

DERANGED

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"DERANGED"

FADE IN:

1 INT. BEDROOM - EVANS HOME - DAY 1

CLOSE UP --

An eye FLIPS open. CUT WIDE to find it belongs to...

...CLAIRE EVANS. She awakes. CUT TO:

CLAIRE walks down the stairs.

2 INT. KITCHEN - EVANS HOME - DAY 2

CLAIRE sits down. Sets a mug of coffee in front of her. She scrolls through the news feed on her phone while sipping her coffee. ARM AROUND to find --

ARTHUR EVANS. Her father. Sitting at the other end, reading a newspaper. He looks up.

ARTHUR

Not even a good morning from you?  
Wow...

Claire looks up at her dad. Already annoyed.

CLAIRE

You could've said it yourself...

ARTHUR

Oh right. I could have said it...  
God, Claire... is that how you  
talk to your patients?

CLAIRE

Nope. Just you.

ARTHUR

How many of those crazy people do  
you get every day? One? Two? Zero?

CLAIRE

They're not crazy.

ARTHUR

But you are...

(CONTINUED)

Claire sets her coffee mug down on the table hard. She shoots her father an INTENSE look.

CLAIRE  
(with conviction,)  
I'm not crazy either.

ARTHUR  
You may not believe it... but I hear you sometimes up in your room. Talking to nobody. Pretending like someone's there with you.

CLAIRE  
It's a thing. People talk to themselves sometimes.

ARTHUR  
Yeah, but not all night long.

CLAIRE  
This is pointless.

Claire gets up. Arthur puts his paper down.

ARTHUR  
Just because your mother's gone doesn't mean you can just shut me out like that Claire... I'm still here.

CLAIRE  
Don't bring mom into this.  
(then,)  
And please stop trying to discipline me. I can handle myself.

ARTHUR  
You started that practice, but you need to solve this problem of yours. Quick, otherwise it's gonna --

CLAIRE  
I don't have any problems. I'm fine... and I'm good at what I do.

ARTHUR  
Is that right?

CLAIRE

Maybe you should stay out of my  
business.

ARTHUR

I care about you. That's why I'm  
trying to help you.

Claire puts the mug in her sink. She grabs her phone and  
proceeds away from the kitchen...

CLAIRE

I'm fine. I don't need your help.

Claire puts her shoes on. Arthur watches her go.

ARTHUR

What time will you be back?

Claire doesn't answer. She leaves.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE walks into her office. It's a simple, tight, and a  
basic space. A chair, a desk, and two more chairs on the  
other side.

She walks past A RED BALLOON and an EMPTY calender on her  
way to...

HER DESK. Claire sits down. Settles herself. And her eye  
catches...

A PICTURE. It's one of Claire and HER MOM from years ago.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE. She stares at the picture for a beat.  
Profoundly affected by it. Then --

She pulls out a file. Opens it. Starts reading through it  
until...

The door opens. Suddenly. And --

A BOY walks in. This is ROY. Entering in very upbeat,  
confidently, bringing a sense of "energy" into the room.

ROY

Hi.

ON CLAIRE -- befuddled.

CLAIRE

Uh... hi.

Roy looks around. Gives Claire a minute to figure him out. Then --

ROY

I'm... your patient, doc. Dr. Evans, right?

CLAIRE

Um, yeah.

(gathers her words;  
then,)

Sorry, yeah. Hi. Did you schedule an appointment?

ROY

Yeah. Last week. We spoke and you said...

As Roy talks, Claire skims through her calender notes. Trying to find a date...

CLAIRE

Uh, yeah I must have forgot to write it down. Sorry, my bad. Come in. Sit, please.

Roy walks in. Slumps down in the chair.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So what brings you in here?

ROY

Oh... you know... stuff.

CLAIRE

Right.

(then,)

Oh, sorry. I totally forgot to get your name. What's --

ROY

Does my name really matter?

Claire glimpses Roy -- confused.

CLAIRE

Well -- You're my patient, I have to file you. And I would need a name.

Roy nods.

ROY

Roy. It's Roy.

CLAIRE

Roy...

(a pause,)

Roy... last name?

ROY

Who says I have one?

CLAIRE

Well, normally people have one.  
Like, mine is Evans...

ROY

I'm normal.

CLAIRE

No I know, I didn't mean it like  
that --

ROY

You didn't mean it like what?

CLAIRE

Never mind. It's fine. Roy. Roy's  
good enough.

(then,)

So... Roy... what brings you in  
here today?

ROY

Well... people think I'm crazy.

CLAIRE

Okay...

ROY

I just... everywhere I go, people  
always give me these looks.

CLAIRE

So you think people think you're  
crazy based on how they look at  
you... has anyone actually ever  
called you crazy?

ROY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Yes..? Like... who has --

ROY

The thing is... some of the stuff  
I've been through... People don't  
really believe what's happened to  
me.

CLAIRE

Okay. Have you tried to talk to  
anyone else about this before  
coming to see me. Like... any  
family... mom or dad, or --

ROY

(interrupting,)  
I have a family.

CLAIRE

Really? None at all?

ROY

Nope.

CLAIRE

Do you mind if we talk about that  
first? Could you tell me what  
happened? Don't worry about trust  
-- I want you to know that you can  
trust me. Anything you tell me,  
stays between us. It's all  
confidential.

ROY

I lost them a while back. They're  
all gone. We don't need to talk  
about them.

Claire looks down at her notes. Jots something down  
quick. Then nods understandingly.

CLAIRE

So when you say that you're  
crazy... why do you think that?

ROY

Do you think I'm crazy?

CLAIRE

No -- not at all. I just need some  
more info to work with.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That's all. Like... the stuff  
you've been through.

ROY

Yeah I've been through stuff.

CLAIRE

Like what stuff?

ROY

(leans forward,)  
Dr. Evans... I'm going to tell you  
a story. This actually happened.

CLAIRE

Okay. What happened?

ROY

It's pretty simple. I was offered  
a sum of money at this location...  
and I went to go collect.

CLAIRE

Was this a drug deal?

ROY

No. Dr. Evans, I don't do drugs.  
I'm not an addict or anything.

CLAIRE

So who offered you this money?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

ROY is casually sitting on a couch. His phone vibrates.  
He looks at it to see it's a text message that reads:

**COME GET THE MONEY AT 127TH WEST CORNER IN FIELD**

ON ROY. His face glows as he instantly gets up.

CUT TO:

**OMITTED**

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EXT. FIELD - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

6

ROY walks into an empty green tall grass field.  
CONFIDENT.

ROY (V.O.)  
It was in this field...

Roy trudges onward into the field. He stops. Looks around. It's only him. And then --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Did you bring the stuff?

Roy turns. Sees TRE, the drug dealer. He's holding a duffel bag.

ROY  
The what?

And now Tre looks at Roy like he's stupid.

TRE  
The stuff, man.

ROY  
What stuff?

TRE  
Hold up... you're not him.

ROY  
I'm... I'm not who?

TRE  
Him! The guy!

ROY  
What guy! I'm Roy!

TRE  
Where's Jimmy?

ROY  
Who?

TRE  
Jimmy! Man -- I knew he'd do this!  
Did he not send the stash with  
you?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

(a beat,)

The what?

A BEAT. Tre looks at Roy -- *Are you stupid?*

TRE

THE STASH.

ROY

What stash? I don't know  
what you're --

TRE (CONT'D)

The stash! THE STASH.

ROY

I just got the text to come get  
the money... So...

(then,)

Is that it?

Tre and Roy both look at the duffel bag. Tre stands in front of it. Protective.

TRE

You're not getting anything until  
I get the stash.

ROY

What stash -- what -- I don't have  
any stash!

TRE

The stash! Jesus! Where is it? Did  
you not bring it? Did he not send  
it with you?

(A beat; Then,)

Where are my drugs man?

A BEAT. As Roy finally figures out what this was supposed to be.

ROY

(shrugs; then,)

I'm just here for the money, man.  
I don't have any... any drugs. I  
don't do all that.

A BEAT. Tre looks off. Mad.

ROY (CONT'D)

So... I'm just gonna... take the  
money... and go... okay?

Roy nears toward the duffel bag cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

And now Tre STEPS closer to Roy. Scaring him.

TRE

What the hell is wrong with you?

Tre pulls out A GUN from his back-pocket on Roy. Roy JUMPS back instinctively.

ROY

WOAH! WOAH! HEY!

TRE

WHO ARE YOU?!?

