

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

REDO

Written by
Ben Henning

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Draft
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bah494@nau.edu

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INT. IN FAMILY HOUSE - MORNING

Alarm goes off and PHIL, a teenage boy, wakes up in his bed. Still tired, he struggles waking up. Moments later his mother, ANGIE, walks in, flipping on the light. She is full of loud energy that directly contrasts her lethargic son.

ANGIE

Time to get up, Phil! You've got a few things to do this morning before the bus!

Angie walks around the bedroom, unfazed by the fact that Phil hasn't moved in his bed. She begins tidying up his very messy room.

ANGIE (cont'd)

Remember last night you put off the dishes because you were tired. I told you you'd regret it, but you insisted. I moved them to the sink to make room on the counter, but you've still got to rinse and put them in the wash.

She moves to the bed to take his covers off. Phil has moved his pillow over his face to block out the light and noise.

ANGIE (cont'd)

You've also got to pick up your books from the living room. Honestly, when did you get to be such a slob? You weren't like this when you were younger.

Angie leans in to force his pillow away. As she does, Phil, still very drowsy, reaches up and taps her on the forehead.

PHIL

(Mumbling)

Redo. You just walked in and I'm already awake.

Sudden realization and shock dawns on both their faces. Phil immediately regrets his action. Angie turns toward the door, confused, but shakes her head and turns back to him.

ANGIE

Did you just Redo me? Phil, I thought we were past that!

PHIL

I--I know. I'm sorry. I didn't--

Angie is affronted and leaves Phil's room.

Phil emerges shortly, dressed and ready for school. Angie and GEORGE, his parents, are average middle-aged and middle-class Americans. They stand in the kitchen, facing him with stern expressions. The kitchen table has full plates of sausages, eggs, and toast.

GEORGE

(Sternly)

Your mother told me what you did.

Phil sighs. He doesn't want to talk about it.

PHIL

It was an--

Phil sees their faces and realizes nothing he says is going to matter.

PHIL (cont'd)

Accident.

GEORGE

How can it be an accident? You have to reach out and choose to do it.

PHIL

It's reflexive.

ANGIE

(Concerned)

Redo is a reflex now?

PHIL

(Frustrated)

Actually it has been for a long time.

GEORGE

Is this something we need to be concerned about? Do we need to get--

PHIL

Don't you dare bring out those fucking gloves.

GEORGE

Watch your mouth, son!

ANGIE

You will speak to us with a civil tongue, Phil.

Phil fumes, but tries to contain himself.

PHIL

Why would you even need to be concerned? It's not like I can do it around here anymore.

The table is quiet and uncomfortable for a moment.

ANGIE

No, but we're worried about you, too. Your well being. We think you use it too much, Phil.

PHIL

(Angry)

How would you even know? You don't know me at all anymore because you won't just let me be me.

GEORGE

You think Redo is who you are? That's not healthy, son! Controlling people shouldn't be part of who anyone is.

ANGIE

Don't you see where we're coming from? We think you really need to--

Phil reflexively brings up his hand. He tries to play it off by messing with his hair, but he fools no one.

The air is tense as he grabs his school supplies and heads for the door.

ANGIE (cont'd)

You're not leaving until you rinse the dishes.

Phil freezes, boiling with self righteous anger. But he knows he has no choice, and trudges to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWDED SCHOOL BUS - SAME MORNING

Phil sits BY HIMSELF, despite the bus being CROWDED and the seats having space for at least two people. He is quiet and avoids contact with others.

The bus makes a stop and students come aboard. An UNFAMILIAR STUDENT approaches Phil's seat and moves to sit next to him.

As soon as the student sits, Phil reaches over to TOUCH their FOREHEAD.

PHIL

Redo. You want to sit somewhere else.

Their eyes widen, dazed. Without a word, they immediately get back up and continue searching for a seat. Phil relaxes again.

At the next stop, another student approaches Phil's seat. This is JAKE, Phil's best friend. He cheerfully sits next to Phil, who moves over for him.

JAKE

Morning dude! How's it going?

Phil barely acknowledges him, but Jake continues talking, apparently not needing any response.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Homeroom is full of students sitting and chatting. Jake sits next to Phil and still talks at him, though Phil gives occasional responses.

