

Untitled

written by

Author

Address
Phone
E-mail

WHAT'S UP WITH MR. WAKE?

By

Miles Morris

BLACK.

A phone begins ringing. The sound is the low, deep hum of a vibrating cellphone over a table. It continues.

FADE INTO:

INT. GARAGE

An orange Mustang rests inside a dusty, uncared for garage. We PUSH INTO the vehicle, the phone's vibrations menacingly grow louder, larger.

INT. PLAYROOM

A nostalgic, warmly lit children's bedroom is adorned with a toy train set, wooden blocks, stuffed animals, and little toy cars, all perfectly lined up together.

We PAN UPWARDS revealing a yellow tent, an orange glow emitting from within it.

The phone's vibrations continue.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Tall buildings tower upwards into the sky, green trees cover the beautiful lawn of a city park. A couple walk their dog and cars drive by.

The phone vibration's continue.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A cellphone vibrates on the coffee table of a small and quaint apartment room. The number is unknown.

We PULL AWAY from it, as the muffled echoes of two voices begin to trace into existence. They become more and more audible, until we pull far away enough to reveal:

BEAUFORD WAKE, a tall and thin man, easily prone to panic attacks. He has beads of sweat on his face as he is currently engaged in an argument with:

VIOLET, a young and confident woman in the cusp of her adulthood.

VIOLET

I just don't get why you NEVER take blame for anything. It's like you can't relate to the situation, or the conflict. You don't see it as something to be alarmed, or sad, or mad about. You're never mad.

BEAUFORD

That's not true.

VIOLET

It IS true. I've never seen you cry. And you know how many times I've shown emotion around you...

BEAUFORD

I love that about you. You're so open...

VIOLET

Am I too open? Has that...has that turned you off from me? You're kind and you're polite, you're a very kind and polite person, but I don't feel like...

Violet pauses.

BEAUFORD

You don't feel what, Vi?

VIOLET

Like you love me. The only thing you love is that stupid toy car collection. It's the only thing you care for...

BEAUFORD

That's not true at all. I do...you know, I do.

VIOLET

You do what? Can you even say it?

Beauford can't. He looks down at the floor, tears in his eyes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I don't know your parents. I've never met your brothers. I don't know anything about your childhood. It's like you only relate to those plastic things and nothing else.

Pause.

BEAUFORD
(emotional)
Are you breaking up with me?

VIOLET
I love you, Beauford. I don't want
to break up with you. I don't want
to...give up. But you need to open
up for me.

Beauford looks at her, wiping away the tears. He takes a long, deep breath and stands tall.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
You can't even cry in front of me.
Can you...can you at least tell me
how you're feeling?

Beauford gulps. He blinks. He's trying to form words, but he can't.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I'll text you when I get home. Try
to go to sleep early today.

She turns around and walks out of the apartment room, leaving Beauford Wake all by himself.

CUT TO:

Beauford pours some water into a glass cup. He takes two pills out of a bottle and gulps them down.

He drinks some more water to ease his throat.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

A series of vintage toy cars line rows and rows of shelves that clutter up the garage space. They're in perfect shape, clearly well cared for.

Beauford sits at his desk, wiping down a toy car with a Clorox wipe. He sets it down and stares at it, happy. Besides him is an open laptop, which we PAN OVER to.

It's an empty document page except for the title:

Beauford Wake: A Little About Me

BEAUFORD (V.O.)

My name is Beauford Wake. To describe myself I would say I'm strong and in control. My friends would describe me as a positive and calm presence. My favorite hobby is collecting, specifically vintage toy cars. You might think that's strange, but a lot of people collect things! And this hobby keeps me engaged and happy.

As he speaks, we FADE TO a children's bedroom filled with the same toys from the opening montage. A painting on the wall shows a calming park with the words: EVERYTHING IS OKAY, elegantly written above.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Beauford is on the phone with someone, pacing back and forth. The sun is bright in the background, a beautiful spring day in the city.

BEAUFORD

(on the phone)

Uh-huh. And you're sure it's a 1968 Over-Chrome Mustang? It's an orange-y sort of color? Okay. Thank you. You sure it's from 1968? Sorry, I just want to be sure. How far am I from you? Oh I don't know, a few hours, I'll make a trip out of it. Yes, I'll buy my plane ticket as soon as I hang up. And remind me of the price again. That much? For the 1968 Over-Chrome Mustang? Okay. Thank you so much. Yes. You too.

