

MOSSHART

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - DAY

A cloudless Summer afternoon. We hear the invasive sound of a LAWN MOWER.

The PROPERTY is spacious and secluded. Acres of WOODS surround everything.

A cabin-like GUESTHOUSE is on one side of the circular driveway while a two-story FARMHOUSE, with a front and backyard, sits on the other side.

A three-car GARAGE with a large, attached WORK SHED is the final structure that populates the grounds.

Eventually, we settle on SASHA MOSSHART (late 30's), a lean, mild-mannered man with short hair and circles under his eyes.

He sweats through his shirt as he pushes the lawn mower across the backyard.

He mows the last line of uncut grass before turning off the machine.

Calmness. Stillness. Birds chirp around him as he wipes the sweat from his face.

He looks to be at peace.

He digs out a joint and lighter from his pocket. He lights up, exhaling a large puff of smoke.

A gang of WILD TURKEYS emerges from the Woods. They stroll by, somewhat close to Sasha.

A large male stops and cocks its ugly head toward him. It then fans its feathers, making itself larger.

Sasha eyes it back.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

The small, cabin-like space is charming and rustic.

A KITCHEN with a BATHROOM attached is on one side of the room. A BEDROOM LOFT with a small LIVING ROOM underneath it makes up the other half.

A small desk sits against one of the walls. Sasha, showered and changed, is there working.

A large sketchpad lies open as he draws in light pencil. It's a scene at a beach.

We see the backs of people sitting on the sand looking out at the water. Words are written in the top right corner of the page.

It reads: *They waited all day, not knowing if he would come.*

He's working on a children's book.

He rises and unconsciously scratches the underside of his left wrist. We see a slight, pinkish RASH developing there.

He moves to the loft staircase and climbs up.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps onto the landing and moves to a small bookcase next to the bed.

He searches for a moment before finding what he's looking for - a children's book called *That Is Not a Good Idea!* by Mo Willems.

He's about to turn back to the stairs when something catches his eye. He returns his gaze to the shelf and slowly extracts another book from it.

A watercolor drawing of a Praying Mantis stretches across the cover. We see the title and the author: *Marty Mantis* by Sasha Mosshart.

He sits with the book.

His cellphone RINGS, shattering the quiet, nostalgic moment.

He digs out the phone from his pocket. The name on the screen reads Zelda Mosshart. He picks it up.

SASHA

Hey.

INT. ZELDA'S OFFICE - DAY

ZELDA MOSSHART (late 60's) is a vibrant, graceful bygone hippie who has bought into the corporate world.

She sits at a desk inside her private office.

ZELDA  
Hey yourself. How's it going?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

SASHA  
Just working.

Again, he unconsciously scratches at the faint pink Rash on the underside of his wrist.

ZELDA  
Good. That's great. I hope it's going well.  
(beat)  
Is it? Going well?

SASHA  
What's up, Mom?

He puts *Marty Mantis* back on the shelf.

ZELDA  
Nothing. Just... I'm hoping to leave in the morning. Hopefully not too late. Is there anything you need?

SASHA  
No, I'm good.

ZELDA  
You sure?

SASHA  
Yup. Thanks.

ZELDA  
Can you do me a favor? Can you turn on the water and the hot water heater for the main house?

SASHA  
Sure.

ZELDA  
Thank you.  
(beat)  
You ready?

Beat. He isn't ready...but he has no choice.

SASHA  
Yeah.

ZELDA

I guess I was the one holding everything up, wasn't I?

SASHA

Or the fact that Elia and Alice had to run home the next morning...

ZELDA

That's not entirely... That's not the whole story, Sasha, you know that.

(silence)

I spoke to Helen yesterday. She offered to come out. For support. I told her I thought it was best to just keep it family.

SASHA

She could've been a good buffer.

ZELDA

Between who?

(beat)

They wouldn't be coming if they didn't want to see you.

SASHA

And the funeral?

ZELDA

It was a funeral. How happy did you want them to be?

(beat)

Anyway, if I opened it up to Helen then I'd feel bad that David and Paul weren't there. And the Lee's of course. Jim and Rebecca...

SASHA

There's a difference between support and a party.

ZELDA

I want it to be just us. Okay?

SASHA

It's your weekend.

ZELDA

It's our weekend.

(silence)

Okay, well, I love you. And, and I'll see you tomorrow.

SASHA  
Love you too.

They hang up.

He moves to the loft stairs and descends.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha brushes his teeth. He spits out and rinses. He looks more closely into the mirror.

There's a small CRACK in the top right corner of the glass.  
Beat.

He walks out scratching the pink Rash on his wrist.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - NIGHT

Darkness surrounds Sasha as he lies restless in bed.

Strong winds blow outside as the closed curtains whip against the open windows.

Moments pass as he tosses and turns, trying to get comfortable.

Finally, he rises and moves to the stairs. He disappears down them.

He left his phone on the night stand.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The outdoor light over the Guesthouse door turns on from the inside.

We see the paint on the door is severely weathered and peeling. There are four panes of glass in the middle of the door that allow a view inside.

Sasha steps out, closing the door behind him. The wind pushes against him as he walks away from the Guesthouse.

A moment passes before suddenly a feral, CHILD-LIKE SHADOW skitters underneath the outdoor light behind Sasha.

It quickly disappears into the black of the night as Sasha spins around.

He looks, his eyes focusing in the darkness. Nothing but the Guesthouse is in front of him.

He turns back and continues on toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha reaches the Farmhouse. Next to the porch is the hatch door leading to the BASEMENT.

He opens it and descends down into the darkness.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps into the dank, dark space. He flicks a nearby switch.

The single bulb hanging in the middle of the room sparks and burns out.

He reaches into his pocket. His cellphone isn't there.

SASHA

Shit.

He begins to feel around for a shelving unit nearby. He reaches it and blindly searches, knocking several items to the ground.

A small flashlight flickers as it hits the concrete floor and rolls away. He waits, listening as it finally hits a wall and stops.

As he walks toward it, he moves through a large spider web.

SASHA (cont'd)

Damn it.

He reaches the wall while pulling the web off him. He bends down and finds the flashlight.

With the beam of light in front of him, he walks the semi-furnished basement. Hot water tanks, a furnace, an old oil tank, etc. fill the space.

He moves to the water valve. He pulls it in-line and we hear water begin to flow.

He moves to the hot water tank and flips the switch on. The fire underneath lights up.

He stands for a moment, looking around the basement. His eyes fall on several stacked boxes in one corner.

He moves to them. He grabs the top box. A small FIELD MOUSE runs across his foot.

He jumps back as it darts into the darkness. Beat.

He opens the box. Old toys and dusty stuffed animals sit inside. He takes a stuffed animal out and smiles, a fond memory hitting him.

WHAM!

Sasha shutters and drops the flashlight as the hatch door slams shut from the wind. The flashlight rattles on the concrete floor.

He takes a moment before retrieving the flashlight and walking toward the hatch door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Sasha exercises, alternating between push-ups and mountain climbers. Beads of sweat line his forehead.

He finishes.

He moves into the kitchen. He gets himself a glass and fills his mouth with water. He spits it out into the sink. He does this three times.

He moves into the bathroom.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - DAY

The sun shines through the trees as the branches sway gently. Deer move through the Woods.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Sasha, showered and changed, sits at his desk working. His sketches have become more defined.

A used watercolor pallet and glass of colored water sit beside the sketchpad.

He paints with the watercolor, working on the blue of the ocean. A sketch of a small boat rests in the water.



He stops, noticing a hangnail on his finger. He tries to pull it off. It won't rip. He pulls more. It still won't rip.

He bites it and pulls. The small piece of skin peels toward his top knuckle before ripping off.

Blood begins to pool around his nail.

We hear the RUMBLE of tires on the pebbled driveway.

Sasha looks through the window to see Zelda's car passing by as it circles the Guesthouse on its way to the Garage.

They make eye contact. Zelda smiles then disappears as the car continues toward the other side of the house.

Sasha looks back at his nail as a drop of blood drips into the blue of his watercolor drawing.

SASHA

Shit.

The red blood spreads within the wet blue on the page.

He brings his finger to his mouth and sucks the blood.

INT./EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Zelda's car pulls into one of the Garage bays. She gets out slowly and moves to the trunk.

She begins taking out large, reusable grocery bags as we hear the crunching of pebbles underfoot. She looks up.

A smile quickly stretches across her face as Sasha appears.

They hug, Zelda holding him a beat longer.

ZELDA

How are you?

SASHA

Okay. How was the drive?

ZELDA

Eh. Some fucking guy cut me off right as I was getting off the highway. Shopping was a madhouse. Other than that...

He looks at the groceries.

SASHA  
How many people are you feeding?

She smiles. He begins taking out the rest of the bags.

ZELDA  
He's up front.

He stops and looks at her.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
If you were wondering.

He moves to the passenger's side door. He reaches in and comes back out holding an URN.

SASHA  
You used this to drive in the H.O.V.  
lane?

She laughs. He smiles, walking back to her with the Urn.

ZELDA  
The man of the hour.

SASHA  
The man of the weekend.

He extends the Urn toward her.

ZELDA  
No thanks. I've been carrying him  
long enough.

She kisses him on the cheek, grabs a couple grocery bags, and moves toward the Farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sasha, carrying Zelda's bag, climbs the stairs. He reaches the landing and starts to move through the long hallway.

He walks past a SMALL BEDROOM on his left. He continues on, passing a SECOND BEDROOM on his left.

ZELDA (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
I'm in the first room.

He stops.

There's a BATHROOM on his right and in front of him the hallway continues directly into the unseen LARGE BEDROOM.

SASHA  
 (calling out)  
 The little one?

ZELDA (O.S.)  
 (calling out)  
 Yeah.

He turns and walks back to the Small Bedroom. He disappears inside before quickly reappearing without the bag.

He descends the stairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Zelda places groceries in the refrigerator as Sasha enters.

SASHA  
 Why are you in that room?

ZELDA  
 I like that room.

SASHA  
 Since when?

ZELDA  
 It's cozy.

He moves to the back door that leads outside.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 I bought some scallops for dinner.  
 That okay?

SASHA  
 Sounds good.

He exits.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha takes a final bag out of the open trunk and moves outside with it. He begins to lower the bay door.

Darkness descends on us. Before he completely closes the door, we hear the quiet sound of SCRAPING on pavement.

The door stops, light creeping in through the small opening. The sound continues.

Sasha pulls the door back up and over his head. He moves back in.

Slowly, he walks toward the sound that now grows a little louder. It's coming from the unlit back corner, underneath a large woodworking table.

Soft CHIRPING sounds join the scraping. He cautiously continues toward it.

In the darkness there's a faint shadow, an outline unseen by Sasha, of a BOY sitting under the woodworking table.

Sasha gets closer. It all grows louder with each step, the chirping and scraping now accompanied by FLAPPING WINGS.

He crouches down. He peers into the darkness. A silent beat.

A BIRD flies out toward his face. Sasha throws up his hands and falls backward.

The bird, with something attached to its feet, flies right into the car's backseat window.

CRUNCH.

It falls lifelessly to the ground. The car window is cracked.

Sasha gets to his feet and walks toward the bird. He looks down at it.

SASHA  
(calling out)  
Zelda!

He looks at the car window.

SASHA (cont'd)  
Mom!

He exits.

The bird lies DEAD on the ground, its feet stuck to a glue trap and its neck broken.

Moments pass. An eerie silence floats through the Garage.

Finally, Zelda and Sasha rush in.

ZELDA  
Oh no! What - Shit. You sure it's  
dead?

She bends down to look. It is.

ZELDA (cont'd)

You know, I hate these fucking glue traps. It's just, these mice, they're everywhere. Shit.

