



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

BREAK

by

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FADE IN:

INT. GAS STATION - OFF AN EMPTY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - MORNING

WILLY and ANGELICA wait at the register for the cashier.

Willy is 21, short, skinny and sweaty. He has a mop of curly hair over an acne-dotted baby face. A simmering anger lies beneath his goofy exterior.

Angelica is 22, pale, tall and striking. Her neutral expression is disdain. "Don't talk to me. Don't look at me." Some of this comes from a decade of being pretty and interesting. The rest from a bottomless well of anxiety and discomfort.

Willy has orange gum. Angelica has potato chips and water.

ANGELICA

You love that stuff.

WILLY

Yeah, it's uh... I don't like mint.
It's strong.

Angelica smiles.

ANGELICA

That's kind of a metaphor for your
life, huh?

Willy chuckles, pretends to get it.

Angelica removes a disposable camera from her pocket, winds it up and snaps a quick shot of Willy clutching the gum.

The CASHIER emerges from the back room--

CASHIER

Howdy.

EXT. GAS STATION

They head for Willy's Volvo station wagon parked at the pump.

Willy is stuck on the gum comment. Angelica sees it.

ANGELICA

What?

They get into the car.

INT. STATION WAGON

WILLY

Not liking mint... too strong,
too...?

She smiles, shrugs innocently.

WILLY

That--

ANGELICA

I don't know.

WILLY

Wait, seriously.

He fake laughs, doesn't notice that Angelica is now staring out the window in shock.

WILLY

Explain. Is it because--Angie?

He follows her eyes to a worn green pickup truck parked at the edge of the lot. It's the only other car there.

ANGELICA

Start the car. Willy, START THE
FUCKING CAR!

Willy stabs for the ignition, finds it, wrenches the key and--

They see an elderly HISPANIC COUPLE exit the gas station, headed in the direction of the truck.

Angelica puts her head back, embarrassed. She exhales.

ANGELICA

Wow.

WILLY
You're fine. You're fine.

ANGELICA
Fuck.

WILLY
It's chill.

ANGELICA
Hi, I'm Angelica Donarae,
professional spastic.

WILLY
Angie... It's chill.

ANGELICA
Is it?

WILLY
Anybody that... they'd do the same
thing.

Angelica looks down. Willy is smart enough to stop talking
and drive.

EXT. GAS STATION

The station wagon exits the parking lot and they're gone...

So they don't see the elderly Hispanic couple continue on,
past the truck, headed toward a bus stop down the road...

TITLE: BREAK

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A small and lonely ranch house tucked in the woods.

FRONT DOOR

Willy's mom, MARY, early 60s, gives Willy and Angelica a spirited welcoming.

Mary is a feisty old hippie with stringy white hair.

She has pretty eyes, a faint mustache and an opinion on everything.

MARY

He's here!

She gives Willy a big hug and kiss.

MARY

I should say "they're here!"

She releases Willy to embrace Angelica, who does her best to smile warmly.

MARY

Come in! Come in!

INT. KITCHEN

Mary waits on toast and tea, assembles a variety of jams from the fridge and honey from the cabinet.

Willy and Angelica sit at the kitchen table.

ANGELICA

Yeah I mean it's kinda hard and sometimes hella boring, but it encompasses what I want to do, so...

MARY

And that is?

ANGELICA

Be a sociologist.

Angelica smiles. She's joking. Mary doesn't get it.

MARY

And what does that look like exactly? I'm not really plugged into the--

ANGELICA

I was just kidding. Sorry... There's not much like practical sociologist work I guess, unless you're gonna teach or... I wanna work with um, patient advocacy groups. So I guess I just wanna understand the health care system and--

MARY

Very awesome. I actually used to work in town as a volunteer nurse at St. Michael's.

ANGELICA

Oh... Cool.

MARY

It was hard work.

ANGELICA

I bet.

MARY

So I really admire what you're doing, Angelica.

ANGELICA

Thanks. Thank you.

MARY

Sounds like you have a good life plan in place.

Mary gives her a warm, beaming smile. Angelica nods.

MARY
(to Willy)
And how is the art world?

WILLY
It's not the art world.

MARY
It is to me.

WILLY
It's not even the art history
world.

Angelica smiles. Mary doesn't.

The toast pops up. Mary grabs plates and silverware.

She points to a wood carving above the stove of a beaver
battling a snake.

MARY
Who painted that?

WILLY
Mom.

MARY
He's a whiz at trivia too.

WILLY
That pedophile that works at the
craft store.

Angelica laughs.

MARY
He's not a pedophile!
(to Angelica)
He was very nice to Willy when
Willy was young and Willy has
decided that's creepy.

ANGELICA
Sounds right.

WILLY
Mom, where's Jav?

MARY
Who knows?

WILLY
Are you guys not--

MARY
Oh my god! I have a major surprise
for you!

Mary sets everything down and waves Willy and Angelica to follow her as she hurries outside through the side door.

Willy looks at Angelica and shakes his head.

WILLY
Jav is her long time man-lover who
she casts out and reels in with no
discernible pattern.

ANGELICA
... That you see.

WILLY
Fair.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Willy and Angelica head down a cobblestone path that leads to the backyard and the beginning of a trail into the surrounding forest.

They pass a large shed next to a bench and tire swing area.

EXT. BACKYARD

They join Mary who stands eagerly at the entrance of a weathered single row horse stable.

INT. STABLE

They follow her inside.

At the end of the otherwise empty row is an old white mare staring inquisitively at them.

WILLY

Granny?!

Mary nods, excited.

WILLY

Holy crap... I learned to ride on this horse. This was like the only horse I could ride.

ANGELICA

She was born with the name Granny?

WILLY

I guess now it's more fitting. Why did you--what did--

MARY

Dale and Beaux moved to Waterford, asked if I wanted her.

WILLY

Can she still ride?

MARY

Can she still ride? I rode her this morning.

WILLY

Wow. Is she still slow?

MARY

As ever.

ANGELICA

I'm trying to picture you on a horse.

MARY

He's very good on a horse. He grew up riding.

Angelica laughs. Mary doesn't.

MARY
(firm)
He really is.

WILLY
It's a sight.

Angelica smiles uncomfortably.

INT. WILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small. Plain. The walls are painted dark green. There are two framed posters up. One is from a Neil Hamburger show and the other is of Dünyayı Kurtaran Adam, or the "Turkish Star Wars."

Their suitcases are gutted on the floor.

Willy shoves clothes into drawers. Angelica stands at the mirror removing her makeup.

Willy is in an undershirt and pajama bottoms. Angelica wears a chic ragged nightgown.

ANGELICA
She wasn't really like that at Family Weekend.

WILLY
Yeah she's actually kind of shy once she leaves the house.

ANGELICA
Weird.

WILLY
Should I do the whole "Sorry my mom is weird" thing? Or did you think that was weird? She doesn't really have anyone else besides me and Jav, so...

ANGELICA
I don't know.

WILLY
You don't know?

ANGELICA
It's fine... That horse is cool.

WILLY
(repeating to himself)
The horse is cool... Wow.

Angelica concedes a chuckle. Willy is pleased to break through.

WILLY
What's your problem?

ANGELICA
Dude, what do you want from me?
Your mom is really nice. Okay? Is
that good?

Willy sits on the bed, says nothing.

Angelica fiddles with her cellphone plugged into the wall.

ANGELICA
I don't think this outlet works.

She turns back to meet a gush of water to the face.

She screams, wipes her eyes to see Willy holding the empty cup with a grin.

Angelica scowls like a wet dog, and then her face dissolves into an involuntary smile.

ANGELICA
What the fuck?!

She lunges at him. He digs under the covers to hide.

ANGELICA
Are you fucking crazy?!

She claws at the covers, trying to find a way in. Willy keeps the blanket pinned over his body.

WILLY
(muffled)
You're giving me the block of ice
shtick!

ANGELICA
It's not shtick! I don't like
analyzing the shit out of
everything like you!

WILLY
I love you!

ANGELICA
Willy!

WILLY
What?! Why should I baby your weird
shit if you're not gonna baby mine?

Angelica pauses for a second, considers his point. Willy pops
out from under the covers.

WILLY
I really do.

ANGELICA
Okay.

WILLY
I really really do.

ANGELICA
Okay. Yes. Me too...

She's reluctant, but there's a certainty in her voice that
assures him. Willy smiles.

ANGELICA
You're so fucking weird.

WILLY
Cool weird or Columbine weird?

