

THE BLIND WITNESS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - EVENING

A shot of the window of a DIMLY LIT living room. Just like someone is looking inside the house.

The LA SUBURBAN HOUSE is almost empty.

We slide in.

INT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

THE LIVING ROOM

The only furniture in the room is a 4-SEATER COUCH and a COFFEE TABLE.

There is a TV attached to the wall and a WALL CLOCK above it.

A BLACK ANALOGUE PHONE can be seen on the kitchen counter.

These are the only available appliances.

The clock shows 05:33 PM.

There are MOVING BOXES at every corner.

Residents of this house are moving out.

The TV is on and shows a SOLO PIANO PERFORMANCE.

The INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC plays in a LOW VOLUME.

SOFAS are wrapped in OLD BLANKETS and sealed in layers of PLASTIC WRAPS.

Picture Frame Spots on the walls.

Some items are wrapped in NEWSPAPER and some in BUBBLE WRAPS.

We hear a PAGE FLIPPING SOUND and a HUMMING SOUND.

Someone is HUMMING a SONG.

As we pan across the room, we see a dark corridor.

TRISTAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are only a BED and two NIGHTSTANDS.

CARDBOARD BOXES lay on the floor near the BED, a WHITE ALIEN OBJECT and a CELL PHONE on the bed.

Closet doors are wide open.

In his PAJAMAS, 13-year-old Caucasian reserved boy, TRISTAN ALTMANN, slim, pointed nose, unusually small and deep set eyes, sits on the floor between the closet doors and lays his back to his bed.

He has an OPEN BOOK in his hand and HUMS a MELODY.

Tristan takes his BOOKS out of the closet and nicely lays them into a cardboard box. He prepares for the move.

The boy flips pages and runs his fingers on every book he removes.

We realize Tristan is Blind, and his books are in BRAILLE.

Tristan is blind, but very independent and acts quite maturely. He is 13 going on 30.

The phone RINGS.

Tristan stands up and is about to exit the room when his foot hits a box.

He sits on the edge of his bed and runs his hand over his BED. He searches for something.

His hand hits the white alien object. It is his SUPPORT CANE, but it is folded.

Tristan grabs and unfolds the cane quickly. He stands and uses the cane to help him exit the room without bumping into any other object.

We follow Tristan out.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan enters the living room and picks up the phone.

TRISTAN

Hello.

NINA

It is mom, honey. Is everything okay? Your cell phone is off.

TRISTAN

I know, mom. It ran out of battery. But yeah, mom. I'm fine. Packing my books.

NINA

Did you eat? I left you some snacks in case you feel hungry again. Do you need any...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

No mom. Thanks. I ate it already. I'm fine.

NINA (CONT'D)

Good. I guess we'll be back in an hour or two. Because they're insisting. They want us to stay for the cake and...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Mom. Mom. I'm fine. Enjoy the birthday party. I'll finish packing my books, I'll lay on my bed and listen to music until I fall asleep.

NINA (CONT'D)

Ok, honey. We are next door anyways if you need us.

TRISTAN

I know, mom. Now Go. Stop worrying. Now go and have some fun.

Tristan places the HANDSET back on its base and heads back to his room. We follow.

THE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Tristan finds his way to the corridor that leads to his room.

All the lights go off. But the TV remains on.

Oblivious to what just happened, Tristan continues toward his room. We are behind him.

Suddenly a quick SHUFFLING sound.

A big cardboard box slides forward on its own and blocks Tristan's way.

Tristan's cane hits the box.

He realizes what is happening and freezes in horror. It is not the first time this is happening.

The TV turns off on its own.

CLOSE-UP -- TRISTAN'S FACE

Tristan has turned pale. He looks terrified.

A CREAKING sound. It is a door that opens or closes.

Tristan swallows his saliva.

BACK TO SCENE

The door to Tristan's room closes slowly and the sound is produced by its squeaky hinge.

The door stops moving completely.

But suddenly BANG.

It is slammed shut violently by an unseen force.

The sound is loud enough to shake the floor.

The sound startles Tristan. He drops his cane.

Tristan HYPERVENTILATES. This is the only sound we hear.

The anxiety and panic have left the boy breathless.

A few seconds go by until suddenly a pile of boxes in the living room gets scattered on the floor on their own.

The TV is off. But sounds of GUN FIRE and EXPLOSIONS of a WAR ZONE come out of its SPEAKERS.

Tristan's legs begin to shake. He lays his back on the wall. The boy is horrified.

The TV goes silent again.

CLOSE-UP -- TRISTAN'S FACE

Tristan is sweating. He is about to burst into tears.

Tristan feels a presence near him and stops hyperventilating so he would hear better.

We hear a DISEMBODIED BREATHING sound and see Tristan's hair on his neck SLIGHTLY MOVE with every EXHALE.

Tristan's heart is hammering. He swallows his saliva and musters the courage.

TRISTAN
(Anxiety hoarse voice)
Who are you?
(gasps for air)
What do you want?

BACK TO SCENE

With his back still on the wall, Tristan slides down, and searches for the box and his cane.

He finds it.

He pushes the box away, stands up, and continues towards his room cautiously.

Suddenly the entire house begins to SHAKE.

Tristan is at his door. He reaches for his doorknob and opens the door.

TRISTAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan enters the room.

Boxes move in different directions.

The house is shaking.

The war zone sound on the TV gets LOUDER and now includes the MUFFLED sound of men YELLING, SHOUTING, and TALKING.

The boy drops his cane, holds his ears, and squats on the floor.

TRISTAN
(loud)
Lord, help me to focus on what the Holy Spirit is doing in my life and
(swallows)
Praise God, I am not alone in my fight against fear; I have the Holy Spirit and the angels.
(swallows)
The Holy Spirit and the angels are standing with me and in me.

The camera is looking at Tristan. We remain in this position for a few seconds.

The shaking and the war zone-like sounds stop.

Tristan takes his hands off his ears slowly and prudently.

Absolute silence.

A DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE
(whispers)
Help me.

Tristan covers his ears again and mumbles the prayer.

We have Tristan in a closer shot.

Lights FLICKER.

Lights stay on.

A hand enters the frame and touches the boy on his shoulder.

Tristan screams.

TRISTAN
(loud)
I said ok. Leave me...

He pushes the hand away angrily and in total fear when he hears his mom's voice.

NINA
Its mom. Hey, it is me, honey. It
is just us.

The boy realizes it was his mother's hand who touched him.

Tristan stops resisting and pushing her hand away.

JOHN ALTMANN is a slim, medium-height 55-year-old successful salesman.

John has his GLASSES on his head. He stands over his son.

NINA ALTMANN is 49, well-maintained, brunette, and a very talkative accountant.

John and Nina try to calm him.

Nina is next to Tristan, also in a squatted position.

Nina runs her fingers through the boys hair.

She holds Tristan and presses him against her chest.

John steps forward, squats and holds them both.

NINA (CONT'D)

(to Tristan)

Its us, baby. It is just us.

(to John)

It is my fault. Thanks God we left early. I told you I had a bad feeling.

JOHN

(nods)

Yes you did, and you were right as usual.

(to Tristan)

Son, it happened again? Did he or she establish contact? Did they show you what happened again?

Tristan nods. Yes.

A THUMPING sound suddenly gets the trio's attention.

Lights FLICKER.

John stands up. He is angry.

John steps out of Tristan's room. He looks up and around with his arms wide open.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Leave my son alone, you bastards.
We're moving because of you. We're leaving this goddamn house and all of you in it.

(louder)

Leave my son alone.

Lights go OFF.

Black.

Title appears over black.

Title: "The Blind Witness"

INT. MENLO PARK POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

THE FRONT DESK

TWO BUSHY PLANTS, one on each side, decorate the entrance.

The FRONT DESK has a thick-tempered BARRIER GLASS with ROUND SPEAK HOLES to separate visitors from officers attending it.

The end of the shift CONVERSATION of men and women, the PHONES RINGING sound, and the usual office HUM.

There are hallways on the left and right sides of the front desk that link to other smaller corridors.

25-year-old sexy and beautiful, brown-skinned SHEILA MOORE, the non-uniformed African American female police detective, strolls on the corridor, crosses the front desk and heads down the right corridor.

Sheila has DARK STRAIGHTENED HAIR which she always ties up on the top of her head.

Because of her NECKLACE BADGE, we figure she is a cop.

We follow her.

We cross doors we see on both sides of corridors.

They open to different departments and offices.

Police officers stumble upon and say goodbye to each other, heading toward the station's main exit.

We follow Sheila to a private and secluded section of the police station.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila enters her office and turns her computer off.

She re-arranges her belt on her TROUSERS.

She re-folds her sleeves.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

SHEILA

It is open.

NATHAN MILES, a UNIFORMED rookie officer, in his 20s opens the door and stands by the door.

OFFICER MILES

Shall we?

SHEILA

Yup. Let us get out of here.

Sheila grabs her WALKIE-TALKIE, CELL PHONE, and REMOTE CAR UNLOCKER.

She lowers her walkie-talkie's volume before exiting the room.

THE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sheila and Officer Miles exit the room.

Sheila switches the light off and closes the door.

The sign on the door reads Sheila Moore - Senior Homicide Detective.

The homicide department is located in a private and secluded section of the police station.

To exit through the main entrance, Sheila needs to walk a longer distance.

That is why she prefers to use the side entrance, which is closer and more convenient.

EXT. MENLO POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SIDE PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Sheila and Officer Miles exit the building and approach a WHITE AUDI.

OFFICER MILES

(laughs)

Oh. You finally had it washed.

(touches the car)

So, it was white.

Sheila shakes her head and unlocks the vehicle.

SHEILA

(smiles)

Shut up and get in. It was my daughter's birthday yesterday. I wanted to take her out. So, I had to have it cleaned.

OFFICER MILES

Oh. How is cute little Nusha? Where did you take her?

They both sit in the car.

Sheila IGNITES the engine.

SHEILA (O.S.)

(remorseful)

Yeah, she is good. I couldn't take her out. I got busy with a new case.

(smiles)

I'm taking her out tonight instead. I'm taking her to the movies. She wants to watch that new animation. Err...

(ponders)

I forgot the title.

She drives the vehicles out of the station's parking.

OFFICER MILES (O.S.)

She is a very intelligent kid. How old did she become?

SHEILA (O.S.)

Nine. She is Nine now. Growing up fast.

(sighs)

Childhood is a short season, my friend. A short season.

I/E. SHEILA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Sheila drives the vehicle.

Officer Miles swipes on his cell phone.

Sheila switches the car radio on and lowers the volume.

A POPULAR SONG plays on the radio.

Officer Miles bursts into laughter and holds his phone toward Sheila.

CLOSE ANGLE -- CELL PHONE SCREEN

A man's face is ridiculously painted with black and red markers.

BACK TO SCENE

SHEILA

(laughing)

Oh my God. Who is this?

OFFICER MILES

(laughs loudly)

My brother. He was asleep when his 4-year-old daughter painted his face. He couldn't go to work today.

(sighs)

I really like to know what it is like to have a child.

She gives her colleague a kind look.

SHEILA

Well, I can't really describe the kind of love. But nothing else comes first. Your child always comes first.

(ponders)

Nusha is my world. She is my everything. She is all I got.

Sheila gets quiet, and drives, deep in her thoughts for a moment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You are almost home.

Officer Miles glances at the street and back at his phone.

OFFICER MILES

Thank you. You don't need to turn right though. Just drop me at the back and go.

SHEILA

You sure? I can...

OFFICER MILES (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah. I need to do some grocery shopping first. Thanks anyways.

(beat)

So you'll not be... I mean... I'll not see you tomorrow.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

No, my friend. I'm off tomorrow.

(unhappy)

Then I'm on the night shift for the next three days after that.

She pulls over moments later.

Officer Miles exits the vehicle.

OFFICER MILES
Enjoy your day off. Thanks again.

SHEILA
I will. Look after yourself.

She drives away.

Sheila LIP SYNCs with a NEW SONG on the radio.

Her phone RINGS.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi honey. How are you, baby?

NUSHA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
When are you coming? You said we
were going to the movies.

SHEILA
(into phone)
We are honey. I'm on my way right
now. And guess what? I'm not going
to work tomorrow. We're going to
have lots of fun together.

NUSHA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Hmm... Are you sure?

SHEILA
(into phone)
Of course, I am. Go get your stuff.
I will be there very soon.

EXT. SHEILA'A HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The street is lined with old and mature trees.

Parallel rows of STREET LIGHTS weakly illuminate houses and
embellished yards that are separated by driveways and tall
shrubs.

The street is between two rows of old BUSHY TREES with THICK
TRUNKS

Sheila's house is an old, but well-maintained house.

Sheila's car arrives.

She pulls to her driveway and HONKS the CAR HORN twice.

BEEP BEEP.

The door opens and 9-year-old cute NUSHA MOORE runs out.

Sheila steps down from the vehicle, squats, opens her arms, and waits for her daughter.

JOYCE KARR, 56, chubby and kind with THICK GLASSES, exits the house and approaches Sheila.

Sheila hugs Nusha.

SHEILA

(endearing)

Hmmm. Mom missed you sooooo much.

(beat)

Honey, you sit in the car. I will have a quick word with Joyce before we go.

Nusha sits in the car and closes the door.

Sheila steps toward Joyce.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Thank you for looking after her, Joyce. You are a great friend and a good neighbor..

JOYCE

She's really not happy with your working hours.

Sheila takes a WHITE ENVELOPE out of her TROUSER'S pocket and hands it to her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(nods)

I know.

(Beat)

I will be at home tonight and tomorrow during the day. But I need you to be with her every night after that for the rest of the week. Because I will be on the night shift. Is that okay?

JOYCE

(thinks)

Yeah sure. No problem. Just text me an hour before you leave the house.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Like always.
(waves at Nusha)
Ok. I'm going home.

Joyce walks away but she remembers something.

Sheila notices Joyce walking back.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I forgot to tell you, she has a school assignment to make a family tree. She asked for my help. But I told her she must ask you.

Sheila's face drops.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I didn't know how to explain..

SHEILA

You did the right thing.
Thanks. I'll take care of it.

I/E. SHEILA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nusha has her seatbelt fastened, patiently waiting for her mom.

Sheila opens the car door and sits in the car.

SHEILA

Did you switch the lights off, honey?

Nusha nods cutely.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Did you check the gas? Activate the alarm?

Nusha nods cutely.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Then let us go and have fun.

INT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - TRISTAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tristan sits on the edge of his bed.

He opens a box and searches for something in it.

He finds a voice recorder and pushes the box away.

Tristan holds the device between his palms and ponders for a moment.

He opens the recorder's battery compartment, touches it, and makes sure there are batteries inside.

He closes the cover and presses a button.

An AI FEMALE VOICE speaks.

AI FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(over device, filtered)
The device is on.

Tristan presses different buttons, and by pressing each button, the voice speaks.