Roy throws his hands up. FRIGHTENED.

ROY

Roy... Roy... I'm Roy. Okay? I'm Roy.

TRE

Do you wanna die, Roy? Hm?

ROY

NO! NO! PLEASE NO! PLEASE!

TRE

Then where are my drugs?!?

ROY

I don't have them! I just -- got the text! It didn't say anything about --

TRE

Are you stupid? Do you not know how this works? You bring the stash, I give you the cash!

ROY

Look man -- I don't have your drugs. Please just -- put the gun down okay?

But that doesn't help. Tre keeps going. Roy drops to his knees.

TRE

I will blow your brains out I swear. Tell me where they are!!

ROY (CONT'D)

NO-NO-NO-NO- PLEASE NO!!!

ROY (CONT'D)

I don't have anything! Please let  
me go! Please!

TRE

I know you're his guy!

ROY

Who's?

TRE

JIMMY'S!!!!

ROY

NO! I DON'T KNOW JIMMY!

TRE (CONT'D)

YES YOU DO!! YES YOU DO!

TRE (CONT'D)

Don't lie to me!

ROY

I'm not lying, I swear! I swear!

TRE

Where are the drugs!?

ROY (CONT'D)

I DON'T KNOW!!

Tre STOMPS his foot on the ground. Frustrated.

TRE

I knew that idiot Jimmy would do  
this! Knew it! He wouldn't show  
up!

ROY

I don't -- I don't know who Jimmy  
is -- I just got the -- the text.

TRE

He gave me your number! That's  
why! He didn't wanna pay up!

ROY

Maybe he just... gave you the  
wrong number... on accident.  
Like... maybe the... maybe the six  
was a... a nine? I don't know -- I  
don't know man just... please...  
the gun... it's --

TRE

SHUT UP! SHUT. UP!

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Okay...

TRE

Jimmy was a cop-out okay?

ROY

Okay...

TRE

Jimmy was a COP-OUT. Got it?

ROY

Got it. Jimmy -- Jimmy was a cop-out. I got it.

And as Tre goes on, he keeps the gun held at Roy.

TRE

God! That idiot! I swear this is the third time this has happened to me. THIRD TIME! Jeez! Can't find any good people to trust these days!

FREEZE FRAME on the gun pointed at Roy.

ROY (V.O.)

And that's when I took my chance...

Roy breathes a few times. Prepares himself.

TRE

God! Jimmy -- Frickin idiot--! I hate him so much!

Roy GRABS the gun from Tre's hand. FLIPS it on Tre, and RISES from his knees. Gun pointed at Tre.

ROY

Hands up! Hands up!

Tre suddenly backs away from Roy. A bit scared.

ROY (CONT'D)

I said hands up!

TRE

Alright, man, chill!

Tre slowly puts his hands up. He's not as scared as Roy was.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Alright -- look. Sorry it didn't work out with Jimmy, okay? But I don't have the stash. I don't have it. Okay?

Tre doesn't say anything.

ROY (CONT'D)

OKAY?!?

TRE

Yeah, okay whatever man.

ROY

Alright now toss the bag to me. Toss it.

Tre looks at the bag. Then back at Roy. Impassive.

TRE

What --

ROY

DO YOU WANNA GET SHOT?!?!?

TRE

No.

ROY

Then toss the bag to me! Toss it!

TRE

Okay...

Tre picks up the duffel bag. Stands there.

ROY

Toss it! C'mon! Over here, by my feet.

Tre casually tosses the bag at Roy's feet.

ROY (CONT'D)

Okay... good.

Roy glances at the bag by his feet. Breathes in relief.

ROY (CONT'D)

(to himself,)

Okay...

(CONTINUED)

Tre looks at Roy who's got his eyes locked on the bag. He looks behind him. And then...

HE TAKES OFF. RUNNING as FAST as he can in the opposite direction.

Roy looks up. Sees Tre running away. He stands there. Both hands GRIPPING the gun. He's got a clear aim on Tre.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY!! WAIT!

CLOSE ON ROY. His hands SHAKE, holding the gun. He's too AFRAID to shoot. And as his finger pushes on the trigger...

Too late. Tre's already gotten too far.

ON ROY. He snaps out of the zone. Drops the gun. Disgusted. CUT TO:

Roy unzips the bag open. It's empty.

FREEZE FRAME on Roy.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE looks at ROY who's just finished his story. She's a bit bewildered.

CLAIRE

Wait.. So the bag was empty?

ROY

Dr. Evans, I was held at gunpoint. I could've died. That's what matters.

CLAIRE

Gosh... that's bonkers...

ROY

BONKERS?!?

CLAIRE

Well, I mean... it's kind of elaborate.

ROY

That's like THE fancy word for "it's crazy."

CLAIRE

Well, I meant that --

ROY

You know you're not allowed to  
call your patients crazy.

CLAIRE

Trust me, I'm qualified for my  
job.

ROY

Are you?

CLAIRE

Yes.

(then,)

So, people think you're crazy from  
this story?

ROY

Well, I mean, I've been through  
more than just at gunpoint.

CLAIRE

Okay, what more?

ROY

Um, I saw this satellite crash.

And as Claire finds that hard to believe...

CLAIRE

*A satellite crash?*

ROY

See? You don't believe me.

CLAIRE

No, it's not that. I just haven't  
heard the story.

(then,)

How did it go?

FADE TO:

A sunny, summer view of an empty school playground.

(CONTINUED)

ROY (V.O.)

It was a sunny afternoon. I was  
with my friend, Lucas.

ROY and his friend LUCAS are walking along the  
playground.

ROY

Empire strikes back was THE best.  
No other Star Wars movie can top  
that one.

LUCAS

I don't know man, I really liked A  
New Hope.

ROY

Lucas -- no!

LUCAS

What? It was the first Star Wars!

ROY

But -- Empire Strikes Back was so  
much more like -- better! "Luke, I  
am your father!" Do you not  
remember that?

LUCAS

But I like the first one, it had  
Ben Kenobi in it! Don't you  
remember the end like when they  
were about to blow up the death  
star and you hear Ben go  
"Luuuukkeee! Use the force!"

ROY

Eh, I mean -- it was alright.  
Empire was cooler. Han Solo got  
frozen at the end! And it had  
Yoda! The whole thing with Luke on  
that planet and the ship sunk, and  
then he got it out of the water  
and the --

LUCAS

But A New Hope was better! They  
were down in that garbage tank...

Lucas and Roy now cross into the soccer field area of the  
playground...

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

And Darth Vader and Ben Kenobi  
started fighting!

ROY

Luke fought Darth Vader in Empire  
strikes back!

LUCAS

Nah, their fight in Return of the  
Jedi was cooler.

ROY

WHAT? NO! NO! Oh my god Lucas come  
on!

LUCAS

I didn't like how Luke got his  
hand cut off, I mean that was --

ROY

They had to! Otherwise it would've  
been boring..!

LUCAS

I don't know man... I'm still for  
A New Hope --

ROY

But they never --

And WHOOOOSH -- BOOM!

A LARGE SATELLITE comes CRASHING DOWN to the earth --  
landing right in front of Roy and Lucas.

The impact FLINGS Roy and Lucas off their feet, and sends  
them backwards.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

ROY and LUCAS come BARGING into the door. Smothered in  
ash and debris.

Lucas is SHAKEN and PETRIFIED. He sits on the stairs.

LUCAS

(under his breath,)  
Oh my god... oh my god...

(CONTINUED)

Roy comes to Lucas's side. Serious.

ROY

Hey... Lucas... you okay?

LUCAS

No man -- Jesus -- what the heck was that?

ROY

It was a satellite. It crashed.

LUCAS

It just -- just -- came from above like WHOOSH! And then down, and then --

ROY

Hey Lucas. Listen to me.

LUCAS

It wasn't there when we were walking... and then it just -- it just -- came like -- DOWN -- and then --

ROY

Lucas...

LUCAS

It wasn't there, and then it was! Like -- all the fire and smoke was like -- scary --

ROY

Lucas -- listen to me.

LUCAS

That was scary!

ROY (CONT'D)

Lucas!

Roy SLAPS Lucas to shut him up. Lucas goes silent. Still trembling.

ROY (CONT'D)

Shut up and listen to me.

(then,)

We can't think about it... okay?

LUCAS

But it just came out of nowhere, it was like --

ROY

Lucas!

(then,)

We weren't there. Okay? We never  
saw anything.

