

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, TURNS, 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.

Both sit in sorrow again. Drinking. Sipping. Mulling about  
options.

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  
Oh! How . . . How sad. Why don't you go upstairs? I'll cook for us.

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.

11. 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)  
Naturally. Uh huh. Fan-fucking-tastic.

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

Huh? Nothing! Nothing. I'm gonna go downstairs. Start packing up Ava's books.

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 obviously 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.

## 19. 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.

Puts on a pair of pants. Johnathan stirs. Looks at him. 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 looks intrinsically hurt. Johnathan sits up. A look towards him.

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?

Playfully bumps Johnathan, trying to lift an obviously anxious mood. Christina laughs. Not Johnathan though.

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 still occupy 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.

Picks 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.

Johnathan holds his hurt hand. Runs. A door now gaping. But Max stays back, barking.

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?

A mystifying and abrupt shift in Johnathan's mind. A humanoid shadow is conspicuous on a wall by Johnathan. A shadow gun in shadow hand.

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.

33. 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)

What about a consultation with half off translations? . . . Ok . . . Uh huh . . . Fantastic! No no. I contract out translators . . . Ok. Ok, thank you again!

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 his 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 down 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 stinks of 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 looks at Madison, Madison at Ryan. Back to Johnathan.

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.

Barking. Barking. Raucous barking.

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.

Johnathan walks to him. Hugs him. Can't stop from crying.

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.

48. 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. Opts 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 opts 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.

Looks . . . Looks . . . A loud BOOM jolts him again. A bright flash of LIGHTNING follows it, again.

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. Foxtan Road.

AUSTIN  
I don't know what lightnin' you saw  
up on Foxtan 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.

A lull. Pain. Hurt.

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?

Waits. Thinks. Johnathan wants out.

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!

Sips all around. Johnathan opts not to drink. Christina drinks a small sip, but spots Johnathan. Comforts him.

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.

An odd flavour. A gross flavour. A malicious flavour.  
Johnathan spits it out.

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

Whaaaaat? 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, Ryan, and Madison sit, consuming food, chatting. Johnathan walks back. Sits down.

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 spoiled.  
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.

## 66. INT. AVA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Johnathan's in a plain tshirt, 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.

## 67. 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:

## 68. 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.

Christina starts snoring. Johnathan's still up. Stands. Softly walks out.

## 70. INT. BARN - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminating his couch. Shotgun shining brightly against a wall. Johnathan grabs his gun. Walks. Sits on his couch.

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.

It's dark. But a shadow of a humanoid is still striking on a wall. A couch sin front of it. Johnathan walks. Sits.

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.

His confliction is obvious. But still starts loading in slugs. Shakily. Crying. But loading in slugs.

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!

A blast. Blood. Johnathan's brains paint all around. Don faints as shadows loom on top of Christina.

But Christina looks down, away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Johnathan!

Johnathan's carcass lays in a pool of blood. Shadows ignoring Christina float back to Johnathan. Drops down. Crying.

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. BRRRRT.

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

BRRT. BRRRRT.

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.

BRRRRT. 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

Ok. Jack. Wait just a bit.

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

Oh, sorry. I think I put in Jock Barns. Jack Burns. Third floor.

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.

Snag a bit of Big Mac. Swallow. A small bit again. Swallow again.

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.

It's full. A soft turn of a knob. Liquid stops flowing. Christina walks back. Sits down.

DRIP. DRIP.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO BLACK