

4EVR

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Walking up toward a Spanish-style apartment block, ALASTAIR -- bookish, 30s, spectacles -- leads the way for GINNY -- late 20s, slender, pretty. They are both dressed as if for a funeral. Alastair picks up her mail, follows her up.

ALASTAIR

Oh, I'll get this. How about I make you some tea? You like herbal? Or hot chocolate? Or I'll swing by the store? I could get marshmallows?

(pause)

Oh, Ginny, I didn't want to pull this on you at the funeral. I've been clearing out some of your brother's things. You know Mikey, he wasn't the neatest roommate. Ha. Well, I thought you might like this.

They stop at the door to Ginny's apartment. Alastair gives Ginny a PHOTOGRAPH: her and a smiling younger man -- MICHAEL -- in happier times. (O.S.) In the apartment THE PHONE STARTS TO RING. Ginny just stands there, staring at the picture.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)

It's okay to cry, you know.

Ginny simply takes the mail from his hands. An awkward moment, the PHONE STILL RINGING inside. Ginny lets herself in. Alastair makes a sheepish exit.

The ANSWERPHONE PICKS UP as Ginny enters and goes to pick up the call, until she hears a WOMAN's MONOTONE VOICE:

ANSWERPHONE

This is Miss Fry from the Auto Club for Virginia Curtis. Miss Curtis, please call us at your earliest convenience. We need to clarify your statement regarding the accident of October 16. You can reach us at 1-800-545-6453. Thank you.

Part way through the message, Ginny starts to cry, then she stops as the answerphone tape momentarily slows and the voice SLURS STRANGELY. Ginny backs away, dumps her mail beside her laptop, which she powers up, and hurries through to her bedroom. CAMERA LINGERS on Ginny's laptop, which makes an INCOMING MAIL SOUND EFFECT OF A FROG.

3 INT. BEDROOM

3

Ginny enters, dumps a BEE KEY-CHAIN beside a PHOTO OF MICHAEL beside her bed and starts getting undressed. She glances in a MIRROR on the dresser where there are 'sympathy' cards, MORE PICTURES OF GINNY AND MICHAEL, one of them as children in 'Bee' and 'Bear' Halloween costumes.

Ginny pauses to reach under her bed, then sits on the bed with an ORNATE BOX. She opens it to add Alastair's photograph, pauses to read an inscription on the back, smiles to herself. All sound fades away except GINNY'S BREATHING, as she lays pictures on the bed -- GINNY AND MICHAEL AT THE BEACH, IN A PARK, AT A PARTY. Breathing CONTINUES OVER:

4 INT. CAR (FLASHBACK #1)

4

Michael driving, yelling, furious. Ginny in the passenger seat, screams in fury back at him.

BACK TO SCENE

Ginny wipes her eyes, heads into the bathroom.

As Ginny run herself a shower (O.S.), her laptop continues making an INCOMING MAIL SOUND EFFECTS AGAIN... and AGAIN...

ON THE COMPUTER: Ginny has 43 e-mails.

5 INT. BATHROOM

5

Ginny pops a couple of small white pills into her mouth, steps into the shower, lets water hit her back and leans back to drink from the stream. She closes her eyes and winces as she scrubs hard where she has VIVID BRUISES ON HER BODY.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Ginny's laptop sits open beside her SEWING BOX on her coffee table. The computer screen shows Ginny's FACEBOOK ACCOUNT. Ginny peers at the screen, seated on the sofa, with wet hair and wearing pajamas, holding a glass of red wine.

ON THE COMPUTER: 57 new posts.

Ginny SIGHS, sips her wine, starts to go through messages.

ON THE COMPUTER: Ginny scrolls down condolences and personal messages -- 'Love You', 'So sorry for your loss,' 'We luv U Mikey,' 'We'll always love you,' 'You are in our hearts.' Ginny stops at a message from MICHAEL CURTIS, with an avatar of her smiling brother: 'Luv U Bumblebee.' 20 people have commented on the post.

Ginny hesitates, then opens the comments.

ON THE COMPUTER: the first comment, 'WTF?' Then others similar, 'Who's posting from Mike's page?' 'Does Ginny have his password?' 'Dude somebody hacked it' 'That is sick' 'We should report this' (etc).

Ginny stares unnerved at her screen, then types in anger. Before she can post her comment, her CEL PHONE rings. She picks it up. The caller I.D. stops her cold.

ON THE PHONE: the word 'MICHAEL' with a photo of her brother.

Ginny accepts the call, listens without speaking. She hears an indistinct male voice and fumbling. Ginny snaps off the phone and tosses it aside. She recovers, annoyed, snatches up the phone and dials back. It rings twice, then the same fumbling noises. She stands and starts to pace.

GINNY

Who is this?

