

In Pieces

by

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17:51.

(cont'd)

INT. Funeral home - day

Its 1999.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE, dressed in black, stand outside the closed doors of a funeral chapel.

Unashamed, they all whisper about what is happening inside.

MARY, an elderly woman, leans closer to her husband STEVEN.

MARY

(whisper)

He should have seen this coming.

AMANDA, a middle-aged woman, stares at the closed doors while holding her small child.

AMANDA

(whisper)

Did you see her dress?

PAM, another-middle aged woman, nods towards the doors.

PAM

(whisper)

She looked rough.

STEVEN

(whisper)

Everyone deals with death differently.

AMANDA

(whisper)

She didn't even try to look good.

PAM

(whisper)

No way in hell did she shower before coming here.

High-pitched screams echo out the funeral chapel. The whispers stop. Everyone carefully listens for more...

The doors opens and reveal a LITTLE GIRL. She wipes away tears while closing the doors behind her. The adults stares at the innocent child.

An old man walks up to the girl and picks her up.

More high-pitched screams echo through the funeral home, followed by loud wailing.

SILENCE...

The doors open again. MARCOS, a red-faced father, closes the doors behind him. He adjusts his broken glasses. Sweat stains darken his armpits.

MARCOS
I am so sorry for my daughters
behaviour.

Marcos trembles, having a tough time keeping it together.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
I think it would be best if we just
kept going.

Steven hands Marcos his blazer.

STEVEN
This isn't your fault.

CUT TO:

TITLE:

IN PIECES

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN.

A casket gets lowered into a grave, surrounded by a group of people dressed in black.

From behind we can see Marcos and the little girl hold the hands of a young woman.

The casket hits the bottom of the grave. Marcos squeezes the young woman's bandaged hand.

A ring is visible on the injured hand.

The young woman whimpers.

INT. GROCERY STORE / CHEESE SECTION - DAY

CARLA RODRIGUES (25) watches a cheesy SUPERHERO COMMERCIAL on a nearby TV.

ON TV: A WONDER WOMAN knock-off crouches down next to a diverse group of children.

WONDER WOMAN KNOCK-OFF
Lets say it together...

THE GROUP OF CHILDREN
...Care for others like you would
care for yourself.

Carla wears a sad uniform, a nametag embroidered at the collar, the buttons not lined up properly.

As she focuses on the COMMERCIAL, she is interrupted by hysterical cries coming from another aisle.

Carla turns around, her dirty sneakers squeaking.

Her co-worker, EMMA (21) struggles to calm down an elderly customer. Carla takes a few steps towards the pair.

CUSTOMER

He won't ever walk again.

Emma gives Carla a "help me" look.

EMMA

Many people in wheelchairs have gone to lead successful lives.

CUSTOMER

He wanted to be an athlete.

EMMA

What are you here for again?

CUSTOMER

Chocolate. His favourite snack.

EMMA

Yes, chocolate.

Emma glances at Carla who fails to hide behind a shelf.

EMMA (CONT'D)

My lovely co-worker can show you the right isle.

Emma points in Carla's direction.

CUSTOMER

Thank you so much ladies.

EMMA

That's what we're here for. Right Carla?

Carla puts on a fake smile while Emma gets a call.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What? I told you not to let them in.

CARLA

(to customer)

Follow me.

Emma throws up her arms in frustration as Carla and the elderly customer walk away.

CUSTOMER

Carla...a pretty name.

CARLA
My parents wanted a Carl.

The two walk past other customers.

INT. GROCERY STORE / CANDY SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The customer holds a pack of low-brand chocolate, her back to Carla.

Carla glances at a nearby clock.

17:51.

Carla notices some trash on the floor and kicks it under the nearest shelf. The elderly customer turns around.

CUSTOMER
Do kids these days still like these?

CARLA
They're still being sold.

CUSTOMER
Do you like these?

CARLA
Not really.

The customer puts them back.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(re: customer)
My sister loves them. I'm sure they are great. I'm probably just the odd one out.

CUSTOMER
(smiling)
Little or big?

CARLA
Huh?

CUSTOMER
Your sister.

CARLA
Oh! She just turned seven.

CUSTOMER
A nice age.

Carla glances at a clock again.

17:53.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
I always wanted younger siblings
growing up. There is just nothing
that compares to it.

CARLA
She can a bit annoying sometimes.

CUSTOMER
Once she gets older...

The customer takes another chocolate bar into her hands.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
...it'll wear off. You know you--

The customer turns around and Carla is gone.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Carla speeds past a bunch of busy customers, her chunky
phone next to her ear.

CARLA
This lady kept me from leaving. I'm
on my way out...

Carla passes by a pair of judgmental co-workers, giving them
a faux smile.

CARLA (CONT'D)
...give me ten minutes. I--

Carla bumps into a male customer. He drops some of the items
he was carrying, including a pack of eggs that break when
hitting the floor.

CARLA HAS TO MAKE A DECISION.

She stops for a second...

Then walks away.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(to Customer)
Sorry.

Emma appears behind a shelf, having seen the whole thing
unfold.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Yellowish lights flicker against rows of lockers.

Carla is out of her uniform now, wearing casual clothes. She
opens a locker, covered in horror-themed stickers, and takes
out a worn-out backpack and a pack of fireworks.

Suddenly...

SLAM!

Emma slams the locker door forcefully shut and leans her head against it.

CARLA

Jezz. You scared the shit out of me.

EMMA

(re: fireworks)

I hope you paid for those.

CARLA

Pretty sure you don't care.

EMMA

You're right, I do not.

Carla puts the strap of the backpack over her shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)

But your boss does. Don't think he like thieves or employees that run into customers.

CARLA

He's your boss too and my shift was over ten minutes ago.

EMMA

So was mine. You scared the shit out of that innocent man.

CARLA

I'm sorry. Is that what you want to hear?

EMMA

Don't apologize to me. Apologize to the customer.

CARLA

Please don't tell him.

EMMA

I wont. Under one condition.

(pause)

I need you to take over my shift.

CARLA

You're kidding.

EMMA

At the end of the month. You should be back by then.

CARLA
Doesn't mean that I want to go
straight back into being a slave.

Emma crosses her arms.

EMMA
I wonder what--

CARLA
--Whatever. I'll do it.

EMMA
You're the best.

Emma leaves.

INT. BATHROOM / STALL - CONTINUOUS

Carla sits on the toilet, her backpack hanging on the door handle. She notices...

No toilet paper is left.

Carla goes through her backpack past pads and a bag of weed. She finds a flyer about...

THE AFTERMATH OF SUICIDE.

She scans the flyer before ripping it into two halves.

INT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Carla opens her backpack, takes out the bag of weed, and puts it in the pocket of her jacket.

SPLSH! GURGLE-GURGLE-GURGLE!

Carla closes her backpack and washes her hands. Carla "fixes" her hair while a stranger leaves a stall.

The stranger washes her hands while Carla takes out her phone...

VOICE ON PHONE
Hello you have reached the
Rodrigues household. We are
currently busy. You can call us
another time or leave a message
after the tone.

BEEP.

CARLA
Hey Dad, it's me. I'm leaving now.
I'll call you again later when
we're on the road.

The stranger leaves.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Please pick up later so we can have
a proper conversation. Love you,
bye.

Carla hangs up.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

On her way out, Carla notices a YOUNG BOY with his mother
near the register. He takes a small toy and puts it in his
pocket, thinking that no one can see him.

The boy and Carla lock eyes.

Emma stands a few feet away. Carla taps the oblivious woman
on her shoulder.

CARLA
Emma.

The young boy hides behind his mother who is too busy paying
for groceries to notice.

EMMA
What's up?

A MOMENT OF HESITATION.

CARLA
Ehm, I forgot to tell you earlier
how good your hair looks today. You
dyed it, didn't you?

EMMA
I didn't.

Emma crosses her arms.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're trying to talk your way out
of your shift.

CARLA
I'm not.

EMMA
You said you would do it.

CARLA
I will.

EMMA
Then what do you want?

CARLA
Just, say goodbye, I guess.

EMMA

You won't be gone forever.

Carla embraces Emma in a tight hug. It's awkward for both. This obviously doesn't happen too often.

CARLA

Tell my family I love them.

EMMA

I don't think I'll see them.

CARLA

Yeah I know, it's...it's a thing
people say.

Carla watches the young boy and his mother leave the store, the toy sticking out of his pocket.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Carla leaves the store. Big snowflakes fall steadily. The parking lot is busy.

As Carla nears a RED JEEP, the window of the passenger seat lowers and reveals BREE WOOD (26). A big smile on her face, like always.

NOELLE WEBER (24) steps out of the driver's site, picking at his fingers.

BREE

(to Carla)

Hey bitch.

Bree takes out a junky digital camera and positions it to take a picture of Carla.

BREE (CONT'D)

Stop right there.

Carla hides her face behind her hands while walking to the trunk of the Jeep.

CARLA

I wonder what your pastor thinks
about your choice of words.

CLICK.

BREE

At least I go to church.

Carla opens the Jeep's trunk. Noelle appears next to her.

CARLA

(re: photos)

You better not show those to
anyone.

BREE
Only if they ask nicely.

NOELLE
(to Carla)
Let me help.

CARLA
It's one bag.

NOELLE
One bag too much for a lady.

CARLA
(to Bree)
What did you do to him?

BREE
(to Noelle)
If you don't get your ass back into
your seat.

NOELLE
Just doing my job.

BREE
No, you're kissing Carla's ass.

Noelle closes the trunk for Carla.

CARLA
I don't mind.

BREE
Obviously.

Noelle walks back to the driver's seat and slips on some
ice, barely catching himself.

BREE (CONT'D)
Please don't break your leg again.

NOELLE
It was fractured last time.

Carla smiles at her friend's banter.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bree watches Carla in the rearview mirror.

BREE
At least in Cali you can't slip on
ice.

Bree catches Carla taking out her cell phone.

NOELLE
I'll find a way.

BREE
(to Carla)
You can still call them later.

Bree turns around to look at Carla.

BREE (CONT'D)
Let's first focus on getting our
problem child.

Carla puts her phone away.

INT. CAR - LATER

Carla watches the sky. Dark clouds are forming while FUNKY
MUSIC echoes through the car.

NOELLE
He better not a Debbie downer like
last time.

BREE
He had a bad day.

NOELLE
A bad day, a bad week, a bad year.

BREE
If he is we can blame it on Carla.

CARLA
Hey!

Bree winks at Carla.

