A HAUNTING FOR JOHNATHAN

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Between "Fade In" and "Fade Out", this script doesn't contain the letter "E". So now, I wish you a joyous trip through my story, "A Haunting For Johnathan"

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FADE IN:

1. INT. JOHNATHAN AND CHRISTINA'S ROOM - MORNING

Sunlight glows through a window. CHRISTINA (32) stands up in nothing but a SHIRT and pair of SHORTS, puts on PANTS, and walks out. JOHNATHAN (33) stays comfortably snoozing as drool pools on his pillow.

2. INT. COOKING ROOM - MORNING

Christina is making a small amount of food. Nothing fancy; BACON, TOAST, FRUITS.

Throws food onto TWO TRAYS. Puts both trays down on a small DINING BAR. A GLASS OF MILK for both.

Christina SITS, looking down. Food looking back.

TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK.

Looks at Johnathan's chair. It's vacant.

CHRISTINA
(softly)
Hmmm.
(shouting upstairs)
Johnathan!

A lull.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Christina stands up and STOMPS upstairs.

3. INT. JOHNATHAN AND CHRISTINA'S ROOM - MORNING

Johnathan is still SNOOZING. Christina, in a doorway, stands with an imposing disposition, as if sick of his bullshit.

Johnathan loudly SNORTS. Christina SIGHS and walks towards him.

Stoops down, almost touching him. TALKS lovingly:

CHRISTINA
Johnathan, it's morning. And I got bacon waiting for you.
rips his quilts off. Johnathan uncurls from his position,\nturns, looks at Christina.

Still. Drowsy.

**JOHNATHAN**

*Good morn-

**CHRISTINA**

*Up! I got food waiting for you downstairs.*

Groans, turns. Johnathan sits upright with Christina watching his back as a hawk would.

Looking at Christina:

**JOHNATHAN**

*Just . . . I'm worn out, alright?*

**CHRISTINA**

*Not my worry. Your ass, downstairs. Scholar-Hill is calling today.*

WALKS back downstairs. Johnathan RUBS his pupils. On his torso is a baggy, dirty shirt, and on his bottoms, LONG JOHNS.

Puts on a pair of PANTS. Sucks in a WHIFF of what's waiting downstairs. Looks at his clock:

**JOHNATHAN**

*Why couldn't you just wait two hours?*

Johnathan stands up and walks downstairs.

4. **INT. COOKING ROOM - MORNING**

Christina chows down on a smörgåsbord of food. Johnathan follows suit.

Looking down; a SAMSUNG GALAXY sits on Christina's lap. Across, Johnathan is taking small sips of his milk. Still spills a bit down his shirt front.

**JOHNATHAN**

*Fuck.*

Christina looks up and spots his milk stain. A disapproving look. Back down.
CHRISTINA
So drowsy, but I don't know how.

JOHNATHAN
I was up for hours. You know I'm an insomniac.

CHRISTINA
Not last night. Out as if a ball struck your god damn skull. Your snoring was loud, too, so I know.

STABS his TOAST with his fork.

JOHNATHAN
If you say so.

Crams his toast into his mouth.

CHRISTINA
Uh huh. I do say so.

Johnathan lazily works to look at what Christina's doing with that stupid Galaxy.

A handful of quick SCROLLS and TAPS. Christina SLIPS it to Johnathan.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Don't say that that isn't promising. If Scholar-Hill hands us this account, nothing can stop us.

Johnathan looks at Christina's Galaxy, MULLING through it, scanning it again and again. A long lull.

Finally stops. Looks up.

JOHNATHAN
It alright.

CHRISTINA
Just alright? What about optimism, Johnathan?

JOHNATHAN
Look, all I'm saying is, just don't pour your milk until its carton is out of its box.

Hands Christina's Galaxy back.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
It looks good but . . .
You know, don't act
impractically.

Christina SIGHS. But quickly back to that damn Galaxy. And lost in Scholar-Hill's opportunity.

Finds a good spot to stop. Stands up.

CHRISTINA
I cook, you tidy up.

A WINK. Johnathan looks up as Christina WALKS away . . . but is back to cramming food in his mouth.

5. INT. WORK STATION - DAY

Christina is SITTING in a brightly lit work room watching an IMAC, looking SLICK and SKILLFUL, waiting for that all important call.

A familiar Samsung Galaxy sits atop a journal.

In addition to typical work station prosaicisms - books, plants, a big window - this work station also has many photographs lying around. A photo, by a far window, stands out- it's Johnathan smiling with his MOM and DAD.

Cracks of glass on top both his mom and dad.

Johnathan WALKS in in a shirt and pants but, as Christina looks slick and skillful, Johnathan looks as if it's Saturday morning and his only plan is to watch cartoons.

Casually SITS in a chair.

JOHNATHAN
Any info?

CHRISTINA
It's only noon. Just wait a bit.

JOHNATHAN
What's up with your outfit? I thought it was just a call?

CHRISTINA
If you look sharp, you'll act sharp.

A lull.
CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I also might want our cam if
Scholar-Hill calls via a Hangout.
So, if I say to, duck away.

SHOUTING from local kids disturbs.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
What's that?

Johnathan walks to a front-yard facing window. Looks out.

JOHNATHAN
Just kids ditching school again. I
think it's Tom's kids.

Looks to his right. Spots his PHOTOGRAPH with mom and dad.
Grabs it and looks at it.

Christina's watching.

CHRISTINA
Why don't you buy glass for that?
It'll cost basically nothing.

JOHNATHAN
I'm not throwing this away.

CHRISTINA
I'm not saying throw it away. I'm
saying it has split glass on it.
You can-

A RINGING Galaxy cuts Christina off. Johnathan looks at it.

JOHNATHAN
Is it?

Christina calms down, pulls in air, waits, blows it out . . .

CHRISTINA
I think so.

. . . and picks it up.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
This is Christina.

GRINS and nods. Johnathan walks back to his chair and sits
down: though cynical, this is a big account.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan is actually away right
now. That's why.
A sly smirk.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Uh huh . . . Uh huh . . . Oh . . .
Oh no, I'm so sor- . . . Ok, I'll
pass it on to him. Thanks anyways.

HANGS UP and sadly looks at Johnathan. His smirk grows into
an audacious I-told-you-so grin.

JOHNATHAN
Now don't spoil it. I want to try
and-

CHRISTINA
That was Saint Roch Hospital. Your
mom . . .

Christina can't work out how to say it.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Ava just . . .

Johnathan looks at his photo with his mom and dad. Looks
right at Paul. And knows.

JOHNATHAN
(softly)
No.

6. INT. NICK'S WORK ROOM - DAY

Johnathan and Christina, both in apropos clothing, sit with
NICK (46). His HARVARD LAW DIPLOMA and BAR AUTHORIZATION sit
tidy in his work room.

Johnathan is trying his utmost to look away. Christina RUBS
his back. Comforts him.

NICK
Ava's will is fairly succinct. A
lot of things going to charity,
donations, things of that sort.

Johnathan nods slightly, but is still looking away. Christina
still comforts him.

NICK (CONT'D)
A handful of things for you,
Johnathan. Clothing, tools, small
knick knacks. I'll print you out a
list.
Still acting as if Nick isn't sitting right in front of him.

CHRISTINA
(noticing Johnathan)
I'm sorry.

NICK
(to Christina)
It's wholly alright.

To Johnathan:

NICK (CONT'D)
You can cry if you want. I know your pain.

Johnathan finally looks at Nick. But shortly, only as if to say "thanks". And back away.

NICK (CONT'D)
Anyways, I rang your cousin Don to pick up Ava's things and assist you in going through it all. Don also said Max can stay with him . . .

Nick FLIPS through a stack of forms.

NICK (CONT'D)
A pit bull, right?

Christina NODS, staying strong for Johnathan, who also nods, though faint.

Nick looks at Christina, who is still not crying but is inching towards it.

NICK (CONT'D)
Right. If you want to go to Ava's manor, Don's out of town. You can go through, tidy up, possibly pick up Johnathan's things.

(motioning towards
Johnathan)
I don't think Ava would mind. You can watch Max, too.

Christina nods again. Johnathan is too sorrowful. Nick STANDS. Both quickly follow suit.

Grasping Nick's hand:

CHRISTINA
Thank you.
NICK
Mmm hmm.

Nick grabs Johnathan's hand. It's a bit frail, but Nick annuls it with his firm grip.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry again for your loss, Johnathan. You know I am.

A slight SMIRK. Johnathan finally looks at Nick.

JOHNATHAN
(sarcastically)
Thanks again.

7. INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Johnathan, in a tshirt and pants, is sitting as Christina, still in dark and apropos clothing, pours two cups of CHAI.

Christina puts Johnathan's cup down in front of him. Both sit in sorrow.

Until Christina starts talking.

CHRISTINA
So do you wanna go tomorrow?

Johnathan sips his chai without talking back.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
What about Max?

JOHNATHAN
Max is ok on his own.

CHRISTINA
But you and I got to go box Ava's things.

JOHNATHAN
Hmph.

Awkward sipping. A lull.

CHRISTINA
So tomorrow, right?

JOHNATHAN
Tomorrow what?
CHRISTINA
You and I go to Ava's.

JOHNATHAN
Christina, no. I'm staying. And so should you.

A lull. Thinks about what to say. Finds it.

CHRISTINA
I want to go, ok?

JOHNATHAN
What? Why?

Christina drinks a sip of chai. Johnathan follows suit.

CHRISTINA
I got a call from Scholar-Hill . . . It was a firm no. That account's going to Brian's.

Johnathan SPITS a bit of chai back into his cup.

JOHNATHAN
Scholar-Hill's going with Brian's and not us?

CHRISTINA
Uh huh. All that work, banking on this, it was all for nothing.

Johnathan looks down at his drink.

JOHNATHAN
What now? What about our startup?

CHRISTINA
I don't know.


JOHNATHAN
Alright.

Christina looks at Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
I wanna go to Ava's.

(a SIGH)
You and I could work out this Scholar-Hill thing.
An ANXIOUS look from Johnathan. But still not crying.

CHRISTINA
Why don't you and I go tonight?

Nothing. A conclusion is drawn from his lull.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Although slow, Christina is still fully out and away without any words from Johnathan.

8. INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY - DUSK

Bags drop to Ava's floor. Johnathan walks and looks in Ava's TWO-DOOR MAYTAG.

JOHNATHAN
It's still full.

Christina looks. Johnathan is staring BLANKLY at all Ava's food.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
No shopping for us, than.

Christina walks to Johnathan. Lightly pulls him away. Looks in.

CHRISTINA
Wow? All this?

JOHNATHAN
Almost as if Ava was gonna throw a party.

CHRISTINA

JOHNATHAN
You want a hand?

CHRISTINA
Johnathan, you burn pasta. Just, I got it, alright?

Johnathan backs off. Christina starts pulling out a smörgåsbord of food, again.
JOHNATHAN
Go for it.

Picks up his and Christina's bags and tramps upstairs.

9. INT. JOHNATHAN'S OLD ROOM - DUSK

Johnathan drifts into his old room and puts his bags down. It's now an auxiliary room for visitors. It has a big pull out couch, though childhood AWARDS and old family photos still act as trimmings.

Couch looks comfy. Falls onto it. Absorbs his surroundings. A TRANQUIL CALMING.