AI FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(over device, filtered)
Folder A. Folder B. Folder 8. Music
folder. Battery is 82% charged.
Folder length: One minute Forty...
Date of recording... Time of
recording... Remaining: 11 hours.
Time: 01 hours 25 minutes and 11
seconds AM... Delete. Undelete.
Divide file. File description. Copy
file. Paste file. New file.

Tristan lowers his head and remains motionless for a few seconds.

He makes up his mind. He is now mentally prepared.

He holds the device up over his mouth and presses a button.

AI FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(over device, filtered)
New file. Yes. Start recording
after the beep.

BEEP.

Tristan clears his throat.

TRISTAN
(into device)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Davis. I hope
this message finds you well. Before
I start, I would like to say I'm
sorry for your loss.
(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Your son was a brave soldier and a good man. Your family is in my family's thoughts and prayers.

While we continue hearing Tristan's voice.

MONTAGE:

I/E. UBER CAR - MORNING (MOVING)

The VEHICLE is on a highway outside the city.

Cars on the other side pass like a flash.

Tristan is in the back seat and has a BROWN ENVELOPE in his left hand.

With his right hand, he holds his folded cane up on his chest and silently taps on it with the tips of his fingernails.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

I'm sure you would want to know who I am and why I'm sending you this audio. My name is Tristan Altmann. I am 13 years old and I'm blind. This message is about your late son, Joshua, and his best friend Jimmy, who was also your son's best friend and commanding officer.

EXT. CARPINTERIA FARMHOUSE - MORNING

A DARK GREY TOYOTA PRIUS stops in front of an OLD-LOOKING FARMHOUSE.

We can see Tristan in the back seat.

He hands the brown envelope to the driver.

The driver, an INDIAN YOUNG LADY, in her 20s, cute and brown-skinned, steps down the vehicle and approaches the house.

A BIG US FLAG is waving on the porch.

The driver knocks on the door. She places the envelope on the porch floor and returns.

She sits in the car and drives away.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

I would like to tell you how they lost their lives in Fallujah, serving our country. I know you were told your son lost his life because of his commanding officer Jimmy Caleb's poor decision-making. But I promise you that is not the case. I saw exactly what happened to your son and his best friend and it is not what you think.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - MORNING (MOVING)

The VEHICLE enters the highway and heads back towards the city.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

I know you hate Jimmy even if he is dead. But I honestly think you should let go of the grudge you have against him. Jimmy Caleb was a sergeant with a mission. He had six soldiers, including your son Joshua when they were ambushed.

EXT. CARPINTERIA FARMHOUSE - MORNING

An old man opens the door and notices the brown envelope.

He picks it up and carries it inside.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

A young soldier was shot and laid a few yards away from your son and the team. Being a kind human, Joshua insisted to go and pull him back to safety. But Jimmy tried very hard to convince him otherwise. He really truly tried to convince your son that stepping forward was absolute suicide. But no matter how hard Jimmy tried, your son didn't listen.

I/E. UBER CAR - MORNING (MOVING)

Tristan is deep into his thoughts.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

Sergeant Jimmy Caleb got distracted, busy on the walkie talkie and your son found his distraction an opportunity to run and save the young soldier. Joshua run to pull his wounded comrade back and this caused the enemy sniper to spot them all. The sniper got your son. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, you can call me a medium or a psychic or a channel, a witch, a weirdo, a hoaxer, or anything you want. I am unfortunately deprived of the gift of sight since the age of 4-5 after an accident.

INT. CARPINTERIA FARMHOUSE - MORNING

The old man and his wife, an old woman around his age are at an OLD WOODEN BREAKFAST TABLE and listening to Tristan's audio.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

You can say I am blessed, or cursed, with other abilities. I'm going to tell you all about it in a moment. You may also think this is a prank or a sick joke. But I promise you, I assure you it is not. I'm now going to tell you how I saw all these despite being blind. I'm going to tell you every moment in detail. I'm also going to give you some proof that I'm sure after checking, you will agree with me that Jimmy Caleb was not the kind of evil person you thought he was. Now, let me start by explaining how and why I could see all that I told you. It started a few years...

Tristan's voice FADES OUT before we hear how and why Tristan could know and see all that.

END MONTAGE

I/E. UBER CAR - MORNING (MOVING)

The vehicle is on a busy street, stuck in traffic.

Long lines of vehicles can be seen on both sides of the road.

Over the scene, we hear the CAR RADIO.

A discussion between a FEMALE radio host and a MALE guest is being aired.

THE MALE GUEST (V.O.)
(persuading)
So basically, ex-prisoners with common mental health problems, such as bipolar disorder, schizophrenia or MPD, especially those who misuse drugs and alcohol, are more likely to commit violent offenses after their release than other former prisoners...

THE FEMALE RADIO HOST (V.O.)
(concerned)
This is indeed a concerning subject.

Tristan runs his index finger on his BRAILLE WRISTWATCH. He nods. He is not late.

THE MALE GUEST
Absolutely. The study treads on highly sensitive ground, raising concerns among some experts that it may lead to assumptions mentally ill people are more prone to violence than others.

The female driver keeps on glancing at Tristan through her rearview mirror. She is curious and seems to be about to throw a question at the boy.

TRISTAN
No. I wasn't born blind.

The driver is shocked by hearing the answer before asking the question she was about to ask.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(kind)
A road accident caused me to become blind.

THE FEMALE DRIVER
(head bobble)
Oh. I see.

Spooked, the driver whispers something in a FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

She blows the air out of her lungs while spinning her head clockwise.

She reaches for the dashboard and takes out a LITTLE PRAYER BOOK and a ROSARY.

The driver whispers something and holds the little prayer book against her forehead.

She performs a quick protection ritual, probably to keep her safe from Tristan.

The traffic light turns green, and cars begin to move forward.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Cars race by in the street. People walk briskly past.

A man walks past, shouting and cursing angrily into his cell phone.

A police vehicle passes in the street, sirens and emergency lights going full blast.

The Prius pulls up to the curb.

The back door opens, and Tristan's legs exit the car first.

The boy steps on the asphalt, unfolds his white cane and closes the car door behind him.

Scanning the ground with his cane for obstacles and orientation marks, he makes his way down the sidewalk.

Tristan takes his SMART PHONE out of his pocket and dictates something into the phone.

He holds the phone on his ear and strolls down the streets.

Tristan takes a few steps along the street and rounds the corner into a well maintained, not so crowded, vibrant, cobblestone pedestrian shopping avenue.

A man squats on the sidewalk, his back to a shop wall, watches the passing faces, nodding hellos to strangers who ignore him.

A suited black man, clean shaved and sharp, is standing outside an expensive-looking clothing store. He notices Tristan and his white cane.

The man steps forward.

THE BLACK MAN
Hey kid. Need help? Where do you
want to go? I will direct you.

TRISTAN
(smiles)
Oh thanks. Just going to the
church. It is...

Tristan points his finger to his right.

THE BLACK MAN
Yeah. You right. It is that way. It
is the next building. Be careful.

TRISTAN
Thanks, man. Appreciate it.

EXT. THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church's old stone and huge towers make it stand out from
the modern buildings surrounding it.

Tristan easily finds his way to the church's entrance stairs.

He has been here before on several occasions.

EXT. THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Tristan enters the church quietly.

He moves down the center aisle towards the altar.

The church is beautiful.

Only three people sit and pray in the ocean of OAK PEWS.

Reverend DAVID SHERMAN, 54, medium height with grey hair,
approaches Tristan from behind.

FATHER SHERMAN
You saw them again. It happened
again.

Tristan turns slightly. He is about to burst into tears.

TRISTAN
Yes it did. Hello father.

Father Sherman places his hand on Tristan's shoulder.

FATHER SHERMAN

(concerned)

Hello, son. You look emotional.
Hold my arm.

Tristan holds Father Sherman's arm.

FATHER SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

They walk down the center aisle towards the back.

TRISTAN

I'm getting used to it. It is
just... I.. Don't... I can't
understand why are these happening
to... me?

Father Sherman and Tristan sit on one of the back pews.

FATHER SHERMAN

What is bothering you, son?

TRISTAN

Father, I asked you before, and you
gave me the biblical, religious
answer. But I still don't know why
are all these happening? Why me?
What is my purpose in life?

(beat)

It is not fair, father. This is so
unfair. Why father?

FATHER SHERMAN

Don't you think you are blessed
with the ability to bring peace to
restless spirits? Isn't that a
gift? If that is not a purpose,
then what is? I know I've told you
religion's answer to this. But...

(whisper prays)

Ok. Now, I give you my personal
opinion. You see? Our inability to
make sense of this stems from our
inability to understand the
complexity of our
interconnectedness and
interdependence.

(MORE)

FATHER SHERMAN (CONT'D)

We cannot grasp the rippling domino effect of our behavior in the world, and have no clear or direct perception of the responses to our actions.

(panders)

I'm sure you understand what I'm saying? I'm sure you do. You are a very intelligent young man.

(nods)

Yes, every single one of our thoughts and actions influences the system we exist in, and enables a response. We simply cannot piece together why things take place the way they do.

Father Sherman's voice FADES OUT gradually.

EXT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - DAY

A big U-HAUL TRUCK is parked outside the house.

Six men in BLUE OVERALLS load TWO BIG BOXES inside the truck and close the doors.

A CONVERTIBLE BLUE MINI COOPER with retracted roof is parked in the driveway.

The backseat is almost filled with LUGGAGE and BOXES.

INT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Through windows of the empty house, Nina and John see Tristan approaching.

Tristan arrives and enters.

JOHN

(happy)

Hey son. You're back.

(to Nina)

So, I will get the car.

NINA

You are right on time, honey. We have loaded the truck. We're almost done.

(sighs)

Say goodbye to the old house, darling.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

To all its good and bad memories.
Are you ready for a new beginning?

Tristan smiles and nods.

TRISTAN

Did you load everything? All
my things and...

NINA (CONT'D)

Yes son. Everything and how
you wanted them to be
handled.

(beat)

Well, not everything
everything. There are a few
boxes of old decoration left.
Your dad and I will drop by
later, today or tomorrow, to
pick them up.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

So, what now.

NINA

Now, we will drive to our new and
bigger house. We were only waiting
for you to come back.

EXT. ALTMANN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

John exits the house, walks to the truck and tells the driver
to follow them.

Nina and Tristan exit the house. Nina locks the door.

John goes to his car and drives it out of the driveway.

Tristan and Nina sits in the car.

The car drives away. The truck follows.

EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DAY

THE BACKYARD

Nusha and Sheila are in the backyard.

Nusha swings on a SWING. She pushes herself with a a BLUE
BASEBALL BAT.

Sheila sits at a cute 4-SEATER GARDEN TABLE and flips pages
of an OLD MAGAZINE.

Insects CHIRR and birds CHIRP.

NUSHA

Mom, when are you helping me do my family tree?

Sheila nods and lowers her head.

SHEILA

We will, honey.

Sheila ponders for a moment. She looks down.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Actually, you know what? Come here. I want to tell you something.

Nusha step down the swing, lays the baseball bat on the swing legs.

She approaches her mother and sits across from her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Do you remember I told you that I didn't remember my parents?

The child nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Well, that is true. Because I was never with them, sweetheart. I grew up in an orphanage.

NUSHA

What is ofnareng?

SHEILA

Or-pha-nage. It is a place where some little boys and girls live. They live there until they're grown up.

NUSHA

Like a house?

SHEILA

Yes honey. It is a house. A big house with so many little boys and girls.

Nusha seems confused.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(smiles)
Ok. Some baby's mothers and
fathers cannot raise...
cannot be with their babies.
They cannot buy food or
clothes for them...

NUSHA

Why? They don't have money?

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Well, Maybe they don't. Maybe
because they are very young, they
don't have a house to take their
babies to or they don't have work
and money to buy food for their
babies. Maybe they are sick or gone
to heaven and cannot be with their
babies. These mothers and fathers
give their babies to the
orphanage... to that big house and
ask the people there to feed their
babies, buy them clothes and send
them to school until they are older
and grown ups.

Sheila holds her daughter's hands.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe my mother and
father didn't have food and clothes
and house. So they left me in the
big house when I was very little.
Nice people in that big house gave
me everything I needed until I
became a grown up. I went to
school, finished school, found a
job and I didn't need anyone's help
anymore. That is why I don't know
who my parents are. Do you
understand?

The little girl ponders. She nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I will help you draw your family
tree tonight. Now go play my
princess.

NUSHA

Are you sad that your mother and
father gave you to the big house?

SHEILA

I was until you came out of my belly. Then I became the happiest woman. I forgot all my sadnesses when you were born.

(Murmurs to herself)

Actually, I just realize you are my only descendant. You and I have no other descendants.

A COMMOTION on the street attracts Sheila and Nusha's attention.

FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Sheila and Nusha follow the commotion to their FRONT LAWN.

The same U-haul truck is parked outside the empty house.

A Blue mini cooper is parked in the drive way.

Its Tristan and his parents moving into the empty house across the street.

Altmann family are Sheila's new neighbors.

Workers are seen carrying boxes into the house.

Tristan walks out of the house and stands by the driveway.

Sheila notices Tristan's white cane.

She says something to Nusha quietly.

EXT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FRONT LAWN

Nina stands in front of the house and supervises the staff.

John carries boxes and luggage from his car into the house.

Nina notices Sheila and Nusha. She smiles and waves at them.

Sheila's car is parked in her driveway.

Tristan crosses past his mother and goes toward the driveway.

NINA

You look worried? I don't think those incidents will happen here, honey. We left all of it behind.

Tristan nods, smiles and keeps walking.

THE DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

Tristan lays his back to the wall, deep in his thoughts.

INT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE LIVING ROOM

The living room floor is covered with ALL SIZES OF BOXES.

There are more boxes being carried in.

Four new workers carry a HUGE BOX inside.

Nina enters the house, walks past them quickly and guides them to the second floor.

SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Workers unbox and assemble the FURNITURE.

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Workers finish transferring Tristan's BELONGINGS to his room.

Everyone is busy.

THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The living room is now almost furnished. But it still looks empty because there are still no curtains.

Workers are at the kitchen, installing KITCHEN APPLIANCES.

John sits on a sofa and stretches his legs.

NINA

You know that we will have to return to the old house and pick up whatever is left.

JOHN
(exhausted)
Come on. Let me take a 10 minute
nap. Or give me a cup of coffee.

NINA
Coffee it is, then. We will leave
in 10 minutes.

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - SAME TIME

Tristan's room is almost furnished.

Tristan is unboxing.

He takes his voice recorder out and places it next to him on
the floor.

He removes some stuff from boxes and lays them on the floor
for now.

DINGGGG... DANGGGG.

Someone is at the door.

THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Nina opens the door. It is Sheila and Nusha.

Sheila has a CAKE in a BIG PLATE.

SHEILA
(smiles)
Welcome to the neighborhood.

Sheila hands the cake to Nina.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I'm Sheila and this is my daughter,
Nusha.

NINA
(excited)
Oh thank you. Come on in. Please.
(to John)
Honey, come meet our lovely
neighbor.

John greets their new neighbor.

NUSHA

Hi.

NINA

(happy)

Well, hello pretty pretty girl.
Welcome.