NOELLE
(to Carla)
The trip was your idea.

BREE
I'm sure he'll be fine, he should
be used to it by now.

NOELLE
I just don't want him to ruin the
whole trip with his mood swings.

BREE
Ok, dickhead.

NOELLE
I'm just saying.

BREE
Imagine someone talking that way
about you behind your back.

NOELLE

You talk shit about people all the time.

BREE

Yeah, my incapable colleagues not my friends.

NOELLE

Right, when it comes to friends you say it straight to our faces.

BREE

Like you should.

CARLA

I think it's gonna be fun, the trip.

BREE

(to Noelle)

Yeah, and if Jimbo ends up annoying you you should have a one on one.

NOELLE

I will.

BREE

A verbal one on one.

NOELLE

Boring.

Carla gazes out the window.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - LATER

The Jeep stops in front of a big house, surrounded by a suburban neighborhood.

Carla leaves the car and walks up the front porch.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

NO ONE OPENS.

She tightens her jacket around her frame due to the coldness. Next to the front porch lay rocks, surrounded by withered bushes.

Carla picks one rock up, a spare key is hidden inside.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The massive house is dark and quiet.

CARLA

Hello? Jimmy? Miss Ashford?

SILENCE.

Carla puts the spare entrance key on a nearby cabinet.

THUD-THUD.

From upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carla walks up the squeaking stairs, past framed pictures of a happy-looking family. One of which is broken.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark and messy. Carla accidentally steps onto a moldy plate on the floor.

CARLA

Ew.

Various pill bottles stand on a broken side table. Flies fly past Carla's face. She swats some away.

A greeting card stands on Jimmy's desk, a dusty PC screen behind it.

CARLA (CONT'D)

We're already late.

Carla reads the card. She takes a deep breath and turns it around. "Love you.-MOM" is scribbled on the back.

Carla bites her lips. She puts the card back down on the desk when...

A pill bottle catches her attention.

Carla realizes that the bottle is empty. A wave of panic runs through her body.

She assumes the worst.

COUGH!

Light shines into the bedroom through the cracks of the attached bathroom.

COUGH!

Carla's heartbeat becomes audible. She enters the...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla steps into the messy, low-lit, room.

The outline of a body is visible in the bathtub behind a shower curtain. Carla slowly walks towards the bathtub.

CARLA

Jimmy?

She rips the shower curtain away to reveal...

JIMMY ASHFORD (24), a soda can in his hand, perfectly fine.

Carla takes a deep breath as she leans onto the sink.

JIMMY

Did I scare you?

Sunken-in eyes, enclosed by the hood of a black sweater,
look up at Carla.

CARLA

What are you doing?

JIMMY

Relaxing. I'm sorry, I didn't mean
to scare you.

CARLA

(sigh) You can't use any other place
in your mansion for that?

Jimmy stands up.

JIMMY

This is my safe place. (sip) I'm
sorry I scared--

Carla hugs him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Almost made me spill.

She lets go of Jimmy and playfully hits him.

CARLA

Don't do that again.

JIMMY

I won't. I'm sorry.

CARLA

Stop apologizing.

Jimmy gets out of the tub.

JIMMY

Sorry.

CARLA

Don't.

JIMMY

My apologies.

CARLA
Don't forget your meds, ok?

JIMMY
(taken back)
What?

CARLA
Just...don't forget them.

JIMMY
Already packed them.

CARLA
Ok, good.

JIMMY
Did you get the fireworks?

He leans over Carla and turns the lights off.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy kicks the moldy plate under his bed while Carla eyes the bottles on the bed side table again.

CARLA
Of course I did.

Both leave the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the squeaking stairs.

JIMMY
It's not my fault you always assume the worst.

CARLA
What did you expect?

JIMMY
A relaxing time with myself and I.

CARLA
You knew I was coming over.

JIMMY
I was in the zone.

CARLA
No more jokes or stupid shenanigans.

JIMMY
I wasn't even trying--

CARLA

--no more.

Carla takes a jacket from the coat-rag and hands it to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Ok, ok. If you stop expecting the worse.

CARLA

You know what?

Carla opens her hand.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Deal.

JIMMY

Deal.

Jimmy nods and shakes Carla's hand.

CARLA

Now, food.

Jimmy puts the coat on.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carla opens the fridge and sees a disposable plastic bag filled with sandwiches, labeled "JENNIFER".

HONK!

Jimmy looks out the nearest window.

JIMMY

Maybe we should hurry.

CARLA

I think your Mom labeled the bags wrong.

Jimmy peeks inside the fridge.

JIMMY

Nope.

He pushes the plastic bag to the side and takes out an identical one with "JIMMY" written on it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Big hunger runs in the family.

CARLA

I can tell.

Jimmy glances out the window again.

JIMMY
(re: Bree and Noelle)
I hope those two are in a good mood.

CARLA
Noelle and Bree?

Jimmy nods.

CARLA (CONT'D)
They always are, most of the time.
You should know that.

JIMMY
You know them longer than me.

CARLA
They're excited.

JIMMY
Are you?

CARLA
(taken back)
I'm not-not excited.

Carla tries to change the subject.

CARLA (CONT'D)
How's your mom?

JIMMY
In pieces. Which was to be expected.

HONK!

Jimmy glances out the window again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Are you not driving?

CARLA
Are you crazy?

JIMMY
Depends on who you ask.

Carla playfully slaps Jimmy on his arm.

CARLA
No, I'm not driving. You're lucky
I'm even here.

JIMMY
It was your idea.

CARLA

I know but I am...was really busy.

Jimmy awkwardly plays with the plastic bag.

JIMMY

I hope you still like mayo.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noelle shakes from the cold.

NOELLE

Dude, you got any spare winter tires?

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bree is on her knees, her hands dirty from oil. Carla is next to her holding a screwdriver.

The boys sit on an old sofa in a corner of the garage. Instead of helping, Noelle shows Jimmy a basic magic trick with playing cards.

Bree pushes the winter tire into place.

BREE

Wrench.

Carla hands her the screwdriver.

BREE (CONT'D)

Does this look like a wrench?

CARLA

...

BREE

You're lucky you're pretty.

CARLA

Thanks?

Bree takes a wrench from a nearby stool and finishes securing the winter tire on the car.

CARLA

Done?

BREE

Unfortunately, Jimmy only owns two usable tires.

CARLA

Two is better than none.

BREE

Four is required. Imma be pissed if we get pulled over.

CARLA

They look the same. (pause) How did you learn this?

BREE

Trial and error.

CARLA

I wish I could shatter gender stereotypes as easily as you.

BREE

You know I wouldn't mind...

Bree gets up.

BREE (CONT'D)

...if the boys helped.

CARLA

They are.

Carla and Bree peek around the car, over to where Noelle and Jimmy sit.

CARLA

In their own way.

NOELLE

Is this your card?

JIMMY

...

NOELLE

That is a yes or no question.

JIMMY

Give me another one.

NOELLE

If this isn't your card then it's probably...

Noelle makes a card appear behind Jimmy's ear.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

...this one.

JIMMY

It's the right color.

BREE

Boys! Playtime is over.

NOELLE

Playtime is never over.

BREE

Be a man and help me put the tires
in the back.

NOELLE

Only because I like lifting heavy
things.

Noelle and Bree grab one of the old tires. Jimmy plays with
the cards Noelle left behind, still sitting on the sofa.

CARLA

You can take them.

Jimmy shoots up.

CARLA (CONT'D)

If you want to.

JIMMY

Nah.

Jimmy is about to brush past Carla when he stops, close to
her ear.

JIMMY

They don't know what happened. Why
I went back.

CARLA

Did you tell Noelle?

JIMMY

Maybe it's better if they don't
know. Maybe that's why you didn't
tell them.

CARLA

It's your decision to make not
mine.

JIMMY

It's better if they don't know.

CARLA

If that's how you feel then that's
fine.

JIMMY

(smiling)

Maybe I want you to feel special
for once.

Jimmy winks at her and goes to help Noelle with the tires.

CARLA
(smiling)
I don't need you for that.

BREE
Carly?

Carla turns around.

BREE (CONT'D)
Let's go get Jimbos stuff.
We're behind schedule.

Bree walks into the house. Carla stays behind, watching the boys before following Bree inside.

INT. CAR - LATER

Noelle is in the driver seat, Bree in the passenger, Carla and Jimmy in the backseats.

Bree fidgets with a large map.

BREE
If the weather doesn't fuck us over
then we should still make it to
North Dakota before sunrise if we
keep driving through the night.

NOELLE
Somebody is missing.

Confused, Bree scans Carla and Jimmy in the backseats. Noelle takes out a green air freshener in the shape of a tree and hangs it on the rearview mirror.

BREE
Why are you like this?

NOELLE
Handsome? Charming?

Noelle starts the engine.

JIMMY
Dude, those give me a headache.

NOELLE
Bree gives me a headache and I'm
not throwing her out.

BREE
Asshole.

NOELLE
Let's be demicratic. Carla, what do
you think?

BREE
It's democratic.

CARLA
I don't mind it.

BREE
Boo.

NOELLE
Two versus two. I'll take it off
when we drive back home.

Bree fake sneezes.

BREE
It's making me sneeze. You have to
take it off.

NOELLE
Did you know that a sneeze is one
eight of an orgasm.

Bree lightheartedly slaps Noelle.

JIMMY
Nope.

CARLA
Let's just go.

NOELLE
So over-dramatic.

Noelle steps on the gas.

INT. CAR - LATER

Bree changes the radio channel in a fast manner, going from
one station to the next.

Carla leans her head against the window.

JIMMY
(to Bree)(annoyed)
Please.

BREE
It's my turn. I have to use my...

Bree turns to Carla.

BREE (CONT'D)
...super Mom powers to find a good
song.

BREE
If I'm allowed to?

Carla nods.

JIMMY
When did you become a Mom?

NOELLE
It's an inside joke. You wouldn't
get it.

Bree hovers one hand over the radio while still skipping
from one channel to the next.

BREE
I can feel it coming closer.

She stops on a FUNKY POP SONG and immediately sings along.
Noelle snaps along to the rhythm of the beat.

Jimmy also starts to sing along, using a water bottle as a
fake microphone.

He RHYTHMICALLY slaps the passenger seat in front of him.
Carla watches them in an annoyed but endearing way.

She stays silent.

JIMMY
(to Carla)
Don't go overboard with the
singing.

Jimmy playfully pushes Carla while still singing along.

Bree and Jimmy signal Carla to sing along but she just
smiles before shaking her head.

