

Silverfish

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BABBITT HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A silverfish. Crawling along the wall. A red dot appears on its back. Tracks it for a few feet. Then --

BLAM! A gunshot. A puff of plaster bursts into the air.

BLAINE BABBITT (late 30s) lowers the gun. He's a normal-enough looking dude, so whatever choices have led to him sitting on a couch pointing a 9mm with an infrared laser attached to it at an insect must be pretty interesting.

But we'll never know.

Blaine gets off the couch, goes to the wall and inspects the damage.

The hole isn't that big, but the bullet has gone entirely through. Blaine's face drops. *Uh-oh*. He gets to his knees and looks through the hole.

POV OF BLAINE'S EYE OPENING WIDELY AT WHAT HE SEES.

Blaine stands. *Holy shit*. Whatever he saw has made his blood run cold. He zombie-walks into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Blaine staggers to the first door on the left, slowly twists the knob and enters.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blaine puts a hand to his gaping mouth, horrified. A silent scream. *Oh God, what have I done?*

JASON, Blaine's 15 year-old son, lies in bed. Bullet hole through his skull. Eyes open in a death stare. A laptop sits on his chest.

Blaine breaks down, sobbing in anguish. The crying turns into gagging and he keels over, vomiting profusely.

As the agony and the sickness subside, Blaine sits up at the sound of --

MOANING. GRUNTING. The sounds of two people having sex.

Blaine's eyes drift towards the source of the sound: Jason's laptop.

Blaine stands. Walks to the bed. His eyes focus on the screen, where he sees --

A WARLOCK. And an ELDERLY WOMAN. Having sex doggystyle.

WARLOCK

I'm gonna make you young again.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Do it! Make me young again!

WARLOCK

WITH MY COCK!

ELDERLY WOMAN

Make me young again with your cock!

The warlock slaps the elderly woman's ass.

WARLOCK

Say please!

ELDERLY WOMAN

Please, sir! Make me young again with your cock!

They climax. Loudly. The warlock pulls the elderly woman up by her hair. She is no longer elderly, she is now a very ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN.

WARLOCK

Say, "Thank you, Lord Artemis."

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you, Lord Artemis.

Blaine looks disgusted. *What kind of shit is this?*

He jumps in surprise as his phone rings. He takes it out, checks the screen. Sarah. *Perfect.*

He has a quick internal debate with himself, then decides to answer it.

BLAINE

Hi, honey! How's work?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. SARAH'S CAR/HIGHWAY - DAY

Blaine's wife, SARAH (mid 30s), drives down the highway.

SARAH
Turn on the news.

Blaine grabs Jason's remote and turns the TV on. It's a news report showing the aftermath of a catastrophic plane crash.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
They are still uncertain as to the exact number of fatalities, but at this point it appears there are no survivors. Officials are currently going over the manifests of both planes in order to identify the victims, at which point they will begin the grim process of contacting the families and delivering some devastating news.

NEWS REPORTER #2 (O.S.)
Horrrifying stuff, Melissa.

Back to the news studio where anchor JACK GREENWOOD sits next to anchor MELISSA COBB.

JACK
And now we'll throw it over to our wacky weatherman Barney Johnson for the seven day forecast. What can we expect from the weather this week, Barney?

A goofy kazoo noise introduces the weatherman, BARNEY JOHNSON, who stares straight ahead like he's just seen a ghost.

JACK (cont'd)
Everything ok, Barney?

BARNEY JOHNSON
My mother was on one of those planes, Jack.

A long, awkward silence. Then --

JACK
Ok, well, zip up those coats and keep those umbrellas handy for the next few days I guess. Next on Channel Two --

Back to Sarah.

SARAH
Did you see it?

BLAINE
What happened?

SARAH
Nancy fell asleep at the monitor and
caused two planes to crash into each
other!

BLAINE
Who?

SARAH
Nancy! You know Nancy. The black lady
I sell Oxycontin to?

BLAINE
Oh, her.

SARAH
Yeah, she's probably gonna go to
prison for the rest of her life. They
have her on suicide watch right now.
Anyway, they grounded all the planes
and sent us home for the day, so I
will see you and Jason soon.

BLAINE
That's great.

He remembers that their son is dead.

BLAINE (cont'd)
No it's not!

SARAH
What?

BLAINE
Uh... Jason and I are pretty hungry,
actually. Think you could stop and
get us some grub?