Sheila and Nusha enter the house and curiously look around.

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan tries to open a box. But he cannot.

There are a few layers of DUCT TAPE wrapped around the box
and not easy to cut it.

We hear a MUFFLED CONVERSATION SOUND coming from downstairs.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everybody sits on the couch.

SHEILA

I really wanted to see this house.
You have a beautiful house.

NINA

Thank you. I will get us some
coffee.

Nina takes the cake to the kitchen with her.

Tristan appears on the SECOND FLOOR LANDING.

TRISTAN

Mom, or dad.

Oh honey, meet our new neighbors Sheila and her beautiful
daughter Nusha.

Tristan tries to look down in their direction. He raises his
hand and waves.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Hi.

NUSHA

Hi.

SHEILA

Hi Tristan.

Tristan smiles.

TRISTAN

Can you guys give me the seizors or something to cut duct tape?

JOHN

I saw it somewhere.

NINA

(to John)
Its right here.
(to Tristan)
Come have some coffee and cake.

TRISTAN

I will. I need to open this first.

NUSHA

(to Nina)
I can give it to him.

Nusha takes the RED SEIZORS from Nina and runs upstairs.

She hands it to Tristan.

SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tristan smiles.

TRISTAN

Thank you.

NUSHA

Can I see your room?

TRISTAN

(nods)
Sure.

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nusha enters the room ahead. She notices a cute FEMALE POLICE FIGURINE and grabs it.

NUSHA

Oh, this is so cute.

She remembers Tristan can't see.

NUSHA (CONT'D)

Your police..

TRISTAN

Oh that one. You wanna have it?

NUSHA (CONT'D)

Can I?

TRISTAN

Of course. It is now yours.

NUSHA

Thank you. She looks like my mom.
My mom is a detective. She catches
criminals.

Tristan nods and finds that interesting.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheila, Nina, and John are having cake and coffee.

John finishes his coffee and stands up.

He glances at his WRISTWATCH.

JOHN

(to Nina)

I will unpack something in the
basement and... Yeah.

(to Sheila)

Nice getting to know you.

(beat)

And thanks for the cake. It was
delicious.

NINA

Ok, honey.

John leaves the living room.

Nina seems to have been waiting for him to leave so she can
talk.

SHEILA

So, was he born blind, or...

NINA (CONT'D)

Oh no. He lost his sight
after an accident around Nine
years ago.

(whispers)

But you know? Sometimes he
can see..

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan grabs a book and sits on the edge of his bed.

Nusha sits next to him.

NUSHA

But how's it to be blind?

Tristan smiles.

TRISTAN

Ok. Close your eyes.

Nusha closes her eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Don't open them. Keep the shut for
as long as you can.

Nusha opens her eyes after a short while.

NUSHA

I can't. I don't want to.

TRISTAN

I know. Neither do I.

Tristan feels he is affecting the little happy girl's
emotions.

He changes the subject by directing her attention toward the
book in his hand.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

It is called braille. Give me your
hand.

Tristan opens the BRAILLE BOOK and rubs her fingers on its
page.

Nusha seems amazed.

Tristan touches the page and reads Nusha parts of the book.

THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nusha and Tristan walk down the stairs.

Nusha is holding Tristan's hand.

Nusha runs to her mother and shows her the figurine.

NUSHA

Look, mom. It is you. Tristan gave
it to me.

SHEILA

(to Nusha)

Oh, he did? It is beautiful. Are you ready to go?

(to Tristan)

Thank you, Tristan. Your mom was telling me about some of your experiences. You are an interesting young man. I would love to get to know you better.

TRISTAN

Likewise. Nusha says you are a cop?

SHEILA

Yes, I'm a homicide detective.

TRISTAN

That makes you a really interesting person with lots of interesting true crime stories. I would love to hear some of them.

SHEILA

(smiles)

Yes, why not. You can visit us. We live across the street.

(beat)

You can also visit me in the police department if you want. It is Four blocks down the road to your left. Ask for detective Moore.

(laughs)

This reminds me that I'm on the graveyard shift tonight.

(to Nina)

I have a quiet office, great for private conversations.

(to Tristan)

You can always come and spend some time with me, Tristan.

(to Nina)

Your mom has my cell number. If you guys need any kind of help, please do not hesitate. Please ask.

THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Tristan and Nina send their guests off.

John who thinks they must have gone back to the old house and brought the remaining boxes appears in the foyer.

JOHN

(to Nina)

Thank god you decided to stop
talking. You know we need to get..

NINA

Ok. Let's go. Let me grab my purse.

Tristan laughs at what his dad said.

Nina grabs her purse from the kitchen counter.

NINA (CONT'D)

John, come meet our new neighbor
and her beautiful daughter.

John joins them and introduces himself.

They get into talking. The new neighbors seem to hit it off.

Nusha walks away toward Tristan.

THE DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

John and Nina leave the house.

NINA

We will get pizza on our way back.
Love you.

JOHN

Do you need us to get you anything
else, son?

Tristan shakes his head, closes the door, and heads back to
his room.

EXT. THE STREET - ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nusha and Sheila enter their house.

John's car exits the driveway and drives away.

There is no one in the street.

Foreboding.

INT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - DUSK

THE LIVING ROOM

Tristan sits on the living room floor, next to several partly unpacked boxes.

He inserts his hand in each box, looking for something.

He cannot find what he's looking for. So he tries the next box.

A shuffling sound makes him prick up his ears. But he does not hear anything else and he ignores it.

Disappointed and frustrated, Tristan stands up and uses his cane to go upstairs.

On the staircase, Tristan runs his finger over his wristwatch and checks the time.

Tristan's body language portends his concern for something.

TRISTAN'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan's cell phone is on his bed.

Tristan sits on the edge of his bed, searches for his phone, and finds it.

He holds the phone up.

TRISTAN
(into phone)
Siri, dial mom.

We hear the line RINGING once.

NINA (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Hi. You have reached Nina Altmann.
Sorry, I can't take your call.
Leave a message and I will call you
back.

TRISTAN
(worried)
Mom, please. This is my 4th call.
Where are you? Why aren't you back?
What the fu...
(desperate)
Please call me back, mom.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Siri, dial dad.

We hear the line RINGING once.

JOHN (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Hi. It's me, John. Sorry I can't
take your call right now. Why don't
you leave a message and I will call
you.

TRISTAN
(angry)
Dad. What's happening? Why don't
you guys answer your calls?
(concerned)
Please, dad. I'm worried sick. Call
me.

Tristan disconnects the line.

He lowers his head. He doesn't know what to do.

He's deep in his thoughts when suddenly, a muffled BANG.

Curious to find out what the sound was and where it came
from, he stands up.

But he begins feeling hot.

No other sound is heard after the bang. So, he shrugs it off
as he has his own worries.

Tristan hears a MUFFLED TOILET FLUSHING SOUND.

He grabs his cane and exits his room.

SECOND-FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Tristan gets to the INTERIOR BALCONY and holds the RAILING.

TRISTAN
(loud)
Mom.
(beat)
Dad.
(beat)
Is it you?

He suddenly turns his head to his left toward the end of the balcony after hearing a QUICK AND CONSTANT SERIES OF SOUNDS LIKE JOINTS CRACKING.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(scared)
Hello.

He is getting more and more scared.

He follows the railing and reaches the staircase.

He wants to go down the stairs when he hears his voice recorder's AI voice.

Someone or something invisible seems to be pressing its buttons.

AI FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered, over device)
The battery is 38% charged.
(beat)
Folder length: Eight minutes and
twelve sec...
(beat)
Time of recording... Remaining: 10
hours. Time... Delete...
(beat)
New recording... New recording...
New recording... New recording...

Tristan returns. He is SOAKED in his sweat now.

He steps back toward his room when he suddenly feels a sharp and unbearable pain in his head.

Tristan drops his cane, squats on the floor, and holds his head between his hands.

The cane rolls on the balcony and falls down into the living room.

A disturbing electronic whistling sound FADES IN and gets LOUDER GRADUALLY.

The louder the sound gets, the harder Tristan presses his ears with his hands.

The sound stops abruptly.

Tristan knows what's happening. It is not the first time he is experiencing this.

His entire body is shaking. Tristan is extremely scared.

He stands and goes down the stairs, holding the STAIRCASE'S RAILING.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tristan finds a glass and fills it with water.

He is drinking it when all cabinet doors suddenly open on their own, very slowly and without making the smallest sound.

Tristan can feel something is happening. But he doesn't know what.

He places the glass on the counter when the doorbell RINGS continuously.

DING DANG. DING DANG. DING DANG. DING DANG.

THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Tristan reaches the foyer.

TRISTAN

Who is it?
(beat)
Hello.

No answer.

He opens the door.

It's dark now.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Hello.
(louder)
Who is it?

Tristan closes the door.

Lights go off without him noticing it.

Tristan is horrified. He is breathing heavily and loudly.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan finds his way to the living room. He has difficulty walking. Both because he is not familiar with the new house's layout and also because of fear.

He sits on a TWO-SEATER COUCH.

He immediately hears A DISEMBODIED HYPERVENTILATING sound next to him.

He pushes himself back and wants to stand up when he feels a face, very close to his, breathing into his ear.

Some force pushes his head back to the couch.

CLOSE UP -- TRISTAN'S FACE

Tristan is pale and his jaws are vibrating.

BACK TO SCENE

Tristan knows what the entity or the spirit wants.

He musters the courage.

TRISTAN
(trembling)
What do you want?

The entity releases Tristan's head.

The disembodied hyperventilating sound gets away and farther.

All we can see is because of the STREET LIGHTS and MOONLIGHT.

Tristan stands and heads towards the door, but this time he feels someone behind him.

A DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(creepy and low)
Murdereddddd. Murrrrrderrrrreedddd.
(sobs)
Please. I ... Please...
(creepy)
Killed and killed. Killed and
killed.

TRISTAN
(shouts)
What do you want from me?
(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(yells)

Leave me alone.

This is when Tristan levitates.

It seems two invisible hands are choking Tristan.

Tristan's face turns BLUE AS HE tries to remove the invisible hands from his neck. This is why we know he is being choked.

Tristan's hands are pushed open and his feet are pushed closed and attached to each other.

Tristan's body forms a cross and levitates higher.

MEDIUM SHOT -- TRISTAN

Tristan's facial expression portends he is resisting, but he cannot do much.

He suddenly stops resisting.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

A Series of QUICK and INDISCERNIBLE FLASHBACKS.

END FLASHBACK

Tristan can't breathe. He's gasping for air.

He almost loses consciousness when the entity let's go.

BACK TO SCENE

The entity throws Tristan across the living room.

Tristan lands near the window and hits some PARTLY DISCHARGED BOXES.

EXT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT -- THE HOUSE'S WINDOWS

CRACKS begin to form on the closest WINDOW and continue on all other windows around the house.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - SAME TIME

THE KITCHEN

CLOSE ANGLE -- KITCHEN'S GLASS DISHES

Glass bottles, cups, plates, and dishes burst into powder.

BACK TO SCENE

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tristan tries to sit up slowly when his hand hits his cane.

He is dizzy and decides to remain seated for a moment.

He pulls himself together and bursts into tears.

TRISTAN

(sobbing)

Why me? Why? It is not fair.

(louder)

What do you want from me? Leave me
alone.

Tristan is now BAWLING.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Mom. Dad.

Tristan's face is soaked in his tears.

He lowers his head and lays it on his knees.

This is when a terrifying face manifests out of darkness next
to him.

It's a man's head with a little circle of a BULLET WOUND on
his right jaw and a huge, messy EXIT WOUND on the left side
of his head with blood and flesh gushed out of it.

THE FACE

(threatening)

Me first or you die.

Tristan realizes he needs to escape.

He is too terrorized to remain in the house.

Tristan grabs his cane and escapes the house as quickly as he
can.

EXT. ALTMANN'S NEW HOUSE - THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tristan exits the house as fast as he can.

He feels relieved as soon as he is out, but he is still jumpy.

He walks to the street hurriedly. He seems confused.

Tristan turns his head towards Sheila's house.

He takes two steps toward her house. But he stops.

TRISTAN
(mumbles)
Night shift.

He remembers Sheila is on the night shift.

He instead walks toward the main street.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Not too many vehicles can be seen moving on the street.

Tristan scans the sidewalk for obstacles and walks forward.

He is stressed and in a hurry.

Tears roll down his face every few steps he takes forward.

Tristan is very emotional and in distress.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila is alone in her office.

There's a big WINDOW in her background and we see the PARKING LOT, lighted by TWO POWERFUL SPOTLIGHTS on both sides.

Two people seem to be fixing or repairing the spotlights.

Two police officers are crossing the lot, walking from one side to the other.

Sheila is looking out the window, deep in her thoughts.

Tristan opens the door and enters.

Sheila turns.

SHEILA
(surprised)
Tristan.

TRISTAN
(in tears)
Please help me.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Of course. What happened?

Seeing Tristan in distress and tears, Sheila stands up immediately and approaches him.

She leads Tristan to a chair and sits next to him for a moment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Where are your... Where's Nina...
or your father? Are they here, too?

Tristan shakes his head. No.

Tristan takes two deep breaths and pulls himself together.

Sheila runs her hand on Tristan's back to calm him down.

Tristan stops sobbing.

TRISTAN
Do you believe in spirits or
ghosts?

Sheila looks away and squints.

SHEILA
(ponders)
I... I'm not sure if I do... But
does it really matter? I will help
you regardless.

TRISTAN
(nods quickly)
You can. You definitely can.

Tristan lowers his head.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
I asked because for you to help me,
you need to believe me first.

SHEILA
Oh, I believe you, Tristan. You
tell me what happened and how I can
help.

TRISTAN
I know my mom told you some
things about me...

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait. Sorry. Do you
want me to get you anything
before you start? Do you want
some water or.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
No, I'm fine. Thanks.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(soft-spoken)
I know my mom told you some things
about me. But I need you to know
what is exactly going on with me.
What you need to know first, is
that I see what the spirits of
(emphasizes)
SOME dead people show me after they
visit me. Yes, I'm blind and I see
what they show me.

Sheila clasps her fingers and leans forward. She is
interested to hear the rest.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
It took me a while to learn who are
the spirits that visit me and what
they want. The spirits that visit
and scare me are of those who are
unjustly blamed for something and
someone is angry at them for
something they didn't do, or even
did something they didn't mean to
because they were not responsible
for their actions when they were
still alive. These were so far the
only kind of spirits who visited
me. They're restless. Their souls
cannot rest in peace unless they're
forgiven by the people who are
still mad at them for some reason,
even now that they are dead.

Sheila lays back and crosses her legs.

She squints and nods.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
These spirits, ghosts or whatever
you call them visit me, terrorize
me and keep on bothering me until I
do what they want me to do for
them.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

They show me and I witness the cause, the how and why, and circumstances under which they were blamed. Then they want me to tell the people who are still angry at them what I saw, what really happened, why happened and the reason they shouldn't be blamed or angry at. They want me to explain everything in details and in the end ask for forgiveness on their behalf. They keep on bothering me until I do what they want me to do. That is why they visit me. They want me to be their voice and ask for forgiveness on their behalf so their souls can rest in peace.