ANGELICA
Columbine meets Tom Cruise on Oprah
weird.

WILLY

I'll take it.

She kisses him and then pulls back. He grabs her, kisses her neck.

She pushes him back, pins him down. They kiss, heavy, animal.

Willy, surprisingly agile, slides himself down the bed until his face is between her hips.

He delicately lifts up her gown and... she breathes heavy, chews her cheek.

Everything is quiet, intimate, intense...

And then from the other side of the wall comes the barely muffled sounds of--

THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH JAMES CORDEN

They jump, momentarily startled.

Angelica rolls away, laughs.

Willy slides his pants down and grabs her by the waist, pulls her toward him.

ANGELICA

Wait.

They stop.

WILLY

No?

She stares into his eyes for a second. He looks back at her, powerless. Just a millisecond to clarify who's in charge.

She slides onto him. Breathless moan.

MORNING

Willy is having a nightmare.

He twitches, groans... and then stirs. It's gone.

He rubs sleep from his eyes and takes a cleansing deep breath.

He looks over at Angelica, buried under a blanket. Out.

He smiles. Content.

KITCHEN

Willy and Angelica wash dishes from breakfast. Mary clears the table.

MARY

Come back from the springs with an appetite. I'm making rhubarb pie.

ANGELICA

(polite fake smile)

Yum.

EXT. BACKYARD

Willy and Angelica walk toward the stable.

They can hear Granny grunting and snorting.

ANGELICA

Oh.

WILLY

Huh?

They stop.

Angelica slips off her small satchel bag, shows its contents to Willy--

a disposable camera, birth control, ChapStick and the main focus: a baggie of pot and a one-hitter.

ANGELICA

How good are you on a horse?

WILLY

... Oh I'm a fucking pro.

EXT. TRAIL THROUGH THE WOODS

Willy and Angelica gallop along, stoned. It's loud.

ANGELICA

This is fairly incredible!

WILLY

Fairly!

ANGELICA

To think I was once completely
unaware of your species!

WILLY

My species?!

ANGELICA

The handsome woodsman nerd!

WILLY

What?!

ANGELICA

I was saying that I was--

WILLY

West Texas!

ANGELICA

Is that a stereotype?!

WILLY

It's a large area! These days I
have a really hard time figuring
out the difference between a thing
and what I think is a thing!

Angelica ponders that... nods emphatically.

Willy looks back and smiles, proud.

WILLY

I think you're really gonna like
what's next!

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mary chops rhubarb, focused.

CH CH CH CH... She brings the blade down with precision.

Perfect cylinders collect in a pile on the cutting board.

And then she hears a distant tapping sound and stops, sets her knife down.

She looks around the room... Nothing.

She looks through the window to the side of the house.

Everything is still. Everything is quiet.

She picks up the knife and continues chopping.

EXT. WOODS - CLIFFSIDE

Willy and Angelica gaze at a stunning view.

They're perched on a mossy overlook surrounded by lush, jagged hills.

ANGELICA

Fuck. Why would you ever leave home?

WILLY

Nobody wants what they have.

ANGELICA

Amen.

WILLY

I definitely miss this though.

ANGELICA

I'm sure... I think I'd have the same reaction if I wasn't stoned.

WILLY

You'll never know for sure.

ANGELICA

I don't smoke that much.

WILLY

No, I mean you'll never be able to see it for the first time again.

ANGELICA

Oh.

WILLY

Yeah.

ANGELICA

I feel relaxed. I never feel relaxed anymore.

WILLY

(awkward)

I'm glad I could facilitate said relaxation.

Angelica nods. They gaze out at the view.

ANGELICA

Can I tell you something?

Willy visibly tenses.

ANGELICA

Jesus, not when you look like that.

WILLY

What?

She shakes her head, laughs uncomfortably.

WILLY

What? Sorry. What were you saying?

ANGELICA

I don't know...

WILLY

What?

ANGELICA

Nothing, just that... because me and him were so close, it makes it hard to relax, even around the familiar or whatever, so... I mean obviously you know this but--

WILLY

I get it.

ANGELICA

It sucks.

Willy nods.

ANGELICA

Like knowing someone so long and... Someone that could always make you feel safe, and then now I feel like a never-ending sky dive with a broken parachute. Sort of. A less dramatic version of that, if possible.

WILLY

Damn.

ANGELICA

Lotta time to think.

WILLY

Yeah, that's one perspective.

ANGELICA

I know I'm breaking the rule by talking about him but fuck it, I really feel good now and... that's the point of all this, yeah? So I wanna say it. The summer woods getaway: five stars... so far. Knock on wood.

Angelica knocks on a tree.

ANGELICA

And if that piece of shit has to be a part of my story then--

WILLY

Angie.

ANGELICA

Yes, Willy?

WILLY

I'm glad you feel good.

ANGELICA

Thank you, Willy.

They exchange a warm smile.

WILLY

... Keep going?

Angelica nods.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mary hears the tapping sound again.

She slams the knife down, frustrated.

MARY

Hello?!

She moves for the side door.

MARY

Helllloo?

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Someone is crouched, watching her...

They see her approach the window.

They see her squint through.

They see her turn back and disappear into the living room...

EXT. TRAIL

Angelica and Willy, still stoned, trot along slowly.

ANGELICA

Idea.

WILLY

... Yes?

ANGELICA

A revolutionary concept in the world of photography... Horse photography. Photography from a horse. From the back of a horse.

WILLY

Uh... Nope. I don't see it. Or rather, I've seen it.

ANGELICA

I'll convert you.

Angelica turns for her bag.

ANGELICA

Shit.

WILLY

Huh?

ANGELICA

Wait, stop.

WILLY

What's up?

ANGELICA

STOP MOVING!

WILLY

(to the horse)

Whoa!

The horse slows to a stop.

WILLY

What's wrong?

Angelica jumps off, looks around in a panic.

ANGELICA

I left my bag.

WILLY

Oh. I'll buy you a new one.

(singing)

"Hey big spend--

ANGELICA

No, my birth control is in the bag.

WILLY

Oh. Okay. Shit... Let's go back.

ANGELICA

And we just fucked yesterday.

WILLY

Okay. Come on.

ANGELICA

Do you know exactly where we just were?

WILLY

Yeah. Yes. Get on.

Angelica struggles to pull herself up.

ANGELICA

Are you just saying that?

WILLY

No.

She settles into the saddle behind him.

WILLY

We'll find it.

She wraps around Willy's waist.

They gallop off.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE

Angelica scours the area. Willy watches, feigns assistance, but can already see that it's not there.

ANGELICA

What the fuck?!

WILLY

Maybe it--

ANGELICA

How about the first place we
smoked?

Willy doesn't respond.

ANGELICA

Willy! Yes?

She's trying to outrun the panic. Willy sees it, nods encouragingly.

Angelica hurries toward the horse. Willy follows.

They ride off onto the--

TRAIL

They're gaining speed, headed back toward the house, galloping extremely fast on a narrowing path.

ANGELICA

I know I'm weird about this shit!

WILLY

It's alright!

ANGELICA

You do remember, though?!

WILLY

Left of the stable, like half a
mile in toward that massive oak
tree!

They can see the end of the trail in the distance.

This brings Angelica a bit of comfort.

ANGELICA

Is it--

And then Granny's front leg SNAPS.

WILLY

SHIT!

Granny crashes head first to the dirt sending Angelica flying through the air.

She lands hard. Her head bounces off the ground. She's out.

Willy stays clenched to Granny as she tries to rear up.

WILLY

NOO! NOOO!

He rips down the reins, fights to ground and control the flailing beast.

Granny writhes and bucks and tries to rear up again, but she's losing steam.

Willy pulls her back down and finally the storm subsides; she settles, lowers to the ground, rocks over onto her side.

Willy leaps off in a frenzy, races to Angelica, unconscious, bleeding profusely from the back of her head.

WILLY

ANGIE! Can you hear me?

He cradles her head.

WILLY

(choking up)

Oh fuck...

He feels her chest. Still breathing.

He looks up to see how much farther they have down the trail. At least a mile.

He pulls up his pant leg--bruised shin and swelling ankle. No time to process.

With a struggle, he lifts Angelica off the ground, heaves her over his shoulder.

He begins to run. Can't. Limpes on as fast as he can.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

They reach the side door. Willy is exhausted. He lowers her to the ground.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

He stumbles inside.

WILLY

Hello?!

The house is quiet.

