

MOTHERBOY

Written by

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OVER BLACK

TATUM (V.O.)

*She looks at him like she wants to
fuck him--*

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SEATTLE -- DAY

The walls are painted a light sage green to promote relaxation. A WHEEL OF EMOTIONS poster hangs under a clock.

TATUM WOODROW (33, cute but cautious to a fault) sits on a couch next to her husband, OWEN WOODROW (33, a doe-eyed mama's boy with a pure heart), who's wearing medical scrubs.

Owen picks at a loose thread on the couch.

TATUM

-- and then acts all fake and nice,
so I don't notice.

Their therapist, DOUG HOROWITZ (57, experienced but ever developing), sits across from them, jotting everything down into their file.

Tatum caresses a small baby bump, resumes venting.

TATUM (cont'd)

She gets pissed if he doesn't drop everything to answer her texts, or run to her rescue whenever she calls-- and what's worse is how secretive he is about it. It's like they're having a fucking affair.

OWEN

I'm only secretive about it because I know how upset it makes you--

TATUM

No, I get upset because you're so blind to how toxic she is!

Doug stops, he can tell things are getting heated.

DOUG

Okay. Thanks for sharing, Tatum...but I think it's time we let Owen express how he's feeling about all of this.

She crosses her arms over her belly, sinks into the couch.

DOUG (cont'd)
Do you think your relationship with
your mother is unhealthy?

OWEN
Well, I'm an only child, and my
parents were never really-- smitten
with each other. Long story short, my
dad was a drunk who acted like I
didn't exist. So, I kinda had no
choice but to turn to my mom for love
and affection...and she did the same
with me.

(beat)
Which might be why she can be a
little overbearing at times.

TATUM
(under breath)
More like suffocating.

Doug ignores Tatum, still focused on Owen.

DOUG
Is that what you think her behavior
is? Overbearing?

Owen picks at the loose thread on the couch.

DOUG (cont'd)
Because Tatum feels like it's more
than that.

OWEN
(sotto)
That's because she doesn't
understand--

TATUM
What don't I understand?

DOUG
Let him finish, Tatum.

She bites her lower lip. Doug looks at Owen, *well?*

OWEN
(sheepish)
The relationship I have with my mom.

DOUG
And why do you feel that way?

Owen looks down, ashamed of the truth.

OWEN
I don't want to say it.

DOUG
I think it'll be beneficial for your
marriage if you did.

Owen looks at Tatum with dewy eyes. She looks back at him,
getting ready to hate whatever comes out of his mouth.

But he still can't bring himself to say it...

DOUG (cont'd)
Do you think she doesn't understand
because she was adopted?

Owen's silence stings Tatum.

He looks at her, repentant, reaches for her hand.

OWEN
I'm sorry--

But she pulls away and scratches her neck.

We can feel the distance between them...and so does Doug.

He glances at his watch, thinks about the best way to mend
things before wrapping up their session.

DOUG
If I remember correctly, you two were
friends before you started dating?

OWEN
Yea...we met in PT school.

DOUG
(remembers)
Ah right, right.
(to Tatum)
And you dropped out after a year.

She nods.

OWEN
But I've always felt like there was
something between us.

Tatum confirms she felt the same way with a soft smile.

OWEN (cont'd)
And so did every woman I dated before
her.

Owen and Tatum chuckle at the memory. Doug notes this.

DOUG
I don't think the problem is Owen's
mother.

Owen perks up, but Tatum sulks.

DOUG (cont'd)
I think the problem is that neither
of you feel like you're on the same
team.

Tatum scratches her arm. Owen ponders the thought.

DOUG (cont'd)
I know that we've only had a few
sessions, but despite all of the
issues, I can tell how much you both
want to make this work. Otherwise,
you wouldn't be here wasting your
time and money.

Tatum and Owen look at each other, there's hope for them
after all.

DOUG (cont'd)
Owen, you need to work on having your
wife's back, setting boundaries with
your mother, and validating Tatum's
experiences instead of dismissing
them entirely.

Owen nods, he's going to do his best.

DOUG (cont'd)
And Tatum-- you need to work on
putting yourself in your husband's
shoes.

Tatum's surprised by this feedback...

DOUG (cont'd)
Owen's in the process of opening his
eyes to unhealthy behavior that he
was raised to believe is healthy.
This is one of the most difficult
things anyone can do, especially when
it involves your mother.

...but understands.

DOUG (cont'd)
Be patient and cut him some slack.
He's doing his best.

Tatum smiles, holds Owen's hand.

Doug finishes writing his notes in their file.

