GET OUT

Written by

Jordan Peele

I appeal to you therefore, brothers, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect. -Romans 12:1-2

EXT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

A perfect suburban house with bay windows and a front lawn. The SHAW family. Caucasian and warm - RICHARD, 34; NANCY, 30; JOSHUA, 6; and MAY, 4 - eat dinner inside. Richard reads something on his tablet illuminating his face.

JOSHUA
Which one are we going to?

RICHARD
The one in Orlando.

NANCY
Disney World.

JOSHUA
Tony said that Mickey is not really Mickey; it's someone else in there.

RICHARD
Mickey's Mickey.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

ANDRE, 29, an African-American man runs down the sidewalk in sweats. He listens to jazz on his phone. The music stops. He stops running and checks his phone.

ANDRE
Damn.

He's right in front of the Shaw's house. He glances inside. The Shaw's seem normal and content. Andre smiles.

A motion detecting security light floods the lawn.

INT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard looks up from his table to see Andre standing there. The rest of the family doesn't notice. Nancy tends to May, who SQUIRMS in her chair. Richard watches Andre protectively.

JOSHUA
Also, Tony said he saw a chef Mickey and a normal Mickey.

NANCY
He must have changed his clothes for work.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre walks on. It's getting dark. He is suddenly very alone.

A vintage creme-colored Porsche Boxter with tinted windows and a roof CREEPS up on the street behind Andre. It's following him.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV watching Andre. His BREATH ECHOES deep and tinny as if it were into a coffee can. Through the car's system we hear an English to French language tutorial recording.

TUTORIAL
Pardon me. Where is the nearest restaurant? Pardonnez-moi. Ou est le restaurant le plus proche?

The driver doesn't repeat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre, feeling followed, stops to tie his shoe. The car also stops. Andre waves at the unseen DRIVER. There is no response. The ENGINE PURRS.

Andre begins walking again. The car begins slowly too. Andre stops again. The car does too. Andre peers through the windshield but can't see through the tint.

ANDRE
Can I help you...?

No response.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
I'm new to the area. I just moved here... Down on Evergreen...

Nothing. Did I do something wrong? 'Cause--

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV. Andre continues to talk, but isn't heard.

TUTORIAL
Can you show me the nearest bathroom? Pouvez-vous me montrer la salle de bain la plus prouche?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre hears nothing from inside.

ANDRE
(under his breath)
This is some shit right here.

Andre begins walking. The car creeps alongside him. After a few steps, Andre stops again. The car stops. Andre laughs.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. I know you? You messing with me right?..Come on.

No response. He realizes it's not a friend.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
You know this could be considered stalking and harassment. Plus, you're sitting in a deadly weapon so that's some felony-type shit right there.

No response.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
What?!? Say something then.

No response. Andre can't hide his anger anymore. He starts walking the other direction. The car backs up, following Andre in reverse.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Calm down, Andre. Don't do it. Don't let him get to you.

After a few more steps...

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Andre, fed up, stops. He approaches the passenger's side window and bangs on it.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
I'm from Brooklyn, man. If you wanna do something, then let's do something. I'm ready..! Hey, I'm talkin' to you!!!

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV. Andre bangs on the window.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Andre bangs harder on the window three times. The car's passenger-side window rolls down.

TUTORIAL
Can you help me find a hotel?
Pouvez-vous m'aider a trouver mon hotel?

Andre's expression goes from anger to terror. The driver wears a tubular metal medieval knight's helmet with slanted rectangular eye holes.

ANDRE
Shit.

The driver raises a gun with a silencer on it. Andre turns to run but is shot in the back. Stunned, Andre stumbles towards the Shaw's house. The driver exits the car and follows him.

TUTORIAL
(From inside the car)
Can you please call the police?
Pouvez-vous s'il vous plait appelez la police?

EXT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Andre falls in front of the Shaw's lawn. A dart sticks out of his back. He reaches towards the Shaw family. The masked driver approaches calmly Andre drags himself toward the house as everything blurs around him.

ANDRE
(weakly)
Help

Andre passes out as the security light floods the lawn again.

INT. THE SHAW'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Shaw family eats while Andre lays on their front lawn. This time Richard, buried in his tablet, doesn't notice. the driver lift Andre's limp body and carries him to his car.

JOSHUA
Tony said Mickey's face doesn't move.

RICHARD
That's right. Mickey's always happy.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The driver carries Andre to the car.

JOSHUA (O.S.)
Why?

RICHARD (O.S.)
Because he hasn't aged in 100 years.

The driver plops Andre in the padded trunk. He gets in his car and drives off.

TITLE CARD:

"Get Out"

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK SLOPE - DAWN

The sun rises over the city. Autumn. Beautiful.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We move slowly through the small but clean apartment. The walls are decorated with fascinating urban photography.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - BATHROOM - MORNING

CHRIS WASHINGTON, 26, a handsome African-American man shuts the medicine cabinet. He's shirtless and naturally athletic. He scrutinizes his reflection with a touch of vanity.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - MORNING

ROSE ARMITAGE, 28 - Caucasian, brunette with freckles - cool and beautiful like an old Summer Camp crush. Rose looks at pastries through the glass. She can't help but smile.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris spreads shaving cream onto his face and shaves. He postures a little then nicks himself on the neck. He smirks; deserved that.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Chris, clothed, looks out his window through a professional camera. He flips through some striking urban images on the digital display much like the ones framed around his apartment. He is a very talented photographer.

Sid, a small black dog, watches him. The BUZZER RINGS.

INT. BROOKLYN BUILDING - HALLWAY. MORNING

Chris opens the door. Rose stands outside the apartment with her hands full. She has two coffees and two bags of pastries. Chris smirks.

ROSE
I couldn't decide...

He takes the coffee tray and pulls her inside. They kiss.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rose and Chris have coffee and sweets by the window. The small mound of pastries sits on the coffee table. SID lays on her lap. She strokes him. It's a perfect morning.

ROSE
Poor thing. Do you even pet him?

CHRIS
Are you kidding me? When you're not here that dog gets the best fuckin' pets of his life.

ROSE
So, how come whenever I come over, he acts like he's been totally neglected.

CHRIS
'Cause he know he's got you wrapped around his little paw.

ROSE
oh, really?

CHRIS
Yeah.

Chris picks up her foot sweetly and massages it. She melts.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Chris packs a small bag of luggage. Rose lays on the bed.

ROSE
Toothbrush... Deodorant...

CHRIS
Check... Check....

Chris puts a cigarette in his mouth. Rose pops up and grabs the cigarette from his mouth and breaks it. Chris tries to feign incredulousness but is amused.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna have one the whole weekend.

ROSE
You quit, remember?

CHRIS
I'm nervous.

ROSE
Why? They're going to love you.

CHRIS
Yeah? How do you know?

ROSE
Let's see, you're smart, sweet, handsome, creative... You're you.

CHRIS
Good answer.

Chris packs in silence for a moment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Do they know I'm black?

Rose is taken aback by the question.

ROSE
I don't think so. Why? Should they?

CHRIS
Seems like you might give them a heads up.

ROSE
Really? Like "Mom, Dad, my black boyfriend is coming up for the weekend"?

CHRIS
You said, I'm the first black guy you'd ever dated.

ROSE
Yeah...?

CHRIS
So this is uncharted territory for them.

Rose embraces him.

ROSE
Baby, it's fine. My dad would legit vote for Obama a third time he could. Yes, he will want to talk to you about it, and that will be embarrassing, but they're gonna love you. I promise.

Chris nods. She kisses his neck and pulls him to the bed.

INT. BROOKLYN LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris turns on the TV for Sid. He and Rose stand by the front door about to leave.

CHRIS
Bye.

ROSE
See you soon.

Rose blows Sid a kiss and they leave.

EXT. BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Chris puts his luggage in the trunk and enters the passenger's side of a shiny white BMW X5.

INT. BROOKLYN NIEGHBORHOOD STREET - PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rose sits in the driver's seat. Chris gets in the passenger seat. Her car is a mess.

CHRIS
How do they even let you in a hospital?

ROSE
Shut up. I'm very sanitary at work.

She moves some fast food wrappers to the back seat.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You ready?

CHRIS
Yeah. You?

ROSE
Oh, wait.

She raises her phone and takes a selfie of the two of them.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Ready.

Chris puts his hand on her leg, and they drive off.