Is spoilt by a loud bang. Johnathan bolts up.

CHRISTINA
(shouting from downstairs)
Sorry!

Lays back down, but can't find his tranquility again. Sits up, sighs. Looks down to think.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan! Your food is waiting!

Lost in thought, oblivious to his surroundings.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan!

His focus is back.

10. INT. AVA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan sits down. Christina puts his food down in front of him and sits too.

Both start consuming.

CHRISTINA
How is it?

JOHNATHAN
Alright.

CHRISTINA
This again? Just alright.

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh.
A lull.

    CHRISTINA
    You know, you might not think it, but I think this situation is good for us.

Johnathan looks up from his food.

    JOHNATHAN
    Good?

    CHRISTINA
    Why not?

    JOHNATHAN
    Is it not obvious?

    CHRISTINA
    I know, and I'm sorry, but optimism won't hurt you, Johnathan. It won't.

    JOHNATHAN
    Optimistic about what? Can you and I finish without talking?

Johnathan holds a look at Christina.

    A lull.

    CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
    Ok. I cook, you tidy up.

Christina stands up with frustration and walks out.

INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY - NIGHT

Christina's dish still has food on it. Johnathan's too. But both now sit by Ava's sink.

A loud sigh. Obviously distraught.

Johnathan starts slowly washing his dish. No loss of focus as old cracks and groans sound around him. Upstairs, a tub is running.

Washing slowly wraps up. Still a bit dirty—both his dish and Christina's dish—but passably tidy. Puts both in Ava's sink. Shuts of Ava's tap. Walks away.

DRIP. A dripping tap grabs him. Johnathan turns around.
DRIP. Walks back to shut it off. Turns it tight and confirms that no drips will drop now.

Turns around again. Walks away again.

DRIP. DRIP. Again.

Johnathan looks back.

JOHNATHAN
What's going on?

Strolls back. Turns it off, again, pushing hard. Confirms nothing now will drip.

Waits, daring it to start dripping again. But it's dry.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Good.

Starts walking away, but quickly turns around to catch it in action.

Nothing.

Finally walks out.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Old fucking piping.

As Johnathan fully withdraws, it starts dripping again.

12. INT. JOHNATHAN'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

Christina, in a shirt and shorts, is taking out a CONTACT, using a WALL MIRROR (by a fully drawn couch) to aid. A cotton cloth wrapping hair. As if a misty bath was just had.

A quilt and pillows lay on top of Ava's pull out couch.

Johnathan walks in. Spots Christina.

JOHNATHAN
How was your bath?

CHRISTINA
Ok.

JOHNATHAN
Anything funky with it?

CHRISTINA
No. It was actually good. Why?
JOHNATHAN
That tap downstairs. It's dripping non-stop.

CHRISTINA
Oh?

JOHNATHAN
I think it's faulty plumbing.

An amusing look from Christina— it's a big accusation. But plays along.

CHRISTINA
Faulty plumbing?

JOHNATHAN
Possibly.

CHRISTINA
Hmmm. Why don't you call a handyman tomorrow?

Johnathan walks and sits.

JOHNATHAN
No, it's alright. I'll look at it.

CHRISTINA
But you know nothing about piping.

JOHNATHAN
I think I can sort it out.

Christina's trust in him is nil. Back to taking out that contact.

BARK! BARK! Max's calls soar in through a window.

CHRISTINA
Did you bring Max in?

JOHNATHAN
I thought so.

Max barks again. Nothing from Johnathan.

CHRISTINA
Can you go find out and look?

JOHNATHAN
Can you?
CHRISTINA
(pointing to mirror)
I'm basically blind.

Frustration.

JOHNATHAN
Alright.

13. INT. AVA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

A DOGGY DOOR is built into a back door. A DUO WASHING/DRYING APPARATUS sits against a wall to Johnathan's right; a FLUFFY DOG PILLOW antagonistic with a half-full BOWL of liquid by it.

Door ajar, Johnathan calls out.

JOHNATHAN
Max!

Shuts it. RUSTLING GRASS as a fanatical PIT BULL runs in through his doggy door.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Calm down Max. You gotta go night night you dummy.

Max LICKS Johnathan who playfully fights back, as nobody can stop this pit bull's warm amiability.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Alright, alright! Stop it!

Max finally stops. Johnathan spots his bowl. Luckily, a tap and sink sit on a far wall.

Fills Max's bowl. Puts it cautiously down. Max is finally calm and sitting on his pillow.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Good boy.

DRIP.

DRIP.

A familiar dripping from a just ran tap.

DRIP.

DRIP.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
This is bullshit. No way.

Turns it off, making firm it's tight. Johnathan lifts his hand. But it starts dripping again.

Frustration floods Johnathan, who quickly shuts it off.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Stay.

It drips. Shuts it off again.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Stop it.

It drips. Again.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Stop!

DRIP.

In his frustration, Johnathan thrusts his fist towards a wall. A cavity forms LOUDLY, gashing his hand.

Now BLOOD drips, turning his sink crimson.

Max barks.

CHRISTINA
(from upstairs)
You guys alright?

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh!

CHRISTINA
(from upstairs)
What was that sound?

JOHNATHAN
Max ran into a wall.

Trying to wash his hand with that frustrating tap, but it auspiciously stops working.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Wraps his gushing cut in cloth. Max starts WHINING.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
It's ok boy.

Johnathan mops his blood up from Ava's sink.

Max moans, but is comfortably laying on his pillow.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Good dog.

14. INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY - NIGHT

Johnathan throws away his bloody cloth in a trash can.

Scrubbing his wound in a sink. This sink miraculously works.

A box of band aids, a roll of cloth; that's all that's found as far as bandaging his wound. So Johnathan puts a handful of band aids on his cut, and wraps it up in cloth - a provisional cast.

15. INT. JOHNATHAN'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

Christina's sitting, studying a BOOK as Johnathan walks in. His hand in his cast. Christina spots it.

CHRISTINA
Oh God!

JOHNATHAN
It's nothing.

Christina hops up to grab a look working to pull off his cast. But Johnathan won't allow it.

CHRISTINA
Johnathan, I want to look at it.

JOHNATHAN
It's just a small cut.

Wanting anonymity, Johnathan walks back out. A SLAM. A door shut.

CHRISTINA
What did you?

JOHNATHAN
(faint)
Nothing. I told you- it was Max.
CHRISTINA
So Max cut your hand?

JOHNATHAN
(faint)
... I think.

Christina lays back down.

CHRISTINA
I should bring him to a pound than.
I know your cousin Don wouldn't
want to adopt a wild animal.

Johnathan walks back in.

JOHNATHAN
No! No, it's alright.
(holds up cast)
This is just cautionary.

CHRISTINA
If it's just cautionary, I wanna
look.

Johnathan lays down by Christina, his hand still in a cast.

JOHNATHAN
I'll look at Ava's plumbing
tomorrow. Goodnight.

Turns his back towards Christina. Starts snoozing.

Christina SIGHS. But a book awaits.

16. INT. AVA'S ROOM - DAY

Christina is going through Ava's things, putting bits in
distinct BINS- CLOTHING, PHOTOS, KNICKKNACKS.

A DIRTY Johnathan walks in.

CHRISTINA
How's it going? Any luck?

JOHNATHAN
A bit. I think.

CHRISTINA
Do you wanna call a handyman?
JOHNATHAN
If it's still acting up. But I think I got it. For now.

Christina knows Johnathan is struggling, but allows it. Pulls out a CARDBOARD BOX. A handful of PHOTO ALBUMS and PORTFOLIOS in it.

CHRISTINA
Look what I found.

Christina pulls an album out and turns to a random photo.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
(pointing to a young Johnathan)
Such a charming young man!

Hands it to Johnathan pointing to his photo with a grin. Turns back, pulling out a handful of cool shirts and colourful socks.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I also found old clothing. I didn't know your mom was so chic!

Johnathan's not paying mind- his old photos absorb his focus. It's photos mostly of him, solitary, or of him with his mom or dad. Hardly is an additional child shown, including a photo of him in a birthday hat, pizza in hand, with nobody but his dad around him (Ava was photographing).

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Look! A gift from your mom.

Throws him a TOY STORY doll with wrapping falling off. A card stays on though. It says: HAPPY CHRISTMAS! FROM: SANTA.

It hits an oblivious Johnathan, startling him. Chucks it away.

Walks to Christina's box and frisks through. Two additional photo albums, but it's an ambiguous manilla portfolio that grabs him. It looks crisp. Too crisp.

Looks in. A script says: VICTIM: 2GS264GP.

JOHNATHAN
(softly)
A victim? Fuck is this?

CHRISTINA
Sorry?
JOHNATHAN

CHRISTINA
Ok.

Johnathan walks out with his box of photos and portfolios.

17. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johnathan sits with his box in front of him. Shoots straight for that "VICTIM" script. It looks worn now that is isn't bound. In addition to its Victim tag, Johnathan also spots: HOSPITALIZATION: APRIL 5th, 2004.

JOHNATHAN
April 5th . . . Why didn't mom say anything?

Johnathan scans for additional hints. It's all worn. It looks as if Ava's mugshot sits mid-script. But it's hardly conspicuous.

DRIP. DRIP.

Liquid drips. A stain starts forming.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
No!

Johnathan jumps back, script in hand, not wanting to add additional harm to it. Christina stands in a doorway, watching.

Johnathan looks at Christina. Christina at him. About to talk, but Johnathan blurts out:

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
I gotta go to town.
(stands up)
You and I both so I can fix this shit.

Won't turn down a trip into town, though that wasn't what Christina was hoping for.

18. INT. CHAMPION TOOLS AND WOOD YARD - DAY

Johnathan and Christina walk around a small shop. Johnathan's cart has . . .
way too many goods and tools for his "small" job.

    CHRISTINA
    You want all that?

    JOHNATHAN
    Uh huh. I'm told you I would fix it.

Throws in a box of NAILS.

    CHRISTINA
    Why nails?

    JOHNATHAN
    To nail things.

Looks slightly hurt. But Johnathan sustains his shopping; not so much as a flash towards Christina.

    JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
    Do you know if Champion has any clamps?

    CHRISTINA
    Clamps?

    JOHNATHAN
    Right, clamps. That's what I said.

Johnathan's obliviously on autopilot as Christina toils to rival his gait.

Finds his clamps.

    JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
    Got you.

Christina's lost. Can't fathom Johnathan's plan.

    CHRISTINA
    You actually want all this? Why can't you just call a handyman? Shit, I'll call if you want.

Johnathan stops and looks at Christina . . .

    JOHNATHAN
    No. I will fix this.

. . . . and picks up with his shopping.
INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY – DUSK

Johnathan, lying on his back, working down from Ava's sink with PLASTIC BAGS around. All show a Champion Tools and Wood Yard logo.

Christina stands by, arms crisscross, watching Johnathan fail at fixing Ava's plumbing. A WRISTWATCH. Looks at it.

CHRISTINA
So, four hours. What'd you find?

Johnathan butts his cranium out.

JOHNATHAN
It's almost good. Calm down.

Grips and turns a bolt or two, stands up, dusts off.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
It should work now.

Turns on a tap. Or aims to- it won't turn on.

CHRISTINA
(sarcastically)
Look at that, not a drip!