SHEILA

Ok. So, they basically use you to prove their innocence from the after world.

Tristan nods and ponders for a moment.

TRISTAN

(nods)
That too.

Tears well up in his eyes.

SHEILA

(sympathetic)
Can I help in any way?

TRISTAN

You will know how by the time I'm finished telling you a story. For now, I just need you to listen and believe me.

A TEARDROP rolls down the boy's cheek.

Tristan pauses for a moment, pulls a SHEET OF TISSUE out of the TISSUE BOX, and wipes his face.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Alan was rightfully charged with sexual assault, battery, causing bodily harm, and a few other serious charges.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

He was convicted despite pleading not guilty by the reason of insanity and was sentenced. He spent the past six years in prison. He was released on Thursday. A beautiful day.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. A WOODED ROAD - DAY

Dense and bushy trees dominate the grassland. Here and there, individual tree canopies overlap, interlink, and shade the foliage to varying degrees.

Below, a TWO-LANE SPIRAL ROAD cuts the WOODLANDS in two.

A RED VOLVO SEDAN scoots on a desolate road. Its hue complements all shades of green.

No other vehicles can be seen on the road.

A soft and MATCHING MUSIC.

We descend as we glide over the vehicle and tail it, until we synchronously reach the ground level with it, stopping at a CORRECTIONAL FACILITY'S parking lot.

EXT. THE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

KATHY PREDETTI, in her 30s, petit, pretty and elegant, steps down the vehicle.

Her eyes are guarded by STYLISH SUNGLASSES.

She pulls an ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE out of her PURSE and begins VAPING.

She peeps at her WRISTWATCH every few seconds.

Kathy scrutinizes the facility's gate.

She seems to be waiting for someone to be released.

The correctional facility is a huge, grey, and brown building surrounded by stainless steel SECURITY WELDED FENCES, BARBED WIRES, WATCH TOWERS, and ON-FOOT GUARDS.

An L-SHAPED ROOFLESS FENCED CORRIDOR starts from the gate all the way to the last checkpoint and finally the parking lot.

Kathy marches by the fences, going from one side to the other.

The prison's gate BUZZES.

A guard's indiscernible HOWLER and the BIG METAL GATE slides open with an odious CREAKING sound.

Kathy stops marching. She faces the gate and waits.

Alan swaggers out the door towards Kathy.

Kathy Waves. Alan does the same.

Alan carries a BACKPACK on his shoulder and a NEWSPAPER in his hand.

He looks like anything but a guy just released from prison.

The last prison guard checks Alan's RELEASE DOCUMENTS and allows him out.

Kathy hugs him.

KATHY

(happy)

You are out.

ALAN

(nods)

Hello, sis.

The siblings give each other a long passionate hug.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming, sis.

KATHY

Of course, James. Oops, Sorry. I mean, Alan. Sorry. I will have to get to used to calling you Alan.

(beat)

You're the only family I have got left.

Kathy and Alan check each other out for a moment and walk toward Kathy's car.

Alan throws his backpack on the back seat.

They sit in the car and drive away.

I/E. KATHY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Kathy is about to say something. But notices Alan's eyes welling up.

A WEIGHTY QUIESCENCE has dominated the vehicle.

Alan looks away from his sister, deep into his thoughts

Kathy peeps at Alan every now and then while driving.

She turns the CAR RADIO on and adjusts the volume.

KATHY

(clears her throat)

Is it okay to have the music on?

ALAN

(smiles)

Of course. It is fine.

(beat)

I'm sorry, sis, I'm just.

Alan keeps quiet again and looks at the road ahead.

Kathy waits for Alan to initiate a conversation.

But Alan's mind seems to be elsewhere.

KATHY

I know. You are okay, though. How do you feel right now?

ALAN

Yeah, I'm... Err... fine. I don't know.

(doubtful)

I feel confused... Err... or afraid. I feel guilty, ashamed, and of course, worried.

KATHY

Guilty and ashamed, I understand. But worried for what? Why worried?

ALAN

I don't wanna go back to that shit hole, sis. Maybe I'm worried I will be sent back to prison.

Kathy pulls over and stops the car.

She turns towards Alan, grabs his hand, and holds it between her palms.

KATHY

Alan, you're not going back in there. You are on parole. Conditional parole though. You will obey your parole rules, visit your parole officer regularly, you will have your mandatory psychiatrist visits and evaluation and you will take your medicines. You do that and nobody can send you back.

ALAN

(sighs)

Yeah.

(beat)

How are the children? Do they even know me?

KATHY

They're good. Yeah, they are very excited to meet you.

ALAN

How's Tony? Is he good? With the children and...

KATHY

Oh. They love him.

(shakes head)

You will like him.

Kathy's CELL PHONE RINGS.

Kathy grabs it from the CENTRE CONSOLE.

INSERT SHOT -- KATHY'S PHONE

Tony is calling

BACK TO SCENE

KATHY (CONT'D)

(snorts)

Oh, my God speaking of the devil. He's calling.

Kathy turns the radio down.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey baby! I'm good, baby.
(beat)
Of course. He's sitting right next
to me.
(laughs)
No problems hun. I guess we will be
there in like 25-30 minutes.
(beat)
That's my hero. Thanks a million,
baby.
(beat)
No babe. You talk to him when we
reach home.
(beat)
I will. Love you too.

Kathy disconnects the line and drives.

KATHY (CONT'D)
He wanted to make sure
everything is okay.
(sighs)
Oh Alan, I really missed you.

Alan smiles.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Yeah. Tony adores our kids. They
really like him, too.
(excited)
Ah, Baby Liam babbled papa for the
first time the other day. You
should have seen Tony's face when
that happened. He was about to cry.
Angie is still getting used to
having a father figure around
though. She likes Tony. But she's
still not hundred percent sure he
will be with us permanently. I
guess that's why she is not
emotionally committing just yet.

ALAN
As long as Tony likes her as
much as...

KATHY (CONT'D)
Oh Tony loves her like she's
his own. I've never felt Tony
giving any more attention to
Liam just because Liam is his
biological one.
Tony does not really care
that Angie is from a previous
marriage.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's great, sis. I'm really happy
for you guys. You deserve such
happiness.

Alan turns and grabs his backpack from the back seat.

He opens it and takes a few MEDICINE BOTTLES out.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do you have water or any...Err..

KATHY

Oh yeah. Here.

Kathy reaches for a half-full WATER BOTTLE on her ARMREST and
hands it to him.

Alan takes his MEDICATIONS. He guzzles everything in the
bottle.

Kathy stares at Alan and smiles.

Alan notices.

ALAN

What?

KATHY

I'm just so proud of you. I thought
I had to keep on reminding you to
take your medication.

Alan smiles.

Silence in the car.

Alan suddenly remembers.

ALAN

Oh, by the way, why did you move
out of our house? You said you were
going to tell me later.

Kathy ponders for a moment, deciding whether to tell Alan or
not.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What? Sis! What is it?

KATHY
Oh nothing. The reason we moved was because of people. After what you did, people knew where we lived and they ... You know... They...

ALAN (CONT'D)
(ashamed)
Bothered you guys.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Well... Err... I mean... They were very angry. They threw rocks, rotten tomatoes, eggs, and whatever they got their hands on at our windows.
(pauses)
We called the police several times. But we didn't know who... I mean we had no proof who had done it... So, they couldn't do anything.

Alan's facial expressions indicate he both feels guilty and angry.

ALAN
I am really sorry, sis.

KATHY
It is the past. Long forgotten. Yeah, Tony was worried for us. More for the kids. He insisted we moved with him and we did.
(beat)
Let us talk about something else. Today we must be happy. Oh my god. Do you remember Mr. Priam?

Alan frowns and ponders. He remembers and bursts into laughter.

ALAN
Do you mean the guys who walked as if he had swallowed a cane?

Kathy nods.

They both laugh loudly. Kathy turns the radio back on.

An OLD SONG is playing.

Kathy PUMPS UP the volume and they both sing the SONG along with the singer.

EXT. THE SERVICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy's car stops at a service station.

She and Alan exit the vehicle.

Alan gets down and strolls towards the small CONVENIENCE STORE.

Kathy fills up the tank.

KATHY

Hey Alan.

Alan stops and turns.

ALAN

Yeah? What?

KATHY

Where are you going?

ALAN

I need to buy some stuff.

KATHY

Do you have any money?

ALAN

I...

(ponders)

Err... I guess I... I have some.

Kathy grabs her purse from the car, opens it, and takes a 100 DOLLAR BILL out.

She approaches and hands it over to Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(uneasy)

I've got money...

KATHY

Don't worry about it. You'll pay me later.

Alan takes the money hesitantly and marches back towards the convenience store.

Kathy finishes filling up the tank. She pays for the petrol, sits in the car, and waits.

Alan exits the store, holding a pack of CIGARETTES and a big TALL CAN OF BEER.

I/E. KATHY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alan sits in the car and Kathy drives away.

She notices the beer can in Alan's lap while Alan opens the cigarette pack.

Kathy is extremely concerned. She lays her head on the steering wheel.

ALAN

Please tell me you let me smoke in your car.

KATHY

(shakes her head)

Oh my God. Ok. You can smoke in the car. Just this one time.

(disappointed)

But Alan, you cannot do this. Alan, please. Come on, man.

ALAN

What? What did I do?

Alan follows kathy's eyes' direction.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What...! The beer? Are you fucking kidding me, sis?

KATHY

(Serious)

Alan! You cannot take alcohol with your medicine. The side effects can be disastrous. It is not even an hour You're out of prison and you are ignoring your parole condition. Do you know what can happen if you drink that...

ALAN

(angry)

Ok. Ok. Ok. Ok.

Alan pulls down the window and tosses the beer can out.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Happy? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Alan frowns and shakes. He hits his knees with his fists. He shakes angrily.

Kathy gets scared. She pulls over.

It hits Kathy. Alan is still mentally ill and unstable.

Alan exits the vehicle quickly and frantically.

He walks a few feet away, kicks an EMPTY PLASTIC BOTTLE he sees, and lights a cigarette.

Alan returns to the car. He breathes loudly.

KATHY

(disappointed)

Is this how you are going to act in
front of my children and boyfriend?

Alan looks away.

Kathy reaches for her DOCUMENT SUITCASE on the back seat,
opens it, and takes a PIECE OF PAPER out.

Kathy reads the content.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(to Alan)

Here.

(reads)

Alan Raymond, 23, white male, blah
blah

(reads faster)

Once out on parole, you can enjoy
the privilege of relative freedom
in return for abiding by certain
conditions. Maintain employment and
residence. Attend psychological
treatment sessions regularly. Avoid
criminal activity and contact with
any victim or victims. Yup. It's
right here. Refrain from drug and
alcohol use. You cannot drive for
the next 24 months. Attend drug and
alcohol recovery meetings, and do
not leave the specified geographic
area without permission from the
parole officer. You are assigned a
parole officer and a
Psychotherapist and must meet with
them periodically.

Kathy holds the paper up in front of Alan's face for a few
seconds.

But Alan looks away. He does not like what's happening.

He growls and swears at the police, courts, lawyers, and judges.

Kathy puts the paper back in the suitcase.

She throws the suitcase back on the back seat and drives.

KATHY (CONT'D)

It is not only you who will face a problem, Alan. Remember, I have vouched for your ass, signed documents, and written letters so you can go on parole. I promised you were well and will continue therapy. Please obey the rules until you are in the clear. Please don't get me in trouble.

ALAN

It was just a beer, sis.
(rolls his eyes)
Fuck it. I threw it already. Let's just go.

KATHY

Alan, you cannot mix drugs and alcohol, even a beer, with your medication. And you know it. It is a very dangerous combination. It is irresponsible, Alan.

(sighs)

You have never cared for rules. Even when we were kids you never obeyed dad and mom. You hated and ignored rules and look where it got you. You always had a problem at school. I mean...

(shakes her head)

Don't you think it's time to make a major change in your life? You cannot do whatever you feel like, whenever you feel like, wherever, and to whoever you feel like, Alan. You just can't. You should consider others and your action's effect on people around you. Just think of why you went to prison in the first place.

ALAN

(pissed)
Yeah.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

I would have not spent a minute in that fucking prison if it was not for that bitch who testified against me.

KATHY

(shouts)

Are you serious? What are you even...? I can't believe this. What you did was wrong. A crime, Alan. A crime that got people so mad that they sent you threatening letters in prison. It was so bad that to protect you after release, law enforcement decided to change your name and issue you a new ID to protect you. Then you think you were put in prison because of a woman's testimony?

(calm)

Look, you are my brother, Alan, and I love you. But you are not a kid anymore. You know what were mom's last words. Tell Alan I love him. Tell Alan I will be watching over him. But he needs to be more responsible. What she meant to say was: Tell Alan to grow the fuck up. Do you realize how lucky you are? Do you think you were going to be given a parole if the girl died? Of course not.

(beat)

The universe has given you another chance in life. To change. To become a better person. Take it and enjoy being a respected normal member of the community.

Alan looks away while Kathy confronts him. He does not defend himself in any way.

He knows very well that his sister is right.

Alan tries to get himself busy with the contents of the DASHBOARD'S COMPARTMENT, finding it hard to say what he wants to say.

ALAN

You're probably right, sis. The beer was a stupid idea. I should have known better. It won't happen again.

Kathy smiles and runs her fingers through her brother's hair.

Both Kathy and Alan remain quiet for a minute.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I really must take control of my life. I have been thinking about what to do after I got paroled. I will find a job and get my life together.

(beat)

Thank you for giving a damn, sis. You know I love you.

KATHY

Of course, I give a damn. You're my little brother and the only family I have got left. I don't want to see my brother through half an inch of glass. Not being able to hold his hand or sit next to him. I want to see my brother free, happy, and safe with a family. A home, children. The whole nine yards.

(hesitant)

I wanted Tony to tell you this himself. But I feel this is the right time for you to know this. Tony works for a security appliances and installation firm. I don't know if you knew this.

ALAN

(ponders)

Yeah, I guess you mentioned it once when you visited. Ok? So?

KATHY

Yeah. He spoke to his partner and they both agreed you start working there with them. He's going to give you all the details when he sees you.

Alan smiles. He seem excited.

A new song starts playing on the radio. Kathy and Alan stop talking.

Alan increases the volume immediately and the singer begins singing the song.

Alan and Kathy laugh and joke by LIP SYNCING along with the singer.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila is now seated opposite Tristan.

Sheila keeps on moving her head clockwise and counterclockwise.

But she pays undistracted attention to Tristan and the story he tells.

TRISTAN
Are you bored? Or... Look, I get it. You might be hesitant to believe me. But...

SHEILA
Oh no Tristan. Not at all. I just have a severe headache. Actually, let me be honest, first I thought you might have imagined some of the things you said. But this guy sounds familiar. I guess my colleagues worked on his case and I overheard something. Please continue.