(beat)

Can you... There are the special dump bags, the yellow ones over there. Can you get one?

He moves toward the back of the Garage and retrieves a yellow garbage bag.

He walks back to Zelda, who slides the dead bird and glue trap inside.

ZELDA (cont'd)

When did it even get in?

They move outside with the bag. The bay door is lowered, plunging us into darkness.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sasha and Zelda sit having dinner. A glass of wine sits in front of her. A glass of water is in front of him.

He scratches the underside of his wrist. The Rash is beginning to turn from pink to red.

Zelda eyes the Rash. She tries to stay quiet, but can only for so long.

ZELDA

Everything okay?

SASHA

Shouldn't I be asking you that question?

ZELDA

What do you mean?

He looks at her.

ZELDA (cont'd)

Yes. Yes. Yes, everything's fine. We're here, I'm ready, I'm... Yes, I'm ready. It's taken me awhile, but... I mean, nine months is awhile, right?

She pushes out a smile.

SASHA  
For some things.

ZELDA  
I don't know. I guess I had to get to a place. A real... And, and my therapist has helped me get there. She really has. A place where...where it feels like its really over. You know?

SASHA  
Wasn't it over a long time ago? Even before he died.

ZELDA  
Yes. Yes, that part was over. The marriage. But, I'm talking about letting him go. Letting all of that...all of who we were together. Letting that go. Being...

SASHA  
Free?

ZELDA  
Alive. Again.

They continue eating.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha walks in brushing his teeth. He spits and rinses out. Again, he looks closely into the mirror.

The crack in the top right corner of the glass has grown bigger. He slowly traces the line with his finger.

Suddenly, a Boy darts across his line of reflected vision. The Boy's face is obscured as his quick movement is refracted by the crack.

Sasha quickly spins around and looks. No one is there.

He rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves into the middle of the space.

SASHA

Hello?

All is quiet. Everything looks as it should.

SASHA (cont'd)

Is someone here?

(beat)

Mom?

Silence.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - NIGHT

Sasha lies in bed. Darkness. He's drifting off...

Moments pass as we hear his low, soft breathing. Calmness. Then...

Floorboards CREAK...

Sasha's eyes open. He waits. Silence. Darkness.

More CREAKING...

He sits up and turns on the light beside the bed. Beat.

POW!

Sasha's body shudders as a shotgun goes off in the distance.

SASHA

What the fuck?

He moves out of the bed and goes to a window. He looks out.

The outline of the Farmhouse, with all its lights off, can be seen in the distance. The dark trees sway.

POW!

Another unseen shotgun goes off.

Sasha begins to cough. It quickly leads to hocking as something is caught in his throat.

Eventually, he's able to dislodge and spit it up. It lands in his cupped hand.

It's a blackened, completely burnt scallop. Mucus, tinged with blood, coats the uneaten piece of food.

He looks at it, stunned with confusion.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sasha, the bags under his eyes a little more pronounced, sits at a small table having breakfast.

Zelda approaches with a cup of coffee in hand.

ZELDA

I forgot how cool it gets at night here. It's wonderful. I get my feet between the duvet. I pull it up to my chin...I don't know, there's just something so satisfying about it. Brings me back to when I was a kid.

(beat)

You okay? You look exhausted.

SASHA

You didn't hear that last night?

ZELDA

Hear what?

SASHA

The gunshots. Probably from the Gilroy farm over there. Shooting off rounds to scare away animals.

ZELDA

That's what that was? You know, I thought I heard something. But it was so faint, I thought it was just a dream. I guess that's what happens when you take two Benadryl...

She smiles.

SASHA

Lucky you.

He continues eating.

ZELDA

Maybe I'll walk over there today and see if I can talk to someone.

(beat)

How's work?

SASHA

(hesitating)

It's a process. I somehow forgot what it was like. How painful it can be.



ZELDA  
Painful?

SASHA  
Frustrating. Sometimes.

Silence.

ZELDA  
You know, I was reading something that said people...artists...that, that when they need to push through something...a, a...wall I guess, they draw on something personal. Something they know. It's kind of easier that way...to, get the juices flowing again.

He pushes out a smile, knowing she wants to see that.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Getting back on the horse is always scary.

SASHA  
What do you think I'm doing?

ZELDA  
No. No, I didn't mean you weren't. I just...was telling you what I read. I thought it was interesting.

HOOOOOOOOOONK!

Like nails on a chalkboard, an extended car horn infiltrates the quietness within the room.

Zelda's eyes light up.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
They're here!

She quickly leaves the table as Sasha sits, finishing his breakfast.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

A rental car pulls up to the end of the driveway as Zelda comes bounding out of the Farmhouse.

ELIA MOSSHART (early 40's), a bearded, burly man, comfortable in his own skin, gets out of the driver's seat. He moves to the backseat.

JAMES MOSSHART (8), a cute and wide-eyed ball of energy, hops out of the car next to his father.

Zelda approaches them as ALICE MOSSHART (late 30's), a thin, reserved, protective woman, steps out of the passenger's seat.

ZELDA  
(to James)  
Look at you! You're so big!

JAMES  
Hi Grandma.

They embrace.

ZELDA  
Oh I love these tight hugs.

Elia moves to Zelda.

ELIA  
Hey, Mom.

They hug as Alice comes around the car.

Zelda looks at her son's beard.

ZELDA  
Looking good.

Zelda and Alice embrace.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
(to Alice)  
So good to see you.

ALICE  
You too.

ZELDA  
How was the flight?

ELIA  
Not too bad.

ZELDA  
Did you sleep at all?

James runs off toward the Guesthouse.

ELIA  
(to James)  
Hey. Hey, buddy.

He turns around.

ALICE  
(to Zelda)  
I think he got a few hours.

ELIA  
(to James)  
Knock first, okay?

He nods then continues to the Guesthouse.

Once there, he knocks. Without waiting, he opens the door.

SASHA (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
No one's home.

Everyone turns toward the Farmhouse.

James smiles and runs from the Guesthouse toward Sasha standing on the porch of the Farmhouse.

He leaps into Sasha's arms, who catches him and spins him around. James laughs, enjoying every second.

Alice yawns.

ZELDA  
(to Elia and Alice)  
You must be exhausted.

ELIA  
Red eye's are only good if you can stay awake when you get there.

ALICE  
He always says that. And then I never do.

Sasha approaches the car as James moves into the Garage.

ZELDA  
(regarding James)  
He looks ready to take flight himself.

ELIA  
Yeah, well, he's pretty much been strapped down for eight hours.

SASHA  
(to Alice)  
Hi.

ALICE

Hi.

They embrace, slightly awkwardly.

James comes out of the Garage holding a soccer ball.

JAMES

Dad, can we play?

ELIA

Once we get everything in and unpacked.

SASHA

(to Alice)

How was the flight?

ALICE

It was fine.

Sasha helps unload the luggage from the car.

Alice catches a secret glimpse of the Rash on his wrist.

ELIA

(to James)

Would you like to help?

JAMES

I wanna play.

ZELDA

(to Elia)

You have trouble getting the rental car?

ALICE

(to James)

How about, sweetheart, how about playing by yourself for a little?

JAMES

How?

ELIA

(to Zelda)

Actually we got upgraded. For free.

ALICE

(to James)

Go...go kick it against the wall on the other side.

ZELDA  
 (to Elia)  
 Very nice.

James stares at Alice. She stares right back. A staring contest ensues. Everyone stops to watch.

Finally, James blinks. Everyone reacts.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 Oh man, I thought you had her.

James smiles as Alice kisses him. Holding the ball, he runs and disappears around the Garage.

Elia turns to Sasha.

ELIA  
 What, no hello?

He takes Sasha's arm and yanks him forward. They embrace.

It's a rough hug as Elia adds a quick pat and rub on Sasha's back as an exclamation point.

Sasha laughs from the hug as the sound of a ball hitting the backside of the Garage (BANG) is heard.

SASHA  
 Giving me the classic Dad hug?

ELIA  
 I thought it was apropos.

BANG.

ELIA (cont'd)  
 (to Zelda)  
 You know what we didn't get?  
 Breakfast.

ALICE  
 Yes we did!

BANG.

ZELDA  
 They didn't feed you on the plane?

ALICE  
 Of course they did.

Elia looks sideways toward Zelda.

ALICE (cont'd)  
You even asked for a second sausage  
patty.

BANG.

ZELDA  
(a knowing smile)  
What can I say, he's still a growing  
boy.

ALICE  
Yeah, he's definitely still growing.

She pokes Elia's belly. He playfully giggles like the  
Pillsbury Doughboy.

ZELDA  
Well, I've got eggs. Some yogurt. We  
can go shopping if -

BANG.

ALICE  
Sorry, maybe by himself wasn't the  
best idea.

SASHA  
I can go play with him.

ALICE  
You sure?

SASHA  
Happy to.

Alice's eyes fall on Sasha's wrist again as he walks off,  
disappearing behind the Garage.

BANG.

ZELDA  
Let's get your stuff inside then I'll  
make another breakfast.

Elia, Alice, and Zelda carry luggage toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FRONT YARD - DAY

The sun hangs in the sky as Sasha and James play soccer  
together.

They kick it to each other, Sasha plays keep away from James, they try to score on each other using trees as goalposts, etc. They're having fun.

Finally, James runs to the ball and kicks it really hard. It flies over Sasha's head and sails into the Woods.

JAMES

Oh no!

They go running after it.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The ball bounces through the trees and over broken twigs. It hits a puddle of mud and stops.

They approach. James bends down and picks it up.

JAMES

Eww!

He drops it back into the mud. Sasha bends down and carefully picks it up.

The ball is covered in...dark red mud. Like blood mixed with Earth.

James runs back toward the Farmhouse. Sasha watches him exit the Woods before returning his gaze to the mud under him.

He dips his fingers into it. The thick substance drips like molasses down his fingers.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Sasha stands at the sink washing his hands. The crack is still in the mirror.

The cleaned up soccer ball sits inside the shower stall.

He sees a Rash developing on his chest. He raises one arm to see a slight Rash in his armpit.

He lowers his arm and scratches his chest. He looks at his reflection...a mix of sadness and frustration.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - BACKYARD - SUNSET

Elia closes the grill as smoke gets sucked back inside. He sips his beer as Sasha slowly approaches.

SASHA  
Smells good.

ELIA  
Looks even better.

He opens the grill back up. The steaks sizzle inside.

ELIA (cont'd)  
A minute or two more.

He closes it again.

SASHA  
You got one still mooing for Zelda?

ELIA  
(smiles)  
Yeah, hers I didn't even put on.  
(beat)  
I forgot how nice this property is.

They scan their surroundings. Birds chirp as the sun sets through the trees.

ELIA (cont'd)  
Pretty big move for you. How's it been so far?

SASHA  
I didn't move out here.

ELIA  
You're living out here, aren't you?

SASHA  
I just needed to...get away. For a little.

ELIA  
Get away from what?

Sasha scratches the unseen Rash in his armpit as Zelda emerges through the backdoor.

ZELDA  
How we looking? Veggies are ready.

Elia opens the grill and checks the steaks.

ELIA  
Let's eat.

He begins taking the steaks off the grill.



INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set. The room is empty.

Elia enters from the adjacent kitchen carrying a plate piled high with steaks.

ELIA  
(calling out)  
Dinner's ready!

He places the plate on the table as we hear loud footsteps above him.

A moment later, James comes bounding down the stairs. Alice slowly follows.

JAMES  
I don't want steak.

ELIA  
I know. Yours is almost ready.

ALICE  
That's a lot of steak.

ELIA  
We'll have leftovers. Sandwiches for when we go.

Zelda enters from the kitchen carrying a plate of cooked vegetables and a salad.

