

BEAU IS AFRAID

Written by

Ari Aster

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

BEAU (40), an extremely anxious but pleasant-looking black man, sits in a THERAPIST'S WAITING ROOM. He wears a loose, slightly weathered suit. His eyes, posture and manner are possessed of a striking, childlike innocence. One might even describe him as "touched by the angels." He glances up at...

The Therapist's DOOR. A sign reads "In Session. Please Wait Quietly." Above the door: a surveillance camera, aimed at Beau.

Beau looks down at the magazine in his hand. It's called *Dental Confessions* (its cover photo: a screaming mouth receiving a root canal).

The sterile ambiance is disrupted by the sound of muffled CRYING from the adjacent room. A woman's crying. She is passionately recounting something. Concerned, Beau looks at the DOOR.

As Beau LISTENS, the sounds of the waiting room - the tabletop fountain, air conditioning, etc - DESCEND, muting themselves to favor the vague cries behind the door.

Beau snaps himself out of it. He reaches down to switch magazines. He grabs one called *Who SAYS You Can't?*, but then looks for another. He considers *Facing Adulthood*, but then settles on "*Safe*" *Things That Can Kill You*.

There's a harsh THUMPING sound from the other room. The Therapist is heard trying to calm down the now-hysterical patient. Unnerved, Beau tries to ZONE IN on his magazine.

BEAU'S EYES. Determined to focus on the magazine's text. They crawl across the page, "reading," but as they reach the end of the page, they continue to crawl, drifting away from the magazine. They alight, once again, on the Therapist's door...

The sounds from the other room have become more upsetting. Beau, very tense, has obliviously started chewing at his fingernails. His other hand has TIGHTENED around the magazine. The distressing commotion has swollen to an almost fevered pitch, and then...

The DOOR OPENS and the THERAPIST (40s), handsome and charismatic, emerges - with a perfectly happy FEMALE PATIENT.

THERAPIST
Next Monday, then?

FEMALE PATIENT
Perfect.

THERAPIST
Great!

He puts his hand out for a HIGH FIVE. She enthusiastically indulges.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Come on in, Beau.

Beau, confused, stands up and follows him in.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Therapist gestures to the COUCH. Beau sits down, and the Therapist plants himself on the chair opposite.

The opening silence is heavy. Beau is painfully aware that it's his responsibility to start the session. The Therapist waits with a patient smile.

BEAU
I guess this week has been pretty steady.

THERAPIST
Has it?

BEAU
More or less.

The therapist makes a "hmm" face.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I drank some mouth wash Friday night.

THERAPIST
Oh?

BEAU
By accident.

The Therapist pleasantly waits for more.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I'm visiting my mother tomorrow.

THERAPIST
I know you are.
(pause)
For your father's anniversary, right?

BEAU
(quietly)
His death, yeah.

THERAPIST
How you feeling about that?

BEAU
(shrugs)
I never met him.

THERAPIST
I meant about seeing your mother.

BEAU
...Nervous.

THERAPIST
I'll bet. Any other feelings?

BEAU
...I dunno...

Beau waits for the Therapist to stop waiting. He doesn't.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Scared.

THERAPIST
Mm-hmm. Of what?

BEAU
Just, all of it. You know.

THERAPIST
(nodding)
But right now, when you say
"scared," what are you thinking?
Can you predict something?

Beau thinks about it. Tenses. Begins to tear up.

BEAU
No.

THERAPIST
(too sensitive)
Yeah.

BEAU
It's good that I'm going. It's been
a long time.

THERAPIST
Has it?

BEAU
A few months.

THERAPIST
(considers)
One month.

BEAU
Well - five and a half weeks.

THERAPIST
Has she made you feel guilty about
that?

BEAU
No. I just *am* guilty.

The Therapist nods, taking neutral note of this.

THERAPIST
And when you're out there - are you
going with any sense of...
protecting yourself?

BEAU
How do you mean?

THERAPIST
I'm just thinking about the last
time you saw your mother.

Beau doesn't react.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
And every time before that.

Beau nods.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
But last time especially. Do you
remember what that was like?

BEAU
Of course.

THERAPIST
It was as bad as I've ever seen you.

Beau looks embarrassed.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
(reminding him)
That's a new couch you're sitting on.

BEAU
Oh God, I'm sorry. You never sent
me the bill.

THERAPIST
Don't be silly.

Beau stifles more tears.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
(re: the tears)
Where's all that coming from?

BEAU
I dunno.

THERAPIST
(too sensitive)
Yeah.

Beau continues holding back the tears. His face is red with
tension as he fights the oncoming deluge.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
I just wanna make sure you're not
going there unprepared.

BEAU
I'm trying to be prepared.

THERAPIST
How?

Beau looks cornered.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
I'm not trying to challenge you. I'm
just curious how you *would* prepare.
What are the limits you'd be setting?

BEAU
Just...thinking about the thought-
stopping stuff we talked about. And
refusing to engage in arguments I
don't wanna have.

THERAPIST
(reminding)
And refusing to be *abused*.

BEAU
Right.

THERAPIST
Even if she *is* your mother.

Beau nods.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Especially when she is.

Beau nods again, looking down at his feet. The Therapist
cranes his neck to warmly study Beau's tensed-up face.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
What do you think would happen if
you stuck up for yourself?

Beau lowers his head even more. The Therapist cranes his neck
even more.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Hmm?

Beau nods.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
You're an adult man, Beau. You need to
think about yourself. Start *really*
acting as your own self-advocate.

BEAU
Yeah.

THERAPIST
(sensitive)
Yeah.

LATER

We're nearing the end of the session.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
That's almost time. Anything else?
(off Beau's blankness)
How 'bout women? You meet any girls
this week?

BEAU
(bitter chuckle)
C'mon.

THERAPIST
What?! Is that a crazy question?

BEAU
How long have you known me?

The Therapist laughs: "I know."

THERAPIST
How's the Hydrotipnol?

BEAU
Okay.

THERAPIST
Still making your eyes itchy?

BEAU
Only when I don't keep blinking.

THERAPIST
Is it helping the anxiety?

BEAU
I think so.

THERAPIST
(pause)
Tell you what: I'm gonna write you
a prescription for a very cool new
drug which I *think* should be
smoother on all fronts.

The Therapist has written a PRESCRIPTION. He tears it out and hands it to Beau. Before he lets go:

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
(very serious)
Take it with a lot of water.

EXT. BUILDING - EVNING

Beau exits the building, clutching his prescription. He passes a CROWD of people, all training their iPhone cameras on a DESPERATE MAN STANDING ON THE ROOF OF A BUILDING.

MAN ON ROOF
You think I won't do it?!

Beau inquires to a LAUGHING MAN (30s).

BEAU
What's that man doing?

LAUGHING MAN
(mid-laugh)
We're trying to get him to jump!

INT. PHARMACY - MINUTES LATER

Beau, pinching his prescription and holding a pack of wonder bread, crosses a STERILE PHARMACY. He approaches the DROP-OFF BOOTH.

A serious-looking PHARMACIST (40s) registers Beau as he innocently hands over the prescription.

BEAU

Hi.

The Pharmacist takes the prescription and sulks off to fetch it.

As the Pharmacist is distracted, TWO HOMELESS JUNKIES sneak into the drug zone (through the side). Beau sees this and tenses up. He turns to face a POSTER that reads "Abstinence. The ONLY Safe Sex."

The Pharmacist returns with the PILLS. Beau notices that the Junkies are hastily pocketing as many drugs as they can.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(to the Pharmacist)
Hi, I think I should warn you--

PHARMACIST
(bluntly)
\$15.72.

The Junkies sneak past the Pharmacist (just behind him). The Pharmacist is aware; he just doesn't care.

Beau pays with credit card.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)
You know how to take this?

BEAU
I'm not sure.

PHARMACIST
Never with food, always with water.

BEAU
Okay. So how long *after* food, then?
Or before?

PHARMACIST
Just never.

BEAU
...Okay.

PHARMACIST
And always with water.

BEAU
Okay.

PHARMACIST
And if your breathing changes or it hurts to blink or you feel warm, call your doctor. That's serious.

BEAU
Okay.

PHARMACIST
Okay?

Beau takes all of that in.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)
Break a leg.

The Pharmacist twists around to turn on a TV via remote.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Beau has stopped at the park LAKE. He stands by the water, gently tossing pieces of wonder bread to the ducks. They quack with gratitude.

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

Beau sits in a roaring subway cart. Across from him is a LITTLE BOY happily recounting his day to his DEVOTED FATHER. Beau observes this with an expression that betrays a deep sadness/longing.

Beau turns to notice a BUSTY WOMAN'S CLEAVAGE. His eyes trail up to the woman's face. She's staring LUSTFULLY at him. Unnerved, Beau forces his attention to the floor.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A large, poorly kept apartment building. It's surrounded by HOMELESS PEOPLE (along with their tents, cardboard homes and sleeping bags). It's basically SKID ROW.

A SUBWAY ENTRANCE/EXIT leads directly to the building's front stoop. THE HARSH SHRIEK OF A PASSING TRAIN HOWLS FROM BENEATH, and Beau promptly emerges from it. He rushes to the BUILDING'S FRONT DOOR, keys at the ready. He ENTERS in desperate haste (evading a run-in with the street people).

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Beau enters the elevator. He presses the button for the THIRD FLOOR, but all of the buttons light up - such is the poverty of this building.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Beau emerges from the elevator and walks to his door. SANDY (23), a very cute girl in a bright outfit, pops out of her apartment.

SANDY
Beau!

Beau jumps.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Did you hear?!

BEAU
What?

SANDY
Oh my God! Flavio, the guy down the hall, got bitten in the shower by a Brown Recluse.

BRIEF, VIOLENT FLASHBACK: A SHIVERING MAN, drenched in sweat and pale as death, is ushered on a gurney by TWO PARAMEDICS. The Man's wife chases after him, weeping.

BACK TO SCENE.

BEAU

What?

SANDY

I know! He got wheeled off with a cardiac arrest.

BEAU

Did they find the spider?

SANDY

(hadn't occurred to her)
Oh my God - they better have!

Beau's eyes are wide with the thought.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey, you wouldn't wanna have dinner with me tonight...? I ended up making too much pasta.

BEAU

(thrown off)
Oh, I...actually have to wake up early tomorrow.

SANDY

(bold)
Oh - well, maybe just dessert, then?

Sandy smiles suggestively. Beau looks cornered (and a little terrified). Sandy is now feeling embarrassed.

SANDY (CONT'D)

That's okay, just kidding.

INT. BEAU'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Beau's unlit apartment. It is a bland and humdrum dwelling. Stacks of unpacked moving boxes abound (even though he's lived here for years). The one distinguishing factor: all the furniture has been obsessively HAZARD-PROOFED.

A BROWN RECLUSE waits motionless in the dark.

The door is unlocked and the light is flicked on. The Brown Recluse RETREATS under the couch, *unnoticed*. Beau enters, none the wiser.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

A PAINTING hangs large on the bedroom wall. It depicts a small sailing boat floating modestly on calm water. Scrawled happily across the cobalt blue sky (above the boat) is the word "**Simplicity.**"

Beau passes this and stops at another ornament...

A page from an old high school yearbook, titled *Science Fun!*, is taped to the wall. It features a photo of a Young Beau performing an science experiment with a PRETTY FEMALE STUDENT. Beau stops at this for a moment. He looks at the girl.

Wistful. The caption reads: "Beau Wilmington and **Elaine Bray** mix molecules with spunk!"

In the corner of this page is a handwritten note: "Have an amazing time in the city, Beau! You're my favorite person!" Signed, with an XO: "Elaine"

Beau walks on. He turns on the TV. It's tuned to a NEWS PROGRAM covering a celebrity murder. This plays as Beau fetches his SUITCASE.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Bruce Springstein was found murdered in the bathroom of his New Jersey home this morning. His heart was carved out of his chest and replaced with the heart of a chicken. The perpetrator left a familiar signature: the word "Orphan" scrawled across the wall. This would echo famed cellist Yo Yo Pa's murder of last month, as his head was replaced with that of a rooster with no eyes. The ominous "Orphan" insignia was also found on *his* wall.

Beau, now stuffing shirts into the suitcase, switches the channel to a DIFFERENT NEWS STATION.

NEWS ANCHOR #2 (V.O.)

...and if you're asking yourself "What's our government doing about this obesity epidemic," well, look no further than the First Lady, who's started her own Fitness Retreat for overweight teens - and if you're lucky enough to be one of *those*, then pack your bags, 'cause you're going on a cruise with *Mrs. President herself!*

Beau has pulled a shirt from the closet to reveal: A tiny hole in the wall, behind which looms the seeming LENS OF A CAMERA.

Beau leans toward it to inspect, when--

A SHATTERING sound is heard outside. A couple BUMS are engaged in an INTENSE FIGHT. Beau tenses up, continues packing.

BUM (O.S.)

Oh no, oh please, oh God -- HELP!!!

Beau, now very concerned, moves to the WINDOW to investigate.

BEAU'S POV: Through the window, down below: a Bum sits on top of another Bum, PRESSING HIS THUMBS INTO HIS EYES. The victim screams bloody murder. Beau's eyes TRAIL OFF to witness a shadowy exchange between a DRUG DEALER and a JUNKIE. (The screams in the b.g. have simmered to a wretched gurgling.) The Drug Dealer and Junkie look up to SEE BEAU WATCHING THEM.

DRUG DEALER

What the fuck.

BEAU DESPERATELY PULLS THE CURTAIN SHUT. He ducks down, just in case he's still in view. (He's not.)

JUNKIE (O.S.)
Did that guy see us?

DRUG DEALER (O.S.)
He looked right at us.

Beau, seriously unnerved, hurries back to his suitcase. After cranking up the TV VOLUME, he resumes packing in a nervous frenzy.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
...and now drug traffickers have
resorted to pulping witnesses to death
in order to use their hollowed-out
stomachs as portable drug containers.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are off and Beau is in bed. On his bedside table is a stack of BOOKS, titled *Doing What's Right For YOU!*, *The Joy of Celibacy* and *For Pete's Sake, You're Worth It!* Outside, it's as quiet as it ever gets (despite the shrill city noise - sirens, horns - in the distance).

Beau is not asleep, but he's trying. He "counts sheep."

INSERT: Beau's mind's-eye-image of a FIELD OF SHEEP, all bathed in dreamy moonlight. They are marked by numbers, one by one, as Beau continues to count. He's on to **706**. The city noise continues in the distance. Suddenly the SHARP SOUND OF **PAPER SLIDING ACROSS THE FLOOR** snaps us out of the reverie.

Beau's eyes open.

A NOTE has just been slid under the door by someone in the hall. A hasty SCURRYING OFF is heard. Beau climbs out of bed to pick up the letter. It reads...

"Sorry to bother you, but if you could please turn down the volume/bass - Thanks!"

Beau pauses. It's completely silent in his apartment. He opens the door and peers into the hall. It's EMPTY.

Beau returns to bed.

THE ALARM CLOCK SWITCHES FROM **1:07 AM** TO **2:42 AM**.

Another NOTE is slid under the door.

Beau climbs warily out of bed. This note reads...

"Please, man. People are trying to sleep."

Beau looks concerned. He checks the hall again. Empty.

THE ALARM CLOCK SLAMS FROM **2:42 AM** to **3:19 AM**.

HOLLOW POUNDING on the other side of the wall, accompanied by the muffled sound of someone yelling "shut up, shut up, shut up." Beau shifts in his bed to turn his back to the wall. Hoping to ignore it.

Suddenly, MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS next door.

The sound of the neighbor's door OPENING and SLAMMING.

Footsteps approaching in the hall.

A NOTE is slid VERY HARD under the door. It slides all the way to the foot of Beau's bed.

The neighbor stomps back to his apartment.

Beau reaches down to pick up the note. It reads "I ASK YOU TO TURN IT DOWN AND YOU TURN IT UP???"

Now, muffled through the wall, the neighbor is heard muttering "See how you like it..."

CACOPHONOUS HEAVY METAL MUSIC STARTS BLASTING FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

Startled, Beau bolts up in bed. He considers doing something, but then resolves to simply lay back down. Nerves rattled, he PLUGS HIS EARS and SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT.

INT. BEAU'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Beau is STRESS-SLEEPING. His ears are still plugged by his fingers as a heavy metal "song" concludes next door. When it ceases, we hear that Beau's ALARM CLOCK has been blaring.

Beau wakes up to this. He looks to the clock. It's 3:02 PM!

BEAU

Oh no!

Beau JUMPS OUT OF BED and starts getting dressed.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau frantically BRUSHES HIS TEETH as he packs up the rest of his toiletries.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau snatches his PLANE TICKET from the bed-side table. His destination: *Castlestone, CT*. Departure time: 5:00 PM.

Beau grabs his suitcase and rushes downstairs. He steps into the hall and prepares to lock up, but then he PAUSES. He's forgotten something. Beau runs back inside, LEAVING HIS KEY IN THE DOOR. He also leaves his suitcase in the hall.

Beau runs to his bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau grabs his FLOSS from the medicine cabinet and runs back toward the front door, but - HE FREEZES.

THE KEY IS NO LONGER IN THE DOOR! His suitcase is also missing.

Beau steps into the **HALL**. Looks left and right. It's EMPTY.

The SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING at the end of the hall. A SMALL MAN IN A PARKA (clutching a distended trash bag) emerges from his apartment to walk swiftly in our direction.

Beau waits to see who it is. As the Small Man nears:

BEAU
Excuse me? Did you by any chance
see someone take the keys from my--

As the Small Man passes:

SMALL MAN
You're fucked, pal.

The Small Man continues to speed-walk away, his lips curled into a twisted grin.

BEAU
What?!

The Small Man starts to turn a corner.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Hey hey, wait a minute! Why did you
say that?!

But the Man is gone. Beau's eyes are wild with paranoia.

INT. BEAU'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Beau has the PHONE to his ear. A KOREAN WOMAN answers. She yells as if competing to be heard.

KOREAN WOMAN (V.O.)
Hello?!

BEAU
Hi, Mrs. Kim? It's Beau Wilmington.

KOREAN WOMAN (V.O.)
Yes?!

BEAU
I'm calling because my keys were
actually just taken from my door and I--

KOREAN WOMAN (V.O.)
No solicitors!

BEAU
No, I'm not a solicitor, I'm one of
your tenants.

KOREAN WOMAN (V.O.)
You got wrong number!

BEAU
No, Mrs. Kim, it's my door. I need a
locksmith to change the lock. Also, I
keep finding those security cameras
all over the apartment and they look
like they're still working--

KOREAN WOMAN (V.O.)
Thank you!

CLICK. She's hung up.

Frustrated, Beau holds the phone. He considers his options. After a VERY DRAMATIC PAUSE, he slowly dials another number. It rings ONCE and then:

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Beau?

BEAU
Hi mom.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Hi sweetie! Are you at the airport?

BEAU
No, I... Somebody stole the keys outta my door.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Oh no! What do you mean?

BEAU
I was about to leave, but I left my key in the door and when I came back, it was gone.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
So where are you calling me now?

BEAU
My apartment.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Well, wait - what time is it there? Isn't it four?

BEAU
Yeah, I know, but--

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Your flight is in an hour!

BEAU
But my keys just got stolen!

Silence. Beau's Mom's voice darkens with suspicion.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
What is this, Beau?

BEAU
What do you mean?

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
I mean what are you doing?

BEAU
I -- nothing. What do you mean?

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
I mean I don't understand what
you're doing.

BEAU
I'm not doing anything!