Aims to turn it on again. No luck.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Do you wanna fix our tub upstairs too?

Frustration bursts out.

JOHNATHAN
Look. I'm actually trying to fix things, ok. I'm trying. I wish I could say that about you.

CHRISTINA
Oh, and I'm doing nothing?

JOHNATHAN
No.

Christina is aghast. Johnathan walks away, upstairs.

CHRISTINA
What was that about?
20. INT. JOHNATHAN'S OLD ROOM - MORNING

Christina stirs as Johnathan stays snoozing. Morning sunlight flows in through a curtain.

Again in shorts and a shirt. Christina works calmly to put on clothing.

Looks at Johnathan. Still snoozing.


Stands up. A GROAN, an old couch. Johnathan starts waking up.

JOHNATHAN
(drowsily)
It's so dark.

Rubs his pupils, sits up, and looks at his clock.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh.

It's morning. Half past 6AM.

CHRISTINA
(softly)
Sorry Johnathan!

JOHNATHAN
Aggghhh.

CHRISTINA
(softly)
I want to do a bit of work.

Johnathan lays back down. Christina starts walking away. Almost out . . .

JOHNATHAN
I can't! I'm up. I'm up. Thanks a lot.


CHRISTINA
(softly)
Sorry!

JOHNATHAN
Just go!
Christina sulks out.

21. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina's sitting on a couch, typing away on a LAPTOP, and occasionally scrawls in a JOURNAL.

Johnathan walks in- shaggy, lazy, and soggy. A YAWN.

       JOHNATHAN
       How's it going?

Sits by Christina.

       CHRISTINA
       Two firms to contact and got a continuation on our loan.

       JOHNATHAN
       (drowsily)
       Outstanding.

Christina's sick at his obviously flippant conduct. But is cordial.

       CHRISTINA
       Not right now Johnathan, ok?

       JOHNATHAN
       What?
       (yawns)
       I'm a bit drowsy.

Stops typing. Not cordial now.

       CHRISTINA
       Look, I'm sorry, but I'm trying to do work right now, just as you said to. So just stop bitching.

       JOHNATHAN
       But I'm not bitching.

Livid.

       CHRISTINA
       No? All you do is bitch and complain! Why don't you finish packing up Ava's cookbooks, huh?

Johnathan looks at a built-in BOOK RACK. It's full.
Can't say a word back though—liquid DRIPS onto Christina's laptop. Flips out, pulls it away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
That's it. I'm calling a handyman.

Laptop on lap. Pulling up BING.

22. INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY — DAY

A handyman, ANDY, is laying down from Ava's sink. Johnathan and Christina watch on.

ANDY
It all looks good.

With grunts and groans, Andy's up and standing.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Nothing upstairs. No bugaboos downstairs. You said this spot, right?

JOHNATHAN
This sink. I don't know why Christina rang you though. It's working alright. I got it.

ANDY
Uh huh. This sink's not dripping now, so I can't do much.

Points up.

ANDY (CONT'D)
This building is old, so it's possibly rust. Possibly animals in your piping, too.

A blank look from Christina. Andy spots it.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Animals always burrow in old buildings. For warmth and food. I did find a big pit in your laundry room wall. That could do it.

Johnathan just looks angry.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(audaciously to Christina)
Or possibly you just ought to find a man with a bit of brawn?

Andy minds his gravity.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Woah man, I'm just playing with you!

JOHNATHAN
You wanna know how that pit got on that wall?

Johnathan thrusts into Andy. Andy falls for a short instant.

CHRISTINA
Johnathan!

Back up, dust it off.

ANDY
It's alright.

Andy grabs his tools and starts walking away.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Good luck.
(softly)
Jackass.

Walks out. Christina scowls at Johnathan.

A faint DOOR CLOSING sound.

CHRISTINA
What was that about?

JOHNATHAN
What?

CHRISTINA
Don't play stupid. What if you had hurt that poor guy?! You had no right to do that.

Now it's Johnathan who is livid.

JOHNATHAN
No right?! You caught what that fuck said, right?

CHRISTINA
"That fuck" was just joking, Johnathan. Joking!
JOHNATHAN
Poor fucking humor.

CHRISTINA
No. No it wasn't.

JOHNATHAN
No? So now it's my fault?!

Christina starts giving up.

CHRISTINA
Ok. That's it.

JOHNATHAN
I'm going.

Johnathan walks away.

A PHOTOGRAPH of Ava, Johnathan, Paul . . . And Christina, who looks at it with a knowing nod.

23. INT. AVA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Not stopping, still walking.

JOHNATHAN
Max! I'm going on a WALK!

Max sprints down from upstairs, tail wagging rapidly. Both vanish out, a thick wood awaiting.

24. INT. BARN - DAY

Johnathan and Max walk into a vacant, tall BARN. It's only just in sight from Ava's manor- shrubs and woods surround it. Both walk in. Front door stays ajar.

JOHNATHAN
Holy shit, my old barn!

Rotting wood forms its construction. BOARDS block all windows, forcing a dark lighting within. A handful of planks missing from a MAROON ROOF. A loft sitting in shadows by a back wall. A COUCH too. And CHAIRS and STANDS.

Sunlight glows through missing planks and rotting gaps.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
To think mom and dad didn't pull this all down.
Walks around, floorboards grinding from his gait. Max walks with him.

Walks up to a window, tugs on its board. It has slack but stays solid and bound.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Hmm.

STAIRS coming down from a loft. By Johnathan's old couch.

Walks towards it and is about to sit down. Stops. Confusion.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Mom and dad had a gun?

Johnathan grabs a shotgun off his couch, scans it, and sits down, putting it on his lap. Scans it again. No ammo.

BARK! Looks up.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Max!

Max, looking out, turns around and runs to Johnathan. Lays by him. As Johnathan's focus stays on this surprising gun, Max looks out, front door floating lazily in a soft wind.

DRIP. DRIP.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

That's it!

A dark liquid drips on Johnathan. It's coming from aloft.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

I vow to fucking Christ if that's not a rotting fucking body dripping blood. Agh!

Puts down shotgun. Walks upstairs. Max is still barking away.

Upstairs, it's just a disarray of plants and grass on wood floorboards. A dark pool is distinct. It's dripping on Johnathan's couch.

Walks towards it- it looks black. But as Johnathan looms in, it wilts to a soft CRIMSON.

Puts his BOOT in it. It's a bit thick.

Puts his pinky in it, cautiously. Obtains a small sampling. Sniffs it. It's foul. It's blood.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Gross!

Johnathan looks around for an origin to it but finds nothing.

A loud BARK. Looks down. Max runs out, chasing an . . .
unknown thing.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Max! MAX!

Johnathan runs down, looks out, front door swinging wildly.
In surrounding woods, plants go on rustling and waving as if
Max just ran through.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Max!

Nothing.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Don't run away, boy!

Sort of far away, as it's a rural location, is a distinct
manor. Similar to Ava's.

25. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina is organizing Ava's living room, going through that
full BOOK RACK.

Johnathan walks in.

JOHNATHAN
What's going on with you?

Christina looks up. Nonchalant irritation.

CHRISTINA
I'm doing what you said you would
do.

JOHNATHAN
Oh, ok. Do you know if Ryan and
Madison stilloccupy that joint by
Thompson's Brook?

Nothing from Christina.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Do you know if-

Looks down.
CHRISTINA
I don't know.

JOHNATHAN
Thank you! That wasn't so hard, was it? I think I'm going to go and confirm though, if you want to join.

CHRISTINA
No, I'm good.

A lull.

JOHNATHAN
Huh? Alright. I'll say hi for you than.

Again- nothing. Johnathan walks out.

26. INT. JOINT BY THOMPSON'S BROOK - DAY

KNOCKS ring throughout a vacant manor. All lights off and curtains drawn. It's dark within.

JOHNATHAN
(faint)
Ryan? Madison?

A DOOR ALARM rings around vacant halls.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
(faint)
It's Johnathan.

Nothing.

A GROANING door as Johnathan cautiously walks in.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Anybody?

Looks around. A surprising lack of animation within. It's void, ghostly.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
You don't mind if I walk on in, do you?
27. INT. JOINT'S COOKING BAY – DAY

Johnathan walks to a window- it looks out onto a thick backyard. Unlock. Shout out:

JOHNATHAN

Oh Max!

WHISTLING. Looks out. Soon, a jumpy pit bull runs through a thick bunch of wood. Johnathan unlocks a door, allows Max in.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Max walks in. Muddy paws.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Anybody still inhabit this joint?

28. INT. JOINT'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Johnathan scouts around a small living room. PHOTOGRAPHS of a young duo sit on stands, hang on walls.

Scans a photograph- a young, smiling lady hugging an also young, also smiling man.

JOHNATHAN

Why did you guys go?

Loud floorboards- Max is walking around. Johnathan opts to go- an individual might catch his intrusion! Walks to a familiar front door.

RING! RING!

A call bursts through.

RING! RING!

Max BARKS.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Shhh, calm down.

As if not to disturb anybody, Johnathan pilots Max out. Follows. A door slams shut.

A final RING throughout a now again vacant manor.
29. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina is hard at work still. Johnathan and Max walk in. Max, tracking in mud, runs to Ava's laundry room. Runs back out through his doggy door.

JOHNATHAN
No Ryan or Madison. And no locks too. It was odd.

CHRISTINA
Crazy.

Christina walks to Johnathan. Hands him a BOOK. It says: MOUNTAIN BLUFF HIGH CLASS OF (a dirt stain is blocking additional words).

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I found your high school annual.

Looks in it. Christina grabs a BROOM to brush Max's dirt.

Johnathan flips to his photograph- what a dork! A smirk for nostalgia. Flips through, flips through . . .

Lands a story with a caption: DUSTIN MARTIN, LOST TOO SOON. Johnathan looks at a smiling photo of a young man. Words honouring him surround his smiling disposition.

A particular portion stands out: PUT A GUN TO HIS SKULL.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Can you stop standing around doing nothing?

And . . . nothing.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan!

No backtalk- Johnathan's lost in thought. Christina walks to him. Both looking at Dustin Martin's obituary.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Did you know him?

Johnathan, not knowing Christina was looking on, slams his book shut.

JOHNATHAN
No. No, just a random guy.

Christina hands him a broom.
CHRISTINA
What did that "random guy" do than?

JOHNATHAN
Um, nothing. Didn't do anything.

CHRISTINA
Ok. Than tidy up Max's shit.

Mind still on Dustin's obituary, but Johnathan starts brooming. Christina walks back to a stack of bins. Both tidy up for a bit. Until Christina throws a book on a big stack of junk.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I found stuff you might want.

Looks towards him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan!

JOHNATHAN
Stuff I might want? Right, right. Similar to my annual?

Christina discounts his stupidly sarcastic back-talk.

CHRISTINA
It's in a stack on that chair.

Points to a stack on a chair.

Johnathan walks to it. A BOX OF VINYL, additional PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOTHING, and a CLASSIC PLAYBOY or two amongst ancillary things.

Johnathan sifts through.

JOHNATHAN
Auction.

CHRISTINA
Auction?

JOHNATHAN
Auction it all. Or Goodwill.

CHRISTINA
You don't want it?

JOHNATHAN
No.
Pikcs up a Playboy . . .

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
You can burn it for all I want.

. . . and puts it back.