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INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

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CLAIRE shoots Roy a look. Mixed up about the story.

CLAIRE

Why did you tell him that?

Roy looks at Claire. *Do you not get it..?*

ROY

Dr. Evans..! There are things --  
people out there called the  
police? The military? Government?  
And they would take us away and do  
god knows what...

(then,)

Do you think I'd put me and my  
friend through that?

CLAIRE

I never heard about a satellite  
crash happening.

ROY

It's a big world, Dr. Evans. A lot  
of things happen that we don't  
know about.

CLAIRE

Yeah. Just... thought a satellite  
crash would get everyone's  
attention.

ROY

I don't like attention.

Claire goes to her notes. Writes a few things down.

CLAIRE

Yeah, that's where you and I are  
the same...

Roy chuckles. Claire notices him. Looks up at him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Is something funny?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

No... it's just...

(then,)

You know, you're right. You don't really seem like someone who likes attention. Must not be that fun of a person.

Claire blinks her eyes. Struck by that.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

ROY

One second...

Roy now CLIMBS ONTO the desk, moves toward Claire and gets CLOSE to her face.

CLAIRE

What are you--?

ROY

(interrupts her,)

-- I see it in your eyes. You've had a tough life.

CLAIRE

Can you please back away now?

ROY

Right. Sorry.

Roy moves back on the other side, gets off the desk, and then sits down.

CLAIRE

Let's... not make this about me.

ROY

So there is something about you.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

ROY

You have a problem.

Roy puts his feet on the desk. Feeling like the smart one in the room now.

CLAIRE

Really? You're the one to tell me.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Dr. Evans!

CLAIRE

How can you tell me that I have a  
problem?

ROY

Because you do. You know what your  
problem is?

(then,)

Why do you feel like the whole  
world's problems are yours to deal  
with? Like it's all a burden on  
your shoulders?

CLAIRE

I help people.

ROY

Why?

CLAIRE

Because... It's what I do.

(then,)

Why do you think I've had a tough  
life?

Roy glances his eyes at the picture of Claire and her  
mom.

ROY

Is that your mother?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Why?

ROY

Tell me about her.

And now Claire HESITATES. Does she really wanna talk to  
*this* guy about her mom..? And then:

CLAIRE

She was nice. She died when I was  
five.

ROY

Oh. I get it now.

CLAIRE

Get what?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Mommy's gone. Daddy doesn't care,  
and little Miss Claire decided to  
open her own practice right when  
she got out of college. Correct?

CLAIRE

Don't bring my dad into this.

ROY

Why? Do you not like him?

CLAIRE

No, I didn't say -- I just --

Claire struggles to hide her feelings.

ROY

See? I knew it.

CLAIRE

It's none of your business.

Roy slams his hand on the desk. Proud of himself.

ROY

SO IT'S TRUE!!! HA! Man I am good!

CLAIRE

What gives you the right to come  
in here and tell me I have a  
problem?

ROY

I mean -- because you do have one.  
It's okay, it's natural to have --

CLAIRE

We're supposed to be talking about  
you!

And as Claire is on the verge of snapping...

ROY

Dr. Evans, let's face it. You  
think my stories are crap.

CLAIRE

I never said that they were crap.

ROY

Really? Let's be honest here.  
C'mon.

CLAIRE

Well, I mean they are kind of absurd. A phony satellite crash, getting held at gunpoint randomly.

ROY

So what's my problem, then?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Maybe you have a schizo-affective disorder. Maybe you're imagining all this? All your stories just feel like... stories.

ROY

Hmph... Stories.

CLAIRE

Yes. Sometimes we just come up with stuff or we read about them... and we start imagining --

ROY

Dr. Evans, did you ever learn about the Civil War in high school? Or the American Revolution? French Revolution? Any of that?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

ROY

Did you read about them?

CLAIRE

Well, yeah. Because that stuff happened hundreds of years ago.

ROY

But they still happened.

CLAIRE

History books are based on real life events. That's what history is. Stuff that actually happened.

ROY

And storybooks? How are they any different? Where do they come from?

CLAIRE

I don't know -- they're fiction --  
they come from -- imagination.

ROY

And where does imagination come  
from? It has to come from  
somewhere, right?

(then,)

Experiences, Claire. That's what  
I'm getting at. It all comes from  
experience. I've lived all this.  
I'm telling the truth.

Claire sighs. *You still don't get it...*

ROY (CONT'D)

I may not have been through what  
other people have. But I've had  
these habits... these things...  
and then things just happen...

CLAIRE

What habits?

ROY

Why do you ask?

CLAIRE

Well I'm just saying... maybe  
these habits, or quirks, might be  
causing what you go through.

ROY

My habits are a problem?

CLAIRE

Depends. What kind of habits are  
we talking about?

ROY

I mean... I steal stuff.  
Occasionally. Not like big stuff  
like TVs or computers... just  
small, petty things.

Claire takes a breath. *Here we go again...*

CLAIRE

Okay. Stealing stuff.

ROY  
(Sighs; Then,)  
Oh wait. It does remind me of this  
one time...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

PAN DOWN TO FIND:

...ROY. Walking down the street. He crosses with...

A GUY. He nods to Roy, but Roy walks passed him  
nonchalantly. He walks on... and on... and on... until...

He stops. Turns. Sees A HOUSE. Keeps his eyes on THIS  
house only.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
So is it a natural feeling? Or do  
you plan these things?

ROY (V.O.)  
No. Completely natural and  
instinctive. I don't do heists...

CLOSE IN ON the house.

ON ROY. He takes his sunglasses off and tosses them  
aside.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

ROY  
It's kind of the feeling of lust.  
I look at something, and I want  
it. Or even someone... Kind of  
like... like sex, you know?

And for moment, we sense a bit of TENSION (it may well be  
sexual, who knows?), but Claire snaps out of it, getting  
uncomfortable.

CLAIRE  
So what did you steal?

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EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

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ROY runs across the lawn. He STOPS at the door. Knocks repeatedly until...

A GIRL opens the door.

SILENCE takes over. It's long, drawn out, and awkward. Roy stands quietly while the GIRL stares at him, puzzled. *Who the hell are you?*

GIRL

Um... Can I... help you?

ROY

(fast-paced,)

Hi I'm Roy, can I come in?

GIRL

Um, I'm sorry?

ROY

(fast paced,)

Hi I'm Roy can I come in? I promise I'm selling anything illegal I swear I tried doing that as a kid and a lady one time hit me with her cane.

And he says it so fast that the Girl has no idea what the fuck he's saying...

GIRL

Um, do I know you? Are you like --

ROY

No. Pardon me.

Roy shoves the Girl out of the way --

GIRL

Woah -- hey --

ROY

Sorry.

Roy runs into --

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INT. HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK**

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THE GIRL chases after Roy into the house.

(CONTINUED)

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GIRL  
Hey -- excuse me -- STOP!

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INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

15

ROY barges into the door. The GIRL comes in after him.

GIRL  
Stop! What are you doing!

ROY  
Can I see your room?

GIRL  
No! Get out!

ROY  
(defensive,)  
No!

GIRL  
I'm gonna call the cops if you  
don't --

ROY  
No -- Don't -- don't do that. You  
don't wanna do that.

GIRL  
I don't care. You're --  
trespassing.

ROY  
Listen -- what's your name?  
June..? Right?

And now, the girl, who we now know as JUNE, yells --

JUNE  
What -- how do you know my name?

ROY  
THERE'S A STICKER RIGHT THERE!

A QUICK CUT of a poster on the wall that says JUNE.

JUNE  
Get out of my house!

ROY  
Okay... gosh.

And now Roy's eyes catch onto... A PINK BLANKET. Sitting on the bed. He is immediately taken by it.

FREEZE FRAME ON ROY.

ROY (V.O.)

And there it was... that feeling.

And now Roy pushes passed June --

ROY

Wait wait wait

JUNE

No --

Roy grabs the blanket.

ROY

I'm gonna take this.

JUNE

No you're not. Put that down.

ROY

No!

JUNE

Put it down -- it's not yours!

ROY

Nope. Sorry.

Roy RUNS out of the room. June runs after him, IRATE.

JUNE

STOP! Bring that back!

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

ROY takes off, running out of the house.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

TWO BOYS -- We'll just call them Red Shirt and Blue Shirt -- are walking down the street, talking.

BLUE SHIRT

I don't know man, I was thinking about getting her sour patch kids...

RED SHIRT

Nah. Swedish fish sound better.

