

"THE BOX"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROBINSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Small, dilapidated, it's best days far from the past. Slanted sheets of rain pound on the well-worn timbers and eat away at the chips of paint that remain.

INT. ROBINSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is worn and old. A small gas stove, single sink, faded wallpaper and a dirty tile floor lit by a dim light that hangs over the table.

ANDREW ROBINSON (18), a handsome, skinny young man, eats from a plate that holds the last of his dinner.

Across from him is his grandfather, BRUCE ROBINSON (89). Frail, hunched over, his once robust face now a vacuous, gaunt shell. His hands tremble as he maneuvers his fork.

Andrew takes the two empty boxes and tosses them in the trashcan.

He turns to the counter and sees six bottles of prescription pills. He opens each one and deposits them into a pill cup.

A flash of lightning fills the room. BOOM! Thunder ROARS as his grandfather takes his last bite. He takes all his effort to push the plate aside as he lifts his eyes to see the rain SLAMMING onto the window.

With the cup filled with pills, Andrew returns to the table, and sits next to the withered old man.

ANDREW

Alright, Grandpa, time for your meds.

Bruce takes his meds without any water, slowly putting each one in his mouth and painfully swallowing after each one.

Andrew walks to the window, watching Bruce's reflection in the rain.

All of a sudden Bruce is young again, and laughing.

A 6 year old Andrew runs around the table on all fours with dog ears taped to his head.

Andrew jumps up on Bruce, hugging him tightly.

Thunder strikes and BOOM - back to present. A now weary old man downs another pill.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Want some water?

BRUCE

No, I'm fine, thanks.

Bruce takes his last pill, and sighs heavily.

ANDREW

Alright, let's get you to bed.

Andrew helps him out of his chair. He wraps one of Bruce's arms around his waist, and they stumble into the only bedroom of the house.

He gently places Bruce down, and Bruce swings his thin legs onto the bed after slipping off his filthy slippers.

BRUCE

Thank you, Andrew. I'll be better soon; it's just a temporary sickness.

ANDREW

You got dementia, Grandpa, it isn't temporary.

BRUCE

Oh shut up. Everything's temporary. From this rotten fucking house to you and me. Nothing lasts forever and thank God because I wouldn't live in this shithole if I was going to be alive long enough to watch you go through life... I won't be there for your graduation, or your *wedding*, or your first house, or when your kid takes his first steps.

Bruce begins to cry. Andrew sits on the foot of the bed.

ANDREW

Hey, hey, don't cry. It's okay, yeah you will, you'll see all of that.

BRUCE

Don't treat me like a baby. I know I'm dying. I'm 89 years old, for Christ's sake.

ANDREW

Get some sleep, grandpa. Everything will be better in the morning.

Andrew stands up and walks to the doorway. He turns back to look at Bruce again, and he flicks off the light.

He walks back through the narrow hallway towards the kitchen, but turns and goes into the living room instead.

He crawls up under the blankets on the couch and turns off the lamp behind him.

INT. PANDA EXPRESS - DAY

Inside Panda Express Andrew can be seen sweeping behind the counter. There are no customers, the place is dead.

CODY (18), an intelligent looking boy is sitting on the counter drinking a fountain drink without a lid or straw.

ANDREW

Care to help?

CODY

I'm on break. Besides, place is dead, why the fuck are you sweeping? The floor's clean.

ANDREW

I hate being bored. Makes me feel like I have no purpose. Besides, sweeping makes the clock run faster.

CODY

I get that. Hey, how's Bruce?

ANDREW

I think he's depressed. He just seems hopeless and was talking about how he

ANDREW (CONT.)

wasn't going to go to my wedding or some shit like that.

CODY

Yeah, my great grandfather was like that when he had dementia, too. When they know what's going on, they're just sad. Never lasts though, he'll forget he was depressed and move on.

ANDREW

You're great grandfather had dementia?

CODY

Yeah, I never told you?

ANDREW

No, I've known you for years and you barely talk about yourself.

CODY

That's because your problems are way worse than mine. If I talked about how I didn't make the fucking soccer team or some bullshit like that I'd feel like a narcissistic prick.

ANDREW

You didn't make the soccer team?

CODY

What-no. That's not the point. I'm saying that I'm here to listen, alright? I'm here for you bro, you're like my best friend.

ANDREW

(Laughing)

Ah shit, you gonna ask me to prom next?

CODY

Shut the fuck up.

ANDREW

Ooohh Cody has a crush on meee!

CODY

I have a girlfriend, douchebag. You hear that? *Girlfriend*. Not *boyfriend*. Besides, you couldn't handle this massive dick.

They laugh as Andrew continues to sweep the non-existent dust from the oddly shiny tiles.

CODY

Oh shit, by the way, guess what just came in the mail.

ANDREW

No fucking way.

CODY

Yes fucking way. Premium grade dab pen ready for the hitting.

ANDREW

Bro you got that shit off a sketchy ass website on the deep web. There's no way it isn't laced with some shit.

CODY

Tried it last night, and I'm fine.

Cody reaches into his pocket and pulls out the dab pen.

CODY (CONT.)

Want to hit it?

ANDREW

We're at work.

CODY

So? Look around. The place is dead.

ANDREW

Fine, one hit.

CODY

Okay pussy.

ANDREW

Maybe two.

Cody hands him the pen.

EXT. ROBINSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain is still pouring outside and the pool of water at the bottom of the hill is bigger than ever.

Andrew walks to the front door, which is so close to a moss covered wall the door physically can't open all the way.

At the bottom of the door is a large puddle of water, which Andrew steps in, completely submerging his feet.

ANDREW

(Under his breath)

Shit.

INT. ROBINSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew walks inside and closes the door behind him, locking it as he does. He shakes off his wet feet.

Rain pours in through an open window near the kitchen table, soaking it.

ANDREW

Jesus, why'd you leave the windows open?!

Andrew walks over to the window, and shut it. As he latches it, a shotgun can be heard racking back behind him. Andrew leaps out of the way and dives on the floor right before the shotgun fires, demolishing the window.

BRUCE

Get out you Mexican bastards!

ANDREW

Grandpa, it's me! Stop shooting!

BRUCE

Lenny? Is that you?

Andrew slowly stands up and raises his arms in surrender.

ANDREW

It's me, Andrew.

Bruce looks confused, and is still pointing the shotgun at Andrew.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Can you put down the gun, please?

Bruce seems surprised he is holding the shotgun, and drops it on the floor as if it's on fire.

Andrew runs over and snatches the gun, keeping it away from Bruce.

BRUCE

I'm sorry Lenny, I thought you were one of those illegals.

ANDREW

I'm not Lenny, Grandpa. Lenny's... Out of town.

BRUCE

Oh?

(walking away)

Well when you see him tell him to come home. I miss him.

ANDREW

Where are you going? I brought dinner.

Bruce turns around to see Andrew holding Panda Express containers.

BRUCE

Oh? What's you get?

ANDREW

Your favorite: Chinese.

BRUCE

Oh I love Chinese food! I haven't had that in years.

Bruce sits down at the table and Andrew places the food down. He walks to the kitchen and pours out pills.

However, when he pours out the dementia pills, the last one falls out.

Andrew walks back to the table and hands Bruce the pills. Bruce is scarfing down his food like he hasn't eaten in days.

ANDREW

Want some water or something?

BRUCE

(Chewing)

Oh, if you wouldn't mind I'd love a glass of water.

ANDREW

Coming right up. And slow down, you'll choke to death.

Andrew walks back to the kitchen and takes a glass that has been drying. He fills it with tap water from the rusty sink and returns it to Bruce.

BRUCE

Thank you, son.

ANDREW

I'm not- whatever.

Andrew sits down and starts eating.

BRUCE

You know something, I miss your mother. That whore really knew how to piss someone off, I'll give her that, but sometimes I think about all the fun we had. She had a smile brighter than the sun herself. You know, one time when we were dating, she flashed a school bus full of children because I dared her to.