EXT. NEW YORK - CITY - CONTINUOUS

The car leaves the city.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - BIRD'S-EYE VIEW - DAY

We soar over the car as it drives through the beautiful countryside; a road flanked by woods.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Rose hums. Chris, in the passengers seat, looks through his camera at the passing trees. He snaps a test shot.

CHRIS
How long has it been?

ROSE
10 months, so a year basically; longest I've ever been away.

Chris takes out another cigarette. Rose promptly grabs it and opens the window.

CHRIS
Whoa... whoa!! Come on! I'm a grown man. If a man says he wants a cigarette, a man should be able too- -

She throws it out the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Okay, so that's like a dollar. You basically just throwin' dollars out the window.

ROSE
You shouldn't have bought them.

CHRIS
I didn't buy them. Rod... Shit.

ROSE
What?

CHRIS
I almost forgot Rod.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL - DAY

ROD WILLIAMS, 26, African American, a stocky TSA agent smokes a cigarette. His cell phone rings.

ROD
'Sup?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE'S CAR - DAY

Chris sits in the passenger seat and talks on the cell phone.

CHRIS
Hey. You at work?

ROD
Yeah. How I'm gonna get in trouble for following standard procedure? Fuckin' Gary out here thinkin' just because a bitch old, she can't hijack an airplane.

Chris laughs.

ROD (CONT'D)
Like you can't hide a bomb in a wheelchair? Watch, Chris, the next 9/11 is gonna be on some geriatric shit.

CHRIS
Look, man, real quick. You good to watch Sid this weekend right?

ROD
What? You think I forgot? Damn 'C', give your boy a little credit. I don't forget shit; you do.

CHRIS
You're right. My bad.

ROD
Apology accepted. How's 'Lil Miss Rosie?

CHRIS
She's good.--

Rose takes the phone.

ROSE
Hi, Rod.

ROD
Whattup babygirl? You better bring my boy back in one piece.

ROSE
I don't even know what that means but yes I promise.

ROD
You know you picked the wrong guy though right?

ROSE
It's not too late for us is it?

Chris takes the phone back.

CHRIS
Okay, get your own girl.

ROD
Damn, I never seen you like this. Meeting the family and everything? What does she do lick your ass?

CHRIS
No! What the fuck is wrong with you?

ROD
That's it! First girl licks your ass and you done. Just...

Rod makes a WHIPPING SOUND.

CHRIS
You need help.

ROD
Yeah I do. I need your girl to introduce me to one of her freaky deaky boarding school friends.

CHRIS
(laughing)
I'll see what I can do. Oh, and I'll kick you some cash for watching Sid.

ROD
Come on, son! I don't need your money. I got you!

CHRIS
Thanks, man.

ROD
You better not come back all bougie on me tho--

Chris hangs up. He gives Rose a look.

ROSE
What..? Settle down. You know I'm yours.

After a beat he puts another cigarette in his mouth.

ROSE (CONT'D)
No!

CHRIS
Last one!

She goes for it. He dodges playfully and tickles her causing her to cackle.

A shadow darts across the road in front of the hood of the car. It's hind legs SMACK the hood of the car with a loud THWAT-THWAT. It's propelled into the woods at an awkward angle. The CAR SCREECHES to a halt.

Chris and Rose breathe hard for a few moments of shock.

ROSE
Fuck!

CHRIS
You okay?

ROSE
Yeah. You?

CHRIS
Yeah. That scared the shit out of me.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Rose gets out of her car and inspects the damage. Chris gets out as well. There's a small bloody dent in the hood.

ROSE
Fuck!!!

Chris looks back in the direction of the collision.

CHRIS
Stay here.

ROSE
What are you doing?

CHRIS
I don’t know... See if it’s okay?

Chris walks a few more steps then stops. He rethinks.

CHRIS (CONT’D)
Maybe it’s gone--

A guttural, almost human, MOAN OF PAIN comes from in the woods behind them. They watch the woods in horror.

Chris walks back towards the haunting wail. It stops.

ROSE
Chris...?

Chris motions for Rose the stay. He keeps walking towards the thicket about 60 ft behind the car.

ROSE (CONT’D)
Be careful!

Chris gathers his courage and takes a step toward the thicket. The Moan starts again, but much loader and closer than Chris realized. He’s startled.

Chris peers through the bushes. The deer lays there gasping for breaths and watching him with a black wet eye. Chris is transfixed.

ROSE (CONT’D)
Do you see it?

Chris snaps to. He nods and takes out his phone.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK ROAD - DAY

A cop car is now pulled up to where the deer was hit. OFFICER FROSTIE - Caucasian - 33 stands near the deer. Another officer, OFFICER CROW - 40 - Caucasian with a patronizing smirk, stands by the driver’s side window of Rose’s car which Rose and Chris are both back in.

INT. ROSE’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER CROWE
So in the future the number to call is Animal Control Services.

Rose doesn’t like the way he’s looking at them.

CHRIS
Right. That makes sense.

OFFICER CROWE
You two coming up from the city?

CHRIS
Yeah.

OFFICER CROWE
And what brings you up--

ROSE
I'm from here. The Lake Pontaco area? We're going home.

OFFICER CROWE
(to Chris)
You got a driver's license?

CHRIS
Oh... yeah.

Chris gives Rose a "see?" Look as he gets his license.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I mean, I don't have a driver's license, I have a state I.D.

ROSE
I was driving.

OFFICER CROWE
I didn't ask who was driving. I asked him for his I.D.

ROSE
My boyfriend shouldn't have to show you his I.D. because he hasn't done anything wrong.

OFFICER CROWE
Ma'am, any time there is an incident--

ROSE
No, fuck that!

CHRIS
Baby. It's okay--

ROSE
(to Crowe)
It's bullshit, and you know it.

There is a tense silence. Officer Crowe's walkie chimes in.

OFFICER FROST (O.C.)
Everything alright up there Crowsie?

Officer Crowe stares Rose down. After a moment he presses his walkie button.

OFFICER CROWE
Yeah, I'm all good.

He hands Chris his I.D.

OFFICER CROWE (CONT'D)
You guys be careful.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The car winds through a thickly wooded road.

INT. ROSE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Chris sits in the passenger's seat deep in thought. He watches Rose with a new awe. Rose notices. She shrugs.

ROSE
What? I'm not gonna let anyone fuck with my man.

CHRIS
That was some ride or die shit, baby. I like that.

Rose smiles at him.

ROSE
We're here.

EXT. ARMITAGE ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The woods give way to an huge front lawn. A large mansion sits in the middle. Thick forest surrounds the estate except for one side which is the edge of a lake. The property feels expensive and isolated; no other houses in sight.

As they drive through the large front lawn, Chris sees WALTER, African American 35 in the distance facing away. Walter wears a gardening hat and trims hedges. He works slowly and methodically.

ROSE
(to Chris)
That’s the grounds-keeper... I think his name is Walter.

Rose parks in front of the house, and. He has a pleasant smile. Rose gets out of the car and waves.

ROSE (CONT’D)
Hi!

Walter turns and waves back. Chris gets out and waves too.

CHRIS
(To Walter)
Hey! What’s up?

Walter waves silently. Odd.

As Chris gets the luggage from the trunk, Rose runs to the front door and RINGS the DOORBELL. FOOTSTEPS. The door swings open revealing...

DEAN ARMITAGE, 59, a tall, balding, barrel-chested, bear hug of a man. Though clearly smart, Dean has an endearing cockiness and a bad case of Dad humor. He is the kind of guy who pronounces garbage, Gar-bahge.

And... MISSY ARMITAGE, 56, A beautiful beacon of intellectual patience. She is poised and warm; relaxed and in control. They stand in the shadows of the doorway smiling. Rose hugs her parents.

ROSE
Hi!!!

DEAN MISSY
There’s my girl! Hello sweetheart.

ROSE (CONT’D)
I miss you guys.

MISSY
We miss you, Ro Ro.

Chris approaches with the bags.

CHRIS
Hi.

ROSE
Chris, these are my parents. Mom, Dad, this is Chris.

CHRIS
Good to finally meet you...

Chris holds his hand out.

DEAN
Mr. Armitage will do.

CHRIS
Sure.

DEAN
I got him.
(To Chris)
Come here.

Dean grabs Chris' arm and pulls Chris in tight.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Call me Dean. We hug around here, Fella.

CHRIS
Alright.