BREE
Come on.

Bree pumps up the volume. The other three's singing turns
into semi-harmonic screams. Totally over the top.

Carla's smile fades and she puts her hands over her ears.

THE SOUNDS BECOME MUFFLED.

EXT. CAR - LATER

Visible footprints in the snow go from the car to the
entrance of a rest stop.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carla is alone in the car, cuddled up in her coat. The
windows are fogged up. Carla opens her eyes and searches the
car for her friends, her cheeks rosy.

She realizes that the car is empty and panics.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The big neon-sign of the rest stop flickers as the storm keeps storming. Carla opens her door.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

She quickly closes the door again due to the aggressive storm. Her face is covered in snow which she wipes off.

She glances at Jimmy's seat.

She lays her head back down and draws a smiley face on the fogged-up window. Carla straightens herself, the position she's in obviously uncomfortable.

She draws a rectangle (pillow) behind the smiley face. The driver's door opens and Noelle steps inside the car.

NOELLE

I don't think you want to clean the windows

CARLA

(smiling)

No Dad.

The backseat door opens and Bree steps in, a paper bag in her hand. She hands it to Carla who studies its insides and finds...

A burger and fries.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Jimmy's Mom made us sandwiches.

NOELLE

He wanted to get burgers.

BREE

I made them put on extra mayo since you're a weirdo who like mayo.

Carla eats a fry.

CARLA

I'm not.

BREE

Ok weirdo.

CARLA

I can't believe you guys got breakfast without me. You could have woken me up.

BREE

You looked so cute sleeping. I'll show you the pictures later.

CARLA
Great. (pause) How much was it?

BREE
Don't worry about it.

CARLA
How much?

BREE
Just eat.

Carla eats another fry.

BREE (CONT'D)
Good job.

Bree pats Carla's head the way someone would pet a dog.

NOELLE
God, he's taking long.

CARLA
Jimmy?

NOELLE
He had to piss.

CARLA
He went alone?

NOELLE
Dudes can pee on their own.

BREE
(to Carla)
Does it matter?

SILENCE.

Carla hands Bree the bag and leaves the car.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carla steps out. She watches Jimmy leave the restroom and walk back to the car.

JIMMY
Don't let all the cold air in.

He enters the car.

INT. CAR - LATER

THE RADIO PLAYS QUIETLY MUSIC.

Carla's head is on Bree's shoulder, both fast asleep in the backseat.

JIMMY
She can be annoying sometimes.

NOELLE
That's how Moms are.

Noelle glances at Carla through the rearview mirror.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Maybe we shouldn't talk too much
crap about Moms.

JIMMY
Maybe. She doesn't seem very
affected by it.

NOELLE
That's just how she is. Always
keeping things inside. (pause)
Kinda jealous to be honest.

JIMMY
Of...

NOELLE
...I would love to take a nap like
those sleepyheads.

JIMMY
Oh, I can drive for a little while.

NOELLE
I don't know.

JIMMY
You can take a break.

A MOMENT OF CONSIDERATION.

NOELLE
My eyes are killing me anyway.

EXT. CAR - LATER

The car stands still at the side of the road. Bree sits in
the backseat, the door open, her feet dangling out.

She examines the same map as earlier. Carla kneels behind
her, also looking at the map.

BREE
There is a motel not too far.

Jimmy is a few feet away, peeing in a bush.

BREE (CONT'D)
We could be there in no time.

BANG!

Sudden light. Everyone looks to the sky.

Colorful fireworks above them. Carla watches in AWE.

JIMMY
That shit was loud.

BREE
So, the motel...it's a few miles
from here.

Another firework goes off in the distance. Carla presses
past Bree, out of the car.

JIMMY
Before we go.

Jimmy walks to the back of the car and opens the trunk. He
goes through a bag and eventually finds...

THE BAG OF FIREWORKS.

BREE
We don't have time.

JIMMY
I wanna give them a signal.

NOELLE
You're not Indian.

BREE
(to Noelle)
And Indians don't use fireworks.

CARLA
Can I do it?

Carla walks up to Jimmy.

BREE
You guys are children.

CARLA
You can practice being a mom on us.

CARLA AND BREE
A super Mom.

JIMMY
(to Carla)
It's safer if I do it.

Jimmy takes out a lighter and lights one firework. Almost
immediately it goes up into the sky, leaving behind a wooden
stick in Jimmy's hand.

The firework bursts into DIFFERENT SHADES OF RED.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hell yeah.

Another firework goes up into the sky from a distance.

NOELLE

They answered.

JIMMY

(to Carla)

A decision was made. You're gonna
be my co-pilot.

CARLA

Who decided that?

JIMMY

That's what they said.

Jimmy throws the wooden stick away and shuts the trunk.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Didn't know I could read fireworks?

Carla looks at Bree. She nods towards the front.

Noelle enters the backseat. Carla walks up to the passenger
side, puts her hand on the door handle.

She doesn't open the door.

She watches another firework explode in the distant sky.
Jimmy pushes the door open from the inside.

JIMMY

You're coming?

Carla takes a deep breath.

INT. CAR - LATER

THE RADIO PLAYS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

Carla turns around to look at her friends.

Noelle and Bree are asleep in the backseat, each leaning
away from each other.

Carla takes the map from the dashboard and unfolds it.

JIMMY

Do you like their new song?

CARLA

It's fine.

JIMMY

Just fine? No comment on lyrics or sound?

CARLA

It's ok.

JIMMY

What about their new album?

CARLA

Haven't listened to it.

JIMMY

How?

CARLA

Some people are busy.

JIMMY

That's crazy. You can listen to music while doing stuff.

CARLA

I just don't care for them anymore

SILENCE...

JIMMY

You know, I'm not gonna act like I know what's it like to lose someone but--

CARLA

--You know what? Let's talk about their older stuff.

JIMMY

I meet someone while I was, you know, away, and she also lost a parent. Not recently...when she was younger.

CARLA

Good to know you made friends.

JIMMY

It takes time.

CARLA

I never liked their lead singer.

JIMMY

What? He's everyone's favorite.

CARLA

His voice can be exhausting to listen to.

JIMMY
Did your Mom like them?

CARLA
Oh my god.

JIMMY
What?

Bree and Noelle wake up.

CARLA
Stop bringing it up. It's none of
your business.

JIMMY
I was just trying to be nice.

CARLA
Please don't.

BREE
Guys!

CARLA
It's annoying.

BREE
Carla!

JIMMY
Noted.

SILENCE.

BREE
Can you guys at least wait until
we're not on the road.

CARLA
Whatever.

BREE
In two days we'll be in sunny
California. A place where we can
all separate and go do our own
thing but until then I need you two
shut-up.

CARLA
He started.

COUGH!

Bree stares at Noelle.

NOELLE
This might be bad timing but I
gotta piss.

Jimmy hits the brakes.

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle pees in a bush while the rest of the group wait for him inside the car, the back window rolled down.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

BREE

There is at least one thing you two
can agree on.

JIMMY

He should have peed earlier.

CARLA

Or peed in a bottle.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

NOELLE

I can hear you guys.

Noelle sips up his pants.

BREE

Go-go-go.

Noelle turns around.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the group drive a few feet, making Noelle run after the Jeep.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

NOELLE

Very mature.

The car stops.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Noelle enters the Jeep while Bree, Carla, and Jimmy try not to laugh.

NOELLE

Lets let our friend freeze to
death.

JIMMY

Yeah.

BREE

Sounds fun.

NOELLE
I hate you guys.

BREE
Aw, we love you too.

Jimmy starts driving again.

INT. CAR - LATER

THE RADIO PLAYS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

Jimmy struggles to focus on the road ahead.

He glances at Carla. She's asleep, her head rests against the window, the map lays in her lap.

Jimmy watches Bree and Noelle sleep in the rearview mirror. Noelle's head on Bree's shoulder.

Jimmy turns the RADIO OFF.

SILENCE.

Jimmy is alone with his thoughts. He rubs his eyes as he struggles to stay awake.

His eyes fall shut. The car swerves a bit, not enough to wake anyone or to get off the road.

An empty soda can rolls off the dashboard into Carla's lap which wakes her. A deer stands in the distance on the road.

CARLA
(mumble)
Slow down.

The deer nears the car.

Carla looks up at Jimmy who is fast asleep.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Jimmy!

He wakes up. Frantically, Carla grabs the steering wheel and turns it.

Jimmy hits the break. The car slides for a few feet before coming to a stop.

Everyone is awake now. The dashboard warning lights are going off, illuminating Jimmys and Carlas faces.

BREE
Holy fuck.

Suddenly...

Carla's safety bag inflates.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The deer stands still in its spot, staring at Carla.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy grips the steering wheel and takes a look at his friends. Carla pushes the safety bag away.

NOELLE

If you didn't want us to sleep you
could have just said something.

Carla stares at the unbothered deer.

JIMMY

Next time.

Jimmy starts the engine again.

EXT. MOTEL / PARKING LOT - LATER

Jimmy parks the Jeep. The motel is old, the paint peeling off its facade.

EXT. MOTEL / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Jeep is still running. Carla walks a few feet away with her phone by her ear.

VOICE ON PHONE

You can call us another time or
leave a message after the tone.

BEEP.

Jimmy and Noelle get some of the luggage out of the trunk.

CARLA

Hey dad, I've been trying to reach
you and...

Carla watches her friends.

CARLA (CONT'D)

...we're having a great time and
call me back when you get this
please (pause) bye. Love you.

Carla hangs up. Bree walks up to her.

BREE

They'll be fine.

CARLA

I hope so.

BREE
Your dad is a grown man. He
should--

Carla hugs Bree.

CARLA
--should be fine. I know.

BREE
Let's check-in.

Bree untangles herself from Carla's firm hold.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY / GUEST CHECK-IN - NIGHT

The old lobby hasn't been dusted in years, most plants are withered. A old lady stands behind a large, wooden desk and gives the group a strange look.

NOELLE
We'll be out once the storm passes
over.

LADY
Just pay for the room.

Jimmy hands the lady some money. She grabs and crumbles it in her hand like a piece of paper ready to be thrown away.

LADY (CONT'D)
No smoking, no drugs, no animals.

A black cat jumps onto the desk.

NOELLE
You're sure?

LADY
Do you own this place?

Carla pets the cat.

NOELLE
No.

LADY
Keep your mouth shut, young man.

NOELLE
Got it.

The lady hands them a key with her witchy hands.

LADY
Room 142.

Noelle tries to pet the cat only to get hissed at.