He sees his mom's rhubarb abandoned on the counter.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Angelica starts to stir, eyes flutter.

INT. HALLWAY

Willy swings open the door to his mom's bedroom. Empty.

WILLY

MOM! Where are you?!

LIVING ROOM

He hobbles toward the front door, rips it open to find--

Mary standing there puzzled.

MARY

What's wrong?

WILLY

Where were you?!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Willy and Mary stand with DOCTOR MARKOWITZ, 40s, at the foot of Angelica's bed.

She's asleep. There's a thick bandage on the back of her head.

DOCTOR MARKOWITZ

(fast but calm)

And that's exactly the issue with this sort of thing. We could keep her for the night, MRI, but there's really no shortcut for rest and recuperation when it comes to a concussion... You'll wanna be real good about keeping Miss Angelica relaxed and reminding her to take it easy during the recovery process, but... her CTs looked fine, no bleeding. I'm not worried. It doesn't hurt that she'll be in the hands of one of the finest nurses I've ever had the pleasure of serving alongside.

MARY

I was here when Jeff first started. I'm trying to remember your first day.

DOCTOR MARKOWITZ

I'm trying to forget it.

They exchange a polite chuckle.

Willy doesn't laugh. His right pant leg is rolled up, his ankle is bandaged. A pair of crutches lean against the wall.

DOCTOR MARKOWITZ

But yeah, nothing jumped out at me. Neuro tests were good. I'm an eensy bit concerned the somnolence, but that's not unusual, especially early on with an MTI.

WILLY

So... just rest and--

DOCTOR MARKOWITZ

R and R. Call me tomorrow. She's
gonna be fine.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT

Angelica is barely awake. Willy helps her into the Volvo.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY

They're the only ones on the road.

Miles and miles of dark, desolate farm land.

INT. HOUSE - WILLY'S BEDROOM

Mary tucks Angelica into Willy's bed. Angelica floats in and
out of consciousness.

Willy enters with a cup of water, sets it on her bedside
table. He looks lost.

MARY

The beginning of these things are
kind of a crawl.

Willy nods.

MARY

You're sure there's no family to
call?

WILLY

None she'd want us to.

EXT. BACKYARD - EDGE OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

Willy's crutches have been replaced by an old wooden cane.

He watches his mom walk down the trail holding a hunting
rifle.

Granny is a dot in the distance. He can hear her moaning and snorting.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

They return up the cobblestone path toward the side door.

 WILLY
I'm sorry.

 MARY
She was old.

 WILLY
Yeah, but...

 MARY
It's fine, sweetheart.

 WILLY
What now?

 MARY
I'll call the rendering plant in
the morning.

Willy takes note of a row of bushes alongside the house,
underneath the windows.

The center of two of the bushes have been crushed under the
weight of something.

The other bushes are perfectly plump, untouched.

Mary opens the door, looks back.

 MARY
You alright?

Willy nods, unsettled.

They head inside.

INT. KITCHEN

Willy is seated at the kitchen table.

Mary sets down a tea kettle and two mugs, joins him.

MARY

She's got both of us to check on
her.

She pours their tea.

MARY

And seriously, look at me. Heads
heal, alright? They really do. So
stay vigilant, but get some sleep.

Willy doesn't respond.

MARY

Yes?

WILLY

Yeah. Yeah. Yes.

MARY

We have each other... Thank God we
have each other.

Willy isn't sure how to take that.

They sip their tea in silence.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Willy tosses and turns on the couch, sweats through a knit
blanket.

EXT. BACKYARD

All is still.

The forest glows in the moonlight. The house is shrouded in
shadow.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Willy is asleep.

Long, deep breaths catching phlegm, growing to a snore...

And then a loud squeak from the hallway wakes him.

His eyes strain open. Not sure why he's up. And then he hears it. Another squeak, then another. Footsteps.

He sits up, blinks into the darkness and the footsteps stop.

He can't see anything. He waits... Nothing.

He grabs his cane and creeps into the dark. He fumbles for something on a shelf, a Maglite.

He reaches the threshold to the kitchen.

He clicks on the flashlight to see--

Angelica in her nightgown staring at him, bewildered.

WILLY

Angie?

He steps toward her. She steps back.

WILLY

What's wrong? What are you doing?

He clicks off the flashlight.

ANGELICA

Turn it on!

He obliges, confused.

She retreats into the hallway. He follows her.

WILLY

Angie. What's going on?

She stops, stares at the ground.

WILLY

What are you doing?

She snaps up suddenly, looks him dead in the eyes--

ANGELICA

Where the fuck am I?

Willy can't breathe.

ANGELICA

Where the fuck am I?!

WILLY

Jesus Christ. Jesus, Angie. You
don't know?!

He sees the lost look in her eyes.

WILLY

You don't know?

ANGELICA

Tell me what the fuck is going on.

WILLY

You hit your head. Angie, you hit
your head. You... fell.

ANGELICA

Bullshit.

WILLY

(choking up)

No. What is--it's... here, let's--

Willy moves to touch her shoulder--

ANGELICA

DON'T TOUCH ME!

He jumps.

WILLY

Sorry. I'm sorry, Angie. Jesus. I'm
sorry.

She enters the kitchen.

Willy lets her get her distance and then follows.

She pulls a large steak knife from the kitchen counter.

WILLY

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

She points it at him.

WILLY

Angie.

ANGELICA

Tell me what the fuck is going on.

WILLY

Angie! Please.

She backs away from him, keeping the knife pointed.

WILLY

Just calm down and I can--

ANGELICA

Stop talking. Stop talking.

WILLY

Please, Angie. Let's just...
Please.

ANGELICA

Please what?

WILLY

It's me.

Nothing.

Willy's heart sinks.

Neither of them see Mary enter from the hallway behind them.

WILLY

I don't know what to do. I don't
know what to--

MARY (O.S.)

What the hell is--

Angelica STARTLES, whips back and SLASHES Mary's throat.

Mary staggers around, geysering blood, moaning.

Angelica and Willy watch in horror.

WILLY

MOM!

Mary collapses to the floor and starts convulsing. Willy rushes to her, frantically tries to stop the bleeding with his hands.

ANGELICA
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! I--

WILLY
(hysterical)
Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!

Angelica stumbles back against the wall, drops the knife.

WILLY
Call an ambulance!

Angelica can't move.

WILLY
CALL AN AMBULANCE!

Willy sees that she's frozen. He releases his mom's throat, runs for the house phone mounted to the wall.

WILLY
Stay with me, mommy!

Angelica charges him.

ANGELICA
Stop!

WILLY
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

ANGELICA
STOP!

WILLY
What the fuck are you doing?!

Willy shoves her away, grabs the phone.

ANGELICA
Please!

WILLY
PLEASE WHAT?! WHAT?!

She rips the phone from his hands.

ANGELICA

Don't call them.

Willy is speechless for a second and then... he rips the phone back.

Angelica yanks the phone cord out of the wall with a defiant scream.

Willy stares in disbelief. He looks at the phone cord in her hands and then to his mom... losing time.

He fumbles for a wad of hand towels off the counter, ties them together. He races back to his mom, wraps the towels around her neck to stanch the bleeding.

Angelica watches, begins to shake.

WILLY

It's okay, mommy. It's okay. I--I need bandages!

Willy jumps up again, starts ripping open drawers.

WILLY

I need a bandage! I need BANDAGES!

He disappears into the hallway, bangs around looking.

Angelica is left alone.

She forces herself to look down at Mary lying on the floor.

Pale white skin covered in blood. The hand towels are soaked through.

Mary takes short, pained breaths. With great effort, she lifts her head to look up at Angelica. She tries to say something, but can't. She tugs at her makeshift bandage...

and then life leaves her face.

Willy sprints back in with a roll of gauze tape, frantically unspooling it.

It's a few seconds before he notices that his mom isn't moving.

He crouches down in shock.

He closes her eyelids with his trembling, bloody fingers.

He looks up to Angelica...

WILLY

What did you do? Angie, what did
you do?

She looks back at him in horror, starts to cry.

He squeezes his mother's body tight, buries his head in her
shoulders. Sobs...

When he looks up, Angelica is gone.

FRONT DOOR

He rounds the corner to see her struggling to unlock and
unlatch the door.

WILLY

(through tears)
Angie.

She stops, doesn't look at him.

WILLY

... It's okay.

She continues fumbling with the door.

WILLY

I know you didn't mean it.

WILLY

I'm sorry.