The morning bell rings and more students rush in at the last moment. As things finally quiet down, the homeroom teacher, MS. ROSENBERG, stands and addresses the class. A TEENAGE GIRL carrying a BACKPACK stands next to the desk. This is ASHLEY O'MOORE.

MS. ROSENBERG

Good morning everyone! Please, quiet down. Everyone, please welcome Ashley O'Moore to Darland High! She just transferred from out of state.

The class stares at Ashley, who peers back with confidence. Jake and Phil stare--Phil with intensity.

Ashley suddenly pulls a notebook out of her backpack. With rapid movements, she flips open to a page and begins scribbling intently. The teacher pauses for an awkward moment. After just seconds, she puts her pen away and holds it up for the class to see: it's a sketch of the class and it's very well done.

PHIL

(In awe)

Did she just... draw us?

JAKE
For real? Weird.

PHIL
...Incredible...

MS. ROSENBERG
Wow. That's amazing. Have you been
drawing for a long time?

ASHLEY
As long as I can remember!

MS. ROSENBERG
You have impressive skill!

The class murmurs its approval and Ashley moves to find an empty seat. Phil follows with his eyes, staring unabashedly. Ashley looks over.

ASHLEY
Did you like it?

PHIL
It was incredible... how did you make
it so neat and fast?

ASHLEY
It just takes passion. I can show you
more later?

Phil just nods and smiles dumbly. Jake stares at Phil as Ashley takes her seat.

JAKE
The hell? Did you just get a date? By
being at total creep?

PHIL
(Dazed)
Isn't she just...?

JAKE
You gotta teach me, bro.

With Ashley in her seat, Ms. Rosenberg continues to address the class.

MS. ROSENBERG
We have another announcement from the
principal.

(MORE)

MS. ROSENBERG (cont'd)

It looks like there's an Investigator visiting Darland from the capital. I guess we must have done something important.

The class chuckles.

MS. ROSENBERG (cont'd)

He's investigating the history of the famous lightning storm from a decade ago. Ladies and gents, that's how long it takes them to respond to a crisis. He probably worked for the DMV before.

(Reading a paper)

It looks like he wants to see students who were in the storm. I'll be calling names this week for people he wants to interview. Unfortunately, it's mandatory. Cole, it looks like he wants you first. Off you go.

Phil looks at the teacher silently, beginning to remember.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK - MIDDLE CLASS HOME, YARD - DAY

The sky is dark with storm clouds. Thunder rolls, though no rain falls.

George and a young Phil play together in the yard. Angie steps a foot out the door.

ANGIE

George, I think you two should come inside! It's getting bad out there!

George looks up, surprised. Light flashes in the clouds.

GEORGE

It wasn't like this a moment ago!
We'll be right in!

But Phil isn't paying attention to them. His eyes are fixed, with fascination and horror, at the sky. A dazzling display of lightning splits the sky unnervingly close by.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

JAKE

Phil, are you okay?

Phil snaps to reality. He and Jake are walking down the school halls to class.

JAKE (cont'd)

Welcome back. Did you complete that assignment for Mr. Dunn? I couldn't figure out part of it.

PHIL

Did you hear what Ms. Rosenberg said about that investigator? I'm really wondering what's up with that.

JAKE

Oh, um, yeah. You were there for that storm, weren't you? Do you remember it at all?

PHIL

Not very well. Just bits and pieces.

JAKE

What do you remember?

Phil is uncomfortable with the question but tries to remember.

PHIL

I dunno. Lightning. The sky was dark. The clouds were moving really fast. And then there was this--

He cuts himself off.

JAKE

Yeah? What happened?

Phil doesn't respond. Instead, he quickly brings his hand up to touch Jake's forehead.

PHIL

Redo. Talk about something else.

Jake's eyes go blank for a second as they walk, not recognizing what Phil has just done. Then he smiles.

JAKE

Woah, I totally just missed what you had said. Did you say I could look at what you did for Mr. Dunn?

Phil shakes his head and brings his hand back up to touch Jake's forehead again.

PHIL

Redo. You're going to ask someone else about Dunn's homework.

Jake glazes over once again and then recovers.

JAKE

Yeah I was just thinking I'll ask someone else about Mr. Dunn's homework. What did you think of it?

Phil just shrugs to acknowledge his friend, but otherwise remains silent.

