

SLEEP WALK

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1 FADE IN: 1

A MAN is on fire, his back to us, flailing in slow motion.

Underneath the licking flames, a mechanic uniform chars and disintegrates.

Spindly hair on his skin sizzles as it disappears. His flesh darkens, bubbling up.

He windmills around to face us, ripping off and dropping a welding helmet. Eyes wide in questioning, shimmering panic.

His mouth is agape, jaws straining to the breaking point, as he helplessly screams... only we can't hear it.

Then suddenly we can. And just as quickly we

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAWN 2

The sun rises, spilling an eerie glow over the last house at the end of a dead end street on the edge of town.

Behind the house, the beginnings of a large forest.

3 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

OBSCURE IMAGES FLASH: hands on a car's body as it's pushed. The car disappears into darkness. A distant splash.

The abstract shots and sounds are interrupted by an alarm.

We find the source of the sound, a digital clock on a bedroom side-table playing a slow and ascending piano with chimes.

DOUG, 35, rolls over. His eyes open. Half his face is gnarled with severe burn scars.

He glances at his bed-side clock: 5:30. He shuts it off.

The room is sparse. The bed and dresser look like antiques passed down from his grandparents.

There's a canvas print of Alex Colville's *Horse and Train* in a custom wood frame above his headboard.

Doug swings himself up to sit on the side of the bed. A window behind him looks out onto the forest.

He's wearing a complete mechanic uniform with long sleeves -- he glances down and notices.

He holds up his hands. He's wearing black leather gloves.

He looks down at his bare feet. There are filthy cuts all over his soles.

Doug stands up, disoriented, and spots dirty, bare footprints leading to his bed.

He follows them out of his room with a pronounced limp.

4 INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 4

Doug follows the footprints to his front door.

Once there, he tries the door. It's unlocked.

DOUG

Fuck.

Doug opens the door.

He looks outside... unnerved.

He steps back in, closes the door, thinks.

He turns back to his bedroom, deep in thought, trying to remember, scratching his arms, agitated.

He gets a cloth from a kitchen drawer, wets it, and proceeds to carefully clean every foot print off the floor.

5 INT. BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER 5

Doug takes a shower. Reveal through the steam that over half his body is covered in burn scars.

JUMP CUT: he shaves carefully on the side of his face that isn't scarred. He looks exhausted.

JUMP CUT: he buttons up a clean, crisp mechanic uniform.

6 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - MORNING 6

An auto repair shop sits in the middle of an industrial area, off the beaten path.

A sign on a pole by the road squeaks in the breeze.

It reads: *Ed's Auto.*

A parking lot lamp illuminates rusty shipping containers in a discarded car graveyard. Random windshields are haphazardly starred. Various car parts are strewn about.

Patches of unhealthy grass stubbornly poke through broken concrete, surrounded by loose gravel and dingy oil puddles.

The sound of an electric door opener fills the air.

The light from inside the shop spills out as the door opens.

7 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

7

A radio is tuned to a talk radio station.

Doug is at work with his co-worker, MIKE, late 50's, a giant man who wears 'Terminator' shades. They walk around in their mechanic uniforms, setting up, sipping from styrofoam cups.

Doug continues to favor one leg with a pronounced limp.

The garage is dirty, packed with spare parts and tools. Car parts have accumulated everywhere, leaving very little room.

There are three lifts. Mike presses a button on one.

A car is slowly hoisted up.

8 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE / BACK OFFICES - SAME TIME

8

ROSEMARY, late 50's - in a sweatshirt with an airbrushed Yorkshire Terrier on it - stares at a monitor, hunched over a desk, fiddling with the chain on her reading glasses.

ON MONITOR: a security camera angle of Doug and Mike as they set up the garage area. Another monitor is blank. Rosemary notices and flicks that one on and off. Nothing. She frowns.

LENA, early 20's, blond hair dyed blue halfway down, enters.

ROSEMARY

Okay, it's on. Let's do this.

Rosemary hoists a cake off the front of her desk, piped across the top with: *Welcome Back Doug!*

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Come on, get the rest of the stuff.

Rosemary strides out as Lena scrambles to grab a knife, napkins, styrofoam plates, plastic forks, rushing after her.

As they move down the hallway:

LENA
Mom, do we need candles?

ROSEMARY
Of course we don't need candles!

LENA
When I think cake, I think candles.

ROSEMARY
When Doug thinks candles, he probably thinks fire.

LENA
Oh god, good point.

A dog woofs. A Yorkshire Terrier, GROUCHO BARKS, skitters on the cement, following them.

LENA (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Groucho! Don't ruin the surprise.

Rosemary knocks on a thin bathroom door on the way.

ROSEMARY
(harsh whisper)
Ed, get your pecker back in!

ED, early 60's, emerges in worn overalls, sporting a dour expression that looks carved into his face, wiping grease covered hands with paper towel as he puts a watch back on.

ED
Hold your goddamn horses.

Rosemary hooks his arm and rushes him along almost comically.

The group heads off like a rowdy merry band into the main garage area.

Mike and Doug look up from their work.

LENA
SURPRISE!

ROSEMARY
Welcome back, Doug!

Rosemary puts the cake down on a tall tool chest as Mike wraps a beefy arm around Doug's shoulders.

MIKE

Sorry, bro, I knew they were coming, kind of set you up there.

Doug grins sheepishly.

DOUG

You guys.

Lena cuts the cake with a gleeful smile as Mike pulls Doug in close and kisses the top of his head.

MIKE

Missed ya, man. Big time. Been a long year with no one around to give the fuckin' gears to.

ROSEMARY

Language.

Mike shoots Rosemary a 'gimme a break' look.

ED

(to Mike)

You sure gave me guff to spare.

MIKE

Turns out the boss ain't nearly as fun to tease, especially on payday.

Strained laughter. The atmosphere is celebratory, but weighted with an inscrutable awkwardness.

ROSEMARY

Point is, we missed you. And we're all glad you're back. Right, guys?

Claps all around. Rosemary leans in to kiss Doug on his unscarred cheek.

Groucho stands in front of Doug to bark directly at him.

LENA

Guess who missed you the most.

Doug looks annoyed at the dog. Everyone else seems amused.

Lena hands Doug cake on a plate with a fork.

His eyes well up as he looks around at everyone.

DOUG
 Thanks...
 (sincere)
 I really missed you all a lot.

Scattered applause amidst strained cheers.

Doug starts to eat his cake. Lena notices his emotional reaction and grabs him a napkin.

LENA
 (handing him the napkin)
 For the cake.

He nods thanks and quickly wipes at his eyes.

Lena gives Doug a bit of a half hug. He seems extra touched.

She upgrades it to a three quarter hug. Mike helps himself to a slice of cake.

Ed and Rosemary notice the evolving hug at the same time and give each other loaded glances.

9 EXT./INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - TIME LAPSE 9

Outside: the sun moves across a cloud swirling sky.

Inside: Doug, Mike, and Ed work on separate cars on lifts. They pass tools. They share jokes. At one point Lena works on one of the cars, completely focused.

Office area: Rosemary looks at a spreadsheet of numbers on her computer, drinking tea. Lena sporadically works the phones, guzzles coffee, and scrolls on her cell phone.

Outside: the sun's brightness slowly mellows.

10 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 10

LARRY, 60's, staggers up a hill through some brush to get to the shop, carrying a six pack of beer, smoking a cigarette.

He puts the cigarette out and coughs, swats at some bugs, then carries on.

11 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER 11

Doug closes the lid on a cheap beater car and pops some pain pills from a container in his breast pocket.

He notices someone enter through the open garage door, tripping over an oil can with a clang, almost falling over.

It's Larry: permanently hunched posture, sweat stained plaid shirt, filthy jeans and shoes, hair greased back, tiny mustache. Yellow fingers. He looks embarrassed.

LARRY

Who left that can there? I'm on my
9th life as it is.

He sees Doug and looks vulnerable, almost sobering.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Dougie boy.
(beat)
You're back.

DOUG

I am. How are you, sir?

Doug steps forward and shakes Larry's hand.

LARRY

Can't complain. Well I can, but you
don't need to get involved.

DOUG

How's your wife? And your cockatoo?

Larry raises an eyebrow comically.

LARRY

My what?

DOUG

Your bird.

LARRY

I know, just joshing. They're both
fine. Still fighting over me.

(beat)

I wish I'd known you were gonna be
back, I'd have brought more beer.

DOUG

That's okay - still on the clock.

LARRY

Well I'm not. So there.

(awkward segue)

How you doin' anyway?

DOUG
Better. When I'm not, ya know...

Doug pats the breast pocket of his shirt, the pills shake.

LARRY
Good man. Do what you need to do.

ED (O.S.)
Here comes trouble! Who let the wet
dog in here?

Larry beams as he sees his old pal Ed enter the garage area.

LARRY
(to Doug)
Trouble *is* my middle name.

Larry wags his eyebrows.

ED
How come we're not drinking yet?

LARRY
You gotta catch up. I've been
drinking all the doo dah day.

ED
I can see that, why don't you step
into my office.

Larry nods to Doug, then spots Mike under another old beater
on a mechanic's creeper. Larry cups his mouth:

LARRY
Hi Mike!
(doing a voice)
Hi Larry, good to see you!

Mike makes a grunt from under the car.

Larry rolls his eyes, pats Doug softly on the shoulder, then
steps out with Ed through a side door.

They sit on two ratty old lawn chairs. It's a ritual.

12

EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

12

Ed and Larry sit and sip beers, warm in each other's company.
Ed doesn't have his usual dour expression.

LARRY

So when are you cleaning up your damn yard? It looks more like a place cars come to die every day.

ED

I'll get around to it sooner or later. We're always so damn busy.

LARRY

I've heard that one before, lazy fucker.

They laugh happily.

Through the open door, Mike and Doug put their tools away for the day.

Larry lights a cigarette, lights one for Ed too.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Seeing the kid was a shock and a half.

ED

I'm surprised he came back to be honest. I ain't complaining, boy's worth his weight in gold.

LARRY

Yeah he's a smarty pants all right. Probably read the phone book growing up.

(beat)

I still feel bad about that day.

(beat)

Yep. Sure was unfortunate.

Ed peels off another couple beers.

ED

That's what these are for.

They crack their cans and tap them together, enjoying the sunshine, and a gentle breeze.

Doug sticks his head out the door.

DOUG

Gentlemen.

LARRY

Off like a bride's panties? Well good, go get some beer in ya.

DOUG
(to Ed)
I'll get on the Toyota first thing
tomorrow.

ED
I'm not worried. You always put in
a full day. Still do.

Doug nods with an affectionate smile and exits.

Larry blows smoke out with a practiced flourish as he tries
to read Ed's inscrutable expression.

The two friends share a silence.

13 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER 13

Doug steps into his 1970 Cutlass Supreme and closes the door.

He spots Lena poking around the yard, swinging a stick, idly
smoking a cigarette.

She stabs at a dead rat with the stick, lifts it up, then
walks past Doug's car with it. He rolls down his car window.

She sees Doug, flashes a look of embarrassment.

LENA
What? My mom told me to do this.
Before Groucho Barks gets into it.

DOUG
When did you start smoking?

Lena takes a defiant drag, blows the smoke in his direction.

LENA
Don't tell anyone.

Doug grins, starts his car. Something peppy plays loud. Lena
smiles, impressed.

LENA (CONT'D)
I always pegged you for a metal
head. Or a jazz guy.

Doug cocks an eyebrow.

DOUG
Jazz guy?

She shrugs.

LENA
I guess you never really know
anybody.

Doug starts bopping his shoulders like a nerd to the music.
It makes her laugh.

Then he slowly drives off, gravel crinkling.

LENA (CONT'D)
Good to have you back!

Doug sticks his hand out the window and waves. Lena smiles.

14 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - TIME LAPSE 14

The sun rises, the moon sinks, over and over, as days pass.

15 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 15

A fan with a pine tree air freshener tied to it oscillates.
Talk radio plays loudly.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
It's Friday, it's 26 degrees, and
you're listening to CFMJ. All talk,
ALL DAY.

Doug stands under a Honda Civic on a lift, using long 3/8
extensions on a ratchet to put a transmission back in.

We notice he has band-aids all over his arms and hands.

He suddenly drops the extensions awkwardly, wincing at pain
in his right arm. A big clang as metal strikes cement.

Doug looks angry but calms as Mike approaches.

MIKE
Almost done, Dougie boy?

DOUG
Yep.

MIKE
Good, it's brewski time.

DOUG
Now you're talking.

Mike pats Doug on the back.

MIKE

Atta boy.

Doug picks up the fallen parts as Ed wanders in.

ED

You boys seen Larry?

MIKE

Nope.

ED

That man's been here for beers
everyday at 5, rain or shine.

Ed points to a big analog clock on the wall. It reads: 5:45.

Mike shrugs as he wipes his hands with a cloth.

MIKE

Maybe he got waylaid. Guy's always
cut before he even gets here.

ED

Rain or shine.

MIKE

So give him a call. What do we look
like, his keepers?

Ed storms off, frustrated.

Doug limps over to a tool chest to put some of his gear away.
He winds his right arm and winces, pops a few pain killers.

ED (O.S.)

Rain or shine.

Mike looks at Doug and shakes his head.

MIKE

Probably slipped in a ditch.

Mike pantomimes drinking and falling over.

DOUG

Or blew himself up with whatever
the fuck he's building in his shed.

They enjoy a chuckle together as they continue packing up.

16 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - ROSEMARY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 16

Mike and Doug step halfway into Rosemary's office.

Rosemary sips tea out of a favorite mug, chasing that with a sip of Pepto right out of the bottle.

MIKE

Yabba dabba doo, we're off to get drunk.

ROSEMARY

Not if you're driving - *two beers each*.

Rosemary rubs her stomach and winces. Doug notices.

DOUG

You okay?

ROSEMARY

Stomach ache. I keep having tea to see if it helps.

DOUG

Works for me. Still doing yoga?

ROSEMARY

Not lately. That could be it though - probably the stress.

MIKE

(to Rosemary)

Or... it could be all in your head.