ANGELICA

I need to leave now.

She finally gets the door unlocked.

WILLY

Stop.

She looks back at him.

ANGELICA

I have to leave now.

WILLY

You don't have anywhere to go.

Angelica trembles.

ANGELICA

This is a fucking nightmare...

Willy nods.

WILLY

Angie.

ANGELICA

Don't call me that.

WILLY

I--Ang--okay. Angelica. We have to call them but you're not--

ANGELICA

Call who? Call--NO. No. Please. I didn't mean to, I--

WILLY

I know. I know that. You hit your head, Angie. You didn't know what was--

ANGELICA

Stop fucking saying that!

WILLY

You didn't know! You didn't know. You didn't mean to. I know that. And we'll tell them.

ANGELICA

I don't know where the fuck I even am. Please. PLEASE... Don't.

Willy doesn't know what to do. He looks down at his ankle. The pain begins to return.

He looks up at Angelica. Through all the trauma he's still hopelessly in love.

LIVING ROOM

Angelica, still trembling, nurses a cup of coffee in the dark.

She can hear scrubbing from the--

KITCHEN

Willy on his hands and knees scrubbing out his mom's blood.

In a living hell.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - STILL DARK

Willy, in clean clothes, plops down a large trash bag filled with the remnants of the cleanup.

He wipes sweat off his face and hoists the bag into the trash can.

He looks out on the dark woods... and then down at his mother's body lying on top of a blue tarp.

He crouches, takes a shaky deep breath and begins rolling her up.

He gently drags her body down the cobblestone path, limping toward the shed.

INT. SHED

Cluttered with boxes of dusty holiday decorations and cobwebbed tools. A row of hunting rifles hang from the wall.

Willy manages a space for his mom. Drags her in.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Angelica lies on the couch. Stares at the ceiling.

The room is totally silent...

INT. SHED

Willy shuts himself in. Pitch black. He starts to cry.

INT. HOUSE

Angelica continues staring at the ceiling.

She doesn't see the LARGE MAN that enters from the kitchen, until he speaks...

LARGE MAN (O.S.)
(delicate)
Angelica.

She looks up, dazed. The man, 36, thinning hair, fading good looks, stares back at her. He looks nervous, unsure how she'll react.

And then she realizes who it is...

ANGELICA
Oh my God.

She lights up.

ANGELICA
Chris... Chris.

She jumps up and they embrace. Chris is wobbly with gratitude. Angelica has tears in her eyes.

ANGELICA
What the fuck is going on?

Chris is too stunned to speak.

ANGELICA
What the fuck is happening?

Chris pulls back from the hug, looks into her eyes, chooses his words carefully.

CHRIS
... I'm here to help you.

KITCHEN

Willy enters from outside.

He shuts the door behind him, heads for the sink.

He washes his hands, splashes water on his face.

He grabs his cane and makes his way into the--

LIVING ROOM

He sees Angelica, alone, illuminated by a single ray of light from the kitchen.

And then he finds Chris sitting in the shadows next to her.

He turns white.

WILLY

How long have you been watching us?

Chris and Angelica are quiet.

WILLY

Get out of my house.

CHRIS

Things have gotten out of hand.

WILLY

No shit.

CHRIS

Why don't you tell her why she's here?

WILLY

What the fuck are you talking about? Why don't you tell her why you're--

ANGELICA

This is Chris! This is Chris.

WILLY

... How did you find us?

CHRIS

By car.

Willy tightens his jaw.

WILLY

(to Chris)

We need to talk alone.

ANGELICA

Don't do that shit.

WILLY

Angie, please. It's--

ANGELICA

I told you to stop calling me that.

WILLY

Try to remember what he did to you.

CHRIS

What did I do to her?

WILLY

What he did to your family.

ANGELICA

What the fuck are you talking about?!

WILLY

Look at him... It's him.

CHRIS

Easy. Angie, maybe we should--

Angelica stands, beats him to it.

ANGELICA

Let's go.

She makes for the door.

Willy is losing his mind. He starts toward her.

ANGELICA

Stop! Stop. You're a fucking creep.

WILLY

Angelica, please... You don't
remember? You don't remember me?

Angelica grabs Chris's hand, pulls him to the door.

WILLY

Wait! WAIT!

ANGELICA

(to Chris)

Let's go!

Chris looks back, enjoying the moment.

CHRIS

(to Willy)

What?

WILLY

She needs rest. Her head.
She needs--

ANGELICA

I'm fine.

WILLY

Please--please just... stay. Stay
tonight. We can figure everything
out in the morning.

ANGELICA

No.

WILLY

It's the middle of the night.
There's nothing around here for--

ANGELICA

No!

CHRIS

You heard her.

WILLY

(to Angelica)

Just give me a chance to explain...

Angelica swings open the front door.

WILLY

What do we do about what happened?

Chris and Angelica stop.

WILLY

We have to decide what to do about what happened.

CHRIS

What is there to do?

Willy says nothing. Angelica looks at Chris.

Chris grinds his teeth, studies Willy, examines the distance between them.

Willy takes a micro-step back.

WILLY

You should stay tonight. She needs rest. We can figure everything out in the morning.

Chris says nothing.

ANGELICA

We can't stay.

Chris shakes his head.

WILLY

If you don't, then...

ANGELICA

What?

Chris and Willy stare each other down.

WILLY

Just please, just...

CHRIS

... We'll leave first thing in the morning.

Angelica is stunned.

CHRIS
It's fine. It's late.

ANGELICA
I'm not staying here.

CHRIS
Relax. I'm here.

ANGELICA
What are you talking about? You
just--

CHRIS
We'll leave first thing in the
morning.

Angelica is too fatigued to fight.

WILLY
(to Chris)
You can stay with me out here on
the couches and Angelica can sleep
in--

ANGELICA
(to Chris)
Don't leave me.

CHRIS
I won't.

Willy grimaces.

CHRIS
(to Willy)
... Well?

HALLWAY

Willy leads his "guests" to the bedroom.

Chris enjoys every step. Willy is miserable.

They reach Willy's room. Chris and Angelica hurry inside and shut the door behind them.

Willy is left standing alone in the hallway, helpless.

INT. WILLY'S BEDROOM

Angelica takes in the room, trying to piece things together.

Chris scans for anything incriminating; satisfied, he turns to face her.

He gives her an intense, longing smile.

LIVING ROOM

Willy sits on the couch, fidgeting. Wide awake and overwhelmed.

HALLWAY

Willy inches toward his bedroom door.

As he gets closer he can make out the sounds of Chris and Angelica's voices through the wall.

There's an intimacy to their muffled conversation.

He stops a few feet away and listens. His body twists in disgust.

WILLY'S BEDROOM

Chris lies fully clothed on the bed with his arm around Angelica. She's wrapped in a blanket.

They look more like father and daughter.

Chris speaks slowly with a gentle tone.

Angelica's eyes are closed, but she responds. She's calming down.

CHRIS

Because then you'd have to ask the next question.

ANGELICA

Which is?

CHRIS

Lets start with what you can.

ANGELICA

Sarah is a bitch. Dad is a pussy.

CHRIS

That's something.

ANGELICA

Yeah, right.

CHRIS

Just relax. You remember me. You remember school.

ANGELICA

I remember starting it. I remember you and I remember Gilded Hill and I remember Dad and Judy... And I remember me and you always ducking Mrs. Zarros when we got Norcos from Sarah. And the Farmer's Market in Spenton... And then I just remember--

CHRIS

Everything.

ANGELICA

What do you mean?

CHRIS

It sounds like you remember a lot. It sounds like you remember everything but this house and this guy.

Angelica opens her eyes.

ANGELICA

And school... I mean according to you, I should be--

CHRIS

How do you feel? Want me to look at the wound?

ANGELICA

I don't know. My head feels like it's vibrating. Like it's grinding... I didn't want to hurt her.

Angelica starts to tear up.

ANGELICA

She scared me. I just woke up in the dark and--

CHRIS

I know. You were just trying to survive... Get some sleep. I'm here now.

ANGELICA

I just want to get out of here.

HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WILLY'S BEDROOM

Willy gives up trying to make out words and slinks back to the kitchen.

WILLY'S BEDROOM

ANGELICA

Let's just start with today.

CHRIS

That doesn't sound like sleep.

He gently kisses the back of her head. She seems uncomfortable, but tries to enjoy it.

ANGELICA

This is important.

CHRIS

This is important. Do you still
love me?