SARAH
You heathens. What do you guys want,
Wendys, McDonalds?

BLAINE
Wendys and McDonalds.

SARAH

Both?

BLAINE

And Arbys.

SARAH

You want me to go to *three* different places?

BLAINE

Get me a 4 for 4 with a junior bacon from Wendys, a McDouble and a Shamrock Shake from McDonalds, and a turkey gyro and a large curly fry from Arbys.

SARAH

You're lucky I love you, fatass. What about Jason?

BLAINE

He's alive.

SARAH

No, what does he want?

BLAINE

Uh... I don't know.

SARAH

Well, ask him.

BLAINE

(to Jason's corpse)

Hey. Mom's gonna pick up some food. What do you want?

Jason's corpse says nothing.

BLAINE (cont'd)

He said Chick Fil' A.

SARAH

I am not going to four different places.

BLAINE

(to Jason's corpse)

She said she's not going to four different places.

Jason's corpse says nothing.

BLAINE (cont'd)
He says he really wants Chick Fil' A.

SARAH
Put him on the phone.

BLAINE
What?

SARAH
Let me talk to him.

BLAINE
He's sleeping.

SARAH
What do you mean he's sleeping, he
just said "Chick Fil' A." Put him on
the phone.

Blaine hesitates. Then --

BLAINE
(to Jason's corpse)
Mom wants to talk to you.

He acts like he's handing the phone to Jason, then launches
into his best Jason impersonation.

BLAINE
(as Jason)
Hey Mom.

SARAH
I am not going to four different
places. And you know we don't support
Chick Fil' A anyway because of their
anti-LGBTQIA beliefs. Did you know
their CEO once said that every gay
person is going to burn in Hell?

BLAINE
(as Jason)
But I like their waffle fries.

SARAH
You know what? Fine. I'll go to Chick
Fil' A, Jason. But only because today
has taught me that life is precious
and shouldn't be taken for granted,
and I'm just happy that you're home
safe and sound.

BLAINE
 (as Jason)
 Dad says he also wants waffle fries.

SARAH
 Oh my Lord, put your glutinous father
 back on the phone.

BLAINE
 Hello?

SARAH
 What have you guys even done today to
 work up such an appetite?

BLAINE
 Uh... shooting. We were shooting. The
 basketball. We were outside shooting
 the basketball. And nothing bad
 happened. Uh, gotta go. See you soon!

Blaine makes a kiss sound into the phone, then hangs up. He
 looks around the room. *What the hell am I gonna do?* Then --

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Someone at the front door. *Shit.* Blaine
 drops to his knees, crawls to the window and peeks out the
 blinds.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

INT. FOYER - DAY

Blaine opens the door a crack, revealing his neighbor LOUIS
 (late 30s). Louis is a jovial, Ned Flanders type and has a
 unicorn tattoo on his forehead.

LOUIS
 Howdy, Blaine.

BLAINE
 Howdy, Louis.

LOUIS
 Everything ok in there?

BLAINE
 Yeah, yep, everything's good. Why?

LOUIS
 This might sound crazy but... Bonnie
 and I thought we heard a gunshot.

BLAINE

A gunshot?

LOUIS

Yeah, like the sound of a bullet being fired from a gun.

BLAINE

Yeah, I know what a gunshot is. Uh, it must have been... the TV. Yeah, we're, uh, watching a movie. Jason and I.

LOUIS

Oh neat! What movie?

BLAINE

Uh... Sense... and... Sens...ibility.

LOUIS

Sense and Sensibility?

BLAINE

Uh-huh.

LOUIS

You and Jason are watching the 1995 Ang Lee adaptation of a Jane Austen novel starring Kate Winslet and Emma Thompson?

BLAINE

Yep, that's the one.

LOUIS

There's a gunshot in that?

BLAINE

Several.

LOUIS

Isn't it about two sisters dating in London or something?

BLAINE

London's crazy. Lotta crime, I mean. You know how those Agatha Christie adaptations are.

LOUIS

Jane Austen.

BLAINE

Her too.

Louis stares Blaine down. Blaine tries to change the subject.

BLAINE (cont'd)
(re: unicorn tattoo)
Whatcha got there?

LOUIS
Oh. Lily's going through this temporary tattoo phase and she wanted to put a unicorn on my face. And when your seven year-old wants to put a unicorn on your face, you let your seven year-old put a unicorn on your face, am I right? Ha-ha! You must remember those days with Jason.