BLUE SHIRT

But the sour patch kids -- have  
the -- the sweet, and then the  
sour flavor -- it's like --

RED SHIRT

Yeah but Swedish fish are fat  
free, you know?

BLUE SHIRT

(shrugs,)  
I don't know... and then it's  
like --

Blue Shirt stops as...

ROY comes running along with the pink blanket in hand. He  
STOPS in front of the two guys. In the middle of the  
three of them, Roy sees...

HIS SUNGLASSES. Just as he left them.

A LONG STARE-OFF follows. The boys stare at Roy, not  
knowing what he's up to, and Roy stares back. Intensely.  
Out of breath.

And now ROY runs to his sunglasses, GRABS THEM, and RUNS  
OFF. No words said.

Red Shirt and Blue Shirt exchange looks. Confused. *Who  
the hell was that?*

And now JUNE comes running along. SEES the two boys.

JUNE

Have you guys seen a guy... he was  
-- wearing a white t-shirt --

RED SHIRT

With a blanket?

JUNE

Yes! Where did he go?

BLUE SHIRT

He ran that way.

JUNE

(frustrated,)  
Idiot! He took my blanket!

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

The two boys awkwardly stand there as June mumbles to herself, agitated. Then she looks at hem --

JUNE (CONT'D)

(A beat; Then,)

What?

The two Boys look at one another, shrug, and then walk away.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

18

-- ROY. Running around the front lot with the flashlight in hand. Happy. Blithe. Joyous.

19

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Claire jots a note down. Looks at Roy --

CLAIRE

And this made you happy?

ROY

Yeah. I don't know why. I think -- maybe it was the adrenaline rush that everyone gets every now and then.

(then,)

It was like... like riding a roller coaster.

20

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

20

ROY runs down the awning of the store with the flashlight. Still in high spirits. He keeps running gleefully, smiling and laughing in complete and SHEER BLISS.

FREEZE FRAME on ROY.

ROY (V.O.)

It was just all about the feeling.

21

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

21

ON CLAIRE. She's can't seem to make sense of this story...

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Um... okay. So you stole a blanket.

ROY

Yeah.

CLAIRE

And the girl? She never found you?

ROY

Oh no she was crazy. She was ready to call the police.

(throws his hands  
up,)

Who does that?

Claire looks down, shaking her head.

ROY (CONT'D)

So anyway... those are one of my habits.

CLAIRE

*Habits?* So there's more than one?

ROY

Well yeah. I mean -- there's this other thing that I do. It's like... what do you doctors call it? Breakdowns?

CLAIRE

You break down?

ROY

Mhm. On occasion.

INT. BATHROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

VARIOUS CUTS on ROY. Brushing his teeth. Washing his face. Putting on a dress shirt. He glimpses himself in the mirror as he fastens on a tie.

EXT. STREETS - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

ROY walks along the streets. DRESSED UP. Moving passed people. He then STOPS. Looks down at his shoes. One of them is untied.

He bends down. Begins to tie the laces.

CUT ON VARIOUS angles of ROY. Trying to tie his shoe. But every time he ties through the loop, it goes undone. Nothing seems to work. He ties and ties, but he can't.

ON ROY. He starts to become frustrated. He TIES more VIGOROUSLY. He becomes more... and more... and MORE INTENSE. He tries again. It doesn't work. The laces are STILL untied.

And now ROY is fucking ENRAGED as he STARTS to CRY. Hard tears roll down him as he keeps trying to TIE. But it doesn't work.

Roy SLAMS his hands at his SHOE. Pounding at them STRONGLY with passion, anger, and INTENSITY.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

So you don't know how to tie your shoes?

ROY (V.O.)

No. I do. But... in that moment -- I don't know. I just couldn't do it.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

You should've just asked someone.

ROY (V.O.)

To tie my shoes? C'mon Claire...

Roy now SCREAMS and YELLS as he continues to punch his shoes -- HARD.

A STRANGER approaches Roy. Worried.

STRANGER

Hey bud, you good?

ROY

Stop!

STRANGER

Hey whoa. What -- Is it your shoe?

Roy is now SOBBING on the ground. Having a break down.

ROY

It's not working!!

STRANGER

What's not working--? Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

NO!!

(points at his shoe,)  
It's not working!!

STRANGER

What's not --

ROY

THIS!!

Roy now takes his shoe and **TOSSES** it onto the street. The Stranger is taken aback by this.

STRANGER

Whoa -- hey --

ROY

I HATE IT!

The Stranger, having no idea what's going on, runs out to the street and grabs the shoe. He checks it. Nothing's wrong with it. And as he turns...

STRANGER

Hey you're shoe...

But Roy is already **SPRINTING** down the street with one shoe on. Almost like he's limping.

**ON ROY.** We're **TIGHT ON** his face as he runs along. **TEARS** streaming as he **SCREAMS**.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE

All this... for a shoe?

ROY

Yup.

(then,)  
Oh, and I also have this other habit.

CLAIRE

What?

ROY

I sometimes like to shoot people with a paint-ball gun.

*INSERT CUT:*

(CONTINUED)

*VARIOUS CUTS OF ROY shooting people with a paint-ball gun... out of his car... On the street...*

BACK TO SCENE:

CLAIRE

What--? Why?

ROY

It's funny! You should try it  
sometime, Claire. Like, their  
reaction, when they get hit --

Roy starts laughing while Claire stares at him,  
indignant.

ROY (CONT'D)

(Laughs,)

24

Aw man... It's a good time.  
Really.

24

CLAIRE puts her pen down. Rests her head between her  
hands.

CLAIRE

I don't get it.

ROY

Are you frustrated with me,  
Claire?

CLAIRE

I'm the one who should be asking  
the questions.

ROY

Is it because you can't figure me  
out?

CLAIRE

I should be able to.

ROY

I think your frustrated.

CLAIRE

You didn't explain how you felt.  
The shoe -- was just --

ROY

I'm not talking about my story.  
I'm talking about you.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

We're not making this about me.

ROY

See? You're insecure.

CLAIRE

About what?

ROY

Hm... let's see... you know... I'm  
gonna go out on a limb and say  
it's about your dad.

CLAIRE

My dad has nothing to do with  
this.

ROY

What is it with you and him?

CLAIRE

You're pushing it...

ROY

Why don't you like him?

A BEAT. Claire considers to yell. And then --

CLAIRE

He's a jerk. Simple as that. Okay?  
Can we move on now?

ROY

Do you think maybe because you  
don't have a mom -- it may be  
putting a strain on you and your  
dad for --

CLAIRE

STOP.

ROY

Claire, you've got me confused  
here.

CLAIRE

Oh, and you've been doing what  
exactly?

ROY

I'm trying to help you.

CLAIRE

That's not how this works. I'm the one that's supposed to be helping you.

ROY

Claire. You need help.

CLAIRE

And you're no different.

ROY

How?

CLAIRE

The things you do, the stuff you talk about. No normal person would believe any of this.

ROY

Because they haven't been through it! I have. See the difference?

(then,)

When you're held at gunpoint, you can say it happened to you. When a satellite crashes in front of you -- when you steal stuff and get away with it -- when you have break downs on the streets -- when you beat up a car with a bat -- it's all real.

Roy keeps his confident face worn.

CLAIRE

If you were normal and rational, you wouldn't beat up a car with a bat.

ROY

Oh I was completely rational. That's another story. You wanna hear it?

Claire leans back in her chair. Given up.

CLAIRE

You already brought it up.

ROY

Stupidest thing ever. The guy I got in a car accident with? Total jackass.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Are you sure it wasn't the other way around?

ROY

Claire... seriously?

CLAIRE

Did he hit you?

ROY

Well actually...

25 INT. ROY'S CAR - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

25

ROY and LUCAS are talking while Roy drives.

ROY

Alright okay, your turn now.  
What's the question?

LUCAS

Hm. This has got to be good. Lemme think.

ROY

Nope. Now or never!

LUCAS

'Kay I got one! Most dangerous sport?

ROY

Easy. Football.

LUCAS

Football? FOOTBALL?!? Seriously man?

ROY

Dude. Don't you know how many players get concussions every year. Like --

LUCAS

Bro -- ice skating man! Ice skating is dangerous! You fall and crack your head on solid ice, you're gone!

Roy smacks the steering wheel, chuckling.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Lucas you're stupid! Ice skating  
isn't a sport!

LUCAS

Yes it is! It's in the Olympics!

ROY

They show it every four years!