Christina stops working.

CHRISTINA
Ok, you know what? I can only put up with so much of your bullshit. Did you just say you want to burn your mom's things?

JOHNATHAN
I don't think that's all I said.

Christina walks upstairs—his sarcasm is atrocious. Johnathan looks through again. Still, nothing attracts him.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
(shouting to Christina)
Want a hand?

Christina walks back down with a full bag. A quizzical look at it.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
What's with your bag? You can't go. This was all for you.

CHRISTINA
I can. And I am. I can't work with you right now. If you grow up, you can shoot a call my way, but I just can't. If I don't go now . . . I'll just . . . Argh!

JOHNATHAN
Wow, that's not fucking harsh. I don't want you around anyways. FYI, our car stays.

Christina shoots him a look. Sustains it, typing on a Galaxy, calling a taxi.

CHRISTINA
Six-six-four Foxton Road. I'll stand out front . . . Thanks.

And walks out with a loud SLAM from an angrily shut door.
30. INT. AVA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan, now a solitary man, snacks on BURNT RAVIOLI and MILK in a dark dining room.

It's crunchy, disgusting, but Johnathan toils through.

Abruptly, A FALLING BOX sound, faint, occurs from upstairs. Johnathan stops.

JOHNATHAN
(loudly)
Max! Knock it off!

Back to his food.

A drowsy, but happy, dog trots in, almost as if just napping. YAWNS.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Johnathan hands Max a ravioli or two.

But shortly following, a loud BANGING sound occurs. From upstairs. Again.

Max bucks up. Too drowsy to bark though.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
What is going on upstairs?

Johnathan stands up, walks out. Max follows.

31. INT. AVA'S STUDY - NIGHT

Johnathan and Max go into Ava's study. It has a WORK TOP, BOOK RACKS, and RANDOM BINS flung around. It's as if Christina was trying to pack it up.

Drawn curtains allow moonlight through a window.

A singular bin is sitting bottoms-up. Possibly a noisy culprit.

Johnathan puts it back upright.

JOHNATHAN
Rats. Probably animals in Ava's fucking plumbing, too.

In it is OLD DRAWINGS, an old JOURNAL, and random school artifacts. Johnathan looks through.
Pulls out a drawing. Looks at it thoroughly, almost nostalgically.

BANG! It's loud. Strong.

Looks up. Door is now shut. A shadow, cast from window light—a faint affinity to his barn out back. Woods twirl around it. Though no obvious wind gusts.

Looks back down at his drawing. It looks scarily similar to what shadows Johnathan just saw.

Looks back up in confusion, drawn towards oddly familiar shadows dancing in front of him.

Shadows start animating as if a classic stop motion film: a MAN walks to his barn, slowly, walks in. Starts waving slowly, conspicuously, in a window.

Max GROWLS.

Johnathan looks out. His barn is in dark shadow and thick wood. It couldn't possibly form what was just shown.

But turns back in again, now bound in fascination. Max starts BARKING. Johnathan strains it out.

Shadows morph into a singular humanoid, waving scarily happily. To Johnathan.

A SCORCHING PAIN in his wound snaps him back. Johnathan looks out but spots nothing. And nobody.

In front, a growing shadow, as if what "thing" is casting it is physically advancing. Slowly, but smoothly.


A whistling sound from Johnathan grabs Max. Runs out.

Just as it looks as if that shadow's originator is about to alight, Johnathan runs out too, door closing with a loud slam.

32. INT. AVA'S COOKING BAY - NIGHT

Johnathan unbinds his wound. It's an asparagus colour now. And it's oozing, though only a bit.

Runs cold liquid on it- a numb stupor is soothing.

Pulls it out and looks at it calmly, almost hypnotically.
JOHNATHAN

Christ. I should probably call a doctor.

Digs in his pants, pulls out his own SAMSUNG GALAXY. Starts a mission to find a hospital that's not too far away.

Finds a hospital. Dials.

It rings. And rings. And rings. Finally:

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
St. Marina's. How can I assist you?


JOHNATHAN

Sorry. Wrong, um, hospital.

Hangs up, puts his Galaxy back in his pants, and grabs a cloth.

Johnathan lazily puts his wound back in a cast- it's as shitty as always.

INT. WORK STATION - DAY

Back in a familiar, brightly lit room, Christina sits in a chair, looking at an iMac.

Not as formal as was prior, but still looking fancy. Samsung Galaxy in hand, Christina's talking.

CHRISTINA

Houghton, that is within our ability . . . Uh huh . . .

Jots information down.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Christina hangs up, stands, walks to a BOARD on a wall. Amongst additional writings, it has a bunch of company brands on it, such as MCGRAW BOOKS, SCHOLARLY, HOUGHTON HILL, and MCMILLAN.
Christina puts an OVAL around HOUGHTON HILL.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Got Houghton!

Walks back, planning for a call again, but walks past that photograph of Johnathan, his mom, and his dad. Stops. Thinks.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Hmph.

Pulls it down and looks for a spot to put it. Lands on a FILING CUPBOARD.

Puts it in a top bin.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
All good.

Sits back down, scans, finds a company to call, and starts dialing.

34. INT. BARN - DAY

Tidying this barn. It's dusty, but not totally in ruins. GORILLA BRAND WRAPS cork big cracks throughout. A shotgun lays proudly against a wall.

Johnathan drags his couch out. Starts dusting a now vacant spot. It's highly dusty. So dusty, Johnathan fails to spot a small BOX hiding.

But not for long.

JOHNATHAN
Huh?

Picks it up. It's short but broad, similar to a fat cigar box; it's a sort of alloy; and it has a padlock on it.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
What's this fucking thing?

Grabs a ring of DOOR UNLOCKS from his pants. Looks at box. Jabs an unlock into it. Fails to work. Two additional unlocks, both still fail to work.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
How do I unlock you?

Walks to a WORKSTATION. Puts down his box. Looks in bins and jars.
Scans, scans, finds a thing that may work.

Box waiting, puts it in, but it's still wrong.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Looks at shotgun. Look at box. Possibly . . .

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Nah.

Box in hand, Johnathan walks out . . .

35. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

. . . To a CUPBOARD. Puts downs his box. Hunts for a solution.

Johnathan starts looking for a thing to unlock his box. Hunting, hunting, a solution possibly found?

Jabs it in. That padlock stays shut.

Back to hunting. Finds a pick. But still, it stays shut.

JOHNATHAN

Fuck it!

It sits on Ava's cupboard as Johnathan walks upstairs.

36. INT. JOHNATHAN'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

His box sits on a SMALL STAND by his pull out couch. Johnathan is snoozing on it. Moonlight highlights a grim room. Door is shut . . .

. . . but starts to SCRATCH, slowly rolling unshut on its own.

Johnathan stirs, but stays snoozing.

His alloy box still lays on his stand.

Dark shadows, wall bound, inch towards Johnathan. Transforming. Almost as if a hand is lunging out to his skull.

SCRATCH! Nails on a chalkboard. Broad marks forming on his box.

Johnathan bolts up.
JOHNATHAN

AHHHH!

It's a loud, painful sound. Padlock POPS. A box unshut. Back to a hushful night.

Johnathan waits. Looks around. Snoops into his pitch black alloy box...

A BURSTING GUNSHOT. Johnathan, who was snoozing, is now conscious and shoots into a sitting position, panting profoundly from his scary imagination.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

Looks around. All good. Lays back down.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Using his arm, Johnathan props up. Looks at his box—padlock is still on and still intact.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Thank God.

It's too dark for him to spot crisp, profound scratch marks on top.

37. INT. AVA'S STUDY - DAY

Johnathan's back in Ava's study. Hunting. As was in days priors.

Throws a box. Looks in a bin.

JOHNATHAN

No.

Hunting. Hunting.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

What am I looking for?

His box sits on a stool. Walks to it.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Alright you shit. How do I unlock you?

Looks up. A door not shut. Spots Max walking.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Max! Max! On hand, boy!

Max runs to him.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
(babying)
Good dog. Sniff this, boy! How do I unlock it? Find a pick!

Wags his tail. Sniffs. Moans and runs off.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Christ, Max!

But Johnathan grabs a whiff. Ava's Study stinks of burnt skin sitting in a trash dump.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh God.

Gags.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh God.

Runs out. A loud SLAM from a strongly shut door.

38. INT. AVA'S HALLWAY - DAY

An adjoining hallway, but it still storm's Johnathan's nostrils. A sniff in his old room.

Gagging again.

JOHNATHAN
No. Uh uh.

Holding back vomit, Johnathan runs downstairs . . .

39. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

. . . arriving in Ava's living room. Finds a trash can. Vomits loudly. Max is on his pillow in Ava's laundry room but can audibly and olfactorily pick up what's going on.

It warrants a loud wail.

40. INT. WORK STATION - DAY

Sitting again, calling again, gaining accounts again.
Though talking to possibly a fruitful company, Christina is scanning SOCIALBOOK. An obvious distraction.

CHRISTINA
Anything I can. I would say N-CAR for data but I can simply adjust and construct a plan for that . . .
Ok . . . Ok, talk soon.

Hangs up. But Johnathan didn't support a post saying: GOT HOUGHTON! TO THINK THIS "OWNING A COMPANY" THING IS WORKING :)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Nothing? But it's yours too.

Looks at his information. Johnathan hasn't put up anything in days.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan, oh Johnathan. What's going on with you?

Looks down, Galaxy looking back up. Drums abruptly with a fancy BALL-POINT.

Now looks again at Johnathan's info.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Hmm . . .

Clicks back. Christina's information is now shown. So is Christina's status about Houghton. Two opinions on it- from VICTORIA SMITH saying "Congratulations!" and from SOFIA BURNS saying "Proud of u girly!"

Looks back down.

Galaxy now in hand. Scrolling through a vast contact list. Starting from "N". Scrolling up . . .

41. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johnathan's tidying up Ava's living room and spraying AROMATIC AIR SPRAY all around.

RING!

Ava still has a working, old school WILD & WOLF. Johnathan runs and waits. Thinks about picking it up. Or not.

RING!
RING!

JOHNATHAN

Fuck it.

Picks it up.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Hi, this is-

RYAN (V.O.)

Ava?

JOHNATHAN

No, uh, this is Johnathan, Ava's son. Who is this?

RYAN (V.O.)

Johnathan?! It's Ryan! What's going on?

Johnathan looks out a window, thinking back to that building only days prior.

JOHNATHAN

Oh, hi Ryan! Didn't you and Maddy go away for a bit?

RYAN (V.O.)

Uh huh. Maddy and I took a small vacay but got back in last night. Is Ava around at all? I found animal tracks in our living room. Dog animal tracks.

A lull.

RYAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Johnathan?

JOHNATHAN

So nobody told you guys? Ava . . .

It's tough to say it.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Is with God now.

RYAN (V.O.)

Oh . . . Oh, I'm so sorry Johnathan. You holding up ok?
JOHNATHAN
I'm packing and going through all
Ava's old shit. So . . . You know.

RYAN (V.O.)
That's tough. Why don't Madison and
I drop by tonight? I'll bring my
famous bucatini carbonara. It's not
much, but it's not nothing.

JOHNATHAN
That's kind of you, but I'm ok.

RYAN (V.O.)
Absurd. Maddy and I want to do it.