Beauford hangs up. He sighs, happy with himself.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Everything is okay.

CUT TO:

Beauford's car drives through the city road, making it's way to his apartment. Beauford's hands are tight on the steering wheel. He constantly takes a deep breath.

We quickly FLASH TO the image of the orange Mustang in the garage. Fumes pours out of it.

We CUT BACK to Beauford driving. He takes a long, deep breath.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 I am strong and in control.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - LATER

We hear the sounds of keys inserting into the door lock. The door opens up, as Beauford steps inside and shuts the door behind him. He sets the keys down on the coffee table, followed by his cellphone.

He walks off-screen but we STAY on the cellphone. It lights up, vibrating. We PUSH IN on it, that same muffled sound of the cellphone violently shaking atop the table.

Beauford walks back into frame and picks up the cellphone.

BEAUFORD
 Hello?

We PAN AWAY from the conversation to a little toy car, the same one Beauford was wiping the previous night.

BEAUFORD (V.O.)
 Yes. I'm still here. Can you...I'm
 sorry, can you please just tell me?
 Is everything okay? What do you
 mean "accident"? Is he okay?
 (tensing up)
 Is my brother okay?.

Pause. Long. Dreadful.

BEAUFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (fighting back tears)
 A f-fire? Yes. Yes. Okay.

We finally return to Beauford, tears in his eyes. He doesn't want them to come out, his face is tense, almost swollen, from fighting the floodgates.

He sets the cellphone down. Beauford takes a deep breath.

BEAUFORD
 Everything is okay. I am strong, I
 am in control.

He begins to repeat these words, almost like a sacred chant. Beauford grabs his pill bottle and opens it up pouring...

There are no pills left. He could've sworn there were several last night. Beauford sets the bottle down.

INT. BEAUFORD'S CAR

Beauford inserts his car keys into the ignition and turns it on. *Nothing happens.* He tries again. *Nothing.* Beauford's breath is quickening. He's gonna try one more time. Beauford takes the car key out, puts it back in and turns the vehicle on. *Nothing.*

We hear a slight echo, a distorted sound creeping in on us, the broken shrill of a siren. Barely recognizable. Lights, red and blue, flicker before Beauford.

INT. WAITING ROOM - LATER

An empty goldfish bowl rests on a shelf. Magazines are scattered about the table, with titles such as: *Calming Words To Ease The Mind* or *The Sounds and Sights of Trauma*. Beauford sits in the waiting room. A big mirror rests above his head, above the blue couch he's sitting on.

In the mirror's reflection, we see the door to a therapist's office open. The therapist stands in the doorway. This is DR. AUSTIN EVANS.

AUSTIN EVANS

Hey, Beauford! How about you come on in?

BEAUFORD

(clearly nervous)
O-okay. Thank you.

AUSTIN EVANS

Do you want a cup of water? An extra pillow, or blanket? Anything.

BEAUFORD

Thank you. I'm-I'm fine. I'm okay. Thanks.

Beauford stands up from the couch, and in the reflection, we see him enter the therapist's office, Austin closing the door.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE

Beauford has been talking for awhile. Austin is warmly and attentively listening.

BEAUFORD

And my childhood-I mean, it's the same feeling as staring at a familiar painting or something. It just gives you a feeling. I don't have-specific memories, just that feeling. Something warm. Inviting.

AUSTIN EVANS

You bring up paintings. Do you think you can remember any specific scenes or images from your childhood, something that brings up that warmth?

Beauford thinks.

BEAUFORD

Yeah, I guess-we had this playroom, and I can remember everything about that room. The train set, the stuffed animals, these wooden blocks some family friends gave me. We had a-a uh, yellow tent where me and my brother would imagine all sorts of adventures. I would always prefer sleeping there to my bed. And...and my favorite thing, or the image I most remember, were these toy cars. Metal, beautiful toy cars.

Austin warmly smiles and nods.

AUSTIN EVANS

And do you think that image, the feeling you get when you remember those cars, is that why you enjoy collecting them?