ANGELICA

... I love you. I just can't think
right now.

Chris kisses her shoulder.

ANGELICA

How did you get here?

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Willy grips his Maglite, creeps toward Chris's worn green
truck.

INT. WILLY'S BEDROOM

CHRIS

After what you said on the phone I
figured I should be careful. When I
pulled up I heard screaming and
yelling and I--

ANGELICA

How did he get me here?

Angelica pulls her knees to her chest. Chris gives her a
sympathetic sigh.

ANGELICA

I feel so fucking horrible.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Willy finds both doors locked. He tries the back window.

Same.

He turns on the flashlight, shines it through.

Lots of trash, but nothing outwardly suspicious...

He sees a large mounted tool box in the back.

He climbs into the truck bed to examine it.

It's padlocked.

INT. WILLY'S BEDROOM

ANGELICA

Why are we here? I don't--we should go. We should really go, Chris. We--

CHRIS

No. Not yet. We'll leave in the morning.

ANGELICA

No! This guy brings me here and--

CHRIS

Angelica, sleep is very important for your type of injury.

She bristles.

CHRIS

You're safe. I promise.

INT. HOUSE

Willy quietly closes the front door behind him, locks it.

LIVING ROOM

He returns to the couch and sits in the shadows, dejected.

He lets the events of the evening sink in.

And then he stands, suddenly reinvigorated.

KITCHEN

He locates Angelica's phone plugged in and charging on the kitchen counter, tucked in the corner.

He grabs it, hurries back to the--

LIVING ROOM

He sits, thinks and then opens up REMINDERS and starts typing...

WILLY (V.O.)

You don't have to believe me but we used to love each other. We loved snuggling and watching *Spaced*, we loved getting high and talking like Furbys, and we really loved talking shit...

WILLY'S BEDROOM

Angelica is drifting off to some kind of concussed half-sleep state.

Chris holds her tight.

WILLY (V.O.)

When you get this, if you get this, you may be already be gone with him. I don't know how to accept that. I will never accept that. But even if you never talk to me again, I want you to be safe.

LIVING ROOM

Willy keeps typing.

WILLY (V.O.)

So that's why you need to know it's the truth when I say that Chris hurt you. And he hurt your family. And it's the truth when I say that he's not a well person and it's not safe to be with him...

WILLY'S BEDROOM

Angelica's eyes are now fully closed. Chris is wide awake, watching her.

WILLY (V.O.)

We're at this house, my mom's house, to get as far away from him as possible. To get him out of our heads. To get the infection out of our lives. But now he's found a perfect way in and I don't know if I'm strong enough to stop him.

When he's certain she's asleep, Chris turns his attention to the door.

LIVING ROOM

Willy hears something from the hallway. He clicks save, stuffs the phone in his pocket and squints into the darkness...

Silence.

EXT. WOODS

Willy stumbles through the brush, navigates with the Maglite.

He nears a clearing, approaches a cluster of trees.

He enters the small pocket of space between them.

He relaxes for a moment, breathes in the moist air...

He clicks on the flashlight and looks down at the ground.

Angelica's bag.

KITCHEN

Willy dumps the bag out on the counter. Everything's there.

He adds Angelica's phone to the pile, as well as the pack of orange gum from his pocket.

He begins putting everything back, but stops at the birth control, stares at it...

LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Willy startles awake at the sounds of shuffling in the kitchen.

He sits up. Takes stock of his surroundings. The reality of his situation pours back in.

He stands, limps into the--

KITCHEN

Angelica and Chris sit at the table eating eggs, while GERAGHTY, 38, pours himself some orange juice by the sink.

Geraghty is a large sunburned man with a buzz cut and angry energy from a war that chewed him up and spit him out.

Everyone turns to look at Willy. Angelica is still very dazed.

Willy looks at Geraghty, who stares him down and then returns to the juice, no interest in introducing himself.

WILLY

What's going on?

CHRIS

We're leaving soon.

WILLY

Who's this? You can't bring people into my house.

CHRIS

This is my friend, our friend, Geraghty. I didn't want to wake you.

Willy looks at the stove. There's a piece of bacon and a tiny pinch of eggs remaining.

CHRIS

We made you some.

WILLY

I have some things I need to talk
to you--

CHRIS

Me too.

Chris stands.

CHRIS

I was hoping we could chat outside
actually.

Willy looks at him, evaluates his options. He looks at
Angelica. She doesn't look back.

Willy reluctantly nods to Chris.

WILLY

(to Angelica)

Oh...(points) that's your bag.

She sees it on the counter.

Willy and Chris head for the front door. Chris looks back at
the bag as they go.

EXT. HOUSE - CARPORT

Willy shuts the front door behind them.

They stand and stare at each other.

CHRIS

So, Angelica tells me--

WILLY

How did he get here?

CHRIS

What's that?

WILLY

Your friend.

Chris looks at him blankly.

WILLY

What the fuck are you doing in my house?

CHRIS

Easy.

WILLY

She has no idea what's going on. She doesn't remember what you did.

CHRIS

What I--

WILLY

But if she did, we wouldn't be having this conversation.

CHRIS

Why not?

WILLY

Don't give me that shit. I know who the fuck you are.

CHRIS

You don't. You really don't. You know only what Angelica has told you...

Willy doesn't have a response.

CHRIS

How long have--

WILLY

Stop.

Chris laughs.

WILLY

Tell me what you're doing here.

CHRIS

I'm visiting my old friend, Angelica.

WILLY

Your visit's over. If you and your buddy don't leave right now, I'll call the police and let them know you're violating your restraining order.

Chris laughs again.

CHRIS

Restraining order?

WILLY

Bullshit.

CHRIS

Why don't you call the cops and ask? Tell them what's going on. Explain it to them in detail.

WILLY

I will.

CHRIS

I wanna hear too, you know? Cause frankly I'm a little confused. There's some parts with Angie and your mom that have left me a little confused.

Willy tightens his jaw.

WILLY

She--

CHRIS

Yeah yeah, she didn't know what she was doing. She was scared.

Willy glares.

CHRIS

She told you I've done a lot of bad things, huh?

WILLY

How do you think this is gonna end?

CHRIS
Lot of bad stuff, right?

Willy says nothing.

CHRIS
She mention--

WILLY
Stop.

CHRIS
You can always tell a person's core
by how much they let themselves off
in a story.

Willy looks away.

CHRIS
How was it?

WILLY
What?

CHRIS
How'd it go?

WILLY
You need to leave.

CHRIS
I'm guessing it had a lot of things
I made her do. And a lot of things
I did when she tried to leave.

Long silence.

CHRIS
Hell of a story.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Geraghty joins Angelica at the table, eats.

Angelica dumps her bag out, sifts through it.

She has no idea her birth control is missing...

She picks up the camera, looks at the bag of weed, and then examines the gum... smells it. No reaction.

She looks up at Geraghty.

ANGELICA

Geraghty, how did I get here?

He shrugs, and then sees the phone.

GERAGHTY

Do you mind? Mine's dead.

ANGELICA

... I guess. I don't even know if it...

She powers it on. It's fully charged.

ANGELICA

Oh. Yeah.

She slides it across the counter.

Geraghty snatches it and heads for the side door.

Angelica watches him go.

EXT. HOUSE - CARPORT

CHRIS

We're gonna leave now. And if everything is peaceful then no one gets upset and everyone gets what they want.

WILLY

I want Angelica. She's my girlfriend and she's staying here. Even if right now she's... she'll heal.

CHRIS

Yeah?

WILLY

And then she'll remember.

CHRIS

There you go again.

WILLY

She needs to stay here.

Chris sighs, disappointed he can't get through to Willy.

CHRIS

You're not the white knight in this story, Willy. You're a stain on the page.

WILLY

Fuck you.

CHRIS

We just need to talk about what happened earlier... Are you okay?

Willy is confused.

CHRIS

That's obviously fucking horrible. For anyone.

Willy doesn't bite.

Chris puts a hand on Willy's shoulder. Willy tenses.

CHRIS

Seriously.

Willy tries to look him in the eye and match his posture.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Geraghty fumbles to remove the SIM card from Angelica's phone.

He snaps it in two and flicks the remains into the brush.

He reassembles the phone and turns back for the house.

EXT. CARPORT

Chris, with his hand still firmly on Willy's shoulder, gives him a warm smile... and then he WRENCHES him toward him, shoves his head down and chokes him with his forearm.

Willy flails and kicks, folded over like a shrimp, trying to get his neck free.