BLAINE
Yeah. Look, Louis --

LOUIS
Speaking of Jason, how's he doing?

BLAINE
Great.

LOUIS
Because Mark said he's been having some problems in school. Something about the kids picking on him?

BLAINE
Yeah, well, Jason was never the most popular kid in class.

LOUIS
Yeah, Mark's worried. And Mark never worries about anything. And if he does worry, he never tells us. So the fact that he's worrying *and* he's telling us... I don't know. He's ok though?

BLAINE
Fit as a fiddle. Look, I hate to cut you off, Louis, but we're kinda busy.

LOUIS
Watching Sense and Sensibility?

BLAINE
Right. Plus Sarah is on her way home and she had a bad day at work, so...

LOUIS

Oh, that plane crash?! That's right!
We just saw that on the news. Crazy
stuff! Didn't hundreds of people die?

BLAINE

Yeah, so we're probably just gonna
eat Chick Fil' A --

LOUIS

(looking O.S.)
Woah! You got those too, huh?

Blaine follows Louis' gaze. A silverfish. Crawling on the
wall.

LOUIS (cont'd)

Silverfish.

BLAINE

Yeah, fuck them.

LOUIS

Gross poopies! Hard to kill too.

BLAINE

You're telling me.

LOUIS

Supposed to be a sign of good luck
though.

BLAINE

I don't know about that.

LOUIS

No, I read something about it.

BLAINE

Yeah, well, agree to disagree.

Louis barges into the house, eyes still locked on the
silverfish. He tracks it into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louis enters, Blaine following.

BLAINE

Louis, I really --

LOUIS
 (looking O.S.)
 Woah! What happened there?

Louis has spotted the bullet hole in the wall. *Fuck.*

BLAINE
 Oh, we were... Sarah was trying to
 hang a picture the other day.

LOUIS
 That low?

BLAINE
 Yeah, some kinda... feng shui thing,
 I don't know.

Louis heads for the hole. *Oh shit.* Blaine panics, runs into
 the --

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

-- and continues into --

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

-- where Jason is still lying, clearly visible to anyone who
 would happen to look through the hole.

Blaine tosses Jason's laptop (which is still playing that
 weird porn) to the foot of the bed and throws the covers
 over Jason's corpse, obscuring it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louis drops to his knees and looks through the hole. Jason's
 laptop is angled directly towards him and he sees --

The warlock. And the elderly woman. This time the elderly
 woman is knelt in front of the warlock, who strokes her
 cheek warmly.

WARLOCK
 Would you like me to feed you some
 young juice, Pet?

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Yes, Lord Artemis.

He slaps her face.

WARLOCK
SAY PLEASE, YOU OLD BITCH!

ELDERLY WOMAN
Please, Lord Artemis. Feed me some
young juice.

As the warlock begins to unbutton his pants...

POV OF LOUIS' EYE OPENING WIDELY AT WHAT HE SEES.

Louis stands up, turns to Blaine who is back in the doorway.

LOUIS
That isn't Sense and Sensibility!

They both look down. Louis has a massive erection tenting out the front of his pants.

LOUIS (cont'd)
(long awkward beat)
Alright, well, I guess I'll head out.

Blaine breathes a sigh of relief as Louis heads for the door. Then Louis stops, something else catching his eye.

LOUIS (cont'd)
Is that a...?

Blaine's gun. On the coffee table. *Shit*. Blaine squeezes his eyes shut, silently cursing his curious and erect neighbor.

Louis strolls over to the gun. Picks it up.

BLAINE
Uh... no... well, yeah, uh, it's a
cap gun. It doesn't really shoot
anything.

LOUIS
Oh cool!
(points gun at Blaine)
Bang! Bang!

BANG! The gun goes off. Blaine is hit directly in the chest. Falls instantly. Dead. Louis drops the gun, aghast.

LOUIS (cont'd)
HOLY FUCK!

His erection visually dissipates.

EXT. MCDONALDS DRIVE THRU - DAY

Sarah tries to order food but the intercom is crackling and the DRIVE THRU LADY isn't speaking clearly.

DRIVE THRU LADY (V.O.)
Thank you for choosing McDonalds,
how... can... I help you?

SARAH
Yes, hello, can I have a McDouble and
a Shamrock Shake, please?

DRIVE THRU LADY (V.O.)
We ain't... got dem... shakes.