And suddenly...

HOOOOOOOONK!

A CAR HORN blows O.S.

LUCAS

ROOOOOOYYY!!!

Roy looks ahead of him to see A CAR coming at them. He  
SPINS the wheel to the left.

ROY

Woah!

LUCAS

Holy crap man what did you  
do? What were you thinking?

ROY (CONT'D)

Shut up -- calm down, it's  
not that bad -- I just lost  
track!

The two cars CROSS. We follow along with the OTHER CAR.  
It keeps driving until it stops. TURNS back around and  
heads toward Roy's car. Honking it's horn.

Roy's car comes to a stop. ROY and LUCAS both get out to  
see...

A MAN. He comes PURGING out of his car. HOPPING MAD.

MAN

Hey! What the hell was that, huh?

ROY

Sorry 'bout that sir...

MAN

Sorry? You're -- you're  
sorry? That was out of the  
blue kid what are you  
blind?

ROY (CONT'D)

I tried to dodge you but  
you wouldn't move!

MAN

You were driving on the wrong side  
of the road! On my side of the  
road!

ROY

(shrugs,)  
Sun got in my way.

MAN

You scraped my car! Jesus -- come  
-- come look at this!

TIMECUT:

The Man, Roy, and Lucas stand looking at the Man's  
damaged car.

MAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Damage is done. Let's see  
some insurance.

Roy looks at the Man as if he's insane.

ROY

I'm not paying.

MAN

You couldn't afford it.

LUCAS

Roy... man... maybe we should just  
trade cars with 'em. Only the  
paint chipped on ours, sir.

MAN

Woah -- easy there jump to  
conclusions! This is my brand new  
2015 model. I want it repaired!  
Nobody trades cards!

ROY

(shrugs,)  
Take it to your dealership.

MAN

YOU RAN INTO MY CAR genius!  
Already cruising in the wrong side  
of the road, and then what do you  
do to make it all better? Hit my  
car! Yeah! Way to make it count!

(CONTINUED)

ROY

I'm not paying.

MAN

I got the damage on my car and yours to prove it's you. Plus, I got your license plate number down. USV, 938.

LUCAS

Roy... I say we make a run for it... this guy looks like... CIA or... something.

Lucas starts to back away from The Man who rolls his eyes at him.

MAN

Where's your insurance card!?

Roy looks around. Stays silent for a beat. Then --

ROY

Alright fine. Show me your license.

MAN

What?

ROY

Do you not have a driver's license?

MAN

Are you joking?

LUCAS

Yeah man, Roy... he looks like he could grow a beard in like... a day.

MAN

Thank you captain obvious.

(to Roy,)

Bud you better pull out that insurance, or you might be looking at jail time.

ROY

I said show me your license!

MAN

Easy.... You're not a cop!

(CONTINUED)

ROY

And I don't have to pay you  
either!

TIMECUT:

The Man hands Roy his license.

MAN

Can't believe I'm doing this...

Roy takes the license. Looks it over. Then starts to  
chuckle.

ROY

Kendall...

KENDALL

What?

LUCAS

Kendall?

KENDALL

What? Kendall. Kendall Hartley,  
that's my name!

LUCAS

Hmph! Kendall...

KENDALL

What?!?

ROY

Did your mom and dad think you  
were a girl the whole time you  
were in there or--?

KENDALL

Alright, enough BS right here!  
Where's your insurance? I want a  
guarantee -- you're getting this  
fixed!

Roy hands The Man his license back.

ROY

Nah.

KENDALL

What do you mean *nah*? Do you think  
I'm a money god?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

24-7 makin' it rain? Jesus -- use  
your eyes! I'm a middle class!

As Kendall keeps ranting, PUSH IN on Roy. Slowly being  
AILED at Kendall's words.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I work a desk job! I gotta make  
ends meet! I gotta pay my bills --  
MY TAXES -- or the IRS comes after  
me! You know how ugly that gets  
when...

And now Roy BREAKS as he yells --

ROY

SCREW THE IRS!!!

SILENCE. Kendall stands, befuddled.

KENDALL

What -- what do you mean screw the  
IRS? Why would you just say screw  
the --

Roy turns around. Walks towards his car.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Where you going pal? We still need  
to talk about what you owe for my  
bumper!

(to Lucas,)

Hey tell him to stop! He's not  
leaving like this!

Roy keeps on walking. He opens his trunk. Grabs A  
BASEBALL BAT out from it, and then turns around.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

What the hell? What's that bat  
for? Is that supposed to scare me?

LUCAS

Roy... put that away man...

Roy walks back towards Kendall. Intense eyes. He drags  
the bat along with him.

KENDALL

You hit me with that, I'll have a  
cop here in no time and have you  
arrested for battery and assault!  
Don't try this with me!

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Roy... c'mon man...

Kendall and Roy are now standing across from each other.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Roy...

KENDALL

Look at you -- you can barely swing with that!

LUCAS

Roy put it away.

KENDALL

Right, yeah. Put it away and let's talk insurance!

Roy now HAULS the bat up over his shoulder and --

WHACK! He hits the front end of Kendall's car.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

LUCAS

WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH -- ROY NO! DUDE WHAT THE  
HEY STOP NOW WHAT THE HECK?!?  
HELL?!

Roy takes another whack and POUNDS the bat on Kendall's car. Hitting it repeatedly. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

KENDALL

LUCAS (CONT'D)

HEY HEY HEY HEY STOP THAT'S ROY STOP IT MAN YOU'RE  
MY CAR! STOP! STOP! INSANE!!

Kendall tries to make a move for Roy, but Roy holds the bat up to the car -- ready to hit it.

KENDALL

WOAH NO THAT'S ENOUGH!!

ROY

Don't touch me.

KENDALL

YOU'RE BEATING UP MY CAR! LOOK AT THAT! That's seven grand worth of damage right there!

ROY

You touch me, I'll hit it again. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

KENDALL

Hey bud, C'mon now... Let's put  
the bat down, and talk this like  
it's corporate... nice and calm...  
alright? Okay?

ROY

No.

Roy starts to HIT the car with the bat again. And this  
time, he keeps going.

KENDALL

WHAT THE HELL STOP IT --  
YOU IDIOT -- I JUST BOUGHT  
THIS -- I'M CALLING 911 --  
YOU'RE GETTING ARRESTED --  
THIS IS CRAZY! STOP HITTING  
MY CAR!!!

LUCAS

ROY STOP IT DUDE THAT'S  
ENOUGH. WHAT ARE YOU  
THINKING MAN?

CLOSE IN on his face. Ardent. Serious. Not giving us much  
but intensity. Kendall and Lucas keep yelling at him in  
the b.g.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. ROY'S CAR - DAY - LATER - **FLASHBACK**

ROY and LUCAS are sitting in the car. Dead-faced. The  
baseball bat is sitting in the back of the car.

LUCAS

Roy... we're doomed man. You're...  
crazy.

And suddenly...

Kendall's car ZOOMS from behind, and pulls up beside  
them...

Kendall flips them off and then drives away.

Lucas leans his head back. Worried.

CLOSE ON ROY. Poker-faced.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

ROY takes a breath, just having finished his story.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

So you banged up his car with a bat after you had already hit it?

ROY

I hit it by accident.

CLAIRE

Great. Did you hit it with a bat on accident too?

ROY

That was because the guy was being annoying. And I'm... let's just say I'm really sensitive to annoyance. Make sense?

CLAIRE

No.

ROY

So you don't believe me?

CLAIRE

Okay, maybe it could have happened... but...

ROY

You know what did happen?

CLAIRE

What?

ROY

Well... I don't know if I want to tell you this...

CLAIRE

Okay, well you don't have to if you don't feel comfortable...

Roy takes a long beat to decide. Then...

ROY

Actually, you know what? I think I'll tell you.

(then,)

It's another story.

CLAIRE

What story now?

ROY

Dr. Evans... have you ever taken  
interest in... the opposite sex?

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

ROY

You know... for a guy like me... I  
get... curious... from time to  
time.

CLAIRE

Okay...

Off Roy's look...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

ROY approaches the front door. Anxious.

ROY (V.O.)

I had been talking to this girl  
for a little while, and she  
finally wanted to hang out. And I  
was all for it. 'Cause... you  
know...

Roy knocks on the door. JILL, and ATTRACTIVE young girl  
with somewhat of a sensible charisma, opens the door. She  
smiles, welcoming Roy in.

JILL

Hey, hi, come inside.