ZELDA  
And veggies of course. I'm sorry, I think I left them in the oven a few minutes too long.

ALICE  
They look great.

ZELDA  
Is that everything?

JAMES  
No!

ELIA  
Your mac and cheese is cooling. So... cool it.

ZELDA  
Now he's the mac and cheese boy...  
(MORE)

ZELDA (cont'd)

(to James)

You know, when you were younger, you used to looove steak. Sometimes you'd even eat two whole steaks in one sitting.

JAMES

No I didn't.

ZELDA

You think I would lie?

ELIA

(to James)

You were like a machine.

ALICE

(to James)

You would. With extra salt.

ELIA

Extra extra salt.

ZELDA

That's how you know you're a Mosshart. You're a salt lover.

ELIA

(to James)

And after eating two steaks, you know what would happen?

James shakes his head.

ELIA (cont'd)

Your poop would be huuuuuge.

ALICE

Enormous.

ELIA

And stinky. Sooooo stinky.

James laughs.

ZELDA

Oh god, really?

ELIA

But now you're the mac and cheese man. But you know what? Your poops are still stinky!

James laughs even harder as Elia disappears into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Elia moves to a pot on the stove and begins spooning the mac and cheese into a bowl.

Sasha enters through the backdoor as Elia eats a spoonful of his son's dinner.

ELIA  
You know, even from a box, it's still pretty good.

He extends a spoonful toward Sasha.

ELIA (cont'd)  
He won't notice.

SASHA  
No thanks.

ELIA  
You sure?

He waits a moment then eats it himself.

ELIA (cont'd)  
When was the last time you had some?

SASHA  
(hesitates)  
Probably not since...

Everything stops. Dead silence.

ELIA  
Yeah. Yeah, he always had to have the purple box. He'd scream his fucking head off if we were out of it.

SASHA  
Purple's a good one.

ELIA  
It was my favorite too.

Elia takes a deep breath then disappears into the dining room holding James's dinner.

Sasha waits a moment then slowly follows.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elia places James's food in front of the boy then moves to his chair. Sasha walks in and is about to sit -

ZELDA  
Oh, Sasha, I can't believe I almost forgot. Champagne. In the fridge.

Sasha moves back toward the kitchen as Elia, still standing, and Alice eye each other. Zelda sees.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
(to Elia and Alice)  
What? You don't want champagne?

Sasha stops. Beat.

SASHA  
Yes? No?

Zelda looks at Alice, then Elia, then Alice again. Beat. Her eyes begin well up.

They both smile back, sheepishly. Zelda quickly rises from her chair.

ZELDA  
That's...that's so...incredible. I can't believe it. Mazel Tov. Mazel Tov! I'm so happy for you!

Alice rises out of her chair. Zelda kisses and hugs her then does the same to Elia.

Sasha looks on.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Wonderful! So wonderful!

ELIA  
We weren't sure how to tell you.

ZELDA  
This! This is how. Oh, this makes me so happy.

JAMES  
Then why are you crying, Grandma?

ZELDA  
They're happy tears, honey. Happy tears.

JAMES  
For Mom and Dad?

ZELDA  
For you too, sweetheart. For all of  
you.

Sasha slowly comes back to the table.

SASHA  
(to Elia and Alice)  
Congratulations. I'm really happy for  
you.

ELIA  
Thanks, man. It's, it's a little  
unexpected, but exciting. Very  
exciting.

Sasha hugs Elia then Alice.

Alice takes another peek at the Rash on Sasha's wrist. This  
time he catches her looking and she quickly averts her eyes.

ZELDA  
Well, now we're definitely  
celebrating. Should we each have a  
bottle, Elia?

He smiles.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
I'm serious.

ELIA  
Um, I mean...

ZELDA  
(to Sasha)  
Two bottles!

ELIA  
(to Sasha)  
Just one. We'll keep the other cold.

Sasha disappears into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sasha crouches down and reaches into the refrigerator. He  
grabs a bottle of champagne from the back.

He places it on the spreading Rash along his wrist and forearm. The cold glass feels good on his skin.

A silent beat.

CRASH!

A champagne glass shatters on the floor behind him.

He rises quickly in reaction and in the process bangs his head on the bottom of the closed freezer door.

He lets out a small cry of pain as Zelda comes rushing in.

ZELDA

What happened? What's wrong?

He winces and groans, a hand on the back of his head. She surveys the damage.

ZELDA (cont'd)

It's okay. It's fine. It's just a glass. Did you hit your head?

SASHA

But I hadn't even -

Elia appears at the door.

ELIA

(sarcastic)

Can't send him to do anything, can you?

ZELDA

It's good luck. A celebration of life.

ELIA

Yeah, like when a bird shits on you, right?

Elia and Zelda smile together.

She then bends down and starts picking up the glass with her bare hands.

ELIA (cont'd)

Mom!

ZELDA

Sasha, get me some wet paper towels please.

Sasha, still rubbing his head and confused by what occurred, grabs a few sheets of paper towels and moves to the sink.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zelda, Elia, Alice, and Sasha sit around the fireplace, a fire going. The Urn, with binoculars beside it, sits atop the mantel.

Zelda pours the last of the second bottle (the other bottle empty nearby) into her and Elia's glass.

ZELDA  
Should we open another?

ELIA  
I think I'm okay.

ZELDA  
Maybe some kirsch?

ELIA  
I'm fine. But if you want.

ALICE  
(regarding the Urn)  
Is that Harry?

ZELDA  
(turns, scared)  
Where?

The other three are amused.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Oh my god. I don't know why I  
thought... I don't know what I  
thought.

ELIA  
Us either...

ZELDA  
(to Alice)  
Yes, that's him. The supposed love of  
my life... And his trusty binoculars.  
I thought they should be out here  
with him.

ELIA  
Remember when he bought each of us  
one? Tried to make us a family of  
bird watchers.

ZELDA  
(laughs)  
Yeah, that lasted, what, a week?

SASHA  
For you two. I did it a little longer  
with him.

ZELDA  
You did?

SASHA  
I mean, it wasn't watching football  
together. But it was nice.

ZELDA  
Why'd you stop?

SASHA  
I don't know. We just did.

ELIA  
(to Zelda)  
Did you ever...think about seeing  
someone else?

ZELDA  
What do you mean?  
(beat)  
We were married.

ELIA  
Were you, though?

ZELDA  
Yes. We were.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna get some kirsch.

Zelda rises, struggling somewhat with her balance. They  
watch carefully as she exits.

SASHA  
(to Elia)  
You think he had an affair?

ELIA  
No. He did other shit, but not that.  
She though, she needs to have sex  
ASAP.

ALICE  
Elia.



ELIA  
What? She does.

He sips his drink. The wood crackles as it burns. Awkward moments pass.

ELIA (cont'd)  
(to Sasha)  
How's the writing going? Working on something new?

SASHA  
I am.

ELIA  
(intrigued)  
What's it about?

SASHA  
It's...

He scratches the Rash on his wrist. It's now completely red. Alice and Elia see.

SASHA (cont'd)  
Just a simple story. Like all my others.

ELIA  
About...?

Sasha gives a shy smile.

ELIA (cont'd)  
You artists... So protective of your stuff until the final copy. Then it's, "How come no one's reading my work?"

Beat. Elia continues to drink.

SASHA  
My agent's gonna drop me.

ELIA  
What? Fuck. Really?

SASHA  
Unless I get her something good soon.

ELIA  
You can get another agent, if she does, right?

SASHA

Not if I don't have anything to show them.

ELIA

But, you had Marty Mantis. And the dynamic duo of Lime and Jalapeno.

SASHA

Had.

ELIA

Your books sold.

SASHA

Sold.

ELIA

Well, she's an idiot. Cause James and Sean loved them.

Alice shoots Elia a look.

ELIA (cont'd)

(to Alice)

It's a fact. They did.

Zelda returns with a bottle of kirsch.

ZELDA

Had to dig it out from the back.

(to Elia)

You sure? A drop?

He finishes what's in his glass.

ELIA

A drop.

(to Sasha)

When was the last time you had alcohol?

SASHA

I had a couple sips at the funeral.

ZELDA

And felt the sugar immediately, right?

SASHA

The doughnut I swiped didn't help.

ZELDA

Either way, it's crazy how quickly it hits you.

Uncomfortable silence as they sip their drinks.

ZELDA (cont'd)

(to no one)

Well, I think it's crazy.

Elia and Alice eye each other.

ELIA

So, um, I just... I've been meaning to... I want to apologize for the way I acted at the funeral.

ZELDA

Apologize?

ELIA

It wasn't... I was an asshole and didn't want to talk about anything and so I just... I was a prick.

SASHA

You weren't.

ELIA

I was. Not yelling or making a scene, but, I was. And I'm sorry. And, and I think it was actually good. In the end.

(looks at Alice)

We buried more than just my father that day.

(looks at Zelda and Sasha)

Or I did, at least. And we're looking forward, not back. So, I'm sorry.

Sasha nods slightly.

ZELDA

I was telling Sasha, it takes time to heal. To let go. To live, again.

(beat)

To looking forward.

They raise their glasses and drink.

Alice rises.

ALICE  
Lemme get that little guy ready.

She disappears into the adjacent DEN. After a moment, she comes out with James beside her.

ZELDA  
(to James)  
Goodnight cutie pie.

James hugs Zelda then Sasha.

SASHA  
(to James)  
Sleep well, buddy.

JAMES  
Goodnight.

ELIA  
I'll be up in a minute.

James and Alice disappear up the stairs.

ZELDA  
He's so sweet. So kind and thoughtful... He's really grown into... I can't imagine what it's like for him.

ELIA  
How you doing, Mom?

ZELDA  
What do you mean?  
(beat)  
Like I said to Sasha, I'm good. I'm ready. As long as I have the two of you, I'm good.

She drinks. They watch the fire.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - NIGHT

Sasha stands at the open closet. A mirror hangs on the door. The circles around his eyes are another shade darker.

He takes off his pants and socks. He scratches the area behind his knee. A red Rash is there as well.

He takes off his shirt. The Rash around his chest is brighter and more pronounced.

The front door CREAKS open. Then suddenly a rush of wind throws it fully open, causing it to hit the kitchen counter top and the glass panes inside it to RATTLE loudly.

Sasha moves quickly to the edge of the loft. He looks over the railing and down at the half-open door still shaking.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha takes a step outside and looks around. All is dark and calm.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps back inside and locks the door.

There's a coat closet built into the staircase underneath the loft. That door slowly CREEPS open.

He looks at it. A long beat. He walks hesitantly toward it.

It's ajar. He slowly puts his hand on the knob and snatches the door open.

Sweatshirts hang innocently from the rod. Boots and shoes are on the floor. He moves the clothes aside. Nothing.

He closes the door.

The loft's floorboards CREAK above his head. He waits, fear and panic rising within him.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Sasha creeps his way up the stairs. He gets to the landing. Everything seems to be exactly as it was.

He moves to the closed closet. He takes a deep breath in. He pulls the doors open. Nothing. He exhales.

Relaxed, he turns and flips over the bed cover -

James JUMPS UP FROM UNDERNEATH the cover.

JAMES

RAWR!

Sasha falls backward into the closet, hitting the back of his head.

James gasps, jumps off the bed, and runs down the stairs.

Sasha winces in pain as we hear the door unlock and fly open, the glass rattling again.

He touches the back of his head. This time blood appears on his fingers.

SASHA  
 (softly to himself)  
 What the fuck?

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha dabs rubbing alcohol against the wound. He looks into the mirror, exhaustion all over his face.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves to the door. Through the glass he sees Elia waiting. He opens.

ELIA  
 Hey.

SASHA  
 Hey.

Elia walks in.