INT. UPSTAIRS WALKWAY - NIGHT

Carla, Jimmy, and Noelle walk up the stairs while Bree waits for them at the door of their room, the key in her hand.

CARLA
She's just old.

JIMMY
Age doesn't excuse those fingers.

NOELLE
(to Bree)
You got a body in your bag?

BREE
Maybe you're just weak.

Bree puts the key into the keyhole.

NOELLE
I'm stronger than you.

BREE
I didn't have issues carrying my bag earlier.

Bree turns the key.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

The group peek into the room. Jimmy turns the lights on to reveal a bad excuse for a motel room.

- The blinds are broken.
- The wallpaper is coming off the walls.
- The carpet is plastered with dark stains.
- The smoke detector has obviously been tampered with.

Carla, Bree, and Noelle are disgusted by the room.

Not Jimmy.

Jimmy pushes past them, throws his bag onto one of the two beds, and heads to the bathroom.

The rest of the group give each other a perplexed look before also stepping in.

Carla closes the door behind them and takes one big step over one of the many stains on the carpet.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

The bags lay on the floor next to the entrance door. Noelle stands on one of the beds looking at the smoke detector.

Disgusted, Bree touches one of the pillows with care. Carla leans against the bathroom door.

SPLSH! GURGLE-GURGLE-GURGLE!

Followed by...

CLANK! SCREECH! CLANG!

CARLA
Let's hope this place doesn't fall
apart.

Jimmy opens the bathroom door making Carla stumble a little.

JIMMY
You guys won't like the bathroom.

BREE
Great.

JIMMY
(to Carla)
You can go.

CARLA
I don't have to.

JIMMY
(whisper)
I don't need someone to make sure I
don't hurt myself every time I go
for a piss.

Jimmy sits down on the empty bed.

BREE
Before there is any kind of
relaxing we need to do one thing.

NOELLE
What would that be?

Bree smiles at her friends.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Bree wipes away some dust on the bedside table. Jimmy peeks under one of the beds.

JIMMY
No rats.

Noelle opens a drawer forcefully and breaks off its handle.

Carla shakes one of the pillows, making all kinds of nasty particles land on the bed.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla rips away the shower curtain, much like she did earlier at Jimmy's house, with him next to her.

A nasty bathtub is revealed. Mold and brown stains are everywhere. Both are obviously disgusted. Carla more so than Jimmy.

Noelle opens a mirror cabinet filled with dead insects.

Carla notices a small round window above the shower.

BREE (O.S.)

Oh god.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

One of the mattresses is covered in dried blood.

NOELLE

Holy shit.

JIMMY

Maybe the old lady will give us our money back.

Bree crosses her arms.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

The bloody mattress is pushed to the wall. Bree, Carla, and Noelle sit cramped up, on the other bed.

Jimmy leans against the doorframe of the bathroom.

BREE

We can't stay here.

NOELLE

Just until the storm gets better.
(pause) I know something that will calm your nerves.

JIMMY

(re: the room)
It's not that bad.

BREE

You're crazy.

JIMMY

And what about it?

Jimmy sits down on a loveseat near the TV.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ahh.

He quickly jumps up, a wire peeks out the loveseat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(To Noelle)
Ouch. Can you check if I am
bleeding?

Jimmy turns his butt towards Noelle.

NOELLE
Don't even try me.

JIMMY
Be a friend and tell me if my butt
is bleeding.

NOELLE
If it is, then that's your issue.

JIMMY
Come on.

NOELLE
Sit your ass back down. Did you
already smoke?

JIMMY
I didn't pack any.

Bree and Noelle look at Carla.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Bree and Carla lay on the bed, sharing a joint. Jimmy sits
on the ground and opens Bree's bag.

JIMMY
You said no body.

BREE
I did.

JIMMY
Then what is...

Jimmy takes out a make-up bag.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
...this.

BREE
A make-up bag.

JIMMY
Looks like a head to me. And
this...

He takes out a rolled-up sweater.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
...obviously the arm belonging to
this fella.

Bree throws a pillow at Jimmy.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle sits in front of the TV, trying to get a channel.

He only gets STATIC.

JIMMY
(to Noelle)
Give it up.

NOELLE
I wanna see the weather report.

JIMMY
Ok grandma.

Bree props herself up on her arm.

BREE
(to Carla)
He's not that much older than me.
Ten years isn't too crazy.

CARLA
It's not?

BREE
No. Ten years is nothing. (pause)
He gave me a ring on our last date.

Carla plays with the ring on Bree's finger.

CARLA
That's nice of him.

BREE
(not listening to Carla)
The questions are just so annoying.
The amount of times I get asked if
he's rich--

CARLA
(re: the ring)
--doesn't seem like it.

BREE
The amount of times I get asked if
I have daddy issues.

CARLA
And you say yes.

BREE

No.

CARLA

Yes, I do in fact have daddy issues.

BREE

No.

CARLA

Does he look like your Dad?

BREE

Fuck off.

Carla takes out her phone.

BREE (CONT'D)

You are not calling your Dad.

CARLA

I'm not calling him. I'm dialing the number.

BREE

Nope.

Bree takes Carla's phone and throws it off the bed. Carla goes to lean off the bed when Bree spoons her from behind.

BREE (CONT'D)

You have to lay here with me.

Jimmy notices the two and gets up.

JIMMY

And me.

He falls onto the girls.

CARLA

I can really feel those fries now.

Noelle also down on top of the three.

BREE

Oh boy.

A MOMENT OF JOY.

The group forget where they are.

INT. ROOM 142 - LATER

Jimmy takes a closer look at the bloodstain on the mattress. He's about to touch it when...

BREE
Anybody wanna share another one?

CARLA
Too sleepy.

Carla closes her eyes.

JIMMY
Sleep is for the weak.

NOELLE
Tell that the deer you almost tore
to pieces.

Jimmy is visibly uncomfortable at the comment. Noelle picks
at his fingers.

CARLA
The deer that almost tore us to
pieces.

Noelle lies down next to Carla.

BREE
You guys are boring.

A few seconds later Bree also lies down next to Noelle.
Jimmy rubs his eyes before quietly opening his bag and
taking out a small handbag.

He disappears into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy puts his handbag down on the toilet seat. He leans
onto the sink and turns the facade on.

He watches his reflection. His eyes are red.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Carla opens her eyes. She observes her other two friends who
sleep peacefully next to her, still dressed in their travel
clothes.

Carla sits and notices Jimmy's bag being open.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy turns on the sink and pushes up his sleeves to reveal
bandage-covered wrists. He carefully takes the bandages off
and exposes two big, semi-healed, gashes.

Jimmy turns towards his handbag and takes out some creme. He
carefully applies some of it on the wounds.

The water stops running.

JIMMY DOESN'T NOTICE THIS.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Carla gets off the bed, careful to not wake her friends.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy finishes putting fresh bandages around his wrists and pushes his sleeves back down. He goes to wash his hands...

JIMMY

I could have sworn.

He realizes the sink isn't on anymore. He checks if it still works...

IT DOES.

Water drops onto Jimmy's shoulder. Confused, he inspects his shoulder and then the ceiling.

A puddle of water floats above him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Jimmy watches the water hover at the ceiling for a few seconds. He reaches his finger towards it.

He's about to touch it when...

The water comes CRASHING DOWN onto him.

Jimmy breaths in sharply, now soaking wet. Shaken up, he watches himself in the mirror again.

He takes a few steps backward and slips, hitting his head on the doorframe.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The bathroom door opens and Carla enters. She closes the door behind her, trying to be quiet.

CARLA

Hey, hey.

Carla kneels next to him.

CARLA

Shh.

Carla takes Jimmy in her arms. She scans the room, notices the bag on the toilet and the dirty bandages. She holds Jimmy tighter.

CARLA

It's ok.

Carla glances at the wet ceiling.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Carla enter. Bree sits on the bed, back to the wall, a joint in her hand. A worried expression on her face.

Carla sighs when she sees Bree.

BREE

Is everything ok?

Jimmy and Carla give each other a look.

JIMMY

Yeah.

Jimmy sits down on the bed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The stuff might be a bit strong.

Bree takes a hit off her joint.

BREE

(biting her lip)

Remember when you eat those edibles?

JIMMY

Sadly I do.

BREE

Freaked out the neighbors.

JIMMY

Yeah, ehm. I think I just need to lay down.

The three simultaneously stare at Noelle who is passed out and taking up most of the space on the bed.

Bree jumps up, takes out her camera, and snaps a picture of sleeping Noelle.

She also snaps a picture of Carla.

CARLA

I said no pictures.

Carla consciously sits down on the broken loveseat.

BREE

Don't remember.

Jimmy GIGGLES. Bree notices this and smiles.

CARLA
Pretty sure I said it.

BREE
Pretty sure I didn't listen.

Jimmy GIGGLES again. Bree looks at the picture she just took while taking another hit off her joint.

She COUGHS.

BREE (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy)
Here, hold this.

Bree hands her joint to Jimmy who takes it and looks at it with distaste.

Bree walks over to Carla, camera in hand.

CARLA
I said no--

Bree grabs Carla's face and slowly turns it to the side just a little bit.

BREE
Look at me.

Carla does as she is told. Again, Bree looks at the picture she just took. She puts the camera to the side, gets closer, and takes Carla's face in her hands.

BREE (CONT'D)
Your eye is bleeding. Your inner corner.

Jimmy also takes a look at the small cut. Bree's hands fall into Carla's lap.

JIMMY
Probably from earlier. Maybe from the safety bag.

Bree takes the joint from Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

CARLA
I didn't even notice it.

Bree takes another hit from the joint.

NOELLE
Are you guys done making out?

The attention switches to Noelle, now awake. Bree hands him the joint.

BREE
Please shut up.

JIMMY
(to Carla)
I'm sorry.

Noelle throws a pillow at Bree.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle does another magic trick, a joint between his lips.

Jimmy watches him tiredly, sitting criss-cross on the ground, his head on hands.

Noelle makes the cap of a grinder disappear.

JIMMY
How did you do that?

NOELLE
Magic.

JIMMY
...how?

On the other side of the room, Carla and Bree look at the picture on Bree's camera.

BREE
(to Carla)
We look good here.

CARLA
You.

BREE
You do too.

Bree switches to another picture of the group together, HAPPY.

BREE (CONT'D)
We look so young.

CARLA
We're still young.

BREE
We looked like babies.

Noelle gets closer to Jimmy. He shows him the quick movement of the simple trick from another angle.