JOHNATHAN
No, no. Truly, I'm ok.

RYAN (V.O.)
I'm not taking no, Johnathan. You
and Christina, I'll bring Madison-

A SIGH from Johnathan stops Ryan.

JOHNATHAN
Christina split not too long ago.

RYAN (V.O.)
What? Oh Johnathan. You can count
on us, bud. Tonight at six. Maddy,
I, and a tin of bucatini carbonara,
alright?

A word from Johnathan. But Ryan hangs up.

JOHNATHAN
God dammit.

42. INT. AVA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan sits with a familiar looking man, RYAN, a familiar
looking woman, MADISON, and a BAKING DISH full of BUCATINI
CARBONARA.

Grazing from all.

RYAN
Ava was such a stunning lady.

Johnathan nods. Madison too.
RYAN (CONT'D)
Sorry if this is crass, but do you know how-

JOHNATHAN
No.

A lull. Gnawing of food.

MADISON
(to Ryan)
I wish you and I didn't miss Ava's last birthday.

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh.

RYAN
I concur. As soon as Paul-
(looks at Johnathan)
you know, Maddy and I didn't spot much of Ava. Was mostly a busybody indoors.

Johnathan looks up quizzically.

JOHNATHAN
What did you say? I thought Ava was fairly outgoing, no.


RYAN
Prior to Paul's passing. But without him, Ava just didn't go out.
(to Madison)
Right?

Madison nods.

MADISON
(to Johnathan)
Paul and Ava would visit Ryan and I a lot. Assisting Ryan and his work, my planting, that sort of thing.

Nostalgic grins.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Ava always brought mint for us, too.

Johnathan nods. Swallows his bit of food.
JOHNATHAN
Ava's classic mint farm.
Grins all around.

MADISON
Uh huh. Ava's "farm". Always just mint. Good mint, though.

JOHNATHAN
(to Ryan)
But what about that antisocial thing you said? About Ava.

RYAN
Following Paul's passing, Ava basically was forlorn. You know, on an odd occasion, Maddy or I would spot Ava and Ava would grin and look . . . just, look normal.

Ryan looks at Madison.

RYAN (CONT'D)
But that was uncommon, wasn't it Maddy?

MADISON
It was as if I was living by a ghost.

Johnathan picks up his now dry glass. Stands to go fill it up.

Madison stops him, stands up, grabs his glass.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Sit down, I'll fill it for you.

JOHNATHAN
Thanks.

Walks out. But Ryan and Johnathan still talk.

RYAN
Oh, right: do you know anything about a hospital trip?

Johnathan is lost.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I saw a lot of commotion months ago.
Cops and alarms and lights and stuff. Didn't find out a straightforward story, though.

Still lost in thought. But things start aligning in his mind.

JOHNATHAN
No. No, that's unusual. Do you know what month it was in?

Ryan thinks.

RYAN
(to O.S. Madison)
Hon, what month did that fiasco occur? You know which, right?

Madison walks back in and puts a full glass in front of Johnathan.

MADISON
It was about ... Gosh, two or so months following Paul's passing? I think?

Madison sits. Looks at Johnathan.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Do you know anything about it?

JOHNATHAN
No. No. Wasn't told a thing.

43. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A couch has a furnishing of pillows and quilts, as if a spot to nap. A can of aromatic air spray sits by it.

Johnathan sits atop Ava's couch, LAPTOP bright. Looks at found hospital transcripts.

Googling, trying to find information, but nothing pops up.

Johnathan's typing in: VICTIM 2GS264GP APRIL 5 2004

Nothing pops up. Scroll. Scroll. Click. Scroll. Finally, finds a promising starting point. It says: SPIRIT MOUNTAIN PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTION SPILLS NONPUBLIC INFORMATION.

JOHNATHAN
Huh?
Johnathan clicks it.

It's a local publication. Scans . . . and scans . . . and finds a cryptic link. To all nonpublic information.

Clicks it. An INQUIRY BAR shows. Puts in: 2GS264GP

It brings up information about a woman that was trying immolation via pills. No photos shown, no singling signs. Scanning aloud:

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
On April 5th, Victim 2GS264GP was brought in to SMPI on solicitation of Dr. Richmond Hart, MD.

Johnathan as difficulty taking in this information.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Was found in a wood barn with a vacuous bag of pills. Victim 2GS264GP will stay for suicidal thoughts and actions. Allow for a stay of thirty days plus.

Looks at his scripts. Back to his laptop.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
No, this isn't my mom . . .

Worn out, bottom of Ava's form, lays an autograph. Johnathan can just hardly distinguish "RICHMOND HART".

A gloomy sigh. Starts crying.

44. INT. AVA'S STUDY - DAY

Johnathan has a BANDANNA on his mouth. By him is a plastic bin with PHOTOS. Photos of his mom and dad.

Scans Ava's study. Scanning . . . scanning . . . Finds a photograph of him with his mom and throws it into his plastic bin.

Bums around, looks for additional photos. His bandanna falls off.

Holding in air, Johnathan grabs down to pick it up. Puts it up to his mouth. Knots it.

And sustains his scanning. Scanning . . . scanning . . .

Stops, tilts back . . .
Puts his hands up to his mouth . . .

JOHNATHAN

ACHOOOOO!

Johnathan grabs a whiff of surrounding air.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Christ almighty.

Runs to a window. It won't unlock.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!
(talking to window)
If only I had a gun I'd blow your brains out.

Quickly sniffs. It still stinks.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

God damn! I think that's mold.
That's mold.

Johnathan walks out without his plastic bin of photos.

45. INT. AVA'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Max is laying on his doggy pillow. Johnathan is looking through all Ava's washing stuff.

Grabs a jug. But it's won't work. Puts it back.

JOHNATHAN

No Borax? What's up, mom?

Grabs a box. Still isn't what Johnathan's looking for.

Max bucks up. Starts GROWLING towards Ava's backyard.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

(to Max)
Knock it off.

Still growling.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Knock it off, Max!

His growling won't stop. Johnathan looks out back. Nothing is conspicuous.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
You can go you crackpot.

Johnathan lightly kicks Max's doggy door. BARKING now. Stays put though.

Johnathan bows down. Smacks Max's doggy door, allowing it to catch in a soft wind.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Got it? Go or shut up.


JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Ok!

Pull its door, gaping. Max BOLTS out into Ava's woods. His barks rings out.

Back to Ava's washing stuff.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
And no Ammonia? God, no Borax, no Ammonia. That's why all this shit stinks.

A loud YIP. Johnathan bucks up. Looks out.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Max?

A lull.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
MAX!?

Still nothing.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
God damn dog.

Johnathan runs out . . .

46. INT. BARN - DAY

. . . and into his barn. Doors unshut. A faint, throaty YIP.

Johnathan looks around for its origin.

JOHNATHAN
Max?
Folds his lips, starts whistling. Nothing from Max. Johnathan looks around.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh Max! Wanna go for a walk, boy?

Walks to his couch. Looks around. Spots his virginal shotgun. Almost as if it's calling out.

DRIP. A thick liquid falls on his back.

DRIP. Again, a drop.

Johnathan looks up. His loft is dripping. Again.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
God, no.

Runs up. Foot slips on a stair. But Johnathan adjusts his body back upright.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Max?!

Runs up.

Max lays in a bloody ball, faintly panting. Claw marks, similar to Johnathan's alloy box, gushing in his gut. Grass and dirt coat his slain body.


Max, similar to Ava, is now just a carcass

Johnathan cautiously lays Max's body down. Coats it lightly in plants and dirt.

47. INT. BRIAR PATCH BAR - NIGHT

Christina sits in a fancy, full bar with VICTORIA SMITH and SOFIA BURNS. All adorn fancy "night out" gowns.

And all hold a glass of PINOT NOIR.

VICTORIA
I want to call a toast.

Victoria prompts Sofia and Christina in a raising of glass.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
To Christina's triumphs. And with many to go, I think boss should buy us all a round!
All laugh.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Kidding, kidding. Good job, kiddo. Salud!

CLINK of glass. All drink.

SOFIA
So what did Johnathan say?

CHRISTINA
I don't think Johnathan knows . . .

VICTORIA
What?!

SOFIA
But it's his company too, right?

CHRISTINA
Uh huh, it is. But Johnathan's going through a bit of a rough patch right now.

Christina drinks a sip.

SOFIA
Oh no!

VICTORIA
What's wrong?

CHRISTINA
Nothing.

VICTORIA
You can talk to us! It's just juicy gossip! Oh, I won't say anything to anybody.

Kicks Sofia.

SOFIA
Right. Right. Not a word.

Christina balks a bit, not wanting to say anything. But finally submits.

CHRISTINA
It's his mom's passing. That's all.

Victoria and Sofia look sad and aghast. As unduly and histrionic pals do.
SOFIA
Oh my God! I'm so sorry.

VICTORIA
Do you know how?

CHRISTINA
No. I was told about Ava and that's it.

VICTORIA
Oh my God. Say sorry to Johnathan from us.

CHRISTINA
I will . . . If I visit him.

Confusion from Victoria and Sofia.

SOFIA
What? Did you guys split up?

CHRISTINA
No. Just taking a hiatus.

VICTORIA
Oh Christina. Johnathan's longing for you right now. I know it. I know you know it. You can't just abandon him. Not during his mourning, anyways. What's actually going on, huh?

CHRISTINA
I don't know.

Sofia and Victoria twist and turn, unhappy with Christina.

SOFIA
You gotta go back to him.

Christina stops talking. Looks out at, fancy bar patrons smiling and chatting away.

INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan, crying, sits on a couch. His shirt has dirt and Max's blood on it.

Staring down, looking at his hand. Man what a dumb mishap that was.
A bit of blood on his cast. Can't distinguish if it's Max's or his own. But it's unimportant in comparison to Max dying.

BZZZ.

A vibration from his Galaxy. A lazy look towards it.

BZZZ.

WHATSAPP is going crazy.

BZZZ.

Unlocks his Galaxy, looks. Communications from Christina: I WANT TO TALK...

DOTS show-- typing again.

But Johnathan starts typing too, causing a vanishing of Christina's dots.

Johnathan: I WANT

Thinks. Opt not to finish it. Starts again:

WHY DID

Still not right. Puts down his Galaxy and looks back at his hand.

BZZZ.

But now, Johnathan opt not to look.

49. INT. JOHNATHAN AND CHRISTINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Christina's laying down, typing on a Galaxy.

Or, was typing.

    CHRISTINA
    Hmph.

Johnathan isn't typing back.

Christina waits, giving him an opportunity to start again. But no point- Johnathan is away. At last, Christina can't wait. Galaxy shut off.
50. INT. AVA AND PAUL'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Johnathan is cutting WOOD in a workshop. RAIN lightly falls outdoors. Cuts through a slab, holds it up—long and thin. Burnt on it is: MAXIMUS CARSON.

Grabs a similar slab cut prior. Holds it's up: it's a cross. A loud BOOM jolts him. Johnathan drops his wood slabs. LIGHTNING flashing through a window.

JOHNATHAN
What a storm.

Picks his wood back up. Puts down on a manufacturing worktop. Looks for nails. Can't find any on his worktop. Or in any bins. Or box. Or caddy.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
I just bought a box of nails. This is fucking amazing.


JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
God damn man!