BEAUFORD

I-I think-I guess so. Yeah.

AUSTIN EVANS

Do you ever wonder if your hobby of collecting is some way to hold onto your past? This perfect portrait of your childhood?

BEAUFORD
 (cold, dismissive)
 No, not at all. I don't know why
 you would say that.

AUSTIN EVANS
 Okay. That's okay. Can we-can we go
 through a scenario I wrote up
 during our last session? It may be
 challenging but I want you to give
 it a try.

Beauford is uncomfortable; unsure.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)
 I promise you it will help. And any
 emotion that comes up is valid,
 okay? Let yourself feel those
 emotions.

Beauford nods.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)
 You're in control.

BEAUFORD
 I'm strong. In control.

AUSTIN EVANS
 Exactly. Okay, I want you to close
 your eyes and imagine what I will
 describe to you.

Beauford closes his eyes. We FADE TO BLACK, transported into
 his imaginative rendition of what Austin is relaying to him.

FADE TO:

A creamy, dreamlike filter fills the lenses of this world.
 Beauford is wiping down his toy cars in his garage, happily
 lining them up and placing them inside a cardboard box.

Soon, every toy car is gathered and placed inside the box.
 Beauford lights a match and drops it into the box. It engulfs
 in flames. Beauford takes a deep breath. *He is calm.*

Later, he walks through the park, framed exactly like the
 painting in the toy room. Calming, peaceful.

Beauford, looks happy. He gets on one knee and pulls out a
 box, opening it to reveal a wedding ring inside.

We FADE TO a series of family photographs in what we assume is his new home. Photos of Beauford's wedding, honeymoon, trip to the beach, etc.

In every photo, he looks happy.

We FADE BACK to Austin's office. Beauford OPENS HIS EYES, sweating, panicked. He wipes at his eyes.

BEAUFORD

No, no, no. I can't do that.

AUSTIN EVANS

How did you feel when thinking about saying goodbye to your collection?

BEAUFORD

I can't do that. I'm sorry. I feel horrible. I just can't do that.

AUSTIN EVANS

(warmly)

That's okay. I'm really proud of you, Beauford. I can see you're taking deep breaths, your feet are planted. You're not gripping the couch or anything. I'm really proud of you, I know this is hard.

Beauford smiles awkwardly, but he's genuinely touched.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to ask a question that could possibly bring up some emotions. Remember, this is a safe place.

Beauford nods. His breath is beginning to quicken.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)

Do you remember what brother you played with in the tent?

BEAUFORD

Um...it was Howie. The one...the one from...

AUSTIN EVANS

The accident. Were you two close?

BEAUFORD

I was closest with him. I don't know if close would be the exact word, but yeah. He was my friend. We were close.

AUSTIN EVANS

I'm very proud of you, Beauford. You have gone through a lot of loss, and look how strong you are. I know your parents also perished in a house fire. What do you feel when you remember that?

BEAUFORD

I don't know. I sort of...it's kind of like...it feels like a dream. Just blurry, distant pieces of a feeling.

AUSTIN EVANS

And do you remember your key words?

Beauford relaxes his shoulders.

BEAUFORD

I am strong. I am in control.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOME - NIGHT

It is night now, the moon in the pitch black sky. Beauford is walking back towards his home, strutting through the parking lot of the apartment complex.

He takes out the newly acquired pill bottle from his coat pocket with the bottle of water in his hands, he gulps them both down.

Beauford continues walking, and the more he walks, the more he begins to cough. That familiar echo, that distorted siren begins to wail again. Red and blue lights flash across Beauford's face. He stares.

From BEAUFORD'S POV we observe as firetrucks sit parked outside his apartment, firemen in gas masks rushing into his home.

BEAUFORD

What is going on here? What happened?

He walks up to one of the firemen.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)
Hello? Excuse me. What is happening here?

The fireman ignores him. Beauford, shaken, turns to another fireman chatting with his friend.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)
Hello. I'm so sorry, but can you tell me what happened? That's-that's my home. In there.

FIREMAN
Some asshole left his car on, the toxic fumes spread everywhere. Whole building had to get evacuated.

BEAUFORD
Fumes?