NOELLE
It's all about perspective and...

Noelle makes the top of the grinder disappear again.

NOELLE
...being quick.

BREE
(whisper)
What happened earlier? In the
bathroom?

CARLA
I'm not sure I know what...

BREE
I heard Jimmy crying.

PAUSE.

CARLA
He...got scared.

BREE
Why?

CARLA
A phone call.

Bree props herself up.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Yeah.

BREE
Who was it?

CARLA
Ehm. (pause) A friend...from the
clinic. She's not doing well.

BREE
Do you think it would be a good
idea to ask him about it?

CARLA
No. No, no, no.

BREE
I just want him to know that he can
always talk, to all of us.

CARLA
He's fragile I wouldn't.

Carla eyes Bree.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't.

BREE
I feel bad for him. I really do. I
think he's mad at us.

CARLA
Us?

BREE
I feel like we left him.

CARLA
(clearly lying)
He prefers being alone. Makes him
feel less like a burden.

BREE
(sigh) If you say so.

NOELLE
Dude, you're good?

The girls glance at the boys.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Jimbo?

Jimmy looks sick. He runs into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy vomits, holding onto the toilet seat for steadiness.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree, Carla, and Noelle look at each other with concern
written over their faces.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy leans back, sweat on his forehead. He wipes away some
residue from the side of his mouth.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree, Carla, and Noelle stare at the bathroom door.

NOELLE
Someone should check on him.

Noelle and Bree look at Carla.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy gets up.

JIMMY
(to himself)
I'm ok, I'm good.

He flushes the toilet and notices...

BLOOD, A LOT OF BLOOD.

Jimmy gulps before flushing, having no intent on in making his friends worry even more about him.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy enters the room looking sickly pale. Bree, Carla, and Noelle stare at him.

Carla gets up...

Jimmy's whole body shakes. Carla puts her hand on Jimmy's arm to comfort him.

Bree nudges Noelle.

NOELLE
(whisper)
What?

Bree nods towards the rooms heater.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle stands on the loveseat, the rooms heater in front of him, not knowing what to do. Bree stands next to him, looking up.

Carla puts her jacket around Jimmy.

BREE
(to Noelle)
Let me try.

NOELLE
No. I can fix this.

BREE
Doesn't look like your fixing anything.

NOELLE
It doesn't look broken.

Noelle hits the heater a few times.

BREE
That'll help.

CARLA
(to Jimmy)
Maybe this is happening because of your meds.

JIMMY
What? No.

CARLA
Of course it is.

JIMMY
It's not my meds.

CARLA
You're not supposed to mix drugs.

JIMMY
I wasn't taking them.

CARLA
(beat) You're not taking them?

JIMMY
I haven't for months now.

CARLA
The empty bottles?

JIMMY
I act like I take them to make Mom
happy but I just throw them away.

CARLA
You're supposed to be honest with
your parents.

SILENCE BETWEEN THEM...

Carla runs her hand through her hair.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(whisper)
If it's not your meds...then what
is it?

CRASH!

The heater slams onto the floor.

JIMMY
(to Noelle)
Dude!

BREE
Good job.

NOELLE
At least I tried.

BREE
Here...

Bree kicks the heater.

BREE (CONT'D)
....now I tried too.

NOELLE
Fuck you.

Jimmy jumps up and runs into the bathroom again. This time, Noelle follows him.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy is over the toilet puking his guts out. Noelle stares at him. He's overwhelmed seeing him like this.

Bree puts her hand on his back.

JIMMY

Don't.

BREE

Jimbo.

JIMMY

Don't touch me.

Bree lifts her hand while Carla enters the room.

JIMMY

Just leave me alone.

CARLA

(to Jimmy)

Hey.

JIMMY

You guys can't hear that?

NOELLE

Hear what?

Jimmy puts his hands over his ears.

Bree carefully lifts Jimmy's hands off of his ears. Blood gushes out of them.

BREE

We need to go.

Jimmy leans his head back exhausted. He pushes Bree's hands away, smearing some of the blood on her hands.

JIMMY

(crying)

Don't. Just leave.

Bree eyes the blood on her hands. Scared, she quickly leaves the bathroom.

INT. ROOM 142 - SECONDS LATER

Bree frantically packs her bag.

Noelle and Carla watch her from the bathroom doorway. Bree stares at them, panic on her face.

BREE
We need to go!

Bree struggles to open the door to the walkway. It doesn't budge. She tries again with more force...

NOTHING.

Bree looks back at her friends. Now all of them have panic written on their faces.

NOELLE
(to Bree)
Did you lock it?

BREE
I gave you the key.

Noelle takes the room key out of his pocket and tries to push it into the keyhole...It's not going in.

He leans down and finds...

ONLY THE OUTLINE OF A KEYHOLE.

Noelle touches the OUTLINE and tries to push the key into it with force.

CRACK.

The key breaks in Noelle's hand.

BREE
Dude.

Bree jiggles the doorknob.

Carla pushes away the window curtain and again...

ONLY AN OUTLINE OF A WINDOW.

Perplexed, Carla touches the wall behind the curtain. Bree examines the window OUTLINE herself.

BREE (CONT'D)
How didn't we notice this?

Noelle kicks the door. It doesn't budge.

CARLA
(to Bree)
What now?

BREE
Let's not panic.

NOELLE
Tell yourself that.

BREE
Wrong time to be an asshole.

CARLA
There has to be a way to open the door.

Noelle kicks the door again.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Maybe that way isn't force.

BREE
That lady.

NOELLE
Huh?

BREE
At the check-in. She came off like a freak. She locked us in here.

Frantically, Noelle goes for the phone on the nightstand.

NOELLE
Hello?

He pushes a few buttons on the phone...

NOTHING.

Noelle pushes the nightstand aside and looks for an outlet. The phone isn't plugged in and NO OUTLET is in sight.

Carla nervously walks from side to side while Noelle tests the phone again.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Still nothing.

BLARGH!

From the bathroom.

Bree hands Carla a water bottle.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy hangs over the toilet, looking dead. Carla glances back, out the door, at Noelle and Bree who are busy trying to figure a way out.

Noelle has the phone in his hand.

NOELLE
It's not working.

BREE
Try again.

Carla closes the door. Jimmy looks up with bloodshot eyes.

CARLA

Hey.

JIMMY

Hey.

Carla checks for the small round window behind the shower curtain and again finds...

AN OUTLINE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CARLA

Nothing.

Carla sits down next to Jimmy.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Your stomach should be empty at some point.

Carla hands him the water bottle.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I need to ask you a question.

He quickly empties the whole thing and then throws it away.

JIMMY

Go for it.

CARLA

What did you hear?

JIMMY

When?

CARLA

Like five minutes ago.

JIMMY

...

CARLA

When you puked your guts out?

JIMMY

...

CARLA

When your ears started bleeding.

Jimmy touches them and then stares at his blood-covered finger.

JIMMY
I didn't even notice.

Jimmy puts his head on Carla's shoulder and closes his eyes.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree and Noelle slam their bodies against the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla leans her head on Jimmy's.

JIMMY
What are they doing?

Carla stares at the bathroom door.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Noelle and Bree now use the car key to pry the door open.
Like the room key...

IT BREAKS.

BREE
Fuck.

Frustrated, Bree throws the broken key on the floor. She notices A FIRE EXTINGUISHER in the corner.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla has her arms around Jimmy.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree hammers the fire extinguisher against the doorknob.

BREE
Motherfucker.

Noelle bangs on one of the walls.

NOELLE
Hey! Can someone hear us?

Bree hits the doorknob again with the fire extinguisher. The doorknob goes flying across the room.

BREE
Holy shit.

NOELLE
You did it.

Bree leans down and finds, again, only A OUTLINE where the doorknob used to be.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy lies on Carla's lap, looking like a corpse.

CARLA
We'll get out here in no time.

JIMMY
How do you know?

Jimmy weakly stands up.

CARLA
You should save your energy.

JIMMY
What energy? I never have energy.

Carla gets up and notices bloodstains on her pants. Jimmy notices them too.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I could have sworn they stopped
bleeding. I'm sorry.

Jimmy takes his hood off and studies his, in dried blood-covered, ears in the mirror.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Weird.

Jimmy notices Carla grab his wrist. He turns around. Carla carefully pushes his sleeve up

First the bandages are revealed, intact, then a bunch of deep, bleeding cuts above.

CARLA
Oh God.

Carla glares at Jimmy with hurt in her eyes.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have let you alone.

Jimmy stares at the cuts while Carla goes to his bag and takes out bandages.

JIMMY
These aren't mine

CARLA
They're in your bag.

JIMMY
Not the bandages.

Carla gazes into Jimmy's eyes. Tears dwell up in them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
They're not mine.

Carla grabs one arm and Jimmy pulls away.

JIMMY
You have to believe me.

CARLA
Believe what?

Jimmy slides down the door.

JIMMY
I didn't do this.

Carla kneels next to him.

CARLA
Let me fix you. I shouldn't have left.

JIMMY
You don't believe me.

CARLA
Believe what?

Jimmy pulls his sleeve back down.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Believe what Jimmy?

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree and Noelle still bang on the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy shoots up.

JIMMY
We gotta leave.

CARLA
We will. You need to sit it out until they get the door open.

Jimmy tears up again and balls his hands into fists.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(re: fresh wounds)
Now...

JIMMY
What about Cali?

CARLA

Fuck Cali.

Blood drops onto the white tiles between them. Jimmy pushes his sleeves up to reveal, even more cuts.

Shocked, Carla gets the empty bottle and goes to fill it up in the sink. Instead of water, a dark, thick liquid exits the faucet.

CARLA (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Carla drops the bottle, making a mess. Jimmy sits down in the floor.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Carla kicks the bottle and wipes her hands on her clothes. She leans onto the sink and turns the faucet off, clearly frustrated.

She gets a few bandages before kneeling next to Jimmy and inspecting the cuts. Tears form in her eyes.

JIMMY

I didn't even think about it.

CARLA

Shut up.

JIMMY

I wouldn't do this.

CARLA

Quiet.

Carla struggles to bandage the cuts.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You know I'm not judging you. I'm just angry.

Jimmy watches her closely.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Angry at the circumstances and these fucking bandages.

JIMMY

I didn't mean it.

CARLA

What?

JIMMY

I pussied out. I was the one that called 911.

Carla finishes putting the bandages on Jimmy.

CARLA
A pussy would have done the
opposite.

JIMMY
That makes no sense.

BANG!

From the other room.