DEAN
My wife Missy.

CHRIS
I've heard so much about you guys.

Missy holds Chris' shoulders and examines his face and chest.

MISSY
Yes, you'll do just fine. So handsome.

ROSE
Can we get inside before you guys start embarrassing me?

MISSY
Of course, come inside, make yourself at home.

CHRIS
I'm fine with the embarrassing by the way; go ahead.

Missy and Dean laugh. The four enter the house. Missy shuts the door behind them.

Outside, Walter watches as his smile fades away. He slowly turns and goes back to work.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

A wonderful house looms ahead. The interior is worldly and interesting; clean and homey. Several paintings of castles and medieval battles accent the walls. Taxidermy. One wall is all bookshelf, and there is a fireplace.

Above the fireplace is a large hauntingly beautiful portrait an old man and woman.

CHRIS
Wow.

DEAN
“Wow” is good. We’ll take wow.

CHRIS
I grew up in a one bedroom, so for me, this is ridiculous.

DEAN
It ought to be. Lord knows we’ve done enough work on it through the years...

MISSY
(To Rose and Chris)
How was the ride in?

ROSE
We hit a deer.

DEAN MISSY
Oh no! Where?

ROSE (CONT’D)
I don’t know. Down around Lyons road?

CHRIS
It came out of nowhere.

MISSY
Are you guys okay?

CHRIS ROSE
Yeah. Yeah. It just fruck us out.

MISSY (CONT’D)
I bet.

DEAN
You know what I say. One down... a few hundred thousand to go.

Dean snickers.

MISSY ROSE
Dean. So awful! Dad.

DEAN (CONT'D)
What?! Those things are everywhere up here, Chris; like rats. The damage they've done to the ecology alone... Anyway, are we ready for the grand tour?

MISSY
Let them unload their bags first.

DEAN
Leave 'em. Walter will get 'em.

ROSE
I think we'll manage, Dad.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Rose and Chris take their bags upstairs.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rose's old room is preserved in the state of a young-minded teenage girl. Lots of pink and dated boy band posters, a stuffed lion. A window overlooks the front lawn.

Rose and Chris place their bags down.

ROSE
(sarcastic)
You think they wish I was still a kid?

CHRIS
I cannot believe they kept it the same.

Chris looks at some pictures posted on her dresser.

ROSE
So...

CHRIS
They're great.

ROSE
Yay.

CHRIS
No, they’re totally sweet.

ROSE
I told you they’d love you.

He sees a picture of Rose in high school on stage in a production of ‘The Crucible.'

CHRIS
What?! Is this you?

ROSE
“The Crucible.” I was Abigail.

CHRIS
I didn’t know you acted.

ROSE
There’s a lot you don’t know about me.

Rose grabs Chris by the belt and pulls him to the bed on top of her. They kiss. She goes for his fly.

CHRIS
Wait, what about the tour?

ROSE
“The tour?” Are you serious?

CHRIS
We just got here. I don’t wanna be disrespectful...

ROSE
Who gives a fuck? Be disrespectful.

He stops her.

CHRIS
I’m serious. Later.

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Dean and Chris walk and look at pictures on the wall. Rose and Missy catch up in the living room.

DEAN
Frankenstein’s monster. Only pieces of the original structure remain; I like to think the soul is in tact though.

They keep walking.

DEAN (CONT'D)
There are seven bedrooms, ten bathrooms, three indoor dining areas, two study's, two main kitchens. There's an observatory wing on the top floor. And you'd be hard pressed to find a room that doesn't serve as library.

Chris zones in on a photograph taken in the 90's in front of the Armitage house. Dean and Missy are younger, and Rose and her brother Jeremy are kids.

DEAN (CONT'D)
That's Jeremy. Rose's brother. He's in Med school.

CHRIS
I've heard stories.

DEAN
He went through a couple dark spots but came out the other side. You'll meet him later.

CHRIS
Oh, cool.

Dean points out the older couple in the picture, the same from the portrait in the living room; GRANDPA and GRANDMA.

DEAN
Mother and Father lived here till the end. They died a few years ago now. Passed away within weeks of each other...

CHRIS
I hear that happens a lot.

DEAN
"Love" is a powerful thing.

They move down the hallway to a black and white framed picture of a 25 year old man posing in the starting position for a race.

DEAN (CONT'D)
My Dad was a runner. A good runner; great sprinter.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, In fact, you might find this interesting, he was just beat out by Jessie Owens in the qualifying round for the '36 Olympics in Berlin. That's the one where--

CHRIS
--Owens won in front of Hitler.

DEAN
You know your history.

CHRIS
Not really. That one always just stood out in my mind.

DEAN
Of course. One of those perfect moments. There's Hitler on his high horse with his perfect Aryan race, and here comes this black guy to prove him wrong on the world's stage. What a moment.

CHRIS
Yeah, tough break for your father though.

DEAN
He almost got over it.

Dean winks.

HOUSE - MISSY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean opens the door to the office. He and Chris stand outside the door as Dean reaches in to turn on the lights. In front of the desk two comfortable-looking chairs face each other. Books line the walls, and are stacked everywhere. Dean and Chris don't enter. A white cat laying next to a teacup wakes up on the desk.

DEAN
Okay Snowbell just looking.
(To Chris)
Missy's office. This is where she takes appointments.

CHRIS
She's a Therapist right?

DEAN
Yeah. One of the best in the world. Not a tidy woman.

CHRIS
Like mother like daughter.

Dean Cackles.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS
And you're a surgeon?

DEAN
A neurosurgeon; was. I retired early. Now, I pretty much focus on the house and twiddle my thumbs.

Dean and Chris pass a closed door.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, downstairs is the wine cellar, the games room, some storage. Apparently a black mold issue down there. Almost everything needs to get thrown out; shame.

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Dean and Chris continue their walk-through. The kitchen is large, homey and pristine. Large windows overlook the backyard. GEORGINA, African American, 30 stands facing a wall. She is still.

DEAN
My mother loved her kitchen.

Upon hearing them, Georgina comes alive. She resumes cleaning the kitchen.

CHRIS
That view.

DEAN
Oh, Georgina, this is Chris; Rose's boyfriend.

Georgina turns to them. She has the same eerie smile as Walter. Like she's masking something.

CHRIS
Hi.

GEORGINA
Hello.-

DEAN
Ah ha! But now for the piece de resistance...

Dean opens the glass back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The yard is huge and the woods beyond it ominous. The wind RUSHES through the trees. Dean leads Chris out through the yard towards a gazebo.

DEAN
Badminton and bocce ball, croquet; we're a family who loves games. Two other families have properties on lake Pontaco, and they're way on the other side. Total privacy.

Chris is distracted by Walter who prepares the lawn mower in the distance.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I know what you're thinking.

CHRIS
Yeah?

DEAN
Well-to-do white family; black servants...

CHRIS
I wasn't gonna go there.

DEAN
You didn't have to. We hired them a few years ago to help care for my parents; they became part of the family. Couldn't bear to let them go. I hate the way it makes us look though...

CHRIS
Hey. People need work.

DEAN
Yeah.

They arrive at an outdoor patio. Dean stops Chris from stepping on a dead sparrow.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Well, crap.
(Calling)
Walter!

Walter turns to face them. He has that same eerily mild smile. Vacant in its sincerity.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Another dead bird!
(To Chris)
Damn things fly into the patio from time to time; break their necks.

Walter nods slowly. Dean gently kicks the bird's carcass out of their way.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Iced tea?

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Dean, Missy, Chris and Rose sit with iced teas.

MISSY
(to Chris)
Rose tells us your parents aren't with us.

CHRIS
My Dad was never really in the picture. My mom passed away when I was 11; She was hit by a car.

MISSY DEAN
Oh, that's awful; so young. I'm so sorry to hear that.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah. My aunt raised me, with my cousins. We didn't have a lot of money or anything, but she's a good person; kept me off the streets. She gave me my first camera.

Rose holds Chris' hand.

MISSY
You two seem like you've been together for years. How long has it been now?

CHRIS ROSE
4 months? 5 months.

CHRIS
5? She's right; I'm wrong.

DEAN
'Atta boy Chris. Get used to saying that.

MISSY
Not a lot of time, anyway. So...? You guys in love or what?

ROSE
Mom.

CHRIS
I mean, we've been trying to take it slow but...

MISSY
Yep. You're in love. I can tell.