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Your *keys*?

BEAU
Yes. They're gone.

Silence.

BEAU (CONT'D)
They are!

Heavy pause.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
This is infuriating.

BEAU
No it's not!

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
Do you have any idea how
infuriating this is?!

BEAU
It isn't! My keys are gone! I'm not
doing anything!

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
How long have you been planning
this crap? *To just back out at the
last minute?!*

BEAU
This isn't a plan!

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
And you don't even have the *decency*
to make it *plausible*!

BEAU
Because it's not a story! It's a
real thing!

Beau's Mom is heard biting her tongue. After a moment of
collecting herself...

BEAU'S MOM
*Beau: the fact that you'd rather
lie through your teeth than fess up
to whatever's really going on--*

BEAU
Nothing's going on! Should I just
leave my apartment open to the
public when someone's got my key
and I don't know what's happening?!

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
 You know what, Beau?! *Enjoy*
yourself. You're so damn smart.
 You've got everyone fooled!

CLICK. She's hung up.

BEAU
 Mom? Are you mad at me? Mom???

Beau, very worked up, is fraught with ANXIETY. He tries to control his breathing, but his eyes well with tears. He's on the verge of a nervous attack. He sits down, but that only makes it worse. He looks at the door.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 I'm exposed.

GUNSHOTS are fired in the distance. ALARMS are set off outside. The sounds batter his nerves like jolts of electricity.

HE FOCUSES HIS ATTENTION TO TALK HIMSELF DOWN FROM PANIC.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 It's okay. You're in control.
 Nothing's gonna happen. You have
 the chain-lock.

He then IMAGINES (with aiding visuals) how easy it would be to KICK the chain-lock open.

Beau JUMPS UP to fetch the PRESCRIPTION PILLS that he picked up yesterday. He deposits ONE PILL into his palm and launches it into his mouth. He knocks it down with the BACK-WASH of an almost empty water bottle.

He then goes to the KITCHEN to pour himself a glass of water, but - NO WATER COMES OUT OF THE SINK!

Beau takes the glass to the BATHROOM. He tries the sink. Again, no water. He tries the shower, the bath -- NO LUCK!

He looks at the prescription bottle. It reads: "ALWAYS TAKE WITH WATER!!!"

Beau peers out into the HALL. Another NEIGHBOR is also peering out. He wears a shower cap and a towel around his waist.

NEIGHBOR
 Your water went out, too?

Beau withdraws into his apartment. He looks out the window. Across the street is a CONVENIENCE STORE (called the "Cheapo Depot"). He can see the REFRIGERATOR STOCKED FULLY WITH WATER.

But then he notes the DENSE CLUSTER OF HOMELESS PEOPLE between his building and the store.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 Remember: Take it with lots of
 water. Otherwise you'll die.

Beau slaps his face. He's scaring himself again.

SECONDS LATER

Beau sits at his computer. He types "Zypnotycril side effects" into a search engine and hesitates before finally pressing SEND. A list appears. Among the myriad possibilities: "boils," "life-threatening hives," "eye peeling," "bloody ejaculations." And don't even get me started on the images! BEAU BITES HIS HAND.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Beau has come downstairs to the LOBBY. He stares out the front door's window at the teeming carpet of homeless thugs (blocking his trajectory to the convenience store).

Beau fights a rush of oncoming PANIC, but then - no - he swallows his fear, and he picks up a PHONE BOOK. Beau uses the book as a WEDGE for the building's door, and then--

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Beau BURSTS out the front door. He sprints through the crowd of homeless people, desperately dodging each of them. He arrives at the CHEAPO DEPOT and enters.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Beau, short of breath, rushes to the fridge and grabs a bottle of water. He immediately CHUGS from the bottle. And then, with one eye trained on the propped-open door of his apartment building, he hustles to the cash register.

Beau hands the no-nonsense ARMENIAN CASHIER (50s) a credit card. The Cashier swipes it.

CASHIER
Is been declined.

BEAU
What? No it hasn't.

The Cashier swipes it again.

CASHIER
Is no good.

Beau reaches into his pockets and pulls out a bunch of loose change. He returns his gaze to the street. ONE OF THE BUMS HAS DISCOVERED THE PHONE BOOK WEDGE. Four other bums observe.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
You already drink. You owe.

Beau spills the change onto the register. He continues fishing through his pockets. Outside, SEVERAL HOMELESS PEOPLE have queued up to crowd the entrance to Beau's building.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
I call cops.

BEAU
I have it - look - I'm paying.

CASHIER
Thirty more cent.

MORE BUMS HAVE COLLECTED AROUND BEAU'S BUILDING ENTRANCE!
Beau finds another dime.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Twenty now.

BEAU
I know!

CASHIER
Don't you swear at me, my friend. I
am not the one.

Beau finds a nickel and another dime.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Five now.

Beau looks outside. The bums are now filing into his building!

Beau grabs the "Take a Penny" ashtray (which holds eleven pennies) and dumps them into the pile.

BEAU
There!

CASHIER
Hey!

Beau runs out of the convenience store.

CASHIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I call cops!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Beau runs toward the entrance of his building. Just as he arrives, THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE. He is now locked out.

There are almost no bums left on the street.

The LOBBY of the building is now mostly empty. There are a few remaining bums waiting for the ELEVATOR. (The rest of the bums have presumably already taken it.) One of the lingering bums grips a squirming SKUNK. The elevator arrives and the wretched group shuffles in.

Beau looks up to the window of the THIRD FLOOR. Many bums are making their way from the elevator to his apartment.

Panicking, Beau rushes back to the CONVENIENCE STORE. He opens the door and appeals to the Cashier.

BEAU
Excuse me, I...

The Cashier GLOWERS at him.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about before, but can I
please use your phone?

The Cashier continues staring daggers.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please, I'm sorry, they're all
getting in!

The Cashier's finger hovers over a RED BUTTON that reads "COPS."

BEAU (CONT'D)
Yes, thank you, the police.

When the Cashier sees that this is what Beau wants, he pulls his finger away.

Beau leaves the store in a huff.

Beau runs to the INTERCOM at his building's door. He presses a few buttons. No response.

Beau backs up to round the building. (The sun is already setting.) He looks up at the UNLIT WINDOW TO SANDY'S APARTMENT. He picks up a pebble and throws it. It bounces against the glass. He throws another and the LIGHTS TURN ON.

Sandy appears at the window in a nightgown. She doesn't see Beau immediately.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Sandy! Can you let me in?

She still doesn't see (or hear) him.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Sandy!!

Sandy looks down and SEES Beau. She smiles widely and waves. But then a VERY LARGE MAN (shirtless) walks up to her. He's not happy. He put his arms around her and pulls her back to bed. She happily waves goodbye as she's pulled back.

BEAU (CONT'D)
(whispering)
No, wait!

Sandy's light goes out again.

Beau throws another stone at the window. This time the Large Man returns and gives Beau a very threatening look. Beau backs off.

Beau sees the FIRE ESCAPE that leads to his apartment window. After a moment's hesitation, he runs over to CLIMB it.

When Beau gets to the third floor, he warily peers in through the side of his WINDOW (careful not to be seen)...

BEAU'S POV: His apartment has mutated into a HOMELESS RECREATION CENTER. The bums, having discovered their new luxuries, are already making themselves at home. There's even a familiar image: One bum sitting on top of another, jamming his THUMBS into the other's EYES. They're the same quarreling bums as the night before, in the exact same position.

Suddenly a TORTURED BUM, who's squeezing his head and crying, looks up to SEE BEAU!

Startled, Beau runs down the fire escape, only to SLIP. He slides and tumbles all the way down to the sidewalk.

Beau looks up to see an APPROACHING COUPLE (30s). Feigning calmness, he tries to appeal to them.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Do you have a cell phone?

But they only speed up to pass by.

TIME SHARPLY PASSES. We've entered into the **NIGHT**.

Beau, still on the sidewalk, tries to think of a solution. He looks up to scan the windows of his apartment building. A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE stand at their window, staring at Beau. Their eyes are numb and they wear no expression.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Can you please call the police? My apartment got invaded.

But they just continue glaring.

Beau looks for other windows, only to find the SMALL MAN IN A PARKA ("you're fucked, pal") standing ominously at his. He's vague in the pale moonlight, but it's clear that he wears a DEVILISH GRIN. The shades are slowly drawn, obscuring our view of him (but we see enough to know that he hasn't moved).

Beau turns around to look for anyone else. He sees a COP leaning against a STREET LAMP a block away. He chews tobacco. Beau runs to approach him.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Excuse me, officer, I'm sorry - can you help me?

The Cop stares at Beau with a skeptical grin. He continues chewing tobacco.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I live in that building down there, but my keys got stolen and when I stepped out, a bunch of homeless people snuck into my apartment.

The Cop just continues staring at Beau. Amused? Beau tries to gauge the Cop's demeanor.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I was hoping you could maybe help me?

But the Cop just keeps chewing his tobacco.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Officer?

Nothing.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Beau has climbed a TREE to be perched at a safe height. He straddles a wide branch.

He is camouflaged by the leaves, through which he stares at his APARTMENT WINDOW (which is directly across the street).

BEAU'S POV: The "party" in his apartment has shown no signs of settling. Two bums have FILTHY SEX on his couch. Another bum COOKS a newly disemboweled SKUNK at the kitchen stove. One particularly insane bum engages in a SCREAMING MATCH with the wall.

Beau watches, dismayed. His eyes look heavy. He's tired.

An awful SQUALL screeches behind him. An insect? A bat? Beau looks, but he only sees BLACK EYES glowering in the dark. He turns away to see a judgmental OWL, also watching him.

Beau squeezes his eyes shut. Trying to block everything out.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NEXT MORNING

Beau, still perched in the tree, is asleep. A BLUEJAY lands on his head, and after a moment's stillness, it begins to PECK at his temple.

Beau's eyes open and he swipes the bird away. He looks ahead to see...

Beau's apartment seems to be EMPTY (from his view of the window).

Beau pauses before climbing down the tree.

He lumbers to the entrance of the building. The glass of the front door has been SMASHED OUT.

Stepping over shards of broken glass, Beau warily ENTERS through the shattered door.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The elevator arrives with a DING. Beau hesitantly steps out and peers down the hall...

His apartment door is OPEN, and a BODY lies prostrate at the foot of the entrance.

Beau takes a moment before nervously approaching.

Beau gets close enough to see that the body is a BUM'S CORPSE. He died horribly. The BROWN RECLUSE is resting on the body's chest. The bum's neck has eroded deeply (as if by acid) from the spider's evil bite.

The spider RISES, and Beau freezes, terrified. The Brown Recluse then scampers into Beau's apartment.

Beau, reacting, is suddenly distracted by a DOOR OPENING down the hall. His Neighbor (whom we met in the shower cap last night) is looking at Beau.

NEIGHBOR
You just finding this?

Beau hesitates and then nods.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
Should I call the cops?

BEAU
...Okay.

An awkward silence. The Neighbor nods and then suspiciously withdraws into his apartment.

Beau returns his attention to the Brown Recluse, which now waits in his LIVING ROOM. Despite an abundance of depraved mementos from last night's "party" (the apartment is in shambles), the place seems to be empty.

INT. BEAU'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Beau steps in to approach the Brown Recluse with great caution.

With his eyes glued to the tiny beast, he reaches for his TV and slowly lifts it up. After a moment of taking aim, Beau THROWS it at the spider. The TV, still plugged in, is HALTED by the tether of the cord. It DROPS straight down to SHATTER against the floor.

The Brown Recluse flees. It scuttles to the front door and EXITS into the hall.

Beau runs to his front door. He removes the obstruction of the dead bum's FEET (by pushing them out into the hall), and SHUTS and LOCKS the door.

Now out of immediate danger, Beau has a moment to observe the state of his apartment...

The living room has been turned upside-down. The trash bin houses a dwindling fire. The couch is stained with all sorts of disturbing fluids. There's strong evidence of fingernails having been dragged violently across the hardwood floor.

The heavy silence is broken by a female neighbor's SCREAM (presumably re: the spider), followed by the sound of another SHATTERING mechanical appliance.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beau steps into the kitchen. It's like a bomb went off.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau warily enters the bedroom. It abounds with evidence of drug abuse, depraved sex and destructive violence.

He checks the closets. They're empty.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau enters the bathroom. He makes sure it's empty. (He even checks the cabinets). All clear.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau is on the phone. He's talking to a YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Okay sir, we can shoot a locksmith
over to ya later this afternoon!

BEAU
Okay, yeah, thank you. The sooner, the
better.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Great! How's four-thirty?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau, nerves racked, sits at his COMPUTER. He's looking up
FLIGHTS for the next day.

MINUTES LATER

Beau, phone in hand, dials his mother's number. He waits for
a few rings, and then he gets an ANSWERING MACHINE.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
You've reached Loretta! Leave me a
message if you ever wanna speak to
me again! Ha ha. Just kiddin'.

BEEP.

BEAU
Hi mom. I'm just trying to book
another flight for tonight, but I
think my credit card got declined--

A BEEP interrupts him, followed by:

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
We're sorry. Your message did not
go through. Please hang up and try
again. *Thanks!*

Beau hangs up and calls again. After a couple rings, a YOUNG
MAN ANSWERS.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Hello?

BEAU
...Hello?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Who is this?

BEAU
(pause)
I'm trying to call my mother.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
...Who's your mother?

BEAU
(pause)
Loretta. This is her number.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Okay, yeah, uh... Can you describe her?

BEAU
...Round, oval face.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
...Oh-kay...

BEAU
Why?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Can you maybe describe her build?

BEAU
Has something happened?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Well, look, I don't wanna alarm you
- it might not be her - but there's
a lady here who's...well - her head
is mostly...gone.

BEAU
What?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
I mean...yeah.

BEAU
But - no, *what?! Who could it be?*
Does it *look* like it's her?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
I dunno. I'm just from down the
block. The door was open and I came
in because of the smell.

BEAU
Oh my God. Is she black?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Her torso is.

BEAU
Wait. How is her head "gone"?

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
I mean, there's an impressive puddle
underneath, so I'm sure it's all *there*.

Beau can't process this.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Wait. I know. You should hang up and
call back. Maybe you just called the
wrong number. That would be a relief,
right?

BEAU
Okay.

Beau hangs up, dazed. He calls back. The same Young Man answers.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Hello?

BEAU
Oh my God.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Ooh, fuck, okay. My condolences.
Shit. That sucks... Do I have your
permission to check her purse for
some ID? Since it's more likely now
that it's your mom?

BEAU
(barely audible)
Okay.

Sounds of the Young Man fishing through a purse.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Okay, here we go. Her name is
Loretta Wilmington.

Beau's face goes instantly pale.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Is that good?

Beau drops the phone. It CRASHES against the floor. This is followed promptly by the crashing of Beau's fainting body.

QUICK FADE TO **BLACK**

We hear a thundering bass.

Flashes of VAGUE MEMORIES streak across the screen.

- A BABY being lifted from ocean water by his MOTHER (marked by the harsh echo of the baby's LAUGH).

- A LITTLE BOY playing in a field with his MOTHER.

- A LITTLE BOY being tucked into his bed. His MOTHER, whose face is blurry, whispers into his ear:

BEAU'S MOTHER
(hollow-sounding)
I love you, my sweet boy.

This sounds almost as if it's being heard from under water. Suddenly a pulsing (but distant) ALARM SOUND sucks us back into waking life.

INT. BEAU'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beau, lying on his back, wakes up. A car alarm blares in the distance.

BEAU

Mom?

Beau sits up. Stares dumbly at the floor.

INT. BEAU'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beau digs through a previously unpacked MOVING BOX. Inside he finds the object of his search: A PHOTOBOOK. Its cover titled "Memories."

Beau opens the book to be instantly flooded with gut-stabbing nostalgia. Photos of Beau as a baby, as a boy, as a young man. All accompanied by his mother. Somehow, in every photo, his mother's face is slightly (if not completely) obscured. She remains a mystery to us.

Beau comes to a photo of himself at TEN YEARS OLD. His arms are wrapped around his mother in a snug embrace. He's basking in the comfort and safety of her big arms.

This does it. The dam breaks. BEAU WEEPS.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Beau forlornly removes his clothes as the BATHTUB fills with warm water. He looks mystified. The terrible news has not entirely sunk in yet.

A STEREO plays a soothing ambient CD called "Everything is OK."

The bathtub is full. Beau turns off the water and steps in.

Beau sinks onto his back, submerged up to the neck. EYES CLOSED. He soaks in the therapeutic sounds of "Everything is OK."

BEAU
(to himself)
You weren't there... You could've
been there.

Beau's face tightens with the torturous thought.

Suddenly a SQUEAKING SOUND from above. Like a pressure-applied hand SLIDING against a wall.

Beau does not open his eyes, but he's FROZEN with tension.

ANOTHER BRIEF SQUEAK from above.

Beau, heart in throat, opens his eyes by a CRACK.

BEAU'S POV: Directly above the tub, a BUM fearfully suspends himself against the ceiling by pressing his palms and feet against the walls.

Beau GRABS the lips of the tub. He's paralyzed for a moment, but then, just as he tries to hoist himself up --

The Bum loses his grip on the wall and SLIPS. He falls face-first into the tub, LANDING ON BEAU.

Beau screams as he and the Bum tumble violently in a splashing frenzy.

BUM
No! I can't swim!

Beau jams his foot into the Bum's stomach and launches himself out of the tub. He runs frantically out of the bathroom.

BUM (CONT'D)
(in the distance)
HELP!!!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Beau runs screaming from the apartment building. He's completely naked and soaking wet.

He looks desperately for help. But from whom?!

Beau sees a gruff, uniformed POLICEMAN (30s) sitting on the hood of his POLICE CAR, eating a sandwich. Beau immediately runs over to him. Reacting, the Policeman grips his gun holster. Panic-stricken, Beau breathlessly appeals to him.

BEAU
Excuse me, I'm sorry, can you please help? My keys got stole and I got locked out all night 'cause all the bums snuck in, but this morning they were all gone because of a spider and one of them died, but then another one fell on me in the tub and now he's still in there!

The Policeman just stares at the hysterical Beau. Beau suddenly realizes he's naked and covers his crotch.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I was in the tub. That's where he jumped on me.

The Policeman glances down at Beau's crotch.

POLICEMAN
How did that happen to your balls?

BEAU
("how did what happen?")
What?

Pause.

POLICEMAN
Why don't you come with me?

BEAU
Are you gonna help?

POLICEMAN
Why not.

The Policeman tosses his sandwich into the trash and lays a hand on Beau's back. He ushers him to the back door of his car.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Hop in, pal.

Beau steps in.

BEAU
My apartment is 307. That's where
the bum--

But the door is SLAMMED in Beau's face.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Policeman plops down into the driver seat and turns on the engine. He begins to drive.

BEAU
Are we going to the station?

No answer.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Officer?

Silence.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Is there maybe a way that I can get
my clothes first?

POLICEMAN
How 'bout you shut the fuck up?

BEAU
...Excuse me?

The Policeman grabs his RADIO.

POLICEMAN
(into radio)
Base?

RADIO (V.O.)
(through static)
Talk to me.

POLICEMAN
(into radio)
I've got an A63 here. Picked him up
in his birthday suit.

RADIO (V.O.)
(through static)
Ha! Love it! Don't forget to take a
picture.

Without turning, the Policeman aims a POLAROID CAMERA at the back seat and takes a FLASH-SHOT of Beau.

POLICEMAN
(into radio)
I'll call you when I'm back.

