

# GENERATIONS

Written by

L. G. Jones

403-506-3151  
Leifgjones@gmail.com

*Copyright (c) 2019 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.*

INT. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Heavy breathing and the racing heartbeat of FLETCHER Parkenson, deranged, exhausted and afraid. His hands are bloody, and everything seems so far away.

His kitchen seems far away, the living room seems far away, and the bathroom seems far away.

He looks down at his hands and then to the body, MORGAN Parkenson, that lays next to him. A hammer can also be seen on the floor.

FLETCHER

No, no, no, no, no, no. I...I'm.  
Shit.

He struggles up and goes to reach for the body but stops.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I need...

BATHROOM

He runs to the bathroom and starts washing his hands. Scrubbing the blood. He looks into the mirror and sees the bathtub behind.

It is filled with a black liquid. Fletcher takes in a deep breath as he slowly turns off the sink. A small hand pierces out of the tub and latching on to the rim.

Fletcher, eyes widening, bolts out of the bathroom slamming the door on the way. He looks around the house until he sees Morgan again.

Fear wells up.

He looks around to where he can put the body. He runs to a door that says, "Morgans and James room." Before opening the door, he looks back at the body.

He leaves the door closed.

FLETCHER

I can't.

His heartbeat is slowing down, and he picks up Morgan. He carries her past the dining room and through the kitchen. There is a door that leads to the backyard.

Placing her on the island in the kitchen. He walks up to the door and looks out at the tree in the back.

He can't bury her there.

He notices that there is a hole at the base of the tree. He looks around the yard, trying to find what made that hole.

He hears a knock at the door. He slowly opens it to find a child covered in dirt sitting down, knocking. He immediately slams the door.

Taking a step back, he turns around to see Morgan missing.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Morgan! Morgan baby, where did you go?!

Frantically he rushes back to the main lobby of the house and notices her standing by the fireplace in the living room. She reaches into the fireplace and pulls out a shoe.

Fletcher's face turns pale.

The Morgan turns around to face Fletcher.

MORGAN

Daddy? Whose shoe is this?

Before Fletcher could answer a banging turns his attention to where he started. He walks over to where the banging is coming from. There is a hammer on the floor.

He bends down to hear where the banging is coming from, and another bang is heard.

Fletcher moves back but then crouches down and knocks back. He hears a voice from underneath the floorboards.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Daddy? I want to get out.

Fletcher slams down on the floorboard and stands up.

Everything seems off and wrong. Nothing is the same anymore.

His cell phone rings, and he wrestles it out of his pocket.

FLETCHER

H-Hello?

HOPE (V.O.)

Fletcher? What's wrong?

FLETCHER

N-nothing, when are you coming home?

HOPE (V.O.)

That's why I'm calling. I'm going to be late, so just leave dinner out on the table for me. I got this project that needs to be finished before tomorrow.

FLETCHER

Yeah, that's fine.

HOPE (V.O.)

How are the kids?

FLETCHER

There sleeping like angels. James in the room and Morgan is under... the sheets.

HOPE (V.O.)

Okay, I got to go. I'll call you when I'm on my way. Love you.

FLETCHER

Love...you too.

He hangs up.

Footsteps can be heard coming up behind him. Fletcher grabs the hammer.

He spins around to smash in the head of the intruder, but the hammer is gone.

The intruder is wearing a grey suit with a white dress shirt and black tie. This is JAMES Parkenson, young and brooding.

JAMES

You were so close.

Fletcher tries to move, but he can't.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let's see... you went to the bathroom to wash off the blood. I don't know why you did this. There shouldn't be any blood. None was found on the crime scene. I might have made the setting too broad.

FLETCHER

(Struggling)

W-who are you?

James glances at Fletcher. His eyes are cold.

JAMES

How many times do you think you've done this?

FLETCHER

What?

JAMES

Nevermind, you wouldn't know.

He snaps his fingers, and dozens of Fletchers show up in different places moving around. Some just walking into walls and others ripping up the floorboard, one of them is just standing still not moving.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I gave you all one task. Find Morgan, but from the looks of it, you don't know where to look.

(To himself)

Maybe if I set the goal to kill Morgan, I could get some results. No, no, no, too much work to add in all the other factors. I think I'm seeing this all wrong.

FLETCHER

What...did...you do to Morgan?

JAMES

What I did? That's where you're wrong, Fletcher. I'm trying to figure what **you** did to Morgan.

James claps and all Fletchers disappear, including the Fletcher that he was talking too.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Ah. I know, why don't I make him look for his daughter. I'll give him the goal to save Morgan. Perfect...Yeah, run it again.

He claps three times and disappears.

The house is quiet, and everything is dark.

FOYER

A car can be heard pulling up and someone getting out. The footsteps get closer and closer.

The front door opens, and Fletcher enters. He is paranoid and desperate, he's always looking over his shoulder.

FLETCHER

Alright. I'm here. Now, where is my daughter?

He notices a body in the middle of the room.

Fletcher rushes over maddening, this could be his daughter. It would only make sense in his head. As he comes over and picks up the body, he notices that it's light and that it's a doll.

Its eyes are dead and staring. Fletcher lets go of the doll and looks around.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Where is my daughter?!

CUT TO BLACK.