DEAN
Can't resist the inevitable.

Walter mows past them in the distance.

MISSY
And how did you meet, again?

CHRIS
At the blood drive.

ROSE
Remember when I volunteered at the community center?

DEAN
Ah, yes.

MISSY
And he really is so good looking, isn't he? You'd have beautiful babies.

ROSE
I know!

DEAN
Uh oh. Get out of here before it's too late!

ROSE
(to Chris)
Now, all you have to do is just quit smoking.

DEAN
Oh no! A smoker!?

MISSY
And we were just beginning to like you.

CHRIS
No. I'm quitting.

DEAN
You should have Missy take care of that for you.

ROSE
Oh God.

CHRIS
How?

DEAN
Hypnosis. Works like a charm.

Missy watches Chris' reaction intently. He is uncomfortable.

CHRIS
Oh.

DEAN
I thought the whole thing was B.S. too. I smoked for 20 years. She puts me under once, now the sight of a cigarette makes me wanna vomit.

MISSY
Of course, I'd give you the service for free. You are family after all.

CHRIS
Wow. I don't... Thank you. Um, I don't know.

Chris looks to Rose for help.

ROSE
You guys, normal people don't want strangers fiddling around in their heads.

MISSY
If you change your mind... We're just glad you could join us for the big get-together.

Georgina brings the pitcher of iced tea around and refills everyone's glass. Chris tries to thank her with a look. She smiles and avoids eye contact.

CHRIS
The get-together?

ROSE
The party tomorrow? I told you.

CHRIS
I must have forgot.

MISSY
Oh, well we host a shindig once a year for our friends.

DEAN
A tradition. Some of my Dad's old social club. Some old patients. Some just friends...

MISSY
Drinks, good food, good people...

CHRIS
Sounds fun.

Georgina has been pouring Chris' drink too long and his glass has overflown.

MISSY
Georgina!

Georgina snaps out of her daze. She realizes what she's done and starts to clean.

MISSY (CONT'D)
It's fine George, I'll get it. Maybe you need a nap.

Georgina nods, smiles and walks away. Chris and Rose look at Dean. That was odd. Dean shrugs.

A CAR HORN HONKS in front of the house.

DEAN
Jeremy's home.

JEREMY, 29, rounds the house with open arms.

He's "Rich kid intense"; handsome and strong with an unpredictable wildness behind his eyes.

JEREMY
Who answers the door around here?!

INT. ARMITAGE DINING ROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Everyone laughs.

Dean pours the remainder of a bottle of wine into Chris' glass. Their meal is done and they are tipsy. Jeremy pops the cork on a new bottle of wine as he energetically holds court.

JEREMY
One more... So, let me set the scene. I'm a junior; Ro's a freshman and she has a crush on this guy Connor--

ROSE
--No. Mom.

MISSY
Jeremy...

CHRIS
No, no... These are good. I wanna hear this.

DEAN
Manners, Rose. Give the guest what he wants.

JEREMY
Yeah, Rose.

ROSE
I hate you.

JEREMY
Connor Garfield was on my lacrosse team. Huge guy, like 6'3", and crazy, just like "Looney Tunes," right? We had thrown a party--

ROSE
You did.

JEREMY
I think my parents were in Greece or something. We had gotten into their liquor cabinet and we're all shit-faced.

MISSY
No you weren't. Were you?

JEREMY
We put water in the bottles so you wouldn't know. Let me finish. Okay, so I'm upstairs in my parents' bathroom hooking up with Jenny Richardson. Hottest girl in our class.

MISSY
Uch.

ROSE
You realize you're coming off like a total douche right now, right?

JEREMY
Thanks. All of a sudden Connor starts banging on the bathroom door, right? I open it, and he's got blood gushing out of his mouth and he's screaming "Your thith-ter bit my fuckin' thongue off!!!!"

CHRIS
Whoa, what?

JEREMY
Sure enough, there is a centimeter of tongue meat missing right here.

Jeremy demonstrates and Chris winces.

CHRIS
(To Rose)
Ahhhh! You bit him?

ROSE
He cornered me and shoved his tongue in my mouth, so yeah.

CHRIS
Damn. That's badass, Bae.

MISSY
I'm going to see how dessert is coming along.
(to Dean)
Maybe we can change the conversation to something a little lighter.

ROSE
Yeah, great story. Thanks for making it totally uncomfortable.

Missy walks out of the dining room into the kitchen. The door swings open and Chris gets another glimpse of Georgina who stands with a kitchen knife and wears an intense and wicked little smile. The door swings shut.

DEAN
Okay, new subject. Chris, Yanks or Mets?

CHRIS
Ah, Orioles. My mom was from Baltimore so--

JEREMY
You an MMA fan?

ROSE
Oh God.

JEREMY
What?

DEAN
She’s right. Let someone else talk for a bit.

JEREMY
You’ve had your chance. He’s dating my sister. I can’t bond with the guy?

Dean exhales.

CHRIS
You mean like UFC? Yeah, nah. Too brutal for me. I’m a lover, not a fighter.

JEREMY
You ever get into street fights as a kid?

CHRIS
Not really. I did take Judo for after-school in 1st grade.

ROSE
Awww.

JEREMY
Cause, with your frame, your genetic make-up? If you pushed your body, I mean really trained, you'd be a beast.

CHRIS
Cool... Thanks?

The kitchen door swings open again, and Missy walks back in with a perfect carrot cake. Georgina is gone.

MISSY
What'd I miss?

ROSE
More ramblings from King Awkward.

JEREMY
We're talking about sports.
(To Chris)
Stand up. Let me show you something.

MISSY
No karate at the dinner table.

JEREMY
It's not karate, it's jiu-jitsu.

He stumbles a little towards Chris and tries to put him in a headlock. Chris stands.

CHRIS
I've got a rule. I don't play-fight with drunk dudes.

JEREMY
I'm just--

DEAN
--Alright, enough Jeremy!

JEREMY
I wasn't going to hurt him.

Dean is loud and stern for the first time. Jeremy's eyes flutter, DRUNK and embarrassed. He grabs a wine bottle and goes upstairs`.

ROSE
And that's my brother.

EXT. THE ESTATE. NIGHT

Full moon. CRICKETS.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose and Chris make hushed love in her bed. A stuffed lion seems to watch Chris. He turns it away.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rose sleeps, but Chris is wide awake. There's a buzz in his ear. He smacks his own head and sits up. A soft HOWL of WIND rushes through the room. The CLOSET DOOR CREEKS open.

Chris' eyes drift to the pack of cigarettes sticking out of his camera bag pocket draped on the desk chair.

INT. ARMITAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris leaves Rose's room and walks down the dark hallway. A floorboard creaks under his feet. He turns down the stairs.

INT. ARMITAGE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris gets to the bottom of the stairs. He hears the floorboard creek upstairs. He stops and turns, expecting someone to follow him down. Nothing. Chris continues to walk down the hallway past the pictures towards the kitchen.

The basement door is open a crack. Chris peers into it curiously. A stairwell leads down into pitch darkness. Chris shuts the door. A figure now stands at the end of the hallway behind him. He doesn't notice. He just keeps going into...

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris walks through the kitchen. He bumps into a bar chair moving it slightly. He keeps walking. He continues out the sliding back door of the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris steps out the back door and takes a cigarette out. Chris looks into the vast night around him. The CRICKETS are deafening.

Suddenly, something DARTS FAST across the yard in the distance. Chris peers out into the darkness. The thing RUNS across the lawn again. A moment of terror comes over Chris. He makes out a shape. It’s now running towards him. Chris backs up in fear just as the figure emerges from the shadows and into the moonlight. It’s Walter, the grounds keeper. He passes Chris without noticing. Chris gathers his breath.

The kitchen light turns on and floods the backyard. Chris drops the cigarette and stomps it out. He turns back towards the house and finds himself face to face with Georgina, who glares through the window dead in Chris’ eyes. He’s caught.

Georgina doesn’t react. Chris it still. Georgina suddenly exposes her teeth in a frightening grimace. Chris backs away slowly.

INT. ARMITAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Georgina sucks her teeth. She doesn’t actually see Chris at all. She’s looking at her teeth in the reflection in the window which, front lit, reflects her and the room around her. Outside is invisible.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chris realizes he’s not caught. Close call. Inside Georgina notices the bar chair has been moved. She moves it back into its original position, and begins cleaning the kitchen cabinets. Chris quietly sneaks around the house.