The Policeman lays down the radio.

Beau is extremely unnerved.

LATER

After a while of driving, the Policeman passes the POLICE STATION.

BEAU
Excuse me? Wasn't that the police station?

The Policeman turns on the FM RADIO, drowning Beau out. He continues driving.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
(over radio)
And in more horrible news: *Rolling Stones* film critic Peter Travens was found bludgeoned to death in a Los Angeles sewer. The presumed weapon: his own vintage typewriter, holding a single page bearing one word: "Orphan."

Beau is getting nervous. He leans forward to say something, but then just sits back and says it to himself.

BEAU
My mother's dead.

LATER

The Policeman is now driving over a BRIDGE.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Excuse me, officer, I feel like we're driving pretty far and I'm not exactly sure what's happening.

The Policeman turns up the volume on the radio.

LATER

The police car is pulling up to a GARBAGE DUMP. It is littered with wayward BUMS. In fact, just as the police car pulls up, we see a TAXI dropping off a fresh batch of confused homeless people.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Wait a minute.

The police car idles to a stop.

The Policeman opens his door and steps out. He then opens Beau's door.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Why is this the place?

The Policeman pulls Beau out of the car. Beau covers his crotch.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

The Policeman locks eyes with a terrified Beau.

POLICEMAN
Listen to me closely because this
is it.

BEAU
Okay.

POLICEMAN
If I ever catch you loitering around
decent people again, I'm gonna reach
down your throat and pull your guts
outta your face. Understood?

BEAU
What?

The Policeman gets back into his vehicle.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please. Officer. I don't belong here.

The Policeman drives off. Beau watches the car diminish until
it disappears. He then turns to evaluate his new environment.

It's a "community" of particularly unsavory homeless people.
Among them, one bum paces around with a switchblade, STABBING the
air compulsively. Another bum makes love to a mound of garbage.
And off to the side is a now very familiar sight, as one bum sits
on top of another, jamming his thumbs into his eyes.

Beau is, of course, panicking. Naked as he is, he's completely
exposed. He looks desperately for some means of escape. *But
there is none!* Everywhere he turns, there is another malicious-
looking bum. He even hears one RASPY-VOICED BUM asking him:

RASPY BUM (O.C.)
Hey! How big is your stomach?!

Beau continues turning (from terrible bum to terrible bum)
until he finally turns to SEE...

Across the site, a BEAUTIFUL, PLEASANTLY DRESSED WOMAN (40s)
walks around. She beams an angelic smile as a YOUNG MAN (wearing
a black tie) follows her around with a large pot of soup.

The Woman ladles soup into a paper bowl and hands it to an
unfortunate soul before moving on to the next poor bastard.
She seems impossibly warm. A female Jesus figure.

Beau watches her, frozen. When he's confirmed that she's not
a mirage, he runs over to this vision of a woman. She notices
him approaching and SMILES.

WOMAN
Now *here's* a man who likes chicken
noodle!

Beau arrives. She hands him a bowl of soup.

BEAU
Excuse me, I'm sorry, can you
please help me?
(noticing the bowl)
Thank you.

WOMAN
You're welcome.

BEAU
Can you please...

Beau realizes that he's naked. He is seized by self-consciousness.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

WOMAN
It's okay.

BEAU
I shouldn't be here.

WOMAN
What's your name, sweetheart?

BEAU
Beau.

WOMAN
Hi Beau. I'm Grace.

BEAU
(desperately)
Thank you -- Grace. Hello. I got locked
out of my apartment and a bum attacked
me in the tub, which is why I'm like
this, and I just got driven here by a
policeman who didn't believe me.

The Woman (whose name, we now know, is GRACE) listens sympathetically.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please, I just need a ride. Maybe
to a locksmith--

But he's interrupted by a STABBING PAIN in his side - *literally!* Beau turns to see that the STABBING BUM has stuck a small blade into his hip.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Oh my God, why?!

The Stabbing Bum pulls out the blade, only to re-plunge it into Beau's gut.

BEAU (CONT'D)
No!

GRACE
Simon - stop!

Beau backs away desperately. His hand's palm is penetrated several times as he tries to block the aggressive jabs of the oncoming knife. He stumbles woozily.

The Stabbing Bum's image starts to swim. Beau is **PASSING OUT**. He squints, trying to keep focus. Finally Beau spills to the ground, unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK

Over black, we hear the distant, hollow echo of Beau's memories. It sounds like we're under water. Light gradually flutters in and out.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Take this with a *lot* of water.

SMALL MAN (V.O.)
You're *fucked*, pal.

SANDY (V.O.)
A Brown Recluse bit him in the shower!

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Your mother's head is *gone*!

RASPY BUM (V.O.)
Hey! How big is your stomach?!

The fluttering light finally floods in. A **CEILING MOBILE** dangles above us, out of focus.

Beau's eyes blink open to see that he is in a very cozy **BEDROOM**.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

The walls are eggshell white, and the room has been very brightly decorated.

Beau lies in a large, comfy bed. Shirtless, but wearing pajama bottoms. His stab wounds have been expertly **BANDAGED**. He groggily moves his arm, but it gets **CAUGHT**, as an IV is feeding him pain killers. He tries to sit up, but he's too tender (and dizzy).

He sees a corded **BUZZER**. It is tagged "Assistance?" Beau hesitantly presses its button.

Someone is heard shifting in the adjacent room.

GRACE (O.S.)
Coming!

The saintly Grace appears at the door.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Hi Beau! Did you just wake up?

She walks over to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)
How are we feeling?

BEAU
Foggy.

GRACE
I'll bet. You've been sleeping for
almost two days.

She feels his forehead.

BEAU
Am I dying?

GRACE
On the contrary! In fact you're
very stable and the bleeding, thank
heavens, was very mild.

BEAU
(slurring)
Did I get stab?

GRACE
(sighs)
Simon has been battling drug abuse
for a very long time. Which
justifies nothing - obviously - but
maybe it can *start* to explain...

BEAU
Is this my room?

GRACE
This is a room in my house, but you
are our more-than-welcome guest.

BEAU
Was I dreaming before? Was it a dream?

GRACE
The stabbing?

BEAU
My mommy. Is my mommy dead?

GRACE
Your mommy?

BEAU
(tearing up)
Was that a dream?

GRACE
Sweetheart, what was your dream?

BEAU
Her head is gone.

GRACE
Her what?

BEAU
Her head.

GRACE
Sweetie, that must be a dream.

BEAU
Her head is gone.

GRACE
It was a dream, honey.

BEAU
(crying now)
No. Her head is gone. Her head is gone.

Grace bends down to embrace a weeping Beau.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The morning sun, beaming in through the window, warms Beau's face as he gently wakes up from a long night's sleep.

Grace and her portly husband ROGER (late 40s) sit at the foot of Beau's bed. They each nurse cups of coffee and have been waiting for Beau to wake up.

GRACE
'Morning Beau.

ROGER
Hi there, Beau.

GRACE
Sleep all right?

Beau takes everything in.

BEAU
I think so.

Roger, realizing that this must seem a little creepy:

ROGER
We haven't been sitting here very long. I hope you don't mind.

BEAU
I don't mind. My mother used to do that.

Grace is struck by this, but she pleasantly changes the subject.

GRACE
I wanted you to meet Roger.

ROGER
Hey guy.

GRACE
Roger's my husband and a very respected surgeon. He's the one who treated and dressed your wounds.

ROGER
That's right. You're a lucky man.

BEAU
Thank you.

Roger waves his hand, "don't mention it."

GRACE
Would you like some breakfast, Beau?

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Beau, sitting in a wheelchair, eats a full breakfast at the kitchen table. Roger and Grace also eat.

ROGER
So, Beau. What'd you do to get yourself stabbed?

BEAU
I was late for a plane ride, but my key was stolen, and then a bunch of bums sneaked in when I ran out to get water, and when I thought they were all gone, a man jumped on top of me in the bathtub. That's why I was naked. And when I tried to get a policeman to help me, he took me to the garbage island. That's where I got stabbed for no reason.

ROGER
Yikes.

BEAU
I was supposed to go to my mother's.

ROGER
And where's she?

BEAU
She was in Castlestone. But then she...now...is dead.

ROGER
Oh. Jeez. I'm so sorry to hear that.

GRACE
When did that happen, sweetheart?

ROGER
Yesterday.

GRACE
Yesterday?

BEAU
I was supposed to be there already.

Roger and Grace are gobsmacked.

A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL, sporting a hoodie and dark make-up, walks past the kitchen door. This is TONI.

GRACE
Oh - Toni! Come in here. Meet our
new friend.

Toni, apathetic and drowzy, appears again in the doorway.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Beau, this is Toni. Toni, Beau.

BEAU
Hi.

Toni glares suspiciously at Beau.

TONI
(to Roger)
I'm going to school.

GRACE
Sweetie, it's a Saturday.

But Toni has already left.

ROGER
(to Beau)
What about your dad, Beau? Is *he*
around?

BEAU
He died before I was born.

ROGER
Oh man, that's rough.

BEAU
Tomorrow's the anniversary.

ROGER
(at a loss)
Well, what about - any siblings? Or
other family?

Beau sadly shakes his head.

After a moment of silent contemplation, Roger rises to solemnly fetch the pan of leftover scrambled eggs. He scoops a generous serving of seconds onto Beau's plate.

INT. STUDY - DAY

A tidy study. Beau has pulled up an EMAIL on the computer. The subject heading reads: "Mom's Attorney." The body: "In case anything happens!" This is followed by a phone number.

Grace stands beside Beau, who grips a telephone.

GRACE
So, you wanna just dial nine and
then you're good.

BEAU
Okay. Thank you.

Grace walks to the door.

GRACE
If you need anything, just grab me.

And she's off.

Beau dials the number from the email. He waits for a few rings. MOM'S ATTORNEY (50s) answers.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Y'ello.

BEAU
Dr. Cohen?

Mom's Attorney heaves a SIGH.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
I'm not a doctor, Beau, I'm a lawyer.

Beau struggles to say the next words without crying.

BEAU
I'm calling about Mom.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Uh-huh.

BEAU
Is it true?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
(annoyed)
Seriously, Beau? Have you *really* not
been curious until now?

Beau doesn't understand.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
The person who found your mother - he
told you before anyone else. And that
wasn't *today*, that wasn't *yesterday*...

Beau can't respond. Mom's Attorney says bluntly:

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Yes, Beau, it's true. She was discovered
with her head missing in her kitchen.

Tears are violently flooding Beau's eyes.

BEAU
How could that have happened?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Who knows. Could've been anything.

Beau sees TONI outside the window, peering in from the side. SPYING. When they lock eyes, she bolts off. Beau returns to the phone, overwhelmed.

BEAU
So - what? Should I call the
funeral home?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
(incredulous)
What?

BEAU
Do I need to make arrangements?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
The funeral home was contacted on
the day she was *found*. The funeral
was this *morning*.

BEAU
What?! But she just died!

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
It's over. She's buried.

BEAU
Oh my God.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Now it's just a matter of
distributing the assets.

BEAU
How can I help with that?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
(cynical)
Ha. Yeah right. Just get over here
and collect your goods.

BEAU
She was buried without me?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Yup. It's a crying shame.

BEAU
Was it a nice service?

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Yeah, very tasteful. Just about
everyone was there.

BEAU
I wasn't *able* to! I got stabbed!

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
Ah. Those stabbings never do come at a
convenient time, do they? Anyway, I'll
see ya when you get here. And Beau:

Beau seems to be holding his breath for this next part.

MOM'S ATTORNEY (V.O.)
 In the future, when you don't give a damn about someone, but you still wanna cash in on *their* love - a touch more subtlety wouldn't go amiss.

Click. The returning DIAL TONE is heavy.

Beau, paralyzed by guilt, steps mechanically out into the **HALLWAY**. Grace is at the end, straightening a picture frame. She turns to see Beau, lost in a daze.

GRACE
 Was that okay?

BEAU
 She already got buried.

GRACE
 What? Without you?

BEAU
 It's already over.

Grace doesn't know what to say. Beau is on the verge of tears.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 She's already buried.

GRACE
 Oh - sweetie--

Grace walks swiftly toward Beau. She pulls him in for a great big HUG. Beau is stifling a deluge of tears now.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (soothing)
 You were there.

Beau breaks down WEEPING. Grace gently rubs his back.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Shhh. You were there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The living space is beautifully organized and extremely cozy. It feels very much like a cabin, which is in part due to the healthy FIRE crackling in the fireplace.

Beau and Grace lie on the carpet, collaborating on a large PUZZLE. DeBussy plays over the speakers. Beau's eyes are busy with GUILT. Off to the side, Roger sits on the couch, reading a newspaper. (One headline reads: "BOB BALABAM SKINNED ALIVE. WORK OF THE ORPHANS?")

The front door is heard opening and shutting, followed by lethargic footsteps.

GRACE
 Toni?!

TONI (O.S.)
 What?

GRACE
Come say hi to your family.

An irked off-screen SIGH is followed by approaching footsteps. Toni appears at the doorway.

TONI
Is my room off-limits again tonight?

Beau suddenly becomes very self-conscious.

GRACE
No, as a matter of fact, we've laid out your sleeping bag if the couch isn't up to your standards.

TONI
(to Beau)
Is my bed up to *your* standards?

BEAU
(flustered)
What? No. *I* can take the sleeping bag, or the couch - or I don't even *have* to--

ROGER
Beau. Take it easy. You're taking Toni's bed. She insists.

TONI
(monotone)
Yeah. I totally do.

BEAU
I'm sorry.

But Toni's already sulked off.

ROGER
In fact, Beau:
(closes newspaper)
Grace and I have been talking...

Oh no. Beau prepares for the worst. Roger takes Grace's hand.

GRACE
That's right, we *have* been. And we've decided...that we'd like you to join our little unit for a while.

BEAU
What?

ROGER
We've discussed your situation and our situation, and we'd like to just - combine all the situations!

Suddenly overwhelmed, Beau is speechless.

BEAU
I need to get back home, though.

Roger and Grace nod, understanding.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 I need to figure out what happened.
 I need to...

Beau, eyes abuzz with inner conflict, is hitting a wall. Lips quivering.

ROGER
 I really think you should stay with us, Beau. Take the week, get your head straight. Things are crazy. You were stabbed on *Grace's* watch -

GRACE
 It's true.

ROGER
 - *I* mended your wounds, and *now* you've suffered a gigantic blow and you need a little support.

GRACE
 We can even take you home when you've had a chance to rest.

BEAU
 (stunned)
 I...I can't possibly accept.

GRACE
 Well, we can't accept you not accepting.

Beau just stares, dumbfounded.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Okay?

BEAU
 Okay.
 (tears welling)
 Yeah. Okay. Thank you.

Beau breaks down crying again.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

GRACE
 We love you, Beau.

Grace lays a comforting hand on Beau's hanging head. Roger pats Beau's back in a fatherly way.

ROGER
 That's it, guy. Don't hold back.

The front door is heard SLAMMING off-screen, but that does little to disrupt this touching moment.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Beau stands on the front lawn. He holds the family's land-line phone to his ear. He paces for a couple rings. His THERAPIST answers.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
Hello?

 BEAU
Dr. Friel?

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
Hi Beau!

Beau is instantly emotional. He struggles to speak.

 BEAU
I remembered you saying I should
call you if I ever needed?

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
Of course. I'm glad you did.

 BEAU
Yeah, I'm, uh...
(tears welling)
Well, I'm actually calling because...

Beau, trying to find the terrible words (to relate his mother's death), has grown blue in the face. He is about to explode into tears, but we mercifully CUT AWAY TO:

LATER

Beau, still on the lawn, is now mid-conversation with the Therapist (who is affecting an ultra-sympathetic tone).

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
So why do you feel you "need" to go
home?

 BEAU
Because - don't I?!

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
Well, that's what I'm asking. *Why*
do you think you need to?

 BEAU
What do you mean "why"? My mom...!

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
I understand, but *Beau*...
(delicately)
Her funeral's over.

 BEAU
I know!

 THERAPIST (V.O.)
And you said these people have been
kind to you? And that you've been
happy there?

 BEAU
(getting confused)
I *feel* happy. That doesn't mean I
am happy.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 Okay, well, do you think you'll
 "feel happy" going to your mother's
 grave right now?

BEAU
 Of course not!

The Therapist's voice softens.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 Look: Beau: I'm not trying to be
 insensitive. I can't imagine what
 you're going through right now. But
 that's precisely why I'm advocating
 for you to *stay* in this house, *with*
 these people who care about you,
where you have the space to actually
 grieve in a potentially healing way.

Beau seems to be holding his breath through all this.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 And then, when you are rested and
 you are centered - then you can go
 home and face the music.

Music pleasantly swells in to inaugurate...

THE "NEW FAMILY" MONTAGE

- A) OUTSIDE, BEAUTIFUL DAY.** A wooden log is CHOPPED IN HALF by an axe. We tilt up to reveal that Beau is the axe-man. He wipes sweat from his brow. Roger steps up to hand him a glass of lemonade. They clink glasses.
- B) KITCHEN, PLEASANT EVENING.** Beau helps Grace cook a hearty meal. She lets him taste a pasta sauce, but it dribbles onto his chin. They laugh.
- C) FRONT YARD, DAY.** Beau nervously sits on the roof, cleaning out the gutter. Grace (who trims the hedges) and Roger (who mows the lawn) watch over him encouragingly.
- D) LAKE, DAY.** Beau sits on a small boat with Roger. They are FISHING. Suddenly Beau has caught a fish. It's a big one! He struggles to reel it out of the water, but he has Roger's help.
- E) LIVING ROOM, DAY.** Grace presents Beau with a BLAZER with a FAMILY CREST sewn on. She and Roger are already wearing one. Beau is overwhelmed as he slides into the jacket.
- F) CHURCH, BEAUTIFUL MORNING.** Beau sits with the family at a pew. Toni sleeps. The PRIEST addresses Beau, motioning for him to rise. Beau is confused.
- G) CHURCH, LATER.** Beau is on the altar. He is being BAPTIZED. He winces fearfully as water is poured over his head. He is then released to realize that he's ecstatically happy.
- H) FIELD, GORGEOUS DAY.** Standing beside a stable, Beau is hoisted onto a handsome HORSE. He is terrified, but Grace and Roger talk him through it.

He is then taught by an instructor to control the horse. We then cut to BEAU CONFIDENTLY RIDING THE GALLOPING STEED IN ETHEREAL SLOW-MOTION.

Watching Beau as he giddily rides the horse...is TONI. She glares with half-open, drug-addled, *jealous* eyes. We push in on Toni as she sneers with bubbling envy.

FADE TO **BLACK**

END OF MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Beau sits with Roger and Grace on the couch. They laugh heartily as *The Andy Griffith Show* plays on the TV. Grace suddenly remembers:

GRACE

Oh - Beau! I almost forgot. Tomorrow, I set you up an appointment with my amazing friend Judy. She's a Somatic specialist who also works with EMDR.

BEAU

What's that?

GRACE

It's a special therapy that treats anxiety and trauma and things like that. Does that sound interesting to you?

BEAU

Okay.

Grace starts gathering dirty plates and cups.

GRACE

If you don't like it, then that'll be that. I just ask that you give it your best shot. Okay? 'Cause you deserve it.

BEAU

Okay. Thank you.

GRACE

Thank you.