Tristan nods.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
So, they arrived at the sister's house.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE KITCHEN

The home is undoubtedly designed by a housewife.

APPLIANCES, their arrangements, DINING UTENSILS, APRON AND TOWELS, kitchen's overall feel, and the house's overall smell is a female.

A woman's touch is written all over this house place.

35-year-old Italian-dissent TONY MAKKANO, a tall, dark, and handsome man is in a girlish apron that makes him look funny for his height and build.

On the kitchen counter, right next to Tony, lays a Baby boy LIAM MAKKANO, in a BABY CARRY BASKET.

Baby LIAM is a CHUBBY CUTE BABY BOY with dark hair and blue eyes.

The sound of MUSIC can be heard. It stems from a MUSIC VIDEO on the TV.

The infant holds a little TOY with his small cute hands and makes baby sounds.

TONY
(baby voice)
What? Yes? Hungry? I know. I know
buddy. Daddy loves baby Liam.

Tony begins preparing BABY'S FOOD.

THE LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Bright-eyed, smart-looking cute 8-year-old blond ANGELLA MAKKANO (ANGIE) is seated in the living room in front of the TV.

She's eating CHEEPS and watching the MUSIC VIDEO.

Tony crouches over the baby basket when the door opens.

Alan and Kathy enter the house.

KATHY
(to Tony)
Hey baby.
(to Alan)
Here's my brother, Alan.

Tony smiles. He throws the TOWEL he's holding on the counter and approaches Alan and Kathy.

ALAN
(smiling)
Hey. Nice to finally meet you.

Alan steps forward to shake Tony's hand. But Tony hugs him instead.

Alan senses something is grabbing at his trouser leg.

He looks down and sees TIGER. The LIGHT-BROWN SCOTTISH FOLD.

KATHY

(to Alan)

And here's your cat. He has been a very nice guest. Look at him. He really misses you.

Alan lifts Tiger.

Tony kisses and hugs Kathy.

Tiger jumps off Alan's hands.

TONY

(to Alan)

Welcome to our house. I can imagine how happy you are right now. Freedom huh?

Alan opens his arms and takes a deep breath.

ALAN

(scoffs)

Yeah, freedom. Finally.

JUMP CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The dining table is covered with dishes.

Kathy lays the DIRTY DISHES into the DISHWASHER one by one.

Alan and Tony can be seen in the background, still at the DINING TABLE, talking.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Tony's conversation fades in, becoming louder as Kathy approaches them.

TONNY

(to Alan)

...and You will basically be in charge of managing the orders and scheduling installations. Do you think you can do that?

KATHY

(to Alan)

Of course, he can.

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

(to Tony)

It's not rocket science.

A twisted smile forms on Tony's lips while he waits for Alan's response.

ALAN

(confident)

Yeah. Sure. I can do that. I will see you there at your office like... when? Tomorrow?

TONY

No. No. No. We want you to relax for a few days. You can start... hmm... let's say next Monday?

ALAN

(Excited)

You got it. I will be there earlier than you even.

Kathy is back in the kitchen, cleaning the counter.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(stands)

Ok, guys. I'm very tired. I guess I will just head home.

Tony stands up as well. He goes to another room.

THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alan takes his JACKET from the HANGER.

KATHY

(to Alan)

You can stay here if you want.

ALAN

No thanks. I need to wake up early in the morning, clean the house and...

KATHY (CONT'D)

I had it cleaned yesterday in the afternoon. Oh! I almost forgot. I've filled the fridge with.. Err.. Groceries basically. You know! Milk, eggs, bread etc.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh thanks, sis. You shouldn't have. You are an angel. Still though. I have clothes I need to wash.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hell, I don't even know what I have got left and what mom threw away. I just need to get reacquainted with the house.

Tony has his jacket on at this point. He picks up his KEYS from the BOWL in the foyer, lifts Tiger, and exits.

TONY

(To Kathy)

I will drop him. I need to withdraw some cash, too. I mean for tomorrow.

Alan kisses the kids goodbye, hugs Kathy, thanks her, and leaves the house.

I/E. TONY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER (MOVING)

Tony drives his BIG RED TRUCK.

He seems to be waiting for the right moment to tell Alan what revolves around his head.

TONY

Man! It was great to meet you. I'm sure we will have many good days. Please tell me if you need anything. Anything at all. Like cash or you know... I want you to know you can count on me.

ALAN

I have no doubts, man. But thank you. I'm okay now. You will be the first to know if I need anything. I promise.

(pats Tony on the shoulder)

You can cook for sure. It was a lovely dinner. My first dinner out of the prison. You are a great cook. And you have a lovely home.

TONY

I'm glad you liked everything.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan steps off Tony's vehicle and thanks him again.

He picks his backpack and Tiger from the back seat.

Tony drives away. Alan remains in the middle of the empty and quiet street.

He looks around and the reminiscences of his early days in the neighborhood.

Alan's house is located in a less traveled area.

This neighborhood is neither wealthy nor poor. But people who live around here seem to be doing well.

Alan takes a step or two toward his house. A stately off-white colonial building.

Two whitewashed chimneys, jack pine, and an apple tree out front. With exterior walls partially covered with LIANAS, BROWN WOODEN WINDOW FRAMES, and an ENTRANCE DOOR.

A WHITE LETTER PLATE on the middle left side of the door is easily noticeable.

Alan takes Three steps and stands on his porch when he remembers something.

He Drops his backpack and gets down the porch's stairs.

He kneels down and reaches for between the stairs. He finds a TINY PLASTIC PACK.

He laughs and stares at it against the light for a second.

ALAN
(disbelief)
I can't believe you are still here.

INSERT SHOT - THE PLASTIC PACK

It contains a white powder.

It certainly looks like some kind of substance.

Alan puts the key in the DOOR LOCK.

Tiger jumps off Alan's arms as soon as the door opens.

The cat is initially hesitant to enter the house for some reason.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FOYER

Newspapers and envelopes are piled up by the door.

The old PINE FLOOR is preserved under a long PERSIAN CORRIDOR CARPET.

A FRAMED MIRROR is on the wall above a WOODEN DARK-BROWN FOYER TABLE.

TWO VASES are on the foyer table and a TURQUOISE BOWL is positioned between vases.

There is a STAIRCASE between the DINING ROOM and the LIVING ROOM.

The beautiful mixture of WROUGHT IRON and dark wood staircase railing has certainly enhanced the home's interior design.

Alan's BEDROOM, his late mother's room, and several other furnished rooms are on the upper floor.

Only the outline of the furniture in the living room and appliances in the kitchen can be seen in the darkness.

The only light that HARDLY ILLUMINATES the house is the STAIRCASE LIGHT.

Alan switches the light on.

Alan picks up the pile of newspapers.

THE LIVING ROOM

Tiger enters the house reluctantly.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan leaves the newspapers on the breakfast table.

He opens the FRIDGE and takes a BOTTLE OF APPLE JUICE.

There are fruits of Kathy's thoughtfulness in the fridge.

EGGS, BREAD, MILK, JUICES, SODAS, MEAT, and many other edibles.

Alan lays his back on the kitchen counter, drinks the juice, and ponders for a moment.

He relics of his late mother in every direction he looks. From the color of her favorite SWEDISH DISHCLOTH to her beloved CLASSIC KITCHEN TOWELS.

From her POT HOLDER and OVEN MITT to her colorful ORNAMENTS and FRIDGE MAGNETS. Mom's house is written all over the place.

THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alan returns to the foyer and throws his keychain inside the turquoise bowl on the foyer table.

He sees a CELL PHONE BOX in the bowl with a PIECE OF PAPER stuck on it.

He reads it.

INSERT SHOT - THE PIECE OF PAPER

The HANDWRITTEN note on the paper reads: This is a welcome back gift from Tony and me. I hope you like it. Download and install the security camera app on your new phone. Welcome home. Sis.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan is delighted.

He treks up the stairs and pauses midway, staring at a FRAME on the staircase wall, containing his late mother's PICTURE.

Alan touches the picture and gets emotional. Tears are about to roll down his cheeks.

He proceeds up after his emotional moment.

Alan disappears up the stairs and the staircase light goes off AUTOMATICALLY.

ALAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is lit by one of the two NIGHTSTAND LAMPS.

A MUSIC-INSPIRED BEDROOM with RUSTIC AND VINTAGE DÉCOR details.

POSTERS of music bands and movies of old times.

A DISK-SHAPE WALL CLOCK. Weird traffic signs. The closet door is almost covered with all kinds of THROWING KNIVES.

A BASKETBALL, and an ELECTRONIC GUITAR are by the wall.

This room is a private space Alan took refuge in whenever he wanted to be alone when he was younger.

Alan enters his room and switches the light on.

He sits on the edge of his bed and opens the tiny plastic pack.

It is a white powder. It is a drug of some kind.

ALAN

Hmmm. Hello there my friend. Long time.

He repacks the powder and throws it into his nightstand's DRAWER.

Alan places the cell phone box on the nightstand.

He takes his clothes off and steps into the bathroom

ALAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan washes up and brushes his teeth.

ALAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan gets to bed and slides under the BLANKET.

Alan opens the cell phone box and examines it for a while.

ALAN

(yawns)
Security cam application
(beat)
Download.
(mumbles)
Install.

He is unable to wrap his head around the app.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(bored)
Fuck it. I don't need this.

Alan plays with his new phone. He Yawns and yawns.

Alan can no longer keep his eyelids open. So, he places the cell phone, the box, and its contents on the nightstand.

Alan switches the TABLE LAMP off.

There's a TINY RED LED NIGHT LIGHT below Alan's bed that brightens the bedroom shadowless for Alan to find his way around in the middle of the night.

Alan stares at the ceiling for a moment before he falls asleep.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tiger is calmly laid below the staircase near the foyer.

The cat gets up slowly and creeps toward the living room stealthily.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The camera is looking at the sun. Too much light.

Below, three TRUCKS are crossing past Alan's house slowly.

They seem to be headed toward a few houses down the block, where the NOISY movers are greeted by few men in SUITS.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ALAN'S BEDROOM

Alan is still asleep. Commotions and noises outside in the street wake him up.

The sun beams its light through a gap between the curtain and the wall.

He looks at the window, squinting from the sun.

But familiar warning BEEPS that ECHOES into his bedroom get him angry.

Alan lifts his right hand to block the sunlight shining into his eyes.

The loud warning beeps agitate him.

He frowns at the wall clock, which shows 09:44 AM, and hears the water leaking in his bathroom.

ALAN
(growls)
Not again. Damn it.

Alan gets off the bed, trudges to the bathroom, and turns the water off properly.

The commotion outside pulls him to the window.

He pulls the curtains open and looks out.

The continuous beeping sound is the reverse warning beep of trucks.

Alan shakes his head and glances at the clock on the wall again. He rushes into the shower.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The workers are talking loudly, joking, and laughing while doing their jobs.

Workers yell as they guide the newly arrived truck's driver to park in the right spot.

Alan's right-side neighbor, NELLY GATES, an elderly woman with grey hair, steps onto her porch to find out what's all the hubbub about.

These movers are a bit too loud for the such neighborhood.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FOYER

Alan descends down the stairs in a LEMON BATHROBE, carrying a LAPTOP.

He heads to the kitchen, looking for Tiger.

ALAN
Tiger. Come here, buddy. Breakfast time.

THE KITCHEN

Alan grabs all the newspapers from the kitchen table and throws everything in the GARBAGE BIN.

He places the laptop, his medicine bottle, and the tiny pack of the drug on the KITCHEN TABLE next to a RADIO.

He is making COFFEE and a SANDWICH when he hears a MEOW.

He turns his head and looks behind him.

Tiger is hiding below the staircase.

Alan opens a CAT FOOD CANN and empties the content into Tiger's CAT BOWL.

Tiger acts strangely and is hesitant to come out of hiding.

ALAN
Come here, buddy.
(whistles)
Here's your breakfast. Come on boy.
(louder)
Tiger!

Alan is surprised by Tiger's hesitation.

He pours himself some coffee, sits at the kitchen table, and takes a bite of his sandwich.

He takes his medicine bottle in one hand and the drug in the other.

He stares at them for a moment, deciding which one to go for.

He takes his medicine and opens the drug's plastic pack.

He has decided to take both.

INSERT SHOT -- ALAN'S LAPTOP SCREEN

The SCREEN CHANGES as Alan CLICKS on different ICONS.

We hear a few SNIFFING SOUNDS that indicate Alan is using the drug.

BACK TO SCENE

Driven by hunger, Alan's cat finally tiptoes towards the kitchen. But changes his mind and goes back.

Alan continues working on the laptop.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan's gaze at a point breaks suddenly. He's getting high.

He switches the radio on.

A HARD ROCK MUSIC is on the radio.

Alan dances on the chair to the music. He gets excited, stands up, and continues dancing.

This is when the drug seems to have full effects Alan's head.

CLOSE UP -- ALAN'S FACE

Alan's eyes are red and shiny. His facial expression has changed.

Alan is high.

The kitchen spins around Alan's head.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan stumbles to his left and right before he drops down to the ground.

We hear the HARD ROCK MUSIC on the radio stop.

A FEMALE RADIO PRESENTER'S VOICE announces the latest news.

The radio news signature music plays.

A FEMALE VOICE narrates the latest news as we see Alan gains consciousness and wakes up.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(filtered, over radio)

The Sheriff's Office has reported that the body of a missing young man has been found in the remote 1136 Avenue. The male, identified as Michael Paullinne, a 19-year-old college student was reported missing two days ago.

Alan opens his eyes and turns his head.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- TIGER

Tiger approaches the kitchen. Tiger is fixated on the food in his bowl.

BACK TO SCENE

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

A cute light-brown Scottish Fold called Tiger is stalking a man this morning. The man known as Alan is on his kitchen floor. The man is high as fuck.

(laughs)

Hello James... Sorry. Alan. Hello Alan and welcome back. We are going to have lots of fun.

The drug begins having its effects, creating illusions and Alan's hallucinations.

The voice on the radio is now in Alan's head, talking to him.

ALAN

You changed your voice.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Yes. Don't you like it?

ALAN

No I do. I'm just...

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

So, what are we going to do today?

Alan grabs the chair's leg, stands, and sits on it.

He turns the radio off and lays his back on the CHAIR.

Alan remains in that position gazing forward for a few seconds.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I don't know yet. Quiet. Let me think.

Alan finishes his sandwich as he looks out the window at his neighbor's house.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- HIS NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

A DARK BLUE 2001 FORD MUSTANG moves out of the neighbor's garage and stops on the driveway.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan carries his COFFEE MUG to the KITCHEN WINDOW and stares at his neighbor, Chester.

CHESTER GHALLAGHER 56 innocent-looking, has a big body and receding hair.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(murmurs)

Chester. Chester

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You know doesn't like you, right? I bet you hate him. Let's do something to him.

Alan frowns and shakes his head.

ALAN

(firm)

What? No? Are you crazy? Do what to him?

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You do remember him hitting on your girl. Don't you? Remember him talking with Helen, hitting on her?