FIREMAN
Yeah, the fucker probably had a death wish or something. Decided to take everyone with him.

The two firemen chuckle about this. Beauford is disturbed, highly confused and anxious. Thoughts race through his head.

He thinks of something. The thought hits him like a sharp blade.

BEAUFORD
My-my-I have a collection in there...I have a series of-a collection of highly valuable toy cars, they're vintage-they're very special to me. They're very personal. I need to go in. Can someone go in and get them? I need to be sure they're okay.

FIREMAN
Don't worry about it pal. Any valuables, any toy car collections, they're fine. Once we clear out the fumes you can go get whatever shit you got in there. That'll probably be by tomorrow morning. Your collection will be fine.

BEAUFORD

Are you sure?

The fireman nods. Beauford takes a deep breath and turns around.

All of a sudden, a sound vibrates. *Beauford's phone*. He quickly pulls it out of his coat pocket.

It's Violet calling. He answers.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

Vi? Vi?

VIOLET (V.O.)

Hey Beauford.

BEAUFORD

Hi. Oh my god. I'm so happy to hear from you. Are you okay?

VIOLET (V.O.)

I'm fine. I don't want to do this. I wish I didn't have to.

BEAUFORD

Vi, what are you talking about? What's wrong?

VIOLET (V.O.)

I don't want to put you through this. But we had that talk and nothing has changed. I don't know who you are.

BEAUFORD

Violet, what is going on? I don't know what's happening. I'm getting- I'm getting anxious. I'm getting that feeling.

VIOLET (V.O.)

I'm breaking up with you. I have to end this. I know it hurts, it hurts a lot. But I-I have to do this. I love you. But it hurts too much.

BEAUFORD

No, no, no.

VIOLET (V.O.)

This is goodbye.

She hangs up. We REST with the aching sound of the hang-up tone. Beauford puts down the phone. He is in shock.

Slowly, the sound of the hang-up tone begins to increase, distort into the siren wail and abruptly cut off when...

WE CUT TO:

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Beauford and Austin lay a sleeping bag on the hardwood floor, snuggled in between a cozy couch and a glass table.

BEAUFORD

Thank you so much for doing this. I'm so sorry to call on such short notice. I'm sorry if I'm intruding on you.

AUSTIN EVANS

No, no, no. Don't apologize, Beauford. You're going through a lot and I'm glad you felt safe enough, comfortable, to call me and ask to stay here. This is a safe place for you.

BEAUFORD

Thank you.

AUSTIN EVANS

Do you want anything from the fridge? Some milk?

BEAUFORD

No, I'm okay. I appreciate it. I'll only be staying here a night, I have to get up tomorrow morning for a flight.

AUSTIN EVANS

Oh right! The plane ride to New York! Gonna pick up that most sought after 1968 Over-Chrome Mustang? I know you've been looking for that one for a while.

BEAUFORD

Actually, I'm not meeting up for that buy until Saturday. There's...there's the funeral tomorrow.

(MORE)

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get there around noon,
just in time for the...

Beauford begins to get choked up again.

AUSTIN EVANS
Don't worry about it. It's okay.

Beauford wipes away the wet in his eyes. Not a single tear
has he shed.

CUT TO:

Some time later, Austin serves himself a glass of milk in the
kitchen while Beauford lies in the sleeping bag in the living
room. We observe this all from a single, painting-like frame.

BEAUFORD
Hey. You know that-that painting
you have?

AUSTIN EVANS
Oh, the one with the park?

BEAUFORD
Yeah. That one.

AUSTIN EVANS
You like it?

BEAUFORD
I do. I had...I had one just like
that at my parent's home. In that
playroom I was telling you about.

We CUT TO Beauford's perspective. He is laying directly
infront of the peaceful, pretty painting of the park. The
words: EVERYTHING IS OKAY, elegantly written above the trees.

AUSTIN EVANS
What do you know?

Austin walks in, holding the glass of milk.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)
It's a very pretty painting.
Important to remind you of things
like that. Especially when, well
when we go through big moments. We
all go through experiences that
change us. Hurt us. It's important
to have things that keep us
grounded.

Beauford nods, tucked into his sleeping bag.