Grace rises to take the dishes to the kitchen. As she leaves, Roger remembers:

ROGER

Oh, and that reminds me:

Grace pauses, intrigued. Roger gives her a "don't worry about it" look. She rolls her eyes and proceeds to the kitchen. Roger turns to Beau, confidentially:

ROGER (CONT'D)

When you first came in and you had no clothes, I noticed --
(leaning, to whisper)
Your testicles are massively distended.

Beau's eyes widen.

ROGER (CONT'D)
It's probably nothin', but we
should get an ultrasound. Could be
some bad epididymitis.

Before Beau can respond, Grace has returned. Roger, playing inconspicuous, gestures to Beau: "to be continued."

ROGER (CONT'D)
We'll talk shop later.

He winks at Beau and they all return to *Andy Griffith*. Beau looks unnerved.

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Toni sits on her bed, holding a phone to her ear. She STARES through a gap in her door. She's staring at Beau, crying on her couch, being comforted by her family.

TONI
(into phone)
Yeah. He's fuckin' crying now.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Fuckin' asshole.

Toni pulls THREE PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES (all belonging to Grace) out of her pocket. She pours a medley of pills into her palm, and bitterly knocks them back with chocolate milk.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Grace is driving. beau sits passenger. They are both smartly dressed. Beau's suit, clearly belonging to the much larger Roger, is at least two sizes too big.

GRACE
You have a girlfriend, Beau?

BEAU
(laughs)
No.

GRACE
That's a shame.

BEAU
(solemn)
Yeah.

GRACE
But that's good, too! Means you're available. World's your playground!

BEAU
There was maybe a girl...at high school.

GRACE
Oh yeah? Your sweetheart?

BEAU
Well, not...

Beau doesn't know how to explain. Grace understands.

GRACE
What's her name?

BEAU
Elaine.

GRACE
What does *she* do?

BEAU
She's just nice.

GRACE
Oh. That's nice.

BEAU
Yeah.

Beau looks out the window. A few OPAQUE MEMORIES flit by as MILKY FLASHES.

A) Young Beau performing a science experiment with ELAINE in a **HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM**.

B) Beau sitting alone in a **SCHOOL CAFETERIA**. Elaine comes over and sits with him. He's enamored. She's kind.

ELAINE
What's your favorite band?

C) A SERIES OF CURRENT PHOTOS OF ELAINE, now twenty years older. These are on the internet. Beau is searching wistfully through them in his **APARTMENT**. Next to the browser is a word processor. All that has been written is "Dear Elaine," followed by nothing.

We RETURN to Beau, sitting in the car, gazing out the window.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Grace leads Beau excitedly through the sleek LOBBY of a large building.

They pass a brooding SECURITY GUARD who's built like a truck. One of his eyes is a deep RED (presumably from a broken blood vessel) and his face is totally expressionless.

GRACE
Hi Jeeves!

The Security Guard, whom we now know as JEEVES, does not respond.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(whispering to Beau)
Jeeves was a P.O.W.

Grace and Beau step into the ELEVATOR.

GRACE (CONT'D)
He *also* has challenges with trauma.

She winks. The elevator doors close.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Grace and Beau sit patiently in a sterile waiting room. Beau notices a magazine called *Placid Waters*. Grace pats Beau's knee, just because.

A door opens and JUDY (30s), a studious-looking woman in white, emerges. She walks up to warmly offer her hand.

JUDY
Hi there - Beau?

BEAU
Hello.

Beau stands up and shakes her hand.

JUDY
I'm Judy!

INT. ROOM - DAY

Beau sits on a couch as Judy stands beside a dry erase board. She draws out a GRAPH, illustrating the following:

JUDY
Now, you've got two parts of the nervous system. There's the Sympathetic - which is your "fight or flight" mechanism, so when something bad is happening or you're in danger, that's alerted. And it's the part that creates anxiety, but it's also there to protect you. And then there's the Parasympathetic nervous system. This is the part that tells you "oh, wow, so everything's okay" - the gunshot was actually a car backfiring - and then you get to relax. And so these parts regulate each other and they keep you balanced. But sometimes, when you experience *Trauma*, especially over a sustained period of time, the Sympathetic takes over and the Parasympathetic doesn't get to come in until you eventually crash from exhaustion - which happens because your system needs it. But as you know, this becomes a vicious cycle. So, the whole purpose of Somatic Experiencing Therapy is to re-establish that original balance.

Beau has been listening intently.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Sound cool?

BEAU
I think so.

JUDY
I think so, too!

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Grace drives Beau back from the appointment.

GRACE
So she really liked you!

BEAU
She did?

GRACE
She was gushing!

Beau, skeptical, smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)
She even asked how you might feel about coming two days a week.

BEAU
(thrown off)
Because she likes me or because I need it?

GRACE
Because she likes you *and* she thinks you could benefit!
(removing pressure)
But again, she's only asking how you'd feel about it.

BEAU
(considers)
...I think I'd feel good.

GRACE
I think this could be a really good thing for you!

BEAU
So do I.

Grace slows the car to a HALT in the middle of the road. She seriously takes Beau's hand and looks him firmly in the eye. Beau prepares for the worst.

GRACE
Beau. You are very brave and I am very proud of you.

Beau is taken aback by this. He smiles.

BEAU
Thank you.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Grace and Beau arrive home. Grace calls out:

GRACE
We're home!

ROGER (O.S.)
How'd it go?!

GRACE
Beau did so well today!

ROGER (O.S.)
That's great!

Grace sees Toni, brooding under her hoodie in the corner.

GRACE
Hi sweetie. What have you been doing?

TONI
Homework.

GRACE
(pointedly, with a smile)
I love you.

Grace walks off. Beau notices Toni STARING at him.

BEAU
Hi.

TONI
Enjoying yourself?

Beau doesn't answer.

TONI (CONT'D)
(sharply)
How'd you even get stabbed, anyway?

BEAU
I was just there.

TONI
(scoffs)
Come on.

BEAU
What?

TONI
I'm not another chump.

BEAU
I didn't think you are.

TONI
You're not the first charity experiment
they've brought home, you know.

Beau doesn't know how to respond to this.

TONI (CONT'D)
Is your name even really Beau?

BEAU
Yeah.

Toni eyes him down. There's no hiding her disdain.

TONI
You wanna come out tonight?

BEAU
For what?

Toni doesn't answer.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I think I prob'ly actually have to
go to bed early.

TONI
(no bullshit)
You're comin' out.

BEAU
Okay.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Beau sits passenger as Toni drives. In the back seat is LIZ (17), a chubby goth girl. She smokes a JOINT.

LIZ
Man, I need to get laid.

TONI
Shut up, bitch. You've never even
kissed a guy!

Liz deflates angrily.

LIZ
(re: Beau)
The fuck is *this* guy's deal, anyway?

TONI
He's my new brother apparently.

BEAU
(explaining)
I'm just friends with Grace and Roger.

TONI
Yeah right! You're fucking adopted!

LIZ
Aren't you a little old to be
getting adopted?

BEAU
I'm *not* adopted.

LIZ
Yeah you are.

Liz says this arrogantly as she offers the joint to Beau.

BEAU
No thank you.

TONI
Bullshit!

LIZ
We can't *trust* you unless you smoke it.

BEAU
(a rush of chutzpah)
Then you can't trust me, so maybe
you should just take me back.

Toni STOMPS on the brakes and the car SQUEALS to a stop. Toni glares at Beau with piercing eyes. Beau understands. He takes the joint and gently drags on it.

LIZ
Harder.

Beau sucks harder.

TONI
Keep going.

Beau keeps sucking.

TONI (CONT'D)
Don't stop.

Beau keeps drawing on the joint until his lungs are full.

TONI (CONT'D)
Don't cough.

Beau begins to exhale, but he breaks into a VIOLENT COUGHING FIT as a thick cloud of smoke erupts from his mouth.

BEAU
Oh my God.

Beau grips the door handle.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Am I okay?

LIZ
(laughing)
Probably not.

BEAU
Oh my God.

Beau looks around.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Why is this car smaller?

Beau's next thought is too dramatic to not be heard in V.O.

BEAU (V.O.)
It's a coffin.

Toni and Liz laugh.

BEAU
Can you die from this?

TONI
If you feel like you're dying, then
you probably are.

BEAU
(squeezing his head)
Oh my God.

LIZ
Dude. You're being a little faggot.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Beau sits on a log, *way too stoned*. He's trying to temper the voices screaming in his head. His eyes are fixed straight ahead. He's staring at...

LIZ, who has effectively WRAPPED HER MOUTH AROUND THE CAR'S TAILPIPE. Toni, in the front seat, starts the ENGINE and continually REVS it until Liz has pulled away to COUGH UP A LUNG-FULL OF BLACK SMOKE.

Now it's Toni's turn. She walks around the car to lie down on her stomach. She wraps her lips around the tailpipe as Liz jumps into the car's driver seat.

Beau stares at Toni. In profile, Toni's EYE looks off to the side. IT LOCKS BEAU IN ITS SIGHT. The engine begins to REV aggressively. As Toni's lungs are filled with toxic fumes, she STARES BEAU DOWN with an unsettling intensity.

Beau squirms as he suffers Toni's intimidation.

BEAU (V.O.)
I'm gonna die out here.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Toni, Beau and Liz drive back from the desert - in silence.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights are off. Roger and Grace are sound asleep.

The front door opens and Toni enters. Beau follows.

Toni walks to her bedroom door and then turns to Beau, who stands nervously in the hall.

TONI
What're you waitin' for, a red carpet?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beau and Toni stand in their pajamas. Toni gestures to the bed.

TONI
Okay. In you go.

BEAU
You should take the bed.

TONI
Absolutely not. You're the guest.

BEAU
I'd honestly rather just sleep on the floor.

TONI
Well, *I'm* the host and *I* wasn't raised to let a defenseless guest sleep on my shitty floor.

Beau just stands there. Toni motions again to the bed.

TONI (CONT'D)
Go on. Before I get *really* hospitable.

Beau reluctantly climbs into the bed. Toni leans in to AGGRESSIVELY TUCK BEAU IN.

TONI (CONT'D)
You all snug in there?

Toni keeps tucking him in, longer and harder than necessary.

TONI (CONT'D)
Yeah, there we go. Just like that.

Toni now steps back to PLOP menacingly into a chair, facing Beau. Her eyes seem to almost glow in the dark.

TONI (CONT'D)
Now - I'm gonna watch you sleep.

Beau's eyes are wide. Toni's eyes are locked firmly on his.

With a thunderous bass, the CLOCK goes from **1:05 AM** to **4:37 AM**.

MORNING. Toni is still staring at Beau with the same intensity. Beau watches this with one eye half-open, the other shut (from exhaustion). His nerves are totally racked.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Beau and Toni - both looking haggard - sit at the kitchen table with Grace. They all eat breakfast.

GRACE
Did you guys have a good time last night?

TONI
Ask Beau.

Grace turns happily to Beau. Beau - torn between begging for help and bending to Toni's will - finally relents.

BEAU
Yes.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Grace walks Beau through the LOBBY again. They pass Jeeves, who sits heavy behind his desk.

GRACE
Hi Jeeves!

Without moving his head, JEEVES' EYES follow Beau and Grace to the elevator.

INT. JUDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Beau sits on the couch, eyes closed. Judy talks him through an exercise.

JUDY
Now relax your body. Feel your feet against the floor. Feel your toes. The balls of your feet. Your arch. Is there energy coming up from the floor? Or maybe it's coming *from* your feet, going out. Do you feel your blood pulsing?... Now, move on to your ankles... and then your calves... and then your knees... and your thighs... your butt against the seat. And really try to *feel* the sensation. Can you do that?

BEAU
I think so.

JUDY
Are any parts tenser than others?

BEAU
Maybe my neck and shoulders.

JUDY
Okay.

BEAU
And my back. And my teeth.

JUDY
And how would you describe that tension?

BEAU
...Tight.

JUDY
Using metaphors can sometimes be useful, too. Like "my heart feels broken"...

BEAU
Well...I guess my tense parts feel like...

Beau makes a CLAW of contorted fingers with his hand.

JUDY
Like that?

BEAU
Yeah.

JUDY
And how often?

BEAU
All the time probably. I only notice it, though, when you tell me to relax. 'Cause I try to relax and then I don't know how.

JUDY
That's very common among people with trauma. Not to mention your upbringing. You said your mom was a very negative woman.

BEAU
Not negative-negative. Just - if something was wrong, she'd focus on *that* and it'd be the only thing that existed, and if something was good, it was probably not gonna last, so we didn't talk about it, 'cause we'd only be setting us up for more disappointment.

JUDY
Yeah, so okay, there you go - that's something you inherited. And it's become a Philosophy, meaning it's deeply *imbedded*. So it's gonna take a lot of committed work to install a *new* perspective.

BEAU
But horrible things *do* happen. I'm not just afraid of made-up, imaginary stuff.

JUDY
But wonderful things happen, too! Have you noticed what a beautiful day it is outside? Or the sunset last night: *Gorgeous*. The sunrise this morning - even better!

Beau doesn't look convinced.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Look: you have a long history of trauma and learned negative *thinking*, and right now you keep getting caught in that trauma vortex we talked about - because you've been exposed to so much junk. But *this* work is about strengthening the *healing* vortex. 'Cause that's been very neglected.

Beau does his best to remain optimistic. Almost off-handedly:

BEAU
She also put ipecac syrup in my food
a couple times when I was twelve.

JUDY
Your mother? Why would she do that?

BEAU
I was supposed to go to summer camp
and she needed me to stay.

JUDY
How do you know it was ipecac?

BEAU
Because I spied on her when she was
sneaking it, and then I looked it up
after I got sick for a bunch of weeks.

Judy's eyes are wide with quiet alarm.

JUDY
...Let's go back to feeling our
feet on the floor.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - EVENING

Grace drives happily as Beau sits passenger. Beau turns to her. He tries to find the words...

BEAU
I was thinking...maybe it might be a
good time for us to go - *together*, I
mean - to, uh...

Grace slows down. Beau struggles to finish his sentence. Grace already understands.

GRACE
Castlestone?

Beau pauses. Grace is determined to make this easy for him.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Right? Of course. For your mother.

BEAU
Are you mad?

GRACE
What? Of course not!

BEAU
It's just to show my face and figure
out what happened. Not because I don't
wanna stay here. I'd wanna come back
with you guys.

GRACE
(no explanation necessary)
Hey, *of course!* Come on: Beau: Of course.
How 'bout this weekend?

BEAU
Okay. If you think it's a good idea.

GRACE
See now, *this* is what we have to
work on, Beau.

She puts her fists up, as if to say "fight for yourself." Beau looks baffled, but then forces himself to meet her challenge.

BEAU
I think it's a good idea.

Grace takes Beau's hand.

GRACE
We'll be there in whatever ways you
need.

Grace idles up to her DRIVEWAY. Beau, looking out the window, sees a sinister-looking TONI sitting at her bedroom window. Their eyes LOCK. Toni has been waiting.

Beau is instantly shaken.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beau, wearing pajamas, has dressed the couch with a blanket and pillow. He climbs into "bed" and turns off the lamp.

After a moment's peace, Toni enters. She looks extremely tense.

TONI
What do you think you're doing?

BEAU
Going to bed.

Toni flicks on the light.

TONI
Not fuckin' out here, you're not.

BEAU
Please, you can have your bed back. I
really just wanna sleep on the couch.

TONI
Hey! I have specific instructions to
sleep on the floor while you sleep in
my bed!

Beau isn't getting up.

TONI (CONT'D)
I'm gonna count to three!

INT. GRACE'S & ROGER'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Toni huffily enters to WAKE a sleeping Roger and Grace.

TONI
Mom, Dad - Beau is sleeping on the couch.

ROGER
So what?

TONI
So you said he had to sleep in my bed!

ROGER
Well, if he's taken the couch, congratulations. What're you complaining about?

TONI
*You said he had to take my bed.
He's breaking your rules.*

GRACE
Toni. We're sleeping right now.

TONI
Do you *really* feel okay acting *this* hypocritical?!

ROGER
Toni! I'm two seconds away from getting cross.

TONI
(calling his bluff)
One... Two--

Roger springs up in bed.

ROGER
You wanna test me, young lady?!
Take this crap outta here!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Toni swiftly re-enters the living room to arrive at Beau's bed-side. She whispers intensely into Beau's ear:

TONI
When you're asleep, I'm gonna hold rubber cement under your nose so that you're breathing in toxic fumes all night.

Beau tenses up as Toni storms off. He rolls onto his stomach so that he's lying face-down into his pillow.

BEAU
(to himself)
Feel your feet.

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM = SAME TIME

Toni tears into her room and SLAMS the door. She climbs angrily into her sleeping bag and curls up into a ball of concentrated rage.

TONI
*Fuck you... Come into MY fucking
 home...*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We push in on BEAU'S EAR. He can hear the muffled sound of Toni's fierce, whispered swearing. He grips his blanket, anticipating the consequences of Toni's hatred.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Beau, still in his pajamas, sits on the couch. His eyes are closed, and he's trying to feel the SENSATION of his body. His attention travels from his FEET to his ANKLES to his CALVES to his THIGHS to his BUTT (planted in his seat) to his HANDS...

Roger suddenly POPS his head in.

ROGER
 Look alive, pal. It's grill time!
 You got the tri-tip.

And Roger's gone. Beau, startled by the pop-in, recovers. He pulls on his FAMILY BLAZER and bends over to find his shoes. As he begins slipping them on, Toni appears.

TONI
 The fuck are you doing?

BEAU
 Putting my shoes on.

TONI
 Why?

BEAU
 I'm going outside to grill with Roger.

TONI
 You mean "with dad."

BEAU
 I mean with Roger.

Toni's teeth grit.

TONI
Get up.

Confused, Beau slowly stands up. He sees through the open door to TONI'S BEDROOM: it's in shambles. The posters have been torn down, the lamp has been smashed, etc.

TONI (CONT'D)
 Follow me.

BEAU
 Where?

TONI
To the garage.

BEAU
What about the tri-tip?

TONI
You're coming to the garage!

BEAU
Why?!

TONI
'Cause I fucking said so!!!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Toni pulls Beau into the garage. She goes to a STACK OF PAINT CANS in the corner.

TONI
You're getting fucked up with me.

BEAU
But I'm supposed to be grilling.

TONI
So you'll grill fucked up!

BEAU
I'm actually feeling a bit of a stomach ache right now--

TONI
Bullshit!

BEAU
It's not bullshit. I ate seafood.

TONI
So, what? You can just show up in my life and sleep in my bed and take my fuckin' parents, but you can't get fuckin' fucked up with me?

BEAU
I'm just feeling sick, that's all. I'm not trying to steal anything.

TONI
And you know what, too?! I don't even believe your mom was murdered!

This hits Beau hard. He'd never heard it put that way.

BEAU
She wasn't *murdered*! It was just her head!

Toni KICKS over a box.

TONI
It's all fuckin' bullshit! How the fuck did you even GET here? You just dropped in outta the fuckin' sky?!

BEAU
I can leave!

TONI
I'm not *telling* you to leave. I'm telling you to fuckin' drink this fuckin' paint with me.

Toni pulls the lid off of a CAN OF BLUE PAINT.

BEAU
Toni. Please.

TONI
Don't fucking call me Toni!

BEAU
I'm sorry! I thought that was your name.

TONI
It is my name! It's my name!

BEAU
Okay. I'm sorry.

Toni thrusts the paint toward Beau.

TONI
You first!

BEAU
I can't.

TONI
You first!

BEAU
No!

TONI
No?!

Toni pauses, volatile. She then raises the paint can to her mouth.

TONI (CONT'D)
Fine, you fuckin' pussy faggot.