JAKE (cont'd)

I don't think I understood the lesson in class very well. But Steve seems to do well with Sociology, so I'll just ask him.

EXT. COURTYARD AREA - LUNCH TIME

Phil and Ashley are chatting over her NOTEBOOK. They're flipping through drawings. JAKE and another FRIEND sit adjacent at the same table, in their own lively conversation.

ASHLEY

I don't know, I've just kind of always done it. It comes to me like breathing. I can just glance at a person or place and my mind kind of turns it into lines that I trace.

PHIL

It's amazing. I've never experienced something like that. Where did you say you came from? Why did you transfer?

ASHLEY

Culver City. My parents and I--it's just the three of us--had lived there our whole lives.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (cont'd)

But then my dad got this "amazing job offer" and uprooted all of us for it. In the middle of high school!

PHIL

I'm also an only child. It's kind of difficult and weird, like there's never anyone else to share their focus, you know? It's impossible to get away with anything.

ASHLEY

Totally. Sometimes I just want to rebel a little.

Jake and his friend share loud LAUGHTER that interrupts Phil and Ashley. Ashley ignores it and is about to continue, but she notices Phil staring at Jake, who is fully engrossed with his friend.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

(Sympathetically)

Are you okay?

Phil snaps back to focus.

PHIL

What? Oh, sure. Yeah, I also wish we could rebel.

ASHLEY

You looked pretty distracted. What's on your mind?

PHIL

I uh, it's nothing really, I was just wondering what joke they had said.

ASHLEY

It's okay, Phil. You can tell me what you're thinking.

Phil frowns and impulsively brings his hand to touch her forehead.

PHIL

Redo. We're not talking about Jake.

Ashley watches his hand, bemused, and chuckles when he brings it back down.

ASHLEY

What does "Redo" mean? And sure, we can talk about whatever.

Phil's eyes widen almost beyond their limit. His face blanches and he goes mute. Trembling, he shakes his head, grabs his backpack, and dashes away.

DAYS LATER.

INT. DARLAND HIGH SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION - DAY

Phil sits in a waiting area before the administration desk. A door opens and a stern-faced person in a business suit appears in the doorway.

INVESTIGATOR

Phil Russo?

Phil stands and walks up. The Investigator stands aside to reveal an office with a large desk. They go in and the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMEROOM - DAY

The class is chatting and the teacher is doing his own work at his desk. Ashley and Jake are talking to each other.

JAKE

No, he's never done that before. I've never seen him do anything like that. You said his *finger* to your *forehead*?

ASHLEY

And then he said "Redo."

JAKE

That's weird, Ashley. I don't know what to tell you. You make it sound like it was normal for him. He didn't explain it or anything?

ASHLEY

And he hasn't mentioned it since. Something about it totally freaked him out and he ran away. You know, I think he's jealous of you, too.

JAKE

What are you talking about?

ASHLEY

When you and your friend were talking the other day. You were having a major conversation, totally engaged. But I think he was jealous that you guys were talking so much. But I mean, aren't you and Phil really close? You're his best friend, aren't you?

JAKE

Yeah. We've been best friends since I moved here. I don't know why he'd be jealous.

ASHLEY

Well, what do you guys talk about?

JAKE

Oh, we talk about tons of stuff, he--

Jake cuts himself off, suddenly unsure.

JAKE (cont'd)

I-- I mean, we do. We talk all the time. Or, I talk to him all the time.

ASHLEY

(Confused)

You talk to *him*? What do you mean?

Beat.

JAKE

We totally talk. Just the other day, after homeroom, in the halls, we were talking about--

Beat.

ASHLEY

Do you not remember what you were talking about?

JAKE

I... no. I'm drawing a blank. I was asking him about homework, but I don't even remember what he said. But I mean, I tell him about tons of stuff.

(MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)

But I've never really thought about--
I'm not actually sure what stuff he's
into.

ASHLEY

What do you mean? He's gotta tell you
all sorts of things if you're best
friends.

JAKE

(Slowly)

I--I'm not sure...

ASHLEY

That sounds like a hell of a lot of
one-sided conversations then, bud.

JAKE

(Shocked)

It... really is.

FLASHBACK

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Phil is between 10 and 13y/o. His bedroom light is off, but
the whole area is illuminated by the large TV he's playing
video games on.