SARAH
I'm sorry?

DRIVE THRU LADY (V.O.)
Dis... October.

SARAH
Uh... it's kinda hard to understand
you.

DRIVE THRU LADY (V.O.)
I said dis... October.

SARAH
Uh...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louis paces back and forth, frantic.

LOUIS
Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

He pulls out his phone, dials 911.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

LOUIS
Yes, uh, shit, fuck, shit, uh, I just
shot my neighbor.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
You just shot your neighbor?

LOUIS

It was a mistake. I came in because of the silverfish.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

Silverfish?

LOUIS

He told me -- shit, fuck, shit! -- he told me it wasn't loaded. I didn't know it was loaded. You have to believe me. Cocksucker motherfucker!

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ok do me a favor and calm down, sir. What's the address?

LOUIS

1039 Nova Scotia Boulevard. No, wait, fuck, that's my address. Uh, 1037 Nova Scotia Drive.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

Is it "Drive" or "Boulevard"?

LOUIS

Just send somebody, you stupid cunt!

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

That language isn't necessary, sir.

LOUIS

He told me he was watching Sense and Sensibility with his son.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

What?

LOUIS

(realizing)

His son...

Louis hangs up. He wipes sweat off his brow, which smudges the unicorn tattoo, turning it into a swastika.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Louis walks to Jason's door, hesitates, then knocks.

LOUIS

Jason? Buddy? It's Louis from next door. Are you ok in there, buddy? Jason?

(MORE)

LOUIS (cont'd)
(no response)
I'm gonna come in, ok?

Louis turns the knob. But just as he's about to enter --
HE HEARS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Sarah enters, encumbered by various fast food bags.

SARAH
Chick Fil' A was closed because it's
Sunday. And McDonalds didn't have
Shamrock Shakes because it's October.

She kicks off her shoes.

SARAH
A little help would be nice. Anybody?
(no response)
Or not.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah enters.

SARAH
The drive thru lady at McDonalds was
a friggin' re --

She finds Blaine's body, drops the bags and screams.

SARAH (cont'd)
OH MY GOD!

Louis enters from the hall.

LOUIS
Sarah!

SARAH
Louis?!

LOUIS
It was an accident.

SARAH
What the fuck did you do?!

LOUIS
I shot Blaine. But it was an
accident.

SARAH
Oh my God...

Sarah sprints into the kitchen.

LOUIS
Sarah, wait!

Louis follows, tripping over an Arbys bag in the process.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah runs to the butcher block, grabs a knife and points it
at Louis. The knife trembles in her hand.

LOUIS
Sarah, listen --

SARAH
Stay away from me!

LOUIS
Listen. The police are on their way.
So let's just calm down and --

SARAH
Calm down?! You killed Blaine!

LOUIS
The gun was on the table. I picked it
up. Blaine said it was a toy. I
pointed it at him and pulled the
trigger. It went off. It was an
accident.

SARAH
You have a fucking swastika on your
forehead!

LOUIS
Huh?

Louis looks at a compact mirror on the fridge and sees the
transformation.

LOUIS (cont'd)
No, it was a unicorn!

SARAH
You're crazy!

LOUIS
I'm not!

SARAH
You're a murderer!

LOUIS
IT WASN'T MURDER!!! IT WAS
INVOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER!!!

The sound of sirens approaching in the distance.

LOUIS (cont'd)
You hear that? That's the police. I
called them. They'll be here any
second. You're safe, Sarah. Put the
knife down.

Beat. Sarah's expression changes. An idea occurring.

SARAH
Did you do it... because of us?

LOUIS
Us?

SARAH
Louis... I don't love you. What
happened was a mistake. And it was a
long time ago. You said you
understood.

This gets to Louis. Memories come flooding back. Bad
memories. His eyes become watery. A mixture of the
adrenaline and the sorrow.

LOUIS
I did understand. I do understand. Of
course you didn't love me. You never
loved me. I got it. But you know
what? You never loved Blaine either.
Did you? I don't think you've ever
loved anyone except yourself. Have
you, Sarah?

Her face cycles through many emotions before finally landing
on panic. Because there is one person she definitely loves.

SARAH
(sotto)
Jason...

The sirens, which have been getting closer throughout this exchange, are now right outside the house.

LOUIS
Jason's fine.

SARAH
JASON!

LOUIS
He's fine! He's in his bedroom
watching warlock porn.