He jams a finger into his temple for emphasis.

ROSEMARY

(sarcastic)

Thanks, Mike.

MIKE

(to Doug)

Come on, I called ahead, told 'em to put a bucket on ice.

ROSEMARY

Did you say *bucket*?

Mike puts his sunglasses on his forehead and wiggles his eyebrows until they drop down perfectly in place.

MIKE

Yes I did.

ROSEMARY
Any sign of Larry?

DOUG
Not yet.

MIKE
Ed's popping a hemorrhoid.

ROSEMARY
I can count the number of times he
cared where I was on one finger.
(beat, sighs)
Bad omen, fellas.

DOUG
What is?

ROSEMARY
I keep telling everyone this place
is cursed, but will anyone listen?

Mike pulls Doug along.

MIKE
Dougie, quick, go go go.

They're almost on their way but Rosemary keeps talking.

ROSEMARY
With my luck, we probably built the
place on ancient burial ground.

MIKE
Rosie, Larry's a drunk. That
doesn't make this place...
Poltergeist.

ROSEMARY
Something bad is always happening
around here. Haven't you noticed?

Mike pulls Doug out as:

MIKE
Goodniiiiight!

DOUG
Night, Rosemary. Thanks for the
week.

ROSEMARY
Doug, you're a sweetheart. Mike,
don't be a bad influence!

17 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER 17

Mike gets into his Ram 1500 pickup truck.

Doug walks past his own car and over to Mike's truck, hopping in the shotgun side.

A few quick honks, then Mike blasts out of the parking lot, spraying gravel in a wide, sweeping berth.

18 INT. BAR - EVENING 18

Off a TV showing a basketball game -- Mike and Doug set up for a game of pool in the corner. It's a quiet night.

Mike takes his own pool cue out of a case and screws it together.

Doug racks up, limping around the table. There's a condensation covered bucket and a plate of nachos on a ledge.

Doug gestures for Mike to take the first shot.

MIKE

You sure?

DOUG

(nodding)

Appreciate the beers.

MIKE

Your funeral.

Mike lines up a shot, lifting his shades to his forehead. He nods. They drop to perch on his nose as he shoots -- CRACK!

MIKE (CONT'D)

So how was your first week back?

DOUG

Pretty much how I remember it.

Mike takes several more shots after a successful first one.

MIKE

That good, huh?

DOUG

Not like I can do anything else.

Doug's turn. He lines up a shot, stops to wind up his arm.

MIKE
Arm giving you grief?

Doug nods as he winces, pops another couple of pain pills.

DOUG
Rehab only goes so far when your
tendons have been fucking BBQ'd.

MIKE
Use the bridge stick if it helps.

Doug takes the bridge stick and he's able to find a more comfortable angle, but a bit embarrassed.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It'll get easier, man. Go.

Doug shoots. They back and forth. Mike takes a big gulp of his beer, psyching himself up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
So.
(beat)
I wanted to apologize.

Doug takes his time shooting, delaying whatever's coming.

DOUG
Oh yeah?

Mike takes another big gulp.

MIKE
You know I was supposed to be at
work that day.
(beat)
The day the whole-
(beat)
Anyways. I called in sick.

Doug focuses on pool, trying to evade where this is going, catches his reflection in a pillar mirror, moves to avoid it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You had the day booked off - for
your dad's birthday. Remember? But
they brought you in, cuz of me.

Doug frowns as if digging deep for the memory.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Anyways. I'm real sorry.

Mike takes his sunglasses off. He really means this.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm also truly sorry about your dad
passing. RIP.

Mike taps his chest, kisses those fingers, then offers them
to the sky.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You should've been with him on his
last birthday. That's on me.

Mike's eyes look vulnerable.

DOUG
I'll accept your apology, Mike, if
it makes you feel any better.
(beat)
But it's not your fault.

MIKE
I know. But everything... adds up.
Ya know?

Mike puts his sunglasses back on and lines up a final shot.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(calling it)
Corner pocket.
(beat)
Every action...

Mike feathers the shot perfectly--

MIKE (CONT'D)
...has a reaction.

--the 8 ball whispers into the corner pocket.

Doug clears his throat.

DOUG
Equal and opposite reaction.

MIKE
What's that?

DOUG
Nothing.
(beat)
Nice shooting, Tex.
(beat)
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I guess you just mean the whole
Goldbergian aspect to life.

MIKE

No idea what you're talking about.

DOUG

Rube Goldberg, chain reactions...
never mind. It's cool.

Mike stops everything and steps up close to Doug.

MIKE

Are you hassling me?

DOUG

Mike, I said it's cool.

MIKE

So it is? You and me?
(awkward beat)
We cool?

Doug slowly nods, backing away from him.

DOUG

Yes, Mike. We always were.
(breaking the ice)
Another round?

MIKE

Do it, big boy.

Doug racks up the balls. Mike lets the subject go, pivoting
to something else.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So. When you making a move on Lena?

Doug does a tiny spit take. Mike laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's only been in love with you
her whole goddamn life.

DOUG

The boss' daughter?

MIKE

Keep it in the family.

DOUG

What does that even mean?

MIKE

I know when you met her she was young, AND the boss's daughter, but bro, she's like, 20 now.

Doug catches his reflection in a pillar mirror again. He moves so it only reflects the unscarred half of his face.

DOUG

I look pretty different these days. Don't know if you noticed.

MIKE

She obviously still feels the same way about you. Following you around all day like a goddamn puppy.

DOUG

Florence Nightingale shit.

MIKE

Who's Floral Nightingale?

DOUG

Doesn't matter, take your shot.

MIKE

If this is about Ed - fuck Ed.

Doug shakes his head, offended.

DOUG

No way. That man's been good to me.

MIKE

You're kidding, right? Ed screwed up your whole life. Forever. No offense.

Mike waits for a response but Doug isn't forthcoming, picking at the plate of nachos instead.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I heard he rushed you that day.
He's the one that always says:
(puts on a voice)
"Save lives, slow down." "Safety first, so you last..."
(his own voice)
So what the fuck?

DOUG

No one's fault. Mine if anything.
(beat)
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

The one that got sloppy with a welders tool.

MIKE

Yeah! Cuz you were rushed! I'm not pulling this out of thin air, man. Ed's been depressed all year. Like suicide watch depressed.

(beat)

He knows he shit the bed.

A few awkward beats of silence.

DOUG

Mike. Can we just... hang out?

Mike shrugs.

MIKE

Smoke a J?

DOUG

Anything but this.

Mike slaps him on the back.

MIKE

Okay, come on, asshole.

They head to the back as the BARTENDER nods at them.

DOUG

Also sucks you still kick my ass at pool.

MIKE

You gotta get up pretty early in the morning to tickle this tiger.

Mike takes out his phone and looks at it.

DOUG

All cool?

MIKE

Ed's still freakin' about Larry. Wants to know if he's here.

(to the bartender)

Yo. You seen Larry lately?

BARTENDER

Not lately.

Mike nods. They continue to head out back as Mike texts Ed back -- he gets a reply right away.

Doug waits in anticipation, searching Mike's face for clues.

MIKE

Now he wants us to go over to
Larry's for fuck's sakes. Says his
wife is freaking out too.

Doug shrugs, *whatcha gonna do?*

MIKE (CONT'D)

We can get high on the way.

19

INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

19

Mike drives and tugs on a joint.

He passes it to Doug, who promptly drops it.

MIKE

Dude, don't burn the seats.

DOUG

Sorry. Nerve damage.

Doug almost turns on the cab light. Mike stops him.

MIKE

No. Cops'll know what we're up to.
Use your phone.

Doug sees the glowing ember on the floor mat.

DOUG

It's okay, I see it right there.

Doug takes off his seat belt and reaches down with his right hand, winces, picks it up with his left instead. Mike notices.

Doug sits up, puts his seat belt back on, takes some tugs.

MIKE

How's rehab?

DOUG

Don't get me started. The whole
thing's been a fucking nightmare.

(beat)

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Any healing that happened always pulled skin from everywhere, so my skin got *crazy tight*.

(beat, takes a drag)

Then they practically take away every square inch of the rest of me, anything that wasn't burned. Trying to save me with grafts.

(beat, another tug)

I never knew there were so many different kinds of pain. All my muscles are always tense. It never fucking ends-

Doug glances at Mike and he's looking right at him with his dark shades, one hand on the wheel.

MIKE

You givin' that back or...?

DOUG

Sorry. Here.

Doug hands it back very carefully.

MIKE

(beat, as he smokes)

Sounds like a shit show.

DOUG

I'm not even out of the woods yet.

Doug pops some pain pills. Can't swallow. Makes a face.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hard to do that with dry mouth.

They chuckle at that.

MIKE

There's water in the glove box.

Hey, gotta ask.

(beat)

Did they take skin from your butt?

DOUG

Of course. That's where the juicy stuff is.

Another mutual chuckle.

MIKE

So does that mean I get to call you ass face from now on?

Big laughter now. Mike takes a big haul and hands it back.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You can finish that. Just put the
roach in the ashtray.

Doug tugs and looks out the window at the passing lights.

20

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20

Mike gets a big hug from Larry's wife MARLENE, late 60s.

She's in a slightly dingy robe and slippers.

Doug stands there trying to look supportive.

MARLENE
(British accent)
Mike, this isn't like him.

She finally breaks the hug.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
He always comes back.

MIKE
And he will. It's been a day.

MARLENE
You and I both know Larry can't
survive 5 minutes by himself.

COCKATOO (O.S.)
Uh oh! ... Uh oh! ... Uh oh!

MARLENE
Girly Bird's a basket case.

Mike nods and Marlene wipes fresh tears from her eyes.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
And then there's the shed.

Mike looks at Doug. Doug shrugs, *don't look at me.*

Mike looks back at Marlene.

MIKE
What about the shed?

21 INT. LARRY'S SHED - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

21

The place is trashed from top to bottom. Everything broken. A corner looks burnt, like a fire got put out.

Doug's eyes are bloodshot in the harsh light.

MARLENE

I feel like someone else did this.
His garden gnome collection? Every
single bird house?

MIKE

This is where he drinks, right?
(beat)
Maybe he drank a couple more than
usual and something pissed him off.

MARLENE

He's never violent. We used to
laugh at the idea of him being a
wife beater.

MIKE

What about in the middle of a black
out? I've seen Larry hulk out a
couple times. Remember, Doug? That
time he broke a window?

Doug looks like he doesn't remember, but nods supportingly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Cut himself all up, then later said
he didn't even remember doing it.

Doug nods and finally pipes up:

DOUG

Have you called the police?

MARLENE

I've been afraid to. It'd make it
official that he's missing,
wouldn't it?

MIKE

Well, he is. So...

Her face screws up as she freshly cries.

MARLENE

I'm just so afraid of what they
might find.

Mike puts a beefy hand on her shoulder.

MIKE

Get those thoughts out of your head. We'll keep an eye out. He'll wake up eventually, he's probably just passed out somewhere.

(beat)

Then he'll come home, and you can give him some serious shit.

Doug clears his throat. Marlene and Mike look at him. He feels put on the spot, so offers up:

DOUG

Things have a way of working themselves out. You'll see.

MARLENE

Thanks, Doug. I'll hang on to that.

Mike sneaks Doug a thumbs up.

22 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE / MIKE'S TRUCK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 22

Mike and Doug are about to hop back in his truck.

They wave to the window where Marlene looks out after them.

MIKE

Am I crazy, or is it just the rest of the world?

DOUG

Everyone AND you.

MIKE

You think something bad happened?

DOUG

People are pretty good at sensing when something's wrong. More than they realize most of the time.

Mike nods, but with his ever-present shades on it's hard to read him.

MIKE

Come on, I'll drive you home... unless you want me to drop you off at work to get your car.

DOUG
Nah, too looped. I'll pick it up
tomorrow. Only a 10 minute walk.

They get in the truck and it drives off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM / LAUNDRY / BATHROOM - MORNING 23

FLASHES OF IMAGES AND SOUNDS: A shadowy hand grabs a rock. A rock pounds something soft. A muffled scream. A shovel digs in the dirt. A cricket chirps.

This is all interrupted by the distinctive alarm.

Doug rolls over, eyes open. His digital clock reads: 5:30. He shuts off the alarm in a neutral, practiced way.

He swings himself over to sit on the side of the bed.

He's wearing a full mechanic uniform again. He looks bummed out. Then he notices he's also covered in dirt.

He looks at his bed. There's dirt everywhere.

There are also tiny blood stains all over his sleeves and scratches on his arms.

He looks at his glove covered hands. They're dirty.

He takes the gloves off. His palms are covered in fresh, weeping blisters.

DOUG
The fuck?

He looks at his feet. They're dirty. Fresh cuts on the soles.

He sees new dirt footprints on the floor leading to his bed from the front door. There's blood speckles in the dirt.

His head bows. He's tired and feels helpless.

JUMP CUT: as he angrily stuffs his bedding and uniform into the laundry machine.

JUMP CUT: he's in the shower, washing the fresh cuts and nicks all over his arms.

JUMP CUT: he puts fresh band-aids all over his arms and the now popped blisters on his hands.

- 24 INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER 24
- He pops pills - at least one more than usual this time - then goes back to making peanut butter on toast.
- He has to change hands to spread the peanut butter after wincing using his right hand.
- He drops it all on the floor.
- He almost swears but it comes out like a snake hiss.
- He looks at the downed toast for a while, seemingly defeated.
- 25 EXT. BUNGALOW - MORNING 25
- Doug limps out of the front door with a backpack. He locks the door, then looks around the front yard like a detective.
- He spins in place slowly, trying to remember, like the morning after a black out drunk.
- He looks at the nearby forest as if it holds the key.
- A distant train whistle.
- His intensely focused mental energy reaches a fever pitch. He begins to walk in the direction of the forest.
- He almost broaches the outskirts of it, but it's really thick. He shakes it off.
- He limps back the way he came, and heads off down the sidewalk.
- 26 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE / BACK OFFICES - A LITTLE LATER 26
- A coffee urn percolates. A kettle sits next to it with a picture of Groucho Barks on it.
- Doug pulls a cup from a sleeve of styrofoam cups and pours himself a cup a little early.
- He limps down the hall. Groucho Barks, patrolling the shop, growls at Doug on sight.
- The growls turn into barks. Doug keeps right on going.
- ROSEMARY (O.S.)
Groucho! No-o. No!
(beat)
Morning, Doug!