INT. ARMITAGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sneaks in through the door in the dark dining room.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris moves through the living room towards the stairs, the lamp in the middle of the room turns on startling Chris. Missy sits near him; cat in lap; almost seductively. He’s caught; for real this time.

MISSY
Quick fix?

CHRIS
Yeah. Nerves got me I guess.

MISSY
Come. Let’s nip this in the bud.

INT. MISSY’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Missy sits in a chair and directs Chris to sit across from her. She pours them both some tea. Chris sits.

CHRIS
I still don’t know if this is right for me.

MISSY
There really is no need to be nervous.

CHRIS
I’m good. The dude was running out there. Scared me.

MISSY
Walter starts early every day. He’s borderline obsessive compulsive. Tea?

CHRIS
Nah, I’m good. It’ll keep me up.

Missy puts two sugar cubes in her cup. She begins to stir slowly, CLINKING the SPOON softly and rhythmically against the sides of the cup.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
How’s the bed. Good?

CHRIS
Yeah.

MISSY
Comfortable enough?

CHRIS
It’s perfect, thanks.

MISSY
Enough sheets?

CHRIS
Yep.

TING TING. TING TING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So, how does this work? Are you going to swing a pocket watch in front of my face?

MISSY
You watch a lot of Television. Now, you are feeling very sleeepy...

They share a smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)
We do use focal points sometimes, but just about any object or simple motion can guide someone to a state of heightened suggestibility.

CHRIS
Heightened suggestibility. Okay, where do we start?

MISSY
Your childhood.

CHRIS
Yeah, my memory sucks.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
Wounds get locked in your heart and they fester and grow into ugly little things like depression and addiction. But, they are all in there somewhere. All we need to do is find the key.

TING TING. TING TING.

The world around Chris slowly goes out of focus.

CHRIS
I guess if it makes me quit... Wait... Has it started--?

MISSY
--we're going to go back to a place that might be uncomfortable for you. Your Mother's death to be specific. Were you there when she was hit?

CHRIS
I was home. I was watching TV.

MISSY
Let's go back there. Hear this place. Let the vibrations rush run through your body and ears. Hear it... Find it... Tell me when you find it.

The sound of RAIN AGAINST a WINDOW slowly fades up along with the MUFFLED sound of a SITCOM ON TELEVISION.

CHRIS
Okay... Yeah, I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
Good. How did you find out she died?

CHRIS
I knew it. She was never late after work. When she didn't come home, I just knew something was wrong.

MISSY
Good. Now touch. Feel your surroundings. Feel every part of your body and what you touched. Feel it. Find it... Tell me when you find it...

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT. NIGHT

Close on 11 year old Chris' hands scratches the bed post nervously.

MISSY (V.O.)
Tell me when you find it.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I found it.

His toes brush the carpet as his dangling legs swing off the side of his bed.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. - NIGHT

Chris' feet try to swing but are too long. He scratches the arm of the chair in Missy's office.

MISSY
You said 'you knew something was wrong.' What did you do?

CHRIS
Nothing.

MISSY
Nothing?

CHRIS
I just sat there. Watching TV.

MISSY
You didn't call someone? Your Aunt or the police?

CHRIS
No.

MISSY
Why not?

CHRIS
I don't know. I thought if I did, it would make it real.

MISSY
Next is smell and taste. Breathe in and let the scent fill your nose. Smell that place. Taste it. Find it.

Chris is getting emotional. He breathes deep through his nose.

FLASH BACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Chris finishes inhaling. The rain hits the window sill.

MISSY (V.O.)
Tell me. Tell me when you find it.

Young Chris takes sip of a juice box.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

26 year old Chris sips from an invisible straw.

CHRIS
I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY
Good. Now lastly, you must see it. Let the light flood into your eyes. Every color, every detail. See it. See it. Find it.

Chris' eyelids flutter. He continues to scratch the armchair.

TING TING. TING TING

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

11-year-old Chris scratches through the wood on his bed, splintering the wood. He watches TV from his bed next to some action figures.

MISSY (V.O.)
Tell me when--

11-year-old Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris nods and cries.

CHRIS
--Found it.

MISSY
(realizing)
You think it was your fault.

Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY (CONT'D)
I want you to feel that fear again, Chris.

CHRIS
I don't want to.

MISSY
It's okay. I'm here.

Chris trembles anxiously.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Are you afraid now? Paralyzed like that day?

He nods. Her empathetic expression turns into a sick smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Good. Now sink into the floor.

CHRIS
Wait--

MISSY
Sink! Now!

TING TING...

Chris' hand has compulsively scratched open the arm of the chair. His hand stops. His mouth drops and eyes open, frozen.

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

...TING TING.

Suddenly, 11-year-old Chris falls through the bed and floor.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DARKNESS

Terror. Chris, 26 again, breathes fast but falls in slow motion though darkness as if through water.

TING TING. TING TING.

He flails towards a pitch black abyss. He's illuminated by the fading blue flicker of a large downward facing TV-like screen. On it Missy sits Speaking to him and clinking her teacup.

Missy's voice is everywhere.

MISSY
Good. Good. Sink. Sink.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris' body sits in his chair motionless. He can't move. His eyes are wide open, staring strait at Missy.

INT. DARKNESS

Chris continues to slowly fall backwards. Missy approaches on the screen above him. It shows what his eyes are seeing.

CHRIS
No! NO!!! I'm done! Bring me back!
Please!!!!

There is no response. Chris cries. Eventually he slows down and comes to a stop. He lands feet first on a soft ground. This place sounds like it's crawling with insects. He looks up. He can still see the screen above but it is far away, like the mouth of a deep and expansive well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Mrs. Armitage!!!

On the screen, Missy stands. She walks towards Chris' body and looks down at him through his own eyes.

MISSY
Now you are in the Sunken Place.

Missy reaches towards the screen and shuts his eyelids. The abyss goes almost completely dark. Now he's alone in the dark. He cries in terror.

Chris hears a DEEP HULKING BREATHING in the darkness.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Something's down here...

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Bring me back. Bring me back.
Bring me back. Bring me back...

In the darkness, the SOUND OF HOOVES CRUNCHING ON SOFT GROUND approaches.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Bring me back. Bring me back.
Bring me back.

The sounds get louder and louder.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

An antlered thing emerges from the shadow. It's head is that of a deer, but with the flesh stripped off and with mostly its skull exposed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No!

Its eyes glow and flicker faint blue in its sockets. It MOANS A WRONG SOUNDING MOAN; in hateful anguish. It charges Chris...

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

The bloody deer impales Chris on its antlers. They both MOAN.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Chris wakes up with a start in Rose's bed sweaty and heaving. He's alone and confused. Bad dream? Headache.

The SHOWER RUNS inside Rose's bathroom. SHE HUMS.

DING DING

He's gotten a message. It's a picture of Rod pretending to pour beer in Sid's mouth. Chris smiles. The batteries are low. He plugs his phone in and puts it on the dresser.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

It's Golden hour. Beautiful. Chris walks through the yard to the edge of the forest with his camera.

Chris keeps walking. He looks through a long-zoom lens into the wilderness. He sees a bird and snaps a picture.

He turns to the house. Georgina can be seen through an upstairs window knitting. He raises his camera. She's beautiful. She stands and begins to remove her wig. Then as if aware she's being watched, she turns towards him. Chris turns away, taking a picture in another direction. He glances back at the window. Georgina is gone.

BANG. A sparrow slams against the gazebo and falls to the ground. Startling Chris.

CHRIS
Damn.

He turns away and is startled even more by Walter smiling serenely at him about 50 feet away in the yard. Embarrassed, Chris gathers himself. He walks towards Walter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What's up?

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
They working you good out here, huh?

Walter's voice is soft and methodical. His eyes remain distant as though he his looking through Chris. Chilling. There is a hidden anger behind his pleasantness.

WALTER
Nothing I don't want to be doing.

CHRIS
Ha!

Walter isn't joking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah... yeah. No, I can tell. I never really got to meet you actually, up close. I'm Chris.

WALTER
I know who you are. You're Rose's friend.

Chris stops walking about 15 feet from Walter. Something doesn't feel right.

CHRIS
Yeah. That's one way to put it. So, where you from originally?

WALTER
She is lovely isn't she?