DOUG (cont'd)
And who knows, maybe if you try to
make an effort to connect with her--

He stops, glances up at Tatum.

DOUG (cont'd)
Then she'll be more receptive to do
the same back to you.

Tatum's smile slowly fades...and WE CUT TO BLACK:

MOTHERBOY

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MEDICAL CENTER - SEATTLE -- DAY

Tatum's lying down on an exam table.

Her pregnant belly is bigger and exposed to the world.

Owen's sitting next to her, holding her hand.

His phone **BUZZES**, but he ignores the text.

DR. LILY ALVARADO (48, organized and intuitive) presses the
transducer into Tatum's lower abdomen, and moves it around.

We see a clear image of A FETUS' HEAD on the monitor.

Tatum and Owen are happy, but hesitant to show it.

Dr. Alvarado moves the transducer around until we can see
the entire fetus's body, and she knows that...

DR. ALVARADO
Everything looks great.

Tatum and Owen are relieved, they no longer hold back their
excitement.

BUZZ!

DR. ALVARADO (cont'd)
We can still do those tests today if
you're interested--

OWEN
What tests?

BUZZ! Owen glances at his phone, then back at Dr. Alvarado.

DR. ALVARADO
There's a few tests we can run to
make sure the baby doesn't have any
risk of defects depending on both of
your family's genetic history.

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! Now someone's calling Owen, he sends them
to voicemail.

OWEN
But I thought everything was okay?

DR. ALVARADO
Just because things look okay doesn't
mean that they are--

TATUM
I want to get the tests done.
Especially since this is around the
same week that...

She tilts her chin up, ashamed she still sheds these tears.

Owen feels for his wife, he squeezes her hand.

DR. ALVARADO
You lost the twins?

TATUM
Uh, yea-- and I've, um-- been having
a lot of nightmares about that again.

DR. ALVARADO
I can only imagine.

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! Owen sends the caller to voicemail again.

DR. ALVARADO (cont'd)
Do you want to hear the heartbeat?

Tatum and Owen smile.

Dr. Alvarado messes with the machine until we hear a very
strong...**LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB**

Tatum's tears are back, but they're no longer filled with sorrow.

Tears fill Owen's eyes as well, he kisses Tatum's hand.

It's a wonderful, heartwarming moment for everyone in the room until...

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! Owen pulls out his phone.

TATUM
(through her teeth)
Don't you fucking dare.

OWEN
She's not going to stop until she
hears the heartbeat.

TATUM
Wha-- you told her that we're here?

OWEN
What was I supposed to do, lie?

TATUM
Yes.

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

OWEN
I've been ignoring her calls all day,
babe.

He looks afraid to send her to voicemail for a third time.

OWEN (cont'd)
I can tell she's already losing it...

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! Tatum bites her lip.

TATUM
Fine.

BUZZ -- Owen picks up the phone.

OWEN
(into phone)
Hey, perfect timing! We just started
listening to the heartbeat.

He puts his phone on speaker, holds it right next to Tatum's belly. She looks like she wants to jump off a bridge.

LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB

OWEN'S MOTHER (O.S.)
(on speaker, tearful)
How does it feel, daddy?

Dr. Alvarado scrunches her nose at "daddy."

Owen quickly takes his mother off speaker, embarrassed.

OWEN
(into phone)
Uh, it feels amazing. You have no
idea how happy we are.

He kisses Tatum's forehead, and slips out of the room. Tatum vacantly stares at the ceiling.

TATUM
Is it okay if we end this, Dr.
Alvarado?

Dr. Alvarado nods, she understands. Tatum sits up, pulls her shirt over her belly.

DR. ALVARADO
I'll call the lab, and let them know
that you and Owen are coming down to
provide samples. If all goes well, we
should have the results by--

Tatum scratches the shit out of her back and neck.

DR. ALVARADO (cont'd)
You're still feeling itchy?

TATUM
Yea, all over-- wait, why? Is that
bad?

DR. ALVARADO
It's normal with some pregnancies,
but it can also be brought on by
stress. I'll write you a prescription
for a lotion that should help.

She writes Tatum a prescription.

DR. ALVARADO (cont'd)
By the way, if things get tough
with--
(*you know...*)
Having an occasional glass of wine
isn't going to hurt the baby.

Tatum's shocked that her doctor's even suggesting this.

TATUM

What? No. *No, no, no*, I wasn't ever planning on drinking--

DR. ALVARADO

I know it's a bit controversial, but I just wanted you to know that it's okay.

She tears the script out, hands it to Tatum.

DR. ALVARADO (cont'd)

Especially if you're going to spend the holidays with her.

