

**WHAT DID YOU DO?**  
**(it's not a dream, it's a memory - One)**

by

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FADE IN.

BLACK.

Titles. Sound of WHISPERS as titles FADE IN, stark WHITE over black, a'la "The Innocents."

WHAT DID YOU DO?  
(it's not a dream, it's a  
memory, part one)

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT - BACK - DAY

The DOOR to a LOCKER shuts. We PULL BACK, revealing - SAM, early 20's and wild-haired. He turns around, smoothes his apron - notices a SPOT of food on it, and tries to scratch it off.

His PHONE RINGS. He takes it out of his pocket.

SAM  
Hey, baby. I'm just about to go on.  
What's up?

He looks at himself, somewhat disparagingly, in the MIRROR.

SAM  
Baby?

BABY  
It's. . .it's happening again. Can  
you - can you come home? I need  
you.

SAM  
Hang on, what's going on?

BABY  
I. . .I can't get them to shut up.  
. .in my head. They won't stop. I  
just want to die. . .

SAM  
Hold on now, don't do anything  
dangerous.

SAM starts looking to the right, to the left - anywhere.  
Trapped.

BABY  
Please. . .get home. . .I don't  
know what I'll do. . .

CLICK.

CUT TO

## THE PREP/DISH AREA

As SAM walks urgently, now dressed down, through the cacaphony of the back of house. Shouting. Dishes CLANGING. People carrying huge trays of foodstuffs - as he walks by prep and dish, the soundscape shifts. Prep is PLAYING one EL-P instrumental, DISH another.

Then, into the back hallway, as the SOUND FADES AWAY.

A MANAGER emerges from one of the back-rooms.

MANAGER

Hey, Sam! Where you going? You're on in. . .now.

SAM

I gotta go - my wife, something happened -

MANAGER

But you can't just -

SAM

I'll make up for it, I'm sorry!

He rushes off -

CUT TO

EXT. RESTAURANT - FRONT - DAY

Sam looks down at his phone, paces back and forth - antsy, anxious.

SAM

Fucking Christ, every week.

In the BG, a CAR pulls up - Sam examines the license plates, then WAVES, goes to meet it. Gets inside -

SAM

For Sam?

LYFT DRIVER

Yeah, hop in -

INT. LYFT (MOVING)

The CAR starts to pull away.

LYFT DRIVER

We're going to - (address)?

SAM

(distracted, anxious)

Yeah - fast as you can. My wife's having a breakdown.

LYFT DRIVER

Hoo boy. We'll get you there, no worries. It's gonna be alright.

SAM

Yeah - hope so.

Sam looks out the window. The Car turns onto the HIGHWAY on-ramp. His eyes show he believes differently.

His PHONE RINGS.

SAM

Hello?

BABY

(almost unintelligible)

There's so much blood. . .I can't.

. .

CLICK.

SAM

Hello? Baby? Are you -

He calls back. Dialing. . .

SAM

Fuck fuck -

Then - "the caller you are trying to reach is not available. At the tone, please record your message."

SAM

Fuck!

"- When you are finished recording, hang up or press one for more options."

BEEEE -

CROSSFADE:

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

- EEEEEEP.

SAM gets out of the car, WAVES to the DRIVER - hurriedly races up the stairs, two at a time. He stops at the FRONT DOOR, key out. . .pauses. WAVERS. Leans against the wall, eyes closed. BREATHES DEEP. Then -

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

- he STEPS INSIDE.

It's basically PITCH BLACK. No light, save for the tiny slivers that sneak in through the CLOSED SHADES. The only sound is the CHUGGING of the AC. The place is a MESS - stuff

strewn all over the floor, like a BOMB WENT OFF. Something BAD happened here.

SAM throws his bag down -

SAM

Baby?

BABY

(os)

. . .I'm in here.

He walks past, toward the bedroom. We HOLD on the crack of light peeking out from the bathroom door.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONT'D

SAM POKES his head cautiously through the open threshold, then steps through.

Like the rest of the apartment, it's shrouded in dark, except. . .in the corner, just beside the window.

Huddled in a fetal position - a WOMAN, early 20's, wearing glasses, in SHADOW. Only the reflection of light from her glasses stands out, giving definition to her otherwise ghostly form. She is shaking.

Sam approaches slowly, gets down next to her, kisses her on the forehead -

BABY

Thank you. . .thank you for coming back.

SAM

Of course, sweetheart. Are you okay?

She SHAKES HER HEAD.

BABY

I just. . .I can't get them to stop. They won't shut up. They never stop.

She grabs at her hair, rubs her hand over her face - leaving a STICKY BLOOD STAIN.

SAM

What happened? Did you hurt yourself?

She's silent.

SAM

Can I see your wrists?

She SHAKES HER HEAD neurotically.

BABY

I don't know what to do anymore. .  
 .I don't . . .I keep seeing things  
 out of the corner of my eye. Like  
 people but not. . .and they keep  
 telling me. . .they keep telling me  
 to hurt myself. . .