They both laugh, but Andrew seems slightly uncomfortable.

BRUCE (CONT.)

(Chuckling)

She was one crazy bitch. We could have had a great life if she didn't throw it all away.

ANDREW

Hey, let's not think about her. It'll only make you sad. Just eat and take your medicine.

BRUCE

Medicine? Why the hell do I need medicine?

ANDREW

It's for your dementia and heart. You need to take it.

Bruce downs the pills in one swallow like nothing happened. The exact opposite of the night before.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew skids to a stop on his bike in front of a house that's blaring music. He gets off the bike and tosses it in the yard.

He walks up to the front door and knocks loudly. SAM (23), a sketchy looking guy who looks like he just woke up opens the door with a .45 pointed at Andrew's face.

Andrew isn't surprised by this, this seems like a regular occurrence. Sam lowers the gun once he sees who it is, and smiles. He raises the gun back up in a jokingly way.

SAM

Password?

ANDREW

You're a fucking idiot.

They laugh as Andrew pushes his way past.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

SAM

How's gramps?

Andrew plops down on a cozy looking couch sitting in front of a large flat screen TV that is playing "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" on mute.

ANDREW

He's getting worse. Thought I was an intruder and shot at me.

SAM

Jesus, with what?

ANDREW

A big-ass shotgun. I thought I took all his guns away but I guess I missed one. Anyways, I'm just here for a refill.

SAM

Shit, actually...

Andrew glares at Sam.

SAM (CONT.)

Oh, no no no I have it, it's just that the prices went up. It's 300 now.

ANDREW

Why?

SAM

I don't know. The corporations or shit in charge of making medicine know that people are going to buy it even if it's more expensive.

ANDREW

What fucking dicks.

SAM

I know. I wish I could punch the guy in charge right in the face.

ANDREW

Well I only brought 200 like usual. Can you spot me? I'll drop the rest off tomorrow.

SAM

Yeah, man, I know you're good for it.

ANDREW

Thanks.

SAM

Oh, by the way, you want some weed, too? I just got some of the best shit I've ever had.

ANDREW

No, just the refill for me. I'm trying to save a bit of money.

SAM

For what?

ANDREW

Just to have it. I've always wanted to have some money I can spend on myself, you

ANDREW (CONT.)

know? New shoes, maybe a jacket, shit like that.

SAM

Yeah, I get it.

Sam walks over to a table with a duffle bag resting on top of it. He takes out a bag of weed and places it on the table.

He digs in further and takes out a pill bottle. He reads the label and tosses it aside. He reads another one off and is still unsatisfied. He picks another one off and reads the label.

SAM (CONT.)

Ah, here we go.

(Reading the label)

Galantamine. Ah, sold by Miller Pharmaceuticals. Blame those fucks for the price.

ANDREW

Anything to make a buck, right?

SAM

Exactly. What assholes.

Sam tosses the bottle to Andrew, and Andrew catches it. Andrew stands up, and hands Sam the \$200.

INT. PANDA EXPRESS - DAY

Andrew and Cody are washing dishes in the back of Panda Express's kitchen. They rinse the plates and toss them into an adjoining sink of water labeled "SANATIZE."

ANDREW

He's getting worse. Almost blew my head off last night when I was trying to close the window.

CODY

Oh my God, you okay?

ANDREW

Yeah, I'm fine but I don't know how much longer he can hold out. I wish he could just go to a hospital.

CODY

Why can't he, again?

ANDREW

Well, he doesn't have insurance or any form of id. They won't let him stay there

ANDREW (CONT.)

or prescribe him anything. It's getting harder to get his meds, too. The dementia pills went up in price by some asshole pharmaceutical company. This job doesn't pay enough for me to keep doing this. And I can't get a job anywhere else because I dropped out of fuckin' high school to take care of Bruce.

CODY

You know I might have a way for you make decent money. You said you're good at math, right?

ANDREW

I'm not doing anything illegal. I can't afford to go to jail right now.

CODY

No, it isn't illegal, it's a tutoring job.

ANDREW

What?

CODY

Yeah, my aunt needs a tutor for my cousin. They're super rich. They own a beach side mansion in La Jolla.

ANDREW

Sam, I'm a high school drop out living in a house that isn't owned by me or by my grandfather. I have literally nothing to my name. Who would hire me as a tutor?

CODY

So lie. I'll personally recommend you and I'll make sure mention how you were an outstanding student.

ANDREW

And when she asks about why I'm not in school?

CODY

I'll tell her that you already graduated.

ANDREW

Can't she check?

CODY

She won't. Stop worrying, just take the job, and spend your afternoons in a giant house enjoying awesome views.

ANDREW

That does sound nice. When can I start?

CODY

I'll call her tonight and give her your phone number. She'll probably want to interview you, so if you get through that, you're in.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

On a beautiful sunny day, a large modern mansion rests on a cliff, towering over the shore below. Waves crash onto the beach, and seals rest on rocks just off the coast.

Andrew sits inside the mansion in front of a large glass window overlooking the beach.

Across from him is SAMANTHA MILLER (42), a beautiful and eccentric mother who looks and acts like she hasn't lived with her insane fortune for very long.

She stares at him with an odd sense of passion, like she's been waiting for this moment and can't contain her excitement.

SAMANTHA

So Sam tells me you're very good at math.
Top of your classes before you graduated?
Is that right?

ANDREW

Well, I don't like to boast but I did get
an A in AP Calculus.

SAMANTHA

Very impressive. Have you ever tutored
before?

ANDREW

I used to tutor close friends when I was
in school for free. I've never done it as
a job, though.

SAMANTHA

Oh how kind. So I hear your grandfather
isn't well?

ANDREW

Yes, ma'am. He has a severe case of
dementia. I'm taking a gap year for
college to take care of him until he
passes.

SAMANTHA

Oh, I'm so sorry. Make sure you go to college, though. A large percentage of students that take a gap year don't actually ever go to college. If you earn your degree, it's yours. Everything else can be taken away from you, your job, house, car, anything. But a degree will prove that you are worth it. That can never be taken away from you.

ANDREW

I have plans to go to SDSU next year to study business administration.

SAMANTHA

Oh, that's a great major. My wife actually owns her own business. It's how we could afford such a nice place.

ANDREW

Oh wow, that's really cool, I've always wanted to own my own business. Uh, if you don't mind me asking - what do you do for work?

SAMANTHA

Oh I'm a stay at home mom, but I occasionally volunteer at the San Diego orphanage. I love kids. I actually just adopted my son, Tyler, a few months ago from the orphanage I volunteer at.

As if on cue, a nerf dart soars through the air and strikes Andrew on the side of the head. Andrew picks up the dart, and looks at it.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

Tyler! Don't ever shoot at people!

TYLER (8), a small, curly headed boy who is holding a nerf pistol jolts up the stairs.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

I'm so sorry about him. I try to maintain his innocence and tell him not shoot at people, but he's becoming more and more rebellious. It's very important that we keep him innocent.

ANDREW

It's really okay. I used to shoot nerf guns at my parents all the time and they would always get so angry at me.

SAMANTHA

Speaking of your parents, I know you watch over your grandfather, but I don't know anything about your parents.

ANDREW

They died in a car accident when I was young. I know, I know, pretty cliché. But

ANDREW (CONT.)

ever since then, my grandfather's been looking out for me.

SAMANTHA

So now the tables have turned then, huh?

Andrew notices a housekeeper dusting behind Samantha.

ANDREW

Yeah, something like that.

SAMANTHA

Well, you seem kind and smart, so I'll allow you to tutor Sarah. If things go well maybe we can make this a long term arrangement. She's beginning her senior year of high school soon, so she'll need help.

ANDREW

Okay, thank you so much.

SAMANTHA

So you'll begin lessons next week, and let's do four lessons a day, two hours each. I heard that's the best way to do it.