Tatum takes it, half smiles.

EXT. ROAD - WASHINGTON -- DAY (TUESDAY)

We follow Owen's car maneuver through curvy roads that's surrounded by woods shedding gold and crimson leaves.

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

Owen drives a little under the speed limit as he navigates the twists and turns up the mountain.

Tatum's in the passenger seat taking deep breaths with her eyes closed. She's trying really hard not to get car sick.

Owen glances over, he feels bad.

OWEN

Do you want me to stop, or pull over?

She shakes her head "no."

A MOTORCYCLE illegally speeds past and cuts them off, but Owen's more concerned for Tatum's well-being.

Tatum scratches her arm.

OWEN (cont'd)

That lotion Dr. Alvarado gave you should be in the back seat. I can grab it if you want?

She shakes her head "no" again.

Owen frowns, feeling helpless he can't make her feel better.

Tatum rolls down the window, sticks her head out.

The fresh air makes her feel less nauseous.

OWEN (O.C.)
Are you nervous?

She pulls her head back in, looks at him. Owen keeps his eyes on the road, grips the steering wheel.

OWEN
About spending time with my parents?

She's not sure, thinks about it.

TATUM
Your dad doesn't make me nervous.

OWEN
Yea, well...unfortunately, he's getting worse. He doesn't even know who my mom is on some days.

Tatum looks ahead, *must be nice...*

OWEN (cont'd)
I talked to her by the way.

TATUM
About?

OWEN
About being nicer to you.

She's mortified by this.

TATUM
What? Why would you do that?!

OWEN
Because I'm following our therapist's advice--

Tatum puts her head in her hands, angrily shakes her head.

TATUM
Jesus, Owen--

OWEN
What? I thought that's what you wanted.

TATUM
I mean, yea, but-- I don't want things to get worse...or for her to hate me more than she already does.

OWEN
She doesn't hate you.

Tatum caresses her belly, looks out the window. Melancholy.

OWEN (cont'd)
Hey, look at me.

She does.

OWEN (cont'd)
I know dealing with my mom hasn't
been-- easy...but I'm confident that
things will get better.

Tatum's not.

OWEN (cont'd)
Just promise me that you won't close
your mind off to having a
relationship with--

Owen makes a sharp turn...

TATUM
OWEN!

...AND IS ABOUT TO CRASH INTO AN OVERTURNED EIGHTEEN WHEELER
THAT'S BLOCKING THE ENTIRE ROAD.

He SLAMS on the brakes and SWERVES out of the way, they
SCREECH down the road towards the woods.

The left headlight CLIPS the back of totaled semi before the
car comes to a complete STOP.

Owen and Tatum look ghostly pale, that was an extremely
close call. He turns to her, panicked.

OWEN
Are you okay? Is the baby okay?

TATUM
Yea...we're good. Are you okay?

OWEN
I'm fine.

He looks back at the truck, smoke's coming out of the hood.

There's also no sign of any police officers or fire trucks.

Tatum squints, *is that blood on the ground?*

OWEN (cont'd)
This must have just happened.

She takes off her seatbelt, jumps out of the car...

OWEN (cont'd)
No, Tatum--

...and SLAMS the door.

EXT. NARROW ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum SPRINTS over to the front of the semi where the blood's starting to pool. Owen hops out of the car.

OWEN
Tatum, wait!

He runs after her.

OWEN (cont'd)
What are you doing?!

TATUM
I want to make sure they're--

SOMETHING GRABS HER ANKLE. She FACE PLANTS onto the ground.

OWEN (O.C.)
TATUM!

The MOTORCYCLIST that passed them earlier clings onto her for dear life. His body and bike are pinned under the hood, blood oozes out from underneath.

His helmet's cracked and face shield is shattered showing us his mangled face, and eye that's bulging out of it's socket.

BLOOD spews out of his mouth and onto her as he tries to beg for help, but the brain damage is preventing him from forming words...

TATUM SCREAMS.

EXT. NARROW ROAD -- AFTERNOON

POLICE CARS and FIRE TRUCKS surround the area, but the eighteen wheeler is still turned over.

A MALE PARAMEDIC loads the wounded TRUCK DRIVER into the back of an ambulance.

Tatum sits on the edge in the back of another ambulance, blood's sprinkled all over her clothes.

Owen's right next to her, holding her hand with both of his.

A FEMALE PARAMEDIC feels around Tatum's stomach, making sure her and the baby are okay from the fall and minor crash.

Tatum's focused on the white sheet that's been placed over the motorcyclist, still a little shaken up from that.

PARAMEDIC
Anything hurt when I do this?

