

NORMAL

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INT. BASEMENT - DAY

JANE, 30s, cool mom, whistles, tapes a moving box. Hands it off to JACK, 14, socially awkward.

JANE
You got it?

JACK
Yeah.

JANE
Hercules, Hercules!

Jack looks at us a beat, shakes his head. *Mom... Not in front of people.*

JANE (CONT'D)
That's Grandma's fine China. Drop it and you're dead.

Jane laughs, kisses Jack on the cheek. Jack gives us a quick glance, carefully treads up the stairs.

She looks at us, sits in a folding chair.

JANE (CONT'D)
We're moving. Obviously. I'm scared. No, worried. He's not like other boys. My Jack.

(FLASHBACK) INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Strangely devoid of personality. Simple bed, sheets, and a pillow. Jack wakes in a cold sweat. Throws the covers back.

He didn't... He did. Pissed the bed again...

JANE (V.O.)
*Fourteen, still wetting the bed.
Unless he sleeps in mine.*

Jack hops out, scoops up the sheets before Jane... Too late. Jane leans in and we notice that there are no doors.

Jack hangs his head. Jane hugs him.

JANE (CONT'D)
It's okay.

INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jane gently rocks Jack to sleep.

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jane recoils, wags a finger at us.

JANE

Don't give me that look. I'm doing the best I can! Things haven't been the same since his father John... passed.

(FLASHBACK) INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN, 30s, face covered by a pillow, screams muffled swears as someone smothers then stabs him to death.

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jane wipes tears from her eyes.

JANE

John and I were trying to work things out, but... Yeah. Anyway, Jack's been distant.

(FLASHBACK) INT. DINER - DAY

Jane tries to make small talk, but Jack just draws something like a man possessed at the booth, occasionally staring at his food, watching people chat/tweet/eat. Jane smiles politely as people gawk back.

JANE (V.O.)

I just want things to go back to normal.

EXT. PARKING LOT / INT. CAR - DAY

Wee hours of the morning. No one else around. Jack at the wheel, Jane in the passenger seat, teaching him how to drive. He's starting to get the hang of it, but still green.

JANE

Now hit the brakes. Hit the brakes!

Jack hits the gas pedal instead.

JANE (CONT'D)
The other one!

Jack hits the brakes inches from a street light.
Jane gives him a thumb's up. Yay! We didn't die!

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jane smiles at the memory, turns back to us.

JANE
He just got his driver's license.
I'm so proud of him, but now he has
a little freedom and that's what
scares me.

(FLASHBACK) INT. JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Jane's tidying up. She fluffs the pillows, finds drawings of murder. She looks through them. Each one more sinister and disturbing than the last. And oh damn. Is that Snoopy?!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A lone woman trudges ahead, pelted by rain.

HOPE, 20s, drenched and miserable, wearing a backpack with everything she owns, trying and mostly failing not to look waifish, thumbs a ride.

A car pulls alongside her. We don't see the driver as the window lowers and Hope peers in.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Hope, mouth and hands duct taped, belts out a muffled scream as the trunk slams shut and the world goes dark.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - DAY

Rattled, Jane lets the drawings fall to the floor.

We focus on the one of Hope... Bound and terrified.

Jane doesn't notice Jack standing in the doorway behind her.

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jack, tears in his eyes, holds a bloody hammer. Looks at us.

JACK

Hope. That's a... pretty name.
You're pretty. Is that okay?

Muffled screaming. Jack walks over to Hope. She's on the floor, mouth and limbs duct taped. He removes the tape from her mouth. She looks at the hammer, fear in her teary eyes.

HOPE

Please. Just let me go. I-I won't
tell anyone! I promise!

JACK

I can't take that chance. I'm
sorry. You really are pretty.

Jack raises the hammer.

HOPE

Please! Don't! Please! No!

LATER

Jack's smashing Hope's teeth. He looks sick to his stomach. He tosses the hammer aside. Someone ruffles his hair.

JANE

How many times have I told you to
clean that hammer? And next time
leave the duct tape on otherwise
they never stop yapping.

Jack nods, can't take his eyes off of Hope's ghastly corpse.

JANE (CONT'D)

You know what to do now.

JACK

Light it up.

JANE

(smiling)
That's my boy.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jack, behind the wheel, staring at the flaming house in the rearview mirror. Jane whistles, squeezes his hand.

JANE
I'm so proud of you.

Jack smiles ever so slightly, whistles along.

The car cruises away from the scene.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A MAN slams the hood of his car, kicks a tire. Jack and Jane pull up beside him. Look at him/us.

JANE
(smiling)
Hi. Need a ride?

CUT TO BLACK