CARLA
Stay.

JIMMY
Where would I go?

Carla gets up.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree sits on the bed, holding her face in her hands. Blood runs down her arm. The room is a complete mess.

NOELLE
She just started bleeding.

Carla walks up to Bree.

CARLA
You guys need to be careful. We
already have a patient.

NOELLE
We didn't do nothing. She started
bleeding out of nowhere.

Bree wipes away some of the blood coming out of her nose.

BREE
I'm assuming it looks worse than it
is.

CARLA
You tell me.

BREE
It doesn't hurt.

Carla grabs a shirt out of her bag and hands it to Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna ruin it.

CARLA
Doesn't matter.

Carla places her hand behind Bree's head.

CARLA
Tilt your head back.

Carla holds the shirt to Bree's nose. Noelle sits down on the bed next to Bree, defeated.

NOELLE
That fucking door.

Noelle glances at the door, still intact, no scratch.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
That fucking door.

CARLA
(to Bree)
Hold this.

Carla takes Bree's hand and puts it on the shirt. Carla gets up, walks to the side of the bed and picks up her phone.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I'm calling the police.

NOELLE
We already tried.

Carla dials 911.

Suddenly...

THE BACK OF THE PHONE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

She goes to pick it up. Another piece of the phone falls to the ground. Carla eyes her phone. Some of its pieces move on their own.

She freaks out and throws the phone on the floor where it keeps moving.

Unscrewing screws and dialing random numbers. Bree and Noelle get up, watching the device.

The phone levitates for a short second before CRASHING into the wall and breaking into hundreds of small pieces.

Noelle, Bree, and Carla look at each other. Bree takes out her phone which crumbles into pieces in her hand right in front of them.

The pieces fall to the floor.

SILENCE.

No one knows what how to react.

BANG!

The trio turns around to see the TV has crashed UP into the ceiling.

Jimmy appears in the doorframe, his arms behind his back.

JIMMY
What happened?

He scans the scene while Noelle starts to pound the door.
Bree and Carla watch Noelle.

NOELLE
Open the fucking door!

He turns around, his fists bleeding.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
I'm too weak.

BREE
We need a plan. Blunt force
obviously isn't helping.

Noelle kicks the door.

CARLA
Maybe we should calm down for a
moment and think--

BANG!

THE TV CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

SILENCE...

The group stare at the TV.

Bree exhaustedly lies down on the bed and Noelle turns back to the door.

BREE
(whisper)
What the fuck?

JIMMY
(whisper)
Carla?

Carla walks up to Jimmy and pushes him into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla closes the door behind them.

JIMMY
I don't feel so good.

More blood gushes out his arms.

Carla pushes the sleeve back up.

They watch as a deep cut appears on Jimmy's arm, cutting through the bandages and his skin with ease.

Carla is horrified.

CARLA

I don't know what to do.

Carla runs her hand through her hair.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy sits calmly on the toilet lid while Carla sits on the edge of the bathtub, shaking her leg

JIMMY

Didn't expect to go out like this.

CARLA

Stop talking. I need to think.

Carla shakes her leg even more.

JIMMY

It's part of life. We all have to go.

SILENCE...

Jimmy leans his head against the wall.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You need to relax.

Carla picks up Jimmy's handbag.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No bandages left.

Carla drops the bag on the floor.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree and Noelle, both looking disheveled, sit on the ground with Jimmy's bag between them. Bree opens it and takes out a plastic bag filled with sandwiches labeled "JIMMY".

NOELLE

Jimmy always puts too much mayo on his stuff.

BREE

Because Carla loves it.

Bree opens the plastic bag and takes out two sandwiches. One is completely messed up while the other is semi-intact. Noelle chews on his fingers.

BREE (CONT'D)
They probably taste better than
your fingers.

Bree hands Noelle the broken one.

Noelle hesitates before taking it. He goes through the big bag.

NOELLE
Did we not bring water?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla picks up the empty water bottle, still covered in a black, thick liquid, and smells it.

JIMMY
Maybe there isn't anything to
figure out.

CARLA
Pretty talkative for someone who's
dying.

Carla opens the mirror cabinet.

JIMMY
Nothing in there.

CARLA
You're being such a good help.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

NOELLE (O.S.)
Guys? Can I come in?

JIMMY
Yes.

CARLA
No!

Carla goes to Jimmy's side and tries to pull his sleeves down and cover the exposed wounds.

Jimmy grabs her hands.

JIMMY
Come in!

Noelle enters.

NOELLE
Did--

Noelle stares at Jimmy's cut-up arms.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

Dude.

CARLA

This is not...he didn't do what you think.

NOELLE

I'm pretty sure I know exactly what happened here.

Noelle leaves the bathroom.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle points at Jimmy's arms.

NOELLE

Dude, what the fuck is this?

JIMMY

I think you can guess.

NOELLE

What man cuts himself?

CARLA

They appeared out of nowhere.

JIMMY

The fresh ones.

Jimmy sits down on the bed.

NOELLE

I knew something like this would happen.

BREE

(to Jimmy)

They appeared?

NOELLE

(to Jimmy & Carla)

You two have issues.

CARLA

(to Bree)

It looked like a...invisible blade cutting him.

JIMMY

I didn't feel anything though. It didn't hurt.

BREE

Say that again.

JIMMY
It didn't hurt?

NOELLE
Maybe because you're used to it.
Used to cutting yourself like a
girl.

JIMMY
(to Carla)
You were right about them...

Jimmy nods towards Noelle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
...at least him.

Jimmy walks into the bathroom and throws the door shut with
full force.

CARLA
I think we should focus on a plan--

BREE
--what was he talking about?

CARLA
I don't know.

BREE
You talking about us behind our
backs.

CARLA
No. I didn't.

BREE
What was he talking about?

Carla tenses up, clearly uncomfortable.

CARLA
Did you guys find a way out?

BREE
Are we not friends?

CARLA
We are.

BREE
You're talking about me behind my
back, and about Noelle.

Carla glances between Bree and Noelle.

CARLA
It's not like you guys don't.

BREE

Not once in my life did I talk about you or Jimmy behind your back. If I have something to say I say it to your face.

CARLA

I--

BREE

--what did you say about us? What annoyed you?

CARLA

You two talk about Jimmy all the time and you didn't even visit him.

NOELLE

He has a breakdown every other week.

CARLA

(whisper)

He's fragile.

NOELLE

He's a grown man.

CARLA

A grown man who needed his friends.

BREE

How are we supposed to know if he doesn't say anything?

CARLA

He was in a psych ward, of course, he needs us.

NOELLE

Maybe it would have been better if he stayed there. (pause) None of this would have happened if we didn't take him.

TENSION IS IN THE AIR.

Bree sighs as Carla quickly wipes away a tear.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy has his ear pressed to the door. He listened carefully to his friend's fighting.

He breaths in sharply before stumbling to the sink.

Jimmy dry-heaves.

A small object wanders up his esophagus.

A piece of RED STEEL falls into the dirty sink out of his mouth. Jimmy studies it.

KNOCK?

CARLA (O.S.)

Can I come in?

Jimmy takes the piece of red steel and sits down on the floor, defeated. The door swings open.

Carla closes the door behind her. Jimmy hands her the piece of steel.

CARLA (CONT'D)

What is it?

JIMMY

Looks like metal.

Carla eyes it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I puked it out.

Carla drops the piece.

CARLA

You couldn't tell me that before?

Jimmy picks the piece up again while Carla wipes her hands on her clothes.

Carla leans on the sink and watches her reflection and notices, the cut in the corner of her eye has gotten worse.

CARLA

Did you bring your phone?

JIMMY

Broke it last week.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla presses her ear to the door and listens.

CARLA

They've gotten quiet.

JIMMY

Noelle is right.

Carla turns to Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

None of this would have happened if I stayed home.

Carla leans her head against the door.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Noelle lies on the floor, his leg shaking.

BREE
Can you stop. You're making me
nervous.

Noelle's leg keeps shaking.

BREE (CONT'D)
Stop.

NOELLE
I can't.

His leg shakes more violently now, in a in-human way. Bree watches him in horror.

BREE
Is this a stupid magic trick?

NOELLE
I wish it was.

BREE
This isn't funny.

NOELLE
I'm not...

Out of desperation, Bree pushes his leg to the ground, which doesn't help.

BREE
(tearing up)
Please stop.

Bree awkwardly pushes the leg down.

Suddenly...

Noelle's leg stops moving. Both are relieved. Then...

His leg starts to slowly twist itself.

NOELLE
(crying)
What do I do? What do I do?

CRACK!

The leg breaks into two.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla listens to the noises on the other side of the door.

JIMMY

On your next trip you should take
Bree's camera. Tell me what it was
like afterward.

BREE (O.S.)

Carla!

INT. ROOM 142 - SECONDS LATER

Carla stares at Noelle in horror.

BREE

(crying)

I don't know what to do.

Carla runs to Jimmy's bag and quickly finds the fireworks.
She frantically goes through everyone's bag.

BREE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She finds a PILL BOTTLE in one of the bags.

LEXAPRO.

NOELLE WEBER.

BREE (CONT'D)

Carla?

Carla empties the bottle.

She rips every last firework apart, stuffs the insides
tightly into the empty pill bottle, takes one long strain of
one of the fireworks, and clips it in-between the bottle and
its lid.

CARLA

(to Bree)

In the bathroom.

Bree slowly pulls him into the bathroom while Jimmy stands
in the doorway looking weak.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(to Jimmy)

Help her.

Jimmy doesn't move.

Carla walks up to the bathroom and pushes him forcefully
into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy falls to the floor. The door slams shut.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Carla puts the homemade bomb in front of the entrance door, lights it, and steps away. Ready to enter the bathroom she puts her hand on the handle...but doesn't enter.

BANG!

INT. ROOM 142 - LATER

DARKNESS.

CARLA'S RAPID HEARTBEAT BECOMES AUDIBLE.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

She opens her eyes...

EVERYTHING IS BLURRY.

Carla glances to her right, seeing Bree freaking out while the boys sit on the ground.

Carla turns around and sees a small hole surrounded by black smug at the foot of the entrance door.

She gets up, blinded by the light coming from the hole. Carla pokes her head through the hole and is met with...

ANOTHER BATHROOM, IDENTICAL TO THE OTHER ONE.

She looks back at her friends, still in a frenzy.

INT. THE OTHER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla slowly enters the bathroom. She finds Jimmy's vomit in the toilet, the blood on the floor, the bottle.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

BREE (O.S.)
(muffled)
We are going to die in here.