DOUG
Mornin'.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)
Seen Mike?

DOUG
Not yet.

Doug proceeds down the hall into the main garage area.

27 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - TIME LAPSE 27

A work day passes. Ed and Doug work the garage together, trying to keep up without Mike, Ed glancing at his watch.

28 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - LATER 28

Doug sweeps, then vacuums.

Ed enters, trying to talk to him. When Doug doesn't respond, Ed puts his fingers in his mouth and whistles.

Doug hears this and shuts the vacuum off.

ED
Anything?

Doug shakes his head.

DOUG
You try calling?

ED
Rosemary called a bunch of times,
you know her. You hear from him
over the weekend at all?

DOUG
Nothing since Friday night.

Ed shakes his head, worried.

Rosemary comes in, pale, carrying her dog. Groucho barks at Doug on sight. She forces its mouth shut.

ROSEMARY
Groucho! You hush up!

She looks up hopefully.

ED

I already asked him, you can save
your breath.

Rosemary looks close to tears.

ROSEMARY

I told you this place is cursed.
First Larry. Now Mike? I don't know
what's going on, but bad things
happen in 3's, so watch out.

ED

Rosemary, that's enough.

She closes her eyes and winces, holding her stomach.

DOUG

Stomach still bothering you?

She nods sadly.

ROSEMARY

I thought it was getting better
over the weekend, but it's right
back to terrible.

(beat, definitively)

I'm putting the kettle on.

She shuffles back to the office area.

Lena steps in through the open garage door, looking guilty.

ED

Where are you coming from?

LENA

Collecting stuff... for an art
project.

ED

You're empty handed.

She shrugs.

LENA

I'm still looking.

Ed doesn't buy it. He frowns.

LENA (CONT'D)

Mike show up yet?

ED

No. And I don't like this. We still haven't heard from Larry. His wife's worried sick.

LENA

Why don't I go over to Mike's? Maybe he overslept... with his phone off. Doug can come with me.

She winks at Doug. Ed gives them both a slightly suspicious look, then shrugs:

ED

Anything to calm Rosemary down.

Lena looks at Doug. Betrays a little grin.

LENA

Let's go, partner.

Ed starts to walk off, turns back, walking backwards.

ED

Make sure his truck's there. And let me know right away. Then at least we can stop worrying about that.

LENA

Okay, Dad.

Ed turns, almost bumping into something, distracted, out of step, then trudges off into the office area.

Lena and Doug head out the open garage door. Lena playfully bugs him.

LENA (CONT'D)

Can I drive?

DOUG

No.

LENA

(whispers)

Can I smoke in your car?

DOUG

No.

29

EXT./INT. MIKE'S HOUSE / DOUG'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

29

Doug's car drives slowly down Mike's street.

Doug and Lena peer out at an overcast and creepy looking neighborhood.

They both spot Mike's truck in his driveway.

DOUG (O.S.)
His truck's here.

Inside the car: Lena pulls out her cell phone.

LENA
Yay, I'll text my dad.

They pull up to the curb. Doug kills the engine.

They exit, Lena still texting, fingering hair from her eyes.

They stare at the house, stealing a glance at each other.

Doug decides to limp across the grass to the front door. He knocks. Tries the doorbell. Knocks again. Looks around as they wait. Nothing. Doug looks up and down the street.

He side-steps over to the bedroom window. The curtains are drawn, but there's a crack.

Doug tries to peer in. He taps on the window a few times.

LENA (CONT'D)
He's probably still asleep. You know how much weed he smokes. Who wears sunglasses *all* the time?

DOUG
Maybe his eyes are extra sensitive.

LENA
Pfft. Okay.

Doug glances around the neighborhood, wondering who's watching their suspicious behavior.

DOUG
Let's check the truck.

They head over to it, look in. Lena is on the driver's side.

She tries the door. Unlocked. She gives Doug a confused look.

Doug keeps looking through the shotgun side window but the windows are slightly tinted.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Check the ignition. I think I see something.

Lena opens the driver's side door, leans in, looking around, spots the keys in the ignition. She pulls them out.

She sees his cell phone in the cup holder and takes that too.

DOUG (CONT'D)
See a house key on there?

Lena throws the keys to Doug.

He heads to the front door and knocks one last time. Waits a moment, then tries a couple keys. One works.

Lena holds up her hand for a high five. He humors her with a small one as they enter.

30 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE / GARAGE / BEDROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 30

They walk through Mike's house. Everything is minimalist and very neatly organized, even polished.

LENA
Smell that? Something smells weird.

DOUG
Probably not good.

LENA
I know.

DOUG
(calls out)
Mike?

Lena admires a couple of black and white framed rock concert photos that are up on the wall in the living room area.

Doug opens the door to the garage, looks in -- it's empty.

Lena regards a framed vintage ad for hashish from Nepal.

LENA
Subtle.

Doug limps towards the bedroom.

He steps in -- the room's empty. The bed is unmade. The curtains are drawn, but there's a crack letting light in.

Doug looks at the bedside table and sees a wallet, Mike's shades, and a stack of coins next to a TV remote.

He spots an ashtray. Picks a roach out of it, smells it.

Pulls the curtains open wider, looks outside, thinking.

Lena steps in and looks around.

LENA (CONT'D)
I pictured something messier.
(beat)
Where's that smell coming from?

Doug sniffs, shrugs.

Lena notices the side-table.

LENA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, he's somewhere without
his shades.

Lena picks them up and puts them on.

The cell phone suddenly rings in Lena's hand, a heavy metal riff ring tone. It makes them both jump.

Lena takes the shades off as she and Doug look at each other.

She hands the phone to Doug. He reads what's on screen.

DOUG
Unknown number...

LENA
Answer it.

Doug gives her a look like he's not sure.

LENA (CONT'D)
It could be Mike!

She tries to take it out of his hands. Doug stops her gently and answers it himself.

DOUG (INTO PHONE)
Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE
Where are you?

DOUG
This isn't Mike.

VOICE ON PHONE
Who the fuck is this?

DOUG
Doug.

VOICE ON PHONE
Where the fuck is Mike?

DOUG
That's the thing, I'm looking for him.
(beat)
He didn't show up for work.

VOICE ON PHONE
When you find him... tell him to call Clay.

DOUG
Clay?

VOICE ON PHONE
Yeah. Tell him to call Clay. And he better not be fucking with me.

The caller hangs up.

LENA
Who was that?

DOUG
Someone pissed off.

Their eyes dart back and forth as they do some math.

LENA
You think Mike's in trouble?

Doug shrugs.

LENA (CONT'D)
Maybe he had to leave town in a hurry?

Doug steps back out to the main room. He tries to look at Mike's phone further but:

DOUG
I'm locked out.

LENA

8191.

Doug gives her a look like, *'really, you know that?'*

She shrugs innocently.

LENA (CONT'D)

I was bored one day and noticed.

Doug thumbs the numbers in as:

DOUG

Remind me to change all my
passwords.

He looks up Mike's call history, scrolling.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Unknown number's been calling all
morning.

LENA

Anyone else in his contacts we can
call?

DOUG

There's an entry for 'dad'. I don't
want to worry him though.

She gives him a look, *call*.

Doug nods, presses a button, and waits.

(Mike's dad, MR. BLACK, answers.)

MR. BLACK (ON PHONE)

Michael.

DOUG (INTO PHONE)

Mr. Black?

MR. BLACK

-Who's this?

DOUG

I'm Doug. I work with your son.

MR. BLACK

(clears throat)

Ah, yeah, I remember you, how you
doin'?

DOUG

Pretty good. Mike didn't show up for work today. I wanted to know if maybe you'd heard from him?

MR. BLACK

I haven't heard from Michael in six months.

Doug shakes his head at Lena.

MR. BLACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing with his phone?

DOUG

I'm at his place. He left it here.

MR. BLACK

Uh huh.

(awkward pause)

Well. If you get ahold of him, tell him the phone rings on my end too.

DOUG

Yeah, all right. We'll do-

MR. BLACK

Anything I should be worried about?

DOUG

I'm sure he'll turn up. I'm just used to him being punctual. I'll let you know if I hear anything.

Mr. Black grunts in response, then hangs up. Doug hangs up too, with a '*that was weird*' sigh.

LENA

Mike and Larry are friends, right?

Doug shrugs, *not really*.

DOUG

They do go way back.

LENA

Any chance they left town together? Or Larry did something to Mike?

DOUG

Let's not get too crazy.

They head into the kitchen. Everything is neat here too.

Doug uses his fingers to peer between venetian blinds into the empty back yard.

Lena opens the fridge. Lots of beer. A jar of mayonnaise.

LENA
What is it with guys and empty
fridges? What if he had company and
they didn't want beer or
mayonnaise?

Doug opens the basement door.

DOUG
Dare we?

Lena playfully elbows him out of the way and heads down in front of him.

31 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

31

A dim light turns on at the top of the stairs.

They head down the rickety stairs.

LENA
It stinks way worse down here.

The stairs creak as they slowly descend.

DOUG
Mike?

LENA
Helloooooo?

Lena gags.

Doug almost trips as there's a broken step.

DOUG
Thanks for the warning.

LENA
Sorry, kind of distracted by the
smell of ass.

They look at each other in the dim light. Despite their banter, you can tell they both fear the worst.

They get to the rough cement floor.

Lena uses the flashlight on her phone to survey the area.

LENA (CONT'D)
See if there's another light.

Doug runs his hand along the wall, feeling for a switch.

Lena finds one with her flashlight.

LENA (CONT'D)
There.

Doug sees it, clicks it.

The light bulb illuminates the whole basement. They look around. And see...

A mini-meth lab.

A stainless steel table with burn marks. Plastic pop bottles with tubes running between them. Chemicals. Crushed pills.

LENA (CONT'D)
Oh Mike.

Lena's phone rings, making her jump.

She answers it on speaker phone.

LENA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello?

ROSEMARY (ON PHONE)
Did you find Mike?

LENA
No, he's not here. We're heading back now.

ROSEMARY (ON PHONE)
I'm burning some sage.

LENA
Okay, Mom, see ya in a few minutes.

Lena hangs up.

DOUG
You didn't want to tell her?

LENA
Where do I begin?

DOUG
By telling her Mike has a meth lab?

LENA
I think I'll tell her in person.

Doug looks closer at the operation in profound shock and awe.

LENA (CONT'D)
Well I'm creeped out.

DOUG
Yeah.

We watch them head out, turning off lights as they go...

Until we're left in the dark.

32 EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 32

Lena gets in the shotgun seat of Doug's car, back to texting.

Doug is about to get in the driver's side when he glances up and sees a NEIGHBOR watching them from a window.

For an almost subliminal moment they make eye contact, then the curtains close. They continue moving ever so slightly.

Doug frowns, looks up and down the street, then gets in.

33 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE / BACK OFFICE AREA - A LITTLE LATER 33

Doug and Lena walk into the garage through the open door and head towards the hall that leads to the back office area.

Doug pours out some pain pills and pops them as he limps.

Groucho sniffs them out and barks at Doug right away.

LENA
Groucho, Jesus.
(to Doug)
Did he always bark at you?

DOUG
I think it's the scars.

LENA
Oh.

Lena drops her smile, feeling bad.

They hear chatter in the main foyer area as they get closer.

Rounding the main corner -- they see Ed and Rosemary speaking to CONSTABLE TAMMY LEBORGNE, 30, an Indigenous RCMP officer, who has a little note pad she scribbles in. She wears gloves.

ROSEMARY
Here they are.

LENA
(big familiar grin)
Hi, Tammy.

The officer smiles warmly at Lena. Ed flashes a look at Lena. Lena looks defensively at her dad.

LENA (CONT'D)
What? She used to babysit me.

The officer betrays a grin but gets back down to business, nodding to Doug, looking to Ed for an introduction.

ED
Doug, this is Constable LeBorgne.

DOUG
Nice to meet you, Constable.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
I'm following up on the
disappearance of Larry Jones.

LENA
(hopeful)
Has he turned up?

Ed's already shaking his head.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
No. But the whole community's
looking for him. And now Mike Black
appears to be missing. You were at
his house, see anything suspicious?

Doug and Lena share a very quick, slightly nervous look. The officer notices. She notices everything.

Doug pulls out Mike's cell phone.

DOUG
We found his cell. Called his
dad... no news there, but there is
someone who's been trying to call
him all morning.

The officer takes the phone.

Lena tries to make urgent eye contact with Doug. He notices, but stays focused on the Constable.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I talked to him, he wanted Mike to
call *Clay*? Whoever that is.
(beat)
The code for the phone is 8191.

Lena smiles awkwardly, uncomfortable.

The Constable writes the name and code down.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Did you touch anything else? I'll
be doing a sweep of the place and
it'd be helpful to know.

LENA
Not really.

Doug looks at his feet as he weighs something in his mind.

ROSEMARY
What's going on? *Guys*.

Rosemary winces and holds her stomach. Doug glances at Lena then just goes for it, jumping in to say:

DOUG
We found his keys in his truck,
door was unlocked, like he was on
his way somewhere and got
interrupted.

Doug hands the officer the set of keys.

She takes it and nods appreciatively.

Lena gives Doug a look to try to signal him to stop there. He continues as she tenses up further.

DOUG (CONT'D)
We went inside, touched the
basement door knob, a couple of
light switches in the basement...

Lena shuts her eyes.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Mmm hmm. And?

ROSEMARY
And?

Lena shuts her eyes tighter. Everyone notices.

DOUG
We found a meth lab in the
basement.

Rosemary gasps.

The officer's expression doesn't change, laser focused.

ROSEMARY
Omigod. Mike. *Why?*

Rosemary goes and sits down on a couch that is actually the pulled out back seat of a van. Ed blows out a long sigh.