ROY

Hey.

JILL

Good to see you.

ROY

Oh, you too. You look nice.

JILL

Thank you, you too!

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

ROY follows JILL into the room. She sits down on the bed.

ROY

So your parents aren't home?

JILL

No. They're out of town.

ROY

Oh. Cool.

Roy sits down on the bed. The two are inches apart. Roy sits. Waiting for something to happen.

ROY (CONT'D)

So... how have you been?

JILL

Oh you know. Just... this and that. Work's been kinda tough.

ROY

Yeah. I've been thinking about quitting.

JILL

But you can't quit, 'cause then I'd be lonely.

ROY

Oh. Well -- you could always quit with me.

JILL

(chuckles,)  
True, but I need the money.

ROY

Don't we all...

The two take a beat. Then...

ROY (CONT'D)

So... what do you wanna do tonight?

JILL

Uh, yeah... I had this idea.

ROY

Yeah?

JILL

It's kind of crazy.

(CONTINUED)

Roy's eyes start to light up.

ROY

Really?

JILL

Would you be up for it? Like...  
it's totally cool if you don't  
wanna do it.

ROY

No-no-no it's cool. Trust me...  
I'm all for crazy.

Jill smiles.

JILL

Okay.

ROY

So what's happening?

JILL

We're gonna die.

ON ROY. Confused, but nods his head anyway. FREEZE-FRAME  
on ROY.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE blinks her eyes at ROY. Trying to make sense of  
this all.

CLAIRE

Wait -- she wanted to *die*?

ROY

Claire -- I'm not finished with  
the story yet, can you please  
stop --

CLAIRE

Okay, sorry. Continue.

ROY

No. Since you interrupted me...  
(then,)  
Spoiler alert -- WE DIED.

CLAIRE

You... died?

ROY

Yeah. That's what happened. We both died. Kind of.

CLAIRE

But you're still here.

ROY

Well yeah. I died. But I came back.

CLAIRE

You came *back*?

ROY

Isn't that weird? I didn't expect it to work. I mean, everyone finds stuff online. But this -- this was real. I literally died.

Claire scoffs.

CLAIRE

Oh my god...

ROY

Claire. Please don't use my name like that -- I don't --

CLAIRE

Just go on with the story.

ROY and JILL are sitting face to face on the bed. Jill reads from a piece of paper.

ROY

So wait... why are we doing this again?

JILL

Well -- I'm kind of... done with this world.

ROY

*This world?*

JILL

Like, this whole being alive thing, live your life to the fullest crap...

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

it just doesn't work for me.

(then,)

Like, I feel like I'd get rid of a lot of my problems if I just... died. You know?

ROY

Uh-huh... so this is like suicide, or..?

JILL

But we'll come back. Like -- it's not forever or anything.

ROY

Okay. So... are we're going to the after life or..?

JILL

Yeah. For like -- kind of like a vacation?

ROY

Okay. So how are we doing this?

JILL

Like I have these steps. See?

Jill holds up the piece of paper for Roy to see.

ROY

Step one... spin around in circles?

JILL

So do you like... wanna go first?

ROY

Um. Yeah, I guess.

A BEAT. They both don't move. And then...

JILL

Maybe we should flip a coin.

Roy nods. Jill grabs a quarter of her shelf. Holds it in between her and Roy.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call tails.

ROY

Fine. I'll go heads.

(CONTINUED)

Jill flips the coin. It's heads.

JILL

Okay. You first.

Roy gets up.

ROY

So I just... spin?

JILL

Yeah like ring around a rosy.

ROY

Okay.

Roy SPINS around three times. Then faces Jill again.

ROY (CONT'D)

Is that... it?

JILL

Yeah. I'll go now.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE listens to the story...

CLAIRE

You both took steps to heaven.

ROY

Not heaven, Claire. We didn't actually go that far. Just to a place in between.

CLAIRE

Okay...

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

JILL and ROY are sitting back down.

JILL

Okay, now it says to sing a song that means a lot to you.

ROY

So we like have to... sing like in... in tune or..?

JILL

Just like -- the best that you  
can. It doesn't have to be like  
perfect or anything.

ROY

Um... okay.

JILL

I'll go first.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE is not getting any of this story.

CLAIRE

How does singing help you die?

ROY

I don't know Claire, it was just  
what the steps were --

(then,)

Like, I'm not a singer. I was  
pretty nervous too.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

ON ROY. It's his turn to sing now. We're TIGHT ON his  
face. He's not looking forward to this...

ROY

*Don't be shy just let your  
feelings roll on by  
Don't wear fear or nobody will  
know you're there  
Just lift your head, and let your  
feelings out instead  
And don't be shy, just let your  
feeling roll on by  
On by.  
You know love is better than a  
song  
Love is where all of us belong  
So don't be shy just let your  
feelings roll on by  
Don't wear fear or nobody will  
know you're there  
You're there...*

ON ROY. He's a bit emotional while singing. But he pulls  
through with every line.

JILL

Okay I think that's good. You were pretty in tune.

ROY

Oh, thanks.

JILL

Yeah.

(then,)

Um, okay, next step is... I think it says to cut our hair.

ROY

Like go bald?

JILL

No. Just like two or three strands.

ROY

Oh, okay. Good.

CUT TO:

JILL drops a few strands of hair into an incense candle bottle. Then, Roy puts his in. And now we CUT CLOSE on the candle to see the strands of hair TWIST and BURN.

ROY (CONT'D)

That much good?

JILL

Yeah, it doesn't really say how much to put but we should be fine.

(then,)

Okay, now step four is... name three constellations.

ROY

Three?

JILL

Yeah. Are you -- good with astrology and all that -- like, we can google a few if --

ROY

No. I think...

(then,)

Aquarius, Norma, Sagittarius.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Okay, um....

(thinks; then,)

Orion, Leo... and... Ursa major.  
Right, like there's a minor and a  
major --

ROY

Yeah. Ursa major works.

JILL

Okay. Good.

ROY

So... last step?

JILL

Um, yeah.

Jill pulls out a vial of clear-looking water. Roy eyes  
it. Edgy.

ROY

Is that...

JILL

Yeah, this is like the -- the site  
called it a potion, so...

ROY

Okay. Do we drink all of it?

JILL

No, we split it. You drink half, I  
drink half.

ROY

Alright...

JILL

So, should we flip a coin again?

Off Roy --

SMASHCUT TO:

JILL flips a coin again. It lands on tails.

JILL (CONT'D)

Your turn.

ROY

Okay...

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Okay... here we go.

Jill hands the bottle to Roy. He takes it with SHAKY HANDS. Still not sure if he's up for this.

ROY

Is this gonna hurt?

JILL

No -- It like sedates you -- so you don't feel your heart like... stop.

ROY

So I drink this and I'll go to sleep.

JILL

Right.

ROY

Okay... here I go...

ON ROY. He double checks himself.

ROY (V.O.)

I told myself this was the last time to back out. I didn't.

Roy inhales. DRINKS half the water-looking liquid. CUT WIDE:

Jill takes the bottle from Roy's hand before he starts to lose feeling.

Roy falls backward onto the bed. KNOCKED OUT.

CLAIRE and ROY now go on to talk.

CLAIRE

So you just fell asleep then?

ROY

No, Claire. I died.

CLAIRE

Really? So where did you go after you passed out? Like -- what was the after life like?

ROY  
I mean -- I don't exactly  
remember. But it was... it was  
wet.  
(then,)  
Really wet.

UNDERWATER --

ON ROY. His eyes FLING OPEN. CUT TO:

Roy RISES UP to the water's surface. BREATHES DEEPLY.  
He's in a fucking PANIC. He grabs a hold onto the edge of  
the pool. Looks around. He knows WHERE he is, but WHY is  
he here?

Roy CLIMBS up onto the ground. RUSHES around the pool  
area. SPLASHES across the pool fountain as he  
approaches...

A GATE. It leads to the outside, but it's CLOSED. Roy  
BANGS on the gate. PULLS on the handle. It stays shut.  
He's locked inside.

Roy now CLIMBS up onto a brick-cemented wall. TRIES to  
CLIMB over a gate fence, and SLIP -- he FALLS right back  
down.

Roy OPENS a big plastic box. He DIGS through broken swim  
goggles, a noodle, and a pair of swim trunks. CUT TO:

ROY. Standing. Looking down into the pool's depth. Only  
five feet. And then, he TURNS around to see...

A FIGURE. Definitely a PERSON, whom we glimpse from  
BEHIND.