JIMMY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Don't you get it? We're already
dead.

BREE (O.S.)
(muffled)
How does that make any fucking
sense?

Carla turns back to the door and opens it with ease.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

She enters, mirroring the moment when they first entered the motel room.

The light of the bathroom blinds Jimmy. He walks up to her, grabs her away from the door and closes it.

NOELLE
(crying)
You guys have to help me.

His leg contorts. Jimmy steps back and watches in horror. Carla slides down the wall.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Help me, help me, help me.

BREE
(to Carla)
What do we do?

Carla stares blankly ahead.

BREE (CONT'D)
Carla?

CARLA
(whisper)
I don't know what to do.

NOELLE
Oh god.

Noelle hyperventilates. His left arm contort the same way as his leg did.

The other three watch in horror when...

CRACK.

SMALL BONE PIECES FLOAT OUT NOELLE'S ARM.

Bree kneels down and prays.

CRACK.

THE PIECES FLOAT UP TO THE CEILING

NOELLE (CONT'D)
(crying)
Guys, please.

BREE
This isn't real. This isn't real.

NOELLE
Please.

Noelle is terrified. A small puddle forms between his legs. Carla crawls to Noelle's side and takes his hand in hers.

BREE

What are you doing?

Carla gives Bree a panicked look. Jimmy walks to Noelle's other side and takes his other hand.

MORE BONE PIECES FLOAT UP TO THE CEILING, NOW PAIRED WITH DROPS OF PISS.

Noelle cries like a baby, snot running out his nose.

NOELLE

(crying)

I don't wanna.

NOELLE SCREAMS OUT OF FEAR, NOT PAIN.

Bree slowly walks up to Noelle as well.

CRACK!

THE BONE PIECES AND DROPS OF PISS FALL DOWN ONTO NOELLE'S BODY.

SILENCE FOLLOWS.

BREE

Noelle?

Bree checks his pulse.

She takes a few steps back and falls over Noelle's bag. Bree puts her arms around her legs and cries.

Jimmy eyes Noelle's hand in his. As he watches Bree bawl her eyes out he has...

A MOMENT OF CLARITY.

JIMMY

(to Carla)

I'm sorry.

Carla wipes a tear away that escaped her eye.

CARLA

What?

She quickly gets up and faces the wall.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

Again, she wipes away some tears before she turns around to look at Noelle's contorted, lifeless body.

CARLA MAKES A DECISION.

She takes one of the bedsheets and puts it over Noelle's body. Jimmy fails to comfort Bree. She slaps his hand away.

BREE

Don't touch me.

Jimmy puts his hands up in defense. Carla glances at the door leading to THE OTHER BATHROOM.

INT. THE OTHER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla hits the mirror, accidentally cutting her hand. She looks at her reflection in the broken mirror.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy sits next to Bree who has calmed down a bit. He puts his hand on her head. She allows it this time.

INT. THE OTHER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla kicks the mirror and breaks it even more, making pieces fly everywhere.

SOME FLY OUT THE BATHROOM.

She sees her reflection again, in one of the many small pieces.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree starts to cry again. Jimmy pats her head.

INT. THE OTHER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla tears the lid off of the toilet and repeatedly smashes it against the sink until the sink breaks off the wall. She leans down, her face close to the now exposed pipes.

CARLA

Somebody fucking help us!

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy watches Bree push the bed cover off Noelle's face and wipe away some blood.

Carla enters the room.

CARLA

Nothing.

Jimmy stands up, swaying from side to side.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Go sit back down.

He runs into the bathroom.

BLARGH!

Bree lays her head on Noelle's chest. Carla sits down beside the two on the ground.

BREE
This didn't have to happen.

CARLA
What?

BREE
All of this could have been
prevented. (pause) Why did we go on
this stupid trip? Why?

CARLA
Change of scenery.

Bree lifts her head.

BREE
I think we achieved that. (pause)
Remember the last time you were so
scared, so terrified...you pissed
yourself?

Carla shakes her head.

BREE (CONT'D)
Me neither.

CARLA
Listen, I get that you're emotional
right now--

BREE
--emotional? Look at him.

Carla doesn't. Bree grabs her face and turns it towards Noelle's face.

BREE (CONT'D)
Look at him.

Carla slaps Bree's hand away forcefully.

BREE
This trip was your idea.

CARLA
I don't remember anyone having any
complaints.

BREE
Stop being so fucking defensive.

CARLA
Go fuck yourself, bitch.

BREE
Excuse me?

CARLA
You heard me.

Carla gets up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy sits on the ground, looking dead while bashing his head RHYTHMICALLY against the sink.

Each hit gets more and more forceful.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Carla sits on the floor, her ear pressed to the wall. She listens for any form of NOISE.

Bree still sits next to Noelle's dead body. She has a joint between her fingers again.

She tensely takes a hit.

BREE
You won't hear anything. It's pointless.

CARLA
Better than sitting around and doing nothing.

Bree takes another hit.

BREE
Carly.

NOISES OF CARS DRIVING BY AND PEOPLE TALKING ECHO THROUGH CARLA'S HEAD.

She shoots up and searches for the source of the sound, her ear still pressed to the wall.

BREE (CONT'D)
Carla.

CARLA
Shh.

BREE
You won't hear anything.

CARLA
Shut up.

THE NOISES BECOME LOUDER AND LOUDER...

BREE

Carla.

...AND LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Bree gets up and puts a hand on Carla's arm. Carla slaps it away again.

CARLA

Stop.

And just like that...THE NOISES ARE GONE.

DEAFENING SILENCE REMAINS.

CARLA (CONT'D)

They're gone...

Carla panics.

CARLA

...they're gone.

She stares intensely at the wallpaper, caressing it.

BREE

Can I ask you something?

Carla glances at Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)

Do you really think I'm a bitch?

CARLA

Are you stupid?

BREE

I didn't mean to come off that way.

CARLA

It doesn't matter.

BREE

I just wanted to know.

CARLA

It doesn't fucking matter.

BREE

I think you need to breathe.

CARLA

Shut the fuck up. Can you do that?
Or is that too hard?

BREE

Let's just--

CARLA

--Shut. Up.

Carla pushes Bree to the ground.

Bree stares at her in shock. Her nose starts to bleed again.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'm--

BREE

--don't.

Bree crawls to Noelle's side, her back turned to Carla.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy still bashes his head against the sink which is now, like the floor in front of him, covered in blood.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Bree takes care of her bleeding nose with the same shirt as earlier while Carla lies on the floor.

Carla notices a piece of mirror laying close to her. She picks it up and looks at her reflection.

SHE'S EMPTY.

Tears dwell in her eyes.

SILENCE.

Carla slams the piece of mirror against the ground. She breaths heavy while scratching at the floor with the piece.

LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT...

Suddenly...

She notices the TV in the reflection. IT'S ON, PLAYING STATIC.

Carla turns around to look at the TV. IT'S OFF.

She checks the reflection.

IT'S ON AGAIN.

Carla closes her eyes.

REPORTER

...Just a few hours ago this terrible storm took the lives of yet another group of young individuals...

Carla opens her eyes and watches the TV through the reflection.

ON TV(reflection): A news reporter stands in front of two ambulances, a mic in her hand. It's storming, she has to yell over the noise of the storm.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
...an undeniable gruesome scene...

Bree uses the bed sheet that covers Noelle's body to wipe the blood off her hands. It doesn't come off.

SHE RUBS HARDER AND HARDER...

When she looks at her hands again, she finds raw flesh instead of intact skin. Bree closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

ON TV(reflection): A news reporter talks to an eye witness which LOOKS LIKE THE CHECK-IN LADY, HOLDING A BLACK CAT.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
...miss, what can you tell us?

LADY
All I heard was a loud crash. I assumed it was an accident since those happen quite a lot down here.

Bree's hands start to shake uncontrollably. She clenches her fists and glances over to where Carla lies.

The lights flicker and the TV turns off.

BREE
Carla?

Carla turns to Bree.

CARLA
What?

BREE
(whisper)
I think it's...I think--

Carla drops the mirror piece and walks to her side.

BREE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
I don't wanna--

CARLA
--you won't.

BREE
(emotional)
You were never a good liar.

Carla takes Bree's hands in hers. They stop shaking before Bree's legs start to shake instead. Carla sits down on her lap and holds Bree in her arms tightly.

Bree grabs Carla's sweater and cries onto her shoulder. Her body stops shaking but she keeps crying.

CARLA

Shh.

Carla stares blankly ahead. She takes a deep breath. Some form of liquid drops onto her face. She wipes it away and studies it...

BLOOD.

Carla looks up at the ceiling and sees...

THE SILHOUETTE OF A HUMAN BODY MADE OUT OF BLOOD.

Another drop falls onto Carla's face. She looks at Bree, her nose still bleeding. Both of their sweaters are completely stained with blood.

Another drop falls between the two when...

A LOUD NOISE!

Out of the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla finds Jimmy on the ground, a big wound on his forehead. She walks up to him, the mirror pieces crack under her sneakers.

JIMMY

(re: wound on forehead)

This one didn't appear out of nowhere

CARLA

(sigh) Why? Why did you do that?

JIMMY

Is Bree doing just as bad as me?

CARLA

I doubt anyone could.

JIMMY

(whisper)

She's not doing good?

CARLA

...no. She's not. Happy now?

JIMMY
Why would that make me happy?

Carla sits down on the floor, defeated.

CARLA
I just want to get out of here.
(pause) I just wanna go home.

JIMMY
I'm sorry I can't make you feel
better.

CARLA
You apologize too much.

Carla looks like a hurt child.

CARLA (CONT'D)
We just had to go on this stupid
trip. I just had to get away.
(pause) I just had to get away.

JIMMY
(whisper)
From what?

CARLA
Everything.

JIMMY
(whisper)
Which is...

CARLA
Work...

Carla closes her eyes.

CARLA (CONT'D)
...family.

JIMMY
You love your family.

CARLA
They're suffocating. (sigh) But I'm
gonna miss them.

JIMMY
You'll see them again. Look at you.

Carla looks weak and is covered in blood.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Strong and healthy.

CARLA

Fuck you.

JIMMY

Maybe we're in purgatory.

CARLA

My first guess would be hell.

JIMMY

Noelle would still be here.

CARLA

Funny.

JIMMY

You don't believe in us getting out.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Bree leans her head against the bed frame and stares at the entrance door. A drop of blood drops into her lap. She looks at her pants.