AUSTIN EVANS (CONT'D)
I'm gonna hit the hay now. Glad
you're here, pal. Sleep well.

BEAUFORD
Thank you. You too.

AUSTIN EVANS
Good night!

BEAUFORD
(quietly)
Good night.

We look down at Beauford as he drifts into sleep. It's quiet.
Almost too quiet.

SMASH CUT TO:

It's morning now. Beauford's alarm rings loudly, awakening
him. He wipes his eyes and stumbles out of the sleeping bag.

He looks exhausted. Drained.

EXT. OUTSIDE AUSTIN'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Beauford waits outside Austin's home, his bags in hand. It's
still mostly night outside, except for a sliver of orange
glow emitting from the rising sun.

A black car drives up in front of Beauford.

BEAUFORD
Hi, are you...

Beauford checks his cellphone.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)
Peter?

The driver, a strange bespectacled young man nods back.
Beauford smiles politely and hops into the backseat.

INT. UBER CAR

Beauford sits in the backseat, the car driving through the
city. No music plays. No sounds. Mostly silence. The silence
is eating away at Beauford.

BEAUFORD

So are you...are you from around here?

No response.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

I've lived here since college. Thought the big city would help me turn into an adult. I guess it did.

An awkward silence.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

Look I've had a rough past day, do you mind-I'm sorry, maybe we could chat or something?

Pause. And then...

PETER

Something bad is going to happen. To you.

Beauford sits in stunned silence. He gathers his thoughts.

BEAUFORD

What?

The car drives up in front of the airport drop-off area.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what did you say? Why did you say that? Why did you say that something bad is going to happen?

All of a sudden, Peter begins SLAMMING HIS HEAD on the steering wheel. He does it again and again and again. Beauford sits in the backseat, in stunned horror.

Fighting back tears, fighting back the need to scream, Beauford climbs out of the car and takes his bags.

Peter continues slamming his head against the wheel, it is now stained with his blood.

INT. AIRPORT

Beauford rushes through the crowded airport, almost running. He pants loudly, out of breath. Still in shock. *Was that a dream? Did that happen?*

He arrives at the front-desk. A kind woman looks up at him.

BEAUFORD

Hello.

AIRPORT ATTENDANT

Hello! How can we help you today?

BEAUFORD

I need-I need to board a plane to New York? I bought a ticket...

Beauford is clearly anxious.

AIRPORT ATTENDANT

You bought a plane ticket to New York?

BEAUFORD

(breath quickening)

Yes. Yes.

AIRPORT ATTENDANT

Okay, sir. Can you show us your ticket? Then we'll tell you what gate and you'll be all good to go. Everything is okay.

Beauford breaths slower now. He looks for his ticket. *Is it there?*

Panic hits him. *Is it there???*

Beauford pulls out his plane ticket. He sighs loudly, instantly relaxing.

BEAUFORD

Here you go.

The woman takes it and stares at it. She looks back up at Beauford. She doesn't know how to say it.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

What? Stop staring at me like that. Please, stop.

The woman stares.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

You're scaring me.

AIRPORT ATTENDANT

I don't know how to say this, sir.
This plane ticket is for January
16th of 1999. I don't know how or
why you have this. This is...this
is the wrong ticket.

Beauford snatches the ticket. *Something is deeply wrong.*

BEAUFORD

No, no, no, no. This is wrong. This
is all wrong. What the hell is
happening? This is-this is wrong. I
need to get to New York. My brother
is dead. He burned to death and I
need to be with my family. I need
to be mourning with them.

(pleading)

Please.

In frustration, Beauford storms off. His breath is quick and constant.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Everything is okay. I am strong, I
am in control.

Beauford is staring at the floor, muttering to himself. He looks up, but it's too late. He violently bumps into another man.

Beauford rubs his head, hurt and groggily looks up at the other man. *Horrificed.*

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

...Rich? Richard?

RICHARD WAKE, Beauford's younger brother stands before him. Also in shock.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

What are you-what is happening?
What the hell is happening?

Beauford holds onto his head.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm going to explode.
My heart is-I can't feel my feet.
This doesn't feel real.

Richard puts his hands on his brother's shoulders and looks at him in the eyes.