ANDREW

It is.

SAMANTHA

And we'll pay you \$200 per lesson.

ANDREW

(Holding back excitement)

That sounds... fair.

SAMANTHA

Oh, and how did you get here? I didn't see your car.

ANDREW

Oh, I ubered.

SAMANTHA

Oh, how can you trust those things? A stranger driving you around! If you keep doing that you'll be a murder victim. Let my driver, Pete, take you home. I'll also arrange for him to pick to up. Just tell him your address and it'll be set.

ANDREW

Okay, thank you.

SAMANTHA

Have a wonderful day, Andrew.

ANDREW

You too, Mrs. Miller.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

PETE (62), a man who aged more than the average person is driving while Andrew sits in the back, looking out the window.

PETE

(Adjusting rear view mirror
so he can see Andrew)

So where do you live?

ANDREW

Just drop me at Rancho Bernard Transit
Station.

PETE

You sure? I can take you all the way home.

ANDREW

Thanks, but I'm fine. It's easier for me
to be dropped off there.

PETE

Suit yourself.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

Inside the Miller's home, SARAH MILLER (18), a beautiful, thin girl with ocean blue eyes and bright, blonde hair scribbles down numbers onto a piece of lined paper resting on a desk in front of a large window overlooking the ocean.

Andrew sits next to her, carefully watching. Sarah stops writing, and looks at Andrew.

SARAH

(Unsure)

Done?

ANDREW

Let me see.

Andrew slides the paper in front of him. He carefully looks over each line and equation.

The fonts of the starter equations are in different handwriting than the answers, indicating that Andrew wrote out the equations and Sarah solved them.

ANDREW (CONT.)

(Pointing to an elaborate equation)

On this one, why did you substitute 3 for y?

SARAH

Uh - rule of substitution?

ANDREW

When doing systems of equations, you need to get the simpler equation and get y by itself, so you can then substitute it on the other equation, like this.

Andrew starts writing down numbers on the paper, and he eventually gets a much different answer than Sarah.

SARAH

Oh, okay. I get it.

ANDREW

Let's do a few more to seal the deal.

SARAH

I get it, though.

ANDREW

With math, you need to do it enough until you don't even have to think about which step is next in solving the equation. You need to power through it like it's nothing.

Andrew starts writing down more equations.

SARAH

This is bullshit. It's summer break before my senior year. I shouldn't be studying systems of equations.

ANDREW

Your mom thinks you do.

SARAH

I've already been accepted into college.

ANDREW

How? It seems a bit soon.

SARAH

My mom is really good friends with the admissions director at SDSU and she called in a favor.

ANDREW

Well, they can still reject you after they accept you if anything new comes up. Like someone could get into college but their final transcript gets them rejected after they graduate.

SARAH

Doesn't change the fact that I don't need you here.

ANDREW

Sarah, look. I'm not trying to be a dick, but systems of equations are really easy. Not just for me, but for a lot of people. I think you need to focus and really learn so you can master this and move on to the next thing. Besides, look at the bright side, you get to hang out with me.

SARAH

(Under her breath)

Dick.

ANDREW

I heard that.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

I know.

All of a sudden Tyler bursts through the door screaming. He fires nerf darts at them, and runs away.

LAUREN MILLER (43), a beautiful Asian woman with long, dark hair walks in the room.

LAUREN

I am so sorry about him. He's super crazy and we can't always hold him in one spot.

ANDREW

I get it. Children need to run around every now and then.

LAUREN

Exactly. So you're the new tutor, huh? Samantha didn't mention how handsome you were.

Andrew blushes.

ANDREW

Thanks, and yeah, I'm Andrew.

LAUREN

Well nice to meet you Andrew, I'm Lauren. Anyways, I'll leave you two to study.

Lauren leaves the room, gently shutting the door as she leaves.

SARAH

Sorry about my crazy brother, you'll have to get used to him.

ANDREW

I don't mind.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

Andrew waits in front of a large metal gate protecting the beach mansion from the street. A buzzer loudly sounds, and the gate swings open, revealing a beautiful garden lined with well-trimmed bushes and trees.

Across from the garden is an infinity pool overlooking the ocean with a cement patio housing chairs, tables, and umbrellas.

Above the pool you can clearly see into Sarah's room.

Andrew walks up the stairs to the house's front door, which opens as he approaches.

Samantha is there when the door opens, wearing a formal dress.

SAMANTHA

Hey, Andrew! You're early. We were holding a little get together with some friends for lunch here, so please don't mind the guests. But please, come in! Get some snacks and mingle before you have to tutor.

Andrew steps inside and sees that the house is packed with people in formal attire. Champaign is being passed around, and people talk to each other.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

Everyone! This is Sarah's tutor, Andrew!

As if in AA, everyone says:

EVERYONE

Hey, Andrew!

The all laugh and go back to their conversations.

ANDREW

That's a lot of people.

SAMANTHA

I know, right? Lauren invited some of her clients and friends over. She's trying to impress them to sell more meds.

ANDREW

Oh yeah, doesn't she own a pharmaceutical company?

SAMANTHA

That she does. Miller pharmaceutical corporation.

ANDREW

Oh, they're in charge of my grandfather's dementia medications.

SAMANTHA

Really?! That's crazy. Small world.

ANDREW

Didn't they just raise the price for it, too?

SAMANTHA

You'd have to ask Lauren. She brings in the paper while I have my own ways to chip in, if you know what I mean.

ANDREW

Well, you're technically my employer, soooo...

SAMANTHA

Not like that! I mean I have non sexual ways of bringing in money to the house.

Andrew sees Tyler hiding behind the railing on the steps, watching the crowd from above.

ANDREW

Excuse me.

Andrew passes by Samantha and heads up the stairs towards Tyler.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Why are you hiding?

TYLER

Those people want to kill me.

ANDREW

What? Why would you say that?

TYLER

You see that painting?

Tyler points to a painting hanging in the kitchen. It is of the upper half of a bull sitting on a dome with its arms in the air.

ANDREW

Yeah, creepy painting.

TYLER

I have nightmares about it. It's half bull half man and it chases me around. Then those people downstairs throw me into a fire.

ANDREW

Oh my God, that's crazy. These people wouldn't hurt you. They're in the business of helping people. They sell medication for ill people.

TYLER

(Softly)

Really?

ANDREW

Of course. They would never do anything to you.

Sarah emerges at the top of the stairs wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around her body. Her hair is wet like she just got out of the shower.

SARAH

(Seductively)

Oh hey Andrew. Ready to tutor me?

ANDREW

Yeah. I can wait while you get changed.

SARAH

No need.

Sarah walks away, but drops her towel as she does so, letting Andrew see her naked body.

Andrew stands up, and follows her.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew and Sarah lie naked in Sarah's bed, exhausted. They both smile wonderfully.

SARAH

That was... Amazing.

ANDREW

(Dazed)

Yeah.

Sarah stands up, and walks to the bathroom that is connected to her room.

The bathroom looks amazing, it has a glass shower and large tub by a window overlooking the emerald ocean.

Sarah turns on the shower, and hops in.

Andrew stares at the ceiling in wonder.

ANDREW

Hey, Tyler was just talking about some fucked up shit when we were on the stairs.

SARAH

Was that what you were thinking when I was on top of you?

ANDREW

No, but I think he should go to counseling or something.

SARAH

What was he saying?

ANDREW

He was talking about a minotaur chasing him and the people downstairs throwing him into a fire or something.

SARAH

(Intrigued)

Really?!

ANDREW

Yeah, has he talked about that before?

SARAH

(Not listening)

Shit. We don't have much time then.

ANDREW

Time for what?

SARAH

Nothing. Forget I said that. He's just new to this house. You know we just adopted him, right? Any kid is going to be scared of some creepy painting. It's completely normal. His innocence should be intact.

ANDREW

His innocence?