Toni puts the can to her lips and proceeds to AGGRESSIVELY GUZZLE DOWN THE PAINT.

BEAU
No, please, Toni, stop!

Toni, after several gulps, pauses the paint-drinking to SCREAM (mouth coated in viscous blue):

TONI
(gurgled)
FUCK YOU!

Toni continues to gulp giant mouthfuls of paint.

BEAU
Please, Toni! You're gonna be sick!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Grace, chopping carrots, hears the commotion in the garage. She PAUSES to hear the muffled sound of Beau pleading with Toni to "stop." Grace lays down her knife and rushes over to the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Grace opens the door to see Beau standing over Toni, but TONI ISN'T MOVING. Her mouth and chin are coated in blue, and her extremely pale face is locked into a twisted, choked contortion. She's DEAD alright.

BEAU
It's not what it looks like!

Grace SCREAMS, and rushes over to Toni's corpse. She checks desperately for a pulse or any sign of life.

GRACE
Oh baby baby baby--

She tries to pry back Toni's already locked-open eyelids, and then moves to desperately slapping her frozen face.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Please, no, Toni Toni Toni Toni...

BEAU
I begged her not to.

Grace turns to Beau and BARKS:

GRACE
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?!

Beau is shocked by Grace's voice. It's deep and hate-filled. Evil almost.

BEAU
I didn't. I tried to stop her.

GRACE
YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED MY BABY!

BEAU
No! *She* did it!

Grace breaks down weeping. She tries to wake Toni up, despite Toni's deep and unwavering lifelessness.

GRACE
Oh no, please, Toni, please, don't do this, don't do this--

She turns again, from grief to rage. To Beau:

GRACE (CONT'D)
YOU!

She furiously storms over to Beau. SHE TEARS THE FAMILY CREST OFF OF HIS BLAZER.

BEAU
Please, I promise, it wasn't me.

GRACE
The devil sent you here!

BEAU
No he didn't!

GRACE
You're the DEVIL!

BEAU
I'm not!

GRACE
She hated you and you saw that she hated you and you just got RID of her, didn't you?!

BEAU
Please, no, that's not right! I didn't do this! I tried to stop it!

Grace grabs Beau's face and pushes it violently. Beau, mortified, stumbles backward.

GRACE
YOU GET OUT, YOU DEVIL!

Beau, stunned for a moment, RUNS out through the back door. He sprints desperately toward the FOREST beyond the back yard.

Grace screams after him:

GRACE (CONT'D)
YOU'RE DEAD! YOU HEAR ME?! YOU'RE A FUCKING DEAD MAN!!!

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Beau tears furiously into the forest. He's hyperventilating, anxiety mounting. Even if he wanted to stop running, he wouldn't know how.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

A distant wide of the house, from the forest's POV. The bone-chilling sound of ROGER DISCOVERING HIS DAUGHTER AND WAILING IN ANGUISH echoes tragically. Startled birds alight from the trees.

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Beau continues to SPRINT through the woods. His breathing is erratic and he's crying hysterically.

After a stretch of uninterrupted running, he suddenly CRASHES FACE-FIRST INTO A THICK TREE BRANCH. This knocks him UNCONSCIOUS.

BLACK

Distorted images flutter in and out, as if seen through opaque, textured glass.

BEAU'S MOTHER lies on the grass beside LITTLE BEAU (12 years old).

BEAU'S MOM
Should we promise each other?

LITTLE BEAU
Okay.

BEAU'S MOM
I'll never leave you and you'll never leave me?

LITTLE BEAU
Yeah.

She holds up her PINKY.

BEAU'S MOM
Pinky swear?

LITTLE BEAU
(taking it one further)
Double pinky swear!

BEAU'S MOM
(playing "shocked")
But that's the world's most solemn oath!

LITTLE BEAU
Good!

They HOOK PINKIES with both hands.

BEAU'S MOM
Okay. It's done. We swore. We're in this for the long run.

But then, echoing in the distance:

TONI (V.O.)
I don't even believe your mom was murdered!

Little Beau and Beau's Mom both look up, having heard this. Then--

GRACE (V.O.)
YOU'RE A FUCKING DEAD MAN!!!

BEAU WAKES VIOLENTLY FROM HIS DREAM TO FIND HIMSELF IN...

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Beau sits up in the heart of the woods. He's been unconscious for a day and the sun is already setting.

Still dazed, Beau sees a sparkling POND nearby. Dehydrated, he stumbles over to it and gulps down some water. When he looks back into the pond, he notices: it's FILTHY, and the surface of the water is actually littered with dead, floating fish.

Beau REACTS by trying to cough up the water he just drank. He jams his finger down his throat and tries to throw up, but then he hears a TWIG SNAPPING in the distance. He LOOKS OVER to see...

A frightened-looking MAN wearing camouflage (30s) stands behind a collection of bushes. He holds a rifle. This is MICHAEL.

Beau and Michael engage in a sustained, confused STARE DOWN. Slowly, Michael brings a WALKIE-TALKIE to his lips.

MICHAEL
(whispering)
I think he just woke up.

THE WALKIE BLARES THROUGH STATIC:

WALKIE (V.O.)
Get him talking.

Michael calls out to Beau.

MICHAEL
You okay over there?!

BEAU
(confused)
Yeah, I just got lost.

MICHAEL
How'd you get out here?

BEAU
I was being chased.

MICHAEL
By who?

BEAU
I think I'm okay now.

WALKIE (V.O.)
(through static)
Is he talking?

MICHAEL
(into walkie)
Sorta.

WALKIE (V.O.)
Ask him what he's looking for.

MICHAEL
(to Beau)
Are you looking for something?

BEAU
I think I just need to get to my
mom's house.

MICHAEL
(weirdly loaded)
Oh, you got a mom?

This question hits Beau where it hurts.

BEAU
I did.

MICHAEL
She left?

Beau's silence tells Michael what he needs to know. Michael nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
My mom's dead, too. From a car
accident. Head-on collision.

BEAU
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
What about your dad?

Beau's lack of an answer is telling.

WALKIE (V.O.)
(static)
What's he saying?

Michael lifts the walkie to his lips, but then PAUSES. He lowers the walkie.

MICHAEL
(to Beau)
You hungry?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Michael leads Beau towards a clearing in the woods where a GIANT TENT has been pitched. As they pass the tent, Beau sees what lies ahead...

An impressive, hand-made TREEHOUSE COLONY. A banner on a flagpole reads "Orphans of the Forest." Several "uniformed" men and women are huddled around a contained FIRE. The uniforms are kakhi-colored jumpsuits.

A NAKED MAN (save for a loin cloth) walks by, carrying as many logs as his arms can hold. He's handsome, in his 30s, and exudes an almost frightening confidence. He SEES Beau and Michael, and immediately RELEASES the logs (which spill at his feet).

The Naked Man runs over to Beau and Michael. He has perfect posture.

NAKED MAN
Hello!

The Naked Man offers his hand. Beau reaches out to shake it, but--

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)
Ha! I'm just kidding!

The Naked Man grabs Beau by the shoulders and pulls him in for a BIG HUG.

NAKED MAN (CONT'D)
Michael tells me your name is Beau.

BEAU
I -- Yeah.

NAKED MAN
Hi Beau! Welcome to our little community. I'm Brennan!

BEAU
Hi.

The Naked Man (who we now know as BRENNAN) changes his tone to one of sorrowful empathy.

BRENNAN
I hear you've suffered a very recent loss.

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
I'm so sorry, Beau. Lots of people will tell you they understand, but here you'll find that's very much a sincere and heartfelt truth. How much has Michael told you about us?

BEAU
Nothing. He said that you'd "explain everything."

BRENNAN
Good.
(to Michael)
Thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL
Of course.

BRENNAN
Michael's only been here a couple years. Thus he's still learning. So it's important that he not try to describe our work, as it could compromise his own growth and create an unintended bias in your perspective.

BEAU
(confused)
Okay.

BRENNAN
Thank you for being open, Beau. Let me show you around.

LATER

Brennan gives Beau the TOUR. We follow them in profile as they pass different tents and feebly built shacks (fashioned from bamboo, banana leaves and logs).

BRENNAN

We call ourselves the Orphans of the Forest, but many of our life-givers simply abandoned us without bothering to die.

They pass a shack in which several people exercise. This is the RECREATION CENTER. There are hand-crafted exercise bikes (built out of bamboo), wooden "stair-masters" and a flimsy, home-made Pilates Reformer. Its "wire" snaps as a man struggles to strengthen his core.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

This is the exercise room, where we spend a minimum of twenty minutes a day.

They then pass a SHACK whose opening is mostly covered by a curtain. Through the gap, we see an ORGY taking place.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

That's the lovemaking room. We don't allow condoms here, so I hope you've been tested.

Brennan laughs as they continue onward. They now pass an empty SHACK.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

That's our meditation room. We convene there three times a day for one hour.

(pointing)

And here, of course, is Beagle...

Brennan was just referring to a happy PITBULL chained to a post. Beagle barks "hello."

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

He's the special member of our one-man canine unit.

They are now passing a FIELD OF ORGANIC VEGETABLE CROPS.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

We grow all of our food organically. We don't eat meat unless we've murdered it ourselves.

Beau is trying to take this all in.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

As you can see, Beau, we want for nothing.

They arrive at the GIANT TENT again.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Now. You must be exhausted.

Brennan unzips the tent to reveal that twenty-something SLEEPING BAGS are laid out in rows. The bag closest to the entrance (accompanied by its own gas lamp and foot locker) rests under a sign that reads "Guest Bed."

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
This is your bed. When you're rested, we can talk at length about what brought you here.

BEAU
I was just running away.

Brennan lays a serious hand on Beau's shoulder.

BRENNAN
As was I. And Jenny. And Michael. Nothing is accidental, Beau. We must be sensitive to the signs.

Brennan points to a hand-whittled wooden SIGN. It reads: "MAXIMUM OPENNESS REQUIRED. That's where the Healing starts."

BEAU
I have to get home.

BRENNAN
People say that their entire lives, while one home after another passes them by - right under their nose.

Beau, eyes wide, takes this in.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Beau.

Brennan walks confidently off.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Beau, extremely pre-occupied, climbs into his sleeping bag. A few others are also in bed, asleep. Beau lies on his back and stares up at the tent ceiling.

BEAU
(to himself)
She was murdered.

EXT. DINING SPACE - THE NEXT MORNING

A large PICNIC TABLE seats twenty Orphans. Brennan sits at the head of the table. An untouched FEAST (of salads, vegetables, unappealing homemade bread, etc.) sits before them.

Everybody sits in silence, eyes closed, in meditation. After a long moment, Brennan reaches for a bowl and begins to serve himself. Slowly, the rest of the table follows suit.

BILLY (20s), a blissfully happy Orphan, leans over to whisper to Beau:

BILLY
You can eat now.

Beau self-consciously begins to serve himself.

BRENNAN
Sunflower - please pass the quinoa.

SUNFLOWER (30s), a particularly beautiful orphan, passes Brennan a bowl of quinoa. She looks at him with total adoration.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What a beautiful meal you girls
have prepared.

Beau notices an OLD MAN (80s or 90s) sitting in an empty shack. He is deep in meditation. Flies swarm around the room, many of them crawling around his face. Billy notices that Beau is looking at this man.

BILLY
That's Yesekov. He's the one who
started all of this.

BEAU
Is he alive?

BILLY
Oh - more than any of us! This whole
place is built on *his* principles.

Beau stares at Yesekov.

BILLY (CONT'D)
He taught us that orphans are no
more alone than anyone else. That's
our natural state. But we can at
least be more *conscious*.

BRENNAN
(interrupting)
Billy.

Billy looks to Brennan.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Don't rush him.

BILLY
I'm so sorry.

BRENNAN
(warmly)
It's okay.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

Everyone works in different areas of the colony. Some work on fixing a fence, others build a bookshelf, etc.

Beau, sitting on a log, watches all of this.

Brennan paces around, overseeing everyone's work. He talks them through it with an authoritative confidence.

BRENNAN
 (calling out)
 Really observe the forest as you
 work... Take in your body. Feel
 your breath... Watch yourself if
 you drift. Where do you drift to?
 No judgment. Just watch and see.
 How are you? See how you are.

Brennan turns to Beau.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 Would you like a task, Beau?

BEAU
 Okay. But I do need to actually go--

BRENNAN
 Sunflower!

The beautiful Sunflower, who's been working in the garden,
 turns to offer her attention.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 Beau is going to help you in the garden.

SUNFLOWER
 Wonderful!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Beau pulls weeds with Sunflower.

SUNFLOWER
 So, what was it that brought you
 here? Besides the obvious.

BEAU
 I was running away.

SUNFLOWER
 That's beautiful.

BRENNAN (O.S.)
 Feel your feet on the ground!
 Return to your body!

Beau has a moment of *deja vu*. "Feel your feet on the ground."

He takes a moment to FEEL HIS FEET. As he focuses, the earth's
 subtle energy becomes palpable. It is almost trembling beneath
 his feet. And as the ground trembles, the film itself starts to
 tremble and the IMAGE QUAKES until we CUT HARD TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We track at floor level, following a pair of WELL-WORN BOOTS
 as they stomp heedlessly ahead.

The feet belong to JEEVES, fully clad in black hunting gear.
 He walks aggressively down a filthy street, wearing a
 necklace of yellow TEETH. His eyes are dead, his face
 expressionless - but he walks with terrifying purpose.

He holds up a PHOTO OF BEAU (posing with Grace and Roger, but with Beau's face CIRCLED IN RED MARKER) as he storms ahead.

Jeeves suddenly takes a SHARP RIGHT TURN into a vast field. Ahead of him lies THE FOREST. The sky is one giant grey cloud.

THUNDER STRIKES!

INT. TONI'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Outside, a torrential downpour. Grace sits on Toni's bed, holding a framed photo of a smiling Toni. Grace is WEEPING.

GRACE
Oh my sweet, beautiful baby girl...
What did I do?... I brought him
into our home...

Her THUMB, tensing up, CRACKS the photo's glass. Grace looks up to the sky, her face turning purple with bottled rage.

GRACE (CONT'D)
JEEVES!... RIP HIM APART!

CUT HARD TO:

INT. VITAMIN SHACK - DAY

The Orphans queue up to receive their DAILY INJECTION of "vitamins." This is administered by a NAKED ABORIGINAL WITCH DOCTOR.

Brennan leads Beau to the front of the line.

BRENNAN
Here we go, Beau. Take a seat.

Beau takes a reluctant seat.

BEAU
What's in these shots?

BRENNAN
Essential vitamins. To keep your
mind agile and your body strong.

The Aboriginal Witch Doctor FEEDS THE SERUM INTO BEAU'S BLOODSTREAM. *Beau doesn't have a good feeling about this.* Brennan jovially pats him on the back.

INT. GIANT TENT - DAY

Everyone is changing clothes in the tent. They switch from their regular attire to HEMP MEDITATION ROBES.

Beau hesitantly undresses. When he removes his pants, a BEARDED ORPHAN (30s) freezes in astonishment. He dramatically indicates Beau's crotch.

BEARDED ORPHAN
Dude. Your balls.

BEAU
What?

BEARDED ORPHAN
They're *huge!*

INT. MEDITATION SHACK - DAY

Everyone sits cross-legged for meditation. Some sit on the floor, others sit on a pillow.

Brennan guides a very anxious Beau to sit down. He straightens Beau's back.

BRENNAN
This will help ease the anxiety and grief over your loss.

BEAU
(turning, confidentially)
Okay, but I was wondering if I could talk to you for a second. I really need to get to Castlesto--

BRENNAN
How can you do anything if you're not present?

BEAU
But I have to leave. My mother's been killed.

BRENNAN
Close your eyes.

BEAU
But I need to find out.

BRENNAN
Close your eyes.

BEAU
(reluctantly giving in)
Well - is this like Somatic Experiencing? I've done some of that before.

BRENNAN
Those things are an illusion, Beau. More illusions to stack on top of the thousands of other illusions which have combined to create the shattered mess that you call "I."

BEAU
Okay.

BRENNAN
Now close your eyes.

Beau reluctantly closes his eyes.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Relax your shoulders.

BEAU

Okay.

BRENNAN

Don't worry about responding to me.
Just follow what I say and focus
your attention.

Beau begins to ZONE IN. He shuts out all of the noise around him, muting it. The world sounds as if it's descending underwater as Brennan continues.

BRENNAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Release the muscles in your
forehead. Relax your eyelids. Let
your nose drop. Let go of your jaw.
Relax your--

SUNFLOWER (O.S.)

Brennan! Come quick! It's happening!

Sunflower's alert is still heard through the muffling, underwater filter. Beau opens his eyes. The world's sounds are sucked back into cacophonous clarity.

BRENNAN

He's begun the ascent?

Brennan jumps up and runs out of the shack. Everyone follows. Beau turns inquisitively to Billy.

BILLY

Follow everybody. I'll explain.

INT. YESEKOV'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Everybody rushes quietly into Yesekov's shack. They all gather around the old man's bed. A hushed sense of awe befalls the room.

Beau enters quietly to stand in the back.

Yesekov lies on a wooden platform. This is his bed. His eyes are closed and his nostrils flare gently as he carefully inhales and exhales. He is deep in concentration, even as he is clearly dying.

BILLY

(whispering to Beau)
He's passing.

BEAU

(whispering)
Oh no!

Billy shushes him with a smile.

BILLY

It's not bad. It's his time to go and it's a beautiful thing. Your body is a prison for your spirit. It requires food and constant care and it finally decays and fails us.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

We spend our lives concerned only with our bodies, and they distract us almost completely from our spirits. But it's our spirit that endures, and when we die, the spirit is freed from the body, and it's very important that we die *correctly* so that our spirits can emerge without any trauma.

(gesturing to Yesekov)

See?

Billy gazes with wonder at Yesekov. He is dying so gracefully. So peacefully.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Look at him. He's at peace. Because he knows that the next world is better.

Beau watches Yesekov. He really does seem at peace. But then -
- YESEKOV TURNS TO BEAU. His eyes, now open, lock intensely with Beau's. His mouth is sealed, even as Beau hears him say:

YESEKOV (V.O.)

Beau. You need to get home.

Whaa? Beau is dumbstruck. No one else is hearing this.

YESEKOV (V.O.)

You have a great courage in you.

Yesekov closes his eyes and returns to his peaceful dying.

Beau, now shaken to his core, joins the rest of the room in watching Yesekov as he drifts valiantly from this realm to the next. He is ascending "towards the light."

Awed silence. Some Orphans hold hands as they are moved to tears. Yesekov INHALES DEEPLY, as if he knows that this will be his final breath... BUT THEN--

YESEKOV

What?!

YESEKOV BOLTS UP IN BED. HIS EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR. HE'S SEEN SOMETHING HORRIBLE.

YESEKOV (CONT'D)

NO! WAIT!

YESEKOV LETS OUT A MONSTROUS, GURGLING DEATH RATTLE. He then defacates loudly.

It's over.

The room is left in awkward, traumatized silence.

INT. MEDITATION SHACK - EVENING

The evening's meditation. Everyone sits cross-legged, eyes closed. But they're all too shaken/disturbed to actually do their thing. One person (besides Beau) sits with his eyes open, looking skeptically around the room.

EXT. DINING SPACE - NIGHT

Everyone sits around the picnic table, eating dinner. That same awkward silence pervades the meal.

Beau sits uncomfortably between two especially shaken Orphans. Beau's eyes are busy. The words "You need to get home" echo through his head. He stares anxiously at an OPENING in the woods. A clear escape.