SAM

They're not real. You know they're  
 not real. You're here. You're okay.

BABY

I'm not. I'm so sorry. I don't know  
 - I just. . .you'd be better off if  
 I was gone. All I do is torture you  
 with this.

SAM

No you don't. Come on, it's not  
 like that -

He puts his hand on her arm - thinks a second. Marshalls his  
 words carefully. This is dangerous territory.

SAM

Maybe it's time to consider  
 medication, you know? Therapy. I  
 know you don't want to, but I can't  
 be here all the time -

Her HEAD TURNS QUICK. Eyes flare.

BABY

NO. I told you I don't want to do  
 that.

SAM

I mean, it's not as bad as you -

BABY

I'm not some fucking crazy person.  
 I don't need pills.

SAM

I didn't say you were crazy, all  
 I'm saying is -

BABY

You think some rando therapist can  
 understand me? You think I didn't  
 learn all the right things to say  
 to them a long time ago?

SAM

Baby.

She BASHES HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL. HARD.

BABY

FUCK. I don't know why I fucking called you.

SAM

I'm just trying to help -

BABY

You don't help. You just make it fucking worse. You and that dipshit stupid dog. Never fucking stops barking, or begging, or whining. .

.

SAM

The dog doesn't -  
(beat)

Wait a minute. Where is the dog?

She doesn't respond. Recesses further into the corner. Still staring at him. She starts shaking her head. The AIR DROPS OUT OF THE ROOM.

BABY

It doesn't. . .

There's a pause. A beat. A stillness. Then Sam lifts up one of her wrists - her hands and arms are covered in blood, but there's no MARKS. It's NOT HER BLOOD.

SAM

Where is the dog?

BABY

He. . .he wouldn't shut up. I couldn't take it anymore.

SAM

. . .where is he?

She stares at him, doesn't respond. But her eyes FLIT TOWARD - the BATHROOM DOOR, where the light is still on.

He gets up - she GRABS HIM.

BABY

No, no - he's fine. He's just. . .

SAM

What did you do?

BABY

Please. . .

He WRENCHES free of her - goes toward the BATHROOM DOOR. But she RUNS in front of him, blocks it.

SAM

Move.

She SHAKES HER HEAD.

SAM

Get out of my way. Seriously.

BABY

You care more about that dog than me.

SAM

Did you hurt him again? You did, didn't you?

She looks like she's about to burst into tears.

SAM

You can't stand there forever.

Slowly, she relents. Lets her arm drop. Sam OPENS THE DOOR -

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONT'D

- as he OPENS THE DOOR, we BEGIN in a MEDIUM CLOSE UP of his face, as the light falls on it, and PULL BACK SLOWLY, as his reaction changes from one of ANGER. . .to one of absolute SHOCK.

SAM

Jesus Christ.

He puts his hand to his mouth. A SOB. We KEEP PULLING BACK. . .until, in the FOREGROUND, out of focus, something FURRY and BLOODY. A dog leg, bent and snapped at an unnatural angle. There's BLOOD all over the floor, and on the MIRROR.

Sam can't process it.

SAM

No. . .no.

Behind him, Baby mills in the SHADOWS. Watching him.

SAM

Not my dog. Not my dog.

He TURNS ON HER. Tears streaking down his cheeks. In the background, in the bathroom, we can see - the CORPSE of the DOG, dismembered and lying in pieces. Head in one place, body in another. Blood and offal everywhere. All VERY out of focus, merely a SUGGESTION.

SAM

NOT MY DOG!

BABY

I had to. . .I had to. . .they told me they'd leave me alone if I -



SAM  
Shut the fuck up!

She REACHES FOR HIM.

SAM  
DON'T TOUCH ME! JESUS CHRIST!

He goes to PULL OUT HIS PHONE - dialing 911.

BABY  
No - no, don't do that! Please!

SAM  
FUCK YOU!

BABY  
I. . . I need your help, please  
don't leave. . .don't leave. .  
.they'll. . .come back. . .

SAM  
They're not real, you crazy fucking  
bitch!

BABY  
I need you to -

He stops. In the open BEDROOM, silhouetted against the WHITE WALL, and the BLINDS. A TALL SHAPE. LIKE A MAN, but not. Impossibly tall. SPINDLY. All BLACK, blacker than everything around it. Like a VOID. SAVE FOR IT'S EYES.

The two of them stares at it, as it races a hand. . .

BABY  
You see it too, don't you?

He looks at her, with a look of CONFUSION, HORROR, A THOUSAND YARD STARE. Behind him. . .in the LIVING ROOM AND THE KITCHEN, two MORE. UNCANNY.

BABY  
I need you. . .to help me. . .  
(beat)  
They want more.  
(beat)  
It's never going to stop.

The two of them look at each other, her PLEADING and him in SHOCK - while between them, in the bedroom. . .the SHAPE. Can he see it? Is it real?

Does it matter?

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.