SARAH

Yeah, you know how kids are. Super innocent and super ignorant. It's just a phase. It'll pass soon.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler lays under his covers with a book and a flashlight. The light can be seen radiating out through the sheets.

Samantha opens the door and the flashlight immediately turns off.

SAMANTHA

I know you're awake.

Tyler comes out from under the covers and looks at Samantha. Samantha turns on the lamp on the nightstand resting next to Tyler's bed.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

I heard you were having nightmares... About the painting in the kitchen. Want to talk about it?

Tyler tenses up.

TYLER

Not really.

SAMANTHA

When did they start? The nightmares I mean.

Tyler shrugs an "I don't know and I don't want to talk about it."

SAMANTHA

You can talk to me. I'm your mom, even if I'm not your biological mother I'm still your *mother*. Anything you say to me is purely confidential.

TYLER

(Still tense)

It's just, you were the leader.

SAMANTHA

Leader of what?

TYLER

I don't know, a group of people. The people from downstairs.

SAMANTHA

The people from the party? They're just there to buy pills off of Lauren, it's her job.

TYLER

They wanted to hurt me. They burned me. And cut me.

SAMANTHA

Oh darling, you know I would never let anything happen to you.

Tyler turns over, facing away from Samantha.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

Hey don't be like that. Come on.

Samantha rubs Tyler's back lovingly, but Tyler doesn't budge.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

As long as you're with us, *nothing* bad will happen to you okay? It was just a dream. I get nightmares sometimes too. In fact, when I was a little girl, I would get nightmares *so bad* that I would wake up screaming. It scared my parents to *death*.

TYLER

(Turning over)

Really?

SAMANTHA

Cross my heart.

INT. MILLER KITCHEN - NIGHT

The luxurious kitchen has it all - a chef's stove, the nicest microwave ever, and a beautiful stainless steel fridge. Spotless pots and pans dangle over the island that Lauren leans against.

Across from her is her loving wife, Samantha, with a worried look on her face.

SAMANTHA

(Quietly)

He knows.

LAUREN

What?

SAMANTHA

(Still whispering)

He knows.

LAUREN

I seriously can't hear you. Can you speak up a bit?

SAMANTHA

(Shouting)

HE KNOWS!

LAUREN

Woah! Sammy, Calm down! Who knows what exactly.

SAMANTHA

Tyler. He knows... *everything*. He said he saw it in a dream.

LAUREN

That's impossible.

SAMANTHA

He pointed out that painting.

Samantha points to the painting of the bull in the dome.

LAUREN

Are you sure he was talking about that?

SAMANTHA

Positive.

LAUREN

Shit. I was hoping for at least another couple weeks with the little guy.

SAMANTHA

Hey, rule number one: Don't get attached.

LAUREN

I'm not attached; he just blends in so nicely here. It's almost like he's our actual son. Regardless, we have to move it up.

SAMANTHA

I'll let them know.

EXT. ROBINSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has subsided, and small puddles gather around the front of the house in the discrete yard.

The moon-lit yard can be seen clearly for the first time, and regardless of it being summer, all the grass and bushes that once lined the house is now dead. Spider webs line the windows, and one of the windows has cardboard taped on to it from where it was shot with a shotgun.

A car skids to a stop on the street in front of the house, and the passenger door swings open. Andrew steps out.

Inside the car Sam is in the driver's seat, and music is blaring. Sam turns down the music to where it is just background noise.

SAM

Tell Gramps I said hi!

ANDREW

(Laughing)

He will never know you exist.

SAM

Good!

Andrew shuts the door, and Sam speeds off. Andrew stumbles as he makes his way to the door.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew steps inside of the house, and shuts the door behind him.

Bruce is sitting at the table, with an empty pizza box in front of him. Next to the pizza box are some pills.

ANDREW

Grandpa, I told you to take these!

BRUCE

Where were you?

ANDREW

I was out with friends.

BRUCE

You high?

ANDREW

A little. Take your meds.

BRUCE

(picking up the pills)

Did you bring me any?

Bruce slams the pills down with a swig of the glass of water sitting in front of him.

ANDREW

No, but I will next time.

BRUCE

When I was your age I used to sneak out every other weekend to smoke pot with my buddies. I can't even remember their names anymore but when my dad caught me he gave me the beating of a lifetime. He used to say, "Only fags smoke grass." Homophobic bastard. You know, I pride myself in being the only old guy in America that isn't homophobic. When I was in the Navy, I'll admit I had my fun with both genders.

ANDREW

Jesus Christ, Grandpa, I don't need to know this.

BRUCE

I did like women more though, that's why I married... Lo- Lori? God, I can't even remember my wife's name.

Bruce begins sobbing uncontrollably.

ANDREW

Loretta. Her name was Loretta. She was gorgeous and you loved her more than anything.

BRUCE

(Coming to his senses)

That's right - Loretta. How long has been since she died?

ANDREW

Three years. She went peacefully in her sleep. We buried her in the park across the street. Next to the tree you guys would have picnics at.

BRUCE

Right... Now I remember. We carved a heart with our names in it. When I die, bury me with her.

ANDREW

You aren't going to die anytime soon, Grandpa. Get some rest. Dream about your wife.

BRUCE

I think I might just do that, Andrew. Thank you.

ANDREW

You're welcome. Goodnight.

BRUCE

(Standing up)

Goodnight.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew and Sarah sit at her desk with Andrew looking over her as she scribbles down answers to previously wrote equations.

Sarah finishes the last one on the page, and smiles.

SARAH

There. All done.

Andrew looks over her answers, and smiles as well.

ANDREW

(Amazed)

Look at you, they're all right!

SARAH

Now for my prize.

ANDREW

What?

Sarah slides down her chair and gets under the desk. From Andrew's expression and the sound of his pants being unzipped, it can be deduced that her prize is giving him a blowjob.

ANDREW

Oh, fuck.

INT. MILLER KITCHEN - DAY

Beneath the two love-birds MARIA (40s), a Spanish housekeeper cleaning the counter tops with a spray bottle and rags, turns at the sound of gagging in the bathroom across from the kitchen.

The gagging stops, and she returns to cleaning. After a moment, the gagging returns, more violent than ever.

Maria rushes to the source of the horrible sound to see the bathroom door wide open, and Samantha on her knees over the toilet, gagging.

MARIA

Are you okay, Mrs. Miller?

SAMANTHA

I'm fine, just a bit sick. I'll be okay,
just go back to clean-

Black, slimy tar erupts from her mouth, spewing all over the clean toilet. It keeps coming out, an impossible amount.

Maria pats Samantha's back.

MARIA

It's okay, let it all out.

Samantha keeps puking the black tar, gasping for air when she can.

When she is finished, she slowly stands up, and wipes the black dribble from her mouth.

Maria sees the monstrosity in the toilet. The once pristine, white toilet is now covered in slimy, black tar. She is horrified.

MARIA (CONT.)

Are- are you okay, Mrs. Miller?

SAMANTHA

(Menacingly)

You weren't supposed to see that.

INT. BEACH MANSION, SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Back upstairs, Sarah lies naked on her bed, moaning. She moans louder and louder, until she starts twitching. She sighs in relief.

Andrew climbs up from under her, until he is face to face with her.

SARAH

I never knew you could eat pussy so good.

ANDREW

One of my many hidden talents.

Sarah kisses Andrew, and he kisses back. They roll over, and Sarah stops kissing him and stands up. She walks to the desk and grabs her phone.

SARAH

Hey, what's your phone number?

ANDREW

I actually don't have a phone.

SARAH

What?! It's 2020 how do you *not* have a phone?

ANDREW

Never needed one. I'm not the richest person ever.

SARAH

Aren't my parents paying you enough to buy one?

ANDREW

Yeah, but I gotta take care of my grandfather. He's expensive.

SARAH

Well, shit. I wanted to facetime you and stuff.

ANDREW

Hey, what exactly are we?