The door opens, and an aggravated, sleepy Angie walks in,
dressed in her nightgown.

ANGIE

What are you *doing*? Turn that thing
off now! You're supposed to be in
bed.

PHIL

(Smoothly)

Nah, mom! Dad said I could play a bit
longer because I did extra homework.

This confuses Angie. She falters.

ANGIE

Extra homework?

Phil doesn't answer but nods emphatically. He's very focused
on his game.

ANGIE (cont'd)
Hold on. I'm checking with your
father.

This causes Phil to look up with concern, but Angie has
already left the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGIE AND GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angie opens the door, spilling in light from the hall. She
walks up to her sleeping husband and gently nudges him
awake. George grunts in acknowledgment.

ANGIE
Hey hon, did you tell Phil he could
play more video games tonight?

GEORGE
(Pausing to think)
Yeah, I... he told me he'd done extra
video games--er, extra homework. He
had done extra homework.

ANGIE
(Gently)
George, we agreed earlier this
evening that he had to go to bed. I
don't think he did any extra
homework. Did you check on that
yourself?

George sits up in the bed, considering this.

GEORGE
I remember that. We did agree on
that. And no--I didn't check on the
actual homework. I just remember
being so sure he had done it.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM

Angie and George both walk into Phil's bedroom where he's
still playing his game.

GEORGE
Phil, I'm sorry I told you that you
could play more games tonight.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
Your mother and I had agreed differently earlier. Could you show me the extra homework you did? I don't remember seeing it. If we see it, we'll let you play just a little longer, but you still need to go to bed very soon.

Phil shifts around uncomfortably in his seat. He tries to quickly reach for Angie's leg, but George grabs his arm short of it.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Were you about to Redo mom?

Phil looks up at him, quietly stunned.

ANGIE
Phil, did you use Redo on your father earlier? Is *that* why he let you play more games?

Phil stares up silently, beginning to quiver.

Beat.

GEORGE
Please answer your mother.

Phil nods, barely perceptibly. George and Angie sigh and leave the room together. We stay with Phil, who has stopped playing his game as he anxiously waits.

His parents return a moment later with dish-washing gloves.

GEORGE (cont'd)
You know you're not supposed to use that on us, right?

Phil nods.

ANGIE
We're going to have you wear these for a while. We hope it'll help you remember not to use it in the house.

Phil gets up from the chair and gets into his bed. He acts like he's trying to go to sleep.

GEORGE
Now, Phil.

Angie approaches the bed with the gloves, holding them out. Phil doesn't move from his position in the bed.

GEORGE (cont'd)
I'm not going to tell you again.

ANGIE
Phil, please listen to us.

Phil realizes things will only get worse if he doesn't comply. Slowly, he turns in the bed to face them and takes the gloves from his mother. He puts them on with a disgusted look.

ANGIE (cont'd)
I know it's uncomfortable. But you wouldn't have to do this if you hadn't used Redo on us before.

Phil stays silent, but his face screams protest.

GEORGE
Thank you for listening to us and for getting in bed. We'll see you in the morning, son.

Angie turns off the game system and both of them leave.

PRESENT DAY

EXT. PUBLIC PARK IN TOWN - DAY

Phil and Ashley walk together.

ASHLEY
So you're saying you can... control people's minds?

PHIL
That's really not it at all. It's more of suggestions. Have you seen Men in Black? Kind of like the device they use.

ASHLEY
So you were trying to use this on me?

PHIL
(Awkwardly)
It didn't work.

ASHLEY

Has it ever not worked before?

PHIL

No. Well, it gets less effective. When I was young, I used it on my parents all the time to get what I wanted and stay out of trouble. But then they caught on.

ASHLEY

But Jake never did.

PHIL

(Quietly)

No. Jake hasn't.

ASHLEY

Why did you want to use it on me?

PHIL

I use it on everyone. All the time.

ASHLEY

Why didn't it work on me?

PHIL

I don't know. I--I don't know.

ASHLEY

(Looking at him)

You wish you did, though.

Beat.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

But what has that *done* to you? Do you know who Jake is? I was talking to him earlier and he didn't seem to know much about you. Do you know how to have *real* friends?

Phil instinctively raises an arm, and then freezes with realization.