ALAN

This was a long time ago. Stop it. I'm not even sure he even meant to hit on her. Just stop or I will not talk to you anymore.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Oook. Just trying to help you get back to normal.

Tiger is now eating.

Alan sits back at the table, looks at Tiger, and contemplates.

The cat has almost finished its meal.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR
Nobody is more important than you. You are your own best friend. You are... Shhh...

ALAN

Alan gets back on his laptop.

INSERT SHOT -- LAPTOP SCREEN

The cursor stops on a folder called: Alan and Bill.

TITIK. Double click

Pictures of alan and another man appear on the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

WILLIAM TRUMAN, or BILL, is a studious-looking masculine man of the same age and height.

Alan swipes through his PICTURES with Bill.

The pictures indicate that Alan and Bill are close relatives or best friends.

They are often seen together in the pictures, laughing, happy, and in different locations.

Looking at those pictures forms a smile on Alan's face.

Alan gets excited all of a sudden and stands up.

He grabs the PHONE'S RECEIVER from the counter and dials a number.

BILL (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Bill Truman.

ALAN
(robotic, into phone)
You have a collect call from an inmate at a penitentiary. Do you accept the charges?

BILL (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Yes.
(gets over-excited)
No way dude. Mister James Predetti is out.

ALAN
(into phone, disappointed)
Shit, man. I almost had you. It is
Alan now. You should call me Alan
from now on.

Bill and Alan are very happy to be talking again.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Just to let you know I'm out and
I'm at home
(emphasizes)
Alone.

BILL (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Ok, Alan. Get your ass over here,
now. I'm at the wheels bar.

ALAN
(into phone)
Dude, a bar? It's not even noon.

BILL (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
I know, bitch. I'm not drinking. I
am at work. I will tell you all
about it when you get here.

ALAN
(into phone)
Ok. I will See you in an hour or
so.

Alan disconnects the line and carries his laptop upstairs
with him.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan steps out of his house.

He fixes his shoelace on his porch while holding a GREEN
APPLE between his teeth.

Alan takes a LOUD BITE of his green apple when his cell phone
RINGS.

He chews the big chunk of apple in his mouth quickly so he
can swallow it and answer the phone.

The voice speaks in Alan's head again.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
It is her. Your sister. Don't
answer. She's going to kill your
mood.

ALAN
(shouts)
Shut the fuck up and let me decide.

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - THE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Kathy sits at a GARDEN SOFA on her BALCONY. She's smoking.

She has her ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE in one hand and her PHONE in
the other.

INTERCUT - EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE / EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE

ALAN (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Hey sis. I was just thinking about
you.

KATHY
(into phone)
Hey. How are you doing?

ALAN (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Fine I guess. Thank you for the
cell phone by the way. I'm getting
to realize more and more that I
really needed one. Thank Tony for
me, too.

ALAN'S HOUSE - THE PORCH

KATHY (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
I will. I'm happy you like it.

ALAN
(into phone)
Are you kidding? Of course, I do. I
always thought of buying a new one
as soon as I got paroled.

KATHY'S HOUSE - THE BALCONY

KATHY
(into phone)
How was your first night of
freedom? Wait. Are you outside?

ALAN (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
So far so good. Yeah. I needed to
take some air. I'm headed to see a
friend.

KATHY
(into phone)
Yeah.
(clears her throat)
Headed to see a friend you said?
Does that friend happen to be Bill
by any chance?

ALAN'S HOUSE - THE PORCH

ALAN
(into phone)
Yes. Exactly. Why? Any problems
with that?

KATHY (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
Not at all.
(beat)
Look, Alan.

KATHY'S HOUSE - THE BALCONY

KATHY
(into phone)
I don't want to sound like an
annoying older sister who wants to
tell you what to do. It's none of
my business where you go and who
you hang out with. I just want you
to promise me that you will remind
yourself of your parole conditions.
I'm absolutely sure you don't want
to go back in there.

ALAN'S HOUSE - THE PORCH

ALAN

(into phone)

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I know, sis. You don't have to worry. It's just a midday visit.

KATHY (V.O.)

(filtered, over phone)

Ok. I had my number and Tony's saved in your phone contacts so you can reach any of us in case you need anything.

ALAN

(into phone)

Thanks, sis. Love ya.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila is now standing. She massages her hairline with tiny circular motion.

SHEILA

Sorry, Tristan. I know I'm supposed to listen to the entire story. But you are saying that you saw all these?

TRISTAN

(nods)

I know you are curious. But everything will make sense when I'm done talking.

Tristan's tears roll down. But he tries to keep his emotions under control.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

He should have never stepped into that damn bar.

SHEILA

Why?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. THE WHEELS BAR - DAY

A charmingly old-fashioned bar.

The bar's ceiling is mainly lit by INCANDESCENT PENDANT LIGHTS and covered with SMALL STAR-LIKE LED LIGHTS.

TRACK LIGHTS are arranged along a long line directly above the professionally composed BAR.

HUNDREDS OF WHITE AND RED BALLOONS have covered the entire ceiling.

A BIG POSTER behind the band and the empty stage.

A TEXT on the poster reads: Welcome to 365th night at "THE WHEELS"

In his DARK BLUE SUIT, Bill is supervising a few workers who are changing the sitting arrangement.

The bar is not open yet.

Alan enters and looks around in disbelief.

ALAN

(murmurs)

This place has changed for sure.

Blue-eyed 23-year-old, gorgeous, and friendly EMMA GREENS stands next to Bill.

She gazes into A PIECE OF DOCUMENT, which is part of a THICK GREY FOLDER she's holding.

Bill notices Alan at the door and marches towards him.

Alan approaches Bill, smiling, and notices Emma.

He's almost distracted by Emma's beauty. But he pulls himself together, and tries to act normal.

Alan and Bill do a loud handshake and hug.

BILL

(excited)

Good to see you, man. Welcome back.

ALAN

Thanks, buddy. Good to be back.
What is this? Do you work here now?

BILL
(laughs)
No. I own the place now.

Alan is surprised and happy to hear that.

ALAN
No way. Really?

BILL
(nods)
Yup. We are preparing to celebrate
our first year here.

ALAN
Wow. Congrats, bro.
(happier)
So, I'm here at the right time.

BILL
You bet you are.

Bill guides Alan towards the middle section of the place.

STAFF is now working under Emma's supervision.

BILL (CONT'D)
(to Alan)
This is Emma, my sister-in-law and
bar manager.

EMMA
Not tonight I'm not.

ALAN
(to Emma)
Hi.
(to Bill)
Wait a minute. What? You got
married?

BILL
Yeah, man.

ALAN
That's great, dude. When?

BILL
It was around a year and a half
ago. We have a little boy now,
Marcus.

ALAN

Wahoo, man. Wow. You have become a family man huh?

EMMA

(Pan AM Smile)

Nice to meet you.

Alan and Emma smile at each other.

This is the first time Alan looks at Emma from a close distance.

It is love at first sight.

Alans heart rate increases, and he cannot construct proper sentences.

He finds it difficult to look into Emma's eyes.

Even Bill and Emma notice Alan's sudden attraction to Emma.

Bill looks at Emma mischievously while Alan is looking away.

Emma scowls and flourishes at the same time. She too seems attracted to Alan.

Emma's CELL PHONE RINGS. She apologizes and heads toward the exit.

Bill invites Alan to take a seat at a newly arranged table.

Bill and Alan sit across from each other.

BILL

Tell me everything. When did you get out? How's your back by the way?

Alan cannot keep it to himself anymore. He looks around to make sure Emma is not around.

ALAN

(shakes his head)

Bill, listen. Please tell me she's single and available. I really genuinely like her.

BILL

(laughs loudly)

Who? Emma? She is. Go for it.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

I will be quite busy tonight
because of the anniversary and
shit. But you guys can hang out.

Alan sighs and takes a deep breath of relief. He rubs his nose.

Bill leans forward closer to Alan.

BILL (CONT'D)

(squints)
Are you high? Oh my god. You are.

ALAN

Is it obvious?

BILL

For me? Yes. Because I know you. I
know your face when you are high.
(laughs loudly)
Right now? You are high as fuck.

ALAN

Yeah. I found some great stuff I'd
hidden. I will get you some this
evening.

BILL

But you must be very careful you
know.
(looks around)
Yeah anyways, Emma has invited a
few of her friends tonight for the
anniversary. Hang out with them and
give it a try.

ALAN

I will. Just tell your staff to
plan my seat with them at their
table, introduce me when they're
all here and I will take it from
there.

BILL

You won't need my help with that.
We have a big long table only for
close friends. Everybody sits
there. You included.

(Pats Alan on his
shoulder)

So when did you get out?

Bill calls one of his waitresses to the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

(to Alan)

Coffee? Tea? Juice? Beer? Harder drinks?

ALAN

(to waitress)

Just coffee, please.

(to Bill)

I'm out on parole. Was let go yesterday. There are parole conditions though. But I guess you'd know that.

BILL

Yeah. I guess I do. It's no driving, no alcohol no drugs, and the parole officer visits and all that shit. Here's some advice. Do whatever you feel like. Just don't get caught. Don't fight or get physical with anyone. Don't cause trouble. Don't be seen drunk and wear a cologne whenever you're due to visit your parole officer. Been there done that.

ALAN

Exactly, man. I will start working next Monday. I will help Kathy's husband in his business.

Emma comes back inside. Bill raises his hand and calls her to the table.

The voice speaks in Alan's head.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You want to fuck her. Don't you?
You naughty bastard.

ALAN

(whisper shouts)

Shut the fuck up.

BILL

What? Did you say something?

ALAN

No.

Emma joins them and takes a seat between them.

EMMA

(sending a text message)

Sorry. It was my mom.

(to Alan)

So, will you come to tonight's event?

ALAN

I won't miss it for a...

BILL

Of course he will. Just have them arrange an extra seat for my high-school friend.

EMMA

(to Alan)

That's great. We are going to have lots of fun.

(to bill)

I'm starving. Craving for our own burger. Would you eat now? Or...

Alan glances at his wristwatch.

ALAN

How fast time runs when you are out of...

Alan suddenly realizes he was just about to reveal to Emma that he was in prison. Bill notices that, too.

BILL

(to Emma)

Alan was in prison for about two years on DUI charges. He has never hurt a soul. He was just not careful enough in his driving.

(beat)

You know what? You should try our special burger. You will be a fan.

(stands)

I will have the chef prepare three.

Bill leaves Emma and Alan alone intentionally.

While walking away though, he looks back at Alan and BLINKS at him.

EMMA

It must have been very hard.

ALAN

Sorry?

EMMA

The prison I mean. It should have been like hell.

ALAN

Oh yeah, it was. I never imagined I would even get to see a police station. Let alone going to prison. It was exactly hell for me. Not like hell. The hell itself.

EMMA

So when did you get out?

ALAN

Oh. Just yesterday. I was paroled. Good behavior I guess. Plus I had no other criminal record and my sister helped a lot.

EMMA

Just forget those bad days and try focusing on a bright future. The prison was a small chapter of your life that was closed yesterday. You learned a lesson. Now close that chapter and another will open.

Alan feels closer and closer to Emma. The more she talks, the closer Alan feels to her.

Emma stretches her arms and sighs.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm not working tonight. I have invited some of my closest friends for tonight.

(beat)

You said you will come. Yes?

ALAN

Of course. I just need to figure out what to wear. I was lazy to go through my old clothes. I mean clothes that I used to wear before I was sent to prison. I'll just go check after lunch. I'll be here at around...

EMMA (CONT'D)

The party starts at 9.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. I will see you around 9.

EMMA
Sounds like a date.

Bill returns to the table.

The chef serves them his special burger moments later and they start eating.

Alan takes his first bite.

ALAN
(closes his eyes)
Hmmm. God this is delicious.

BILL
(rightful)
I know. Right? I told you.

EMMA
Mr. William Truman's six-decade old special recipe.

They are almost finished eating when Alan leans back on his chair.

His facial expressions portend he is in pain.

Bill notices it.

BILL
Your back? Hurts again?

ALAN
Yup.
(beat)
By the way, is that shopping mall still open? The one that's two three blocks down the...

EMMA
Green Apple Mall you mean. yeah. It's still open. Why?

ALAN (CONT'D)
(to Emma)
I guess I will go there and do some clothes shopping.
(to Bill)
The clothes I have are quite old or old-fashioned. I'm not sure if I'm up to walking three blocks after the lunch I just had, though.

BILL
Take the ATV. We don't need it for now.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

You can't walk much with that back of yours even if both your house and the mall are a walking distance away.

ALAN

Yeah, But are you sure?

BILL

Hell yeah. Bring it back when you come in the evening. You don't have to worry. I don't think you will need a driving license to drive an ATV. I know I did when I was on parole and nothing happened. Besides, it's not a very long driving distance.

Bill reaches for his trousers pocket and takes out a KEYCHAIN. He separates a SINGLE KEY from a BUNCH OF KEYS and hands it over to Alan.

ALAN

Thanks, buddy. I promise to bring it back in one piece.

BILL

You better.

EXT. THE WHEELS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A decaying single building on the top and a quiet road with a wooded ravine down the hill. A COLORFULLY PAINTED TRACTOR TIRE is laid standing tall at the parking lot of the wheels bar as a piece of decoration to beautify the lot.

The massive tractor tire stands on a green piece of the island, surrounded by BEAUTIFUL PLANTS and FLOWERS. The WEIGHTY tire is around 250 CM tall.

Emma exits the bar followed by Alan.

Alan takes his CIGARETTE PACK out and offers Emma one.

Alan finds smoking outside the building a good opportunity to spend some more time with Emma alone.

EMMA

So, you live around here?

ALAN

Yeah. About 4 blocks down the road.
(clears his throat)
So. Are you married? Boyfriend?

EMMA

No, and No. I got out of an abusive relationship around seven months ago and decided I wanted to remain single for some time. I wanted to focus on my job for a while. You?

ALAN

Are you kidding? How can I be in a relationship while incarcerated?

EMMA

(embarrassed)
Oh yeah. I forgot. Sorry.

ALAN

I had a girlfriend when I was sent to prison. But she couldn't wait for the sentence to finish. I was 36 days in when she broke up with me. With a two-line text on a post-it paper.

EMMA

Oh my god. Who does that? I'm sorry to hear that.

BILL (O.S.)

(loud)
Emma, you have a phone call in the office.

EMMA

(to Alan)
I guess I should get in. See you in the evening?

Emma kisses Alan on his cheek and gets back inside.

Alan blushes. He looks very happy. He touches his cheek and treks toward the ATV, smiling.

The voice echoes in Alan's head.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Tell her. Tell her how bad you want to fuck her.

Alan ignores the voice in his head this time.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alan drives to his driveway and parks the ATV.

He switches the ATV off and lays the SHOPPING BOXES AND BAGS on the ground.

Alan carries as many shopping bags and boxes as he can onto his porch.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FOYER

Alan opens the door and steps in.

He is in a crouched position putting down the stuff he's carrying.

He stands straight and takes his medicine bottle out of his pocket.