ELIA  
 James is very embarrassed. And sad.  
 He'll be apologizing to you in the  
 morning.

SASHA  
 It's fine.

ELIA  
 It's not. He's in his room with the  
 covers over his head. A crying, out  
 of breath child is not easy to  
 understand.

(beat)  
 It's what we do before bed. He hides.  
 I find him. And if he knows he's done  
 a good job hiding, he tries to scare  
 me when I'm close. I'm really sorry.  
 I told him to stay in the main house.

SASHA  
 All good. Really.

Elia looks at Sasha. The Rashes are easily visible with him wearing only boxers.

ELIA  
How you doing?

SASHA  
(knowing)  
What do you mean?

Elia waits. Sasha waits.

SASHA (cont'd)  
It's nothing.

ELIA  
Doesn't look like nothing.

SASHA  
Just stress.

ELIA  
From what?

Silence.

SASHA  
Not sleeping.

Beat. Elia looks at the clock.

ELIA  
Okay. Sorry. I'll let you get some rest.

Elia exits.

Sasha watches as he walks back toward the Farmhouse. He then closes and locks the door.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - NIGHT

The pale moonlight hovers over the grounds as we see a light on in the Large Bedroom of the Farmhouse.

We move across the dark Garage and Work Shed before settling on the Guesthouse. All the lights are off inside.

But on the roof sits...something. The creepy, dark outline of someone perched atop.

INT./EXT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Sasha exercises. Music plays from his phone as he sweats.

A loud KNOCK on the door. He stops and looks up.

He rises, turns off the music, and goes to the door.

Zelda and James are waiting. She smiles as the door opens. James avoids eye contact.

ZELDA  
Good morning.

SASHA  
Morning.

Sasha crouches down at the doorframe to be eye level with James.

SASHA (cont'd)  
(to James)  
You sleep well, buddy?

JAMES  
I'm sorry that I scared you. And that you hit your head. I didn't mean to.

SASHA  
That's okay. I know you were just having fun.

JAMES  
Does it hurt?

SASHA  
It did a little when it happened. But I'm okay now.

ZELDA  
(to James)  
Maybe a kiss to make it all better?

SASHA  
(to James, pointing  
at his cheek)  
How about a kiss right here? Then it'll travel.

James kisses Sasha on the cheek.

SASHA (cont'd)  
That's quite the kiss. I've completely forgotten what happened.



JAMES  
(smiles)  
Do you want to play tag?

SASHA  
I'd love to, but I'm working out  
right now. Can we do it after?

JAMES  
Okay.

James runs back toward the Farmhouse as Sasha rises.

ZELDA  
Let me see.

He shows her the cut.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Did you put alcohol on it?

SASHA  
(sarcastic)  
No.

ZELDA  
Is that the second time you've hit  
your head?

SASHA  
I need to get back...

ZELDA  
Will you come over after? We'll save  
you some omelette.

SASHA  
Sure.

She sees the Rashes on his body.

ZELDA  
What's happening?

He looks at her.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Have you called your doctor? I think  
she should look at it.

SASHA  
I know what it is.

ZELDA  
Maybe there's something she can -

SASHA  
I know what she'll wanna give me.  
(beat, calmer)  
What time are we going?

She looks up at the overcast sky.

ZELDA  
It's supposed to rain so I think  
we'll hold off until tomorrow. Is  
that okay?

SASHA  
Whatever works for you.

ZELDA  
He was your father. You get a vote in  
when you say goodbye.

SASHA  
I said goodbye nine months ago.

Silence. Zelda leans in and hugs Sasha.

ZELDA  
It's not wrong to say goodbye again.

She walks back toward the Farmhouse.

Sasha moves back inside, turns on the music, and continues exercising.

INT. WORK SHED - DAY [RAINING]

The door to the Shed is open. Rain pours down outside as Elia sits inside attempting to fix an OLD RADIO.

He closes the back panel, plugs it in, and turns it on. Nothing. He scans for stations. Nothing. He unplugs it, opens the panel again, and continues working.

Alice enters under an umbrella.

ALICE  
He wants to watch another movie.

ELIA  
Okay.

ALICE  
He's already watched two hours of TV.

ELIA  
It's pouring. It's a movie day.  
(looks up from work)  
What?

ALICE  
You didn't talk to Sasha, did you?

ELIA  
He says he's doing okay.

ALICE  
There's something...else going on.

ELIA  
He gets like this when he's working.

ALICE  
Elia, this isn't happening if I don't  
know what we're stepping back into.

He puts the Radio down.

ELIA  
Okay.

ALICE  
Okay.

She walks out under the umbrella.

He rises and steps to the edge of the Shed, watching her  
disappear into the Farmhouse.

Sasha is suddenly next to him on his other side.

ELIA  
(startled)  
Shit!

SASHA  
(smiles)  
It's not often I can scare you.

Elia moves back to the Radio.

SASHA (cont'd)  
Is that Dad's radio?

ELIA  
Mom asked me to fix it.

SASHA  
A civil engineer means being an  
electrical one too?

ELIA  
(smiles)  
Engineer. That's all that matters.

Sasha pulls out a joint from his pocket. He extends it  
toward Elia.

ELIA (cont'd)  
Isn't it a little early?

SASHA  
Sorry, how much did you drink last  
night?

He lights up.

SASHA (cont'd)  
We used to listen to so many games on  
that thing. Hundreds probably.

ELIA  
I keep getting these flashes of us  
listening to the '86 series.

SASHA  
Remember the night Gooden got rocked?

ELIA  
Yes!

SASHA  
Against Clemens.

ELIA  
(imitating a film  
V.O.)  
"Gooden's fire against Clemens's  
heat"  
(regular voice)  
Or something like that.

SASHA  
I feel like I remember it so clearly.  
But I was barely three years old.

ELIA  
I don't know how much of it is memory  
and how much -



Elia looks at the Rash on his wrist. Sasha follows his eyes.

SASHA

I'm trying.

ELIA

Are you back on the meds?

SASHA

No. That's why you've got this shit going on.

(beat)

I'm working out. I'm eating right. No sugar, dairy, wheat... I've got it under control. I do, Elia. I'm not leaving myself exposed. I'm not... compromised. So no one else has to worry.

(beat)

Alice doesn't have to worry.

Silence. Trauma between the brothers.

ELIA

I worry. I worry about you.

SASHA

(lying)

I'm good.

Alice enters slightly out of breath.

ALICE

Is James in here with you?

ELIA

No.

ALICE

We can't find him.

ELIA

What do you mean?

ALICE

We can't find him in the house!

ELIA

He's probably just hiding.

Alice runs back toward the Farmhouse. Elia rolls his eyes toward Sasha then exits, following her.

SASHA  
(calling out)  
I'll check the guesthouse.

Sasha exits.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS [RAINING]

Sasha exits the Work Shed and walks toward the Guesthouse.

As he does he sees the back of James in the distance. He's standing at the edge of the Woods without a raincoat or umbrella.

SASHA  
(calling out)  
Hey!

James walks into the Woods.

SASHA (cont'd)  
(calling out)  
James! Come back here!

Sasha, without anything protecting him from the rain, jogs toward the Woods.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - EDGE OF WOODS - CONT. [RAINING]

Sasha slows to a walk as he enters the Woods.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - WOODS - CONTINUOUS [RAINING]

Sasha walks, his eyes peeled for any sign of James.

SASHA  
C'mon buddy, let's go inside.

He scans the Woods. Rain pours down. Branches break underfoot as he keeps walking.

He takes a step. Then another. Then -

James JUMPS OUT from behind a tree and quickly touches his arm.

JAMES  
Tag, you're it!

James runs deeper into the Woods as Sasha takes a moment, gathering himself after the surprise.

SASHA  
James, I'm not playing. Your parents  
are looking for you. James!

Sasha runs deeper into the Woods.

Moments pass as he moves past the thick, wet trees.

Eventually, he slows to a walk, slightly out of breath. His eyes search through the heavy rain.

Finally, in the distance, he sees the outline of James. He wipes the water from his face and walks toward him.

He reaches James, who stands over something.

Sasha slowly steps toward it...

SASHA (cont'd)  
You're gonna get -

A Wild Turkey lies DEAD on the ground. It's guts and intestines are exposed and soaked in the mud.

James has a stick in his hands. He pokes the dead animal with it.

Sasha snatches the stick from him.

SASHA (cont'd)  
Don't do that.

JAMES  
It's dead. It can't feel anything.

SASHA  
It doesn't matter.

Sasha throws the stick away.

JAMES  
Yes it does.

The loud sound of a thick tree branch cracking in the distance spreads through the Woods.

James looks up into the rain toward the treetops.

JAMES (cont'd)  
We should be careful.

Sasha's eyes are fixated on the carcass.



JAMES (cont'd)  
Last one back is a rotten egg.

James runs back toward the edge of the Woods and the Farmhouse.

Finally, Sasha disengages from the dead animal. He takes a moment before turning, taking a step, and -

WHAM!

Something lands on his back, sending him face first into the bloody mud.

TIGHT on the back of Sasha's head as small hands push his face further down into the wet Earth.

Sasha fights and squirms to get the thing off, beginning to suffocate as he starts to drown in the mud.

Finally, he elbows it off him and quickly turns over, gasping for air. He sits up, the entire front of his body and face covered in mud.

He wipes the dark red Earth from his eyes to see the back of a Boy running off through the Woods.

SASHA  
That wasn't funny!

Deep, raspy COUGHS echo through the Woods as the Boy continues running.

SASHA (cont'd)  
What the hell were you thinking?!

The Boy disappears through the trees.

Sasha sits, stunned. His nose, mouth, and hair are full of mud.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - DAY [RAINING]

Sasha emerges from the Woods. His clothes are muddy and soaked through.

He walks through the Property toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS [RAINING]

Sasha reaches the door and rings the bell, continuing to wipe mud from his face and neck.

Finally, Alice opens the door.

ALICE  
Sas - What happened to you?

SASHA  
Is James there?

ALICE  
Yes. Yes, I can't believe he was out there without -

SASHA  
Can I see him?

ALICE  
(beat, protective)  
Elia's giving him a bath. Is everything okay?

He eyes her. She returns the look with her own glare.

SASHA  
Did he say anything?

ALICE  
About?  
(beat)  
Oh, the dead turkey? We spoke to Zelda about that. She said maybe -

SASHA  
After that.

ALICE  
After what?

Zelda appears at the door.

ZELDA  
Sasha! What the hell happened to you?

He stares at Alice. Then at Zelda.

He takes a step away from the door, but Zelda quickly grabs his arm before he can walk away.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Not so fast.

Alice retreats inside.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
What happened?

SASHA  
I slipped.

ZELDA  
And then what? You rolled around in  
it?

SASHA  
I'm just glad you found James.

ZELDA  
You found him.  
(beat)  
And you found something else, right?

He stares blankly.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
I've been letting Cooper hunt out  
there. He probably just forgot about  
it.

SASHA  
Forgot the animal he specifically  
went out hunting for?

ZELDA  
Well what do you think it was?

Beat. He looks down at his arm. Zelda's fingers are still  
gripped around it.

He looks up at her. She releases her grip.

The imprints of her fingers are left on his arm.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Sorry. But, but somebody's gotta hold  
onto you.

Beat. He walks away.

She stands watching as he moves toward the Guesthouse.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY [RAINING]

Sasha sits, fully dressed, in the shower stall. The water is  
off. His clothes and shoes are caked in mud.

Finally, he turns on the water, still fully clothed.

The mud and dirt begin to wash off him and his clothes. Black water circles the drain as the dirt begins to clog everything, pushing water back up over his sneakers.

He reaches down and takes the clump of mud covering the drain. The water forms a mini whirlpool as it now flows freely.