SARAH

What do you mean?

ANDREW

Like am I just some hookup, or is this... *Something?*

SARAH

I'm not a whore. I don't fuck just anybody that I see. We're definitely in a relationship. Is there a problem with that?

ANDREW

Not at all. Just... What do we say to your parents?

SARAH

Nothing. They don't have to know.

ANDREW

Works for me.

INT. ROBINSON HOUSE - DAY

Bruce is sitting on the raggedy couch with a poorly rolled joint in his hand. He's just looking at it, like he's deciding if he wants to smoke it.

In decision, he raises it to his lips and places it in his mouth. He picks up a matchbox from the table and takes out a match. He strikes the match, igniting it.

As he raises the match to the joint, the flame travels up the match. It burns his hand and he drops it.

The carpet catches on fire.

BRUCE

Oh shit!

Bruce lets the joint fall out of his mouth and onto the ground.

He jumps up from the couch, and runs into the kitchen, where he picks up a hand towel.

He rushes back into the living room and swats at the fire, only to have the hand towel catch fire, too.

BRUCE (CONT.)

Shit, shit, shit!

Bruce throws the hand towel to the side, and sees the fire is spreading rapidly.

He runs to the door and swings it open. Before leaving, he takes one last look at the burning house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andrew rides his bicycle down the narrow road, smiling. The wind pushes his hair back, and he glides along the street, careful to avoid potholes as he does.

His face contorts into an awful look. In front of him, firetrucks and an ambulance rest in front of his burned down house with their lights on.

Andrew skids to a stop and jumps off the bike, letting it fall in the street. He runs towards the firemen, who are huddled together, talking.

ANDREW

Where is he?

The firefighters turn and look at the scared boy.

FIREFIGHTER

Who?

ANDREW

There was an old man here. Where is he?

FIREFIGHTER

Probably by the ambulance.

Andrew runs to the ambulance.

Sitting down on the back of the open ambulance is Bruce, who looks dirty, but unharmed.

ANDREW

Are you okay? What happened?

BRUCE

I don't know what happened. I was trying to smoke weed and I guess I dropped the match.

A paramedic walks over to Bruce and Andrew.

PARAMEDIC

Excuse me, who are you?

ANDREW

I'm Andrew, his grandson.

PARAMEDIC

Okay, well he's okay. Luckily he got out of the house before it truly went up in flames.

ANDREW

Oh, thank God.

BRUCE

Andrew, where are we going to live now?

ANDREW

Don't worry, I'll find something.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

In a dirty and overfilled homeless shelter, Bruce and Andrew lean against a cracked wall.

There is nothing with them except for themselves. All their belongings went up in the fire, including the meds.

BRUCE

Does this mean we're homeless?

ANDREW

Well, I mean we technically didn't own the house we were staying at before, so nothing's *really* changed.

BRUCE

We didn't own it?

ANDREW

Nope. I think it was abandoned or something.

BRUCE

(Relieved)

That makes me feel a lot better. I *am* sorry I burnt down our house, though.

ANDREW

It's okay. I'm just glad you're alright. I wouldn't know what to do without you.

BRUCE

You'd get the fuck out of San Diego. This place isn't good for you. You need to go somewhere you can reach your full potential.

ANDREW

(Laughing)

Yeah? Like where?

BRUCE

I don't know... Maybe New York? Or Florida.
Great weather there.

ANDREW

I'm not really trying to die in a
hurricane.

BRUCE

(Daydreaming)

New York then. I can see it already.
Andrew Robinson, living in the city. You'd
fit right in with all the businessmen.
You'd be rich.

ANDREW

Well, I won't have to think about it for a
long time. You're not going anywhere.

Bruce laughs.

BRUCE

You should be prepared. Just in case... I
can feel it. It won't be much longer.

ANDREW

Stop talking. Get some sleep.

They both lay down.

BRUCE

I miss pillows.

ANDREW

And a bed.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew is writing down equations while Sarah is behind him, digging through her drawer. She finally produces a white, Apple iPhone Box. She quickly turns around and hides it behind her back.

SARAH

Hey, I got you something.

ANDREW

Oh no, what is it.

SARAH

Well, you were saying how you didn't have a phone... So I got you one.

She brings the box out from behind her back and hands it to Andrew. The box is the latest model of the iPhone.

ANDREW

Oh my God! Thank you so much! You really didn't have to do that.

SARAH

I already set it up for you and put my number in there. There are also a few surprises in the photo gallery.

ANDREW

Thank you.

Andrew kisses Sarah on the lips.

Mid-kiss, Samantha barges through the door, seeing everything.

SAMANTHA

Woah! Sorry to interrupt your studying! Sarah, you ready to go?

SARAH

Yep!

SAMANTHA

Did you ask him?

SARAH

Shit, I forgot.

SAMANTHA

Language!

(To Andrew)

Andrew, would you mind watching over the house? We just had to get rid of our housekeeper because she was stealing from us, so we want to make sure this place is looked after while we're gone.

ANDREW

I gotta look after my grandfather, sorry. Where are you guys going?

SAMANTHA

He can stay here too! You guys could spend the weekend here as a vacation. The beach is private, so nobody should disturb you. Just pick up after yourselves. And we'll count it as overtime for your lessons.

ANDREW

Uh, okay, yeah that sounds great. Where are you going?

SAMANTHA

Sarah, you didn't tell him?

SARAH

Sorry, I forgot.

SAMANTHA

We're going away for the weekend with some of Lauren's colleagues. It should be pretty fun, actually.

(To Sarah)

You ready? We have to go now if we want to be on time.

SARAH

Yeah, I'm ready.

Sarah walks over to her bed and pulls a suitcase out from underneath. She walks to Andrew and kisses him in front of her mother.

SARAH (CONT.)

Enjoy the phone.

Before Andrew can get a word out, they're gone, closing the door behind them.

ANDREW

(Under his breath)

What just happened?

INT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew sits on the couch in front of a giant flat screen TV. A fire slowly burns in the fireplace beneath the TV.

The show playing is a documentary about elephants.

The narrator goes on and on about elephants in Africa.

Andrew scrolls through his new phone, and sees the photo gallery.

ANDREW

(To himself)

What did you leave me?

He opens the photo gallery and clicks on the first image. A large picture fills the screen. It is Sarah topless with her tongue out, pressing her boobs together.

He smiles.

He scrolls through the photos, until he reaches the end.

Beneath Andrew, a faint sound can be heard. Andrew notices this and looks uneasy. It sounds like a faint police siren.

He mutes the TV and listens. The fire crackles but the siren can still be heard. He gets up, and lays on the ground, pressing his ear against the wooden floor.

He stands again, and walks over to a door. He opens it, and flicks the light switch positioned over the dark staircase.

The lights don't turn on.

ANDREW

Shit, that's typical.

Andrew descends slowly, the decaying wooden stairs creaking with every step.

He reaches the bottom and stops. He turns to his right and all that can be seen in the darkness is a toy police car, the lights blaring red and blue. A soft siren can be heard coming from it.

Andrew smiles, and walks towards the toy.

He picks it up and flips it upside down. He switches the switch to "OFF."

The lights and sound immediately go off. It is only then that he notices the moonlight shining in through the glass pane door leading to the great outdoors.

Andrew puts the toy back down, and turns around. Behind him he sees a large silhouette of a minotaur.

Andrew flinches and stumbles backwards, falling onto cardboard boxes, ripping them open.

He instantly reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone and switches the flashlight on. The silhouette is a large bronze sculpture of the painting in the kitchen.

Andrew sighs in relief. He turns back around and shines the flashlight onto the boxes he ripped open with his fall.

Papers are scattered everywhere, each one with writing in a different language. The writing looks to be in tongues, no language he'd ever seen before. Images are scribbled onto the pages, and a pentagram can be seen on multiple.

ANDREW (CONT.)

(Under his breath)

The fuck?