The voice speaks into Alan's ears.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Do you really need them? Isn't your drug making you feel better? Even great? I will shut up and let you decide.

Alan takes his medicine and lays his body on the wall.

ALAN'S BEDROOM

Alan enters his bedroom and drops the shopping bags on his bed.

He takes his cell phone out and looks for a number in it.

CLOSE ANGLE -- CELL PHONE SCREEN

Alan finds Dr. Gilani the psychotherapist's number and dials it.

The phone makes a BEEPING SOUND and a text appears on the screen.

The text reads Low battery. Connect your phone to a charger.

BACK TO SCENE

He picks up the house phone, reads the number from his cell phone, and dials it.

But he changes his mind and disconnects the line before the phone connects.

He connects his cell phone to its charger.

Alan sits on his bed for a moment and tries to make sense of the oddity he is experiencing.

Alan's hands are shaking.

Tiger crawls into the room without Alan noticing it.

The cat gets closer to Alan and rubs its body on Alan's feet.

But this scares the jumpy Alan so much that he jerks, yells, and pulls his legs up on the bed.

ALAN

(shouts)

Jesus Christ, Tiger. You scared the fuck out of me.

Tiger is nowhere to be found.

Alan takes a SMALL BOX out of a shopping bag and opens it.

It's a BRAND NEW WRISTWATCH.

He lays the watch on the bed and examines it.

He wears the watch and stares at it.

The voice talks in Alan's head.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You do know that you have the great powder stuff down in the kitchen. Just saying.

Alan exits the room and comes back running.

He sits on his bed and removes his new watch.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE WATCH

The watch's HANDS are moving.

We hear sniffing sounds that indicate Alan is using drugs again.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan picks up his watch and stares at it. But suddenly the drug and his meds begin their effects.

The ambient sounds FADE OUT gradually and are replaced with Alan's BREATHING SOUND only. INHALING. EXHALING. INHALING. EXHALING. His HEARTBEAT SOUND FADES IN now and mixes with his BREATHING SOUND.

Alan lowers his head and the watch falls off his hand.

His saliva is running down his jaw and leaking on the carpet.

ALAN'S P.O.V - WRISTWATCH TO THE ROOM

Alan's room color transforms to Sepia.

BACK TO SCENE

ALAN'S BEDROOM - SEPIA - CONTINUOUS

Now all sounds FADE OUT and are replaced with the FEMALE VOICES IN HIS HEAD.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
A few shots of Tequila and you will
fly.

Alan closes his eyes.

Black.

He screams at the top of his lungs.

ALAN
(slurring)
Get out of my head. Out lady.

Alan opens his eyes moments later. He is soaked in sweat and breathing heavily.

He looks around and finds himself lying on his bed. Alan realizes he had passed out.

He sits on his bed and looks at the clock. It's showing 05:21 PM.

Alan blows the air out of his lungs a few times until he can pull himself together.

He stands up and finds out all the lights are off.

He gets up and switches his room's light on.

ALAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holding one of the shopping bags, Alan enters the bathroom in his underwear.

He turns the tub's water on, checks its temperature, and leaves it to fill up.

He lays his newly purchased SHOWER GEL and SHAMPOO by the bathtub, and his SHAVING GEL, RAZORS, AFTER SHAVE, a new TOOTHBRUSH, TOOTHPASTE, and MOUTHWASH on the shelf below the mirror, next to the white BLOW DRYER.

He checks the three available TOWELS in the bathroom and realizes they are all washed and clean.

Great. The tub is full of water. Alan tiptoes in the tub and lays down in it.

EXT. THE WHEELS BAR - NIGHT

Skyline of the city with glittering stars of the night sky in the background. Shimmering lights of buildings in the distant and a FAINT ROCK MUSIC, LOUD LAUGHTER, and HUM of the crowd nearby.

A RED AND GREEN FLASHING NEON SIGN on the wall above the porch says THE WHEELS BAR.

The music changes. The bar's door opens and closes as new guests arrive and enter.

Some of the people standing outside look intoxicated already.

Dressed to kill, in a DARK-BLUE SUIT and BLACK LEATHER SHOES, Alan drives into the parking lot.

Alan looks around and does not see a single available parking space. So, he stops the ATV on the left side of the bar's entrance temporarily.

He runs his fingers through his brown hair to fix it.

He searches for something in his trousers pocket and finds his ZIPPO LIGHTER and searches his jacket's pockets for his pack of cigarettes.

He lights a cigarette and leans against a COLUMN near the entrance.

Individuals, Couples, and other men and women in big and small groups enter the bar. The bar is crowded.

Some laugh loudly, some are quiet, wagging, and tipsy, standing in front of the building waiting for their partners to show up.

Few of those who have handled their alcohol better, head back into the bar.

Alan lifts his shoulder off the column, throws his CIGARETTE BUTT, steps on it, and enters the bar.

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit, smoky, and noisy, yet cheery, festive, and delightful. Formidably jovial, friendly, and Jokey small-town crowd automatically attracts any passer-by.

Alan steps into the bar.

Seated between some friends, mostly female, Emma is ecstatic and joyful. She's talking and the rest pay undivided attention to every word she spells.

The voice talks in Alan's head.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Consensual or not, she's getting
ripped tonight. Right, Alan? You
know I'm right.

Alan ignores the voice.

Alan stops by the door, mesmerized by her beauty and charm.

BILL (O.S.)

(smiles)

Go ahead and join her. She was asking for you.

Alan turns his head and sees Bill behind him.

They shake hands.

ALAN

(whispers)

I got you some great stuff I promised you.

BILL

Keep it. We will do it together after a while.

Emma notices Alan herself. She stands up, says something to her friends, and approaches Alan while all of her friends whisper into each other's ears and giggle.

EMMA

(kisses Alan)

You made it.

Alan is speechless. He's blinded by Emma's beauty.

ALAN

I told you, I wouldn't miss it for the world. My god. You look stunning.

ALAN FOLLOWS EMMA TO HER TABLE.

MONTAGE:

- A) Emma introduces Alan to her friends.
- B) A decides to drink, and orders TEQUILA.
- C) Alan, Emma and others at the table laughing.
- D) Alan drinking shot after shot.
- E) Alan stares at Emma when she is speaking with others.
- F) Alan and Emma are slow dancing.
- G) Emma puts food in Alan's mouth.
- H) Alan and Emma gazing into each other's eyes.
- I) Alan kisses Emma. Emma kisses Alan back.

END MONTAGE

Intoxicated but wakeful and civil, Alan stands up and heads toward the men's room. He seems to be having the time of his life so far.

Alan is crossing past the kitchen when Bill stops him and hands him a PORTABLE STAINLESS STILL LIQUOR FLASK.

Bill seems he has had more than he should as a host.

BILL

(slurs)

My man.

(hiccup)

Two things.

(burps)

First, I got you this.

(points at the flask)

It is filled already. Smirnoff.

Second. Can you park the ATV somewhere else? People can't cross.

(laughs loud)

Everybody is fucked up drunk.

Alan hugs bill and thanks him.

Bill dances away and Alan enters the men's room.

Alan's cell phone makes a TEXT MESSAGE ALERT SOUND while he pees.

The voice in Alan's head speaks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You know it is her. The concerned sister, the annoying bitch. Ignore her ass.

Alan takes his phone out and glances at it. It's a text from his sister Kathy.

ALAN'S P.O.V - HIS PHONE SCREEN

The text on the phone reads: just a reminder. Remember your parole conditions. Kathy.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan seems truly annoyed by his sister's constant reminders.

He ignores the message and puts his phone back in his pocket.

Alan exits the men's room.

He is plodding towards Emma at her table. But he remembers he should change the parking spot of the ATV.

He changes his direction towards the entrance.

Alan makes a hand gesture to let Emma know he will be back.

Emma nods, smiles, and follows Alan by her eyes until he's out of the bar.

She seems to genuinely like Alan.

EXT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Alan exits the bar. There's not a single soul outside the bar. No one at all.

Alan approaches the ATV and sits on it.

He turns the ignition on. He's about to drive when he receives a second text message.

Alan takes his cell phone out and glances at it. It's his sister, again.

ALAN'S P.O.V - HIS CELL PHONE'S SCREEN

The text reads: Just remember how difficult taking you out on parole was. I'm sure you will behave like a responsible person wherever you are.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan is angry now. He hits his cell phone's screen instead of tapping on it. He pushes it back into his pocket and takes his drug out.

Alan makes sure there is no one around and sniffs it three times before driving the ATV away.

The voice in Alan's head talks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Reminder after reminder. Yell at her once and you will get her off your case forever. That fucking bitch.

Alan is now drunk, medicated, and under the influence of a substance.

He drives the ATV round and round, looking for a space to park it. But he cannot find any available spot. This makes Alan even angrier.

Alan makes a sudden turn near the decorative tractor tire and loses control of the ATV.

The ATV hits the tire and detaches it from its place.

The tire moves forward a bit, and to Alan's disbelief, it slowly moves forward, further and further down the hill.

It gains speed before Alan knows it.

The gigantic tire reaches the steep slope and rolls down the hill towards the road faster and faster.

ALAN
(shocked)
Oh shit. No No No No. Fuck Fuck
Fuck Fuck. No.

Alan leaves the ignition on, jumps off the ATV, and runs after the rolling tire as fast as he can.

But the tire is gaining more and more speed.

The distance between the ATV and the road is a very steep slope.

Alan notices a blue car approaching. The car suddenly appears at a bend nearby.

He raises his right hand as he runs downhill, trying to get the driver's attention.

He genuinely tries to prevent a disastrous crash by making the driver stop his vehicle.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(as loud as he can)
Stop. Hey. Stop the...

Alan has lost his skin color. The tire gets closer and closer to the road rapidly.

Alan can clearly see the approaching vehicle.

It's a blue convertible mini cooper with moving boxes on the back seat.

Its Tristan's parents.

It's too late now and Alan realizes it despondently.

The blue vehicle and the inauspicious fast-moving tire intersect on the road.

Alan sees the disaster unfold in slow motion.

I/E. JOHN'S CAR - SAME TIME (MOVING)

John, the mini cooper's driver, and Nina, the woman next to him, are engaged in a heated conversation and do not even notice Alan or the tire in the darkness of the night.

EXT. THE ROAD - SAME TIME

John's vehicle is on the road when the very heavy runaway tractor tire hits a big stone on its way, bounces and flies upwards to land on the road.

The tire lands on the mini cooper smashes the car flat and shoots it down the wooded ravine, just like a weightless piece of scrap metal.

ALAN
(loudest possible)
No god no.

The tire bounces on the road twice and follows the vehicle down the hill.

Alan sits on the ground and holds his head between his hands.

He bursts into tears.

He looks around. Nobody or no other vehicles can be seen.

Alan hits and punches himself in the face and head.

He stands up.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
I'm screwed. I'm Fucked. I'm
Fucked. I'm not going back to
prison.

Alan is now facing the biggest dilemma of his life.

The voice in Alan's head talks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
its not rocket science, Alan. Run.
You cannot save anyone by yourself
and if you try to get help, by
calling the police, you will be in
big trouble.

(MORE)

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You violated your parole
conditions.

(laughs)

You have been consuming alcohol,
using drugs, and have driven some
kind of a vehicle. So?

Alan stands up, looks in every direction again, and sees no
one.

He realizes there are no witnesses.

He decides to escape. So, He starts running back towards the
bar.

But something stops him on his track. It's his Conscience.

If he runs, he cannot save the lives of the people in that
car.

Alan stands on the steep slope in the darkness of the night,
thinking.

He is struggling to make a decision. His tears roll down his
face.

He runs towards the wooded ravine. Alan has made up his mind.
He needs to check whether he can save his victims' lives.

He reaches the road and looks around. Strangely, there's not
even a single sign of an accident.

He crosses the road and heads down the wooded ravine.

EXT. THE WOODED RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

The moonlight barely illuminates Alan's wooded surroundings.

He spots the badly wrecked Mini Cooper.

Alan approaches the vehicle slowly. The closer he gets the
more emotional he becomes.

Alan has his hands on his head when he marches from one side
to the other side of the vehicle.

Both the man and the woman, John, and Nina Altmann are dead.

Alan takes John's pulse. There's none.

John's neck seems broken in a bone-chilling way. John looks
scary.

Alan bursts into tears once again.

ALAN
(sobbing)
I'm so sorry. I didn't. I...
(whispers)
I'm so sorry.

Alan hears a faint moaning sound.

He notices a slight movement on Nina's body.

Alan runs to the other side of the vehicle. A sharp piece of a tree branch punctured Nina's chest.

Alan is scared to touch her.

Nina opens one of her eyes and tries to look at Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)	NINA
(sobbing)	(whispering)
I'm so sorry. I didn't mean...	Its ok. I know.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(bawling)
I just. Please forgive me. I will get help.

NINA
(whispers)
No. No time. Listen.
(coughs blood)
My son.

Alan stops crying so he would hear Nina better. He gets his ear closer to her mouth.

NINA (CONT'D)
My son... My address in...
(vomits blood)
Red envelope. He's alone. He...
He...

Nina takes her last breath and dies too.

ALAN
Your son what? Where do you live? I will tell him what happened.

Nina is gone, and Alan realizes he will not get any other word out of her.

Alan sees some papers scattered in and around the car.

He finds and picks a RED ENVELOPE, which is between Nina and the car door.

He opens it and takes a white paper out.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- WHITE PAPER

Altmann's new residence address is written on the top of a document.

BACK TO SCENE

The voice in Alan's head talks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Yup, she's gone. Yeah yeah yeah.
You are sad. You feel very guilty.
You are under the influence of
alcohol and substances. You're
mentally ill. Just leave the damn
vehicle and climb up the ravine.
You can get drunk, get high, and
forget about it all. Right now, you
must think of Emma. But I tell you
what you need to do right now.
(shouts)
Get the fuck out of this area.

ALAN

(nods)
I know.

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Confused, extremely despondent, and afraid, Alan climbs the ravine up and reaches the road.

Inattentive to his surroundings and where he is, Alan walks to the middle of the road.

He hears a SEMI-TRUCKS loud horn.

The truck rounds and crosses him.

THE TRUCK DRIVER (V.O.)

(yells)
Watch out you asshole.

Alan swallows his saliva and takes a deep breath and continues.

He walks towards the bar first. He does not know what to do.

But he stops, and takes his medicine bottle and his new liquor flask out.

Alan washes down A FEW PILLS with a long sip of VODKA.

He ponders for a moment and changes his walking direction.

He hears the voice in his head.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

No. What? Where are you going?
She's waiting for you.

ALAN

(shouts)
Shut the fuck up and let me decide
on my own.

INT. THE WHEELS BAR - SAME TIME

Emma is happy and laughs at her friend's jokes.

She stares at the door. She expects Alan to be back any second now.

She suddenly stops laughing. She becomes quiet and saddened.

The abrupt changes in her facial expressions and mood are so apparent that even her friends notice.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tristan cannot control his emotions.

He bursts into tears.

Sheila is now next to Tristan. Her mouth is wide open in disbelief.