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

Ginny?

GINNY

Alastair? Did you just call me on Michael's phone?

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

What? Oh, did I? Sorry. I had it in my pocket. Sylvie, she's been calling. She wants some of Mikey's things. Of course, you have first dibs if there's anything you want.

GINNY

Are you using his computer? I told you I don't want you poking around in his personal stuff. It's private.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

Michael's computer is in storage. I was just boxing up some stuff for you. I can bring it over if you want. It's no trouble.

GINNY

(improvising)

No. I'm not going to be here. I'm going out of town. Tonight. I already packed. I'm staying with my parents. For a few days.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

Really? Oh. Great idea. Call me when you get back. I'll miss you.

Ginny snaps off the phone without giving Alastair another chance to speak. She takes a breath, exasperated, then hears an electronic BUZZ as her phone vibrates.

A LIGHT is flashing on her cel phone. Ginny picks it up, sees the message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'Man, that was awkward.'

Ginny reads the words over and over. Types.

ON THE PHONE, Ginny's message: 'Get off my brother's phone, Alastair.' She hits 'send' and then deletes the message.

After a second, BUZZ, another message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'Not Alastair. Wrong guy ;)'

Ginny types: 'Get fucked' hits 'send'. BUZZ, another message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'It's me Bumblebee. It's Bear'

Tears spill from Ginny's eyes. BUZZ, another text.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'Don't cry :('

Ginny glances around the room, dark all around. She types, 'Who R U?', hits send, sets the phone down, pulls her knees up onto the sofa. All sound fades away except THE SOUND OF A KITCHEN FAUCET DRIPPING, which CONTINUES OVER:

7 INT. CAR (FLASHBACK #2)

7

Ginny SCREAMS at Michael, clutching her bumblebee key-chain. He fends off her blows. Her key-chain catches his face, cutting his cheek.

BACK TO SCENE

Ginny wipes her eyes, picks up her phone, scrolls contacts, dials. Four rings, then NOISES as the recipient answers, roused from deep sleep (a French accent).

GINNY

Sylvie?

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Ginny? What time is it?

GINNY

It's late. Have you seen Michael's profile?

SYLVIE (O.S.)

His what?

Ginny goes to a window blinds, peeks out. Dark outside.

GINNY

On-line. Someone is posting in his name. And I've been getting texts.

SYLVIE (O.S.)

So?

GINNY

Do you have his password?

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Ai, mon dieu. I don't even go on the computer. Give me a break, Ginny. I just lost my fiancé.

GINNY

(losing it)

Give you a break? I just lost my brother. I was right there with him in the car! I had his blood on me!

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Yes, you did. I'm hanging up now.

GINNY

Don't. Please. Someone has hacked into Michael's account. I'm scared.

Ginny hears a CREAK in the shadows, retreats to the sofa.

SYLVIE (O.S.)

Chérie, c'est pas moi. I took a pill about an hour ago. Now why don't you switch off your phone and do the same?

GINNY

I did already. I don't want to be alone.

Sylvie sighs.

SYLVIE (O.S.)

I'm not waiting up for you. I'll leave a blanket on the couch. You know where to find the key.

Sylvie hangs up. The faint sound of T.V. LAUGHTER from the apartment below. Ginny views the room in darkness around her, huddles up as the ANSWERPHONE BEEPS and the message from earlier repeats and SLURS over:

ANSWERPHONE

This is Miss Frrry from the Auto Club for Virginia Curtis. Miss Curtis, please call us at yourrr earrrrliest connnnvenience.....

8 INT. CAR (FLASHBACK #3)

8

Ginny, weeping hysterically, tries to put her arms around Michael as he drives, bleeding. He shoves her away. She slams into the passenger door, grabs the handle, yanks the door open.

BACK TO SCENE

Ginny opens her eyes.

On the coffee table, a SOFT CHIME from her laptop signals an INSTANT MESSAGE WINDOW: MICHAEL REQUESTS VIDEO CHAT.

Ginny hesitates, clicks the link.

ON THE COMPUTER: an I.M. window appears, a DARK IMAGE, mostly black with a sliver of light to the right of frame.

Ginny peers at her computer screen.

ON THE COMPUTER: on closer inspection, the sliver of light is an overexposed image, framed by a darker room, peering out into a brighter room where the figure of a young woman is hunched over with her back to camera.

Ginny sits back, puzzled.

ON THE COMPUTER: the young woman sits back.

Ginny reaches out her right arm, moves it up and down.

ON THE COMPUTER: the young woman raises her right arm, moves it up and down.

Ginny stands and turns to stare behind her. Seen through the doorway across the hall, her darkened bedroom door stands open. Ginny grabs her phone, changes her mind. She pulls a PAIR OF SEWING SCISSORS from her sewing kit, walks out to the hall toward the darkened bedroom.