Chris's face turns red and contorts as he strains to hold him.

Willy keeps fighting and fighting... until he's asleep.

But Chris keeps squeezing after he's already passed out and soon Willy isn't breathing anymore.

Chris holds the choke a moment longer for good measure and then he lets Willy's body drop to the ground.

Dead.

Chris coughs, collects himself, fixes his hair.

PELLI, late 40s, steps out of Willy's parked station wagon.

Pelli is short and rotund with beady eyes and a haunted face.

He picks up Willy's body and carries it to the trunk of the station wagon.

CHRIS

If we're not here when you're done,
we're on the way to Glen's.

Pelli nods, shuts Willy's body in the trunk.

Chris peers into the house for a second to make sure they haven't been seen and then heads for the door as Pelli gets in the car.

INT. KITCHEN

Chris enters.

ANGELICA

Where is he?

He walks over to the sink, splashes water on his face, slicks his hair back.

ANGELICA

Chris.

CHRIS

I don't know.

ANGELICA

What?!

CHRIS

I was trying to calm him down and he just snapped, took off.

ANGELICA

I don't get it, I thought--

CHRIS

We need to go. Get your stuff.

Angelica grabs her head, dizzy, closes her eyes.

ANGELICA

... Fuck this.

CHRIS

Angelica.

She opens her eyes.

ANGELICA

Where are we going?

CHRIS

Anywhere you want.

WILLY'S BEDROOM

Angelica packs, examining her clothes for the first time as she folds them.

She zips up her suitcase, stands, scans the drab room.

She looks at Willy's bags and loose clothes on the ground. She has sequestered them in the corner.

She looks at his walls, takes a closer glance at his framed Turkish Star Wars poster.

She looks uncomfortable.

She gently feels around her wound, touching the perimeter of the bandage.

She winces--

ANGELICA

Shit.

She takes a deep breath... Beaten but not beat.

MARY'S ROOM

Chris and Geraghty prowl through looking for anything worth taking.

Chris takes a look at an old picture of Mary and Willy holding each other at a swimming pool, smiling. Willy is eight.

Chris, emotionless, shows it to Geraghty.

Geraghty doesn't want to look at it.

CHRIS

Maybe they're together now...

Chris laughs. Geraghty looks away.

HALLWAY

Angelica drags her suitcase into the--

KITCHEN

She sets it down by the table, has a seat.

Chris and Geraghty emerge from the hallway behind her, leaving Mary's room.

CHRIS

Ready?

ANGELICA
What's in there?

GERAGHTY
Not a damn thing.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATE MORNING

They walk toward Chris's truck.

Angelica pulls Chris aside.

ANGELICA
Wait.

CHRIS
What?

ANGELICA
What if we just call them? I know
you said--

CHRIS
What?

ANGELICA
I don't know...

CHRIS
Angelica, even if you could prove
you were sleepwalking, you slashed
somebody's fucking throat with a
kitchen knife.

Angelica stiffens.

ANGELICA
You said we--

CHRIS
We have to get our distance,
explain things to someone we can
trust... Jesus, honey. Come here.

He puts his arm around her, comforts her.

CHRIS

People crack, Angie. But you're with me. And you know that together we're fucking unstoppable.

She doesn't respond. He guides her to the truck.

He stares into her eyes.

CHRIS

Okay?

He gives her a very unwanted hard kiss on the lips.

CHRIS

It's me.

He grabs her luggage and heaves it into the trunk. Angelica just stands there frozen.

CHRIS

Get in the car.

INT. TRUCK

She reluctantly climbs in the back seat.

Geraghty is behind the wheel. Chris gets in shotgun, puts his feet up on the dash.

CHRIS

Just relax. Get some sleep. We're gonna go somewhere safe and figure everything out.

The engine rumbles to life.

Geraghty pecks at the radio.

CHRIS

Later.

GERAGHTY

Nope.

CHRIS

Really?

Angelica takes out her phone, swipes through.

Everything is cleared.

No contacts, no pictures, no notes... no reminders.

She shoves the phone back in her bag and closes her eyes, frustrated.

Geraghty finds an oldies station, seems satisfied.

He shifts into reverse, looks over his shoulder and meets Angelica's penetrating stare.

ANGELICA

Did you mess with my phone?

He looks away, starts backing up.

GERAGHTY

Mess with it? I could barely figure out how to use it.

He forces a chuckle.

ANGELICA

Everything's cleared.

CHRIS

It's all the same thing. It's all Willy.

Angelica is suspicious.

Geraghty sees a brown suburban turn into the driveway behind them.

He brakes.

GERAGHTY

Who the hell is that?

Chris watches in the side mirror. Angelica turns back, nervous.

CHRIS

Relax.

GERAGHTY

Relax?

CHRIS

(muttering to himself)

... Came to visit. Came to visit
with her...

ANGELICA

Let's go. We need to go.

CHRIS

Came to visit, no one was here,
we're headed for lunch.

GERAGHTY

We need to drive right--

CHRIS

Shh. Too late.

The suburban closes in, slows down.

It moves around them, parks in the carport.

CHRIS

Pull up.

Geraghty glares at him for a long few seconds and then
relents, pulls forward.

CHRIS

Calm and relaxed.

Geraghty cuts the engine.

EXT. CARPORT

ROBBIE "JAV" JAVORSKY, 55, steps out of the suburban.

He's a short, wiry old hippie with a gray bun and piercing
emerald eyes.

INT. STATION WAGON

CHRIS

Just roll down your window.

Jav arrives outside Geraghty's window, waits.

Geraghty doesn't budge.

CHRIS

Ger.

No response.

JAV (O.S.)

Hellloooooo?

CHRIS

Roll it down.

Geraghty waits a few more excruciating seconds and then reluctantly starts to roll down the window.

Jav stands there quietly, examining them.

JAV

Greetings.

Geraghty stares forward defiantly, refusing to engage.

It's all on Chris.

CHRIS

How goes it?

JAV

It goes.

Chris extends a hand over Geraghty to Jav.

CHRIS

Chris.

They shake.

JAV

Howdy, Chris. I'm Robbie, everybody calls me Jav or Javier.

(MORE)

JAV (CONT'D)
You could call me the Javelina for
all I care.

CHRIS
Sure. Pleasure...

Jav side eyes Geraghty suspiciously. Chris notices.

CHRIS
... Geraghty?

Geraghty begrudgingly lifts his hand for a shake.

GERAGHTY
Geraghty.

JAV
Pleasure... I'm Mary's on-again-off-
again. If you must know.

CHRIS
We're Angelica's cousins, from
Merrick... Brought her over and
looks like they're not--

JAV
Angelica?

CHRIS
Think we're headed into town to
grab some lunch now. Should be back
shortly.

JAV
You got--

GERAGHTY
(very forced)
We'd love for you to join, but it's
just gonna be a bunch a gushy
family crap and...

Geraghty looks over at Chris for help and then back to Jav--

GERAGHTY
We wouldn't uh...

Jav peers in the back to see Angelica looking frazzled. He gives her a warm smile.

Chris turns back where Jav can't see and gives her a sharp look.

She takes the hint.

ANGELICA

(to Jav)

Hi! Nice to meet you.

JAV

I've heard a lot about you. Willy's real happy to know you.

Angelica forces a smiles. Jav inspects the car.

JAV

Now I was told you were driving up together. Is everything--

ANGELICA

Change of plans.

JAV

They always do.

CHRIS

We should... but hopefully we'll--

JAV

Later. Yep.

Jav turns from the car.

JAV

Sounds good, amigo.

Geraghty starts the engine, shifts into reverse.

Jav turns back.

JAV

Where exactly in Merrick?

CHRIS
(using the volume of the
engine as cover)
No she's never been!

JAV
No. Where in--

CHRIS
(to Geraghty)
Okay.

Geraghty hits the pedal.

JAV
WAIT!

CHRIS
Stop.

They brake. Jav jogs back to the window.

JAV
I don't know where the fuck my
manners went. Come on in. I'll make
us some drinks and I can point you
guys in the direction of some good
lunch that don't take a tank of gas
to get to.

CHRIS
Uh... thanks, Jav. I think we're
just gonna--

Jav bangs on the door with a big grin.

JAV
Won't have it! Park and get your
butts inside.

Jav heads for the front door, doesn't wait for a response.

Chris, Geraghty and Angelica sit in silence.

GERAGHTY
There's no fucking way--

CHRIS

Going in buys us time.