He picks up a piece of paper resting on an old chest and looks at it. He turns it to the back but there is nothing.

He goes to place the paper back down when he notices to box once underneath the paper. It looks like an antique chest with intricate designs on top.

He kneels down to open it, but notices a large pentagram on the front.

He opens it anyways.

Inside there is a pen and a piece of parchment paper, with a single line etched on it.

"WRITE DOWN YOUR DEEPEST WANTS AND THEY SHALL BE GRANTED."

Andrew scoffs.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Yeah, right.

He picks up the pen and writes down "MONEY."

Nothing happens.

He puts the pen and parchment paper back in the box, closing it afterwards. He stands up to leave when -

The box starts violently shaking. It is vibrating so much that it begins to drift slightly across the cemented basement floor.

The box stops shaking. Andrew stands in disbelief. He slowly kneels and opens the box to find it is filled with 100 dollar bills.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Holy shit.

He picks up the box and dumps it upside down, letting the money fall on the floor. He picks up the pen and writes another word on the paper: "GALANTAMINE."

He closes the box again and it starts instantly shaking. Once it is done he opens the box to find it is filled with pill bottles of Bruce's dementia medication.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Oh fuck.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew lays on Sarah's bed with the box in front of him. The paper now has multiple lines of writing on it, mainly "MONEY."

In an open bag next to the bed are wads of cash.

Andrew thinks of what to write next.

He writes down "FAME" and closes the box. Nothing happens.

His stomach audibly rumbles. He writes down "APPLE" and closes the lid. The box shakes the whole bed, and stops. Andrew opens the box again. Inside is a single apple.

Andrew picks up the apple and takes a big bite, surprised at how good it tastes.

Andrew checks his phone. The time reads "11:00"

ANDREW

Shit!

Andrew opens the uber app.

ANDREW (CONT.)

I can afford you now.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Andrew creeps through the dark, heading to where he and Bruce slept the night before. There is a man lying face first on the ground. Andrew pushes him.

ANDREW

(Whispering)

Grandpa, wake up.

The figure rolls over and angrily looks at Andrew. It isn't Bruce.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Oh my God I'm so sorry.

Andrew stands back up and looks around. He sees Bruce asleep on his side a bit further away.

He walks to Bruce and kneels beside him.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Grandpa, wake up. I have enough pills to last a decade. Money, too. We can put a deposit down on a house. And not some shithole like before I mean a *real* house in a nice neighborhood. We'll never have to worry again.

Bruce doesn't move.

ANDREW (CONT.)

(Pushing Bruce)

Grandpa?

Bruce doesn't budge. Andrew puts his hand in front of Bruce's nose to check for breathing. He isn't.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Fuck!

Andrew falls backwards and starts crying silently.

A figure sits up on the cot behind Andrew.

FIGURE

He dead?

ANDREW

(Pulling himself together)

Yeah.

FIGURE

Shit, he seemed nice.

ANDREW

You talked to him?

FIGURE

No, I overheard him talking to a girl when I was trying to sleep. He's a loud talker.

ANDREW

Yeah, he can be like that.

FIGURE

Sorry for your loss kid.

The figure lays back down.

ANDREW

Did you say he was talking to girl?

FIGURE

Yeah, skinny blonde by the looks of it.
She seemed nice.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Next to a tree with a carved heart, Andrew digs a grave. He can be seen crying as he digs.

He throws the shovel aside and climbs out of the grave. With both hands he pushes Bruce in the hole.

Andrew stands at the foot of the grave, tears rolling down his cheeks. He walks to the tree, and places his hand on the carved heart. He sinks to the ground, and puts his back against the tree and cries.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Andrew wakes up next to his grandfather's grave. He slowly stands up, groaning as he does.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a pill bottle of dementia medication.

He digs a small hole with his hands and places the bottle inside before pushing the loose dirt back on top of it.

Andrew stands back up, and looks down at the grave.

ANDREW

Goodbye, Grandpa.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

The front door of the Millers' house swings open and Andrew steps inside. He closes the door behind him and looks around at the quiet house.

The mansion seems eerie with no lights on and completely bright due to the large windows scattered throughout the house.

Andrew stands there, doing nothing for a couple moments before making his way to the staircase.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew stands in front of the bed, looking at the box and the pile of money next to it.

He walks to the bathroom and turns on the shower.

LATER

Andrew, now dressed with a towel around his waist, writes down "CLEAN CLOTHES" on the parchment paper.

The box shakes to life, bouncing the money resting on the bed. Once it has stopped, Andrew opens the box, revealing a set of clean clothes.

INT. MILLER KITCHEN - DAY

Andrew leans against the counter, staring at the island helplessly. He looks severely depressed.

All of a sudden, his phone rings in his pocket. Andrew is startled by this.

He takes out his phone and sees that Sarah is trying to facetime him. He swipes to answer.

SARAH

Hey Andrew! How you liking the house?

ANDREW

It's a bit big for one person.

SARAH

Well it's not really meant for one person!

She laughs, and Andrew barely smiles.

SARAH (CONT.)

Hey, are you okay?

ANDREW

Ye-yeah, I'm fine.

SARAH

Are you sure? You don't look so good.

ANDREW

I'm just tired. I didn't get much sleep last night.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Ask him if his grandfather is staying there.

SARAH

My mom wants me to ask if your grandfather is staying there with you.

Andrew flinches at this.

ANDREW

Uh - yeah, he is.

SARAH

Oh! Can I say hi? I want to meet him!

ANDREW

He's umm... Still sleeping.

SARAH

Aw okay. Well anyways I was just checking in. Have you gone swimming yet?

ANDREW

Sw-swimming?

SARAH

Yeah, like in the pool or the ocean?

ANDREW

No, not yet.

SARAH

Well it's a gorgeous day out so you better take advantage of it!

ANDREW

I will.

LAUREN (O.S.)

Sarah, we need to go.

SARAH

Hey, I gotta go, I'll text you later, okay?

ANDREW

Can't wait.

Sarah hangs up and Andrew stares at the blank screen. He starts sobbing.

Breaking his cries is a large crash from upstairs. Andrew jumps, and slowly raises his head, looking above him at the ceiling.

The ceiling starts to shake violently. Something above the ceiling is shaking. The box.

Andrew runs to stairs and flies up them. He races to Sarah's door and swings it open to find-

The box is gone. It isn't on the bed. There are no more sounds of shaking.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Fuck.

He walks around the bed and sees the box on the ground.

A large drum-like sound erupts from the box and it floats gently above the floor, beating as it does.

The lid slowly creaks open, the beats becoming louder and louder until the lid is finally open all the way, and the sounds stop. There is silence.

Andrew positions himself to look inside.

Inside the box is the single piece of parchment paper, this time only with one word inscribed on the delicate page:
"GARAGE"

INT. MILLER GARAGE - DAY

The three car garage has no windows, and the walls are made of unpainted cement. It looks like a large torture chamber.

A single car resides in the middle, and it isn't the Rolls Royce Pete drives.

The door connecting the garage to the house slowly opens, and Andrew enters, leaving the door open behind him. He turns on the light switch, and the bulbs flare to life.

Andrew approaches the trunk of the car, as if he knows what to expect.

He places his hand on the trunk and opens it with a button underneath the lip of the car.

Flies erupt from the trunk, swarming in every direction.

Andrew gasps in horror. He covers his mouth, and stumbles backwards, falling against the wall.

He gathers his emotions, and slowly rises back to his feet. He steps closer and closer to the car.

He finally reaches it and stares down into the trunk and we finally get to see what rests there-

Maria's body - covered in blood. Her throat has been slit and her eyes gouged out. Maggots fill her empty sockets. Her mouth is wide open, revealing her rotten teeth. A large worm slithers out of her mouth.

Andrew sprints back into the house and runs to the kitchen bathroom, where he pukes into the toilet.