SHEILA

(disbelief)
What? Wait, wait, wait. Do you know
what you are saying? You mean your
parents...

TRISTAN
Yes. They both died.

Sheila stands and shakes her head.

She keeps on looking away and glancing at Tristan. She finds it difficult to believe him.

SHEILA
They might be alive if what you are saying...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(completed her sentence)
Is the truth?
(sobs)
They're already gone. And it is the truth.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I'm so very sorry Tristan. My god you poor boy.
(beat)
We must... I don't... Lets go and report....

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
We will. Just... Please... Trust me and listen.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You are saying that... wait... Who showed you all these then?
(realizes)
How do you know...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(calm)
Do you want to hear the rest? Would you please listen to me?

Sheila has turned pale. She doesn't know what to think.

She sits opposite Tristan and leans forwards.

She rubs her forehead between her thumb and middle fingers.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
He headed towards our house. He thought he had to tell me everything.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alan walks under the STREET LIGHTS hurriedly.

His eyes switch between the white paper, his left, and right side.

He sobs and looks for Altmann's house.

Alan looks genuinely distraught. He sobs and mumbles.

ALAN
(whisper-shouts)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. You stupid fuck
(bawls)
You killed them. Oh, poor people.

The road is less traveled at this hour.

Alan takes his cell phone out of his pocket.

ALAN'S P.O.V - CELL PHONE SCREEN

Alan's fingers tap on 91. His finger hovers over 1 for an extended moment.

The voice in Alan's head laughs.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
I'm not saying anything. 911 huh?

Alan's finger taps on cancel and cancels the call entirely.

The voice in Alan's head clears her voice.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Phew...
(sighs)
That was close.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. THE STREET - ALTMANN AND SHEILA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alan finds the street in which Altmann's residence is situated.

The effect of alcohol and drugs on Alan is gradually fading away.

Alan feels uneasy, distraught, and deeply emotional when he finally finds Altmann's residence.

EXT. ALTMANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He approaches the house and steps on the porch.

He can see the living room as there are no curtains.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- THE LIVING ROOM

Tristan is on the living room floor, next to several partly unpacked boxes.

He inserts his hand into each box, trying to find something.

He gets disappointed and frustrated when he fails to find what he's looking for. Tristan stands up and uses a white cane to go upstairs.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan steps away from the porch's window and leans against the nearest wall.

This is the guiltiest he has ever felt in his entire life.

ALAN

I killed a blind boy's parents. I
Killed a... A blind boy... I
killed... his... parents

Alan holds his head between his hands and sobs quietly.

He slides down to the floor while crying and his back is to the wall.

He sits and hits his head on the wall very hard a few times.

The voice in Alan's head wants Alan to shrug it off.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

He will survive. Calm yourself
down.

(beat)

Take a sip. It will calm you down.

Alan takes his liquor flask out and quaffs the content.

He gets calm for a moment. But he bursts into tears and bumps his head into the wall again.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Chill the fuck out... You're
gonna hurt yourself. Calm
yourself. You still have
the...

ALAN

Fuck off. I know.

Alan takes his drug out and finishes it in four long sniffs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Now let's get out of here.

EXT. THE STREET - ALTMANN AND SHEILA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alan steps down the porch quietly and walks to the street.

He looks and behaves like a crazy person.

His entire surrounding spins around his head.

He laughs, cries, MAKES WEIRD SOUNDS, yells, and sings.

ALAN

(sings loud)

I am a killer... Of A blind boy...
I killed the parents... Of A blind
boy.

The voice in his head laughs and sings with him.

This is obviously the result of mixing alcohol, drugs, and his medicine.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alan reaches the main street and rounds the corner.

He takes a few steps down the main street when he sees a familiar face.

Alan cannot believe his eyes. He stops.

CLOSE UP -- ALAN'S FACE

Alan's eyes are RED AND SHINY. It doesn't take a genius to realize he is high on drugs and alcohol.

Alan is pale. His lips are dry and have lost their colors.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan tries to remember. He ponders. The voice interrupts and distracts him.

The voice in Alan's head talks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Isn't that the woman who testified
against you... Oh... Ohh...
Ohhh.... She is... Small world huh?
What you going to do Alan? She
screwed your life and there she is.
Free, happy and ready for bed.

(MORE)

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

You do remember what you promised
yourself.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- THE STREET

Its dark. Shadow of a lady in a BLUE SLEEP ROPE drops a BIG PLASTIC BAG OF GARBAGE in the bin and walks back to her house.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan keeps on walking initially. The longer he walks the angrier he gets.

Alan stops and without thinking any further, he returns.

Alan takes long, angry, and hurried steps back toward the lady's house.

EXT. THE LADY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see the lady from behind and in darkness. She enters her house and closes the door.

Alan stands outside and stares at her house for a moment.

Alan lights a cigarette. He stands outside until moments later when the lights in her house go off.

Like a predator waiting for an opportunity to attack its prey, Alan moves toward the house.

INT. THE LADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE BACK DOOR

It is dark.

Alan is really not himself and the way he acts is obvious he is mentally ill.

Alan breaks a small class on the door and tries his best not to make any sound.

He manages to gain entry.

Alan is stepping inside the house when he notices a baseball bat leaning against the wall.

He picks it, and gets in.

SECOND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alan is at the end of a dark corridor. He can be barely seen in the dark.

He faces a bathroom's door, which is situated at the other end of the corridor.

From underneath the door, we see the light in the bathroom is on.

There are sounds of water running and a muffled conversation.

The sound of water running in the bathroom stops.

It sounds like they are exiting the bathroom.

Alan steps back in, to hide, and disappears in the shadow at the end of the dark corridor.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- THE BATHROOM DOOR

The bathroom's door opens. A lady and her kid step out.

They are only seen as two silhouettes against the light.

They have indistinct-able facial features.

The mother appears to have a very short military-type hair.

The kid seems to be a boy with CURLY HAIR.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan's breathing sound gets louder as he BREATHS ANGRILY AND HEAVILY. He has really lost his mind.

The voice in alan's head reminds him to be quiet.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(whispers)

Shhh... Quiet and patient. I will tell you when.

The mother squats and fixes her kid's T-SHIRT.

The kid and his mother enter the kid's bedroom.

The room's light goes on.

The mother switches the light off and tiptoes out of the room sometime later.

She switches the corridor's light on.

The woman is in a loosely tied WHITE BATH ROB and her face is covered by a FACIAL COSMETIC MASK.

She has very SHORT HAIR.

She is entering her own bedroom. She switches the corridor's light off and her room's light on.

THE LADY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lady enters the room and sits on her BED.

She picks her IPOD from the NIGHTSTAND and chooses a HAPPY SONG.

The song plays LOUD ENOUGH for us to hear what it is despite coming out of the HEADPHONES.

She inserts the headphones into her ears and grabs TWO SLICES OF CUCUMBER from a LITTLE PLATE on the nightstand.

She switches the light off and places the cucumber slice on her eyes.

She lies down.

The bath rob slides off her and exposes her sexy fully naked body.

She lip-syncs with the song. She shivers. She feels cold.

Alan creeps into the room without the lady noticing his presence.

Alan stands next to her bed and is about to hit her. But the lady holds the cucumber slices in her eyes with one hand, sits up, and leans forward.

She wants to grab the blanket, which is below her feet, to pull it over her body.

The voice in Alan's head talks again.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Now Alan.

Alan doesn't wait any longer.

WHOOSH AND THUMP. WHOOSH AND THUMP

Alan swings the bat as hard as he can and lands it on the back of her head.

She moans.

Alan hits her on the same spot once again.

The blood runs down her back.

ALAN'S P.O.V -- THE LADY

Her sexy body is motionless. The moonlight shines over her body.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan sits next to her body and lays the bat next to him.

He pushes her back to her original faced-up position.

Alan touches her breasts and between her legs.

He is certainly acting crazy and he is obviously ill.

ALAN
(trembles)
Remember me? I told you. Remember?

Alan licks the lady's ears and breasts.

He pulls down his trousers and rapes the lady in a brutal sexual assault scene.

As Alan finishes, he gets louder.

He hears a voice behind him moments later.

A KID'S VOICE
(confused)
Mom...

Alan panics.

He grabs the bat and without thinking, turns and swings it.

We only see a kid's body hitting the floor.

Alan stands up and pulls himself together.

His eyes switch between the lady and the kid in the darkness and slowly slowly realizes what he has done.

Alan sits at the corner of the room and holds his head between his hands.

He bursts into tears.

ALAN
(mumbles)
I'm sorry. Oh, I'm sorry.

Alan regrets what he has done, but it is too late.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
It wasn't me. It wasn't me.

The voice in Alan's head talks.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
You should go, too, Alan. You are
ill. You will...

The voice FADES OUT.

Alan has made up his mind. He takes his medicine bottle, his drugs, and alcohol out.

He empties the medicine bottle and the drugs in his mouth and washes everything down with the alcohol.

He finishes the alcohol and throws the flask.

Alan remains seated for a while until he begins feeling sick.

He manages to stand up and exit the room.

Alan is overdosing.

THE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alan exits the room and walks to the staircase RAILING.

He turns and glances back at what he has done.

His back hits the railing. He falls downstairs.

THE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Alan's body hits the ground. He dies.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tristan stands and leans against the wall.

TRISTAN
His spirit came to me. His spirit cannot rest after what he has done. He was angry. Very mad. He ...

SHEILA
I get it now. He wanted forgiveness.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Yes. He will not leave me alone. He said he will not even let me live if he is not forgiven.

Sheila ponders for a moment.

SHEILA
Then your choice is clear. You must forgive him, Tristan.

TRISTAN
I did.

Sheila continues despite Tristan saying he forgave Alan.

SHEILA
Yeah. He was mentally ill, under the influence of alcohol, drugs, medicine.
(beat)
Those poor mother and her child. My god this is...

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
This is the strangest case I have ever experienced.
(beat)
Who's forgiveness do you think his restless spirit wants now. The mother and her daughter have no descendants... They have nobody who can forgive him.

Sheila stands up.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I know why you need my help now. Let's go and report these all. I will convince them you are not lying and all these did really happen.
(shakes her head)
I will do the talking. Let us go and report what Mr... Err... What was his real name?

TRISTAN

James Predetti.

(beat)

Just wait for a sec... I guess... I
hope I'm right.

(pauses)

Sheila, I'm sorry.

Tristan exits the room before Sheila responds.

She opens the door for Tristan.

Tristan exits.

Sheila repeats the name James Predetti again and again,
whispering it so she will not forget.

We see the window in her background.

People are still working on spotlights.

Both spotlights go off.

The parking lot outside becomes dark and inside the office is
lit. So, the window reflects the room, whatever and whoever
is in it.

Sheila notices the outside light goes off and turns her head
to look outside.

CLOSE UP -- SHEILA'S FACE

Sheila's facial expression changes.

She continues repeating James Predetti's name.

She suddenly turns pale and closes her eyes as she remembers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sheila appears on the WITNESS STAND.

James Predetti AKA Alan is seated between his two attorneys.

Sheila testifies against James.

James or Alan gets angry and threatens Sheila.

END FLASHBACK

Sheila opens her eyes. Her eyes are welled up.

A teardrop rolls down.

She has lost her skin color.

BACK TO SCENE

All the environment hum and SOUNDS FADE OUT.

Absolute silence.

Sheila is very scared, greatly saddened, and immensely concerned.

She remembers.

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS:

-- Tristan and Sheila's conversation:

SHEILA
(sympathetic)
Can I help in any way?

TRISTAN
You will know how by the time I'm
finished telling you a story.

-- Tristan and Sheila's conversation:

SHEILA
Then your choice is clear. You must
forgive him, Tristan.

TRISTAN
I did.

-- Tristan and Sheila's conversation:

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Who's forgiveness do you think his
restless spirit wants now?

-- Sheila talks to Nusha.

SHEILA
(Murmurs to herself)
Actually, I just realize you are my
only descendant. We have no other
descendants.

-- Tristan's last word before exiting Sheila's office.

TRISTAN
Sheila, I'm sorry.

END SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

It hits her.

Sheila realizes she's dead.

Sheila is shaking. She gets closer to the window and looks at her back in her reflection.

Her back is soaked in BLOOD.

TWO QUICK FLASHBACKS

-- Sheila keeps on moving her head clockwise and counterclockwise.

SHEILA
(frowns)
I have a severe headache

-- Sheila is standing opposite Tristan. She massages her hairline with tiny circular motion.

END QUICK FLASHBACKS

Sheila pulls her WIG off her head. Her real hair is very short and military style.

She touches the back of her head and looks at her BLOODIED HAND.

She ponders for a second.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Nusha.

Sheila runs out of her office.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sheila remembers as she runs towards her house.

MONTAGE

EXT. SHEILA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

It is dark. In her blue sleep robe, Sheila exits the back door.

She carries a big plastic bag of garbage to the main street.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

She walks to the garbage bin and drops the plastic bag in the bin and walks back to her house.

This is the scene we saw as Alan's P.O.V earlier.

EXT. SHEILA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alan is stepping inside the house when he notices a baseball bat leaning against the wall.

This location turns out to be Sheila's backyard from a different angle we have not seen till now.

The blue baseball bat is the one Nusha was using earlier to push herself on the swing in her backyard.

INT. SHEILA'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In Alan's P.O.V we saw a woman in a loosely tied WHITE BATH ROB and her face is covered by a FACIAL COSMETIC MASK.

We also saw the silhouette of a kid with curly hair.

INT. SHEILA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nusha is dressing up after a shower.

Sheila applies a cosmetic mask on her face.

She then grabs a HEAD CAP/TOWEL with a curly texture. This as a silhouette looked like a curly head.

We now know that Alan was in Sheila's house before killing her.

What we saw earlier, was Alan's P.O.V and an unknown/unfamiliar version of Sheila, Nusha, and their house.

EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheila runs into her house.

INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE FOYER

Sheila sees Alan's dead body on the floor.

She heads upstairs.

THE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sheila runs to her room.

SHEILA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheila enters the room and sees her own and her daughter's motionless bodies.

She kneels next to her daughter and mourns her death for a while.

The sound of police and ambulance sirens approaching can be heard.

Sheila stands up.

SHEILA
I'm sorry baby.

Sheila heads toward the door to exit. But we hear a MOANING SOUND.

Sheila stops and turns her head.

SHEILA'S P.O.V -- NUSHA

Nusha's hand and head move. She's alive.

BACK TO SCENE

Tears of happiness soak Sheila's face.

EXT. THE STREET - ALTMANN AND SHEILA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tristan arrives with police and medics.

Police officers and medics rush into the house.

Sheila walks outside the house slowly and approaches Tristan.

Sheila is in shock. She is very sad.

Tristan feels her and turns his head slightly.

SHEILA

I forgive him. You saved both my
daughter's life and yours. Goodbye,
Tristan.

Tears of happiness roll down Tristan's face as Sheila walks
away.

Paramedics bring Nusha out of the house. They are performing
life-saving measures on her. She's on a stretcher. She is
alive.

FADE OUT.