CHRIS
Rose? Yeah, she is...

WALTER
One of a kind; a real doggone keeper.

Chris is weirded out.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Sorry if I scared you last night.

CHRIS
Oh, yeah. Actually, I guess I was pretty drunk.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I don't remember much.

WALTER
And the hypnosis? Did it work?

CHRIS
Hypnosis? No, I didn't...

Chris remembers.

WALTER
Well, I should get back to work.

Chris raises his hand in a timid 'black power fist.' Walter raises his hand in an open wave.

CHRIS
There's another bird...

Walter nods. Chris turns and walks to the house. Chris makes pops a cigarette into his mouth. He is repulsed by the taste of it. He looks at it. More of last night seems to come back to him.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris enters as Rose finishes blow drying her hair. He's worked up.

ROSE
Hi. Where have you been?

CHRIS
Out. Taking pictures. Hey, so I think your mom hypnotised me last night.

ROSE
Wait, what?

CHRIS
(hazy)
I think I snuck out for a smoke, and she caught me and offered? I don't know. I must have agreed to it 'cause the thing just made me nauseous.

ROSE
Okay. Well then that's good, right?

CHRIS
No, not good. I can barely remember any of it even happening; I don't like that. Plus I had these fucked up dreams.

ROSE
That happened to me too.

CHRIS
What did?

ROSE
The nightmares. When I was a kid. She hypnotized me once for stage fright, and I had the craziest nightmares, but it worked...

She wraps herself up in Chris' arms. Chris thinks.

CHRIS
And, what's the deal with the help?

ROSE
Like... The iced tea thing? Yeah that was weird.

CHRIS
That, but also the lawn-mower guy creepin' me the fuck out too.

ROSE
Why? Did he say something?

CHRIS
It's not what he says, it's how he says it. You know?

ROSE
Yeah, something about them seems... different.

Out the window, A CAR DRIVES onto the front yard. Rose hears and looks.

ROSE (CONT'D)
They're here.

Chris looks as well. A car parks on the front lawn. A Chauffer gets out and opens the backseat passenger door. A well-trained Husky service dog exits the car followed by JIM HUDSON, 57. Jim is blind and has slicked back grey hair.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NOON

Bird's-eye view. Walter helps direct 12 expensive cars onto a makeshift parking lot on the front lawn. Wealthy guests emerge from each one.

EXT. BACKYARD - NOON

The party is in full swing. The 30 or so guests mingle excitedly. They are all white except for one Japanese man.

Through the kitchen window, Georgina fixes food and helps occupy four white children by helping them make Hors d'oeuvres.

Rose and Chris get a drink at the bar. They walk through the party. Missy mingles with some guests. She makes eye contact with Chris and winks. He looks away.

Chris and Rose are stopped by GORDON GREENE, 68, and his wife EMILY GREENE, 67. Gordon is a cute man with a cane and impish excitement. Emily is pretty and birdlike. They watch Chris intently and smile from ear to ear. Gordon shakes Chris' hand thoroughly.

GORDON
Nice to meet you, Chris. Nice to meet you indeed.
(to Emily)
Good grip.

CHRIS
Thanks. You too.

GORDON
You ever play golf?

CHRIS
Once, actually; a few years ago. I wasn't very good.

EMILY
Gordon was a professional golfer for years.

CHRIS
Oh? No kidding.

GORDON
Can't quite swing the hips like I used to though. You know, I met Tiger.

Rose and Chris share a subtle smirk.

ROSE CHRIS
Wow, that's great. Cool.

EMILY
Gordon loves Tiger.

GORDON
Best I've ever seen. Ever, hands down. Let's see your form.

CHRIS
Me? I could barely hit the thing.

GORDON
Show me...

Chris does.

GORDON (CONT'D)
If I knew what I know now at your age? Now then I could really play.

CHRIS
It'd be kind of a waste of time travel though.

They laugh.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose speak to NELSON DEETS, 82, who's smiles in a wheelchair with his jaw hanging, and LISA DEETS, 54, a loose-lipped trophy wife smiles at Chris in a predatory manner. They have Dutch accents.

LISA
(To Rose)
How handsome is he?

ROSE
Extremely.

Lisa squeezes Chris' bicep. A bit too familiar.

LISA
Not bad huh, Nelson?

NELSON
Eh?

LISA
(to Rose)
So, is it true? The love making.
Is it better?

Rose cackles at the bluntness of the question. Chris almost chokes on his drink. Lisa continues to size Chris up.

CHRIS
Wow. Um..

LISA
(to Rose)
I'm being too forward?

ROSE
We'll talk later.

CHRIS
Oh, will you now?

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose talk to PARKER DRAY, 60, and APRIL DRAY, 57. They are an overweight, rose-cheeked tipsy wasp couple. Chris and Rose try to mask boredom and annoyance.

APRIL
Who even cares about skin color?
My God.

CHRIS
Right. I mean--

PARKER
The world cares, April. But it's not a question of physical superiority, it's "What skin color is more culturally advantageous?"

As Parker drones on Chris looks around the party. Dean schmoozes animatedly with two couples. He quickly scans the party, finds Chris and points him out. The two couples wave and smile giddily. They had all just been talking about him. Chris pretends to not see this.

ROSE
"Advantageous?"

Suddenly, Chris sees another black guy walking through the crowd. Relief. It is Andre, the jogger from the first scene, but he's very different than before.

He seems glazed-over with the same frozen smile as Walter and Georgina, and wears a particularly square ascot and golfing hat.

PARKER
Fairer skin is has been in favor' the last couple of thousands of years, but the pendulum has swung back again hasn't it..?

CHRIS
I'm sorry. I'm going to get another drink.

Chris walks away.

PARKER
I didn't mean to offend him.

ROSE
Really? 'Cause you have yet to say anything that's not a blanket statement about race.

PARKER
Now, Rose.--

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Andre stands by the bar and makes himself a Martini. Chris approaches him.

CHRIS
It's good to see another brother around here.

Andre turns to face Chris neatly. Andre's voice is completely different from the first scene. There is no longer any trace of an urban dialect. He speaks in a lower pitch and slow, enunciating his words precisely.

ANDRE
Yes, of course it is.

Chris expects Andre to engage more. He doesn't. He just stares at him smiling.

CHRIS
Who do you know?

ANDRE
Why, the Armitage's of course. We're friends of the family.

PHIL, 65, a craggy effeminate man with manicured eyebrows, cuts between them.

PHIL
(to Andre)
There you are. Here, put this somewhere.

Phil hands his napkin to Andre who pockets it obediently. Phil places his hand on Andre’s back possessively.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
Oh, hello. I’m Phil... and you are...?

CHRIS
Chris. Rose’s boyfriend.

PHIL
Fantastic. Logan and I know Rose very well.

ANDRE
I’m sorry, where are my manners. Logan, Logan King.
(To Phil)
Chris was just telling me that he felt more comfortable with my being here.

Chris is let down. Andre isn’t what he had hoped.

PHIL
That’s nice. Logan, I hate to tear you away, dear, but the Wincott’s were asking about you.

ANDRE/LOGAN
Ah, well it was nice meeting you Chris.

CHRIS
Sure.

Chris holds out his fist for Andre/Logan to bump. Andre/Logan shakes Chris’ fist and then, realizing his error fist bumps him like it’s the first time.

Andre/Logan and Phil laugh and walk away. They join a small group of people who applaud Andre’s arrival. Andre does a little spin showing off his clothes.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Chris comes back to Rose. He is more creeped out and agitated.

ROSE
Where’s your drink?

CHRIS
What? Oh, I forgot.

Dean projects over the crowd.

DEAN
Hello!

Everyone applauds and gives Dean their attention.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Achem! Once again, I want to thank you all for coming. Words cannot express how much it means to us that after all these years we can all still get together and share. I’m reminded of stories of how the knights of old would gather in honor of a new crusade...

EXT. GAZEBO. DAY.

During Dean’s speech, Chris wanders away from the group.

JIM
Ignorant shit...

Chris hadn’t seen Jim Hudson, the blind man, who sits in the gazebo with his seeing eye dog. He is close to Chris, but far enough away from the group that no one else hears them.

CHRIS
Who?

JIM
All of them. Ignorant assholes. They have no idea what real people go through.

CHRIS
I guess people only see what’s in front of them.

Chris notices his faux pas.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I mean...