She gently pushes into her stomach underneath the baby bump.

Tatum shakes her head "no."

The medic moves her hand over to the other side of her stomach, does the same thing.

PARAMEDIC (cont'd)
What about now?

TATUM
No.

PARAMEDIC
Then I think you're good.

She takes her medical gloves off.

OWEN
We don't need to go to the hospital
to make sure?

PARAMEDIC
If you want...but I've seen worse. As
long as she feels fine and isn't
bleeding, the fetus will be okay.

She walks away, updates the FIRE CHIEF on her findings.

Tatum and Owen hop out of the ambulance.

OFFICER BARTON approaches them.

BARTON
You two need a tow truck?

OWEN
No, outside of the headlight, the car
seems to be running fine.

BARTON

Okay...then I think we got everythin'
we need if you wanna be on your way--

OWEN

We need to go past the semi though.

BARTON

You're gonna have to drive back down
the mountain, and take the other way
round then.

OWEN

But that'll delay us by like--
(looks at his watch)
Four hours.

Barton glances up at the sky, then addresses Owen and Tatum.

BARTON

You sure you wanna keep goin' up? A
big storm's supposed to blow through
this weekend.

Tatum and Owen look at the sky, it's crystal clear.

BARTON (cont'd)

And all the roads will be closed 'til
it stops.

OWEN

We'll be gone before it hits.
(shakes his hand)
Thanks.

Barton tips his hat at Tatum, walks away.

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING -- SUNSET

Owen drives down the mountain. Tatum rubs lotion all over
her itchy arms, neck, and chest.

He reaches the bottom, stops at the light, and turns on his
left signal.

Tatum looks down at her sweater, sees the blood spots.

TATUM

(sharp exhale, sotto)
God dammit.

She rummages through her purse, pulls out hand sanitizer,
and tries to rub the motorcyclist's blood out of the fabric.

Owen watches her scrub her clothes...then pulls over.

TATUM (cont'd)
Where are you going?

He puts the car in park, looks at her.

OWEN
We don't have to spend Thanksgiving
with my parents this year if you're
not feeling it.

Tatum stares at him, *where's this coming from?*

OWEN (cont'd)
What happened back there was
traumatic-- and I know how much
you've been dreading this visit.

He's right, but she tries not to show it.

OWEN (cont'd)
So, I want you to know that it's
completely okay if you'd rather go
home.
(beat, disappointed)
We can always try again on Christmas.

She thinks about this. Even though he's saying it's okay,
his eyes are telling her that this trip means a lot to him.

TATUM
No, let's keep going.

OWEN
You sure?

She looks at him, smiles.

TATUM
I'm sure.

That touches him. Owen kisses her, puts the car in drive,
and pulls back into the road.

TATUM (cont'd)
But we're getting the fuck out of
there the second the sun rises Friday
morning.

He laughs...

OWEN
Don't worry.

...and turns left.

OWEN (cont'd)
I've already set an alarm for that.

Tatum laughs.

TATUM
Good.

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING -- NIGHT

Owen drives up a long, mysterious driveway.

The canopy of trees from the woods that surrounds them blocks out the light from the moon and stars.

They drive past a large tree, a GIANT BLUE TARP covers the ground in front of it.

The car's right headlight illuminates a rustic, yet elegant two story cabin at the end of the driveway.

All of the lights inside and outside of the cabin are off.

OWEN
Huh, doesn't look like anyone's home.

TATUM
Don't get my hopes up.

OWEN
Be nice.

He parks in front of the house.

TATUM
Oh, come on. You know I'm joking.

OWEN
(chuckles)
Eh, I'm not so sure sometimes.

They both hop out of the car --

EXT. CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

-- and walk to the back.

Owen opens the trunk, pulls a suitcase out.

OWEN

Hopefully we can sneak in without
waking any--

SOMEONE JUMPS ON OWEN FROM BEHIND, and wraps their arms
around him like he's going to give them a piggy back ride.

It scares both Tatum and Owen, but they quickly realize that
this person isn't a threat.

OWEN'S MOTHER

My baby boy is finally home!

Well, at least to Owen...

Owen's mother, AMELIA WOODROW (63, a woman who looks her age
and entire identity is motherhood), hops off of his back.

Tatum takes a deep breath, smiles.

TATUM

Hi, Amelia.

AMELIA

Hi, sweetie.

(back to Owen)

What took you so long? I was worried
sick! I almost called the cops
because I thought something terrible
happened to you.

OWEN

We're okay, mom. There was a bad
accident on the main road, so we had
to go the back way.

AMELIA

An accident? What happened?