He throws the clump of mud against the wall. It quickly slides down the wet tiles.

He begins peeling his clothes off, throwing them into the corner where the mud sits.

Now naked, he starts soaping up. As he does, he begins vigorously scratching his left wrist and forearm.

It's now bright red under the flowing water.

He stops scratching and looks more closely at the severely irritated skin.

He begins to flick at a piece of skin around his wrist. He continues until he's able to get his fingernails underneath the flesh.

He pulls the flesh. But the skin doesn't rip off completely. Instead, it stays intact at the base while he continues pulling down toward his elbow.

His skin pulls, like a THICK STRIP OF STRING CHEESE, all the way from his wrist to his elbow.

Blood gushes from his forearm. The strip of flesh dangles from the inside of his elbow as blood fills the drain.

Finally, Sasha snaps out of his trance-like state.

SASHA

Fuck!

He jumps out of the stall and opens the medicine cabinet. He searches for a gauze pad, knocking other items over as they crash down into the now bloody sink.

He finds a pad and uncomfortably puts the dangling skin back up toward his wrist. He places the pad over the wound and holds it tightly.

Red quickly spreads across the wet gauze pad.

After a moment, he peels the bloody pad off and throws it out. He puts a fresh, double pad on.

He looks into the foggy mirror. He wipes it clear. The crack in the top right corner has grown bigger.

The mirror fogs back up.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Sasha sits working. His entire left forearm is wrapped in a bandage. It's clean, with no blood visible.

He's drawing a sketch of the Woods. But it's not going how he'd like.

Frustrated, he rips the page out of the sketchpad and throws it away in the nearby metal trash can. He closes the sketchpad and sits for a moment.

He gets up and moves to his bag. He pulls out a joint. He takes his phone and puts music on.

He lights up and takes a seat on the couch. He smokes, trying his best to relax and forget.

Moments pass as he seems to be accomplishing his desire.

A KNOCK at the door.

SASHA

It's open.

Another KNOCK.

SASHA (cont'd)

It's open!

The door opens and Zelda cautiously steps inside.

ZELDA

How you doing?

(silence)

All cleaned up?

(silence)

You got one for me?

He extends the joint toward Zelda. She walks to him.

She sees his bandaged arm.

ZELDA (cont'd)

Actually, maybe later. I have to drive.

He pulls the joint back and takes a long drag.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 We're thinking about going to the  
 farm stand now that the rain has  
 stopped.

He looks out the window. It has.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 Wanna come?

He shakes his head.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 (eyes the bandage)  
 Dare I ask?

SASHA  
 You said stop scratching.

ZELDA  
 You put the cream on? Good. That's  
 good. It's only going to help, right?  
 (silence)  
 What happened out there?

SASHA  
 Mom, I'm just trying to relax.

ZELDA  
 You were caked in mud. But James, he  
 came back and was -

SASHA  
 I slipped and fell. Then I rolled  
 around in it.

ZELDA  
 Sasha...

SASHA  
 Zelda...

ZELDA  
 Why are you making this so difficult?  
 (beat)  
 Well, do you want to come or not?

SASHA  
 I already said no.

ZELDA  
 What are you going to do then?  
 (MORE)

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 (eyes the joint)  
 Elia said you started pretty early  
 this morning.

He defiantly blows out a puff of smoke.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 Do you mind if I use the bathroom  
 before I go?

He extends his hand, palm up, toward the bathroom - "*All yours*".

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zelda sits on the toilet. She looks at the trash sitting nearby. Several bloody gauze pads are inside.

Concern for her child sweeps across her face.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha is rolling another joint as he finishes the one in his mouth. Zelda enters from the bathroom.

ZELDA  
 You're having another?  
 (beat)  
 You want anything from the stand?

He shakes his head.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 (a little desperate)  
 You'll have dinner with us, right?

SASHA  
 We'll see.

Disappointed, she slowly moves toward the door.

ZELDA  
 Is there anything I can do, Sasha?

SASHA  
 (beat)  
 Asparagus. And some beets. If they  
 have.

ZELDA  
 (glimmer of hope)  
 Okay. Yeah, I can get those.

She comes back to Sasha and hugs him tightly.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
See you in a little.

She exits. He lights up the new joint.

After a moment, he gets up and moves into the kitchen. He finds a bottle of scotch. He gets ice and pours.

He downs it in one go. He pours himself another.

He raises the volume of the music and begins walking around the space, getting looser by the second.

Not having had alcohol in awhile, and with the marijuana, the effects are hitting him quickly.

He begins to enter his own world. Free from judgment. Free from his surroundings. Free from losing his mind.

He's enjoying himself as his body moves with the rhythm of the music. He's finally loose.

He pours himself another drink.

Eventually, he lies down on his back on the floor. The cabin, filled with smoke, has a warm, comfortable feel as he closes his eyes.

Calmly, he inhales. He exhales.

He opens his eyes toward the ceiling to see the Boy from the Woods sitting on the loft railing some eight feet above him, his legs dangling over the side.

The Boy looks just like James, though much paler with circles under his eyes.

Sasha scurries backward until he hits a wall. He looks up at the Boy, stunned. The Boy calmly sits looking down at Sasha.

SASHA  
James?

The Boy wheezes and lets out a labored cough. Sasha looks more closely.

*It can't be. It can't be him...*

SASHA (cont'd)  
Sh...Sean...? Is that you?  
(beat)  
No. No no no no no no. No way.



Sasha struggles to his feet.

SASHA (cont'd)  
No fucking way.

The Boy is SEAN MOSSHART (8). He's James's dead twin brother.

Sean smiles a devilish smile then lets out more labored, sickly coughs. This time specks of blood accompany the mucus.

Sasha stumbles to the door and throws it open, quickly exiting. The glass panes rattle as the door hits the kitchen counter.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves out into the now evening air.

SASHA  
No, that's not... No. No. It's not possible. It's not -

Looking back at the Guesthouse while moving forward toward the Farmhouse, he trips and falls to the ground.

SASHA (cont'd)  
It can't be him.

He quickly gets back on his feet.

SASHA (cont'd)  
It can't be!

He runs toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha reaches the unlocked door and moves inside, slamming the door shut.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha turns on a light and tries to catch his breath.

The house is silent, everyone still out at the farm stand.

He moves to a window and looks out toward the Guesthouse. He waits, watching.

The light inside the Guesthouse is still on. The door is wide open. But Sean is nowhere to be seen...

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves to the sink and gets a glass of water. He finishes it in one go.

He stands, his breathing returning to normal.

SASHA  
(calling out)  
Hello? Anyone?  
(beat)  
Elia? James?  
(beat)  
Sean?

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway light turns on from an unseen source. Footsteps are heard on the stairs.

After a moment, Sasha appears. He cautiously moves toward the Small Bedroom and peeks inside. Zelda's stuff is still there.

He continues to the Second Bedroom. He peeks inside. It's James's room. He turns on the room's light and moves in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stuffed animal, like the one Sasha saw in the basement earlier, sits on the empty bed. A desk, a few toys, some books, and a suitcase also occupy the space.

Sasha furtively moves about, picking up a thing here and there then quickly putting it down.

He's not sure what he's looking for as he roams the room.

Eventually, he finds a journal. James's name is scrawled across the front of it. He opens it.

The first page has some sentence work. On the following pages there are some drawings.

Overall, its nothing out of the ordinary; a stick figure drawing of Alice pregnant, a drawing of the Farmhouse, etc.

He gets halfway through the journal and the page on the right has written words that look incoherent and... backwards.

He flips the journal around, making that same page now on the left. It was upside down and can now be read from top to bottom.

However, the handwriting is markedly different from the first half of the journal. It's more childish and in much larger print.

The following takes up the whole page: "*My family loves me. My family misses me. I miss my family.*"

He turns the page from left to right - going backwards in the journal.

The second page is a very well drawn outline of a woman sitting under a beach umbrella. He turns the page.

Red and black is everywhere as another outline of a woman can barely be deciphered under the dark and rough coloring. It looks like the woman is being scratched out by the red and black that's bleeding off the page.

He takes a moment before turning to the next page.

A well drawn sketch of a man with tears streaming out of his eyes and down his face...with a wild explosion of red covering his entire body.

The pictures are disturbing as Sasha quickly flips all the way to the last page, which is the first going in the opposite direction.

Scrawled across that page reads: "*Sean's book!*"

Sasha drops the journal. A silent beat.

As he bends down to pick it up, we see Sean STANDING BEHIND HIM in the hallway.

The hallway light sparks and burns out. Sasha quickly turns.

No one is there.

SASHA

Sean? Sean, are you here?

(beat)

That was you in the woods, wasn't it?

He puts the journal back where it was.

SASHA (cont'd)  
What do you want? What do you want  
from me?

He moves out of the room, leaving the light on.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves into the dimly lit hallway. He slowly, nervously  
steps toward a closet.

SASHA  
You've been here the whole time,  
haven't you?

He gets to the door and swings it open. Supplies are inside.

He exhales and begins searching for a light bulb.  
Eventually, he finds one.

He closes the door to see James standing on the other side.

Sasha shrieks and jumps backward. James does the same.

ALICE (O.S.)  
James! James!

Alice comes flying up the stairs.

ALICE  
What happened? What hap -

She stops as she sees Sasha.

SASHA  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. He scared me.  
That's all. He -

She quickly takes James in her arms.

JAMES  
It's okay, Mom.

SASHA  
I was getting a light bulb. And, and  
I didn't see him. That's all.

She looks into James's bedroom, the light still on.

SASHA (cont'd)  
It's for the hallway.

She tries the hallway light. It's out.

ALICE  
 (to James)  
 Did you go into your room, honey?

JAMES  
 No.

She glares at Sasha then takes James by the hand and leads him to the staircase.

Sasha stands watching as they disappear down. He then moves to the burnt out hallway light.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Sasha steps onto the Farmhouse porch. He stands for a moment, looking out over the Property.

He starts to walk toward the Guesthouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

The outdoor light over the Work Shed shines through the darkness.

Elia emerges from inside the structure to meet Sasha as he walks by.

ELIA  
 Hey. Everything alright?

SASHA  
 No.

ELIA  
 What's wrong?

Beat. Sasha wants to tell him...but he just can't.

SASHA  
 I'm tired. Really tired.

ELIA  
 You skipping dinner?

SASHA  
 I'm not hungry.

ELIA  
 What'd Mom say about that?

Sasha starts to walk away.

ELIA (cont'd)  
You know you left everything on in  
the guesthouse, right?

Sasha looks to the Guesthouse. All the lights are off and  
the door is closed.

ELIA (cont'd)  
Still had your music playing.

SASHA  
Thanks.

ELIA  
What were you doing upstairs, Sasha?

SASHA  
Am I not allowed up there?

ELIA  
No. No, not at all. Strange though,  
no? Leave your place like you did,  
then be up there? Were you looking  
for something?

He takes a moment.

SASHA  
No. I wasn't looking for anything.  
Goodnight Elia.

He walks off.

ELIA  
Goodnight.

Elia watches as Sasha disappears into the Guesthouse.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha walks in. He closes the door and locks it with  
purpose. He turns on the light.

He looks around. The glass of scotch is still on the floor.  
The bottle is still on the kitchen counter.

An eerie silence surrounds him... The remnants of his good  
time now a distant memory.

He looks up toward the loft. Beat. He walks to the staircase  
and puts one foot on the first stair. He stops.

He steps off and moves underneath the loft to a chair in the corner. He sits with a perfect view of the entire downstairs.

He waits. Moments pass.

His eyes get heavy.

Sasha's P.O.V.

He watches the downstairs. His eyes slowly close.