ANGELICA

Time for what?! You said we just need to steer clear of small town police.

CHRIS

We need time.

GERAGHTY

We need to drive the fuck out of here right now.

CHRIS

... No.

ANGELICA

What if Willy's getting the police?

CHRIS

That's the last thing he wants.

GERAGHTY

Do you enjoy this?

Chris snarls.

CHRIS

I won't risk tripping any alarms before we're all safe.

ANGELICA

We're not tripping any alarms!

They see Jav standing in the doorway, exaggeratedly waving them in before disappearing back inside.

CHRIS

(to Angelica)

You don't understand. This is the only way. We're having drinks and then we're leaving.

ANGELICA

I don't want to go back.

CHRIS

Well thanks to you WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE!

Angelica startles. Chris pulls back.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I'm tense. I-I... I just wish you could remember so you could know the situation we're in. So you could know the severity of the situation we're in.

Angelica doesn't know what to think.

CHRIS

When this is over, when this is done and we're safe and back home, I'm gonna get you some top dollar medical care and then you and I are gonna sit down and I'm gonna tell you whatever you want to know, and I'm gonna help you remember everything in your life exactly as it happened. But right now, just for right now, I really need you to trust me. It's the only way I can protect you.

Angelica looks at him, hesitant.

CHRIS

Please, Angie. I'm scared too, but I need us as a team.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

The trio enters, heads toward the kitchen.

Chris walks behind Angelica.

CHRIS

Lose the bandage.

ANGELICA

What?

CHRIS
Lose it. Quick.

She hesitates... and then peels it off with a grimace.

She holds it in her hand, not sure what to do. Chris snags it, crumples it and stuffs it in his pocket.

CHRIS
Go.

She sweeps some hair over the stitches.

They continue on into the--

KITCHEN

Jav is making drinks. Neon green grasshoppers.

JAV
It stinks like hell in here.

Jav shakes Geraghty and Angelica's hands with a tight smile.

JAV
Long overdo cleaning I suppose.

Chris shrugs.

JAV
I'll finish these and we can head out back. There's a little bench out there. Don't have to huff these fumes.

The trio tenses.

CHRIS
Mosquitoes love me. Third option:
living room?

JAV
This is the trouble maker, huh?

No response.

Jav gives it a few more seconds and starts laughing.

Everyone else forces a smile.

JAV
Living room it is.

CHRIS
I can already tell you're a pistol,
Jav.

JAV
... I am known to get loaded.

Everyone fake laughs.

JAV
Y'all head on in. I'm right behind
you.

Chris nods, leads the trio into the--

LIVING ROOM

They awkwardly take their seats along the couch.

Geraghty turns on a lamp.

KITCHEN

Jav pours the shaker into four hardy glasses.

LIVING ROOM

Jav enters, sets the drinks down around the coffee table and carries his to a beat-up La-Z-Boy.

Everyone leans forward, grabs their drinks.

All sip quietly and eye each other.

CHRIS
Mmmmmm. You're a pro, Jav.

JAV
Thanks.

CHRIS

Angie.

JAV

(confused)

Well there's more obviously, but I
don't...

CHRIS

Let's change the--

ANGELICA

Give me one thing that's not
bullshit.

Jav is puzzled.

JAV

Certainly you know how he feels
about--

ANGELICA

I wanna hear it from you.

GERAGHTY

(to Jav)

Can I use your--

CHRIS

No.

Geraghty bristles, remains seated.

JAV

(to Angelica)

Why me?

CHRIS

We've had a day.

ANGELICA

I just want to know what he says to
you.

Chris grinds his teeth.

JAV

He doesn't say anything to
me... on the phone to his momma.
I just listen.

(MORE)

JAV (CONT'D)

When you get close to something like that, something pure, it pulses through everyone around it.

ANGELICA

That's an interesting theory.

JAV

... Y'all on the skids or something?

ANGELICA

We're fine.

JAV

Willy is a weird kid. But he's a good kid. And he's an honest kid.

ANGELICA

What have you heard him say?

CHRIS

Relax.

ANGELICA

I wanna know.

CHRIS

I don't.

ANGELICA

Just give me one fucking thing he said.

JAV

You got the wrong idea, Angelica. It's all positive. It's just private, so I don't wanna...

He looks at Angelica's face. She looks tortured.

JAV

Uh... shit. He says... He says you're the only person he can think out loud with.

ANGELICA

You sound ridiculous.

JAV

That's not very nice.

ANGELICA

What else?

CHRIS

Alright, Angie--

JAV

Well maybe I don't have specific quotes for you right off the top of my head, Angelica, but please believe me when I tell you I've known the boy a long time and I've never seen him beam and daydream like this before.

ANGELICA

... Did he tell you how long we were together?

JAV

Excuse me?

ANGELICA

How long?

CHRIS

Jav, what do you do?

JAV

(to Angelica)

I don't know... said you're finally ready to meet the family.

CHRIS

Jav.

JAV

Construction manager.

CHRIS

And you and Mary, on or off right now?

Jav turns and takes in the sight of the sweaty and agitated Chris.

JAV

Well, let's just say this was an unplanned visit meant to smooth some feathers.

CHRIS

Were you coming over here to pour your heart out, Jav? Dump the love bucket?

Jav smiles, but isn't seduced.

Geraghty seizes the moment to lurch up and head for the bathroom.

Chris lets him go.

JAV

So... Merrick. Shit town.

CHRIS

The worst.

JAV

Where in Merrick?

CHRIS

Farm outside of town.

Jav laughs.

JAV

That's how I describe Merrick.

Angelica studies Jav and Chris as they interact.

CHRIS

Honestly, Geraghty and I--he grew up there too--we don't much like talking about Merrick.

JAV

Merrick?

CHRIS

Yeah.

JAV
Trauma in Merrick?

Chris says nothing. Tense moment. And then he smiles.

CHRIS
It's probably about that time for
us.

JAV
How old are you, Chris?

Chris laughs off the question, stands. Jav stands too.

Then Angelica.

Chris and Jav eye each other down for a moment and then turn
for the front door.

JAV
How about your friend?

They stop.

CHRIS
Ger!

They wait.

CHRIS
Should be out in a second.

JAV
So you'll be back later then?

CHRIS
Right.

JAV
Well, Angelica, I hope you and
Willy straighten things out and it
was um--

ANGELICA
We're fine. It's--we're fine. Thank
you.

JAV

... Are you sure you're alright,
sweetheart?

Chris watches her closely.

She gives Jav a cold nod.

PELLI (O.S.)

Hello? Still here?!

Pelli, who drove off with Willy's body, returns.

He enters the living room, oblivious. He rounds the corner to see everybody standing there, waiting for Geraghty.

Jav stares him down, very confused, trying to figure out what's happening here.

JAV

Who's this?

CHRIS

It's time for us to go.

JAV

What the fuck is actually going on
here?

PELLI

Sorry, Chris.

JAV

(to Chris)
Start fucking talking!

ANGELICA

They killed Mary and they're trying
to take me!

Chris backhands Angelica to the floor.

JAV

HEY!

Angelica moans, grabs her head.

Jav squares off with Chris and Pelli.

JAV
Who are you?!

CHRIS
I told you. I'm--

Jav, surprisingly agile, kicks Chris hard in the balls and then slices Pelli's neck with a sharp decorative glass bowl he swipes off the mantle.

PELLI
FUCKKKK!

Chris doubles over in pain, falls to the ground.

Pelli, streaming blood, rushes Jav. He forces him into a corner and unloads on him with heavy punches to the head and gut.

Jav gets battered and busted up, barely staying conscious to weather the storm. Sensing imminent defeat, he summons his remaining energy for a last ditch effort...

He jumps up and latches on to the front of Pelli like a monkey.

Pelli staggers around trying to dislodge him.

ANGELICA

crawls her way across the living room toward the kitchen.

JAV

bites into Pelli's neck, rips out skin.

PELLI
AHHHHHEEEEE! YOU FUCK!

Now the other side of Pelli's neck is pouring blood.

PELLI
Are you fucking kidding me?!

Pelli flings Jav to the ground.

Jav lands hard, writhes in pain.

Pelli is joined by an irate Chris recovering from the groin shot.

They stare down at their prey.

Chris looks over to see the last sliver of Angelica as she disappears into the kitchen.

CHRIS

This all could have been very
easily avoided!

JAV

Who the fuck are you?!

Chris stomps on Jav's groin, and then continues applying pressure.