ED
(quiet, seething)
Jesus Christ in a diaper!

Ed frowns angrily at Doug. Doug shrugs back defensively.

DOUG
(to Ed)
What?
(to the Constable)
I'm not gonna say it's the reason
he's missing. But we didn't know he
was involved in anything like that.
You're going to find it when you go
over there anyway... so...

Doug steels himself against Ed, Rosemary, and Lena's looks.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
I appreciate your candor. Every
detail helps. I'll head over with a
forensic kit.

The officer looks around at everyone.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE (CONT'D)
Thank you for your time. I'll leave
you to your busy day.

The officer puts her pad back in her pocket with the pen, nods at everyone, a final smile at Lena, then heads out the front door.

A bell above the door jingles.

Ed shakes it all off and goes back to fussing over Rosemary.

ED
It's gonna be okay, honey.

ROSEMARY
How is any of this gonna be okay?

ED
We'll make it okay, like we always
do.

DOUG
Want me to put the kettle on?

ROSEMARY
No. No more tea. I've had enough.

Rosemary gags as she lies back on the couch and closes her eyes, hands on her stomach. She starts moaning.

Ed looks over to Doug and Lena.

ED
Doug, Fred called about his Honda
about an hour ago?

DOUG
Yeah, he can pick it up anytime.

ED
(to Lena)
Can you call to let him know?

LENA
Sure can.

Doug and Lena head off in different directions. They share raised eyebrows, both happy to get out of there.

Ed sits on the couch and puts a hand on Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
Don't touch me! Ed, I'm serious.

ED
I just want you to know I'm here.

ROSEMARY
Oh I know you're here, believe me.

Groucho paces around the couch, whining.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Oh Groucho, your mommy's in a world
of pain. Oh God, WHAT NEXT?!

34 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - TIME LAPSE 34

From new angles: another day passes.

35 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - PARKING LOT - DUSK 35

Doug limps to his car, winding his sore arm.

The Constable's police cruiser slowly pulls up. She kills the engine, gets out, shuts the door, puts her hat on.

Doug nods at her as she walks over to him.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Got a minute?

He doesn't say anything, just nods again, this time a bit defensively.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE (CONT'D)
You went out with Mike Black last
Friday, right?

DOUG
Yeah, to the Thirsty Bear.

She just looks at him, so he continues:

DOUG (CONT'D)
He dropped me off at home around
10:30, after stopping at Larry's.

The Constable frowns slightly.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Ed wanted us to try to calm his
wife down.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Did you see Mike at any point over
the weekend?

She pulls out her pad and pen. He looks at it suspiciously.

DOUG
No I didn't.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
You didn't see him Saturday night?

Doug tries to remain polite but he's getting annoyed.

DOUG

We see each other all week, we usually don't hang out on the weekend too. Why?

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

I talked to his neighbors. One said around 3 in the morning on Saturday night, she heard someone yell, "Doug".

Doug's face is blank but ever so slightly pales.

DOUG

What?

The Constable nods.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

She says she looked out the window and saw someone walk past Mike's house. Mike was in his truck at the time. Mike got out, yelled what sounded like 'Doug' a few times, then apparently followed this person off into the night.

Doug shakes his head.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE (CONT'D)

Can you explain any of that?

DOUG

Of course not. Other than it wasn't me. Maybe he thought it was. Maybe it was someone else...

He shrugs dramatically.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

Someone else named Doug?

A flash of anger in Doug's eyes.

DOUG

Maybe the neighbor misheard. I don't know what to tell you, he's a popular guy.

(beat)

Look, I gotta go. I don't want to be uncooperative... if this is formal, let's make it formal. But otherwise...

He opens his car door to get in, playing chicken with her.

She appears to relax as she slowly puts her notebook away.

Doug gets in his car and shuts the door, in a hurry now.

She pulls a business card out of her other breast pocket. She taps on his window.

He opens it enough for her to hand it over.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
I don't mean to make you feel put
on the spot. Okay? If anything
occurs to you...

Doug takes it, puts it on the dash, starts his car.

He gives her one final nod before calmly driving away.

36

INT. DOUG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

36

Doug drives out of the parking lot, never taking his eyes off the rear view mirror.

As he gets farther away he lets out a deep breath he was holding. He's not at all as calm as he was pretending to be.

He drives on, squirming with discomfort, fighting panic, scratching his arms.

He glances back at the rear view and sees the Constable head back to her cruiser. He turns the radio up full blast.

37

EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

37

The Constable is about to get back in her vehicle when Lena emerges from behind stacked cars, putting out a cigarette.

LENA
Third degree much?

Constable Tammy lets out a tiny, almost nervous laugh.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Comes with the job.

LENA
Did he pass whatever test you just
put him through?

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Did you hear the whole thing?

Lena nods.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE (CONT'D)
I pressed the neighbor pretty hard
for an accurate description. She
was adamant whoever it was didn't
have a limp.

LENA
So then it wasn't him.

A tiny shrug from the Constable.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
How well do you know him?

LENA
He's worked here for years. He's
like family.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
How long has he had the limp?

LENA
Ever since the accident.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Is it always on the same side?

LENA
Oh my god - are you actually
suspecting him of *faking it*? He's
literally messed up.

The Constable weighs it all out without committing to
anything. Then:

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Got another smoke?

Lena looks embarrassed, smiles. The Constable smiles too.

Lena pulls a couple out and hands the Constable one.

WIDE: they smoke together with the setting sun as their
backdrop, creating dusty silhouettes.

DISSOLVE TO:

38

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - DAY

38

Lena walks into the main garage area with a sandwich on a styrofoam plate.

She also has a mug of tea with the tea bag string hanging over the edge.

She sees Doug's legs sticking out from under a white Prius.

LENA

I made some tuna salad. Hey you.

No answer.

Lena heads over and kicks at a leg.

Doug appears to wake up abruptly. He tries to sit up, hitting his head on the undercarriage.

DOUG

Ow, fuck!

Lena can't help but laugh.

Doug wheels himself out from under the car on a mechanic's creeper, rubbing his forehead and frowning.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That's my bad leg you know.

LENA

Sorry. I didn't know you snuck naps under there.

(beat)

You want this sandwich or not?

Doug rubs the spot on his forehead. Lena teases him with the sandwich, back and forth, back and forth.

DOUG

Gimme that.

She hands him the plate. One last tease. He betrays a grin.

Then he notices the mug in her hand. Something about it bothers him. He scratches at his itchy arms.

DOUG (CONT'D)

When did you start drinking tea?

LENA

Just felt like it.

Doug almost says something but doesn't know what he wants to say. He changes subjects instead, scratching his arms.

DOUG
Any word on Mike? Or Scary Larry?

LENA
No. So what's up? Are you staying
up past your bedtime?

Doug wipes his hands on his shirt.

DOUG
I've been going to bed early,
actually, just not getting much
sleep when I do.

Doug sits on a stool and starts his sandwich.

LENA
How come? The pain?

DOUG
I've got pills for that.

Thinking of it, Doug pops some pills, four this time. Lena notices.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I think I've been sleepwalking.

Lena's eyes flash with intrigue.

LENA
Well don't leave me hanging.

She pulls up a stool. Her eyes say, *tell me*.

Doug continues eating the sandwich, ravenous.

DOUG
I've been waking up every morning,
fully dressed, sometimes with cuts
and scrapes. I thought someone was
pranking me.

Doug holds up a hand covered in bandages.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Hard to prank blisters.

Something occurs to Lena. She mulls something over, when suddenly --

An OS, blood curdling SCREAM!

They both freak, tensing, looking at each other with WTF expressions, then tear off running to the back office area.

39 INT. BACK OFFICES / ROSEMARY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 39

They run in to find Rosemary at her desk, writhing.

Groucho runs around the office barking.

Ed is attending to her but helplessly has no idea what to do.

ED

Talk to me! Rosemary! What is it?!

She writhes in her chair, holding her throat, looking like she's trying to breathe. Her eyes widen.

LENA

Oh my god, mom!

DOUG

Call 911!

Lena pulls out her cell phone, drops it. Picks it back up and tries to dial with trembling fingers.

Rosemary locks eyes with Doug and holds her throat tighter, wincing from excruciating pain. Her neck cords stick out.

ED

What is it? How can we help?

LENA (INTO PHONE)

Ambulance. 617, Wellington Road 29-

Rosemary tries to breathe but it hitches--

Once --

Twice --

Nothing for a moment.

They all lean in, in anticipation.

Rosemary suddenly coughs up a spray of blood.

Everyone recoils like the blood was acid, gasping in disbelief as she coughs again, and more blood sprays out.

She starts to almost barf. She gets to her feet and tries to run out of the office towards the bathroom.

Everyone instinctively and inexplicably gets out of her way as she coughs more blood, bouncing off the desk, then a wall, spinning dizzily.

Doug steps over to the desk and his elbow knocks her tea mug off her desk.

It shatters on the floor and Groucho jumps with a whine to avoid the shards.

Rosemary trips over the freaking dog and lands on the floor at an awkward angle. They gather around as she convulses.

LENA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Oh God, please come quick!

Time seems to slow down. Rosemary pales. Everyone else is pale too, like a room full of ghosts as we

SMASH CUT TO:

40 INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

40

Doug sits at his dining room table with a beer on it. His shirt has some blood speckles on it.

He stares at the wall in shock.

A fireplace crackles next to the couch in the main room.

It seems to calm him a bit, his fatigue catching up. He actually nods off for a moment as he suddenly hears:

MIKE (O.S., DREAMY)
Doug!

His cell phone rings, snapping him out of it.

He pops some pain pills, at least 5 at this point, downing them with beer, as he answers.

DOUG
Ed? How ya doing?

ED (ON PHONE)
Not good.
(beat)
I guess she had a stroke.

DOUG
That was a stroke?

ED (ON PHONE)
No, what we saw wasn't, but she's
had once since.

DOUG
Shit. I'm so sorry, Ed.
(beat)
How? How bad is it?

ED (ON PHONE)
We won't know 'til she wakes up.

DOUG
So what was all the *blood* about?

ED (ON PHONE)
They're still trying to figure that
one out.

DOUG
You staying there tonight?

ED (ON PHONE)
Think so.

DOUG
How's Lena holding up?

ED (ON PHONE)
We're all doing the best we can.
Can you open the shop tomorrow?
Maybe run things for the day?

DOUG
Of course. Do what you gotta do.

ED (ON PHONE)
I appreciate it.
(beat)
G'night, Doug.

DOUG
Night, Ed. Take care.

Doug hangs up and stares at his phone blankly.

He finally gets up, finishes his beer, and throws the can in
the sink in a flash of anger.

He limps into his bedroom, still seething.

41 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 41

Doug passes a digital video camera, set up on a tripod.

He sits on the edge of his bed with his head in his hands. He tries to scratch a spot on his back he can't get to.

He gets up and takes his clothes off, down to his underwear.

He almost gets in bed, then decides to leave the room, still trying to reach the spot on his back.

The fridge opens in the kitchen. Another beer crack.

The TV turns on to a sitcom. Canned laughter.

42 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - **VIDEO POV** - LATER THAT NIGHT 42

VIDEO POV: Doug is in bed. The lights are off.

There's a bit of illumination outside from the moonlight.

The clock beside his bed says: 1:40.

Doug swings out to a sitting position, stands, his movements stiff.

He puts a mechanic uniform on from a closet with a few sets of the same uniform in it.

He puts gloves on from a drawer in the closet.

He walks out of the room barefoot.

He's not limping.

We hear the front door of his house open. The door closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - **VIDEO POV** - MORNING - MATCH CUT 43

VIDEO POV: same angle - but Doug is now back in bed. A hint of early morning light outside.

The alarm goes off, a slow and ascending piano with chimes.

Doug opens his eyes -- looks at the clock. 5:30. He turns off the alarm and swings out.

He notices he's dressed in his mechanic outfit again, but this time no dirt.

He takes off gloves, examines his hands, nothing new, just old healing blisters under band-aids. He looks at his feet.

They're filthy on the soles again. He lifts them and has a closer look. It looks like there might be a few new cuts and nicks and some dried blood.

He looks at the camera and goes to turn it off.

44 INT. VIDEO FOOTAGE ON TV - A LITTLE LATER - MATCH CUT 44

FOOTAGE REWINDS - as everything happens backwards. Doug tosses and turns, disappears, returns.

EVEN FASTER REWIND - he first slips into bed. The clock is in the shot. It's 11:45.

FFWD for a bit - nothing changes.

PLAY RESUMES - he gets up, gets dressed, walks out. The front door unlocks. Opens. Closes. 1:40.

FFWD. A shadow casts from outside the room.

PLAY resumes - the clock now shows 3:10. The sound of the front door closes. No lock. Noise in the kitchen.

The TV turns on. Static.

FFWD - PLAY RESUMES - the clock now says 4:55. The TV in the living room turns off. Doug enters and gets into bed.

FFWD - past tosses and turns, then the distinctive alarm goes off, and he turns the alarm off as he gets up. It's 5:30.

45 INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 45

Doug watches a TV, projecting the footage from the camera.

He's dressed in a fresh mechanic outfit as he sits on the couch, riveted, the camera resting on the coffee table where he leans forward to toggle the controls.

He stops the footage.

He stares off into space, thinking. Wondering. Disturbed.

46 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - EARLY MORNING 46

Doug opens up the front of the shop with his copy of the key.

He enters through the stubborn door.

The bell on top of the front door jingles.

47 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE / BACK OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER 47

A coffee urn percolates. There's no kettle next to it.

48 INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - BACK OFFICE - DAY 48

Doug sits at Rosemary's desk, looking frustrated, trying to find something on her computer.

DOUG
Invoice folder, invoice folder.
Where the fuck's the invoice
folder?

JUMP CUT: Doug is on the phone.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Hi, Doug Brock from Ed's Auto,
wanted to let you know your car's
ready to be picked up.

JUMP CUT: Doug has his head in his hands, catching a nap.

The phone rings, startling him awake.