RICHARD

Hey. Beauford. Look at me. I'm right here. Your brother is right here. Everything is okay.

Beauford looks at Richard. He trusts him.

BEAUFORD

What are you doing here?

RICHARD

What do you mean?

BEAUFORD

Why aren't you in New York? With the family?

RICHARD

Why would I be there?

BEAUFORD

(near tears)

For his funeral. For Howie's funeral.

Richard looks at him. Confused.

RICHARD

Beauford. Howie's funeral was last week. You weren't there.

Beauford's emotions are on the brink of exploding. He stares.

BEAUFORD

(whispering)

WHAT?!

RICHARD

Look. Beauford. I don't know what's happening with you, but you're going to come with me, okay? I live a few blocks down, I'll drive you home. We'll talk there. We can talk about everything.

INT. RICHARD'S HOME

The door is opened. Richard and Beauford enter the cold, dark house. Glass windows are covered by curtains. Cleaner fluid and other supplies lay scattered about. The vibe is strange. Uncomfortable.

RICHARD

Here. You can sit down on the couch. Do you need a glass of water?

Beauford sits down on the couch.

BEAUFORD

Howie is dead.

Richard looks at the floor, distraught. He nods.

RICHARD

I'm so sorry.

BEAUFORD

I got the call yesterday. They called me yesterday that he burned to death.

RICHARD

Yesterday?

BEAUFORD

Yes.
(through gritted teeth)
Yesterday.

RICHARD

Beauford. I need you to be honest with me right now. Please. I know this is hard, I know you're grieving. You're confused.

BEAUFORD

I'm scared.

RICHARD

I am too. We both are. But please, just...can you be honest with me? When did you *really* get the call?

BEAUFORD

I got it *yesterday*. I told you that!

RICHARD

We had the funeral last week! Howie burned to death days and days ago! And you weren't there. You were gone, Beauford.

BEAUFORD

What does that mean? Are you blaming me? Are you saying I-I had something to do with the fire?

RICHARD

What? No. No! I'm saying-you weren't there at the funeral. And that hurt a LOT. And we all needed you there. Howie needed you there.

BEAUFORD

Howie is DEAD! And I'm scared.

RICHARD

I know. It's okay. Everything is okay.

Beauford looks up at Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Everything's okay. Do you want a glass of water? Maybe I can show you your bedroom?

BEAUFORD STANDS UP. ENRAGED.

BEAUFORD

WHAT THE FUCK?! Are you joking? Why are you-why is *EVERYONE* acting like everything is okay? It's not okay! You are always smiling and you are always calm and nobody is mad or sad or...I HAVEN'T BEEN MAD! I HAVEN'T BEEN SAD! I haven't cried or mourned. I'm supposed to be grieving. But I feel trapped. I feel like I'm carrying all this baggage, and it's pulling me down. I feel *helpless*. I'm scared. I'm really, really, really scared and I can't do anything about it. It's like my whole life I've been sleepwalking, I've been living this *dream* and it's not real! Everything is so strange and so...there is something *WRONG!* And yesterday, it's like this dream I'm living curdled into some horrifying nightmare and I can't wake up. I can't do anything. I'm trying. I'm trying to be strong. To be in control. But I'm horrified.

Beauford slumps back into the couch, fighting tears, fighting a full on panic attack.

Richard stares at him. Numb.

Beauford weakly looks up at the family photos decorating the wall. Photos of the Wake brothers as children, hugged by their parents.

Beauford stands up and walks towards the photos. Observing them. At first, he is calmed by them. By photos of the playroom, of a young Beauford playing with his younger brother.

But Beauford stops. He slowly raises his finger at points at that little brother.

BEAUFORD (CONT'D)

Who. Is. That?

RICHARD

What?

BEAUFORD

Who is that in the photo? Who is next to me? That's not Howie. That's not you.

RICHARD

What do you mean who is that?

Beauford looks back at all the family photos. There are four children in each picture.

BEAUFORD

Why are there four children?! I only had two brothers.

Pause. Beauford looks back at the family photographs. We PUSH IN on the photo of a young Beauford and this unknown third brother hugging each other in the garage.

The image shifts and transforms into:

INT. GARAGE

The haunting wail of a siren echoes. The garage door leading into the family home is closed, no lights are on inside. The garage is also completely dark.