BLACK for a beat. He opens them. Everything is as it was. He blinks a few times before his eyes shut again.

BLACK. Two beats. He opens them. Everything is the same. His eyes fall closed a third time.

BLACK. Silence. One. Two. Three. His eyes pop open -

Sean stands in front of him, ashen with bloodshot eyes and black circles around them.

WIDE as Sasha screams out and recoils up the chair.

But no one is standing in front of him.

He stops and looks around. He's alone. Silence. Emptiness.

He slides back into the chair. He sits. Moments pass.

Suddenly calm, he rises and walks into the kitchen. He opens a silverware drawer and rifles through it.

Eventually, he finds a VEGETABLE PEELER.

SASHA  
(toward the loft)  
You almost ready?

ELIA (O.S.)  
In a sec.

Peeler in hand, Sasha walks into the bathroom.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sasha stands at the sink, looking into the mirror. He begins haltingly peeling his scalp with the peeler.

Blood trickles down his face and neck as his skin and short hair get caught in the blade.

Elia enters empty handed.

Sasha drops the bloody peeler into the sink. It rattles on the porcelain.

SASHA  
You gotta get it out.

Elia looks around the room.

Sasha looks at the crack in the mirror. With his hand, he hits the top right corner of the medicine cabinet.

Along the crack and the corner border of the cabinet, the piece of glass dislodges slightly from the mirror.

He struggles to get his nails underneath the glass, but eventually digs it out. He hands the piece to Elia.

ELIA  
Sit.

Sasha sits on the closed toilet cover.

Elia begins cutting his scalp with the piece of glass. It's a clean slice, from back to front, on one side of Sasha's head.

ELIA (cont'd)  
It'll be over soon.

Elia opens the medicine cabinet. A HAMMER, and nothing else, is inside.

Elia takes it and jams the claw of the hammer into the open cut he just made. It lodges between Sasha's skull and skin.

Elia begins pulling the flap of skin across Sasha's head.

Blood gushes down Sasha's face.

BLACK.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Sunlight pours in through the windows. Birds chirp outside.

Sasha wakes in the chair underneath the loft. His scalp is intact as he takes a moment to gather himself.

The circles around his eyes are even darker this morning.



A KNOCK at the door. Zelda enters without waiting for a response.

ZELDA  
Not working out?

Silence. She eyes the glass of scotch on the floor and the bottle on the counter.

Sasha rises and gets himself a glass of water.

She looks at the clock on the wall - a little after 10am.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
I'd like to go before it gets too hot.

SASHA  
I have to eat.

ZELDA  
We have steak sandwiches.  
(beat)  
I'm ready.

He walks to the loft stairs. He stops before climbing.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

SASHA  
Just a bad dream.

He climbs as Zelda looks on.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Sasha, wearing a bathing suit and t-shirt, slowly peels off the blood-dried, day-old bandage on his left forearm.

The wound is still open and nasty, the skin not fully reattached.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Zelda drives. Sasha sits with a clean bandage on. Silence.

Finally...

ZELDA  
Is the cream helping?  
(silence)  
Have you called your doctor?

Sasha looks out the window. She looks at him then back at the road.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - DAY

The sun shines down as Zelda and Elia's cars drive along the road. They reach a causeway.

Clear blue water sits on both sides of the two-lane road.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The windows are open. Warm air rushes in as Sasha looks out at the water.

ZELDA  
That Osprey nest is still up there.  
It's gotta be over 40-years-old by  
now.

EXT. MARSHLAND ABUTTING THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

A long, thick wooden pole sticks out of the grassy wetland. A huge nest rests on top.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD BEFORE BEACH - DAY

Zelda's car drives slowly along the road. Large houses sit on both sides.

The car comes to a stop in front of a metal guardrail. A BEACH sits on the other side.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Zelda cuts the engine.

ZELDA  
You got any of that, stuff on you?

She smiles.

SASHA  
I thought you said I smoke too much.

ZELDA  
I didn't say I did.

He takes out a joint from his pocket. He lights it and hands it to her. She takes a long drag.

SUDDENLY a rapping on the driver's side window. Zelda jumps in her seat as Elia peers into the car.

Zelda coughs, having swallowed the smoke, to the amusement of Sasha and Elia.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
(coughing)  
Shut up.

Elia smiles and walks away.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD BEFORE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Elia moves from Zelda's car to the trunk of his rental. Alice and James are removing beach toys and chairs from it.

ALICE  
Are they ready?

ELIA  
They'll join in a minute.

She looks into Zelda's car.

ALICE  
He's got her smoking now?

He ignores her.

ELIA  
(to James)  
You got the football?

JAMES  
Yup.

Elia takes the football as James runs toward the Beach. He throws it to him.

James falls into the sand, missing the catch.

ALICE  
Careful.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Zelda and Sasha sit, smoking. Music plays.

ZELDA  
I'll remember today, right?

SASHA  
Do you want to remember it?

ZELDA  
Of course.

SASHA  
Then you will.

ZELDA  
I thought I'd die before him. I've told you that, right? The patient can cling to life for...ever. It's the caretaker that's not looking after themselves.

SASHA  
(passes the joint)  
But now you're free...

ZELDA  
To do what is the question.

Silence. She takes a deep drag.

SASHA  
Have you ever hallucinated? Had visions that you thought were real?

ZELDA  
Yeah, of course. In college when I did shrooms.

He doesn't react.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
(smiles)  
Not what you meant?

Silence. Her concern grows.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Why?

SASHA  
How do you know if you're going crazy?

ZELDA

I don't know. Other people tell you  
you are?

(beat)

They say talking to yourself is  
crazy. I do that all the time now  
without your father around.

SASHA

Trying to stay sane feels different  
than going crazy.

ZELDA

Is it?

(beat)

My mother used to have premonitions.  
Dreams that would then come true.  
She'd get these images she said.

(beat)

Grandpa Paul used to say as a boy he  
could always feel his dead mother  
around the house. After she died in  
childbirth with your Great Aunt  
Marge.

(smiles)

But your Dad's side was actually  
crazy.

He doesn't smile. Beat.

ZELDA (cont'd)

Is this about your dream?

She passes him the joint.

ZELDA (cont'd)

What happened in it?

Silence.

SASHA

I thought I came out here to get an  
idea out of my head. To make a new  
book. Or at least to create again.  
But now...

ZELDA

What did you see?

SASHA

I don't think that's what needs to  
get out.

He hands the joint back. He opens the door and exits.

ZELDA

Sasha...

She watches through the window as he walks onto the Beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A beautiful, clear day. The water glistens under the sun.

Elia, Alice, and James play in the sand, burying James underneath it.

Zelda and Sasha sit on a blanket facing the water. The Urn sits nearby.

After a moment, Zelda rises, takes the Urn in her hands, and walks toward the water.

Everyone stops and watches as she wades in with the Urn. She stands for a moment, the water chest high.

Finally, she opens the top of the Urn and submerges herself and the open Urn underwater.

Moments pass.

She pops up out of the water and turns the Urn upside down. Water pours out.

ZELDA

To looking forward!

She throws the empty Urn onto the sand, turns back toward the horizon, and dives down under the water.

Sasha gets to his feet and runs wildly into the water. As soon as the water hits his bandaged arm -

SASHA

AHHHHHHH!!

Everyone turns, panicked.

ZELDA

What?! What?!

SASHA

Shit. Fuck.

ZELDA

What is it?! What happened?!

SASHA  
The fucking salt water!

Zelda laughs and splashes Sasha.

ZELDA  
It's good for the skin.

She dives back down under the water.

Elia runs in too, diving under. Alice and James look on with smiles on their faces.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Zelda, Elia, and Sasha stand and tread in neck-high water around each other.

ZELDA  
I'm happy everyone was able to make it. I couldn't have done it without you.

ELIA  
Well, um, soon you might be seeing us a little bit more often.

ZELDA  
What? I...I think I got some water in my ears. What'd you say?

ELIA  
(smiles)  
We're thinking about it. With the new baby and all...

ZELDA  
That would be... That'd be wonderful, Elia!

She swims to Elia and hugs him.

ELIA  
It's still preliminary.

ZELDA  
Of course. Of course. But...  
(to Sasha)  
Did you know about this?

Sasha nods.

ZELDA (cont'd)

You guys!

She splashes both of them, unable to stop smiling.

ELIA

Nothing's final, Mom.

ZELDA

I know, I know. It's just... To have everyone back together...

SASHA

(to Elia)

Now you got her hopes up.

ZELDA

Is that so bad? What's the point of living without hope, right?

Unseen, something nibbles at Sasha's feet.

SASHA

Ow.

ZELDA

What?

SASHA

I don't know. One of those little crabs or something.

ZELDA

(with a smirk)

Maybe it's your father.

ELIA

Yeah. Maybe they've eaten him and now they want more.

Elia looks toward the Beach where James and Alice are.

ELIA (cont'd)

(to James)

Hey, buddy! Throw me the ball.

ZELDA

(to James)

No, throw it to me!

James grabs the football lying on the sand and runs toward the water with it. He winds up and throws it as far as he can.



It's a terribly inaccurate throw; landing in the water a healthy distance from where they are.

Elia and Zelda begin to swim after it, almost racing.

Sasha is left alone. He glances down into the water.

A subtle BUBBLING ripples just beneath the surface. He leans down to peer at it. The water goes STILL. A silent beat -

Sean BURSTS THROUGH THE WATER behind Sasha, grabbing and yanking him backwards.

Sasha struggles underwater, splashing wildly for a quick moment.

Everyone stops and watches from a distance as Sasha emerges alone and out of breath. He looks into the water, searching.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
 (holding back  
 laughter)  
 What the hell happened?

SASHA  
 You didn't see that?!

He stumbles toward shallower water.

ZELDA  
 (more serious)  
 See what?

He reaches the sand and looks around. Everyone is staring.

SASHA  
 Right there. Right there, he just...

The blank stares begin to morph into fear and concern.

SASHA (cont'd)  
 I'm not... I'm not crazy.

He quickly walks off.

Alice stiffens and holds James tightly to her as he walks by them.

She then glares at Elia, who stands in the water holding the football, taking it all in.

ZELDA  
 (to no one)  
 I think he just slipped on the rocks.  
 (MORE)

ZELDA (cont'd)

(to James)

These ones under the water. With that green moss, they can be very slippery so be careful.

(to Elia)

Here. Throw it.

Elia, keeping his eyes on Sasha, blindly throws the football to Zelda.

Sasha disappears down the Beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Sasha sits alone in the sand looking out over the water. The low, rhythmic sound of the tide accompanies him.

Moments pass.

A football bounces nearby and starts to roll toward the water. Sasha gets up and jogs after it.

JAMES (O.S.)

Don't touch it!

Sasha looks to the side as James runs toward him and the ball. The ball goes into the water.

SASHA

(hurt)

I was just trying to stop it from -

James retrieves the ball and starts to walk off.

SASHA (cont'd)

Hey. Why didn't you want me touching the ball?

James turns back, but avoids Sasha's eyes.

JAMES

Mom says you could get me sick. Or the baby inside her stomach sick.

SASHA

(pause)

You're Mom's almost always right. And you should always listen to her. But she's wrong this time. I can't get you, or anyone else sick.

JAMES

You got Sean sick.

SASHA

I did. But that was... That was before.

(beat)

You know what's wrong with me?

Sasha waits. James doesn't nod or shake his head.

SASHA (cont'd)

It's got a long, confusing name. Want to hear it?

James makes eye contact.

SASHA (cont'd)

Seronegative axial  
spondyloarthropathy.

A small smile creeps across James's face.

SASHA (cont'd)

Yeah, crazy, right? It's all just fancy words. You know what it really means? It just means that my body's system, the one that fights off being sick, it also fights the good things in my body. It's confused about what's good and what's bad. So then I get rashes...like these.