JUMP CUT: Doug is on his feet, opening a filing cabinet, cord stretching. He gets wound up - he tries to unwind himself.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Last year around this time? Let's
see if I can find the paperwork.

JUMP CUT: he's got his head in his hands on another call. He jams the eraser of a pencil into his forehead.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Turn on the dome light. Then try to
roll down a window. If the dome
light dims, you probably need a new
window regulator.
(beat)
Yep. I'll be here.

He hangs up. Pops a small handful of pain pills.

49

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - A LITTLE LATER

49

Music is cranked. The fan is on, faithfully turning.

Doug has two cars up on two separate lifts and he's limping back and forth between them, replacing the tires on one, doing an oil change on the other.

He's openly stress smoking. He bangs his hand on a bolt on an undercarriage and winces, then almost looks like he's going to have a tantrum...

But then, he sees a woman's legs emerge from the sunshine at the open garage door.

He quickly puts out the cigarette in a butt bucket and turns down the music.

The woman, LINDSAY, 60's, steps in, wearing a yoga outfit.

LINDSAY

Knock knock.

Lindsay takes one look at Doug and recoils dramatically.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

AHH!

She is immediately, horribly embarrassed. The facial scars really freaked her out. He grins to try to break the tension.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Oh God, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you'd be right there.

DOUG

Sorry I startled you.

LINDSAY

Is Rosemary around? I haven't seen her at yoga this week.

DOUG

She's actually in the hospital.

LINDSAY

What? Oh- Is she okay?

DOUG

She had a stroke, they're still running tests.

Lindsay flashes a haunted look and catches her breath.

LINDSAY

Oh no, is she accepting visitors?

DOUG

I think so. I'm planning to go in a bit. She's on the 13th floor.

LINDSAY

I'll go get some flowers right now.

She suddenly starts crying.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I keep embarrassing myself, and I don't even know you.

DOUG

Doug Brock.

LINDSAY

Doug?

(gasps)

I remember you. I haven't seen you in such a long time.

DOUG

Yep, it's me under here.

LINDSAY

What... happened since I saw you last? If I may ask.

DOUG

Accident at work. I was right here. Welding torch. A chemical spilled, caught fire.

LINDSAY

Oh God, I'm glad you're okay.

She cringes like she knows she's not saying anything right.

DOUG

I'm lucky. Ed hosed me down with a fire extinguisher. Probably saved my life.

Lindsay pulls a used tissue out of her pocket and wipes at her eyes and nose.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'll let Rosemary know you dropped by.

LINDSAY

Thanks.

She doesn't know what else to say. She heads out, blowing her nose.

Doug reaches for another cigarette. Lights up.

Turns up the radio loud and gets right back to work.

50

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

50

Doug steps into the room holding a modest vase of flowers.

Rosemary is in bed connected to an IV, oxygen tubes, and an oxygen level monitor on her finger. She's fast asleep.

Ed sits beside Rosemary in a chair, holding her hand.

Lena gets up from a chair on the other side of the bed and steps quickly over to hug Doug.

He looks a bit taken aback, but returns the hug.

He heads to the window ledge and puts his vase down beside another one with a note signed, *Namaste. Ohm, Lindsay.*

They speak in hushed tones:

DOUG

How's she doing?

Rosemary suddenly shifts in bed at the sound of Doug's voice.

They all freeze, then Ed continues:

ED

She's been trying to talk all day,
can't seem to form any words.

Ed looks at Doug with tears in his eyes.

ED (CONT'D)

She's determined to tell us
something though.

LENA

We thought maybe she could write it
down.

Lena takes a piece of paper off a wheelie side-table and shows it to Doug.

LENA (CONT'D)
She drew this.

Doug looks at the piece of paper.

CLOSE ON PAPER: It looks like a toddler's drawing, but because of it's simplicity, you can kind of make it out.

It's a stick figure, on fire.

ON Doug, as he frowns. He looks up at Ed and Lena.

DOUG
What do you think it means?

Rosemary shifts again, making a noise. They all freeze again.

Then Lena and Ed both shrug in their own way.

ED
Your guess is as good as ours.

Doug looks at it again.

INSERT a FLASH from the first scene, a man on fire - a terrifying, abrupt, loud intrusion.

Then, BACK TO SCENE, as something goes wrong with Rosemary's levels, and an alarm goes off. Everyone tenses up.

Ed stands up and caresses her forehead.

ED (CONT'D)
Rosemary, hon, calm down. Doug's here. We're here. We all love you.

Doug steps forward, puts the drawing down, then gently takes Rosemary's hand.

Her eyes open wide instantly, too wide.

The moment is shocking. Everyone freezes or gasps.

Rosemary turns her head and looks at Doug accusingly.

She tries to talk.

ROSEMARY
D- D- D- Doug.

DOUG
Yeah, it's me, hi.

ED
Take it easy, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
D- D- D- Doug!

Her eyes are open wide and furious. It's one of those moments that gives everyone present goose flesh.

Doug lets go of her hand, shocked by her intensity.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
D- D... DIE!
(croaky, whispery)
We all die.

Ed chokes on a sob. Rosemary's eyes roll back in her head.

LENA
Oh Mom!

A NURSE rushes into the room.

NURSE
What's going on in here?

ED
She got herself real upset.

The nurse takes a look at Doug somewhat accusingly, sensing his arrival has upset her.

Doug sees the look in the nurse's eyes and nods.

DOUG
I'll step out for now.

Lena nods at him as Ed and the nurse try to calm Rosemary down.

Doug nods solemnly back at Lena and heads out into the hall.

51 INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

51

Doug has some materials and tools from his garage laid out on his coffee table. He's smoking again.

He's working on strapping the video camera to a ball cap, trying to tweak it until it's a nice and perfectly snug fit.

He tests every detail, making sure it's secure.

He sets it down in front of him.

His very own GoPro.

He smokes and looks pensively out the window.

52

INT. BUNGALOW - DOUG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

52

Doug has a can of beer beside his bed on a side-table.

He puts the makeshift GoPro cap on his head.

He has a laptop on the bed with him that he uses to turn on the camera.

He puts the laptop on the side-table and finishes his beer. Scratches his itchy arms.

He sets the beer can down, lays on his back, and stares up at the ceiling for a long time.

He suddenly gets back up, spooked.

He sits on the edge of the bed for a while.

He wants to know... but also, he doesn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

53

INT. BEDROOM / LIVING ROOM / GARAGE - **VIDEO POV** - NIGHT

53

VIDEO POV: the ceiling.

It holds -- then the POV changes as Doug swings out of bed.

We go to his closet with him, immersed in his movements, as he puts on a mechanic uniform. It's as if we're doing it.

We go to a drawer as he opens it and puts on a pair of gloves.

He turns -- we turn --

He heads out the bedroom door.

We move through the dark living room.

We notice from the way the POV moves that he has no trace of a limp whatsoever.

AT THE FRIDGE - he pulls out a steak. Unwraps it. Drops the plastic and tray on the floor.

Puts the steak on the counter. Gets a pan.

AT THE STOVE - he cooks the steak with no oil.

He takes it off and splats it on the counter. Rare.

He moves to the TV, turns it on to a channel displaying snow. Static noise.

It finally automatically turns to a quiet blue stand-by screen.

We watch it with him. He just stands there.

He suddenly walks over and goes through a door into his garage. All in the dark.

IN THE GARAGE - he grabs a hockey stick.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN - he picks up the steak, now cooler.

He puts the hockey stick under an arm to free up a hand as he abruptly walks over to unlock the front door.

We go with him as he steps out without putting shoes on...

54 EXT. BUNGALOW / RESIDENTIAL AREA / RURAL ROAD - **VIDEO POV** 54

VIDEO POV: he closes but doesn't lock the door.

He turns -- all the way to the right -- and walks.

We watch his POV as he walks this route for a long time.

We hear him breathe. He keeps moving forward.

A bright and full moon hangs in the distance.

He heads off the road and into the brush.

He finally emerges to walk down dark alleys towards a residential area.

He's taking the dark sides of streets, seemingly the most obscure paths.

We hear pebbles crunch under his feet with every footfall.

He keeps moving forward like a slightly sneaky, unstoppable zombie.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - **VIDEO POV** - CONTINUOUS

55

VIDEO POV: Doug cuts from the sidewalk and across a lawn.

He approaches a two story house, heading towards the garage.

He tries to open it, but it's locked tight. He rattles it.

He turns and walks around the side of the house.

The POV approaches a window in the side alley, as Doug steps on plants to lean in and look through an opening in the curtains...

We see Lena curled up asleep in her bed.

The POV holds as Doug stares at her for a while.

Way past the point of creepy, the POV finally pulls away and walks around to the back of the house with a fence around it.

The hand carrying the steak enters frame as the back gate door is opened with a click of a free finger.

Doug steps into the backyard.

The POV tilts down as Doug puts down the hockey stick on the grass, then heads to the back door to test the doggie door.

It flaps open.

He places the steak on the cement outside the doggie door.

He pushes the doggie flap to open it again -- this time he leans forward... and growls into it.

He keeps growling.

The noise is truly horrifying. Not something any human would do to imitate a dog on a typical day - more of a primal, deep sound that seems like it would be almost impossible to make.

A thin bark from inside.

Then... claws click down the stairs and across the floor.

The POV calmly backs up, continues backing up, then lowers to hide in a patch of bushes.

A branch seems to knock Doug's cap off.

The cap lands at an odd angle...

Now filming branches and dirt.

We hear the dog flap open and close, then hear the sound of hungry eating. The shot we see doesn't change. We hear subtle sounds of night and see only dirt and branches out of focus.

Then, we hear what may be Doug getting out of the bushes.

More eating sounds.

Then - a CRACK! A brief pause - then another CRACK!

Then, silence. Distant crickets.

The cap is fumbled with and hastily put back on, as Doug is on the move again.

He grabs the hockey stick that's lying next to the back door with his left hand -- then heads off to open the fence door, seeming to tuck the hockey stick under his left arm to do so.

He purposely leaves the fence door open, as he walks off.

SOFT DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. ROAD - **VIDEO POV**

56

VIDEO POV: He seems to be retracing his steps now, down the street, down the same alleys, back roads, brush.

We don't see his hands.

We can hear him breathe a little harder from all the walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

57

The full moon sees all.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 EXT. BUNGALOW - FOREST - **VIDEO POV**

58

VIDEO POV: Doug approaches his house -- but walks right past.

He heads to the forest. We hear a distant train whistle.

He trudges through the foliage for a while as we hear the textures of the ground he's walking on change.

At a certain point in the forest a low hanging branch seems to knock the cap off, the same way as before.

It flips through the air and lands on the ground...

Filming blades of grass, facing the direction he just entered, his house in the background.

By the sounds of it Doug walks off, away from the camera lens's purview, deeper into the forest. Branches crack.

59

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

59

Doug is back on the couch, in a dirt covered uniform, projecting footage on his TV from his laptop.

He looks both pissed off and horrified as he watches.

ON TV: the view is facing away from the forest.

DOUG (O.S.)

Fuck, come on...

FFWD: the cap is finally put back on his head as if Doug found it on the way home and realized it'd been knocked off.

BACK ON Doug, on the couch, intensely scrutinizing the footage, looking for some clue as to what he's up to.

BACK TO THE FOOTAGE - we see him walk back to his house...

His POV as he goes in through the unlocked door.

Turns off the TV still showing the blue stand-by screen.

Walks across the living room.

Into his bedroom.

And finally, into bed.

Back to the POV of the ceiling as he lays down.

FFWD - more ceiling. Then the alarm. Then he turns off the alarm and gets up.

BACK ON DOUG, on the couch: reacting to the footage, his eyes flitting back and forth. He dabs cold sweat on his forehead with the back of a hand. Fumbles for a cigarette.

He has the look of someone desperately trying to deny what is right in front of him and essentially undeniable.

CLOSER ON HIS FACE, as he lights a cigarette:

What the hell did he just watch?

60

EXT. FOREST - DAWN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

60

Doug limps through the forest in a clean mechanic uniform.

He gets to the spot where his cap was knocked off earlier - recognizing the static shot it captured, tilting his head to match it.

He looks around in all directions.

He replicates the angle the camera was facing, then decidedly heads off in the opposite direction.

It gets thick right away.

He starts moving branches away and steps over some thick roots. It's annoying. He proceeds this way for a while, but can't see anything of note.

It just gets thicker and more ridiculous.

He keeps at it for a bit, trudging, pulling, pushing branches aside, getting more frustrated as he scratches his arms up.

DOUG

Ow!

He looks at his scratched up arms, freshly bleeding from thin cuts, and finally gets it. He looks farther in.

He stops, lets out a sigh as he firmly decides to give up.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

He heads back, continuing to struggle with foliage.

The sun gradually rises in front of him.

61

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - DAY

61

The radio is on. Back to talk radio.

Doug has the hood of a Chevy Camaro open and he's using silicon spray on some connectors that are apart. He reconnects them as they make satisfying clicking sounds.

He goes back to some lunch he's eating out of a container.

Lena enters. Doug looks sheepish.

DOUG

Hey.

LENA
Got your own lunch today?

DOUG
Leftover shepherd's pie.

LENA
Yum.

DOUG
Want to try?

He puts some on a fork and holds it up for her. She opens her mouth playfully and he slides the forkful in.

LENA
Whoa, that's good.
(beat)
More please.

He gives her another forkful. Her eyes stay on him as he feeds her.

LENA (CONT'D)
My God that's good. Is it an old family recipe or something?

DOUG
My mom's. She got it from her mom. I have a scan of the original handwritten recipe.

LENA
I'll have to get a copy of that.
(beat)
I never met her. Your mom.

DOUG
Yeah, she died when I was a kid.

LENA
Oh.
(sensitive beat)
How?

Doug looks at her for a few moments like he's wondering whether to get into it or not. He eats more of his lunch.

DOUG
She took her own life.

Lena looks shocked. She walked right into that one.

LENA

Do you have any idea why?

DOUG

I was too young to know what was going on. But my dad wasn't the nicest. So.

Doug finishes, puts it to the side. Lights a cigarette.

LENA

Fire hazard much?