JIM
Heh. No, you're right. And usually not even that much. That's people.

Jim holds a glass up. Chris fist bumps the glass.

JIM (CONT'D)
Jim Hudson.

CHRIS
Chris-

JIM
I know who you are. I'm an admirer of your work; you have a great eye...

CHRIS
Wait. Jim Hudson... of Hudson Galleries?

Jim smiles.

JIM
The irony of being a blind art dealer isn't lost on me.

CHRIS
How do you do it?

JIM
I have an assistant describe work to me. You've got something... The images you capture... so brutally melancholic. Powerful stuff.

CHRIS
Thank you. Yeah, I just like finding the beauty in abandoned things.

JIM
I used to dabble myself. Wilderness mostly. I submitted to Nat Geo 14 times before realizing I didn't have "the eye" for it; Began dealing. And then, of course, my vision went to shit.

CHRIS
Damn.

JIM
I know. Life can be a sick joke. One day you're working in a dark room, and the next day - BAM. You wake up in the dark. Genetic disease.

CHRIS
Shit ain’t fair, man.

JIM
Yeah.

Jeremy comes over with his preppy friend, Derrick, 29.

JEREMY
Chris, we need you...

CHRIS
Yeah, sure.
(to Jim)
Nice to meet you.

JIM
Stop by the gallery some time. Bout time you had a solo show.

CHRIS
Really? Wow, okay. Thank you. That would be a game changer.

JIM
I think we could do wonderful things together.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Chris and Rose play badminton against Jeremy and Derrick. A gaggle of party guests watch, entertained. Chris is actually having fun. He swings big but misses the shuttlecock.

JEREMY
HA! Come on. You can do better than that!

CHRIS
Not my game, what can I say.

JEREMY
Yeah, I see that.

ROSE
Shut up Jeremy.

JEREMY
I'm just saying, if your boy isn't gonna bring his 'A' game, we might as well bring Mom up here.

CHRIS
Whoa, whoa, okay. Now we talkin' smack huh?

Chris serves the shuttlecock hard. The following rally is long, captivating the crowd. Chris ends it with an impressive diving swat. Derrick misses the return and the crowd goes wild. Chris throws his arms up in celebration.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Boom!

ROSE
Yay, baby!

JEREMY
See, that's what I'm talking about!!! Okay, again!

Chris is about to serve. He scans the crowd of beaming faces. Everyone is rooting for Chris. They love him. Chris scans the crowd. It's too much.

CHRIS
Hold up. Here.

ROSE
Where are you--

CHRIS
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

Chris gives his racket to Gordon Greene.

INT. ARMITAGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris walks through the kitchen.

INT. ARMITAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris slips past several small groups of guests mingling. He goes up the stairs to the second floor.

As soon as he are out of sight and earshot, the mingling guests stop in mid-conversation. Everyone in the room waits and listens to CHRIS' FOOTSTEPS above.

It is now clear that their conversations have been fake. They are all hanging on Chris' actions.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris walks to Rose' room.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris exits the bathroom in Rose's room. The bed is made. He picks his phone up from the dresser. It's unplugged and out of batteries. That's odd. He plugs it in again as he hears a CREAK down the hall.

INT. ARMITAGE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Chris leaves Rose's room. A door at the end of the hallway is a crack open. Chris slowly walks down the hall, and peers inside. A couple lacrosse trophies and one for ju-jitsu. Jeremy's room. Movement inside. It's Georgina making the bed. The door creaks alerting her of his presence, she turns slowly. Before she sees him he walks quickly back to Rose's room just as she comes upstairs.

ROSE
Hey! You okay?

Chris waves for her to join him back in her room.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris speaks quietly and frantically to Rose.

CHRIS
The housekeeper unplugged my phone.

Rose sighs. "Not this again."

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm trying to check in with Rod, and I got no juice.

ROSE
I'm sure it was an honest mistake.

CHRIS
Yeah, or maybe not. Maybe she doesn't like the fact that I'm with you.

ROSE
Chris...

CHRIS
What? It's a thing.

ROSE
You think my family's housekeeper gives a shit who you're with? That's crazy bae.

Chris sits on the bed and rubs his forehead.

CHRIS
Forget it. Nevermind.

ROSE
Look, I get it. This whole thing is stressful. I mean, they're circling you like hyenas down there. I just don't get why you're taking it out on George and Walter.

CHRIS
(passive aggressive)
You're right. I'm being paranoid. I just need a minute and I'll be down.

ROSE
Fine.

Rose leaves a little annoyed.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rod eats a cheeseburger and watches a true crime show on Chris' couch with Sid the dog. His PHONE RINGS.

ROD
Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Chris is alone in Rose's room. He peers out the window.

CHRIS
Bruh. What's up?

ROD
Not much. Sid's chillin'. We eatin' burgers. What's up with you?

CHRIS
Yeah...

ROD
Uh oh. That doesn’t sound good.

CHRIS
They just got me over here meeting all the family friends. It’s like they never met a black dude that doesn’t work for them or some shit.

ROD
Oh, they got you on display?

CHRIS
Exactly. Also, I got hypnotised last night...

ROD
Nigga, what the fuck? Oh, Hell no!

CHRIS
Yeah, to quit smoking. Rose’s mom is a hypnotherapist--

ROD
--Nope. I don’t give a fuck if she’s Dr. Drew up in this bitch. You ain’t getting in my head.

CHRIS
(Seeing Rod’s point)
Right.

ROD
Who knows what they’ll make you do. You know white people into some crazy sex slave shit.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS
Yeah, I’m like 99% sure they’re not a kinky sex family, but-

ROD
Why not? Jeffery Dahmer ate niggas’ heads, but that was after he fucked the heads.

ROD (CONT'D)
You think they saw that shit coming? Hell no.
(MORE)

ROD (CONT'D)
One second they think they just gonna suck some dick, next second they sucking dick but their head isn't on their body Chris.

CHRIS
And thanks for that image, right there.

ROD
I saw that on A&E, so that's real life.

CHRIS
It's the black people out here that are the weirdest. The help. It's like they're possessed or...

ROD
Hypnotised.

CHRIS
(dry)
Ha ha--

ROD
I'm just connecting the dots you presenting me with. The mom puttin' trances on niggas and fuckin' them. It's clear as day and that's fucked up. She hot?

CHRIS
What's fucked up is: You're the first line of defense against terrorism.

ROD
This is good shit tho.

CHRIS
Oh, and the one other black guest is like the whitest-most dude at the party.

Rod laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I mean Rod, if you could see what this dude is wearing.

ROD
Send me a picture. You are a photographer.
(MORE)

ROD (CONT'D)
You should be documentin' this shit.

CHRIS
(amused)
Aiight. I'll try.

ROD
And yo, don't say I didn't warn you 'cause my ass sure as Hell ain't coming up to the country to save you from no fuckin' witch coven... Unless the mom's hot. She hot?

CHRIS
Thanks Rod, bye.

Chris hangs up and brings his phone with him. He opens the door. Georgina stands right outside it, eerie smile and all. Chris is startled.

GEORGINA
Hello.

CHRIS
Hi.

Georgina's voice is shaky and careful.

GEORGINA
I owe you an apology. I shouldn't be touching things that don't belong to me.

CHRIS
Oh, no. It's cool. I was just confused.

GEORGINA
I lifted your cellular phone this morning to wipe down the dresser and it accidentally came undone, see?

CHRIS
Yeah, I--

GEORGINA
Rather than meddle with it further, I left it that way.

CHRIS
Really, it’s okay. I didn’t mean to rat you out.

Georgina eyes get lost for a moment. There’s a pain behind her smile.

CHRIS (CONT’D)
...get you in trouble.

GEORGINA
Oh no, no, no, no, no, no... Aren’t you the sweetest thing? Not at all. The Armitages are so good to us; They treat us like family.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Chris walks back into the back yard where Dean entertains seven people Chris hasn’t met. They turn as Chris approaches smiling eagerly. They all seem to share a private joke.

DEAN
Chris! There you are. I wanted to introduce you to some old friends. We’ll do it quickly. Down the line: David and Marcia Wincott, Ronald and Celia Jeffries, Hiroki Tanaka, and Fredrich and Jessika Walden.

Each couple - DAVID and MARCIA, RONALD and CELIA, HIROKI, FREDRICH and JESSIKA - waves as they are named.