PHIL

Fuck. I'm sorry. I can't do this.

ASHLEY

No, don't worry. I pushed too much.

Phil shakes his head. He hasn't lowered his arm. He backs away from Ashley, face blanching.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Phil, I didn't mean to--

Phil isn't listening. He turns abruptly and runs away.

FLASHBACK

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Angie opens a closet door and notices something missing. She quickly goes to George.

ANGIE
George- we had Phil's games in the closet and they aren't there anymore. Check if he has his gloves on!

Together they approach their son. He's playing his game system; his gloves are off and laying nearby.

GEORGE
(Yelling)
Phil! What are you doing!

Phil jumps and looks up at them.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Put your gloves on and turn off that game, *now!*

PHIL
But *dad!* Mom said I could!

GEORGE
No! We know you used Redo to make us get the game out. Angie, go ahead and put the game away.

Angie nods and begins turning off the console and controllers and bringing them back to the closet.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The three are gathered in Phil's room. The console, TV, and all devices have been removed.

GEORGE
Do you know what you did wrong?

PHIL

I used Redo on mom.

ANGIE

And you *keep* using it on us. You know you're not supposed to.

PHIL

But *mooom!* You never let me use it! What's the point of having this power if you never let me use it!

GEORGE

We don't know, son. We don't know why or how you can do it, but using it on us isn't appropriate. Every time we catch you using it, you'll be grounded for a week.

PHIL

What! No! That's not fair!

GEORGE

You can come back out of your room and join us when you're ready to put your gloves back on.

Angie and George exit the room, leaving Phil angry and sulking.

PRESENT DAY

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ashley enters the house, frustrated from her recently interaction with Phil when he stormed off. Her MOTHER sits doing some work in the dining room and her FATHER is in his home office, the door open so he can talk.

ASHLEY'S MOTHER

Hey darling, how are you?

ASHLEY

Not great, mom. I was just with Phil. I guess I said something I shouldn't have, and he stormed off.

ASHLEY'S MOTHER

(Nodding)

Boys at that age can be hormonal. Unpredictable.

ASHLEY
(Shaking her head)
There's a bit more than hormones
going on with him.

ASHLEY'S MOTHER
Oh?

ASHLEY'S FATHER (O.S.)
Do I need to beat someone up, hon?

ASHLEY
(Smiling weakly)
Thanks, dad. I'm good for now.
(To her mother)
We can talk about it later. I'd just
like to be alone right now.

Ashley disappears up some stairs to her room. Camera moves past her mother to enter her father's office. He's on the phone, he has it on speaker.

ASHLEY'S FATHER
Honestly, I don't understand why I
was moved here. I was doing great
work back in Culver City.

BOSS (O.S.)
A situation has come to light in this
town. We've been picking up energy
readings that correspond with meta
activity. They've been here for a
long time, in fact, but they've been
subtle, so we've only just picked
them up. And you should be aware...
your family's presence seems to be
affecting the readings.

ASHLEY'S FATHER
My family? My family has nothing to
do with this.

Camera cuts to other side of the phone. We recognize it is the INVESTIGATOR who is on the phone with Ashley's father.

INVESTIGATOR
I'm afraid I can't be sure of that.

We see the Investigator's computer. He's examining several profile photos of Phil.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Days later. Ashley sits at a picnic table, sketching. Phil approaches.

PHIL
Hey, thanks for meeting me. Have you been okay?

Ashley nods.

ASHLEY
Yeah, I've been alright.

Beat.

Phil sits with Ashley.

PHIL
I--I felt bad for the other day. For running off. So I just wanted to say sorry.

ASHLEY
I appreciate that.

Phil looks at Ashley's sketching.

PHIL
You know, you never told me about how you can do that.

ASHLEY
(Still sketching)
"That?"

PHIL
You know, draw. The way you do.

Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY
You wanna give it a shot? Best way to learn.

Phil shrugs, but nods. Ashley turns to a blank page in her notebook and slides it over to Phil with a pencil.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
Have you ever drawn anything before?

PHIL
You mean outside of science class?

ASHLEY

(Smiles)

I'll teach you how to draw a person.
Start with two ovals. One's the body
and one's the head.

Phil follows her instruction.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Do you have an idea who you're
sketching?

PHIL

I thought I'd try Jake.