Roy and the mysterious person hold a look for a beat.  
Then...

The person starts to MOVE closer to Roy. Roy stays quiet.  
Having no idea what's going to happen next as...

The person PUSHES Roy back into the pool. He splashes  
right back in as we SMASHCUT TO:

39 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

39

CLAIRE

You were pushed back in and then what?

ROY

That's all I remember, doc. It felt like it was all a dream.

CLAIRE

A dream? So you WERE sleeping.

ROY

No -- I WAS dead. I even felt that -- like you know that deep dramatic breath people get when they come back to life?

CLAIRE

That never happens.

ROY

It happened to me.

SMASHCUT TO:

40 INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

40

ROY wakes up. INHALES A DEEP BREATH. He rises. FRANTIC. *What the fuck just happened?*

He looks beside him to see -- JILL. She's still dead. He rushes to her side. JOSTLES HER.

ROY

Hey! Hey! Jill--!

Jill remains lifeless. Roy FREEZES. Oh shit! What do I do? He then swivels his head to --

His jacket and keys. And then his eyes move back to Jill. And then to his jacket, and then back to Jill. TIMECUT TO:

Roy gets up. Grabs his jacket and keys. Goes for the door. Turns back to Jill --

ROY (CONT'D)

You're really attractive...

(then,)

But I'm gonna go now.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Roy DARTS out the door.

41

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

41

CLAIRE finds all this nonsensical.

CLAIRE

So you left her dead there?

ROY

Well -- I think she woke up around  
an hour later.

CLAIRE

You think?

ROY

Well, I stopped talking to her  
after that. I feel like -- If I  
ever hung out with her ever  
again... it'd be weird.

CLAIRE

How?

ROY

Hanging out with the person you  
died with? C'mon Claire...

CLAIRE

Except you didn't die...

ROY

What?

Roy looks at Claire again. She's convinced.

CLAIRE

You never really "died," Roy.

ROY

Claire -- did you not pay any  
attention to the story?

CLAIRE

She could've drugged you.

ROY

I DON'T DO DRUGS, CLAIRE!

Claire becomes serious.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Okay, Roy... listen to me.  
(then,)  
You've been here for hours now.  
You've told me a bunch of stuff.

ROY

And you think I'm making it all  
up.

CLAIRE

I think it's because you have a  
problem... rationalizing things.

ROY

Is that a disease?

CLAIRE

It's a complex. It can happen with  
people. They can... develop a  
certain mind set if a traumatic  
thing --

ROY

So I'm crazy?

CLAIRE

You're stories are.

ROY

But they happened.

CLAIRE

No they didn't.

ROY

Yes they did.

CLAIRE

Do you see what I'm getting at  
here? Something must have  
happened... or you may have gone  
through something that triggered  
all this. All these stories.

Claire tries to be logical here, but it annoys Roy.

ROY

I'm not a liar, Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm not saying you are. But you  
can't help it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It comes out of your mind  
involuntarily and you start making  
things up.

ROY

All because of what? Because I  
"went through something?" How is  
that supposed to --

CLAIRE

What happened to your family, Roy?

ROY

We already addressed this, Claire.  
We're not talking about them.

CLAIRE

We have to.

ROY

Why?

CLAIRE

Because I think that's why you're  
like this. You don't have family.  
You're alone -- you're --

ROY

Like you?

CLAIRE

This isn't about me.

ROY

I'm just asking. 'Cause  
obviously... your mom died... and  
things with you and your dad  
aren't healthy, so --

CLAIRE

Roy. Please.

ROY

Does it make you feel alone?

A BEAT. Claire takes a moment. And now --

CLAIRE

Maybe.

(then,)

But it doesn't affect me like it  
does you. I don't make stuff up.  
You... do.

(CONTINUED)

Roy goes silent for a beat. Then...

ROY  
I've never told anyone this story.

Roy points at A BLACK DIARY that sits in front of him on the desk.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I have it written down in here.

CLAIRE  
Is that your diary?

ROY  
Yeah.

CLAIRE  
What's in there?

ROY  
Just some personal stuff.  
(then,)  
Plus the story... about what  
happened to my folks.

CLAIRE  
This is *another* story?

ROY  
What do you want to hear, then,  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
I want the truth, Roy. I want a  
real, honest, story.

ON ROY. As he takes that in for a beat. Then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Read it from your diary. I don't  
care.

ROY  
No I have it down in my head.  
(Then,)  
My family died.

CLAIRE  
How?

ROY

They were killed when they bombed  
us.

CLAIRE

(surprised,)  
Bombed? By whom?

ROY

You know... them.

CLAIRE

Who's them?

A BEAT. And now Roy says it:

ROY

The aliens.

Claire looks off. Frustrated once again.

CLAIRE

This is what I'm talking about.

ROY

It *was* the aliens!

CLAIRE

Aliens are not real.

ROY

But they are. They bombed my whole  
neighborhood.

CLAIRE

Yeah. Mine too.

ROY

So they're real?

CLAIRE

This is just another story, Roy.  
It's made up. Fake. Not real.

ROY

I have it written down! I remember  
every bit of it.

Roy picks up the diary. Opens it. Flips through to the  
last few pages. Starts to read from it...

Off Claire, who can't help but let him tell this story...

42 INT. HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 42

ROY walks across the kitchen. A MUG in his hand. And then...

RUUUUUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLL!

The FLOOR SHAKES and the house JOSTLES. The lights FLICKER.

ROY (V.O.)

The floor just started to shake. I thought it was an earthquake.

Roy regains his balance as he wonders -- *what was that?*

43 EXT. BACKYARD DECK - HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 43

ROY runs out to the deck. Looks up at the sky to see...

A UFO. Floating in the sky.

Off Roy -- trying to figure out what the hell is happening --

ROY (V.O.)

There was a UFO -- like an actual one -- in the sky.

44 EXT. STREETS - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 44

ROY walks through the streets. Looks up at the sky. Sees MORE UFO CRAFTS hovering above.

ROY (V.O.)

And then I saw some more... and I knew it. I knew it.

45 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 45

ROY steps onto a bridge.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Knew what?

ROY (V.O.)

That this was it. This was the end.

LUCAS comes running behind him. Out of breath.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Roy--! Dude!

Roy turns to see Lucas.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Man! Are you seeing any of this?  
This is like -- the -- the  
freaking apocalypse!

ROY

Aliens, Lucas. They're aliens.

Lucas takes a look at Roy and goes disgusted.

LUCAS

How are you -- so calm man? What  
the hell? This is real, Roy! This  
is actually happening! This isn't  
a movie -- this is...

ROY

I know, Lucas. It's actually  
happening. Who would've thought?

Lucas goes in disbelief.

LUCAS

So... we're... we're all gonna  
die?

Roy shrugs.

ROY

They're gonna do something with  
us. Right?

And now comes the closest we're ever going to get to an  
HONEST moment between these two friends...

LUCAS

What's happening Roy?

ROY

Everything, Lucas.

Off Roy -- he doesn't exactly know what's about to  
happen, but whatever it is, he's given into it.

46 EXT. STREETS - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 46

ROY walks down the street. We FOLLOW ALONG with him as he sees...

A METEOR IMPACT. Balls of fire INDENTING into the ground...

AN ALIEN PROBE. Whirling it's tentacles around...

A BLUE STREAK OF LIGHT. Cracking into the earth...

A PACK OF DRONES surround a car and fire at it until it explodes...

A MISSILE crashing into a HOUSE...

And as all this goes down, Roy keeps walking down the street. Still alive.

ROY (V.O.)  
I never felt so close to death  
before in my life. This was... the  
real deal...

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
Did you ever say goodbye?

ROY (V.O.)  
To my family? No.

47 EXT. SPACE - **FLASHBACK** 47

ROY (V.O.)  
It was too late.

AN ALIEN SHIP strikes A FEW BEAMS OF LIGHT down to the earth as --

48 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 48

A point of LIGHT fires in the distance, creating...

A NUCLEAR BLAST. As the mushroom cloud starts to form...

49 **OMITTED** 49

50 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY 50

ON ROY -- Emotional. CLAIRE stays silent.

Roy closes the diary. Sets it back on the desk.

ROY  
That's how they died.

CLAIRE  
Your friend Lucas too?

ROY  
Everyone.

CLAIRE  
Everyone... except you.

ROY  
(shrugs,)  
That's why this story's private.

CLAIRE  
Lemme guess... you came back to  
life again?