A CRACKLING sound slowly rising from afar. It disturbs him. It's gaining in sonority.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
What's that?

Snoops out (his workshop is its own building). Looks into his backyard.

Johnathan spots a thick, smoky fog.

51. INT. BARN - DAY

Johnathan runs into his burning barn. But it's abnormal. It's PINK.

JOHNATHAN
Ah!

Runs around, looking for anything to snuff it out. Finds nothing.

A wood plank falls on him. Raindrops accompany.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Ow! Shit!

Runs to his workstation. A plank falls again. And still nothing to fight with.

A plan?

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Workshop.

52. INT. AVA AND PAUL'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Back in Ava and Paul's workshop. Scours through bins of junk, wood scraps, and tools as a pink tint faintly paints surrounding walls.

JOHNATHAN
Quickly. Quickly.

Throws away junk. Pink glints around.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
You bastard.

Scans around a stack of bins.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Bingo.

Finds a FOAM SHOOTING GUN hiding in shadow.

Johnathan picks it up and looks out. It's still raining. But a lack of pink.

Black mist is all that shows of what Johnathan just saw.

53. INT. BARN - DAY

Johnathan scans his barn. Only a handful of planks missing. Walls look burnt. Contrarily, it's still in good standing. Max's rotting body, amazingly, also has no burns.

And a sparkling gun to top it all off.

54. INT. CHAMPION TOOLS AND WOOD YARD - DAY

A shop assistant, AUSTIN, manning a till, is swiping a box of NAILS. Johnathan is also buying a SAW, a good amount of BOARDS, a DRILL, MAROON PAINT, and two or four HAND TOOLS.
CASH in his hand. But Austin is still scanning.

AUSTIN
You fixin' stuff?

JOHNATHAN
You could say that.

Scans a hand tool and drill.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Crazy storm, huh?

AUSTIN
You talkin' about that rain?

JOHNATHAN
No, that lightning. It was so, just, vicious, ya know?

Austin stops for an instant. Looks at Johnathan. Looks back out a window. It's just raining.

And picks up with his scanning.

AUSTIN
What lightnin'?

JOHNATHAN
What lightning? That lightning! Storm lightning! You saw it, right?

No. Austin didn't.

AUSTIN
You ain't from around this town, huh?

JOHNATHAN
No, I'm a local. Foxton Road.

AUSTIN
I don't know what lightnin' you saw up on Foxton Road, but I ain't mind no lightin'.

Johnathan gawks as Austin wraps up.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Two-sixty flat.

Only hand him TWO-FIFTY, in cash.
JOHNATHAN
Hold on.
Pulls soaking cash from his BILLFOLD. Hands it to Austin.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
You didn't spot any lightning?
Don't fuck around now.

AUSTIN
No sir.

Johnathan's shook.

JOHNATHAN
Huh?

55. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Christina is consuming food solo now- SHRIMP SCAMPI. Sitting in a brightly lit room.
Looks down at a bright Galaxy. Automatic scrolls amid occasional forkfuls of food.
Laughs at a photo. Smirks at a caption.
A KNOCK. A knock again. Coming from Christina and Johnathan's front door.
Stands up. Walks out.

56. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
A small, chubby man with a SNAPBACK CAP stands in front of a now unshut front door. His POLO SHIRT, to Christina, brings to mind a fancy hillbilly. His facial hair too. It's cousin DON (42)!

DON
Hi!
Christina's afraid. But not for long as . . . It's just Don.

CHRISTINA
Hi Don.

DON
Hi Christy! What's John up to?

CHRISTINA
Nothing, Don. Johnathan's at Ava's.
DON

Ava's?

Don walks in. BANG! Slams Christina's door shut. Grabs a whiff of shrimp.

DON (CONT'D)

What'cha cookin'?

CHRISTINA

Food.

DON

Sounds good. I want that.

Christina holds back frustration. Don walks away, drawn by a savory aroma.

57. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Christina and Don, with a dollop of shrimp scampi, sit and start consuming.

DON

What's Johnathan up to nowadays?

CHRISTINA

Packing at his mom's. You know about Ava, right?

Don grabs a sloppy munch of shrimp.

DON

Fantastic cooking, Christina.

Munch. Munch. And swallows.

DON (CONT'D)

Uh huh. Johnathan was going to bring Max back so I can adopt that mutt.

Christina looks worn out with this discussion.

CHRISTINA

No, Don. You gotta go to Ava's to pick up Max.

DON

Huh?! Ok! You and I will go tomorrow! And I'll stay tonight.

Sniffs his armpit. It stinks.
DON (CONT'D)

Gross! I think that's fungus!

(laughs)

I gotta piss.

Stands up, walks out. Christina looks down, Samsung Galaxy in lap. Starts typing to Johnathan in WHATSAPP: COMING TOMORROW WITH DON.

Doubt about dispatching it. But finally shoots it off.

58. INT. BARN - MORNING

Johnathan starts fixing his barn. Tools and wood surround. Starts nailing a board against a wall.

Paints a slab of wood.

Grabs a handful nails.

And works on and on as morning drags on.

Finally burnt out. Sits on his old couch. Cracks a ROCKSTAR and starts drinking.

DRIP. DRIP. Blood starts dripping on him (as is usual now). Not again! Wait . . .

JOHNATHAN

Shit, Max!

Stands up . . . And sits down.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Tonight. I'll carry him down tonight.

Looks at his gun. Sips.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Gotta go finish that cross first, anyways.

Sips his last sip and drops his can. Back to work.

59. INT. AVA AND PAUL'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Working hard in Ava and Pauls workshop. A gaping door allows cool air in. Johnathan's painting a board with maroon paint.

SHOUT IT OUT LOUD by KISS starts fading in as a TRUCK pulls up. It pulls up fast, kicking around a lot of dirt.
Driving is cousin Don. His blank snapback fits his hillybilly look.

Christina is also in Don's car.

Johnathan stops his painting. Looks as Don parks and hops out. Christina timidly follows.

DON
Johnathan!

Run. HUGS him tight as Christina lags.

DON (CONT'D)
I'm so, so sorry about aunt Ava. I got your call hunting with my boys and wound up our trip as soon as I could.

JOHNATHAN
Oh? I didn't call-

DON
I know, I know. Famous timing. But I'm back! And look who I brought.

Christina timidly looks at Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN
Christina? . . . Why? How?

CHRISTINA
Last night, Don was-

DON
Christina saw I was driving in and sought my transportation. How can I say no to that?

Johnathan shoots a cold look.

JOHNATHAN
Hmm.

CHRISTINA
I'm sorry about-

DON
Christina, can you grab my bags? Boy am I out of gas! Margarita's anybody?

Don starts walking away. Christina looks at Johnathan, Johnathan at Christina.
DON (CONT'D)
Show cousin Donny around,
Johnathan! And Christina, bags!
Chop chop.

60. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Don and Johnathan walk into Ava's living room. It looks as if a "snoozing room": quilts, a laptop (that's up and on), a box or two.

DON
Ah, I think this is your room,
Johnathan. I don't want to disturb
you. I'll just bunk upstairs.

Christina toils in with his bags.

DON (CONT'D)
Upstairs muffin!

And drops his bags.

CHRISTINA
Can you, Don?

Christina motions towards Johnathan. A hint that Don . . . grasps. Walks. Picks up his things.

DON
Oh alright. I'll bring my things
up. On my own. With nobody.

CHRISTINA
Thanks, Don.

Don brings his things upstairs.

JOHNATHAN
Why show back up?

CHRISTINA
I told you last night.

JOHNATHAN
Last night? I got nothing from you
last night. I thought you couldn't
stand it, anyways.

CHRISTINA
I want to support you. I know it's
tough.
JOHNATHAN
It wasn't tough. Until today.


CHRISTINA
If it's any consolation, I'm sorry.

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh. Sorry.

Johnathan sits. Looks away from Christina.

CHRISTINA
You don't buy my apology, do you?


JOHNATHAN
I got work to do.

Stands up. Walks away.

CHRISTINA
I can assist you!

Christina quickly follows.

61. INT. BARN - DAY

Both walk in. Christina spots Johnathan's tools and scraps and rubbish lying around.

CHRISTINA
Did a bomb go off? Damn.

JOHNATHAN
No. Try lightning.

CHRISTINA
Lightning?!

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh. A crazy fucking storm last night. Lots of rain and lightning.

CHRISTINA
You ok, Johnathan?

Picks up a plank. Looks alright.

Johnathan's lost in thought.
Christina looks back at his inactivity.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
It looks good. What you did works.

Looks at walls, planks, a hand tool.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Did it actually burn?

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh.

CHRISTINA
Outstanding craftsmanship, Johnathan. Truly.

Walks back. Starts going upstairs. Christina's flirtation is worrying though.

JOHNATHAN
What's going on with you?

CHRISTINA
Nothing.

A lull. Johnathan walks towards his gun, cautiously puts it down. Nothing to look at.

Until it clicks. Max's body is still up top. Still up top . . . right by Christina!

JOHNATHAN
Wait!

Christina spots Max's lumpy, rotting body.

CHRISTINA
What's . . . What's this?

Johnathan look in horror and dismay, Christina scans Max

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Is . . . Is that fur?
(to Johnathan)
What is this?

A lull.

JOHNATHAN
Max.

CHRISTINA
Max?
JOHNATHAN
... Uh huh.

CHRISTINA
Max got struck by lightning?!

JOHNATHAN.
No.

CHRISTINA
No?! But ... What am I looking at than?!

Christina runs down as Johnathan talks.

JOHNATHAN
It's max! It was an animal or-or-or, a thing, that got to him. I don't know. I didn't watch.

Walks to Johnathan.

CHRISTINA
How did Max wind up in that loft?

A SHRUG. Don bursts in.

DON
Wow! What's up with that upstairs? It stinks, man. Shit!

Don looks at Johnathan and Christina. Almost in mourning.

DON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

A lull.

DON (CONT'D)
What's up with Max? Not upstairs, not downstairs. Not in any room now that I think about it.

Johnathan and Christina swap looks. Back to Don.

JOHNATHAN
Max is just running around as usual.

DON
Ok. You know, I was thinking, why don't you and I and Christina ask Ryan and, um ... uh ... Dana, right? Dana?
Blank looks.

    DON (CONT'D)
    Why not go out with Ryan and his
girl tonight?

Still nothing from Christina and Johnathan.

    DON (CONT'D)
    (holds up hand as if
    making a toast)
    To family, to all our pals, to
    Johnathan!

An avid look for an avid plan. Johnathan wants to complain. But Don's too quick:

    DON (CONT'D)
    I'll go call Ryan and Dana now!

Christina and Johnathan swap looks again as Don runs away.

    CHRISTINA
    Good call with Max.

No mind paid to Christina's adulation. Obviously, Johnathan
was hoping Christina would cushion him from Don's plan.

    JOHNATHAN
    Uh huh.

62. INT. MOONLIGHT JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Johnathan, Christina, Don, Ryan, and Madison sit as a group
in a brimming club. A JAZZ BAND plays jazz music softly in a
cool surrounding.

A glass of CHARDONNAY for all.

    DON
    A toast! To Johnathan and Ava.
    (to Johnathan)
    May you go on shining Ava's light
    so faithfully and brightly.

All lift a glass.

    RYAN
    To Johnathan.

    MADISON
    And Ava.
CLINK. CLINK.