A calendar hangs on the garage wall marked: January 16th, 1999.

We PAN to the orange Mustang parked in the garage, and inside, is Beauford's third brother. The car is turned on, apparently for a long time. Fumes fill the inside of the vehicle. The brother is slowly losing consciousness.

We then PAN BACK to the door leading from the garage into the family home. Lights turn on from behind the closed door. It opens...

A YOUNG BEAUFORD steps in and stops. He stares at his brother. Speechless.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RICHARD'S HOME

Beauford, tears now streaming down his face, looks back at all the family photos, following the Wake's as they grew up and changed. The second to last photo shows them all together at Beauford's college graduation.

He then turns to the following photograph.

A framed picture of Beauford and Richard entering his home.
An exact replica of what occurred moments ago, as if taken from a security camera.

Beauford cannot speak.

Horrified, he turns to Richard. Behind him is the painting of the park, the words: EVERYTHING IS OKAY, elegantly written above the trees.

BEAUFORD

Why?

Richard tries to approach Beauford.

RICHARD

Beauford.

Beauford, in a sudden movement of pure panic, pulls out his cellphone and SLAMS IT ACROSS HIS BROTHER'S HEAD. He slowly lowers the phone.

Richard stares back at him, with cold, dead eyes. Blood gently trickles down his lips, staining his shirt. He stares.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Something bad is going to happen.

Richard lifts up a large bottle of cleaner fluid and *begins gulping it down*. He aggressively holds the bottle, closing his eyes as he consumes the entire thing.

Beauford stares in horror. Quickly, he turns around and runs across the house hallway, into the living room. He tries opening the exit door but it won't budge. The sounds of the GULPING continue in the background.

Beauford, desperate and now CRYING, turns around but trips on the couch falling HEADFIRST ONTO THE COLD HARDWOOD FLOOR.

CUT TO BLACK.

Slowly, we FADE INTO the shot of the Wake family playroom. The lights are off, it is night time outside. The train set, the stuffed animals, wooden blocks and toy cars are all in their place.

And in the center of the room, is the yellow tent. The orange glow emits from within it as we SLOWLY PUSH IN on it.

INT. YELLOW TENT

Candles are lit. On small pedestals, are the CHARRED HEADS of Beauford's parents, Howie, Beauford's third brother and now the freshly severed head of Richard.

We PAN AWAY from the circle of heads to the gathering of members inside the yellow tent. We recognize AUSTIN, one of the FIREMEN, the UBER DRIVER and the AIRPORT ATTENDANT. All members of this strange, bizarre cult.

Infront of them, curled up in a ball, is a still unconscious Beauford. Slowly, he moves and gasps as he wakes up. He looks around horrified.

Tears WELL IN HIS EYES. He is exhausted.

A pair of bare feet walk up infront of Beauford. He looks up in horror at VIOLET, who stands above him.

BEAUFORD

(crying)

Where am I?

VIOLET

Home.

Beauford SOBS. He releases every emotion he has held within him. He violently weeps, almost screaming.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You have been broken down. Broken
down enough to be released from
your horror.

BEAUFORD

(sobbing)

My life is a nightmare.

VIOLET

Submit to us, Beauford.

He looks up at her, pleading. Beauford's eyes are milky with
tears. Violet kneels down to be at his eye-level.

Slowly, as his cries grow louder, he lowers his head.

BEAUFORD

I am weak. I am helpless.

Beauford slumps down as Violet stands back up. We HOLD THERE
with him, as he cries.

FADE TO BLACK.

We FADE INTO Beauford's garage. The toy cars are neatly
placed in rows, all lined up next to each other. But they are
all sprinkled in liquid. *Gasoline*.

Beauford, drenched, stands in the center of the garage, a
match in his hand. He stares at us, at the camera, the match
in his hand.

Pause.

Beauford drops it. HE IGNITES IN FLAMES. The entire garage is
engulfed in fire, as we PAN to a 1968 Over-Chrome Mustang.
The heat of the raging flames envelops it and the toy car
slowly melts away.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

END CREDITS ROLL AS "The Circle Game" by Buffy Sainte-Marie
plays.