9 INT. BEDROOM

9

Ginny halts in the doorway, reaches in and turns on the light. The room is as she left it, a few scattered photos on the bed. A framed photograph of Michael smiles from her dresser, beside her bumblebee key-chain.

Ginny looks back out to the living room, then back at the photo. She hesitates, walks in and lowers her head to look down the photograph's line of sight.

She sees the living room through her bedroom door.

Ginny quickly lays the photo face down, goes to her wardrobe, pulls out a duffel bag and starts filling it with clothes.

She returns to her bed and is shocked to see it is now COVERED WITH PHOTOS, spilled from the keepsake box. Ginny frantically gathers up the pictures, but is arrested by the images:

Among letters, bits of old ribbon, pictures of Michael are mutilated and torn, some suggestive: Ginny and Michael in swimsuits embracing, their hands on each other's bodies. Others with faces scratched out.

Ginny's phone BUZZES, she reads the message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'Don't leave.'

Ginny types: 'U R not Michael.' Hits 'send.'

Her phone BUZZES again with another message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: 'I will B there 4U.'

Ginny stares at the text message, afraid. She frantically scrolls contacts on her phone, finds a number, dials.

TAXI OPERATOR (O.S.)

Taxi. What city? Hello? What city?

The SOUND OF A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR makes Ginny drop the phone, which she loses among the pictures on the bed.

TAXI OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

Ginny cannot locate the phone. The KNOCKING sounds again. Ginny finds her phone on the floor by her feet, but the operator hangs up. The phone BUZZES with another message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: '2gether.'

Ginny's hands shake as she hits re-dial. The phone connects.

GINNY

I need a cab at 264 West Palm in Silverlake. Please, hurry.

Ginny hangs up. Her phone BUZZES with another message.

ON THE PHONE, from Michael: '4EVR + EVR + EVR.'

Ginny hears the sound of KEYS in the lock. Ginny puts a hand to her mouth, afraid to scream, turns out the light, grabs her sewing scissors. She hears the sound of the FRONT DOOR SWING OPEN. A pause, then FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

Ginny peers out.

10 INT. HALL

10

At the far end of the corridor, she sees a dark figure walk into her living room, followed by a THUMP. Terrified, Ginny steps into the corridor, heads for the open front door.

As she approaches, the ANSWERPHONE MESSAGE repeats, hideously distorted. Then the figure in the living room moves into view, hunched over something on the floor. Ginny halts, not making a sound, then she looks toward the front door.

Hanging from the keyhole, a TOY BEAR key-ring.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM

11

The man very slowly turns and stands to see her: MICHAEL.

Ginny steps forward from the shadows, crazed, unkempt, an incredulous look in her eyes, overjoyed to see her brother.

GINNY
Never leave me. Never.

MICHAEL
Ginny...?

Michael's eyes go to the scissors in her fist. He steps back away from her.

Ginny stops, dismayed by Michael's fearful reaction.

An uncertain pause as they face each other, then Michael bolts for the front door.

Ginny lashes out to stop him leaving.

The scissor blade slashes Michael's shoulder. He stumbles and falls backward. A box of books spills across the floor.

Ginny, horrified at what she has done, crouches over her brother, trying to tend his wound.

Michael shrinks away in fear, like a cornered animal. He pushes her away, crawling toward the door.

Enraged at what she perceives as her brother's betrayal, Ginny straddles Michael, pinning him to the floor and leans over him, pressing the scissor blades into his chest.

Michael grimaces. Ginny pulls the scissors out, embraces him and stabs the blade into the side of his throat.

The scissor blade pierces his gullet, appears from his mouth, and his head snaps back REVEALING IT IS ALASTAIR.

Alastair lays with one hand clutching at his throat, the other clawing at the air, reaching for the open front door where boxes of Michael's belongings are stacked. He tries to speak. Lifts his head.

MICHAEL STARES UP AT GINNY, struggling for his last breath. Ginny -- trembling, distraught -- tenderly puts her hand against Michael's face and kisses him. Then she sits back and stares at the bear key chain swinging in the door.

12 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT 12

A taxicab sits waiting, its engine running. The driver looks back at the front door of the apartment block, where the front door opens.

13 INT. TAXI 13

Ginny lets herself into the back of the cab, dressed in a coat, her hair up. She shuts the door and sits in the dark.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

GINNY

To Sylvie's.

TAXI DRIVER

How about an address?

Ginny sits immobile in the shadows, then her phone BUZZES and pale screen light illuminates her face: demure, immaculate and perfectly calm.

14 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK 14

A long pause as the taxi sits with its exhaust pluming the cold air, the lights of one apartment bright above. Then it drives away.

FADE OUT.