THE DROP SLOWLY LEVITATES UP TO THE CEILING.

BREE WATCHES ANOTHER DROP LEVITATE UP, AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla sighs.

JIMMY

They're both horrible friends.

CARLA

They're good people, deep down.

JIMMY

You don't believe that.

CARLA

I've known them longer than you.

JIMMY

I always asked myself how you three ended up together.

Jimmy glances at a piece of glass on the floor.

CARLA DOESN'T NOTICE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

They always seemed more like they had to take you along instead of actually wanting you around.

CARLA
You're an asshole. Just like them.

JIMMY
Maybe you should stop hanging out
with assholes.

CARLA
I'm an asshole too.

JIMMY
You're not.

CARLA
You don't know me.

JIMMY
I don't?

CARLA
Not even a little bit.

PAUSE.

JIMMY
Do you believe in GOD?

CARLA
Why would you--

JIMMY
--Do you think you're going to
Hell?

CARLA
I don't know.

JIMMY
I don't wanna go to Hell.

CARLA
You won't.

JIMMY
You never know. (pause) You need to
do me a favour.

CARLA
Depends.

JIMMY
Bree isn't doing well and I need to
make sure I don't go to Hell.

CARLA
I don't understand.

JIMMY
You know what gets you to heaven?
Ending someones suffering.

CARLA
I'm not killing my best friend.

JIMMY
You don't have to.

Jimmy gives her a bloody smile.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll do it.

CARLA
No.

JIMMY
Please.

Jimmy takes the piece of glass in his hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It takes guts to take a life and I
wanna go to heaven.

CARLA
A little late for that realization.

Carla tries to take the piece of glass away from Jimmy but
he refuses to give it to her.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Jimmy!

JIMMY
Carla.

Carla grabs Jimmy's cut-up arm forcefully making him drop
the piece of glass. He pushes Carla away.

She tumbles to the ground.

He crawls towards another piece of glass. Carla steps on
Jimmy's hand. He uses his other hand to grab Carla's leg,
making her fall again.

Jimmy grabs the glass piece.

CARLA
I'm sorry.

Carla grabs Jimmy's arms from behind.

JIMMY
You apologize too much.

She takes control and throws herself with Jimmy into the bathtub.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

A huge wound appears on Bree's arm.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is on the bottom of the bloody bathtub, face down, with Carla on top of him. He struggles to turn around. Carla pushes his arms tightly against his back

Carla swiftly rips the shower curtain off its hooks and struggles to get it around Jimmy's body. Eventually, she gets the whole thing around him and ties the loose ends together on his back.

A handmade STRAITJACKET.

JIMMY

Fuck you.

A LOUD SHRIEK

Out the other room.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Bree hyperventilates while blood streams out of her leg.

THE BLOOD LEVITATES UP TO THE CEILING.

Carla rips a bed sheet and uses one half to bandage Bree's leg. Bree's whole body starts to levitate.

She closes her eyes. Carla holds onto her with all her power.

BREE

(whisper)

Lord, I pray that you take away my
fear to free my mind of worry and
give shelter...

The force to the ceiling gets stronger. Together they lift off the floor.

BREE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

...give me mercy Lord and I will
praise you.

Carla tries to hold onto Bree's arm.

BREE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Lord, I pray that you take away my
fear to free my mind of worry and
give shelter...

Bree holds onto Carla's hand with all her strength as she floats closer and closer to the ceiling.

BREE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
...give me mercy Lord and I will
praise you.

Suddenly...

Carla falls to the ground, Bree's hand still in hers.

She looks up and sees Bree missing her arm. Carla panics, looks at the detached hand in her hand and drops it.

CARLA
No. No, no, no.

A drop of blood falls onto Carla's face, she looks up again. Bree hovers very close to her face now.

Her body in a T position.

BREE
(crying)
Carla.

CARLA
(crying)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Bree's eyes roll back into her head, her tears falling onto Carla's face.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Stop.

Bree's whole body starts to shiver.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Please.

Every object in the room slowly flies UP to the ceiling. The TV, the beds, even Noelle's body.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Stop.

Bree's whole body EXPLODES into hundreds of small pieces.

SILENCE.

Carla, covered in her best friend, breaks down completely and crawls into a corner.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh God!

THE FURNITURE COMES CRASHING DOWN.

Carla wipes away some residue of her best friend. She is hysterical. Carla slowly gets up, slipping on some of the blood and guts.

The body parts make WET SOUNDS under her sneakers as she takes a few steps towards the bathroom door. Carla slips and falls onto Bree's suitcase.

She looks at Bree's, now broken, camera. Carla leans her head against the TV, smearing blood on the broken screen.

The TV TURNS ON and plays STATIC.

Carla hits the screen with her fist, first slowly than with force, not caring if she hurts herself in the progress.

The TV switches from STATIC to a VIDEO.

INT. TV STAGE - VIDEO

ON THE TV SCREEN:

Carla's MOTHER, AVA RODRIGUES, stands up from a chair and looks into the lens of a camera, a sitcom set behind her.

AVA

Hey honey.

Carla watches the TV with AWE.

AVA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it took me so long to get back to you. I didn't want to interrupt anything that was going in your life...

Carla puts her hand on the screen.

AVA (CONT'D)

...I missed you so much. The only thing that kept me going in here was watching you and your little sister growing...without me. I would have loved to see you grow old and whatnot but we don't have control over those kinds of things...at least not much.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Carla leans her head against the screen.

CARLA
(whisper)
Jimmy was right.

AVA (O.S.)
Honey, what are you saying?

CARLA
You can hear me?

AVA (O.S.)
I can always hear you, remember?

CARLA AND AVA
Special Mom powers.

AVA (O.S.)
I'm waiting for you outside. You
just have to leave.

CARLA
I wish it was that simple.

AVA (O.S.)
Honey, it is.

Ava points towards the entrance door.

NOW BLACK AND FUTURISTIC.

AVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm waiting for you.

The door opens by itself.

Carla glances outside and is met with...

DARKNESS. INFINITE DARKNESS.

AVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm waiting.

A tear rolls down Carla's cheek.

ON THE TV SCREEN: The camera zooms in on Ava's sinister
smile.

CARLA
I can't go alone.

Carla turns back to the TV.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I need to take someone with me.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

THE TV SCREEN FLASHES BACK TO STATIC.

CARLA

Mom?

Carla hits the TV.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(crying)

Mom.

Carla leans her head against the screen again. She glances back at the futuristic entrance door.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy lies in the bathtub, lifeless. He had untangled himself out of the, in blood-drenched, shower curtain.

Carla grabs his face.

CARLA

You couldn't wait two fucking minutes?

Carla gets inside the tub and cuddles into Jimmy's side. She takes his dead arm and puts it around her body.

She looks like a child.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

UNKNOWN VOICE

Hello?

Carla glances at the OPEN bathroom door.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

Carla watches the entrance door with insanity in her eyes while standing in the bathroom doorway.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Someone rattles the door handle.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Can you hear me?

CARLA

Mom?

THE VOICE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE AVA'S.

SILENCE.

Carla closes her eye, thinking she imagined the whole thing. She opens her eyes again and glances at the TV.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla pulls Jimmy's body across the floor, leaving behind a blood path.

INT. ROOM 142 - MOMENTS LATER

Carla lays Jimmy's body down next to Noelles. She kneels in front of the TV.

CARLA

Mom?

Carla shakes the TV.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I wanna take them with me. They're my friends.

The TV stays on STATIC. Carla hits it.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Mom!

Carla acts like a little child throwing a temper tantrum.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Mom!

KNOCK-KNOCK!

She turns to the door.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Miss?

The TV turns off completely. Carla hits it again and again, clearly at the end of her rope. She hits it too hard and breaks the screen

CARLA

No, no, no.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

I need you to stay with me.

AVA (O.S.)

I need you to stay with me.

CARLA

(whisper)

I wanna go home.

Carla lies down on the floor. She notices Bree's severed hand, specifically the ring on it.

She takes the ring off the hand and puts it on her finger.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
You'll be ok.

AVA (O.S.)
You'll be ok.

Carla catches sight of her friends.

CARLA
My friends are dead.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
I need you to stay calm.

CARLA
Calm and collected.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
Can you open your eyes?

Carla stares at the dead bodies. Blue and red lights flash into the room from the ENTRANCE DOOR.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Miss, I need you to listen to me.

CARLA
(crying)
My friends are dead.

THE ENTRANCE DOOR SLAMS OPEN WITH FORCE.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(crying)
My friends are dead.

Carla closes her eyes.

INT. ROOM 142 - CONTINUOUS

DARKNESS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Carla opens her eyes, surrounded by a group of strangers. Some wear paramedic uniforms, some not.

PARAMEDIC
There we are.

A FEMALE PARAMEDIC attends Carla who has a huge cut on her face, going from the top of her face down to her chin over her eye.

Carla glances to her side...

She sees the Jeep, a complete wreck, covered in snow. Behind the Jeep, more paramedics carry away body bags.

The female paramedic carefully grabs Carla's face and puts it in a forward position.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Please stay in this position.

She closes her eyes.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A GROUP OF PEOPLE, dressed in black, stand outside the closed doors of a funeral chapel.

Unashamed, they all whisper about what is happening inside the funeral chapel.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - DAY

Carla kneels in front of three caskets. Marcos sits on the nearest bench, Carla's little sister next to him

MARCOS

I know this hard for you, honey...

Marcos stands up, wiping his sweaty hand on his pants.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

...but your not the only one who lost someone.

Carla stands up.

On weak legs, she turns to look at her father.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

You're also scaring your sister.

Carla glances at her.

CARLA

I don't know what you want me to do.

MARCOS

Keep it together. At least until we're home.

Carla's expression changes.

SHE SCREAMS AT A HIGH PITCH.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Stop.

Carla SCREAMS LOUDER, getting emotional.

Her sister starts to cry. Marcos notices his youngest. He walks up to Carla.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Stop.

Carla's screams GET LOUDER AND LOUDER...

Marcos puts his hand over her mouth. Carla fails to get out of his firm grasp. He tackles her to the floor. His hand on her mouth, tears in both their eyes.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

The door opens and reveals a LITTLE GIRL. She wipes away tears while closing the door behind her. The group of adults stares at the innocent child.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A casket gets lowered into a grave, surrounded by a group of people dressed in black.

From behind we can see Marcos and the little girl hold Carla's hands. The casket hits the bottom of the grave.

Marcos squeezes her bandaged hand. Bree's ring is visible on her injured hand.

Carla whimpers.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END