Beat. *What?*

SARAH
Warlock porn?

BOOM!

INT. FOYER - DAY

The front door is kicked open. Two officers, HODGE and STANSSON, storm in, guns drawn.

HODGE
Police department!

SARAH (O.S.)
In here!

They clock Blaine's body on the ground, then move towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hodge and Stansson enter.

HODGE
On the floor! Both of you!

Louis immediately drops to the ground.

SARAH
Jason!

She bolts past the officers.

LOUIS
Let her go. It was me. It was me.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah practically kicks Jason's door open and goes inside.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah stops in the doorway. Sees the motionless lump underneath the covers.

SARAH

...Jason?

No answer. A sense of dread descends upon her. She approaches the bed. Slowly. Reluctantly.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Stansson's knee is on Louis' back as he cuffs his hands.

LOUIS

Is this really necessary?

STANSSON

Shut up, you Nazi piece of shit!

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah. Inching her way towards the bed. She reaches it. Pulls the covers back. *Dear God No.* She screams.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Everybody hears it. Stansson, still attending to Louis, nods to Hodge, who heads out.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hodge enters to find Sarah crying inconsolably as she cradles her dead son.

SARAH

He killed him! He killed my Jason! He killed my baby!

Hodge advances, captivated by this tragic tableau. Sarah's agonizing wail gradually turns into a pitiful whimper. And then she looks down. She's still holding the knife.

She clutches it tightly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stansson is escorting Louis out of the kitchen when Sarah emerges from the hall, boiling with rage. She heads straight for Louis, brandishing the knife.

SARAH
YOU FUCKING BASTARD!!!

Before Stansson can react, Sarah jams the knife into Louis' heart. Louis falls backwards, hands still cuffed behind his back. Sarah falls on top of him.

She rips the knife out of his chest and brings it down again and again, cutting him to ribbons.

SARAH (cont'd)
HE WAS YOURS, YOU SON OF A BITCH! HE
WAS YOURS!!!

The merciless onslaught continues for several more seconds and then --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Hodge re-enters just in time to see Stansson eviscerating Sarah with a barrage of gunfire.

HODGE
Stop!

Stansson keeps shooting.

HODGE (cont'd)
STOP!!!

Stansson finally stops. Then shoots Sarah once more.

HODGE (cont'd)
You think that was enough, Dave?

STANSSON
Whatever. If she was black you
wouldn't have said shit.

Hodge looks around at all the mayhem. Four corpses. And one big question.

HODGE
What the hell happened here?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

More police have arrived on the scene, along with medical and forensics personnel.

LIEUTENANT CLEGHORN (40's) enters holding a cup of Jell-O -- yes, Jell-O -- which he periodically eats with a spoon. Cleghorn fancies himself a Sherlock Holmes/Hercule Poirot sort and thus has a tendency towards the theatrical.

He passes Hodge and Stansson. Stansson is eating some of the food that Sarah dropped earlier.

CLEGHORN
Is that evidence?

STANSSON
It's curly fries.

Cleghorn slaps them out of Stansson's hand onto the floor.

CLEGHORN
Do not contaminate my crime scene.

Cleghorn proceeds further into the living room. Once he's out of earshot --

STANSSON
That guy sucks.

HODGE
Cleghorn? He's the best detective in the world.

STANSSON
Why's he always eating Jell-O?

HODGE
It's his thing. Every great detective has a thing.

STANSSON
What if he forgets to bring his Jell-O? Does he lose his deductive powers?

HODGE
He never forgets to bring his Jell-O.

Cleghorn examines the bullet hole in the wall closely.

CLEGHORN
How many dead?

HODGE

Four, sir.

Back to Stannson, still hung up on the Jell-O thing.

STANSSON

So, hypothetically, let's say he runs out of Jell-O right before he's called to a crime scene. Does he then have to stop at the store on the way to the crime scene or can he --

COUGH! COUGH! Everybody turns.

Blaine is alive! *What the fuck?!*

Cleghorn casually takes a bite of Jell-O.

CLEGHORN

Make that three.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A cup of Jell-O rests on a tray in front of Blaine, who is awake and hooked to machines. He looks up at the sound of someone entering. It's Cleghorn, who of course has his own cup of Jell-O.

CLEGHORN

Hello Mr. Babbitt.

BLAINE

Who are you?

CLEGHORN

My name is Alastair Cleghorn. I'm the best detective in the world. Mind if I come in?