When he is finished, he flushes the toilet and leans against the wall, gasping for air.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Andrew slowly approaches the car. Looking away, he grabs the trunk and slams it down, only it doesn't close.

Maria's arm is hanging out of the trunk. Andrew pinches his nose, grabs the arm, and throws it back in. He slams the trunk shut.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew sits at the desk, the box on the table next to him. In front of him is the parchment paper, completely blank.

He picks up the pen, ready to write, although he doesn't. He sets the pen back down.

He picks up the parchment paper and rips in half, then half again. He tears up the pieces in a wild fury, finally throwing the pieces behind him.

The box lets out a small thud.

Andrew slowly turns and looks at the box. He opens the lid, and takes out an identical piece of paper. He tears this one in half too.

The box lets out a larger thud.

He opens the lid again and snatches the paper, ripping it quickly. The lid slams, shut and an even louder thud erupts.

Andrew opens the lid again, and rips up the next piece of paper. The lid slams shut and lets out a deafening thud.

He tries to open the lid again, but it won't budge. He wrestles with it, trying to pry it open but it doesn't give.

He finally picks it up and throws it at the window, shattering it. The box flies out the window and lands in the infinity pool beneath Sarah's room.

Andrew stands in front of the broken glass, panting.

He realizes his mistake and jumps out the window, splashing down into the pool.

He swims to the bottom towards the box, which is now thudding. As he gets closer to it, the thudding speeds up until he grabs it and it starts thudding even harder.

Andrew swims to the surface, gasping for air. The box is still thudding. He puts the box down on the ground next to the infinity pool and climbs out.

He opens the lid effortlessly. Inside the box is completely dry, and a pen and a piece of parchment paper reside comfortably.

He takes out the pen and paper, and writes down "WHAT DO I DO?"

Accept writes itself in ink on the page.

Andrew writes down "HOW"

Moloch

"WHAT IS MOLOCH?"

The Answer

"HOW DO I FIND MOLOCH?"

An address writes itself on the page. After a moment-

You are the last key needed.

Andrew looks confused. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

The page remains blank.

INT. UBER - DAY

Andrew rides in the back of an uber, clutching the box in his arms.

The DRIVER, an old Indian man, allows the car to cruise effortlessly.

DRIVER

Do you need to be holding that thing so close to you?

Andrew looks down, unaware that he is still holding the box.

ANDREW

It's clinging to me. I can't let go.

The Driver looks concerned, but doesn't say anything else.

LATER

The car stops in front of a driveway leading into the forest.

ANDREW

Thanks.

Andrew steps out of the car, still clutching the box close to him. He starts walking up the driveway.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

At the end of the driveway lies an old, forgotten house.

The two story home looks like something out of a cliché horror movie. The windows on the second floor are boarded up loosely. The house looks like it could fall down at any moment.

All of a sudden, a small light appears through the boards of the window on the second floor.

Andrew approaches the house, and walks up the wooden stairs to the front door, each stair creaking as he steps.

He opens the door and walks inside. To his left, a broken staircase resides. At the top of the staircase, a bright light can be seen.

As Andrew is observing the light-

Something strikes him in the head, causing him to collapse.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

In a dark and musty wine cellar, Andrew wakes up, handcuffed.

The door is guarded by Pete, who is wielding a large dagger at his side.

In front of him, Lauren squats down, smiling.

ANDREW

(Looking around)

Where's the box? Where am I?

LAUREN

Why are you here? How did you know to come here?

ANDREW

I know what you did - to the housekeeper.

LAUREN

Oh, you mean Maria? Yeah, sorry about that. She saw something she shouldn't have. How did you find this place?

ANDREW

(Reluctantly)

The box told me.

LAUREN

The box told you? Moloch's box?

ANDREW

Yeah.

LAUREN

(Amazed)

So it's true. I never saw it but Samantha said she saw something in you. Tell me, how was it?

ANDREW

How was what?

LAUREN

Finding your grandfather dead in a homeless shelter. Do you know how many people must have checked his pockets for

LAUREN (CONT.)

anything valuable? Completely uncaring about his worthless life.

ANDREW

(Weakly)

Fuck you.

LAUREN

His life meant nothing. It had zero impact on the world. He was a waste of space.

ANDREW

Why are you saying this?

LAUREN

Because you need to hear it.

ANDREW

What?

LAUREN

You see, you are the last piece in raising Moloch. Samantha said we had to wait for you before we began, but to be honest, I didn't believe her until now. Here's what's going to happen. You are going to kill someone. Afterwards, Moloch will be raised to end all suffering. Nobody like your grandfather will ever have to worry about their next meal or paycheck ever again.

ANDREW

You're crazy.

LAUREN

Tyler's ready for the sacrifice.

ANDREW

Tyler?

LAUREN

Yes. He has to die.

ANDREW

I'm not killing Tyler.

LAUREN

What a disappointment. I thought you were ready.

ANDREW

You're not making any sense.

LAUREN

Yeah, Pete did hit you pretty hard.

Lauren touches the side of Andrew's head and looks at the blood on her fingers.

ANDREW

I want to see Moloch. I want the pain to end.

LAUREN

Then comply. You don't have to kill Tyler, we're doing that. We adopted him for this purpose, you know? We tried to keep his innocence intact but he kept trying to fuck it up. So we had to speed up the ceremony to tonight.

ANDREW

Do you *have* to kill him?

LAUREN

Afraid so.

ANDREW

I can deal with the pain on my own. Please, don't kill him.

LAUREN

I'm not going to. And neither are you. Every part in this process is equally as valuable. It has to be done right. I won't kill Tyler, but he will die tonight. There is nothing that can stop that.

ANDREW

I won't let you do this.

Lauren tugs at his cuffed hands.

LAUREN

Sorry, kiddo. You don't have a choice.

ANDREW

Every second I'm away from that box I feel more and more free. Please, just take a moment away from all this and you'll see things differently. When I had the box I would have killed Tyler without thinking twice but now I can see clearly. This is wrong.

LAUREN

Goodbye, Andrew.

Lauren stands up, and walks to the door.

ANDREW

Wait!

Lauren leaves. Pete glares at Andrew.

The door opens again. This time Sarah enters.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Sarah? Did you know?

SARAH

Of course I knew.

ANDREW

How could you? You used me the whole time.

SARAH

Hooking up with you wasn't a part of the plan. I genuinely liked you. Maybe we can hang out sometime after all this ends.

ANDREW

What are you talking about? I can never forgive you for this. And I have a *crazy* suspicion I won't make it out of this alive.

SARAH

You're our next leader, Andrew. I know this might be cliché, but you're the chosen one. I don't know why but I know that you are. You will inherit everything. The house, the money, all of it.

ANDREW

What are you talking about?

SARAH

After tonight, you'll be the owner of our house.

ANDREW

I don't care. I'm not helping your weird cult.

SARAH

The cult of Moloch has existed since before time. Just like the box. You've been helping this whole time without realizing it. We let you find that box so you could reignite the flame inside it.

ANDREW

What flame?

SARAH

Andrew, Moloch's soul is inside the box. It's like a fucking genie or something. The cult of Moloch has been waiting

thousands of years for you to open it.
Nobody has been able to.

ANDREW

Why me?

SARAH

I have no idea. It could be because your
parents are dead, your grandfather has
dementia, sorry *had* dementia, and you're
like, super poor. Besides, who cares why
you were chosen. You're here now. *That's*
what matters.

ANDREW

I'm going to stop this. You won't win.

SARAH

It's too late to stop. It was too late to
stop when Cody offered you that tutoring
job.

ANDREW

Cody's in on it, too?

SARAH

Of course he is. He's been friends with
you for this sole purpose. Nothing is
bigger than raising Moloch.

ANDREW

No. It isn't true.

SARAH

Sorry, but it is.

ANDREW

You can't do this!

SARAH

(Almost reciting)

If you don't want to watch the ceremony,
then you'll have to stay here.

ANDREW

Fuck you! And this whole cult!