Brennan appears from the main trail. He holds a STACK OF MAIL.

BRENNAN

All right, everybody. Snap out of it.

Brennan begins to sift through the mail, distributing it among the Orphans. As he does so:

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

On my trek to fetch the mail, I was visited by Yesekov's spirit. He was opaque and still somewhat vague, given my limited consciousness, but he apologized for the scene he made earlier. He said he was frightened for a moment, but he assured me that everything is wonderful on the other side. He also said he will *not* reappear - not even to me - but he stressed that we must keep strong and continue our work. Today was one of many trials, but he's so proud of us for holding to our convictions.

The group looks relieved by this news. Brennan comes to an ENVELOPE WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN TORN OPEN.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Charles. This was actually torn open when I found it.

He hands the letter to CHARLES (28), a feeble-looking Orphan. Charles nervously accepts the letter.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I looked inside to make sure nothing was missing, but then I noticed in my periphery...the name signed at the bottom.

Charles' face goes white.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Who's "Dad"?

A HUSH falls over the table. Everyone is frozen. Charles is at a terrified loss.

CHARLES

It's my step-dad.

BRENNAN
Oh... 'Cause I thought your mother
"never even looked at another man
after your father died."

CHARLES
I don't think I ever said that.

BRENNAN
I'm pretty sure you might have.

CHARLES
You must be thinking of something
else. I never would have said that.
I love my step-dad.

Brennan stares at him. He smiles warmly, but his eyes are stone.

BRENNAN
That's my mistake, then. I must've
gotten confused. Sorry.

CHARLES
...It's okay. I might've mis-
spoken, too.

Brennan's strange smile remains. This seems to be resolved?

INT. MAIN TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

A large, rustic treehouse. A threadbare, braided rug covers the floor. An inexplicable fire crackles in the fireplace. The walls are adorned with framed portraits of great, lost Orphans.

A COUCH rests in the center. All of the Orphans are gathered about. They hold cocktails and chat. Beau is being engaged by a group of laughing Orphans. He smiles, making new friends.

Suddenly the LIGHTS ARE SHUT OFF and a single SPOTLIGHT BEAMS DOWN ONTO THE COUCH.

BRENNAN
Attention, everybody.

Everyone turns to Brennan. He turns to Beau.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Beau. Please approach the couch.

Beau looks very confused. He turns to Billy, who smiles.

BILLY
It's okay.

Beau goes to the couch.

BRENNAN
Go ahead and lay down, Beau.

Beau lays down.

BEAU
Like this?

BRENNAN
Yes. And close your eyes.

Beau reluctantly closes his eyes. Brennan turns on a MACHINE that emits a strange, almost inaudible whine (like a dog whistle).

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What is your full name?

BEAU
Beau Wilmington?

BRENNAN
Where are you from?

BEAU
Castlestone. That's where I need to go back.

BRENNAN
Did you like your parents?

BEAU
Well - I didn't know my dad.

BRENNAN
Did you like your mother?

BEAU
I love her.

BRENNAN
Did you like her?

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
Do you believe in an afterlife?

BEAU
...I dunno.

BRENNAN
Do you believe in God?

BEAU
...

BRENNAN
Are you afraid to make that decision?

Beau doesn't know how to answer.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
If you had to make a choice between yes or no, what would it be?

BEAU
...I...

BRENNAN
If a gun was aimed at your head and you had to answer "do you believe in God," what would you say?

BEAU
 Yes.

BRENNAN
 Is it because you're afraid that if He does exist and you say no, that He'll punish you?

BEAU
 Yes.

BRENNAN
 Were you raised with God?

BEAU
 No.

BRENNAN
 What was *your* God, then?

Beau doesn't understand.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 What did you look up to? What set the rules of your existence?

Beau doesn't answer, but his face tightens and his lips twist with stress.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 What else are you afraid of?

BEAU
 What do you mean? Like spiders?

BRENNAN
 What scares you most?

BEAU
 I... Being hurt.

BRENNAN
 By what?

Beau is stuck.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 Are you afraid of death?

BEAU
 Yes.

BRENNAN
 Does that scare you the most?

BEAU
 No.

BRENNAN
What scares you the most?

BEAU
I -- Cancer?

BRENNAN
Why cancer?

BEAU
Or, just - getting sick.

BRENNAN
Loss of *quality* of life.

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
Do you have that quality of life *now*?

BEAU
(face twisted)
Yes.

BRENNAN
Do you?

BEAU
I've had a roof over my head. I
have my health.

BRENNAN
Do you have your health?

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
How about your mental state?

Beau is fighting tears so hard that it looks like his face might
implode.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

BEAU
I was invited.

BRENNAN
You came here and *then* I invited you.

BEAU
I was running away.

BRENNAN
From who?

BEAU
I told you.

BRENNAN
Tell me again.

Beau is crying now. Through the tears, barely audible:

BEAU
 A girl died and they blamed me. She
 drank the paint. I told her "stop."

BRENNAN
 What paint?

BEAU
 Blue.

BRENNAN
 Do you promise to Open Your Heart?

BEAU
 I need to get home. My mom was murdered.

BRENNAN
 You are home.

Beau winces.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 Do you promise to Open Your Heart?

BEAU
 ...Yes.

BRENNAN
 Do you know what that means?

BEAU
 No. Yes.
 (considering)
 No?

BRENNAN
 Do you accept the Orphans of the
 Forest as your new family?

BEAU
 I need to get home.

BRENNAN
 You Are Home! Do you promise?

BEAU
 (feeling forced)
 Yes.

BRENNAN
 Do you swear that you are an
 orphan?

BEAU
 Yes.

BRENNAN
 How did your father die?

BEAU
He came.

BRENNAN
What?

BEAU
He came. Into my mom. On their
honeymoon. That's how I got made.

This throws Brennan for a major loop.

BRENNAN
And he died from *cumming*?

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
Is that a lie?

BEAU
No.

BRENNAN
Can that happen?

BEAU
I think so.

BRENNAN
Has this...affected sex for you?

Beau, eyes squeezed shut, nods his head.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Are you a virgin?

Beau lips tighten and he turns his head in embarrassment.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Are you a virgin?

BEAU
Yes!

BRENNAN
Have you wanted to?

BEAU
I dunno!

BRENNAN
You *do* know!

BEAU
It's not that simple!

BRENNAN
Have you ever been in love?

Beau FLASHES BACK to Elaine. They're sitting on high school bleachers. She kisses young Beau's cheek. We return to the scene.

BEAU
Elaine.

BRENNAN
Who's Elaine?

Beau shakes his head.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Did you ever sleep with Elaine?

Beau shakes his head.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Did you have the opportunity to?

BEAU
I... Maybe!

BRENNAN
When?

BEAU
Before I moved.

BRENNAN
Moved where?

BEAU
To the city. To be an adult.

BRENNAN
Have you had sex opportunities
since that night?

BEAU
No. Maybe two. Or three.

BRENNAN
Did you not take them because you
were afraid?

BEAU
Yes.

BRENNAN
Afraid of rejection?

BEAU
Yes. But no.

BRENNAN
Afraid of cumming.

Beau can't say yes. Tears build up intensely as he nods his head. We hear the Bearded Orphan in the back:

BEARDED ORPHAN (O.S.)
That's why his balls...

BRENNAN
How often *have* you cum?

BEAU
Never on purpose.

BRENNAN
Never?

BEAU
Only a couple times when I rubbed
against something and it came out.
The second time it happened, I got
a heart murmur.

Somebody in the distance says "Jesus Christ."

BRENNAN
How did your mother die?

BEAU
Her head was gone.

BRENNAN
Her head was *gone*??

Beau can't repeat it. He nods intensely as he stifles another
oncoming deluge. Brennan lays comforting hands around Beau's
cheeks.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Who is your new family, Beau?

BEAU
What do you mean?

BRENNAN
Who is your new family?

BEAU
(confused)
You?

BRENNAN
Declare it. Who is your new family?

BEAU
You.

BRENNAN
By name.

BEAU
Brennan!

BRENNAN
(correcting)
The Orphans of the--

BEAU
(beating him to it)
The-Orphans-of-the-Forest!

BRENNAN
Announce who you are!

BEAU
I am - an Orphan of the Forest!

BRENNAN
AGAIN!

BEAU
I AM AN ORPHAN OF THE FOREST!

BRENNAN
Open your eyes, Beau!

Beau opens his eyes. A GIANT HYPNO-DISK (with a bright spiral pattern) rotates before him. Beau is instantly HYPNOTIZED.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Who are you, Beau?

BEAU
(listlessly)
I am an Orphan of the Forest.

BRENNAN
Who killed your father?

BEAU
Cumming.

BRENNAN
But do you know who *made* him cum?

BEAU
Sex.

BRENNAN
But who *made* him have sex?

Beau, deep in hypnosis, is stumped.

BEAU
My mo--

But the Hypno-Disk on the screen cuts abruptly to: AN IMAGE OF THE FIRST LADY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRENNAN
This woman forced your father to cum.

Beau, still hypnotized, looks confused and angry.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
This woman -

The screen switches to ANOTHER PHOTO OF THE FIRST LADY.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
- took your mother's head.

Beau looks horrified.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What do you want, Beau?

Beau, tearing up, shakes his head weakly. Eyes glued to the screen.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You want vengeance. It's all you've ever wanted.

Beau, still in hypnosis, is horrified.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Say it, Beau.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
I want vengeance.

The screen is shut off. Beau, mortified, turns to Brennan. Brennan smiles.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

BEAU
What?

BRENNAN
Better? Lighter? Easier?

BEAU
Yes?

BRENNAN
Welcome to the family, Beau.

Everyone APPLAUDS. Brennan gives Beau a big hug. Beau is confused and terrified.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
It's okay. You're not alone anymore. Never again.

The applause warmly dissipates.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Now, what's all this about the kid drinking paint?

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

JEEVES MARCHES FORWARD WITH THE UNCEASING COMMITMENT OF A NIGHTMARE PURSUER.

He suddenly HALTS. Thirty feet ahead of him is a GRISLY BEAR standing on its hind legs. They are both motionless, but prepared.

Jeeves SQUINTS as he and the bear FACE OFF. After a sufficient mounting of tension, we finally CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

In profile, the BEAR marches steadily up a hill. Jeeves sits confidently on the bear's back, riding him.

INT. GIANT TENT - NIGHT

Beau lies in his sleeping bag, staring at the tent's ceiling.

One ORPHAN (30s) stands by his bag. He hatefully throws a THROWING KNIFE at a photo of GEORGE CLOONEY (which hangs on a block of wood).

BEAU
Why are you doing that?

ORPHAN #1
(tense)
Doing what?

Beau gestures to the photo of Ethan Hawke.

ORPHAN #1 (CONT'D)
He pushed my dad in front of a train.

Billy, who's been studying a MAP of the forest (for tomorrow's hunt), turns to Beau.

BILLY
It's true.

Another Orphan in his 40s (let's call him ORPHAN #2) sits in his sleeping bag. He tearfully reads an old magazine article about JASON ALEXANDER.

ORPHAN #2
I can't fucking believe this shit!

He points at a full-page spread of a grinning Jason Alexander.

ORPHAN #2 (CONT'D)
That fucking liar! He was just living it up! While my mother rotted away!

Beau is getting a weird feeling here. He looks at Billy's MAP, titled "Forest Hunting Map."

INT. GIANT TENT - NIGHT

The lights are out. Beau is asleep with one eye open. He snores.

The tent is quietly ZIPPED OPEN and Brennan tip-toes in. He passes many empty sleeping bags (only a few Orphans are present in their usual "beds") and bends down to whisper to CHARLES.

BRENNAN
Charles.

Charles snaps awake.

CHARLES
What's going on?

Beau stirs awake.

BRENNAN
 (to Charles)
 I've got something to show you outside.

Brennan gently urges Charles out of his sleeping bag. Beau notices Billy's MAP lying beside his empty sleeping bag. He stares at it.

EXT. GIANT TENT - NIGHT

Charles warily follows Brennan out of the tent. Brennan wears a strange smile.

Beau emerges behind them (as do the few remaining Orphans). They follow behind. (Beau has stuffed Billy's MAP into his pocket. He tucks it all the way in.)

Charles continues following Brennan, but a look of HORROR gradually dawns on his face as he comes upon the following...

The rest of the Orphans are gathered around, wearing ritualistic face-paint. A FIRE blazes in a trash can, illuminating the scene. AN OLDER MAN (60s) has been tied (with rope) to a ceremonial tree. A rag has been stuffed into his mouth.

CHARLES
 Dad!

The Man yells "Son," but that's muffled by the rag.

BRENNAN
 Charles.

This begins the TIMPANI DRUMS. Two trained Orphans bang rhythmically upon them.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
 You have betrayed your brothers by taking a false oath!

CHARLES
 No.

BRENNAN
 The first rule of the Orphans: "An Orphan must have no parent in this world." You swore upon Yesekov's book that you were a fatherless boy!

He holds up that book. Its title: *After Abandonment. A Spiritual Inquiry.*

CHARLES
 Please, Brennan!

A FEATHERED ORPHAN walks up to Charles to hand him a CEREMONIAL BLADE.

BRENNAN
 "Brother" Charles. Either you can live up to your oath, right now. Or I will correct your transgression. And I'll begin by carving your heart out of your chest.

CHARLES
(barely audible)
Brennan, please.

BRENNAN
You wanted to be an orphan. So be an
orphan, Charles! See what it *means*!

The banging of the Timpani drums has reached a frightening intensity. BILLY, who we now learn is a TENOR, begins to sing ("yaaaaahhh!") at the top of his lungs. The terrifying song of the ritual has reached full pitch.

Charles, clutching the ceremonial blade, trembles as he begins to walk towards his father. He's weeping.

Charles' father, eyes wide with horror, shakes his head desperately. His screams are muffled by his mouth-rag.

Charles repeats "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry" as he approaches his father. He finally arrives at the tree.

Brennan watches with insistent eyes. Charles turns to him.

CHARLES
Please Brennan.

But Brennan does not waver. Finally Charles relents. Screaming in anguish, HE SLITS HIS FATHER'S THROAT. We cut away to BEAU'S HORRIFIED REACTION.

CHARLES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'M SORRY!!!!

Charles crumbles to his father's dead feet. The timpani drums die out. Everyone quietly disperses.

Brennan walks up to Charles. He lays a "comforting" hand upon Charles' weeping head.

BRENNAN
It's okay, Charles. We'll just pick
up from two days ago. As if
nothing's changed.

Brennan leans down to KISS THE TOP OF CHARLES' HEAD. He then leaves the poor bastard to his bleak despair.

INT. GIANT TENT - NIGHT

Beau lies EXTREMELY AWAKE in his sleeping bag while everyone else sleeps. He is battling a severe PANIC ATTACK.

He looks over to Billy, who sleeps soundly. He's smiling through what appears to be a pleasant dream.

Beau has to get out of here. He climbs quietly out of his sleeping bag. Once he's finally emerged, he looks down to notice that BILLY IS LOOKING UP AT HIM.

BEAU
(whispering)
I'm just going outside to the
bathroom.

BILLY
 (whispering)
 Why not just use the regular one?

Billy gestures to a HOLE IN THE GROUND (swarming comically with flies) in the tent's corner.

BEAU
 (whispering)
 I just...don't wanna wake people.

Billy squints with suspicion. Beau backs away toward the front of the tent.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I'll be right back, okay? Just two seconds.

No response from Billy, who just continues staring. Beau carefully unzips the front of the tent and ducks out (muttering "thanks, sorry").

EXT. GIANT TENT - CONTINUOUS

Beau carefully zips the tent back up, and begins to tip-toe off. A diminishing bonfire crackles in the distance.

As Beau walks away, his eyes drift to the tree to which Charles' father is still tied, quite dead. Stomach turning, Beau forces his gaze to the ground.

BEAU
 (to himself)
 It's okay. You're getting out of here.

Suddenly an ALARMS sounds. A SPOTLIGHT beams down onto Beau. Brennan is heard over a SPEAKER.

BRENNAN (V.O.)
 Ho!

Brennan appears from his tent, and the Orphans begin filing out of the giant tent. Beau stands motionless.

BRENNAN
 What are you doing, Beau?

BEAU
 Just - the bathroom...!

Brennan takes a frustrated breath and walks toward Beau.

BRENNAN
 You never even tried, did you, Beau?

BEAU
 What do you mean? I did. I am!

BRENNAN
 No. You're sealed shut. And it's so ugly.

BEAU
 Please. I just wanted a pee.

BRENNAN
Billy! Where's your map?

Beau looks to Billy. Billy's eyes are cold.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You think I couldn't see you, Beau? With
your cynical, conniving eyes. *Scheming.*

Beau is too scared to speak.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
And all that murky junk about your
father nutting himself to death - that
was just a load of crap, wasn't it?

BEAU
No.

BRENNAN
Your father's still alive, isn't he?

BEAU
No. I swear.

Brennan steps forward to reveal that he's holding the
CEREMONIAL BLADE.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please don't. Please.

But then a TWIG is heard SNAPPING behind them. Brennan looks
off to see something rustling in the dark.

BRENNAN
Hey! Who the fuck are you?!

The sound of a GUNSHOT is followed promptly by a BULLET
striking Brennan in the HEAD. He is blown to the ground.

Beau looks in the direction of the gunshot to SEE...

JEEVES has emerged from the dark veil of the woods. He wields
a MACHINE GUN. Jeeves raises the weapon to aim it at Beau,
but Beau SPRINTS away.

Jeeves FIRES a succession of bullets, but Beau is running
behind the crowd of Orphans. Every bullet (meant for Beau)
ends up nailing an obstructing Orphan.

Beau runs wildly as Jeeves fires maniacally at his zig-zagging
target. It's not long before every Orphan has been gunned down.
Only Billy remains unscathed. He screams hysterically.

Beau has gotten away. He tears crazily through the grim woods.

Jeeves walks around the litter of wounded (few) or dead
(many) Orphans. He compares the PHOTO of Beau with the faces
of his victims. None of them are Beau.

Beagle, the dog, is BARKING WILDLY.

Jeeves finally comes to Billy, who is still in hysterics. After comparing the photo with Billy's wailing face, Jeeves raises his gun to Billy's head.

But Beagle, whose aggression has reached its apex, has torn his chain free of its post. THE DOG RUNS FURIOUSLY TOWARD JEEVES.

We cut to a TENT whose outer wall is illuminated by the FLICKERING LIGHT of the nearby bonfire. On the wall we see JEEVES' SHADOW. Suddenly BEAGLE'S SHADOW enters LEAPING toward Jeeves' neck. But Jeeves' shadow grabs Beagle and SLAMS the animal's silhouette into the ground. We then see Jeeves' shadow PULL THE DOG'S LEG OFF (yes, OFF).

Jeeves, still in shadow, fires a bullet into the whimpering animal. Ending its misery.

Jeeves now turns to Billy. He begins to approach - slowly heavily. Billy can only shake his head in horrified protest. Jeeves arrives at Billy's feet, holding the SEVERED DOG'S LEG, and calmly proceeds to PULP BILLY TO DEATH WITH IT.

CUT HARD TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

BEAU RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS WITH A FEROCITY WE HAVEN'T YET SEEN. HIS LEGS RUN AS FAST AS HIS BRAIN IS ADDLED.