DOUG

I'm being careful.

She nods. She gets it.

LENA

You know there's a security camera in here, right?

Doug looks up to it. Sure enough, there's one in a corner of the garage up near the ceiling.

DOUG

Yeah, I figured Ed would understand.

LENA

Not if I'm smoking. Come here.

Lena lures him away to the corner where the camera is. They're right under it now.

LENA (CONT'D)

This is a blind spot. FYI.

DOUG

Obviously.

Lena takes a pack out of Doug's pocket. He pulls a lighter out of his pocket and sparks her up.

LENA

The camera for the office area hasn't been working for weeks by the way.

DOUG

Yeah, I can take a look at it.

FROM THE RADIO, getting their attention:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Breaking news this hour, a car belonging to local resident George Linden - who's been missing for six months - has been located in Wolf Lake. No body was found, but the car does appear to have been set on fire at some point. Foul play IS suspected.

LENA

Isn't that the rich asshole whose car you were working on that day?

DOUG

Is it? I don't remember his name.

LENA

I do. And that's him. Serves him right.

DOUG

What? It's not a crime to be rich.

(beat)

Any updates on your mom?

LENA

Not yet.

(beat)

I've been dying to ask. Are you still sleepwalking?

Doug takes a long drag, giving her a couple furtive looks.

DOUG

Yeah.

He ashes his cigarette thoughtfully before continuing:

DOUG (CONT'D)

I've been filming it too.

LENA

What?

DOUG

I strapped a camera to a cap to see where I actually go.

LENA

Genius. Where'd you go?

Doug's sudden willingness to talk turns on a dime and he starts to clam up as some obvious thoughts rush his way.

DOUG
I walk around aimlessly.
(beat)
It was weird watching it though,
like it was someone else.

Lena appears to be doing some calculus. She dismisses what she's thinking for now.

LENA
I can tell you're still not
sleeping. You look like shit.

DOUG
Thanks.

LENA
I'm telling you because I care.
Even your hair looks unhealthy. You
should see a doctor.

DOUG
What would a doctor do?

LENA
There must be a pill, or a
specialist you could see. Maybe
you're having a reaction to the
pills you're already taking.

DOUG
I guess.

LENA
Might be trauma related.
(beat)
Did you sleepwalk when you were
recovering?

DOUG
There was something that happened
when I was in the hospital.

LENA
What?

DOUG
Apparently one night I left for a
few hours, then found my way back.

LENA
Oh my God... any idea where you
went?

Doug shakes his head.

LENA (CONT'D)
Did anyone say anything about it?
Like, explain it to you?

DOUG
They said at the time that my brain
was probably still trying to run
away from the fire.

Something occurs to Lena again. She circles back to a thought.

LENA
Have you heard of 'body speak'?

Doug shakes his head.

LENA (CONT'D)
My mom used to do it. It's based on
the idea that our bodies know more
than our conscious mind. Basically
that our bodies know *everything*.
(beat)
I could try it on you.
(shrugs)
See if we can get any clues.

Doug looks apprehensive.

LENA (CONT'D)
It's super easy.

He gives her a half hearted shrug.

LENA (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

They butt out their cigarettes and put them in an empty plastic water bottle on a counter.

Doug sits on a stool.

LENA (CONT'D)
Hold out your hand.

Doug holds up his right hand. Winces slightly.

LENA (CONT'D)
Palm stiff.

He complies.

LENA (CONT'D)

I'm going to put my hand on yours,
and ask you yes or no questions.
After each one, I'll apply
pressure. Try to resist it,
lightly. If your resistance is
firm, it's a yes. If it's weak,
it's a no. I'll know if you're
trying to control it, so relax.

Doug's not sure but makes a somewhat agreeable expression.

She puts her hand on top of his hand.

LENA (CONT'D)

We'll start with something easy to
tune up. Is your name Engelbert
Humperdinck?

She applies pressure. Weak resistance. She pushes his hand
right down.

LENA (CONT'D)

How about this. Is your name Doug
Brock?

She applies pressure. Firm resistance this time - his hand
barely moves.

LENA (CONT'D)

That's how it works. Is my name
Lena?

Firm resistance. She smiles.

LENA (CONT'D)

Is my name Minnie?

Weak resistance.

LENA (CONT'D)

Do you like me?

Firm resistance. *Whoops.*

LENA (CONT'D)

Do you like me more than a friend?

Firm resistance again. She looks embarrassed. So does he,
like he should stop this.

DOUG

What are you doing with your hand?

LENA

I'm not doing anything, it's tiny muscles in your hand. It's your subconscious, I swear. But those questions were uncalled for, sorry.

(beat, resets)

Have you been sleepwalking recently?

Firm resistance.

LENA (CONT'D)

Is the sleepwalking bad for your health?

Firm resistance.

LENA (CONT'D)

Better see that doctor. Let's see. Are you doing anything *bad* when you sleepwalk?

Firm resistance. She frowns.

LENA (CONT'D)

Whoa, okay...

She thinks about what to ask next. Then:

LENA (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna ask, are you doing anything *illegal* while you're sleepwalking?

Firm resistance. They make eye contact. He looks away.

LENA (CONT'D)

Okay, let me ask that a different way. Is the sleepwalking bad for anyone *else's* health?

His hand is firmer than ever. Lena's eyes widen, *whoa*. He pulls his hand roughly away.

LENA (CONT'D)

What?

DOUG

I want to stop, this is making me uncomfortable.

LENA

Oh, sorry.

DOUG

I don't like feeling out of control. You want to know what makes me tick, there you go.

LENA

Okay. But. You're not in control. Your body is.

(beat)

Our brains are slow to process what our bodies already know. That's why you pull your hand away before you realize something's hot.

He doesn't want to hear any more, flashing a thin, almost nasty smile.

DOUG

That's all really interesting, but I should get back to work.

Lena's phone rings. She answers it with the speaker phone, looking at the screen first.

LENA (INTO PHONE)

Hi, Dad. I didn't see you this morning, Groucho's with you, right?

ED (ON PHONE)

No.

Lena starts pacing.

LENA

I couldn't find him anywhere. And the fence door was open. I closed it but-

Doug gets up and tinkers with a car, suddenly almost overwhelmed with discomfort, back in denial land again.

ED (ON PHONE)

Groucho's not with me.

LENA

I better go back to the house. He must be hiding there somewhere.

She tries to make eye contact with Doug - he averts his eyes.

ED (ON PHONE)

Forget about Groucho. You need to make your way to the hospital.

LENA

Why?

A long pause. Lena looks up at Doug. Their eyes lock.

ED (ON PHONE)

The doctor says the family should
start the gathering process.
(chokes on a sob)

LENA

But. I thought she was doing
better.

ED (ON PHONE)

I thought so too. We all hoped for
the best, but there were holes in
her intestines. Somehow she had
traces of toxic chemicals all
through her digestive tract...

LENA

Oh my God.

ED

She's leaving us. I don't think
it's long now.

LENA

What?

(long beat, then, with
voice cracking)

I'll be there as soon as I can.

Lena hangs up and bursts into tears.

Doug limps over to her and hugs her tight.

Her body shudders and quakes with sobs.

He hugs her even tighter and pets the back of her head.

LENA (CONT'D)

She's leaving us.
(beat, so confused)
She's actually going to *die*.

DOUG

I'm so sorry, Lena.

They hold the embrace for a long time as she lets out
wavering wails of pure sorrow.

62 EXT. MECHANIC GARAGE - SAME TIME 62

Outside the garage, the wailing sobs hauntingly continue.

63 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER 63

Doug sits on the edge of an exam table, shirt off.

He moves to avoid the mirror directly across from him, settling on it reflecting the unscarred half of his face.

He looks up at the wall -- at an old, b & w, framed picture of a graduating medical class from 1971.

He hears footsteps outside the door. A file is slid out of a holder on the outside.

The door opens and DOCTOR BROOKS, 70s, steps in.

He looks at the file, his eyes inscrutable.

DOUG
Hi, doctor.

DOCTOR BROOKS
How are you today?

DOUG
I'm good. How are you?

DOCTOR BROOKS
Wonderful. When did I see you last?

DOUG
About a month ago, when I was thinking about returning to work.

DOCTOR BROOKS
And? How's that going?

The doctor looks up at Doug, coming around in front of him.

DOUG
There's been some weird stuff.

DOCTOR BROOKS
Continue.

The doctor takes a stethoscope and puts it on Doug's chest. Moves it around, listening.

DOUG

A couple people have gone missing.
One of my bosses had a stroke.

DOCTOR BROOKS

That's not good. What brings you
here today?

DOUG

I've been sleepwalking.

DOCTOR BROOKS

Is that something you've
experienced before?

DOUG

When I was a kid, around 8, I kept
leaving the house every night. And
once when I was recovering in the
hospital about six months ago.

DOCTOR BROOKS

How often is it happening now?

DOUG

Every night... for a few weeks.

DOCTOR BROOKS

How do you know, do you live with
someone?

DOUG

I was waking up covered in dirt,
cuts and scrapes. I filmed myself.
(beat)
I've been walking all over town.

The doctor frowns but it's almost imperceptible.

DOCTOR BROOKS

Let me take your blood pressure.
(beat)
Anyone in your family experience
anything like this?

DOUG

Not that I know of.

DOCTOR BROOKS

Probably someone...

The doctor proceeds to wrap up Doug's arm with a cuff. Pumps.
Releases.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
 Hmm, let me do that again.

He repeats the steps as Doug awkwardly looks out the window.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
 Your blood pressure's pretty high
 for a young guy. Are you feeling
 tired from all this walking around?

DOUG
 Very.

The doctor pulls out a light and examines his eyelids. His eyes are bloodshot.

DOCTOR BROOKS
 Look up.

He does.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
 Are you taking anything besides the
 pain meds I prescribed?

DOUG
 No.

DOCTOR BROOKS
 Need any refills today?

DOUG
 Sure.

DOCTOR BROOKS
 Be careful you don't increase the
 dosage.

DOUG
 What happens if I do? Could it make
 me sleepwalk?

DOCTOR BROOKS
 No, it's just an addiction you
 don't want to get.

The doctor writes him a prescription. As he writes:

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
 How many drinks in a typical night?

DOUG
 Couple.

DOCTOR BROOKS
Joints?

DOUG
I only do that occasionally.

DOCTOR BROOKS
Coffee?

DOUG
That's kind of an all day thing.

The doctor smiles with understanding.

DOCTOR BROOKS
You should probably stop that.
Avoid alcohol too if you can, it
interferes with sleep patterns.

DOUG
Is it true that sleepwalking
happens when you're deep asleep?

DOCTOR BROOKS
Sometimes. There's also something
called rapid eye movement sleep
behavior disorder, where you're
just barely asleep, and you
basically act out your dreams.

Doug mulls this over. The doctor goes and washes his hands.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
You seem fine. But I'd like to get
to the bottom of this.

The doctor starts writing on a pad.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
I'm going to refer you to a
psychiatrist.

Doug doesn't like the sound of that, visibly reacting. The
doctor notices.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
Your subconscious might be
wrestling with something. When
you're awake you may not know what
that something is. Our conscious
minds build fortresses to protect
us. Sometimes psychiatry can help.
(beat)
Wouldn't want to see you get hurt.

DOUG
How?

DOCTOR BROOKS
I've heard stories of people
jumping off balconies. Is your
bedroom on the ground floor?

DOUGS
Single story house.

DOCTOR BROOKS
Talk to my guy. It might be
connected to your accident. It
might be something farther back.

Doug's eyes betray a vulnerability at 'farther back'.

The doctor writes more on his piece of paper, then tears and
clips it to Doug's file, handing the bundle over to him.

DOCTOR BROOKS (CONT'D)
Come back and see me in 6 weeks.
I'll see if I can get you into an
overnight sleep study.

DOUG
Okay.

DOCTOR BROOKS
Good luck.

And with that he slips out of the room like a will o' the
wisp. Doug sits and lets out a slow sigh through pursed lips.

64 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

64

Doug limps to his car deep in thought.

His phone chirps a text message notification sound.

He pulls it out and looks at it. Double takes.

CLOSE ON SCREEN -- from Lena: *She's dead.*

Doug doesn't say anything, just looks at it for a long time.
His screen saver eventually goes to black.

He takes at least six pain pills.

He sits down at the base of a pole and cries.

Clouds drift by above.

65

EXT. ED'S HOUSE - EVENING

65

Doug pulls his car up to the front of Ed's house.

Ed sits in the garage with the garage door open, sitting on a milk crate, smoking, in sweat pants and an old ratty T-shirt.

He has a warm flat of beer beside him and a coffee can to put butts into.

Doug gets out, crosses the lawn, approaches the garage gingerly.

He looks down at the grass -- there's a QUICK SHOT of him seeing his bare feet walk across the very same lawn.

BACK TO SCENE as he shakes the subliminal moment off.

DOUG

Hi, Ed.

Ed just looks at Doug blankly.

DOUG (CONT'D)

How're you holding up?

No response.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Did you have supper?

Ed doesn't respond. Doug looks around to break the tension.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Can I bum one of those?

Ed gives Doug a cigarette without saying anything.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Light?

Ed hands him some matches. Doug lights up.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Doug. I'm really sorry about Rosemary.

(beat)

She was the best.

Ed just smokes. Thousand yard stare.

Doug looks around the garage. It's a mini version of the auto shop.

A cop cruiser pulls up. Constable LeBorgne steps out, doesn't put her hat on.

She reaches into the back seat and pulls something out, approaching the house. It looks like a casserole in a glass pan wrapped in tin foil.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Evening, gentlemen.

DOUG
Constable. Good to see you.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Likewise.
(beat)
Lena home?

Doug looks at Ed. No response.

DOUG
I think so. Try the doorbell.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE
Sure. I'm just dropping this off.
(beat)
Mr. McDougall, I'm so sorry for
your loss.
(beat)
I'm around if you need anything.

Ed just smokes. A single tear rolls down his cheek.

Doug gives the Constable a look like, *I got this*. She nods back at him. She heads towards the front door.

She looks back for a moment.

Not at Ed, but at Doug.