(he shows his chest)

And it makes my joints hurt. So they give me medication. And it stops all that. But. But that medication...

He takes a grain of sand and puts it on his open palm.

SASHA (cont'd)

Something smaller than this. This tiny grain of sand. You see it?

James moves closer.

SASHA (cont'd)

Smaller than this. Because my whole system is shut down with the medication...a bacteria, something we can't even see, it can get into my body and I can't fight it. If someone coughs on me. Or sneezes. Or worse, wipes their green snot on me.

JAMES

Eww.

SASHA

I know, right? That stuff will get in there. And it grows. And it grows.

He adds more sand onto his palm.

SASHA (cont'd)

And it spreads. And one time it spread into my chest. Into my lungs. And...then I had something much worse being on the medication than off it.

He lets the sand slip through his fingers.

SASHA (cont'd)

That's what I gave your brother. I didn't know I had it until...

(pause)

But I can't give that to you. Or the baby in Mom's belly. You know why? Because I'm not on those medications anymore. My system is ready to fight the bacteria if it comes back.

(quietly)

So the rashes mean you're safe.

He scratches the Rash on his chest. James watches intently.

JAMES

Can I touch it?

SASHA

If you want.

James softly touches the Rash.

SASHA (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for what I did. You know that, right?

James softly nods.

SASHA (cont'd)

Can I get a hug?

James hugs Sasha tightly.

SASHA (cont'd)

(softly into James's ear)

Can I tell you a secret?

They disengage and James nods eagerly.

SASHA (cont'd)  
I'm... I know this sounds weird, but,  
I think I'm seeing Sean now. Is that  
okay to tell you?

JAMES  
I see him too.

SASHA  
You do?

James points out into the water.

In the far distance, we see the image of a small body  
standing on top of a large rock jutting out of the blue  
waves.

Sasha stares, unable to fully comprehend.

Eventually, he looks back to James. But he's left, running  
back toward Elia with the football in his hands.

EXT. OPEN WATER ONTO LARGE ROCK - DAY

Sasha swims in the open water, the current strong against  
him.

Eventually, he makes it to the rock. The surface is smooth  
and slippery, making it tough to climb as the water laps  
against him.

Finally, he gets a good grip and climbs up. But there's no  
one there. He stands on the rock alone.

He looks back at the Beach. The adults rest, basking in the  
sun.

James is nearby, running around and playing tag with...Sean.

EXT. DEAD END ROAD BEFORE BEACH - DAY

Zelda, Elia, and James are up the road standing at an ICE  
CREAM TRUCK, deciding what to order.

Sasha stands at Zelda's car holding his sketchpad. He's  
drawing the three of them and the Truck.

Alice slowly walks off the Beach carrying a couple sand  
toys. She puts them into their rental car then looks over at  
Sasha, who continues to draw.

She takes a moment before deciding to approach.

ALICE  
Hey.

SASHA  
Hi.

ALICE  
You went pretty far out onto that  
rock.

SASHA  
It was a nice view.

ALICE  
What are you drawing?

He shows it to her.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Are you... Is that for your new book?

He darkens a part of the Truck's shadow then rips the page  
out.

SASHA  
No.

He hands it to her.

ALICE  
You sure?

He smiles.

JAMES  
(calling out)  
Mom!

ALICE  
(calling out)  
Yeah, sweetie.

JAMES  
(calling out)  
Which one do you want?

ALICE  
(calling out)  
I don't know. I might need to taste  
yours and Dad's before I decide.  
(to Sasha)  
What's it about? The new one.

SASHA  
It started off as one thing. But now,  
I don't know, it's, it's going  
somewhere else.

ALICE  
Like most things, I suppose.

Silence as they watch the three family members order at the Truck.

SASHA  
All I want is to finish it.

ALICE  
How close are you?

SASHA  
I thought I was closer.

ALICE  
Then maybe it needs to be finished  
somewhere else...

She walks off toward the Truck.

Sasha is left standing alone, the blank sketchpad page open in his hands.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (MOVING) - DUSK

Zelda drives while Sasha searches through his phone.

ZELDA  
You're gonna get sick. It can't wait  
till we get back?

SASHA  
No.

ZELDA  
What are you looking at?

SASHA  
The bus schedule.

ZELDA  
What? Why?

SASHA  
I need to leave.

ZELDA  
And go where?

SASHA  
Away from here.

ZELDA  
What?

Silence. He continues searching his phone.

She pulls the car off to the side of the road.

SASHA  
What are you doing?

ZELDA  
No, what are you doing? You quit your shitty day job. I thought it was a great idea. You sublet your apartment. Fine. You asked for a few months out here. Wonderful. You're getting back to the work you love. It won't be easy, but you knew that. You can't stop now.

SASHA  
I'm not...I'm not doing well.  
Everything's... Look at me.

ZELDA  
You mean since we came...?

SASHA  
(softly)  
I'm not sure. I think it's been here  
all along.

ZELDA  
Where... Where would you go?  
(beat)  
You can always move back in with me,  
but...but you said you needed to be  
alone. Alone to write.

SASHA  
You don't understand. You don't  
understand what's happening.

Sasha opens the door and gets out, slamming it shut. Zelda follows.



EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Zelda moves toward Sasha.

ZELDA  
Try me. Tell me what's happening and  
maybe I will.

He waits. They stare at each other.

SASHA  
Visions. I'm having visions.

ZELDA  
Of what?

SASHA  
Sean. I'm, I'm seeing Sean.

ZELDA  
Sean? Our Sean?

He looks at her, desperation in his eyes.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
I've seen him in my dreams too,  
honey. I've seen -

SASHA  
No. No, Mom. When I'm awake. I'm  
awake and it's happening. And, and I  
can't stop it.

ZELDA  
Sasha...

SASHA  
He's there, fighting me. Pushing me  
down like... In the mud. In the  
water. Like he's trying to hurt me.  
Like he's trying to -

ZELDA  
No. No, that can't be, Sasha.

SASHA  
It is.

ZELDA  
No! It's not.

Silence.

SASHA  
You said you'd listen.

She takes a moment.

ZELDA  
You're right. I did. But, but what  
your saying is...

SASHA  
Crazy?

ZELDA  
No, no not crazy, just... Let's  
remember that you're stressed. You  
said it yourself. You're, you're not  
sleeping. You're...drinking. And  
smoking. You're not taking care of  
your body. Or your mind. Right? You  
need to be vigilant about these  
things, Sasha. Everyone does, but  
especially you. Especially you.

He nods imperceptibly.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
You need a good night's rest. And in  
the morning, we'll see. We'll call  
your doctor, and we'll see.

He scratches the Rash on his chest.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
Stop that!

He moves his hand away from his chest.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
(apologetic,  
desperate)  
Please honey, please don't scratch.

She hugs him tightly. Slowly, they move back to the car.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT

The SHOWER is running.

A trapped stillness fills the space as we slowly move toward  
the bathroom.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sasha is taking a shower. His bandaged left forearm is raised, peeking out over the opaque glass and away from the flowing water.

INT. GUESTHOUSE BATHROOM - SHOWER STALL - CONTINUOUS

Sasha soaps up with his right hand. Moments pass.

TEN SMALL FINGERS appear, gripping the top of the stall. Slowly, methodically, Sean's face rises above the glass next to Sasha's left forearm.

Even paler and more gaunt, Sean looks down at Sasha with his bloodshot eyes.

He BITES Sasha's left hand.

SASHA

AHHHH!

Sasha looks up with soap in his eyes. He rips his hand out of Sean's teeth.

Blood hangs on Sean's lips.

SASHA (cont'd)

What the fuck?!

Sasha slips on the wet porcelain as Sean drops to the floor and runs out of the room.

Sasha falls backward in the stall. He reaches behind him to brace his fall and -

POP!

His left elbow breaks as his full weight falls onto it. He screams out in agony.

SASHA (cont'd)

AHHHHH!

The shower beats down on him as he lies crumpled up on the floor of the stall in excruciating pain.

SASHA (cont'd)

FUCK!

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM LOFT - NIGHT

Sasha, still wet and wearing sweatpants, uses his teeth and right hand to tie a makeshift sling for his left arm using a bed sheet.

He winces as he tightens the knot. He then awkwardly puts on a shirt.

An almost full duffel bag sits open on the bed. He throws a few more things into the bag and zips it up.

He sits down on the bed, taking a moment.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves down the stairs and goes to the desk.

He looks at the sketchpad and watercolor pallet sitting there. He takes the sketchpad in his hand as floorboards CREAK above him.

He quickly looks up to see Sean, like a wrestler jumping off the top rope, falling through the air from the loft.

Sean lands on Sasha, causing the back of Sasha's head to smack against the wood floor with a loud THUD. The sketchpad goes sliding into the kitchen.

Sasha groans in obvious pain as Sean moves his face to within inches of Sasha's. He then lets out several deep, wet, and bloody bronchial coughs.

Blood is spewed all over Sasha's face.

Sasha, using his right arm, gathers enough energy to push Sean off him. He slides across the floor as Sasha writhes in pain.

Sean jumps back on him, coughing up more blood. He pushes Sasha's face down hard against the floor, the blood getting smeared all around.

They wrestle. Sasha, even in his condition, is still stronger than the eight-year-old boy. He begins to get the upper hand as they struggle on the floor.

Sean digs his fingers and nails into the bandage on Sasha's left arm. Sasha cries out in pain and lets the boy go.

Sean scurries to the door, throws it open, and runs outside. Sasha is left lying on the floor.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - NIGHT

Sasha, barefoot, moves out of the Guesthouse carrying his sneakers and bag in his right hand.

His face is somewhat cleaned up, though streaks of blood around his hairline are still visible.

He moves toward the Garage.

CRANE UP

Standing at the window of the Large Bedroom is Elia. He looks down from the Second Floor of the Farmhouse as Sasha gets to the Garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Darkness.

The bay door lifts up as Sasha raises it above his head using his good arm.

He moves to Zelda's car.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (PARKED) - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha throws his bag into the back as he slides into the driver's seat.

He begins searching for the key fob. He looks everywhere, desperation growing with each unsuccessful location.

It's not in the car.

SASHA

Fuck!

INT. FARMHOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door creeps open within the darkness. Sasha moves inside.

He begins searching the nearby table.

ELIA (O.S.)

Where you going?

He spins around. Elia is holding Zelda's key fob.

SASHA  
Give them to me.

ELIA  
Mom didn't say a word when we got  
back. But she didn't look happy like  
she did on the beach.

A tear trickles down Sasha's cheek.

ELIA (cont'd)  
What's happening to you?

SASHA  
Please Elia. Please give me the keys.

ELIA  
Not till you tell me.

SASHA  
(beat)  
Tell you? Tell you that I'm being  
haunted?

Elia looks at his brother.

SASHA (cont'd)  
I know. I know it sounds crazy. I  
know I'm going crazy. But there's a  
ghost, a spirit, a...something. I  
have no fucking idea, but it's  
something. And it's in that house.  
And it was on that beach. And, and it  
feels like everywhere I go out here,  
he's there.

ELIA  
Who? Who's there?

SASHA  
Give me the keys Elia.

ELIA  
Who is it, Sasha? Who do you think is  
haunting you?

SASHA  
I... I don't want to keep hurting  
you.

ELIA  
You're hurting me either way. Whether  
you say it out loud or not.

Silence.

SASHA

Sean. Sean. He's chasing me down,  
he's hurting me, he's... He's here.  
And I need to get away. I have to.

ELIA

You'll never get away from him.

SASHA

What?

ELIA

He's with us. I do believe that,  
Sasha. I have to. But causing you  
pain? That's not my Sean.