SARAH

I'd kiss you goodbye, but I think you
might try to bite off my nose.

ANDREW

(Giving up)

Fuck off.

Sarah walks back over to the door and leaves.

Andrew slowly stands up, looking at Pete.

PETE

Sit back down.

Indistinct chanting can be heard outside.

Andrew runs towards Pete with his head down, tackling him.
As he does so, however, Pete buries the dagger into
Andrew's gut. Andrew stands up, and kicks Pete in the side.

Pete cries out in pain and Andrew stomps on his head. He
keeps stomping until Pete lay motionless.

Andrew looks down at what he's done.

He stomps again, harder this time. And again. And again.

Blood flies up and hits Andrew in the face as he stomps.
Pete's head is now a bloody mess.

Andrew leans over, and searches Pete's pockets, grunting in
pain as he does so.

He finds the key to his handcuffs, and sits on the ground,
trying to fit the small key in the even smaller hole.

Right as he gets the key in, he drops it.

ANDREW

FUCK!

Andrew picks the key back up, struggling to put the key in the hole. He finally does, and one of the cuffs breaks open.

With his free hand, he easily puts the key in the other cuff, becoming completely free.

He instantly grabs his stab wound, watching as the blood pours through his fingers.

Andrew reaches down and grabs the dagger.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Behind the abandoned house, hundreds of people in black robes and white masks stand in uniform rows in front of a large wooden stage.

In front of the stage there is a roaring fire, and cloaked members toss wood into the fire.

Standing without a robe or a mask on the stage is Samantha, facing the members.

SAMANTHA

(Announcing)

And why do we suffer?

CULTISTS

No Moloch!

SAMANTHA

And who ends that horrible suffering?

CULTISTS

Moloch!

SAMANTHA

Brothers and sisters! We have the answer to all pain, all suffering, all badness. With Moloch we can be free from evil!

CULTISTS

Hail Moloch!

SAMANTHA

We can be free from wretchedness!

CULTISTS

Hail Moloch!

SAMANTHA

Hail Moloch!

CULTISTS

(Chanting)

Hail Moloch! Hail Moloch! Hail Moloch!

The cultists continue to chant as Samantha reaches behind her back and brings out a large dagger.

The cultists instantly go quiet.

SAMANTHA

With this, the rise begins!

She holds her hand over the raging fire and cuts it in a diagonal pattern, squeezing the blood from her hand by making a fist.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

It has begun!

The cultists start stomping on the ground in a rhythmic pattern.

Samantha gags and keels over.

She begins to puke slimy, black tar. Her throat swells and it looks like an egg is about to burst out of her neck.

In the black tar, an egg forms at her mouth, and she coughs it out, catching it with her hand.

She holds the egg up in the air, and the cultists cheer, still pounding their feet.

Her eyes and mouth drip with black tar, and she does nothing to wipe it up.

SAMANTHA (CONT.)

Silence!

The cultists instantly go dead quiet.

Samantha strokes the egg gently, and tosses it into the flame. The fire turns black, but still emits light.

A cultist shaped like Lauren approaches Samantha, holding a sleeping Tyler in her arms.

The cultist hands Tyler over to Samantha, and quickly flees.

The cultists start slowly stomping their feet.

Samantha holds Tyler over the fire, ready to drop him, when all of a sudden-

A dagger erupts from her neck! She has been stabbed from behind.

Samantha drops Tyler into the fire, and he can be heard screaming for a few seconds until going quiet.

Samantha turns around with the knife still in her neck, and looks at the blood soaked Andrew.

She smiles. She grabs the hilt of the knife from the back of her head and slowly pulls it out. She tosses it into the fire.

Samantha collapses onto the floor of the platform.

Andrew stands in horror, realizing what he just did.

Samantha's body begins to violently shake, and her skin starts to boil. Her body melts into more black tar, this time forming into one large puddle.

The puddle crawls away and drops itself into the fire.

CULTISTS

Behold! Our new leader!

ANDREW

I'm not your lead-

Andrew's upper body snaps backwards, and he slowly regains his posture, this time with his eyes fully black.

His eyes fade back to normal, and he smiles.

From the fire a magnificent beast slowly rises, with the head of a bull.

As it stands, it grows to an impossible height.

It's hairy muscles flex as it grows.

It looks almost identical to the picture. It has large horns and the fire acts as the dome.

Once it has stopped rising, it roars at the cultists!

Their robes flail in the gust of wind produced by the beast.

CULTISTS

(Chanting)

Hail Moloch! Hail Moloch! Hail Moloch!

They're stomping grows louder and faster.

The beast runs off into the forest, and the trees can be seen bending and snapping from overhead.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

Andrew stands in the kitchen, staring at the wall. Images flash through his head:

Maria in the trunk;

Samantha being stabbed;

Tyler screaming;

And finally: Moloch rising.

Andrew shakes his head violently to get the thoughts out of his head. He opens a cabinet and takes out a glass.

He turns on the sink and fills the glass with water, drinking from the glass without even turning off the sink.

The doorbell rings. He turns off the sink.

Andrew walks over to the wall where there is a doorbell camera. Standing at the gate are Lauren and Sarah.

SARAH

Hey, Andrew. Can you let us in? We know we don't live here, anymore. We just want to grab our stuff.

ANDREW

Come on in!

The gate buzzes and swings open. Sarah and Lauren exchange glances.

They walk through the beautiful garden towards the house.

Andrew waits in the kitchen, leaning against the island as they walk inside.

LAUREN

(Walking towards Andrew)

Hey, how you holding up?

ANDREW

I realized something when Moloch rose. It was supposed to happen. It was written in destiny.

SARAH

Did you read that in a book or something?

ANDREW

Where is he?

LAUREN

Who?

ANDREW

Moloch.

LAUREN

I don't know. After he ran away nobody's seen him since. He'll make an appearance, though.

ANDREW

Good.

Andrew kneels down and opens a cabinet under the island.

Inside the cabinet is the box. He opens the lid, revealing a pistol.

He takes out the pistol and points it at Sarah. He shoots her in the head. Sarah's brains and blood splatter all over the white cabinets.

Lauren screams.

LAUREN

What the fuck?!

Lauren makes a dash for the door she came in, but Andrew shoots her in the leg.

LAUREN

(Painfully)

Please don't do this!

Lauren starts crawling towards the door, and Andrew slowly walks towards her.

He stands over her and shoots her three more times in the back. He shoots her in the head to make sure she's dead.

Andrew walks back to the kitchen, and puts the gun back in the box. He walks over to Sarah.

He bends down, and picks up her feet. He starts dragging her towards the basement door, leaving a trail of blood behind her.

He opens the basement door and throws Sarah's lifeless corpse down the dark stairs.

ANDREW

Hail Moloch.

Through the following scenes we see a glimpse of the previous occurrences.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Pete lays dead on the ground, his head caved in and blood pooled around his body.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The platform remains standing, and the ashes of the fire can be seen. Inside the ashes is the charred corpse of Tyler.

INT. MILLER HOUSE - DAY

In the mansion, two blood trails can be seen leading to the basement door. The camera follows Lauren's blood trail, and eventually goes down the now lighted basement steps.

Andrew is wielding a chainsaw, cutting up Sarah's body. Blood flies everywhere when he cuts into her flesh, coating the walls and him in dark red blood.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - DAY

We see a burned down house resting off the street. It is covered with police tape.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We see Bruce's grave, the dirt still fresh from being dug by Andrew.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

On the private beach in front of the mansion, Andrew stands, covered in blood.

Next to him are black trash bags. One of the bags has ripped open, revealing a bloody severed arm.

There is a shovel stuck in the sand, and Andrew grabs it.

He starts digging.

INT. MILLER KITCHEN - DAY

Light shines in on the island. Resting on the counter top is a piece of parchment paper.

Written in Andrew's handwriting are three words:

"COME FIND ME"

THE END