She watches him smoke and catches him sneak looks at Ed.

She sees him scope the garage as if planning something.

Something about his vibe seems to put her off.

From the look in her eyes, she can't put her finger on it but she's picking up on a scent that troubles her.

Doug notices her look, and she continues to the front door.

Doug continues smoking with Ed.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 66

Doug sits in bed drinking a beer with his GoPro device on.

He starts to nod off, spilling some beer.

He sits bolt upright. His eyes reveal that even if he *wants* to film himself, he's scared of actually going there again.

He puts the beer down, taps something on his computer.

Speed metal starts to play. He turns it up.

His eyes flicker back and forth. He stands.

He turns the music up louder.

He starts to pace, his limp seeming extra pronounced.

67 EXT. SKY - TIME LAPSE 67

The moon is bright.

It moves, and eventually makes room for a rising sun.

The sun gets brighter and brighter and-

SMASH CUT TO:

68 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - MORNING 68

FLASH SHOTS of hands yanking a rope. Choking sounds.

Speed metal suddenly seeps in and pulls us to the real scene in progress as Doug wakes up abruptly, GoPro cap on.

His phone rings, vibrating, falling right off the side-table.

He's disoriented, sunlight floods his bedroom. He looks at the clock. 10:20.

DOUG

The fuck?

He scrambles to turn off the music, sitting up to the side of the bed in his mechanic uniform and gloves.

He rips the headgear off, turning everything off on his laptop, fumbling for his phone.

DOUG (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

LENA (ON PHONE)

Doug.

DOUG

Lena. I slept in.

LENA (ON PHONE)

Doug...

She's fighting very hard to get something out. Sniffing hard. Quietly sobbing.

DOUG

What is it?

LENA (ON PHONE)

My dad's dead.

Doug leaps to his feet so abruptly he almost falls over. His eyes are wide open.

He shakes his head, baffled beyond belief, not sure if he's awake or dreaming.

DOUG

What? What do you-

LENA (ON PHONE)

He killed himself.

Her voice is so pinched she can barely get the words out.

His eyes well up with confused tears.

DOUG

I don't understand.

LENA (ON PHONE)

Either do I. He was in the garage all night, I went to bed. And he-

She lets out a cry, and mumbles something unintelligible.

DOUG

Where are you?

LENA (ON PHONE)

At home, I haven't left. The coroner's been here, Constable Tammy just left-

DOUG

I'll be right there. Just give me a few minutes, I'm on my way. Okay?

LENA (ON PHONE)
Doug?

DOUG
Yeah?

LENA (ON PHONE)
Can you come quick?

DOUG
Of course.

LENA (ON PHONE)
(weakly)
Okay. *Just*. Hurry.

Doug hangs up and tries not to have a heart attack. He takes a few deep breaths and gets up, limps out of his room.

His keys jangle as he wanders around the living room area and the kitchen, obviously pacing.

He comes back in, and stares at his laptop.

It holds secrets he wants to know.

He tries to resist its power.

But he grabs his laptop anyway, and leaves the room with it.

69 INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

69

Doug sits on the couch, half sitting, half squatting, toggling keys on his laptop, watching the TV with wide open eyes.

He looks traumatized, like he's in the middle of watching an execution video just from watching stuff on rewind.

He presses play -

70 EXT. ED'S HOUSE / BUNGALOW - **VIDEO FOOTAGE** - NIGHT

70

VIDEO FOOTAGE: Doug's POV as he walks down a familiar street.

He stops at a hedge -- peeks around the side to look at Ed's house.

We see Ed sitting in the garage with the garage door open, on the milk crate, smoking.

The POV sneakily watches some more as he continues to smoke.

Suck. Blow. Suck. Blow.

Doug then seems to purposefully take his headgear off and place it into the bushes at an odd angle, filming branches and dirt, so close it's out of focus.

DOUG (O.S., AS HE WATCHES)
No no no no! What are you doing?

We watch out of focus foliage and hear distant crickets.

We hear a word spoken but we don't catch what it is. It's so dim it could be someone watching TV in another house.

Then a sudden scrambling sound, a startled exclamation-

Then silence. Then an unidentifiable, repetitive sound of friction between two surfaces of different textures.

We hear Doug hyperventilating as he watches the footage in his living room.

We suddenly hear footsteps on the grass in the footage he's watching, as the thumps getting closer to camera.

The headgear is fumbled with, then finally put back on at an awkward angle.

The POV turns away from the bush -- and faces Ed's house.

Ed isn't sitting on the milk crate anymore.

He seems to have vanished.

Then we see two worn thin running shoes appearing to hang just below where the raised bottom of the garage door is.

It's a horrifying image immediately but we still can't really see what has happened or make sense of anything.

The POV moves forward as sleepwalking Doug appears to desire one more closer look.

We get closer, closer...

... With each step, the haunting image becomes ghoulishly clearer. And clearer.

Legs.

Torso.

Arms hanging lifelessly.

Head. Pale skin. Unnaturally closed eyes.

Ed hangs from a noose, the rope pulled up over the garage door track along the top of the garage, fastened at the other end to a handle on a metal closet.

He swings ever so slightly.

A dog barks.

The POV completely turns to the source of the sound -- where a neighbor's house lights turn on.

The POV turns back for one last look -- then turns, as Doug calmly walks away from the house.

Doug FFWD's the footage - as we see him walk home.

More FFWD - and he finally walks into his house and gets into bed, where the speed metal is cranked.

The footage pauses - and stops-

71 INT. BUNGALOW - DOUG'S LIVING ROOM / GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 71

ON Doug, his face pale. A ringing silence.

He falls back against the back of the couch and looks up at the ceiling.

He tries to control his breath. He's terrified. His hands start to shake and he gags dramatically a couple of times.

His phone chirps.

He looks at it.

CLOSE ON SCREEN -- It's Lena: *All cool?*

He snaps out of his fugue state and types frantically.

ON PHONE SCREEN: a bubble on the opposite side - *sorry had to charge my phone omw*

ON Doug, as he rushes into the garage.

The electric door opens. He starts his car, pops pills, and pulls out in a hurry, tires screeching, as we

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

72

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

72

A slight drizzle on a small CROWD who surround two coffins next to two open graves - their final resting place.

Raincoats worn over mourning clothes. Scattered umbrellas.

A PRIEST reads from a book. We don't hear anything.

Doug and Lena stand together. He is stoic but also wearing sunglasses we haven't seen before. We can't see his eyes.

Lena is a mess and not even attempting to hide it.

73

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER

73

Doug and Lena step through the cemetery gates towards a line of cars, all part of a procession.

Constable LeBorgne stands at the entrance in a police raincoat.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

(to Lena)

Hi there.

Lena pulls it together but still a mess. Doug's still wearing his sunglasses.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Lena. My heart breaks for you.

Her words are full of sincerity.

LENA

Thanks, Tammy.

Lena breaks down again as they hug.

The Constable looks at Doug, betraying nothing, but there's something about him she no longer trusts. She looks back to Lena.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

You gonna be okay? Do you need my help with anything?

Lena shrugs.

LENA

Doug and I have each other. We're all that's left. Maybe we can keep the shop running. I don't know.

The Constable nods slowly.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

Call me. Anytime. I'm not just the local cop, okay? I want you to know I'm a friend you can trust. We've known each other a long time.

LENA

Okay.

The Constable looks directly at Doug.

CONSTABLE LEBORGNE

Doug. My condolences.

Doug nods and guides Lena away towards his car.

The Constable watches them closely, deliberating.

We hold on her until her eyes tell the whole story.

She wants to protect Lena. That means keeping an eye on Doug.

74 INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

74

Doug sits in the kitchen area of his living room space, a bundle of nerves.

The fireplace crackles again, as Doug struggles to keep warm.

He has his cell phone on the counter.

Tammy's business card is beside it.

INSERT FLASH: of Ed's confused eyes looking up at camera.

BACK TO SCENE as a very shaken Doug picks up the phone and dials a number on the card. Then he hangs up.

He has trouble catching his breath, as a panic attack seems to come on. His hands start to tremble uncontrollably.

INSERT FLASH: of Larry looking to camera, pleading with his eyes. He seems to yell something but we don't hear it.

BACK TO SCENE as Doug reaches for the phone but knocks it off the counter onto the floor.

The moment startles him back to earth.

He regains his breath and closes his eyes. Rides out a full-on panic attack.

INSERT FLASH: of a MAN looking angrily at Doug who we don't recognize. He resembles an older version of Doug.

Doug cries instead, like a world of emotion is trying to burst out of him. He ultimately chooses not to make the call.

75 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER 75

Doug is in bed asleep, tossing and turning.

His GoPro cap is on the side-table, unused.

76 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM / LIVING ROOM - MORNING 76

CLOSE IMAGES of a fire crackling, something plastic bubbling and melting in the centre of it.

Doug's alarm goes off, pulling us into the scene.

He sits up and notices he's in his mechanic uniform. He looks like he's going to throw up at the endless cycle of it all.

He reaches over and turns off his alarm. Then he looks at his side-table. The GoPro is there, smashed to pieces.

He gets up and limps into the living room area.

He sees his lap top on the floor, pulverized into the tiniest pieces.

A hammer is on the floor next to it.

He looks over, something catching his eye, then walks over to the burnt out fireplace and sees the sticker of a memory card blown off to a safe edge, preserved.

He squats and sees a piece of warped plastic bubbled up in the middle of the piles of ash.

That's when he spots the TV.

The screen is completely obliterated.

From his squatting position he tips over and sits on the floor, with seemingly nothing left to offer.

77 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - TIME LAPSE 77

The whole community from on high as a day or two pass.

78 INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - EVENING 78

Lena sits at the nook in the kitchen area. Her eyes are dark.
There's a plate of shepherd's pie in front of her.

Doug sits beside her with his own plate. They're not eating much but have made it a few bites in.

There's intense heaviness to the atmosphere but there's also undeniable comfort in their company. A warmth.

In the BG, the TV is now gone, just an empty space where it once was.

Doug looks at Lena with eyes that are dead tired.

DOUG
You want a beer?

LENA
I don't know. I'm kind of scared
to. Like I might not stop.

DOUG
I hear you.

Doug pours a couple of glasses of water from the sink.

Lena looks numb. She picks at another bite of food.

LENA
This is still so good. I just don't
have much of an appetite.

DOUG
Yeah, I know. Me neither.

LENA
It's like my mom was right about
the shop being cursed.
(beat)
Do you believe in this much
coincidence?

Doug shrugs.

DOUG

A coincidence is just an unexpected connection...

She scoffs. He realizes his practicality isn't very comforting.

She notices and tries to make him feel better.

LENA

Maybe I could use *one* beer.

He nods, gets up to grab a couple, cracks them, hands her one.

She takes a couple guzzles. Looks out the window, searching anywhere and everywhere for comforting answers.

LENA (CONT'D)

Why'd he have to leave me alone?

Doug thinks it over. Almost says something, backtracks, then tries again, seeing the pain in her eyes that connects to her whole existence.

DOUG

I think suicide... is when the camel's back just breaks, you know, the last straw.

(beat)

Some people say it's selfish, but it's more like the opposite. Or neither.

(beat)

You're probably the reason he stayed around as long as he did.

(beat)

Like you said the other day, we never really know anybody. Especially ourselves.

LENA

I'm not so sure about that.

(beat)

We know who we are, we just pretend we don't.

Doug scratches his arms as he guzzles the rest of his beer and grabs another, offering her another one silently.

She nods. He slides one over.

LENA (CONT'D)

In the last year my dad was so down about what happened to you. He felt so guilty about it.

DOUG

Yeah. I feel bad about that.

LENA

Pretty justified though.

Doug just gives her a look that says it all: *what?*

She cracks her second beer.

LENA (CONT'D)

What's your version of what happened that day?

DOUG

I was sloppy with a welder's tool.

LENA

So you blame yourself?

DOUG

Pretty much.

LENA

Ed was pretty obsessed that it was everyone's fault BUT yours.

DOUG

I'm not sure I follow.

LENA

You know Mike was supposed to be there that day right?

DOUG

Yeah, he told me the other day.

LENA

That's kind of where it started. You booked the day off to be with your dad. We all knew he was sick. Mike too.

(beat)

But then suddenly Mike calls in sick. I happen to know he was bitching about having to miss the football game, so I know he only called in sick so he could stay home and watch his stupid game.

Doug is trying to stay calm but already tiny details of her story are blowing his mind.

LENA (CONT'D)

Then we got swamped. And that George Linden guy wants his car done that day. And my dad knew he couldn't pull it off.

(beat)

So he wants to bring you in, but mom's against it. But she doesn't say anything because she and my dad are in this big fight about something else.

(beat)

So she puts it all on ME, tells ME to call you in. And I know you had the day booked off, and why. And I could've just said I couldn't get ahold of you... but I have this stupid crush on you.

She blushes and covers her face.

LENA (CONT'D)

So I call you in because, of course, secretly, I'd rather have you there. So you come in. Dad's pushing you, Linden's in this crazy hurry. It's getting late. Larry's there. He's drunk. My dad tells him to move a car out of the way. You don't remember any of this?

Doug shrugs and shakes his head softly.

LENA (CONT'D)

And the dog is barking because you have that torch thing. It's chaos. Larry moves the car that's in the way, drunkenly bumps into a can of starter fluid. My dad notices, but Groucho's barking so loud you don't hear him when he tries to warn you. The next thing, you're screaming. My dad puts you out. It was only a few seconds but...

They sit in silence for several long beats.

Doug scratches at his arms.

Lena searches Doug's face for a reaction. There isn't any. At least nothing visible.

LENA (CONT'D)

You really don't remember any of this? I'd be furious if I were you.

DOUG

Everyone just did stuff they would normally do. No one meant to hurt me.

LENA

You really believe that?

DOUG

Are you saying someone *wanted* any of that to happen? Did *you*?

LENA

No of course not.

They share a silence.

LENA (CONT'D)

Would you mind... if I stayed here tonight?

Her words echo slightly in the silence. He stares at her, mulling it over. She grows uncomfortable with the silence.