BLAINE

Uh... ok.

Cleghorn takes a seat beside the bed.

CLEGHORN

How are you feeling?

BLAINE

A little better, I guess.

CLEGHORN

The doctors say you should make a full recovery.

BLAINE

I just can't believe everything that happened. That Louis could... you know, do something like that.

CLEGHORN

Was he not the kind of person you envisioned murdering your son?

BLAINE

I never really envisioned *anyone* murdering my son. He was perfect. Just a... perfect kid.

CLEGHORN

Aside from the warlock porn?

BLAINE

Yes, aside from the warlock porn.

CLEGHORN

And your wife?

BLAINE

What about her?

CLEGHORN

Was *she* perfect?

BLAINE

She was. I loved her more than anything.

Cleghorn leans back in his chair.

CLEGHORN

Do you know a Nancy Carmichael?

BLAINE

Who?

CLEGHORN

Nancy Carmichael. She was a co-worker of your wife's. Anyway, she's the air traffic controller who was responsible for the collision that killed all those people yesterday.

BLAINE

Oh, yeah, I heard about that.

CLEGHORN

When Mrs. Carmichael was taken into custody she was found to be under the influence of an excessive amount of Oxycontin. And when pressed upon where she obtained the Oxycontin, initially she refused to say. But eventually... she did say.

(beat)

She got them from your wife.

BLAINE

(acting surprised)

Whaaaaaat.

CLEGHORN

Turns out Sarah had a little side business going on that maybe you didn't know about. Or maybe you did.

BLAINE

(clearly lying)

Noooo.

CLEGHORN

She'd been selling not just to Mrs. Carmichael but to at least 73 other people over the course of the last three years.

BLAINE

(genuinely surprised)

73 people?

CLEGHORN

The fact that she was illegally trafficking prescription narcotics would've almost certainly put her in jail regardless of the catastrophe caused by Mrs. Carmichael yesterday. But on top of the catastrophe caused by Mrs. Carmichael yesterday... well, let's just say your wife probably would've been going away for a very, very long time, Mr. Babbitt.

BLAINE

Jesus.

CLEGHORN

So we have your wife, the drug dealer...

BLAINE

Hey.

CLEGHORN

We have your son, the pervert...

BLAINE

Hey!

CLEGHORN

And then we have poor Louis.

BLAINE

"Poor Louis?" What do you mean "Poor Louis?" He killed my son.

CLEGHORN

I don't think so.

BLAINE

What do you mean?

Cleghorn leans into Blaine, eyes gleaming.

CLEGHORN

I think you killed your son.

Oh fuck.

BLAINE

What are you talking about?

Cleghorn pulls a tape recorder out of his pocket.

CLEGHORN

This is the 911 call Louis made right after he shot you.

He presses "play".

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

LOUIS (V.O.)

Yes, uh, shit, fuck, shit, uh, I just shot my neighbor.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

You just shot your neighbor?

LOUIS (V.O.)

It was a mistake. I came in because of the silverfish.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
Silverfish?

LOUIS (V.O.)
He told me -- shit, fuck, shit! -- he told me it wasn't loaded. I didn't know it was loaded. You have to believe me. Cocksucker motherfucker!

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
Ok do me a favor and calm down, sir. What's the address?

LOUIS (V.O.)
1039 Nova Scotia Boulevard. No, wait, fuck, that's my address. Uh, 1037 Nova Scotia Drive.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
Is it "Drive" or "Boulevard"?

LOUIS (V.O.)
Just send somebody, you stupid cunt!

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
That language isn't necessary, sir.

LOUIS (V.O.)
He told me he was watching Sense and Sensibility with his son.

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)
What?

LOUIS (V.O.)
(realizing)
His son...

CLICK. The tape ends.

CLEGHORN
You told Louis that you and Jason were watching Sense and Sensibility.

BLAINE
We were.

CLEGHORN
On what? DVD? Blu Ray? Streaming service?

BLAINE
Streaming service.

CLEGHORN
Which streaming service?

BLAINE
Uh...

CLEGHORN
Because I checked all of them -- Amazon, Netflix, Hulu, Peacock, Paramount Plus, Disney Plus -- every streaming service that you currently subscribe to -- every streaming service you *don't* currently subscribe to -- and none of them contain the 1995 Ang Lee adaptation of Jane Austen's Sense and Sensibility starring Kate Winslet and Emma Thompson.

