterically SCRUBS the pooled blood at the top of the stairs. He pulls out another WIPE. And ANOTHER.

The bloody disinfectant wipes begin to pile up.

Carter stands up and RUNS downstairs, limping on his right leg. Avoiding Teva's body at the base of the stairs.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

He sprints around the corner.

With the leather gloves he opens the kitchen garbage can and grabs Teva's fast food bag and

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

darts upstairs. He tosses the discarded wipes into the fast food bag. But then he stops. FROZEN.

A long, drawn out SOUND.

Carter looks up.

EXT. TEVA'S GARAGE

The GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

Ponce standing next to the control. Holding a backpack. He ducks inside.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

Carter. FRENZIED. He hurries into the upstairs bathroom and grabs his rolled up, blood soaked jeans.

INT. TEVA'S GARAGE

Ponce stands at the doorway into the house. He clicks the button to CLOSE the garage.

He pulls out his phone and texts Teva: "Here"

Ponce waits a beat after the garage door is SHUT and heads

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

As soon as he enters he takes off his shoes and leaves them at the front door. He sets down his backpack.

PONCE
(shouting up)
Teva.

Ponce CLOSES the door to the garage. And then he sees

TEVA

eyes OPEN. Back BROKEN. A POOL of blood. Near the base of the staircase.

PONCE (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Oh my God. Holy fuck.

He approaches the body. His eyes BULGING. Wanting to reach out with his hands.

Ponce takes out his phone and dials 911.

PONCE (CONT'D)
Holy fuck holy fuck.

Ponce breaks down. The faint sound of "what's your emergency"

PONCE (CONT'D)
Hi I need an ambulance please...
uhh... no, no I don't know it but I
have it.

Ponce takes the phone away from his ear and scrolls through texts.

SOMEWHERE

Mr. Carter in darkness. His EYES in a panic.

PONCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's eighteen-oh-two. Forestdale
drive...no I'm not. Yeah. Sure.
It's eight-one-seven. Seven-two-
one. Zero-zero-two-three. Yes.

Ponce with the phone to his ear. Pacing in the dining room.

PONCE (CONT'D)
It's a friend....her back looks
broken....No, no I don't know how
long it's been...yes. Yes...no I
don't know. Okay...okay thank you.

Ponce hangs up the phone. His face is FLUSTERED. He puts his hands to his hips and slouches to his waist. Exhausted.

PONCE (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Oh my God. What the fuck.

Then

a NOISE.

Ponce looks up. Towards the main hallway. He sees a CLOSET.

DARKNESS seeps out below the closet door.

Ponce studies the base of the door. Looking for movement.

Nothing.

Ponce walks into the kitchen and grabs a long KNIFE.

He walks toward the closet door. The KNIFE extended.

Ponce stops just outside the closet. He places his hand against the door to keep it closed.

Then he presses his ear next to the door.

SILENCE.

Ponce crouches down. His hand still holding the door closed.

He sticks the point of the KNIFE below the closet door.

He stares at the reflection in the BLADE.

One hand still held against the door. He looks down at the REFLECTION

crude, distorted. Reflecting the dark contents of the closet.

Ponce moves the KNIFE around to get a full view.

He moves it to the left. Only

CLOTHES

reflected in the knife's blade. He moves it to the right.

Then

A MAN'S BARE LEG

reflected. Ponce JUMPS. DROPPING the knife. Then

THE CLOSET DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

Ponce HURLS himself against the door to keep it closed.

Ponce battles to keep the door SHUT.

He moves his back AGAINST the door.

The DOOR cracking OPEN, SHUTTING and OPENING again.

Ponce battles to keep it CLOSED and contain the man inside.
Then

an ARM

comes out the door. Holding a large KNIFE.

The phantom arm from the closet AIMLESSLY STABS.

Ponce fights to slam the door against the arm. Then

PONCE'S SHOULDER

STABBED TEN TIMES REPEATEDLY.

PONCE (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH! AHHHHH!

Blood SPRAYS out of his shoulder.

The ARM in black gloves keeps randomly STABBING.

Ponce WAILS as his shoulder and arm get stabbed. He pushes
against the closet door. But he let's up.

Mr. Carter BURSTS through the closet door in socks and
boxers.

Ponce is hurdled AGAINST the staircase bannister.

Mr. Carter STABS Ponce TEN times in the back.

Ponce shudders with each stab. Convulsing. SCREAMING.

PONCE (CONT'D)
AHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHH!

BLOOD spews from his mouth and back. Then Carter stops.