ASHLEY

Since it's a guy, you can make the
torso look more blocky. Then add
lines where the eyes and mouth will
be.

Ashley gestures on the page where the lines should be. Phil
adds the detail.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Now, add details that are unique to
Jake. Does he wear glasses? What kind
of shirt does he usually wear? Does
he have any facial hair?

There is a beat while Phil thinks on this. He adds a couple
sparse details, but mostly he sits still.

Ashley waits for him.

PHIL

I'm... not sure.

ASHLEY

Do you remember what Jake usually
wears? How does he do his hair?

Phil puts down his pencil and stares. He shakes his head and
stands.

PHIL

You were right.

(Beat)

I don't remember what he looks like.

They both sit for a moment. Ashley isn't sure how to
proceed.

ASHLEY

(Gently)

What do you know about him?

Phil stares, shaking his head.

PHIL

I don't know, I... I've known him since he moved here when we were in first grade. We got along instantly and we would do *everything* together. We even had this awesome secret hiding place in a tree in the woods... but something happened in middle school. When I was in, what, sixth grade?

ASHLEY

I don't suppose that's when you got Redo?

Phil looks at her, surprised.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

You mean you really hadn't put that together?

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

It's really true, what you said. I don't know Jake. You said Jake doesn't know much about me. It absolutely freaked me out when Redo didn't work on you. I had no idea what to do and I couldn't even handle the situation. That's why I ran away--both times.

ASHLEY

How long has it been like this?

PHIL

(Sighing)

It didn't take long. I didn't know much about the power at first, but I figured out how to use it pretty quickly. I controlled my parents for a long time before they figured out how to stop me, and then I--
(Beat)

(MORE)

PHIL (cont'd)

Oh my God, I resent them for it. I treat them terribly, just because they don't want their kid to be a mind-controlling freak.

ASHLEY

Hey now, don't start freaking out too much. You figured out that you've been making a lot of mistakes. Do you know how to start fixing it?

Phil nods. Then he takes out his phone.

PHIL

I think it's time I actually get to know my best friend.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Phil comes in the house, putting his backpack on the ground and sitting in a living room chair. He sees some old dirty dishes on the coffee table and begins to gather them and bring them to the kitchen.

Angie is in the kitchen preparing dinner.

ANGIE

Evening, son! How was your day?

Phil pauses as he puts dishes into the sink, thinking.

PHIL

It was... okay. I had a talk with Ashley and Jake that was difficult, but good.

Angie turns to look at Phil, surprised at this response. She's even more surprised as he begins to rinse the dishes and put them away.

ANGIE

Are you putting dishes away?

Phil nods.

ANGIE (cont'd)

But I didn't ask you to.

Phil just shrugs and continues. George walks in, aiming to talk to Angie.

ANGIE (cont'd)
What were you talking to them about?

PHIL
Ashley just had some advice for me.
She pointed out some things I've been
doing that I maybe shouldn't.

Angie and George exchange a look.

GEORGE
Hey, tomorrow's trash day, did you
remember to make sure all the bins in
the house are empty?

PHIL
Oh, I forgot!

Phil darts out of the kitchen. His parents notice the sink
is clear of dishes--they're all rinsed, in the dishwasher.

GEORGE
He didn't talk back.

ANGIE
Or complain.

GEORGE
Who is this boy and what did he do
with Phil?

ANGIE
(Eyes narrowing)
Do you remember him talking about an
Ashley before?

EXT. DARLAND HIGH - COURTYARD AREA - LUNCHTIME

Phil and Ashley sit together at a table with their lunch.

ASHLEY
You did a good thing yesterday, Phil.
It was good of you to invite him to
the park and it was good of you to
tell him. I think he just needed
space last night.

PHIL
I think it was good too. It was
just... hard. I've never been that
honest with anyone before.

ASHLEY
You were that honest with me.

PHIL
Not at first.

ASHLEY
(Smiling reassuringly)
You are now, though.

Phil sees Jake walking nearby.

PHIL
Jake! Come sit with us, please?

Jake looks over. He hesitates for a moment, then acquiesces to joining them.

It's awkward for a moment.

PHIL (cont'd)
I'm sorry, buddy. I'm not good at this stuff. It's new to me.

JAKE
What, honesty?