Blaine gulps.

CLEGHORN (cont'd)
Furthermore, the discovery of Jason's laptop indicated that he was having his own movie night at the time of his death. Which begs the question... why would you lie to your neighbor and tell him that you were both watching a film that you weren't watching? Unless...

BLAINE
Unless?

CLEGHORN
Unless Jason was already dead before Louis got there.

Blaine gulps harder.

CLEGHORN (cont'd)
Do you wanna know what I think happened, Mr. Babbitt? I think you were sitting on your couch with the gun -- cleaning it, shooting insects, whatever -- and it went off. The bullet pierced through the wall and struck your son in the forehead while he was masturbating to warlock porn. Your wife calls, tells you about the plane crash and says she'll be home soon. You try to delay her by ordering food from multiple fast food restaurants.

(MORE)

CLEGHORN (cont'd)

That's when Louis shows up. Maybe he heard the gunshot and came over to see if everyone was ok. You try to get him to leave, but somehow he ends up entering the house. He finds your gun, which you tell him isn't real. He points it at you and pulls the trigger --

(finger gun)

BANG! --

(then)

-- Louis calls the police. Your wife comes home and sees Louis standing over your body with the gun. She panics and runs into the kitchen. Louis follows her, she grabs a knife. The police arrive. They arrest Louis while Sarah goes into Jason's bedroom to check on him. What she finds destroys her. She sees red, goes into a rage, and stabs Louis to death in front of the police officers, who promptly blow her away with a -- by any conceivable metric -- unnecessary amount of bullets. I arrive... You wake up... Here we are. That's what I think happened, Mr. Babbitt. Now you tell me... am I close?

Cleghorn takes a bite of Jell-O. Blaine falters. *The jig is up.*

BLAINE

What are you gonna do?

CLEGHORN

Oh I'll tell you what I'm gonna do.

(leans forward)

Nothing.

BLAINE

What?

Cleghorn pulls out a book.

CLEGHORN

Did you know Jason had a diary?

BLAINE

A diary?

CLEGHORN
 Journal, whatever. Anyway...
 (hands it over)
 Open it up and read the last entry.

Blaine opens the journal. Jason's voice reads the passage out loud. (But since we've never actually heard Jason talk, the voice-over is Blaine's impersonation of Jason.)

BLAINE (V.O.)
 (as Jason)
 Those cocksuckers have fucked with me for the last time. I used the Wal Mart gift cards I got for Easter to buy an M-16 and tomorrow morning I am going to spray the walls with their blood. Theirs... and then mine. I will become a martyr. My face will be all over CNN. Big tittied goth bitches will try to contact me with a ouija board every year on my birthday and shit. It's gonna be fuckin' awesome. Goddamnit now I'm hard. Time to watch my boy Lord Artemis go to town on some elderly sluts. Peace, niggers.

Blaine closes the journal and looks to Cleghorn, horrified.

BLAINE
With the hard "r"?

CLEGHORN
 Your son was 12 hours away from shooting up Grover Dill High School. Do you know who else goes to Grover Dill High School, Mr. Babbitt?

Blaine shakes his head.

CLEGHORN (cont'd)
My son.

BLAINE
 Wait... are you saying... I'm a hero?

CLEGHORN
 You're an idiot. And a hero. But mostly an idiot.

Cleghorn stands.

CLEGHORN (cont'd)
Either way, it's not in my interest
to pursue this case any further. But
just know... that I know... what
really happened. So I win. Right?

BLAINE
Right.

CLEGHORN
Say it.

BLAINE
You win.

Cleghorn tosses his empty cup of Jell-O in the garbage --

CLEGHORN
Now if you'll excuse me...

-- and takes Blaine's full cup of Jell-O.

CLEGHORN (cont'd)
I have other cases to solve. Safe
travels, Mr. Babbitt.

Cleghorn heads for the door.

BLAINE
Hey.

Cleghorn turns. Blaine smiles.

BLAINE (cont'd)
You really are the best detective in
the world.

CLEGHORN
(you're goddamn right)
I am.

Cleghorn exits. Blaine sits in the silence -- the fear and
uncertainty now replaced with relief and triumph.

He smiles to himself, thinking about the silverfish that
started this whole thing.

BLAINE
Huh. I guess they are lucky.

As if on cue, a silverfish crawls across Blaine's tray. He
screams like a girl and SMASHES IT.

CUT TO BLACK