Jav grits his teeth and writhes, but doesn't break.

JAV

Mmmmmmmmmmm--AHHHHHHHH! FUCKING
CUNT!

CHRIS

(to Angelica)

Where are you, dear?!

KITCHEN

Angelica struggles to her feet, looks for a proper knife.

LIVING ROOM

Chris sees Pelli doing nothing, recovering.

CHRIS

What are you doing right now?!

Pelli stammers, points to the bloody wounds on his neck.

KITCHEN

Angelica's search for a knife is interrupted by a shuffling from the hallway.

She whips around to see that Geraghty is back from the bathroom.

They stare at each other, confused.

Geraghty notices the bruise on her face, then how sweaty and out-of-breath she is.

ANGELICA

(whisper)

Jav. He's coming.

GERAGHTY

Huh?

Angelica points frantically to the living room.

Geraghty draws a handgun, inches forward...

LIVING ROOM

CHRIS

(to Pelli)

Find her. GO!

Pelli takes off across the living room for the kitchen and--
BOOM! falls in a haze of brains and blood.

KITCHEN

Geraghty goes white.

Angelica is stunned that she successfully orchestrated this.

GERAGHTY

Pelli!

Geraghty stumbles into the living room to see Chris looking horrified.

Jav, from the ground, forces open a swollen eye and laughs.

Geraghty runs back into the kitchen to see the side door slam shut.

GERAGHTY

FUCK!

He grabs for the handle. Jammed. He bangs on the door in a rage.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Angelica has jammed a rake through the handle, lodged in the door frame.

She hobbles toward the backyard, doesn't look back.

INT. KITCHEN

Chris enters, boiling.

GERAGHTY

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

You fucked everything up!

GERAGHTY

Fuck you, Chris! This was fucked from the start and you know that.

Geraghty looks at Pelli's dead body, shakes his head.

GERAGHTY

Look at this, man!

CHRIS

Spin it how you like. That's you.

Geraghty seethes.

Chris storms back into the--

LIVING ROOM

Jav is gone.

CHRIS

GOD DAMN IT!

He tears across the living room to see the front door wide open, banging against the wall in the wind.

He hears the sound of an engine.

EXT. CARPORT

He races outside to see Jav's suburban squealing backwards down the driveway.

And then he sees that there's no driver behind the wheel.

BAM! He gets slammed in the face with a wooden bat.

He drops, starts twitching, swelling.

The suburban slams back into a sturdy tree and revs futilely in a cloud of exhaust.

Jav lifts the bat above his head.

JAV

This is for Mary.

He brings it down with all his might.

GERAGHTY (O.S.)

Chris?!

Jav limps off, takes the bat with him.

Geraghty emerges to see Chris's dead body slumped against the wall.

EXT. WOODS

Angelica staggers down the trail.

JAV (O.S.)

(whisper-yell)

Hey!

She doesn't turn back.

Jav hobbles after her.

JAV
Hey! It's Jav!

She keeps moving for a few moments and then finally stops.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CHRIS'S TRUCK

Geraghty stands in the truck bed digging through the now unlocked tool box in a frenzy.

The box contains empty camping bags, some scattered tent stakes, a tub of freeze-dried food and a few cylinders of propane.

Geraghty moves things aside to reveal a thin black carrying case.

He unzips it and removes a shotgun and a ten pack of shotshells.

He braces himself.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Jav helps Angelica toward the shed. She stops.

JAV
What?

She stares at the shed. Jav spits out blood.

JAV
It's okay.

She doesn't budge. They hear movement in the distance.

JAV
We don't have time.

He opens the shed, enters. She reluctantly follows.

INT. SHED

Jav locks the door behind them, clicks on the light.

They see the body in the tarp.

Jav looks faint.

JAV

Did you know this was in here?

Angelica is quiet.

JAV

Please now, Angelica. Is this Mary
or is this Willy?

ANGELICA

... Willy left.

Jav closes his eyes, lets the pain wash over him. Angelica's heart breaks for him.

He opens his eyes, temporarily re-focused, his pain postponed until vengeance is served.

JAV

Tell me.

ANGELICA

He--

JAV

Who?

ANGELICA

Chris. He came in and--

JAV

Where's Willy?

ANGELICA

I told you, he left.

JAV

When?

ANGELICA

This morning.

JAV

Going where?

ANGELICA

I don't know.

Jav drops his bat, grabs for two rifles.

JAV

Who are these people?

ANGELICA

... Chris was my... We--we went out
in high school and--

JAV

I'm guessing he'd already
graduated.

ANGELICA

It wasn't what you're thinking. It
was serious. We were--

JAV

Yeah?

They stare at each other.

ANGELICA

My head won't stop buzzing.

JAV

What happened? Why did he do this?

ANGELICA

I don't know what happened.
I can't--I can't even--

JAV

Cut the bullshit.

ANGELICA

You don't get what's going on.

JAV

No. You don't. Willy's dead.

ANGELICA

What?

JAV

I don't know for sure. But given that his car is back and he's not, I'm concerned.

ANGELICA

... What do we do?

JAV

What do we do? We have to kill the last of them. Then we can breathe. Then we can try to figure out what the fuck is going on here.

ANGELICA

The last of them?

JAV

I killed Chris.

Angelica is stunned.

JAV

Do you know how to shoot?

EXT. BACKYARD

Geraghty scans the woods for movement.

He advances across the yard and sees Angelica and Jav emerge from the shed.

He points his shotgun. Ready to kill.

GERAGHTY

DON'T MOVE!

They spin and point their rifles at him.

Neither party moves. There's a large distance between them.

Geraghty looks at Jav and Angelica's weapons. He notices that Angelica's rifle isn't cocked.

GERAGHTY

If you shoot, I'll kill her. Her gun's not cocked.

Angelica doesn't react.

JAV

Who are you? *Shane*?

GERAGHTY

This wasn't supposed to happen. We came here to get her and leave. And then everything got... Chris got crazy.

ANGELICA

Why did you do this?

GERAGHTY

... This probably doesn't mean shit, but Chris fucking loved you. More than himself. And after it happened... I never seen anybody lose it like that. He lived in a fucking fog. Now I know that doesn't... but there it is.

ANGELICA

What happened?

GERAGHTY

I know... He just thought if you two could talk. And then when--

JAV

That's a bunch of bullshit.

GERAGHTY

We owed him. We owed him and he--

ANGELICA

Where's Willy?

GERAGHTY

Is that the kid?

Jav nods. Geraghty puts his head down.

JAV

... Where's his body?

Geraghty takes a shallow breath.

GERAGHTY
Couple miles from here. In the
woods.

ANGELICA
Fuck.

GERAGHTY
I'm sorry.

JAV
Take me.

Geraghty doesn't know what to say.

GERAGHTY
Yeah and then what?

JAV
Which one of you killed Mary?

Geraghty is confused. Angelica tenses.

GERAGHTY
What?

JAV
Mary. In the shed! Which one of you
killed her?

GERAGHTY
The lady was-

Angelica cocks her rifle, snaps it in the air and blasts
Geraghty in the chest. He falls.

Jav is shocked.

JAV
What was that?!

ANGELICA
... Willy.

Jav watches Geraghty gasp for his last breaths as blood pools
around his body.

Jav looks at Angelica. She starts to tremble.

JAV
... Let's get inside.

They turn for the house.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Jav pours them glasses of water.

They have a seat at the kitchen table.

They're both bloody, drained and in shock.

JAV
Did you think he could do something
like this?

Angelica shakes her head.

JAV
... I suppose we'll take a minute
to settle our nerves and then call
the police. I wish I knew what else
to say...

Angelica nods.

JAV
Maybe you know, maybe you... He was
gonna ask you to marry him. Willy.

Angelica looks up, unsettled.

JAV
We told him he was young, he told
us that when you know, you know.
(choked up)
He was real nervous. Terrified you
wouldn't want it.

Jav walks to the sink, splashes water on his face.

Angelica tries to process that.

She stands, drifts into the living room in a daze.

LIVING ROOM

She looks down at Pelli's decimated head and shudders.

She continues on toward the open front door.

EXT. CARPORT

She steps outside and sees Chris's body.

His face is smashed, skull shattered, flies buzz around his wide open eyes.

She crouches, stares at him, emotionless at first and then miserable.

She grabs his hand, squeezes it for a long time...

She turns back to see Jav standing in the doorway, watching her in disbelief.

She looks at him for a moment... and then looks away.

FADE OUT

THE END