SASHA

Look at me. Look at what he's done.

ELIA

What he's done?

(beat)

How does he look? How does my boy  
look?

SASHA

Elia...

ELIA

Tell me!

SASHA

Sick. He looks sick. And very pale.  
He's got dark circles around his...  
his bloodshot eyes.

ELIA

So like you.

(beat)

I've defended you. To more people  
than you can imagine. I've forgiven  
you when I thought it wasn't  
possible. And now, now you say you've  
seen him? You don't get that. He's  
mine. Mine.

Sasha attempts to take the key fob. Elia easily pushes him  
away.

ELIA (cont'd)

When I pick James up at school, there's always a second where I think it's Sean running to hug me. Or when he's doing homework and I come up on the back of his head. And then... How stupid could I be. Right? How stupidly heartbroken could I be?

SASHA

I'm seeing Sean and James at the same time. I'm telling you he's -

ELIA

No! No. You're not. You're not seeing anyone. You know why? Because you're alone. You're alone Sasha. You've pushed everyone away. With your actions. And with your carelessness.

SASHA

Why are you doing this?

ELIA

Twins are hard. They're exhausting. I thought my body was literally breaking down from lack of sleep. If only that had been the worst of it.

(beat)

It's not just that one was lost. That Sean was stolen from us and you were the thief. No. It's that I've been forced, in the flesh, to look at an exact replica of what's gone. Every moment I'm awake with the one who's still here, I can't help but see what should've been. I see the past and the future, killing me in the present.

(beat)

You were negligent, Sasha. You were sick and didn't treat it. And you kept seeing people. You kept seeing us.

SASHA

What I did breaks my heart.

ELIA

That doesn't mend ours.

He tosses the key fob to Sasha.



ELIA (cont'd)  
You can stay. We're gonna go.

He turns his back on Sasha and walks toward the stairs.

SASHA  
Ask James.

Elia turns around.

SASHA (cont'd)  
Ask James if he sees Sean.

Elia glares at his brother. Beat. He turns back and disappears up the stairs.

Sasha stands alone, heartbroken.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - NIGHT

Zelda's car quickly backs out of the Garage. It turns and winds its way around the Guesthouse toward the main road.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Zelda's car hits the road and drives off.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sasha drives using only his right hand on the wheel. His barefoot pushes down on the gas pedal.

He turns his head and looks back at the Property as it fades in the distance. He focuses back on the road then looks into the rear view mirror to make sure.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Zelda's car speeds down the dark and empty road.

INT. ZELDA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sasha exhales. Headlights beam in front of him.

He looks into the mirror again. Nothing but darkness behind him. He returns his gaze to the road ahead and sees...

Sean standing in the middle of the road.

Sasha quickly jerks the wheel to one side, sending the car careening off the road.

Within seconds it smashes head-on into a nearby tree. The airbag explodes into his face.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sean stands in the middle of the road looking at the single car accident. Smoke billows from the smashed up hood that hugs the tree.

Moments pass.

The driver's side door creaks open and Sasha falls out. He looks up toward Sean, almost a smile on his face.

SASHA

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter,  
does it?

With great difficulty, he gets to his feet.

SASHA (cont'd)

Elia's right. He's always right,  
isn't he?

He slowly starts limping toward Sean.

SASHA (cont'd)

It won't matter where I am. You'll  
always be there.

Sean runs off.

Sasha, in his weakened condition, pursues. He tries his best to jog through the dark road.

Moments pass as he uses every ounce of energy he has left.

The repetitive, rhythmic sound of his bare feet slapping the pavement echoes through the night.

EXT. EDGE OF MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Sean reaches the edge of the Property. He stops and looks back.

In the far distance, under a streetlamp, the shadow of Sasha can be seen.

Sean runs onto the Property.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sasha keeps moving forward, one thing on his mind.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha cuts through hedges and privet to arrive on the front yard. The outdoor lights are on.

His eyes scan the Property.

SASHA

Where are you, Sean? Come out come  
out wherever you are.

A shadow darts between the lights in front of the Work Shed.

Sasha zeros in and limps toward it, his eyes alert.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves to the sliding door. It's open a few inches.

Darkness fills the space inside. Deep COUGHS echo from within.

Sasha slides the door open wider.

INT. WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps inside and turns on the light.

The Radio Elia was working on lies smashed to pieces on the floor.

He bends down next to the destruction. He takes a couple pieces in his hand.

SASHA

This is the only way.

He rises, putting the pieces in his pocket.

He sees a SCREWDRIVER nearby. He grabs it.

He moves around the space, screwdriver in hand. He gets to a broken table in the corner.

SASHA (cont'd)

The only way I'll be free.

He begins pulling the table aside. The grating sound of the legs scratching the concrete floor pierces the air.

Sean isn't there. Sasha looks around. He's alone.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps out and surveys the Property.

At the door to the Guesthouse, underneath the outdoor light, is Sean. His back is to Sasha as he tries to turn the doorknob and get inside.

Sasha menacingly limps toward him, screwdriver at the ready.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha approaches the back of Sean.

SASHA

It ends now.

He spins Sean around and STABS the boy in the chest.

Sean's bloodshot eyes widen around his black eye sockets. Sasha stabs him again.

Sean coughs up blood before his sickly body collapses to the ground.

TIGHT on Sasha as he exhales. Relief. Freedom. He looks down to the body at his feet. His heart drops.

James lies DEAD on the grass.

Sasha can't move, paralyzed as he stares at the boy.

Finally, haltingly, he crouches down over James. With his blood-stained right hand, he closes the boy's eyes.

Blood marks are left on James's eyelids.

Sasha rises, screwdriver in hand, and walks toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves slowly across the driveway, past the Garage and Work Shed, and onto the Farmhouse porch.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps inside. All the lights are out as he moves through the dining room and living room.

He gets to the stairs and begins to climb.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha reaches the landing. The bedroom and hallway lights are on. A SHOWER is running.

He moves past the Small Bedroom. Empty. He moves past the Second Bedroom. Also empty.

The sound of the water grows louder as he moves past the closed door to the bathroom.

He walks toward the Large Bedroom.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LARGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is tall and airy. A few feet from the ceiling, two decorative wooden beams run from one wall to the other.

Alice, her back to Sasha as he enters, packs two suitcases.

ALICE

I'm sorry we had to wake you,  
sweetie. Your Dad is insisting that  
we -

She turns around.

ALICE (cont'd)

Sasha...

He runs at her, the screwdriver at his side.

She falls backward into the bed as Sasha jumps on top of her and begins stabbing her.

Cries of anguish ring out as he stabs her multiple times in her stomach and chest.

Eventually, he stops. He hovers over her DEAD, blood soaked body for a few moments. He then slides off the bed.

Alice's corpse lies on the bed with Sasha, covered in blood, sitting on the floor at the foot of it.

And up above it all, Sean sits on one of the wooden beams, his feet dangling in the air.

He lets out a deep, labored cough.

Sasha winces, but doesn't look up.

The water stops. Dead silence.

Sasha rises and walks out of the room, eyes forward.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves out of the Large Bedroom. As he approaches the bathroom, the door swings open.

Elia, wet and wearing a towel, walks into the hallway.

ELIA  
Hey, was that -

He sees Sasha, covered in blood.

Sasha quickly runs at him with the screwdriver. Elia, caught off guard, tries to avoid him but Sasha is able to stab him in the side of the stomach.

They fight in the small confines of the hallway. Sasha stabs Elia through the hand. He then pierces his cheek.

Finally, he overwhelms Elia, stabbing him several times against the wall. Elia slides down it, streaks of blood leaving their mark on the paint.

Sasha, completely covered in red, looks down at his brother bleeding out on the floor. The blood spreads onto Sasha's bare feet.

Elia, with his last few breathes, looks up at Sasha.

He DIES with his eyes open.

Sasha walks toward the stairs, bloody footprints leaving a trail on the wood floor. He disappears down the stairs.

HOLD at the stairs, the long hallway giving us a view of the full carnage.

In b.g. we see Alice dead in the Large Bedroom. In f.g. Elia lies dead in the middle of the hallway. Silence. Then -

THUD.

Sean appears in the Large Bedroom. He walks to Alice's body. He stands over his dead mother for a moment. Although it's hard to see in the distance, he shuts her eyelids.

He walks into the hallway, moving toward us. He reaches his dead father and bends down.

A terrifying SHRIEK from outside crashes through the silence.

Sean shuts Elia's eyelids, rises, and continues toward us and the staircase.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha steps onto the Farmhouse porch. He stands for a moment, looking out over the Property.

He starts to walk toward the Guesthouse.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zelda is on the ground near the front of the Guesthouse, James's dead body underneath her.

She looks up to see Sasha in the distance.

She screams, rises, and runs toward him.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Zelda meets Sasha in the middle of the driveway.

ZELDA  
WHAT - WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

He tries to push her aside as he continues toward the Guesthouse. She stays right on him, pushing him back.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
ANSWER ME! Goddamn you. Goddamn you!

She starts to beat Sasha's chest. She forcefully pushes him backward.

He steps back up to her and shoves her down to the ground. He continues toward the Guesthouse.

She rises and gets right back into his face.

ZELDA (cont'd)  
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! LOOK. LOOK  
AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

She points to James's dead body on the ground.

He shoves her out of the way again.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sasha makes it to the Guesthouse door.

Zelda pops up and inserts herself between him and the door.  
Rage fills her eyes as she looks deep into her son.

ZELDA  
I don't know who you are anymore.  
You're not my son. You can't be.

Sasha stabs Zelda in the stomach. The sound of piercing  
flesh cuts between them.

He stabs her again. Then again.

Blood spills from Zelda's mouth as she stays propped up  
against the door. Callously, he shoves her weak body aside  
and enters the Guesthouse.

We hear the THUD of her corpse hitting the dirt.

A BLOODY HAND PRINT is left on the doorknob as Sasha  
disappears inside.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves in, dropping the bloody screwdriver into the  
sink. It rattles around on the porcelain.

With some difficulty, he takes off his bloody shirt and  
sweatpants. He throws them into the shower stall. He turns  
the shower on but doesn't get in.

He looks at himself in the mirror. Without a shirt on,  
there's a part of him not covered in blood.

However, his entire upper body has been taken over by a  
different red -

THE RASH.

His eyes are bloodshot and the circles around them are now  
black. He looks at himself without emotion.



There is no longer a crack in the top right corner of the mirror.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sean steps onto the Farmhouse porch. He stands for a moment, looking out over the Property.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sean comes upon the dead bodies of James and Zelda.

He bends down and shuts Zelda's eyelids. He then steps up to the door.

He knocks. Without waiting, he puts his hand on the bloody doorknob and pushes the door open.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sean enters.

Near the door is the metal garbage can. We see Sasha's sketchpad BURNED and charred inside it.

Sean then looks up.

Sasha hangs in the air. With one end of an extension cord tied to the loft railing and the other wrapped around his neck, he dangles a few feet above the ground.

FLOATING. DEAD.

There's not a speck of blood on Sasha's lifeless face and body. But the Rash is everywhere. Wearing only boxers, we see it's all over his legs as well.

The shower continues to run as his body hangs.

Sean, without emotion, turns and walks out, closing the door behind him.

EXT. MOSSHART PROPERTY - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT on Sean - or is it James? - as he steps outside and closes the door.

He looks down at the ground for a moment, then back up - frightened, confused, sad. But his eyes are perfectly clear and the color of his skin looks healthy.

JAMES

Dad?

He runs off.

HOLD on the Guesthouse. The doorknob is clean, no bloody hand prints visible.

Through the glass panes in the door we see Sasha's rash-filled legs and torso.

His body hangs, slowly spinning.

FADE TO BLACK