LENA (CONT'D)

On the couch.

DOUG

No. No no, there's fresh sheets on the bed. *I'll* sleep on the couch.

He still looks unsure. She looks extra vulnerable.

LENA

What?

DOUG

I'm just having trouble trusting myself. The whole sleepwalking thing.

She's not sure where he's going with this. She tries:

LENA

Are you still filming yourself?

DOUG

Naw, it was pointless. I was just walking around, and taking the GoPro off all the time so I couldn't see anything, nothing made sense.

LENA

Can I see?

He shakes his head.

DOUG

It's all gone.

She doesn't get it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I destroyed everything... while I was sleepwalking.

She just stares at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Like I said. I don't trust myself.

LENA

Well I do.

(beat)

I trust you.

(beat)

Doug. I know you.

He looks away from her intense eye contact.

Her eyes well up.

LENA (CONT'D)

I've had everyone taken away from me.

(beat, voice cracking)

I don't have anyone else.

He goes over right away and puts an arm around her.

DOUG

Hey. Hey hey. Of course you can stay here. I didn't mean to make you feel unwelcome.

She nods as she releases tears into his shoulder.

LENA
 Maybe you're so restless because...
 (beat, not sure whether to
 say it)
 You're lonely.

He nods, considering it.

DOUG
 I don't know anymore.

LENA
 Maybe with someone here you can
 actually calm down.

He nods, humoring her, whether she's right or not.

DOUG
 If you do stay... what about
 Groucho?

LENA
 I left the back gate open in case
 he comes back, left the doggie door
 open. But he's been gone a while.
 I'd put up posters but... it's just
 all too much.

DOUG
 Of course it is. I'll help you with
 that tomorrow. Okay? Don't worry
 about anything for now.

She nods.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 You're right. Maybe I won't
 sleepwalk tonight, and maybe we can
 both get a good night's sleep.

She finally melts and smiles. He forces a smile back.

79

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

79

Doug is lying on the couch, looking idly in the direction
 where the TV used to be.

Doug's bedroom door is open. Lena is asleep on Doug's bed,
 tucked in cozily under the covers.

Doug nods off on the couch, but trying to stay awake.

He sits up straight, in his T-shirt and underwear. He scratches his arms for a bit.

He makes his eyes wide. He nods off. He awakens with a start.

He gets up and paces with his trademark limp.

He goes to the kitchen and puts a pot of coffee on.

He puts cold water from the sink on his hands and wrists. Splashes some on his face.

80

INT. BUNGALOW - A LITTLE LATER

80

Doug nods off on the couch, awakening with a jolt, spilling coffee, as he looks around nervously.

He looks into his room to see Lena sleeping soundly.

He firmly decides to go to a utility drawer in the kitchen.

He pulls out a zap strap and a pair of cutters.

He puts the cutters in a drawer in the living room that has some valuables in it. He locks it with a key.

He goes back to the kitchen to put the key on top of the fridge in a tissue container.

He then goes to sit back on the couch.

He finally and hastily uses the zap strap to attach his right wrist to the arm of the couch.

He lets out a sigh and sits silent and still for a bit.

81

INT. BUNGALOW - A LITTLE LATER

81

Doug is fast asleep with his head tilted back onto the back of the couch, still in a sitting position.

His eyes open and he sits up.

He stands up, pulling against the constraining zap strap.

He then slowly drags the couch over to the locked drawer where he hid the cutters. The couch makes a bit of a scraping noise on the floor but he attempts to do it somewhat quietly.

With one hand he grips the drawer and pulls.

He keeps pulling -- at first it doesn't seem to be doing anything, but the wood eventually starts to splinter.

The pulling continues, a steady, almost unnatural pressure full of an otherworldly strength.

The wood continues splintering bit by bit by bit until it suddenly breaks open.

He stops for a moment and tilts his head, as if listening to see if the noise woke Lena up.

Nothing.

He reaches in, grabs the cutters, quickly snips the zap strap. The couch drops a few inches with a thump.

He's free.

He heads towards the bedroom without any sign of a limp.

We're not sure what he's going to do to Lena, but he acts like she's not even there.

The train headlight in the painting over Doug's bed seems to glow as it reflects the light of the silvery moon outside.

Doug quietly gets dressed.

Gets some gloves.

Lena doesn't stir.

He heads back out into the main area, then unlocks and very quietly goes out the front door without putting any shoes on.

Lena stays asleep.

82

INT./EXT. CONSTABLE LEBORGNE'S CAR / BUNGALOW - NIGHT

82

The Constable sits in an unmarked police car a distance away from Doug's house just down the street.

She reads a file. She glances up when she spots movement in the distance.

RACK FOCUS and we see Doug walk out his front door.

The Constable puts the file she's reading down on the shotgun seat. She watches. She pulls up a pair of binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: we see Doug in a zombie state, glazed over eyes, as he turns left, and walks towards the forest.

REGULAR VIEW: as the Constable gets out of the car, quietly shuts her door, then walks quickly towards Doug to catch up.

83

EXT. FOREST - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

83

The Constable steps out from behind a tree and watches Doug push through some branches and climb over roots.

He moves on, trudging deeply into the thick woods.

The Constable gives him a few moments to get ahead, then pursues him, laser focused.

It gets thick but she's relentless, aggressively moving whatever she has to out of her way.

Branches snap back and nip at her forearms. She almost gets a branch in the face. She takes off her hat before it's knocked off.

After a lot of climbing around, Doug gets to a clearing that is too dark to make anything out with any detail.

The Constable hides behind a tree.

She peeks around... Doug stands in front of what looks like a hole, looking down into it.

She takes her phone out of her pocket and starts to film him, but it's hard to see anything as it's so dark.

ON PHONE: as she tries adjusting the settings.

BACK ON the Constable as she lowers her phone and looks at the scene with her own eyes, but can't see him anywhere.

He's suddenly gone.

She listens. Her eyes are open wide. Her breath quickens as she starts to get frightened.

She hears a branch crack. She turns. Nothing.

Her eyes search the dark, more frantic by the second.

She turns, putting her phone away and pulling out her police issue flashlight.

She scans the area. Nothing.

Where is he?

She starts to move away, quickening her pace as she goes.

She hears footsteps approach her from behind.

She drops her hat and reaches for her gun, and is just about to pull it out, when we see Doug rush up behind her.

84 EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

84

A wide shot from a high angle of the dark thick forest. One piercing scream melds into a distant train whistle.

Then all is quiet.

85 INT. BUNGALOW - DOUG'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

85

Lena is fast asleep in Doug's bed. She rolls over but stays asleep. Through the window beside her... the forest.

After several long beats someone emerges from the forest.

It's Doug.

He makes his way back to the house.

The closer he gets, the more menacing it seems, tension cranking.

He keeps coming closer and closer to the window until we can see his expression, tense, blank.

A bone chilling 1000 yard stare.

He raises his arms. He's carrying a large rock. He suddenly hurls it maniacally at the window...

The window SHATTERS!

Lena sits up with a startled jerk and screams, totally rattled, as the rock lands with a splintering crash and rolls around as it settles.

She looks at the broken window in shock as shards continue to fall and tinkle to the floor below.

Doug, meanwhile, has turned tail and is now walking calmly back to the forest.

Lena, still gobsmacked, gets to her feet quickly, in sweat pants and a hoodie, lurching out of the bedroom, confused.

86 INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

86

Lena enters, disoriented, wiping at her eyes.

She sees the empty couch in a different position, at its awkward angle.

She spots the broken drawer but doesn't understand.

She quickly puts her shoes on, and dashes out the front door after Doug.

87 EXT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

87

Lena runs out the front door and to the left, heading for the forest. She can just make Doug out on the edge of it.

She hightails it after him, catching up fast. She proceeds to follow him closely.

Every now and then she darts behind a tree as he seems to occasionally look around as if he hears her.

Then she continues her pursuit again.

He walks on, heading into the thick.

88 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

88

Lena struggles with all the foliage but is determined to keep up, no matter how difficult it gets.

A few branches bend back and snap at her but she keeps going.

Doug's at a relentless pace, but weirdly just slow enough for her to be able to consistently follow him. She's so used to seeing him limp that it's quite different to see him walk so steadily, like some kind of overpowered machine.

After a lot of clambering around, Doug gets to the same clearing that we saw before.

Lena watches Doug grab a shovel and look down into a hole.

He just stands there.

She switches position to get a different angle.

Doug suddenly turns and looks in her direction.

Lena hides.

She peeks again but can't see anything.

She switches position again, looking down to step over roots to peek through another patch of trees --

It's too dark. She squints.

Then Lena climbs around awkwardly and cautiously makes her way closer to the clearing.

She spins around in all directions, having lost sight of him.

She stops for a moment, not wanting to blow her cover. Quiet, still.

Then, she continues slowly, quietly climbing over a huge root system that buckles out of the earth.

She finds herself in the clearing.

She appears to be stumbling and then stepping over mounds but doesn't quite take them into consideration as her eyes are up - searching the dark surroundings for any sign of Doug.

She hears some footsteps nearby, but behind her.

She spins -- Nothing.

She steps even deeper into the clearing, looking back and forth in all directions --

Then, she suddenly slips -- and falls right into the deep hole that Doug dug.

There's a sickening pop as she lands so awkwardly that she severely sprains one of her ankles. She screams.

As adrenaline kicks in, she has the wherewithal to turn on the light on her phone and focus it.

A huge gasp --

As she sees someone lying in the hole with her.

It has the vibe of not being quite real, like a mannequin.

Lena refocuses the light just so, then clasps a hand over her mouth, her eyes impossibly wide.

We see what she sees:

Constable LeBorgne, in the hole with her, in her police uniform, with her cap.

Dead.

The Constable's eyes are open. They look right at Lena. She almost looks like she was right in the middle of explaining something important and then froze, forever.

ON Lena, as she tries to process what she's looking at. Her mouth gets wider and wider.

She makes a sound but it's more like a shallow attempt at trying to take a breath.

It grows and revs and catches up to itself as she screams.

We suddenly hear the sound of leaves underfoot being crushed over and over at a pace above her.

After a few leaf crushing sounds, Lena snaps out of it and figures out what's happening.

Doug gets to the edge and looks down into the hole. His eyes are glazed. He looks like someone else.

Lena scrambles around in the bottom of the hole, her fingers searching for purchase, grabbing hold of the Constable, her uniform, her shoulder, her face.

She yelps in pain as she puts weight on her injured ankle. She collapses.

Lena screams again, hysterical, as she completely panics, trying to climb out of the hole without putting weight on her sprained ankle. It's too deep to get leverage.

She grabs her phone with the light still on, swinging it wildly.

She looks up as Doug continues to peer over the edge.

She shines the light at him.

His eyes are glazed over in a truly terrifying way.

Lena tries to climb out of the hole some more but helplessly slips on the Constable's clothes and all the dirt she grabs is dry and crumbles.

Doug just stares at her like a fascinated zombie. Frankenstein's monster watching a little girl play by a lake.

LENA

Doug!

He looks confused to hear his name at this moment.

LENA (CONT'D)
Doug!! Oh my God, Doug!

He almost snaps out of his state, but stays in it.

LENA (CONT'D)
Wake up!!! Wake up!!! WAKE UP!!!

She tries to jump on one leg but only falls on her back on top of the Constable. She throws dirt up at Doug.

It bounces off his face but he doesn't react to it.

Lena tries to get up and slips to fall again. Her head and the Constable's head conk together, making her forehead start bleeding, a trickle getting in one of her eyes.

LENA (CONT'D)
Please, Doug! You have to wake up!

Doug starts to shovel dirt onto her. She spits it out.

LENA (CONT'D)
You don't know what you're doing!!

Lena feels and then sees a gun in the Constable's belt. She grabs it and aims it up at Doug intensely.

LENA (CONT'D)
Don't make me do this! I really
don't want to hurt you.

She aims for his leg. She pulls the trigger. *Click.*

CLOSE ON HER EYES -- CLOSE ON DOUG'S EYES, THEN DOWN TO HIS BREAST POCKET -- the gun's magazine is tucked in right there.

Lena clicks the trigger a few times as she cries, lowering the gun, dropping it, spitting out more dirt as it keeps coming at her.

She suddenly has a breakthrough of clarity and realizes she can use the phone in her hand.

Dirt keeps hitting it and in her panic her fingers slip off the buttons. Plus, a rock hits her forehead where it's already cut and dazes her. More blood trickles down.

LENA (CONT'D)
Oh God, oh God, oh God!

She tries to dial 911 but keeps messing it up, like trying to figure out a nonsensical phone in a dream.

She tries to clear it and start again but another descending rock knocks the phone right out of her hand.

She scrambles for it as it slips into the piling dirt.

She actually does get it again but can't see the screen as it's covered in moist dirt. She wipes at it, smears it.

She looks up at Doug again.

LENA (CONT'D)
Please, Doug! You don't want to do
this!

He just keeps at it, like a robot.

LENA (CONT'D)
Doug! Look at me!!! WAKE UP!!!

He doesn't. She cries pitifully, heartbreakingly so.

LENA (CONT'D)
Doug, I love you! I've always loved
you!! I still love you, so much.
Please, Doug! *I know you love me*
too...

The dirt flinging seems to stop. She looks pathetically hopeful.

Then it starts again. Dirt rain.

She collapses.

LENA (CONT'D)
Doug... Doug... *doug*

Every time she says his name it gets lower in volume. She's giving up.

LENA'S POV: we see the dirt coming down on her as she looks up at his blank stare.

ON LENA: the deep confusion in her eyes. Then the shock. She's moving less and less.

The dirt continues. Doug throws in the magazine full of bullets down beside Lena's now half buried face. She makes a burst of movement but it's short lived.

More dirt clumps. Eventually the shovel gets thrown in too.

The last of the dirt comes in by hand. It keeps going and going until the hole is full.

The sound of a distant train whistle.

Doug turns slowly and begins to walk out of the forest.

He emerges on the forest's far side, ambling in the direction of train tracks as a lonely train heads his way, exhaust plumes billowing in the dim light.

THE END