ROY  
I never died.

51 EXT. SANDY FIELD - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 51

-- ROY. Lying on his back. Passed out. His eyes flicker open, awaking to the sky.

ROY (V.O.)  
I woke up.

He gets up. SMOKE surrounds him.

ROY (V.O.)  
I didn't know where I was...

Roy coughs out the atmosphere. He looks around. The smoke gets in his eyes.

ROY (V.O.)  
I just... saw this light...

A FLASH OF LIGHT comes across Roy's face.

ROY (V.O.)  
...And I let it take me.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Take you where?

ROY (V.O.)

Wherever...

Roy's face gets consumed by "the light" as we --

FLASH TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

-- ROY. Clearly affected by the story.

ROY

I figured I needed to talk to  
someone... that's why I'm here.

CLAIRE

Roy... you have to come to your  
senses. You can't keep thinking  
like this.

Roy looks up at Claire. Takes in her look...

ROY

I know that look. You're exactly  
like them. Everyone else. They  
look at me the exact same way.

CLAIRE

Because they're not like you.  
They're normal.

ROY

I'm crazy?

CLAIRE

You don't need me to tell you  
that.

ON ROY. He nods. Understanding.

ROY

I'm sorry about your mom, Claire.  
It... seems pretty sad.

CLAIRE

Um... Yeah. Thanks.

ROY

I'm sure it hurts. To lose someone  
like that...

CLAIRE

It's not fun. I'm sure we can both  
concur on that.

ROY

But you have a dad.

CLAIRE

(chuckles,)  
It's not all that it's supposed to  
be with him.

ROY

You don't love him?

CLAIRE

How do you love someone that's  
never been there for you?

ROY

Maybe he has. You just haven't  
been paying attention...

CLAIRE

You wouldn't know.

A BEAT. Roy shrugs.

ROY

Maybe you're right.

CLAIRE

Roy. This has to stop.

ROY

What?

CLAIRE

This. Ignoring your problem.  
You're -- not normal.

Roy takes a beat. Looks off. Then --

ROY

I think I've spent enough time  
here.

Roy rises. Ready to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

No -- I didn't mean to upset you.  
I just --

ROY

It's not you. I think...  
(then,)  
I think we're done now, Doc.

CLAIRE

When will you be back?

ROY

(smirks,)  
That's up to you, Claire.

And it's as if Roy's hinting at something, but Claire can't figure out what.

CLAIRE

What's that supposed to mean?

Roy shrugs.

ROY

I'll be back when I'm back. Let's  
just say... I'm not gone forever.

Roy plays coy to which Claire is perplexed by. Roy now turns to leave. As he opens the door, he turns back at Claire...

ROY (CONT'D)

Thank you Claire. For talking to  
me.

CLAIRE

Thanks for coming in.

ROY

...Why did you talk to me?

CLAIRE

What do you mean? You're... a  
patient...

ROY

Never mind.

CLAIRE

Are you sure.

Roy chuckles. Claire, clearly having no idea what he's talking about, discounts Roy's words.

ROY  
It's nothing. I hope you'll be  
okay, Claire.  
(then,)  
Bye.

Claire blinks at that. *What the hell's he talking about?*

CLAIRE  
Bye... Roy.

Roy leaves. The door closes. It's Claire by herself now. She leans back in her chair. Takes a deep breath. Stares up. And as she leans back straight, she notices...

ROY'S DIARY. He forgot it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(sighs; mumbles,)  
Seriously?

Claire gets up, grabs the diary and leaves the office --

CLAIRE rushes out of the office with the diary in her hand.

CLAIRE  
Roy...

As she turns the corner, she stops. Roy's already gone.

Claire looks around. No sign of Roy. She then turns back around.

Claire comes back into the office. Sets the diary down on her desk.

She stays standing. Looks around. Takes in the quietness... the loneliness.

And now, for a quick second, her eyes glance down and are immediately grabbed by...

The diary. But wait a minute. This ISN'T THE DIARY. It's a book -- A PSYCHOLOGY HANDBOOK. Claire blinks. Takes a second look at the book. Off her look --

We take A QUICK FLASH back to THE DIARY. In the EXACT same place as the handbook, and then we're back to the handbook.

She doesn't get it. This is where she put Roy's diary, only it's NOT there anymore.

Where did it go? She looks all around her desk, searching for the diary, and her eyes come right back to the psychology handbook. She grabs it. FLIPS through it. Yep. It's just a psychology handbook. Something all psychiatrists have in their offices.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE. As she slowly comes into realization...

INSERT CUT:

*Roy and Claire's first meeting from earlier...*

ROY

*Roy. I'm Roy.*

CLAIRE

*Roy... last name?*

ROY

*Who says I have one?*

And now we CUT INTO:

A MONTAGE. A fast-paced replay of ALL of Roy's stories. Only this time, they play in reverse.

*The satellite crash. The gunpoint story with Tre...  
Running in the parking lot... Beating up Kendall's car  
with a bat... Throwing the shoe across the street...  
climbing out of the pool... The alien explosions...*

ARTHUR (V.O.)

*...You need to solve this problem  
of yours*

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I think that's why you're like  
this. You don't have family.  
You're alone -- you're --*

(CONTINUED)

ROY (V.O.)

*Like you? Does it make you feel  
alone?*

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*When will you be back?*

ROY (V.O.)

*That's up to you, Claire.*

*We RERUN through the big, crazy moments in rewind. It's  
as if they never happened.*

BACK ON CLAIRE...

*She's in an absolute DAZE. We CLOSE IN on her.*

INSERT CUT:

*The scene from earlier before Roy left the office...*

ROY

*...Why did you talk to me?*

BACK ON CLAIRE... in disbelief of it...

CLAIRE

*No...*

ARTHUR (V.O.)

*I hear you sometimes up in your  
room. Talking to nobody.  
Pretending like someone's there  
with you.*

Off Claire --

INSERT CUT:

*The scene from earlier when Roy confronts Claire about  
her "problem." This time, we view it a little  
differently, understanding a little more of what actually  
went on...*

CLAIRE

*Let's... not make this about me.*

ROY

*So there is something about you.*

*And now we CUT WIDE to see...*

(CONTINUED)

*Claire is talking to an empty chair. There is no Roy.*

CLAIRE

*What do you mean?*

*And from here, we JUMP BACK TO:*

*-- CLAIRES POV. She sees ROY sitting across from her.*

ROY

*You have a problem.*

*BACK ON THE WIDE-ANGLE to see CLAIRES talking to no one.*

CLAIRE

*Really? You're the one to tell me.*

*BACK ON CLAIRES in the present moment... She flickers her eyes around. Trying to make sense of all this...*

*We CLOSE ON her. PUSHING IN. Its INTENSE until...*

*POP. The red balloon (as seen earlier) tears O.S. Claire snaps out of her zone.*

*And now it all hits her as she FULLY UNDERSTANDS it, but still has trouble accepting it.*

*She holds the psychology book in her hand. Yeah, its still the same handbook.*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

*(whispers to herself,)*

*No...*

ROY (V.O.)

*I hope you'll be okay, Claire.*

*Claire's DROPS to her chair. Takes a breath. Closes her eyes.*

*CLAIRE comes STORMING back into the house. This time, less confident and with more of a PANICKED DEMEANOR than she had when she left in the beginning...*

*ARTHUR stands at the counter. Reading through the mail. He sees Claire come in.*

ARTHUR

Well look who's back...

ON CLAIRE, who now looks at her father with FULL INTEGRITY, but still a bit unsure of herself as she says:

CLAIRE

I'm crazy...  
(a beat,)  
Right..?  
(then,)  
I'm crazy.

And it's as if she's looking to Arthur for approval. But he says nothing. He gives his daughter the *I told you so* look. PLOPS the pile of mail onto the counter and then walks away...

And now all we're left with is CLAIRE. On her own. We MOVE IN on her as she processes her revelation... her problem. Her eyes GLANCE toward the kitchen table. And lo and behold, she sees...

ROY. We PUSH IN on him. He NODS to her.

And it's as if Claire KNOWS what that nod means. She keeps looking at him. Off her, We CUT BACK TO:

THE KITCHEN TABLE. Roy is gone. Is he gone forever? Who knows? Off the table, we're BACK ON:

CLAIRE. She reacts understandingly. Knowing what this all means.

Off Claire, a little nervous of what's to come next, but finally having come to her senses, we --

**CUT TO BLACK.**

THE END