DON
Salud!


DON (CONT'D)
And thanks to Ryan and Dana-

MADISON
Uh, Madison.

DON
Madison, I'm sorry. To Ryan and Madison. Ava always had good things to say about you. Paul too. Nothing but good.

RYAN
Thanks Don.

Food's coming. Christina and Madison- SALADS; Don- SIRLOIN WITH CHIPS; Ryan- CRAB LINGUINI; Johnathan- PORK CHOP AND CHIPS.

All dig in. Again, barring Johnathan.

DON
(to Ryan)
You said you just got back from a vacation?

RYAN
Uh huh. Cabo! Madison and I hardly vacation, but I just got a promotion, so why not go all out, right?

MADISON
It was so stunning.

DON
Cabo is charming. Carol and I always talk about going.

Christina spots Johnathan's timidity.

CHRISTINA
(softly)
Your food alright?
JOHNATHAN
(softly)
My what on sight?

Christina points to his intact food.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
(softly)
Oh. My food. Right.

Johnathan cuts a chunk of his pork chop lazily. Dark, shadowy patrons around him.

Puts it into his mouth. Starts gnawing.


JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Gross.

Madison, Ryan, and Don look at him. So do a handful of patrons.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry guys.

DON
What's wrong with your pork chops?

JOHNATHAN
Nothing.
(phony grin)
Tasty.

DON
Than what was that about?

JOHNATHAN
Just got caught in my throat is all, Don.

Johnathan looks at his pork chop. Forks a chunk . . . In his mouth . . .

Holds back vomit. Looks at Don and fights his food down.

A swallow.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
I gotta go piss.

Johnathan stands up and walks to a bathroom.
63. INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

It's thankfully vacant. And sanitary and tidy.

Walks to a mirror, but it's not his form looking back . . .
it's a shadowy, dark variant of Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN
Whaaat? No! Stop fucking around!

Dark variant grins. Puts gun in mouth.

Johnathan throws liquid at it as Don walks in.

DON
Woah! You doing good, man?

JOHNATHAN
I'm good.

DON
(points to mirror)
Than what was that about?

Nothing.

DON (CONT'D)
(points out)
Or that just now?

JOHNATHAN
I think my food was raw.

DON
Fuck, Johnathan, this is a god damn jazz club! It wasn't raw.

Don walks to a urinal. Starts pissing.

DON (CONT'D)
Ava's passing is just making you sad. I know it, man, I do. But Ryan and Madison didn't join us tonight just to watch you bitch.

JOHNATHAN
I'm not bitching. I'm just sick.

Don zips his fly. Walks to a sink by Johnathan without flushing.

DON
So first it was raw food? And now it's a cold?
A sharp look at Don, as if about to confront him. But not in a jazz club bathroom. Johnathan backs off.

JOHNATHAN
I am sick, Don.

Johnathan walks out as Don's about to talk. How amazingly childish.

64. INT. MOONLIGHT JAZZ CLUB


CHRISTINA
You ok?

JOHNATHAN
Hunky-dory.

RYAN
You don't sound convincing, bud.

Shoots a look at Ryan.

JOHNATHAN
I'm ok.

Ryan has no option but to trust him. Don walks back obviously hurt.

Stays standing.

DON
Guys, Johnathan has a cold and wants to go. So grab a doggy bag for your food.

MADISON
(to Johnathan)
A cold?

Johnathan looks to Don. To Madison. To Ryan. To Christina.

JOHNATHAN
I'm not sick and nobody is going. Stay.

DON
No. No. No. That's not what you said. No point in a sick man staying at his own party.
Christina shoots Don a look. A busboy, CRAIG, walks by.

DON (CONT'D)
Can you bring a doggy bag? You do allow doggy bags, right?

Craig nods.

DON (CONT'D)
(looking at Johnathan)
I'm gonna go warm my car. I want you to bring out my good though.

Walks away.

Craig walks back with two doggy bags and a to-go box. Puts all down. Walks away.

Christina, Johnathan, Madison, and Ryan look around. Who will pay?

Nobody submits. Until:

RYAN
I got it this go around guys. It's on us.

65. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Don, Christina, and Johnathan walk into Ava's living room. Ryan and Madison stay out.

BAGS OF FOOD in Johnathan and Christina's hands.

RYAN
A satisfying night anyways. Thank you.

CHRISTINA
It was fun, Ryan. Thanks for coming out.

MADISON
And you don't want anything from us, Johnathan?

Ryan nods approvingly, wanting to aid his ill condition.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Ryan has a ton of natural flora and drugs you can try.
JOHNATHAN
Thank you, but I'm ok.

Ryan and Madison go. Don is solitary and sulking.
Johnathan and Christina look.

CHRISTINA
What is it now, Don?

DON
Just a stunning night spoilt.
That's all.

CHRISTINA
Oh, wow! It was your call to go.
It's your fault.

DON
No it's not. It your boy
Johnathan's fault.

JOHNATHAN
That's not fair, Don.

DON
So fight about it.

Don walks upstairs.

Johnathan is holding Don's food. Christina spots that. Aims to lift Johnathan's spirit with sarcasm:

CHRISTINA
Wanna throw his food away?

It lands only a tiny bit.

JOHNATHAN
(warily)
Why not?

A contrasting approach.

CHRISTINA
You know you can say anything,
right? Don't got to tuck it all away.

JOHNATHAN
Again, Christina- I'm just sick.
That is all.
INT. AVA'S BATHROOM – NIGHT

Johnathan's in a plain t-shirt, toothbrush in hand. Christina walks in in nothing but a lacy gown.

A thirsty look, wanting to lift Johnathan's spirits again.

CHRISTINA
Did you just finish?

Johnathan spits. Puts his toothbrush down. Looks at Christina.

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh.

CHRISTINA
With washing?

JOHNATHAN
That too.

A look of loss on Christina. Don't stop trying, though.

CHRISTINA
You know, I was about to wash up. How do you turn this thing on again?

Gurgling mouthwash, spitting it out. Christina's hints just pass by an oblivious Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN
You know how. It's similar to ours.

Christina quits. Johnathan's too lost.

CHRISTINA
How is it than? Hot? Cold?

JOHNATHAN
It's alright.

CHRISTINA
Good. I'm gonna wash up than. If you don't mind.

JOHNATHAN
Not at all.

Johnathan withdraws as Christina stands solitary and glum.
INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A filling tub runs faintly from upstairs as Johnathan adjusts his couch for Christina. Pulls off a quilt. It's stuck on a cushion though.

Tugs with vigor. Quilt pops out. But a shiny mass pops with it.

It lands on a couch cushion. Johnathan looks at it. It looks old and classic— a big looping bow, a long shaft, and a straightforward bit with a handful of cuts.

Confusion turns to a quizzical outlook.

JOHNATHAN
Just my luck?

Not too far away sits his unusual, rusty box. Johnathan looks at it.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
It can't.

Looks in his hands— a shiny, classic mass. Puts it in his padlock. Turns it. Voila— box now ajar. Looks in . . .

Finds a DVD. Johnathan pops it into his laptop.

A program of Ava starts playing:

INT. AVA'S ROOM -- DVD QUALITY

Ava's sitting on a chair, looking untidy and scuzzy and sad. It's as if a lurking individual, a lurking "thing", is forcing out Ava's words.

That, or drugs. It's hard to say.

AVA
I saw my first shadows in January.
Shadows and sounds and murmurs in March. Loud sounds. I was afraid.

Shows a bag of pills.

AVA (CONT'D)
I was told it wouldn't hurt. It's quick and kind.

Howling. Crying.
AVA (CONT'D)
I don't wanna go. I don't wanna go.

A shadow stalks in Ava's background. Looks up. Its originator is not shown. But it's commanding.

AVA (CONT'D)
Ok! Ok. I'm Ava Carson. And I can't go on without Paul . . . I'll miss you, Johnathan.

Shadows dim Ava's surroundings. Talking to a thing not shown.

AVA (CONT'D)
I don't want to! Not in my room! Not in my sanctuary! Outdoors! That barn.

Black.

69. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan wraps up Ava's program. A disconsolating look. Christina walks in.

CHRISTINA
You and I sharing that couch?

A swift introduction. Johnathan jumps and shuts his laptop. Looks around frantically.

JOHNATHAN
Um . . . This couch is yours.

CHRISTINA
I'm ok with that.

Johnathan walks to a fluffy chair. Walking by him, Christina rubs his back.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Thanks doll.

Lays a kiss on hi. Walks away and lays down.

JOHNATHAN
Don't worry about it.

Johnathan sits on his chair as if calculating his survival against Ava's.

70. INT. BARN - NIGHT


Rocks back and forth, gun laying across his lap.

71. INT. BARN - MORNING

Bright morning sun on Johnathan, snoozing on his couch, spooning his gun. Slowly waking up. Gun in hand, cold couch.

Grasps his situation.

JOHNATHAN
Shit! What was I doing?

Johnathan throws his gun down on his couch and walks out.

72. INT. AVA'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Johnathan puts FORKS and SPOONS into CARTONS. Don walks towards Ava's manor from outdoors. Small sticks in his hand.

A door SCRAPING. And closing.

Don walks in.

DON
Is that dog actually in that backyard still?

JOHNATHAN
Indubitably, Don, Max is still in Ava's backyard.

DON
Why did I just walk that damn wood without so much as a bark from him than?

JOHNATHAN
I don't know, Don, but I'm busy.

Don walks away angrily.

DON
(mumbling softly)
Gonna find that damn dog. Didn't spot him my ass.
Christina, walking in, bumps past Don walking out.

    CHRISTINA
    What's up his ass?

    JOHNATHAN
    Can't find Max.

    CHRISTINA
    Should I fill him in?

Johnathan shifts his focus to Christina.

    JOHNATHAN
    Probably not. Do you know what Don'll do?

Christina thinks. Looks around, about to gossip. Thankfully Don's away.

    CHRISTINA
    I think so.
    (mocking Don)
    Why didn't you say anything, Johnathan? I'm so hurt, Johnathan.
    Blah blah blah, Johnathan.

Johnathan grins.

    CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
    Finally. That fits you.

    JOHNATHAN
    I do think so.

Don tramps on in.

    DON
    You and I, Johnny boy. Going into town, askin' 'bout Max.

    CHRISTINA
    I think both of us-

    DON
    Not you, Christina. Johnathan, chop chop! Max digs milky biscuits, right? I'll buy a pack and drag that bastard out.

Johnathan slowly stomachs Don's proposal. Christina solicits, without a word, for him to stay, but Johnathan shows a faint "it's ok" motion.
73. INT. DON'S TRUCK - DAY

Don's driving. Fast and daringly.

DON
How long? 'Till you last saw him?

JOHNATHAN
Just prior to you pulling in.

DON
Probably ran into town than, huh?

A lull.

DON (CONT'D)
If Max actually did run away.

A surprising look towards Don.

DON (CONT'D)
Did Max actually run away, John?

An imposing look towards Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN
Uh huh. It's only logical . . . right?

Thinks. Thinks.

DON
You smart ass biscuit you. That's right! What about you and Christina? What up with you two?

JOHNATHAN
Nothing's up with us. I think.

DON
Nothing? You think? Is that what you say nowadays?

JOHNATHAN
It's just normal man-woman shit, Don. You wouldn't know.