PONCE

sinks to the ground. An arm draped against the bannister. Collapsing to his knees.

MR. CARTER

backs away. His mouth awestruck. Unbelieving of what he just did.

Ponce falls onto his back. His eyes open.

Mr. Carter sees Ponce's face.

Carter covers his mouth with a gloved hand. He holds the knife with the other. He steps back. Tears forming.

Mr. Carter is DRENCHED in blood. His face. His clothes.

Carter stares at Ponce. Then he sees

something. Craning his head.

His eyes focusing in on

Ponce's finger.

The mood ring. The jewel's color red.

He crouches down. And his gloved hand pulls off the RING.

Then

he runs into the closet and grabs his folded jeans, shoes and the fast food bag. He RUNS out of the garage.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

MR. CARTER

SPRINTS down the sidewalk covered in blood. Wearing boxer shorts and socks. Clutching an arsenal of supplies in his hands. Looking behind him.

GASPING for air.

INT. TEVA'S HOUSE

TEVA and PONCE

splayed across the floor. A gruesome scene.

STILLNESS. And SILENCE.

EXT. SUBURBS

Mr. Carter hidden between two houses. Shirtless in boxers. He turns on a water faucet and uses a stranger's HOSE.

Carter rinses the BLOOD off his face and body. He scrubs his face violently. His eyes CLOSED. When he opens his eyes

across the street

A MAN WALKING A DOG.

The dog staring at Carter. Carter frozen. The dog walker on his phone. Ushering the dog to keep moving.

THE DOG

staring. It's eyes and ears perked up. Mr. Carter stares back.

SIRENS and lights approaching from the distance.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alyssa lays in bed asleep. Carter enters the bedroom in clean boxers. His hair wet. She turns over as he walks in.

MR. CARTER

Hey babe.

ALYSSA

(half asleep)

Hi. Did you say good night to the baby.

Carter crawls under the SHEETS.

MR. CARTER

Yeah I did.

Mr. Carter scoots close and kisses Alyssa on the forehead.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

I missed you. I love you.

Alyssa turns over on her side to keep sleeping. Her eyes closed. Mr. Carter lays on his back.

ALYSSA touches her stomach. It's scarred. Her fingers tracing an enormous cut.

Alyssa turns over to face Mr. Carter.

ALYSSA

Honey.

MR. CARTER

Yeah?

ALYSSA

I don't want to have anymore kids
after this.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A proscenium stage in a high school auditorium.

The lights are low.

On the STAGE is

a set of an apartment. A dirty apartment with an unmade bed.
A prop shotgun lays on the floor.

Onstage in the bed are JULIET (16) and a dead ROMEO (17).

The actress playing Juliet is wearing a grotesque mask
covered in wet stage blood.

The mask is missing a face, as if blown off by a shotgun
blast.

A sparse CROWD watches.

Juliet rises. The FACE gone.

Her voice ECHOES in the auditorium.

JULIET

What's here? A cup closed in my
true love's hand? Poison, I see
hath been his timeless end. O curl,
drunk all, and left no friendly
drop to help me after? I will kiss
thy lips, haply some poison yet
doth hang on them, to make me die
with a restorative. The lips are
warm.

in the CROWD

Mr. Carter watches. Sitting next to Mr. Bressler.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Carter in a gown.

His feet in stirrups. The room cold. white. sterile.

He looks to a metal tray next to his chair.

An assortment of TOOLS. Sharp. Metal. Shiny.

The DOCTOR (50s) enters. A nurse follows.

DOCTOR
Hey, how we doing.

MR. CARTER
Scared.

The doctor laughs. The nurse moves to the corner of the room.

From between Carter's LEGS

the doctor puts on gloves

scooting his roller chair closer to Carter.

DOCTOR
Don't be. It's quick.

The doctor between Mr. Carter's legs. The gauze still wrapped around Carter's thigh.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(RE the leg)
What happened here?

MR. CARTER
An accident.

DOCTOR
Looks like it.

Carter looks down at

sharp, metal TOOLS

grabbed by the doctors hand.

Carter's face. And then a

BRIEF FLASH of

Ponce getting STABBED.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - EVENING

Mr. Carter sits on the couch. A frozen bag of mangos resting on his lap. He holds the newborn.

The TV casting light.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CARTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The SWAN LAKE PRELUDE brews underneath.

Haunting and QUIET.

Alyssa sits at the edge of the bed. Still. Almost as if she's afraid.

Carter sits opposite her. His face in silhouette.

They both stare. He moves towards her. Gelatinous.

Alyssa is static.