Branches and leaves slap at his face. Rocks and logs obstruct his trajectory. He trips, falls and flails. But still he allows nothing to slow him down. We CUT SHARPLY TO:

EXT. FOREST - NEXT DAY

Beau is still running, but his legs are limp and his eyelids are heavy (to the point of almost being shut). He's been running for many hours, and he so tired that he's almost sleep-running.

Beau reaches a POND. He stumbles to a clumsy stop, only to remember: BILLY'S MAP! He reaches into his pocket and pulls it out.

Beau finds his current location (GAGGLESOCK LAKE) and studies its surroundings... THE NEAREST TOWN IS ONLY ONE MILE AWAY.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Beau emerges from a WALL OF BUSHES to find himself at the side of a ROAD. Two cars ROAR past him.

He turns to see a BUS STOP. He walks over and inspects the posted MAP. He discovers that one of its destinations is his hometown, CASTLESTONE.

Beau hears an APPROACHING BUS. He looks up as it idles to a heavy stop before him. ITS DOORS SWING OPEN.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Beau sits in the back of a mostly empty bus as it drives quietly through the night.

EXT. CASTLESTONE STREET - DAY

A beautiful day on a modest Castlestone street. The simple residents shop and brunch under the pleasant Castlestone sun.

Beau's BUS enters to pause at the bus stop and release an extremely haggard Beau. The bright sunlight reveals the toll that his recent traumas have taken on his face (most notably the lines under his eyes). He proceeds to walk zombie-like through the scene.

A BUTCHER looks up from his meat cart to watch Beau pass. His customer also takes note. *There is recognition in their eyes.* Even Castlestone's sole homeless man stops to stare. Beau ignores them all.

EXT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Beau approaches the MAILBOX of his Mother's house. He sentimentally runs his fingers along the box's texture, and then allows his gaze to travel up the LONG DRIVEWAY to...

HIS MOTHER'S LARGE, BEAUTIFUL BEACH HOUSE, coated handsomely in white and blue paint. Just beyond it lies a glittering lake.

Beau, squinting through too much sun, starts up the driveway.

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Beau enters the house. Sunlight beams in through the windows, illuminating a density of dust particles. The interior has been painted a very clean WHITE.

As Beau trudges forward, he walks past a STANDEE of a happy-looking black woman with her arms crossed (with mock-attitude). This is presumably BEAU'S MOTHER. Attached to the standee is the text: "Don't Let Depression Ruin Your Day! Pop a PAXIM!" (In smaller font: "Brought to you by **Mama Wilmington.**")

Beau continues forward. There are myriad FRAMED POSTERS advertising other prescription meds - many of them featuring Mama Wilmington's face (and all of them featuring her name).

Tears well in Beau's eyes as he takes in the house. He begins climbing the stairs. As he does so, the distant sounds of his memory (of his mother, of himself as a child) seem to echo delicately off the walls.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Beau walks the hallway. It's adorned with photos. Photos of him as a CHILD - being HOME-SCHOOLED by his mother (from ages 7 to 17), COOKING with his mother (both wearing chef hats), dressing up with mom for Halloween, etc.

There is a photo of him (at age 8) poking inquisitively at a BEEHIVE. This is followed by a photo of him screaming among a swarm of attacking bees. This is followed by a photo of his mother tending (quite happily) to Beau's bee-stings.

There's a photo of Beau (age 21) and his mother, standing before his apartment door. The mother is crying as she hands him his **APARTMENT KEY**, which is garnished with a GIFT RIBBON.

Beau continues on, but a final photo makes him PAUSE...

It appears to be a SURVEILLANCE STILL of Beau (current) holding a phone up to his ear in his apartment. The lighting, his stance, and all other details are identical to those of the scene in which he first learned of his mother's death.

Beau squints, very confused. He hesitates before moving on.

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beau enters his MOTHER'S BEDROOM. Everything is as it was. The bed is made. The desk is covered in sketches (most of them stabs at advertising ideas). The shelves are neatly organized.

Beau sits on the bed, overwhelmed. He notices the PILLOW. It still bears the vague imprint of his mother's face. He sees a single STRAND OF HAIR. He takes it and gently smells it.

Beau goes to the SHELVES. They are stacked with JOURNALS.

Beau pulls one from the wall and starts to read.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
 October 2nd, 1975. Just when you
 think your heart has swollen to
 capacity with love, your child
 manages to inflate it even further.
 Today Beau did something amazing...

DISSOLVE TO...

Beau, rapt, reading another entry from a different journal...

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
 ...and when I look back - what do you
 know? - he's covered in the alfredo!

Beau laughs.

DISSOLVE TO...

Beau reading another entry.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
 ...and so, after begging me for
 hours to take him to the park, it
 turns out he's too terrified to
 step *foot* on the slide...

LATER

Beau sits on the floor, surrounded by stacks of journals. He's been reading for hours, and his face is red and swollen (from crying). Outside, the sun has begun setting.

BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)
 January, 1978. This morning I did a
 very difficult thing. I lied to
 Beau about his father's death.

Beau PAUSES and we are SLAMMED into silence. After a moment, he warily reads on, and we DISSOLVE TO A FLASHBACK...

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A YOUNG VERSION OF BEAU'S MOTHER (mid 30s) sits on the couch, writing in her journal. An 8 YEAR OLD BEAU, traumatized-looking, lies on the floor, drawing in his notepad. Beau's Mother watches him while she writes today's journal entry.

YOUNG BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)

I told him that his father died on our honeymoon at the peak of our lovemaking. I told him he passed at the instant of conception. I couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth. Why do parents always lie to their children about everything? Is it to keep them from making the same mistakes...? I know, in my case, it was certainly to prevent some new ones, since the story I told him will no doubt serve as a powerful sexual deterrent.

Little Beau looks sadly up at his mother. She SMILES at him. He manages to smile back, none the wiser. She then adds casually to the journal:

YOUNG BEAU'S MOM (V.O.)

I also told him that there's a swamp monster in his closet.

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Back to present.

BEAU CLOSES THE JOURNAL. His eyes are busy. How does he feel about this? He's certainly shocked. *But is he angry...?* Yes!

BEAU STANDS UP SWIFTLY, fueled by the confused rage of the long-deceived. What's he gonna do?

He then sees a DOOR. It bears a sign: *MAMA'S WORKSHOP*.

INT. MAMA'S WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Beau enters. There are easels everywhere, holding different pie charts, ad ideas, pitch boards. Most of them are for various miracle drugs. But as Beau walks around, taking all this in, he discovers something special...

An easel holding a BOARD for a new project, to be launched next year. Its title reads: *MAMA WILMINGTON'S ULTIMATE SURVEILLANCE*. There's a lot going on here, but the most intriguing element might be the DIALOGUE BUBBLE emerging from the spunky photo of Mama Wilmington: "Does it work, you ask? I observed *MY OWN SON* for 23 years without him ever suspecting a thing!"

Beau's jaw is slack. His eyes are crazed. HE PUNCHES THE BOARD.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beau stands in the shower. He SCRUBS himself vigorously.

LATER

Beau stands in front of the mirror. He's SHAVING angrily.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beau searches through a PHONEBOOK. His clean-shaven face is speckled with a few bits of bloody tissue paper.

He finds the phone number for...ELAINE BRAY! He hesitates before dialing the number. He holds his breath, almost turning purple, through the rings. An OLDER WOMAN answers.

 OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
Hello?

 BEAU
Hi, uh... Is... Are you Elaine?

 OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
Elaine's out. This is her mom.
Who's this?

 BEAU
Oh, hello, I'm uh... This is Beau.
I'm an old, high school...friend.

 OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
 (heard it all before)
Uh-huh, okay, well - she's probably
at the Squirrel Den.

INT. SQUIRREL DEN BAR - NIGHT

A seedy BIKER BAR. Hard country music blares over the jukebox as grimy-looking patrons play pool, argue and get shit-faced.

Beau, dressed nicely (in a sweater and kakhis), enters. He approaches the bar and sits down. The BARTENDER addresses him.

 BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

 BEAU
Anything alcoholic.

 BARTENDER
Beer? Bourbon?

 BEAU
Yeah.

The Bartender doesn't strain the issue. He gives Beau a beer.

 BARTENDER
Start a tab?

 BEAU
 (confused)
You want *me* to?

 BARTENDER
No. Should *I*?

 BEAU
 (not sure)
Okay.

The Bartender confusedly leaves. Beau looks around the bar. After some scanning, he SEES...

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (40s) nursing a lonely cocktail at the bar. She watches a group of guys play pool. This is ELAINE.

Beau stares at her. He looks frozen in time.

Elaine turns to notice Beau. There is no recognition, but she offers a friendly smile.

Beau's first reaction is to LOOK AWAY as if something else has grabbed his attention. But he catches himself. With great tension, he turns back to Elaine, forms a strained smile, and rises clumsily from his seat. He approaches her.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Hi. Elaine?

ELAINE

Hello?

BEAU

It's me.

ELAINE

Uh...

She squints, trying to place his face.

BEAU

Beau.

She winces, still foggy.

BEAU (CONT'D)

You remember? Beau? From...

ELAINE

(suddenly places it)
Oh my -- Not...Beau?!

BEAU

Yeah!

ELAINE

Oh my God! Beau?!

BEAU

Yeah!

ELAINE

I can't believe it!

BEAU

Me neither!

ELAINE

You look so good.

BEAU

What?

ELAINE
You do!

BEAU
Well, that's, I mean, you look *amazing*.

ELAINE
I can't even believe this! It's been like a hundred years! What have you been doing?

BEAU
Nothing!

ELAINE
Yeah, but no, but - what have you been *doing*?! What's your *life*?! Who *are* you?! It's been like twenty years!

BEAU
Yeah, no, I'm nothing! I'm just here!

ELAINE
Doesn't look like nothing! You look sharp.

BEAU
Yeah right.

ELAINE
Yes right! Look at you! You look - sturdy.

BEAU
(bashful smile)
Well, what are you? What did you do?

ELAINE
I'm a teacher.

BEAU
You are?

ELAINE
Of tiny children. It's been Kindergarten for like a million years, but I love them all!

BEAU
Wow. You'd be a great teacher.

ELAINE
Oh my God! I'm so excited about this! We're doing shots - I don't care!
(to Bartender)
Bobby. Four shots. Peach vodka. No! Six!

LATER

Elaine and Beau are hunched over the bar, both "tipsy."

ELAINE (CONT'D)
My husband left me.

BEAU
Oh - you have a husband?

ELAINE
He *left* me.

BEAU
I'm really sorry.

ELAINE
(waving it away)
Ach, he found some pre-law cheerleader who pretended to like his songwriting -- and she fuckin' *knows* his songs are tone-deaf! He has zero taste, zero talent, and when *she* becomes an adult, she'll dump *him*.

BEAU
How long was it a marriage?

ELAINE
Seven years. Jesus. And two years of bullshit before that.

Suddenly suspicious (but in a playful way):

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Why? Are you jealous?

BEAU
Ha. Yeah right.

ELAINE
No? Not even a little bit?

Small beat.

BEAU
What if I was?

ELAINE
Oh, what if! Does that mean you are?

Longer beat. Beau takes a deep breath.

BEAU
Maybe.

And now, a sudden rush of *true chutzpah*.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Maybe I used to be in love with you.

ELAINE
Whoa. What?

BEAU
(suddenly horrified)
Oh. What?

ELAINE
Say that again.

BEAU
Which part?

ELAINE
You were in love with me?

Beau struggles to keep his courage.

BEAU
I mean, you knew that.

She's staring at him, charmed and moved.

ELAINE
You were in love with me?

She looks smitten. But also drunk. Beau doesn't let himself back down.

BEAU
And I still think about you. Even though I used to be afraid to even look at you. Because you're so beautiful.

ELAINE
But you're not afraid anymore.

BEAU
(terrified)
No.

ELAINE
You wanna get out of here?

Beau is taken aback, but he forces himself:

BEAU
Yes.

INT. ELAINE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Elaine drives. Beau sits passenger. They are silent.

Elain's RIGHT HAND strays from the gear to gently touch Beau's THIGH.

Beau tenses and sweats, but he tries to play it cool.

ELAINE
Tell me again.

BEAU
The, uh...?

ELAINE
Yeah. Say it.

BEAU
I was.

ELAINE
Say it, though. The whole thing.

BEAU
I did. I was.

Beau is starting to get a weird feeling. Elaine has started to veer into the MEDIAN. Beau helps steer her back onto the road.

ELAINE
Ha. Whoopsie.
(gesturing)
Where should I turn?

BEAU
For what?

ELAINE
Your place.

BEAU
Oh, I - my place? I... I guess a left up here, then.

ELAINE
Yes sir.

She takes that left.

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beau and Elaine enter the dark house. She flips on the lights.

ELAINE
Should I take off my shoes?

BEAU
You don't need to.

ELAINE
Mixed signals, pal.

Beau is confused, but Elaine kisses him on the nose. She strays into the living room, continuing.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
(mock speculation)
He brings me home so I can keep my clothes on?
(to Beau)
You got any candles or anything?

INT. BEAU'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elaine lights a few CANDLES in Beau's Mom's bedroom. Beau sits awkwardly on the bed. Elaine turns to him.

ELAINE
You should go to the bathroom. When you come out, I'll be ready.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau stares himself hard in the mirror. He gives his reflection a PEP-TALK.

BEAU
 It's okay. There's nothing to be
 afraid of. You're an adult man and
 this is part of living an adult life.

And then, pointedly:

BEAU (CONT'D)
You're a man.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beau steps out of the bathroom, fully dressed. Elaine is
 under the covers in bed, very much *not* dressed.

ELAINE
 You didn't get undressed.

BEAU
 (caught off guard)
 No, I know, I was just -- I will. I was.

Beau clumsily re-enters the bathroom.

MINUTES LATER

Now naked, Beau climbs bashfully into bed with Elaine.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Hi, sorry...

Beau locks eyes with Elaine.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Hi.

Elaine kisses Beau passionately on the lips. Beau's eyes
 widen and his body tenses up.

ELAINE
 You okay?

BEAU
 Yeah - are you?

ELAINE
 You're so tense. Relax.

BEAU
 Sorry. It's been a while.

ELAINE
 That's okay. Me too.

Elaine kisses him again and rolls on top of him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 I like that you're not all macho.

BEAU
 Thank you.
 (adding)
 (MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)
 But actually, what I meant was:
 it's been a really while.

Elaine reaches down to GRIP him. He recoils.

ELAINE
 Hasn't affected your virility.

BEAU
 Has it not?

ELAINE
 You're crazy hard.

BEAU
 (thinking that's bad)
 Oh God - really?

Elaine takes a CONDOM and straps it onto Beau. Beau tenses up as this happens. Elaine then guides him into her. She's on top. She MOANS as he enters her.

ELAINE
 Oh wow.

BEAU
 Oh my God.

Elaine gently rises and falls on top of Beau.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Okay. Okay.

ELAINE
 Starting nice and slow.

Beau looks like he's trying to talk himself down from oncoming panic.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 You feel so good.

Beau's lips are tight and he's tense as a rod. It's as though he's bracing himself for pain.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
 Isn't it nice?

BEAU
 (tight-lipped)
 I--yeah.

ELAINE
 Isn't it?

BEAU
 Yeah, just, if you can, wait--

But he's already there. HE'S ABOUT TO ORGASM. His tone becomes very grave.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Oh no - oh, God, wait a minute,
please, oh...

ELAINE
Tell me you love me.

Beau tries to ward it off, but Elaine continues to ride him.

BEAU
Here, just stop for a second, I
just need - oh God, oh, no no no,
please please please...

But it's coming! IT'S HAPPENING!

BEAU (CONT'D)
*Wait wait wait-wait-wait-wait-wait-
wait-wait-wait-wait-no--WAIT! NO!
WAAAAIIIIITTT...!!!*

And with that, Beau has finished. He looks mortified. Without stopping, Elaine laughs:

ELAINE
Holy moly. That looked like a lot.

Beau is frozen. Elaine, with increasingly labored breath:

ELAINE (CONT'D)
I, like, *really* felt that.

Elaine, now very worked up, is riding him a little harder.

BEAU
(to himself)
Oh my God.

Beau, having just conquered his greatest fear, begins to regain his composure. Tears welling in his eyes, he begins to chuckle with relief/gratitude.

BEAU (CONT'D)
That was okay.

Elaine accelerates her pace.

ELAINE
Oh - Jesus.

BEAU
That was really okay!

Extremely turned on, she's riding him very hard now.

ELAINE
Oh wow - oh God - just hold on for
a second.

BEAU
Okay.

ELAINE
Say it again.

BEAU
I love you.

ELAINE
Oh God. I'm about to cum, too.

BEAU
Oh wow.

ELAINE
I'm about to...oh...I...unggghhh...

Elaine trembles violently as she finally RELEASES. She orgasms intensely. Beau is stunned (and excited).

BEAU
Oh my God. That was amazing.
(he laughs)
That was incredible. I can't believe it. That wasn't even a little bad at all!

Beau is now laughing heartily. A giant weight LIFTED off his shoulders. But Elaine isn't laughing along with him. In fact, *she's not making any noise at all*. Beau's laughter gradually dries up. He looks up at Elaine, and the color slowly drains from his face.

ELAINE IS FROZEN STIFF ATOP HIM. Beau checks her wrist for a pulse. He then checks her jugular. Beau is now afraid to check anything else. His eyes travel reluctantly up to...

Elaine'S FACE. It's locked into a contorted mix of orgasmic pleasure and morbid death terror. She's a CORPSE alright.

BEAU SCREAMS. This is followed by a moment of silent panic, which is then followed by MORE SCREAMS.

Beau shoves Elaine's body aside and leaps out of bed. He backs away. His breathing is extremely unstable. He SLAPS his face. He's still not calm. He slaps it again!

Beau grabs Elaine's PURSE. He fishes through it to find a drivers license. But the name isn't Elaine Bray. It's Sherri Browne. He then finds a BUSINESS CARD. It features the logo for *Mama Wilmington's Drugs*. "Sherri" works for them?

Beau, very confused, keeps searching to find a PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE for 'Betaxolol' (a beta blocker). He finds several other heart medications.

He pours some pills into his palm and tries to feed them into Elaine's dead mouth. It doesn't help.

BEAU (CONT'D)
HELP!

This was screamed at no one in particular (and with no one in mind). He looks back down at the business card. Sherri Browne? *Mama Wilmington's Drugs*? Beau thinks for a moment.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 You have to get help.

Beau looks at his reflection in the STANDING MIRROR. His reflection urges:

BEAU (CONT'D)
 So go get help!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beau, now dressed, walks down the stairs. CAR KEYS JANGLE anxiously in his hand. He moves through the dark room, and then--

CLICK. A lamp is turned on. Beau's head spins toward the light source...

A SMALL BLACK WOMAN (60s), smartly dressed, sits on a chair in the corner. The lamp is to her side.

SMALL BLACK WOMAN
 Hello sweetheart.

Beau stands motionless. A long, dumbfounded silence.

SMALL BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)
 No? Not even a hello?

Beau's stunned silence persists.

SMALL BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)
 This is getting awkward, sweetie.
 You're starting to hurt my feelings.

Beau's following words don't come easily:

BEAU
 You're alive.

SMALL BLACK WOMAN
 I do appear to be.

It should be clear by now, this is BEAU'S MOTHER.

BEAU'S MOM
 If I go into my room right now,
 what am I gonna find?

BEAU
 You were dead.

BEAU'S MOM
 And look how you're grieving. I
 must've meant a lot to you.

Two very muscular YOUNG MEN (20s) begin descending the stairs. They are carrying Elaine's corpse. When they reach the bottom of the stairs, they round a corner and go outside. As they do:

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Thanks babies.