PHIL
(Voice cracks)
Er--yes.
(Beat)
But I'm trying.

JAKE
(Sighing)
Okay, I'll give you that. I appreciate you telling me. But that doesn't make a lifetime of false friendship a whole lot easier.

PHIL
It was cool hearing you talk about swords yesterday. I didn't know you were so into them.

Jake gives Phil a look. Apparently this was the wrong thing to say.

JAKE
Dude. I've told you about them, like, loads of times.

PHIL

Right.

(Awkwardly)

I usually Redo you because... swords make me uncomfortable.

JAKE

So you just make me talk about something else?

Phil shrugs solemnly. Ashley swoops in to try and save the conversation.

ASHLEY

If swords make you uncomfortable, you're gonna love *this*.

Ashley reaches for her backpack and brings up what appears to be a LARGE METAL PEN.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Lemme give you a hint. It's not actually a pen.

JAKE

WOW.

PHIL

What is it?

ASHLEY

(Smugly)

It's a taser. Press it against the attacker and press the button and they're in for a bad time.

PHIL

Well shit.

The end-of-lunch bell rings, and then a voice comes over the overhead COM.

ADMINISTRATOR

Ashley O'Moore, please report to administration. You have been requested for interview.

JAKE

What the hell? I thought the Investigator only wanted people who were here for the storm ten years ago.

PHIL

You just moved here, right?

Ashley nods, uncertain. She pulls up her backpack and holds the taser pen aloft, smirking.

ASHLEY

If anything goes wrong, I'm not the one who'll be sorry.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Phil and his parents are having a pleasant dinner. They are getting along and having good conversation.

GEORGE

So tell us more about your girlfriend!

PHIL

(Blushing)

She's not my girlfriend! But we get along so well. I've never had a friend who I've been able to talk to this easily. There's no fear or awkwardness with her. And you know the weirdest part?

Phil's parents look on in question.

PHIL (cont'd)

Redo doesn't work on her.

Both parents give shocked reactions.

ANGIE

How? Do you have any idea why? Has it ever not worked before?

PHIL

No. I don't understand it at all. But you know what? It's.... nice.

GEORGE

Is that what's been feeling so different lately?

PHIL

(Smiling)

I think so. I've never tried to live without Redo before. It's actually... freeing.

ANGIE

We've noticed you've been more casual at home. You seem less anxious and afraid. It's been so good to see, and I'm excited to hear the reason.

GEORGE

And how does Free Phil like the pork chops? You never talked to us at dinner before, so now I get to demand feedback.

PHIL

"Free Phil?" That one begins and ends today, dad.

All laugh. Then the home phone rings. Angie goes to answer, but reads the ID to the others first.

ANGIE

(Before picking up)

It's the school.

She picks up the phone and listens briefly, then thanks the caller and hangs up.

ANGIE (cont'd)

That was the administration. They said the Investigator is coming *here* with a team. They want to visit Phil at home.

GEORGE

Phil, do you think it has anything to do with you Redo? The storm is when all of that started...

Another phone rings. This time it's Phil's.

PHIL

It's Ashley.

He answers and puts it on speaker.

PHIL (cont'd)

What's up, Ashley? I have you on speaker.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Phil! I'm in my car and heading to your place. That Investigator was just at my house.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)
He was talking to my parents
aggressively and then tried to push
me into a room to talk to me alone.
He mentioned you--I think he knows
about Redo.

PHIL
Are you okay?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Yes--I tasered him and ran away. My
parents gave me their car keys and I
ran away. I think he's following. We
need to get out of here, now!

GEORGE
We'll be ready, Ashley!

Phil hangs up.

GEORGE (cont'd)
I'm so sorry, Phil. I never realized
what Redo might mean.

Angie grabs a bag from the closet and begins shoving snacks,
water, and spare clothes into it. Then she hands Phil cash
from her wallet.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Go to another town--somewhere small--
and lay low for a day while we figure
out if you're in danger. Do you know
our home phone by heart?

Phil nods.

Outside, a car pulls up and Ashley can be seen through the
window.

Angie pulls her son into a hug.

ANGIE
We love you so much. Stay safe. We
won't let this Investigator follow
you!

The three share a hug and then Phil runs out with the bag to
Ashley's car. The pair drive away as the evening light
fades.