Carter's face closer to hers. Obscuring a single lamp.

Mr. Carter kisses Alyssa.

Alyssa keeps staring, eyes open.

Carter's hand raises

and caresses the back of her head. She stares at her husband.

His fingers graze a scar across her stomach.

Alyssa lays back against the BED. Her face an ambiguous nervous.

The music SWELLS.

A shadow cast against Alyssa's face. She watches

MR. CARTER

rising, his face over hers. Eerie. Frightening. A glow behind him. Then

CARTER'S BARE BACK.

Mounted over Alyssa. His back muscles tense.

Alyssa's eye peers behind Carter's head. Watching the CEILING FAN.

The couple flips over.

Alyssa on her stomach and Mr. Carter behind her.

Alyssa's face pressed against a pillow. Her eyes closed.

The MUSIC growing in intensity.

Alyssa opens her eye. Peering behind her. She sees

MR. CARTER

Thrusting. Terrifying.

Sweat on his forehead. An ominous glow behind his face.

Exhaustive BREATHING.

Her face pressed against the pillow. Her eyes scrunched. As if on the verge of tears.

ALYSSA
Don't come in me.

MR. CARTER
(heavy breathing)
What?

ALYSSA
Don't come in me.

The music ERUPTS.

Alyssa and Carter climax.

The faces appear in agony. Like it's painful.

Alyssa's body collapses against the pillow and bed.

Carter WINCES.

The music calms for a brief moment. Then

Mr. Carter opens his EYES...

...and he sees...

Alyssa's NAKED BACK

covered in BLOOD and SEMEN.

A JUMP CUT: the gruesome MURDER SCENE

of Teva and Ponce.

Carter's EYES

staring in horror.

The music SWELLS. And slowly divulges into SILENCE.

INT. CARTER HOUSE - EVENING

Alyssa sits on the couch holding the newborn. The local news plays on the television.

NEWSREPORTER (O.S.)

Two teenagers were killed Wednesday night at a home in Euless. The teens were juniors at Trinity High School near Arlington.

The TV shows a Facebook photo of

PONCE and TEVA

smiling.

Alyssa leans up on the couch. Her eyes large, her mouth dropped.

NEWSREPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Police and investigators are still searching for a suspect and a motive.

TEVA'S MOM

on the news.

CRYING.

The TV switches to another NEWS REPORTER heard offscreen.

Mr. Carter ENTERS through the front door. Greeted by the dog.

MR. CARTER (O.S.)

(baby voice)

Hi, puppy.

ALYSSA

(calling to the hall)

Hi, honey.

MR. CARTER

Hey.

Carter walks in and kisses Alyssa on the head.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)

Can I hold her?

He sets down his satchel. Alyssa hands him the baby.

Carter walks into the kitchen holding the infant. He looks to the television.

ALYSSA

How was work.

MR. CARTER

It was fine.

ALYSSA

Anything good happen today?

MR. CARTER

No it was just a day.

Alyssa turns towards her husband. Tears forming.

ALYSSA

Did you hear about those kids that were killed? They went to your school.

MR. CARTER

No, yeah I did. There was a vigil last night.

ALYSSA

Did you know them?

Carter pauses.

His voice normal. Calm.

MR. CARTER

Yeah.

ALYSSA

You have them in class?

MR. CARTER

Yeah.

Carter looks down at the baby. Rocking it in his arms.

ALYSSA

And one of them? That was the boy
who mowed our yard?

Carter stops. He looks up from the child to Alyssa.

MR. CARTER

Oh. Yeah. It was.

Alyssa's eyes begin to swell. She looks to the television.

ALYSSA

I feel so bad for their families.
That's awful.

Joyous, ethereal MUSIC as

Mr. Carter holds the newborn baby.

He smiles as he cradles it in his arms.

From across the room

ALYSSA turns and watches her husband.

Sadness on her face. Then she sees

SOMETHING.

Her eyes change.

Mr. Carter raises the baby in the air with both hands.

He SILENTLY laughs.

Carter kisses the newborn on the forehead.

Alyssa squints her eyes, turning her head. She sees

on Carter's finger

the MOOD RING.

The jewel an emerald green.

The ring on his finger as he holds the baby.

Her face enigmatic. Fascinated, disturbed, like a mask
covering a soft smile. Fighting back tears.

Mr. Carter raises the baby in the air with both hands.

He kisses the newborn on the forehead.

ALYSSA

watching. staring.

Local news still MUMBLING in the background.

EXT. THE SUBURBS - DUSK

The suburbs, fading to a landscape, the plains, and oblivion.