Beau watches them leave before turning back to his mother, incredulous. He looks like he's staring at a ghost.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)

Here:

She throws a BOTTLE OF PRESCRIPTION PILLS at him. It bounces off his chest.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)

Take one of those. You're having an attack.

BEAU

...What's going on?

BEAU'S MOM

You're asking *me* that?!

BEAU

Who was she?

BEAU'S MOM

What? You didn't exchange names?

BEAU

She wasn't Elaine. She works for you.

BEAU'S MOM

Ha. I sincerely doubt that.

BEAU

You're supposed to be dead.

Beau's Mom almost says something harsh, but she holds it back. She's struggling to keep her cool.

BEAU (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

BEAU'S MOM

Well, Beau - all *I* know is that I survived a terrible head-exploding accident, and that my own son, who didn't know that I survived, never came to inquire about what *happened*, nor about my *funeral*, nor to do much of *anything* besides screwing some bimbo to death in my own goddamn *bed*!

A heavy silence.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)

You wanna make an excuse for yourself?

BEAU

No.

BEAU'S MOM

Good! Save us *both* the embarrassment.

Beau takes a moment to conquer a flood of rushing emotions. He fails.

BEAU
Why did you make me think you were dead?

BEAU'S MOM
I can't make you think anything, Beau.

BEAU
Why?!

Beau's Mom almost snaps back, but she stops herself.

BEAU'S MOM
(intensely)
First of all: please don't raise your voice. If you raise *your* voice, I'll feel inclined to raise *mine*.

A long, boiling silence. Beau, calmer but no less angry, repeats:

BEAU
Why did you fake your death?

BEAU'S MOM
I didn't *expect* to let you go on believing it, Beau. It wasn't some big *plot*. All *I* wanted was to *see*.

BEAU
And what did you see?

BEAU'S MOM
Well, I dunno, baby. What did you show me?

Tears are welling in Beau's eyes.

BEAU
What *did* I show you?

BEAU'S MOM
I died three weeks ago, sweetheart. You got here *today*.

Outside, the Assistants are heard pushing a WHEELBARROW past the window. Elaine's body is lying in it.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
It's always on the mother to bite back everything. "For the sake of the child." Did you find your Great Independence, Beau? Or have I lassoed you back with the umbilical cord?

She said that last part as though she was beating him to the punch. She balks at the idea.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
Just about everyone in my life has turned on me. I've known a *lot* of disappointment...

Tears are welling up as she faces a wall of hard memories. She bites the tears back.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 But I weathered it. It's made me
 stronger. I'm sure many would say it's
 made me harder. But I always had you.
 (sours)
 That was my great delusion.

Beau's eyes are numb.

Beau's Mom dramatically lifts a REMOTE CONTROL.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 You know what I say, Beau? When people
 ask me about my son? I tell them that
 their guess is as good as mine.
 (darkly)
 Oh, how I *wish* that were true.

She presses PLAY on the remote, and the audio from ONE OF
 BEAU'S THERAPY SESSIONS begins to blare over the speakers.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 What was your mother like as a child?

BEAU (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 I dunno.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 Yeah you do.

Beau is confused and horrified. Is he hearing what he *thinks*
 he's hearing?

BEAU (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 I mean...I guess I feel like she had me
 in order to make, like, a companion for
 herself. I used to think of her love as
 the warmest thing, but now, when I
 think about it, her embracing arms feel
 more like... desperate *claws*. Like
 they're trapping me.

Suddenly a door opens and BEAU'S THERAPIST enters the room.
 He wears a mischievous smile.

Beau's Mom presses the NEXT button. It skips to another session.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 Would you say that your mother gave
 her love selflessly to you?

BEAU (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 Not really. It was usually more like,
 "if I give you *this* much love, you need
 to give me exactly that much back."

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 So it was conditional?

BEAU (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 I guess.

THERAPIST (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 And what happened if you didn't
 match her exactly?

BEAU (V.O.)
 (over speakers)
 ...It was like a betrayal for her.

Beau's Mom turns the speakers OFF.

BEAU'S MOM
 If what you say there is true, then I
 must be feeling *really* betrayed right
 now.

The Therapist shines a weasel's smile at Beau. Beau is stunned.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Shall I play a couple more? I have
 over two hundred sessions and that was
 about as flattering to me as they get.
 (to Therapist)
 Which one was my favorite, Gerry?

THERAPIST
 Probably October third of last year.

BEAU'S MOM
 Ah. October third.
 (to Beau)
 You really let me have it in that one.

BEAU
 (to Therapist)
 How could you do this to me?

BEAU'S MOM
*Don't twist this around, Beau! He
 didn't force you to say anything!*

Beau's eyes are wild with a newfound hatred.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 What's the matter? No desperate
 apologies?

Not this time.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 That's a refreshment.

Furious tears build in Beau's eyes. He looks primed to
 explode. But then, suddenly, HE REMEMBERS SOMETHING. The
 tears stop. Beau's posture slowly changes to one of inflated
 purpose. With a new, self-advocating anger in his voice:

BEAU
 How did my father *really* die?

BEAU'S MOM
Excuse me?

BEAU
While we're on the subject of honesty.

Beau's Mom is stunned.

BEAU'S MOM
You *know* how he died.

Beau pulls the JOURNAL out of his jacket pocket.

BEAU
Shall I recite?

Beau's Mom stares at him, hard. A venomous smile forms.

BEAU'S MOM
Wow.

There's a long, intense beat.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
Okay. All right. You wanna know?

Beau's Mom slaps her knees and RISES. The Therapist is overjoyed.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
So follow *me*, you clever little
detective!

Beau's Mom storms purposefully off. She passes Beau to ascend the stairs. Beau hesitates before following her. Beau's Mom arrives at a WEATHERED DOOR leading to an attic. Beau freezes.

BEAU
What? In *there*?

BEAU'S MOM
Yep.

BEAU
But that's the Secret Punishment Room.

BEAU'S MOM
That's right.

BEAU
Nobody's allowed in there!

BEAU'S MOM
That's right, Beau! And now you can
finally see *why*!

Beau's Mom grips the door handle. Before she opens it, she turns menacingly to Beau:

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
Some things are for your protection,
Beau, and I want you to *remember* that I
always kept this from you. But you want
lessons, so let's go in and learn one!

She SWIFTLY OPENS THE DOOR. Inside is pure darkness.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
After you.

BEAU
I don't wanna go in.

BEAU'S MOM
No, you want the truth. And I think
you might just deserve it.

Beau looks at his Mom, very frightened.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
(mock soothing)
Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll be
right here.

Beau, after a long stretch of staring at his mother, swallows his fear and ENTERS.

INT. SECRET PUNISHMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS SHUT behind Beau. He tries the knob to let himself out, but he's locked in.

Beau, sweating beads, begins walking ahead. It's very dark. The room is littered with old furniture, children's toys and a myriad of moving boxes. The typical contents of an ATTIC.

Suddenly Beau becomes aware of RASPY, GURGLING RESPIRATORY SOUNDS. Terrified, he freezes. Peering ahead, he sees a giant, bulky figure (obscured by the dark) standing 15 feet tall. It looks almost like a trembling, flaccid mass of wrinkled flesh.

Beau, paralyzed by fear, sees a BOX OF MATCHES beside him. He slowly reaches for the box, and with a shaking hand (after several awkward tries) he STRIKES A MATCH TO ILLUMINATE...

A MASSIVE, WRETCHED PENIS MONSTER. It rests on two giant testicles, and its HEAD (shaped like the head of a penis) bears a wide, FANGED MOUTH and two BEADY BLACK EYES. Jutting out from its torso (the equivalent of a penis shaft) are two GRASPING, SPIKED FORELEGS (like the raptorial legs of a PRAYING MANTIS). This might sound funny, but it looks absolutely horrifying.

Beau SCREAMS, and the Monster HISSES and SCREECHES.

Beau throws the match at the monster, plunging the room back into darkness. Beau runs to the locked door and POUNDS his FISTS against it.

BEAU
OPEN THE DOOR! PLEASE!

After much banging, the door finally opens. Beau stumbles desperately out, petrified.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Beau crumbles to the ground, hysterical. Beau's Mom stands above him. There are tears in her eyes.

BEAU
I don't like this! I don't want this!

BEAU'S MOM
I didn't want you to know.

BEAU
What the hell was that?! Why is that happening?!

BEAU'S MOM
Do you see now why I lied to you?!

BEAU
Why is that thing in there?! Why did I see that?!

BEAU'S MOM
Beau--
(getting his attention)
BEAU!

Beau looks up, eyes wild with deranged fear. Beau's Mom locks eyes with him.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
That's your father.

Time slows down. The air is sucked out of the room. Beau's eyes flutter as he begins to FAINT, but the Therapist SLAPS his face before he can pass out.

BEAU
(to the Therapist)
WHY?!

But the Therapist just smiles. Beau turns to his mother.

BEAU (CONT'D)
That's not my father! That can't be my father!

The Therapist is chuckling now.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Please Mom, you're right, I'm sorry - just tell me that's not my dad! Everything's my fault and I wasn't fair and I'm a bad son! Just please, just tell me the truth! That's not my dad! Just tell me.

The Therapist is laughing now.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Why the hell are you laughing?!

But the Therapist only laughs louder.

BEAU (CONT'D)
STOP IT!

Beau's Mom suddenly gets very angry.

BEAU'S MOM
 You selfish little bastard - what
 are you crying about?! Do you have
 any idea what I had to go through?!
 To bring you into this world! And
this is the fucking thanks I get?!

Beau looks up, terrified of his mother's anger.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 Stand up, you little prick!

She pulls at his lapel. He rises, trembling.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 You cry now?! You need a mother now?!
 But you can't even visit me?! You can't
 even come to my own fucking FUNERAL!

On "funeral," Beau's Mom wraps her hands around Beau's THROAT
 and SQUEEZES. Beau stumbles back, but her VICE-GRIP refuses to
 loosen.

BEAU'S MOM (CONT'D)
 YOU WANNA BLAME ME?! FOR
 EVERYTHING?! TELL THIS TO YOUR
 FUCKING THERAPIST!

Beau, unable to breathe, tries to wrench his mother's hands
 from his neck. But her strength is almost super-human.

Finally Beau can't take it anymore. He grabs his mother's neck
 with both hands and SQUEEZES! Beau's Mom can't believe it!

Mother and son are now strangling each other simultaneously.
 The Therapist is laughing hysterically.

Beau's face is turning purple. Beau's Mom's eyes are rolling
 back into her head. They both struggle to breathe as the
 other chokes off their air supply.

Suddenly Beau releases his mother's neck and swiftly raises
 his hand to SLAM HIS FIST DOWN ACROSS HER FACE.

Shocked, Beau's Mom releases Beau to take a few mortified steps
 back.

BEAU
 Oh God - no. I'm sorry, I'm sorry,
 I'm sorry...

Beau's Mom incredulously touches her hand to her face. It's
 already swelling up.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Did I bruise it? I didn't mean to.
 Is it bruising?

Her lip and the side of her mouth are indeed showing signs of
 a BRUISE.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Oh no, please, I'm sorry, I didn't
 mean to. I couldn't breathe.
 (MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)
 (stepping forward)
 Here: you can hit *me* now! See? I
 won't do anything. Please.

Beau offers her his face, but Beau's Mom is INFLATING STEADILY WITH RAGE. She suddenly grabs a LETTER OPENER and points it at a terrified Beau. Her eyes are crazed with murderous intent.

She takes an insane step forward and SWIPES the letter opener across what could have been Beau's throat. She swipes again. And again. Each swipe is meant not as a threat, but as a strike. Beau steps back dizzily, evading the weapon.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Please, Mom. Stop. You're scaring me.

But she doesn't stop. She continues swiping and stabbing, her eyes burning with a possessed violence. But then--

POW! A GUNSHOT IS HEARD, and a BULLET BURSTS THROUGH THE WINDOW TO STRIKE THE SIDE OF BEAU'S MOM'S TEMPLE. The visceral contents of her head splatter about the room as she is pitched to the ground.

Beau stands paralyzed, covered in his mother's blood and brains. He looks out the window to see that a SNIPER sits perched on a tree outside. Upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that the sniper is BRENNAN. His bullet wound (now severely infected) hasn't been tended to, and a discolored chunk of BRAIN is visibly exposed.

BRENNAN
See what it means!

But then Brennan's head is GRABBED by someone behind him and he's YANKED BACK to plummet from the tree. Brennan lands on his head, BREAKING HIS NECK and dying instantly.

The person who threw Brennan from the tree has climbed down to run toward the house. Beau, peering out the window, barely sees the shadowy (but very bulky) figure.

Beau turns to face the Therapist, who is still smiling.

The SOUND of the FRONT DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN downstairs. This is followed by A RAIN OF GUNFIRE, which is then succeeded by the sound of two bodies hitting the floor.

A moment of silence before FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN DOWNSTAIRS. Soon they are heard SCALING THE STAIRS.

Beau, panic-stricken, looks desperately around the room for anything that could serve as a weapon, but THE FEET ARE ARRIVING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. Beau sees the LETTER OPENER (which fell from his mother's hand) at his feet. He picks it up.

Beau looks down the hall to see JEEVES arriving upstairs. He wields a MACHINE GUN and holds up the PHOTO of Beau. He approaches Beau, comparing his face to the photo. Confirmed. Jeeves' battered lips curl into a monstrous smile.

But then, as Jeeves is distracted, he TRIPS over a LAMP'S CORD and is propelled to the floor.

The lamp is brought down, shattering its bulb against the floor. We're now in SEMI-DARKNESS.

The MACHINE GUN flies from Jeeves' grasp and tumbles sliding across the floor. It stops between Beau and Jeeves.

Jeeves and Beau, both frozen for a moment, stare at the gun. They look at each other, and then they simultaneously make a desperate break for the gun. Beau SNATCHES it before Jeeves can.

Beau aims the weapon at Jeeves. Jeeves backs away to stand motionless for a moment. His eyes are crazed. He looks like he's having a psychotic flashback.

JEEVES' POV: Beau aims the gun at us, but through these eyes, he's dressed like a VIET CONG SOLDIER.

Beau's finger trembles against the trigger. He can't do this.

BEAU

Please.

But then Jeeves swiftly yanks a THROWING KNIFE from his sleeve and throws it at Beau. The knife LANDS in Beau's shoulder, eliciting a terrible scream of pain.

Almost as a reflex, BEAU PULLS THE TRIGGER. Two bullets penetrate Jeeves' gut. He looks stunned. Fueled by a terrible flashback-confused rage, Jeeves RUNS at Beau. BEAU PULLS THE TRIGGER AGAIN, AND THE GUN ERUPTS IN A HAIL OF BULLETS. JEEVES IS TORN TO GRISLY SHREDS BY THE PUMPELLING ONSLAUGHT.

Beau finally releases the trigger. Jeeves' head crashes against a REMOTE CONTROL as it hits the floor. The remote triggers a TV MONITOR, which powers on to display: **Surveillance Footage of Beau** desperately trying to stamp out a kitchen fire in his apartment. This is subtitled: "Feb 20, 2012"

The room is covered in viscera. The now-separate parts of Jeeves' meaty corpse have been distributed sloppily about the room.

Beau's eyes are wild. He turns to the Therapist, still clutching the machine gun.

The Therapist looks at the gun, and then at Beau. The smile refuses to leave his face.

THERAPIST

Wait.

The Therapist crosses carefully to the CLOSET. He reaches in to remove a GASOLINE CANISTER. He holds it up so that Beau can see that it's not a weapon.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Allow me?

The Therapist slowly raises the canister above his head and proceeds to DOUSE himself in gasoline. Even after he's completely covered from head to toe, he continues to shower himself.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
But you have to promise to stay and
watch, okay?

Beau, even more disturbed *now* than he was a minute ago, turns to approach the stairs in a traumatized daze.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
C'mon! Please! I just need a light!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau walks dumbly down the stairs. The bullet-ridden bodies of his mother's TWO YOUNG ASSISTANTS lie in a pool of blood.

Beau lumbers past them.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Beau enters the kitchen. He goes to the COUNTER, where he finds his MOTHER'S KEYS. He grabs them, but then pauses...

Beside *those* keys are HIS OWN KEYS (the ones that were stolen from his door). Beau stares listlessly at them.

Upstairs, we hear a FIRE IGNITING. Beau looks up, numb.

EXT. BEAU'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT/MORNING

Beau, still holding the gun, leaves the house. The sun is already beginning to rise. In the b.g., we hear that the FIRE is now raging upstairs.

Beau passes Brennan's corpse without acknowledging it.

Beau goes to his Mom's CAR. But he STOPS before he can open the door.

Sitting in the driver seat is THE SMALL MAN IN A PARKA ("you're fucked, pal"). Except now he's wearing a black suit and a CHAUFFEUR CAP. He's asleep.

Beau's eyes don't betray his newfound numbness. He turns around to see the LAKE behind the house.

Beau DROPS the car keys and walks down to the lake. He arrives at a small, single-person SAILING BOAT. It's been tied quaintly to the shore.

In the distance, the penis monster is heard screaming (it's being swallowed up in the house's flames).

Beau, ignoring this, tosses the gun into the boat.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Beau sits in the sailing boat. It is floating towards a fork leading to TWO SEPARATE TUNNELS. A sign for one tunnel reads "TOWN." The other reads "???"

Beau hesitates before steering towards the "???" tunnel...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Beau's boat floats calmly into the open water of what appears to be an OCEAN. With no land to be seen for miles, he's surrounded by nothing but PLACID, GLITTERING BLUE.

Beau, still addled from all of his recent experiences, sits back. He looks up at the sun, which pleasantly warms his face.

He sees a TARP covering up half of the boat. He draws it aside to reveal: Several bottles of WATER, a wealth of CANNED FOOD and bread, a set of BINOCULARS, a FISHING ROD, a book on BIRD WATCHING, and a beautiful hardback edition of Tolstoy's *WAR & PEACE*.

Beau looks back up. It's such a beautiful day. He hears SEAGULLS in the distance and ducks float happily nearby.

Beau looks down at his feet. He FEELS them on the boat's floor. He could almost smile.

We cut to a WIDE of Beau's lonely boat in the vast ocean. It is an almost perfect replica of the PAINTING from Beau's apartment (which bore the text "Simplicity").

Beau's eyes are closed. He feels his body. He soaks in the PEACE. This is all he's wanted.

After a long stretch of this, Beau hears distant music. His eyes open to SEE:

A CRUISE SHIP in the distance.

Beau reaches for the binoculars. Peering through them, he sees more clearly...

Atop the cruise ship, several overweight kids in colorful spandex DANCE enthusiastically. A BANNER above them reads: "Reaching Your Full Potential at MICHELLE OMAMA'S FITNESS RETREAT!" The First Lady of the United States is guiding the exercise, yelling enthusiastic motivation into a MICROPHONE.

FIRST LADY (O.S.)
(aided by music)
*And one, and two, and yeah, and
great - and shake your buns! And
touch the floor! And grab the sky!*

Beau's eyes widen. Something has been TRIGGERED in him. (The "sleeper assassin" is no longer asleep.) The black of his pupils is replaced by the rotating hypno-discs from the Orphans' treehouse.

Beau looks back down. The MACHINE GUN rests before his feet.

Beau looks back up at the Cruise, which is moving very much in his direction. His shoulders slump with exhausted resignation.

BEAU
Goddamn it.

CUT HARD TO **BLACK**.