DON
Carol and I don't fight as bad as that.

JOHNATHAN
(mumbling)
I said normal.
DON
What was that?

JOHNATHAN
Nothing, Don.

A lull.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Jacob's. That mart will stock all you want.

Don pulls wildly into Jacob's parking lot and stops barbarically in a spot.

DON
Push your tush!

Troops down out of his car.

DON (CONT'D)
(to Johnathan)
Stop dillydallying!

JOHNATHAN
Can I stay in and nap a bit?

Don's sick of his shit now, too.

DON
Alright.

Slams his door and abandons Johnathan.

Johnathan shuts his pupils. Tilts his skull back. Struggling to find a comfy position. Kicks a hard mass with his foot.

Johnathan looks down. It's a shotgun. A box of ammunition by it. Cautiously audits it all.

JOHNATHAN
Holy shit, Don. Thank you.

As Johnathan fills his hands with slugs, Don runs back out. Shit. Works quickly to bag his ammo and put Don's stuff back.

But, as a clumsy man, it's laborious. Don's almost back. Though with difficulty, a triumph! It's all as it was prior.

Don pulls his door. Gaping.

DON
Forgot my card!
Grabs his card and back out again. Johnathan spills out a SIGH of consolation.

74. INT. AVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina's forlorn. Packs up a grim looking living room. Johnathan's laptop is on. Christina spots it. Starts spying on it. But his laptop has a password lock.

Christina unlocks it without any qualms. A DVD ICON, AVA_ST4C.

    CHRISTINA
    Ava?

Christina clicks it. A familiar sight shows— it's Ava's film.

Starts watching it. It's a difficult watch.

Concluding just as a car loudly pulls up out front. It grabs Christina's focus.

Johnathan and Don walking out. Quickly shuts his laptop. Stands up.

Both walk in as soon as Christina is fully up. A startling spotlight. Christina blurts:

    CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
    How was it?

    DON
    Alright. Not anybody in town's saw him, but John and I got us biscuits for that bastard.

    CHRISTINA
    That's good.

    DON
    Uh huh.

Christina looks at Johnathan. Knows what's on his mind now.

    CHRISTINA
    Why don't you guys unwind? A football match is on today, right Don?

    DON
    Colts against Dolphins. Can't wait!
CHRISTINA
Why don't you and Johnathan both watch? I'll cook us a . . . bunch of food!

DON
If you say so!

Christina, without a sound, motions towards Johnathan to sit down. It's his turn to unwind.

75. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan, Christina, and Don sit. It's soft, calm. A THICK rain outdoors.

Distraught about how calm it is, Don talks.

DON
Alright, what is it? What did I do?

CHRISTINA
Nothing, Don.

Johnathan's staring out a window. At falling rain splashing down.

DON
I don't trust you. What did I do to piss you guys off?

CHRISTINA
Don, calm down. You did nothing. Right Johnathan?

But Johnathan's lost in thought, staring at his dark, looming barn through a window.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Right, Johnathan?!

Ava's CD, Ava's words, play in his mind.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan!

His focus is lost. Now found.

JOHNATHAN
Huh? Oh, right. Uh huh.

Johnathan looks at Don.
JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming, Don.

A stupid smirk.

And back to his barn. It's vivid now. Dark surrounds Johnathan, as if a shadow's thrown around him and his surroundings.

An invitation attracting from his barn.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)
I think I'm still a bit sick. Mind if I go lay down?

CHRISTINA
No, not at all.

JOHNATHAN
Thanks.

Johnathan stands. Walks away.

DON
That's my fault. I know it is.

CHRISTINA
Don!

SCRAPING as a door is moving. But Christina and Don pay no mind.

DON
I should go back to Montana. I'm just annoying you guys.

CHRISTINA
That's bullshit.

DON
No it's not. Just look. Johnathan would willingly walk into a dark, rainy wood than sit around with his cousin.

CHRISTINA
What?

Don and Christina both think about what was just said. Both look out.

A soaking Johnathan walks towards his old barn.
CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Don?

Don is lost too. Christina stands up quickly. Pops out a window. Shouts:

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Johnathan?! Johnathan!? What's going on?

Nothing.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Christina runs out.

DON

Christina!

A lull. And again, nothing.

DON (CONT'D)

Dammit.

And Don follows.

76. INT. BARN - NIGHT

A solitary Johnathan in a murky barn. Rain drops drip through cuts and gaps in its roof.


In his hand is a shotgun.

Johnathan looks down, as if his skull is a limp wrist, and starts crying.

JOHNATHAN

I don't wanna go.

A harsh clawing sound from his back. Claw marks scoring a wall. And a shadow now missing.

Christina bursts in.

CHRISTINA

Johnathan! What's going-

Don follows, lagging.
Christina looks at Johnathan's shotgun.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan.

Johnathan, crying hard, looks at Christina.

JOHNATHAN
I don't wanna go, Christina.

CHRISTINA
Put it down, Johnathan.

JOHNATHAN
I can't. I can't, Christina. I'm lost. I'm too far lost.

CHRISTINA
No. No, Johnathan. I found you. I found you, Johnathan.

A dark aura. A SLAMMING DOOR. A shadowy company.

DON
Woah?!

Don and Christina watch a shadow inching along, finding its way to Johnathan.

It's just a shadow. But it's looming.

JOHNATHAN
Christina. It wants to kill. It's going to kill.

Christina puts out a hand.

CHRISTINA
Not without that gun.

Johnathan rocks vigorously. Looks down.

Christina slinks slowly towards him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I want it, Johnathan.


Christina slinks on. Two small nails stand upright in front. Slowly towards him. Slowly . . .
CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan, that gun-

Christina's foot lands on a nail

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Ahh!

Falls down. Don stays back.

DON
What's wrong Christina?

Christina holds a bloody foot. Don can't spot it.

DON (CONT'D)
Christina?!

Christina squirms. Two shadowy hands display on his gun. Johnathan physically holds it. But it's actuating almost as if it's moving by shadow hands. It's moving up.

And up.

And up.

Against his chin. Christina spots what's going on. Harsh crying with a soft murmur.

CHRISTINA
Johnathan. Don't do this. Don't do this. I found you.

Johnathan can't contain it. His crying is loud and wild. But no point fighting it.

JOHNATHAN
I want to do this. I do.

Shotgun in his mouth.

CHRISTINA
(shouting)
NOOOO!


But Christina looks down, away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan!

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Johnathan. No!

77. INT. JOHNATHAN AND CHRISTINA'S ROOM - DAY

36 MONTHS FOLLOWING

Sunlight glows through a curtain into a familiar looking room. It's a bit dirty. A bit untidy. Christina is snoozing.

BRRRRT. BRRRRRT.

An ALARM CLOCK rings out. No mind from Christina. Still snoozing.

BRRRT. BRRRRRT.

Slowly up. Turns and looks at it.

MOANS and shuts it off, unthinkingly hitting "nap". Waking up fully is laborious.

Throws off quilts. Christina's in familiar looking pajamas- a shirt and shorts. But dirty shorts. And a shirt with stains and rips.

BRRRRRT. BRRRRRT.

CHRISTINA
Ok! I'm up!

Finds its "off" button and actually hits it.

78. INT. COOKING ROOM - MORNING

Christina is lazily cooking BACON, TOAST, and FRUITS. It looks uninspiring. A triumph though in quickly cooking and plating it.

A slight limp. Sits down. Slightly raw bacon, dark . . . ish toast, and a bruising banana await. Christina just looks at it all with a hollow scrutiny. No biting, no munching, just looking. Labors for a small mouthful, but can't find any inspiration to actually swallow it. Finally, it's down.

A wristwatch. A look down at it.

A SIGH.
Christina stops grazing and stands up.

79. INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Standing in a tub. No shampoo in hair, no soap suds; liquid is simply falling and running down Christina's sad disposition.

80. INT. JOHNATHAN AND CHRISTINA'S ROOM - MORNING

Christina buttons up a fair shirt; a skirt, pumps, and now a button-up. Almost as fancy as that "Scholar-Hill outfit". Almost.

Grabs a SUBSTANTIAL HANDBAG. Walks out.

A faint SLAM from downstairs. A lull.

A SLAM again. A gait hurrying back upstairs.

Running back in, Christina frantically looks around.

CHRISTINA
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Lands on a small stack of FORMS. Grabs all. On top is a PLASTIC CARD with Christina's photograph on it.

Christina runs back out.

81. INT. WORK BUILDING - DAY

A lobby of a fairly rich looking building - crisp, shiny walls; a big lobby with big chairs; and a long, primary bar with IMACS hiding from sight.

Christina walks up to an assistant, KAYLA, who looks up.

KAYLA
Oh, look who it is.

Kayla holds up a small clock, staring harshly at it. Back to Christina, who just wants to start working.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
You own a clock, right?

CHRISTINA
I know, I know. My alarm didn't go off. Do you think Brian knows?
KAYLA
Brian knows.

CHRISTINA
Shit.

Christina walks around. Sits by Kayla.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Do you think Brian's mad?

KAYLA
Mad at this, or mad that you always show up tardy?

CHRISTINA
Mad at . . . Oh.

Now at work, Christina logs in and starts typing away. A bold looking MAN walks up. In his hand is a BLACK BAG. His suit looks as if it had a skillful ironing. And his Oxfords? Shiny.

MAN
Hi, I'm Jack. Jack Burns.

Christina looks up. Shoots him a rigid grin.

JACK (CONT'D)
Today's my first day! I don't know what floor to go to.

CHRISTINA

Typing away. And typing away. And still typing away. But nothing is popping up.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Jack . . . Jack . . . I can't find a Jack in our books. Jack Burns you said?

JACK
Burns. Uh huh.

Scans again.

CHRISTINA
I'm sorry. No Jack Burns is in our books. You do know what building this is?
Jack slips Christina a form. It's from this company, so this building is right.

But Christina shrugs.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
This looks right, but I can't allow you in without an invitation or a staff card.

Frustration. It's as if Christina is implying Jack's a liar.

JACK
I'm in your books. You saw this.
(holds up form)
Now do your job.

A nonchalant Christina against his hasty balking.

CHRISTINA
I physically can not allow you in.
I only can if you show up in our books. I am sorry.

JACK
(shouting)
I am in your books! I want to talk to your boss! This is such a basic job and you can't do it? Why would I want to work with you anyways?!

A guard, DAVIS, walks to a now crimson Jack.

DAVIS
Calm down, sir.

JACK
You calm down! I'm trying to go to work!

DAVIS labors to hold Jack's arms. It's a fight, but finally, Davis gains control.

DAVIS
Can you look again, Christina?

Christina looks again. Scanning . . . Scanning . . .

CHRISTINA

Davis backs off. Jack adjusts his suit and looks disapprovingly at all. Walks away.
Christina looks at Davis with an "I'm sorry!" look
Davis looks back with an "it's alright. It was fun," look.

82. INT. COOKING ROOM - NIGHT

Christina sits in solitary again. A MCDONALD'S BAG and MCDONALD'S CUP hold a BIG MAC COMBO.


As Christina slowly chows down, a dark shadow shows.

A loud, hollow sip. Christina rocks it, pull its lid off, and looks in.

Nothing. Christina stands up. Walks to a sink. Starts filling it.


DRIP. DRIP.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO BLACK