CHRIS
Too many names to remember but...

The couples all laugh nervously.

HIROKI
(to Dean in Japanese)
Can we ask him questions?

DEAN
(Japanese)
Of course.

HIROKI
Do you find that being African American has more advantages or disadvantages in the modern world?

Chris pans the crowd who all give him their undivided attention. The silence is long. Chris sighs. He looks for Rose. She is off talking to someone.

CHRIS
Yeah, I don't know, man.

They all smile like hungry vampires. Chris is very uncomfortable with this unprovoked group interrogation. Andre/Logan and Phil approach.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
That's actually a great question. Logan! They were asking me about the African American experience. Maybe you could take this one.

Andre/Logan is a little caught off guard but dives in.

ANDRE/LOGAN
My life as an African American has been, for the most part, very good. It's hard to be too specific as I haven't much desired to leave the house in a while.

The crowd chuckles. Chris takes out his phone.

PHIL
We've become homebodies...

ANDRE/LOGAN
(To Phil)
But recently, even when you go to the city, I've just had no interest.
(To the group)
The chores are my sanctu--

With the attention on Andre/Logan, Chris subtly backs away from the conversation. He raises his phone toward Andre/Logan and the group and snaps a picture. The FLASH POPS.

CHRIS
Shit.

Everyone turns to Chris. Andre/Logan steps forward and looks at Chris oddly; His head cocks a little and his peaceful expression drifts slowly to maddened horror. Some of the party guests gasp.

PHIL
Logan?

Andre/Logan drops his glass and stumbles towards Chris. Chris backs up, but Andre is already up in his space.

ANDRE
Get out.

Andre/Logan's voice is higher and scratchy, like it was in the first scene.

CHRIS
Hey, man, I'm sorry, I--

Andre/Logan grabs Chris by the shoulders and screams shrilly. Blood trickles out of his nose.

ANDRE
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!!

Phil and Jeremy grab Andre. They have to pry Andre/Logan's grip off of Chris. When they do Andre/Logan screams bloodcurdlingly. It takes all their strength to bring him into the house. Missy and Dean follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rose sits on the couch. She's been crying. Chris comforts her but is clearly traumatised. A few other concerned guests mill around. Dean enters everyone gives him their attention.

ROSE
What the Hell was that?

DEAN
It was a seizure.

ROSE
A seizure?

DEAN
Yes. Logan's okay. Missy's with him now. Are you okay Chris?

CHRIS
Yeah. Why did he come at me like that?

ROSE
Yeah seizures don't make people attack people, I'm sorry.

DEAN
It was an abnormal manifestation but yes, actually, sometimes they do. The flash on your phone must have triggered it.

Andre/Logan enters with stands with Missy and Phil to a smattering of concerned applause.

He addresses a group in his lower pitched “Logan” voice.

ANDRE/LOGAN
Well, I do believe I owe you all an apology.

The group grumbles.

MISSY
We’re just glad you’re feeling yourself again.

ANDRE/LOGAN
Well yes I am. It’s quite like being trapped in a dark room and watching my experiences through a window. Thank God you and Dean were here to calm me down.

DEAN
It’s a simple glitch of the brain. Nothing to be afraid of.

ANDRE/LOGAN
I know I scared you all quite a bit.. especially you Chris.

CHRIS
No, I’m sorry about the flash. I didn’t know.

ANDRE/LOGAN
Of course. How could you have?

PHIL
(to Andre/Logan)
You shouldn’t have been drinking either.

The group chuckles.

ANDRE/LOGAN
As I said I’m feeling much better now, but you’ll all have to proceed without the aid of my marvellous wit; the whole thing has left me a quite a bit exhausted.

DEAN
Of course.

ANDRE/LOGAN
It was nice meeting you.

CHRIS
Yeah, you too.

Chris is skeptical. Missy shows Phil and Logan out. Andre and Phil leave.

DEAN
Let’s do sparklers shall we?
Brighten the mood?

He gives Chris and Rose sparklers and to other people who light them.

ROSE
Let’s go.

Rose takes Chris’ hand.

MISSY
Anybody need a drink?

ROSE
We’re going on a walk.

Rose grabs Chris’ hand and leads him out the front door. The party guests in the living room, Dean and Missy included, go silent. As their sparklers burn they approach the window, watching Rose and Chris leave the front yard.

EXT. LAKESIDE - AFTERNOON

Rose and Chris walk by the lake. Their sparklers fizzle.

CHRIS
My cousin is epileptic. That wasn’t a seizure.

ROSE
Honestly? That was one of the strangest things I’ve ever seen in my life.

CHRIS
Also, this is gonna sound weird, but when he got up in my face like that, I got the feeling like I knew that guy.

EXT. BACK YARD. SAME TIME

With Chris and Rose are away, the party guests have all gathered in the back yard facing Dean who stands by a large picture of Chris on an easel. Everyone is silent.

Dean raises his hand and makes numbers with his fingers: “Three and three.” Several party guests raise their hands. Dean points to the Waldens.

This is an auction.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SAME TIME

CHRIS
Let’s go back home tonight.

ROSE
What? Wait, no.

CHRIS
I’m just... Something doesn’t feel right.

ROSE
You mean with us?

CHRIS
No. With this whole situation! I just... I can’t explain but I need you to trust me. Let’s just go. It doesn’t even have to be a big deal.

ROSE
It is a big deal. It’s my family. I wouldn’t even know what to tell them.

INT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Dean raises his hand again making more numbers with his fingers: “4, 5.”

Gordon Greene raises his hand. Dean points to him accepting his bid.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SAME TIME

ROSE
Yes, it's weird. There are a lot of ways I wish this was going different. I wish my brother wasn't a cock. I wish my parents friends were chill; but just because it's tough, it doesn't mean you run away...

Rose cries.

CHRIS
Baby, I--

ROSE
...I'm late.

CHRIS
Late?

ROSE
I should've got my period like last week.

CHRIS
Oh.

ROSE
I mean, I did change my birth control, so it could just be that, but...

Chris thinks silently.

ROSE (CONT'D)
So...?

CHRIS
I don't know what to say.

ROSE
Okay... Try any emotional response whatsoever.

He's silent. Rose wipes her tears.

ROSE (CONT'D)
If you wanna go then go. I'm not going to force you to stay but I'm not leaving.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

The auction is flying now. Dean’s hand signals are going fast. It’s down to three couples.

Dean signals “5, 6.” Mr. Greene raises his hand. Dean points.

Dean signals “5, 8.” Mrs. Deets raises her hand. Dean points.

Dean signals “6.” Jim Hudson raises both his hands and signals “10.” His chauffeur stands beside him whispering in his ear. Dean points at him.

Dean scans the crowd signalling “10, 2?” “10, 2?” The crowd looks around. No one is challenging. Dean smiles. Finally Dean bangs his fist onto his open palm and points to Jim Hudson. Jim’s chauffeur whispers in his ear.

The guests clap in a mixture of delight and disappointment.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DUSK

Chris and Rose sit watching the sunset over the lake. Chris kisses her hand. He hears the faint APPLAUSE in the distance. He looks in the direction of the house.

CHRIS
I told you about the night my mom died. How I didn’t call 911; didn’t go out looking for her.

ROSE
Baby--

CHRIS
One hour went by, then two, three... I just sat there... I just watched TV.

ROSE
It wasn’t your fault--

CHRIS
I found out later she had survived the initial hit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
She laid there bleeding by the side of the road all night, cold and alone. And that’s how she died in the early morning... Cold and alone. And I was watching TV.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There was time. If someone was looking for her, there was time. But no one was looking.

Chris cries. Rose embraces him.

ROSE
You were just a kid.

CHRIS
Yeah... yeah. So, I'm not gonna leave here without you. I'm not going to abandon you. Never.

They share a moment of pure love.

ROSE
Fuck it. Come on. Let's go back home.

CHRIS
Yeah?

ROSE
Yeah. I mean, you're right. This sucks. I'll go back with you. I'll make something up.

CHRIS
I love you.

ROSE
I love you too.

The two get up and walk back toward the house.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DUSK

Chris and Rose approach the house as the last of the guests get into their cars and drive off. The fireflies are out.

CHRIS
That was fast.

ROSE
Yeah.

The guests wave to Dean and Missy, who stand at the front door, and then to Chris and Rose. Lisa Deets, the trophy wife, is tipsy. Nelson is in their car.