OWEN

An eighteen wheeler turned over and
killed a motorcyclist.

Amelia GASPS in disbelief.

AMELIA

Oh my gosh! Are you okay?

(to Tatum)

Is the baby okay?

She cusps Tatum's belly with her hands, starts rubbing it.

Tatum looks tense, she hates it when people touch her belly
without asking. She takes a step away from Amelia.

TATUM
We're fine.

AMELIA
Oh...
(uncomfortably smiles)
Well, good.

She quickly links arms with Owen.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Come, come.

They walk towards the porch, leaving Tatum behind.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Let's get you out of the cold, and
into a nice hot--

But Owen wiggles out of her grip.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Where are you--

He makes his way back to the car...

OWEN
I'm getting the suitcases!

...and pulls another suitcase out of the trunk.

OWEN (cont'd)
Go inside with my mom, I got this.

TATUM
No, I'd rather help.

She tries to grab the last bag, but Amelia snatches it before she can.

AMELIA
Absolutely not.

Tatum looks at her, hesitant. Amelia smiles, caring.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Go in and get warm. We got this.

Amelia and Owen walk side by side towards the cabin.

Tatum sits with this for a moment, she's not sure how the next couple of days are going to go.

She exhales, follows them into the...

INT. ENTRY - CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

A lit candle glows on a side table, next to a closed door.

Amelia, Owen, and Tatum enter. Amelia whispers.

AMELIA

We need to be quiet since your dad
has to sleep downstairs now.

OWEN

Really? Why?

AMELIA

His mobility's gotten worse. He can't
walk up the stairs anymore.

TATUM

Oh, no. I'm so sorry.

AMELIA

Thank you, hun.

She heads up the stairs. Owen and Tatum follow her.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Amelia, Owen, and Tatum make their way down the dark, *creaky*
hallway until they reach --

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Amelia opens the door. The room is very unwelcoming.

A janky, full sized bed is nestled in the far corner.

AMELIA

Tatum can sleep in here, and you can
sleep with me since your dad has his
own room downstairs.

TATUM

Why would Owen sleep with you?

AMELIA

Because he always does--

OWEN

That's not true, mom.

Amelia looks at Owen like it is. Tatum notes this.

AMELIA
Uh, well then...let's get you in a
big bubble bath just like when you
were little.

Amelia tries to take his coat off, but he does it himself.

TATUM
A hot bath sounds so nice right--

AMELIA
Oh, the bath is for Owen.

Tatum's taken aback by that.

Owen shoots Amelia a look, *really, mom?*

AMELIA (cont'd)
(redeeming)
But I'm more than happy to make you
one after, sweetheart.

Amelia smiles at her. Owen looks at Tatum, she's fuming.

OWEN
Mom, can you give us a minute?

AMELIA
(smile)
Of course.

She lovingly squeezes his hand, then looks at Tatum.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Goodnight, Tatum.

Tatum half smiles. Amelia exits.

TATUM
What the fuck was that?

OWEN
Her weird way of making an effort?

Tatum raises her brow. Owen exhales.

OWEN (cont'd)
Look, my mom used to love making
baths for me when I was a kid, and I
think she just wants to feel that way
again--

TATUM
But you're not a kid anymore...

OWEN

I know--

TATUM

You're a grown ass fucking man with a wife and baby on the way.

OWEN

I know, I know, but she's been really depressed about my dad lately, so I don't think it hurts to just let her--

TATUM

Do what? Take a bath *with* you?!

OWEN

What?! No, oh god, no! Jesus, Tatum I'm not going to take a bath with her.

She doesn't believe him.

OWEN (cont'd)

I'm just going to let her do whatever stupid bath ritual thing she used to do when I was a kid to help make her feel better.

Tatum's not pleased, she crosses her arms over her belly.

OWEN (cont'd)

And then I'll do the same exact thing for you.

He kisses her lips, she half kisses him back.

OWEN (cont'd)

I promise.

He exits, closing the door behind him.

Tatum stands there for a moment, baffled.

She walks to the bed, lays down on it.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- DAY (WEDNESDAY)

Tatum's on the bed in the same position, but it looks like someone put a blanket over her.

She slowly wakes up, turns, and sees a note from Owen on top of her fuzzy robe on the bedside table next to her.

Downstairs making breakfast, I didn't want to wake you xxx

She looks at Owen's side of the bed, the sheets have been messed with.

Tatum sits up, checks her phone.

She has zero service, and...*Jesus, it's already 1pm?*

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum exits Owen's room. She ambles down the hallway in her cozy robe, fuzzy socks, and slippers.

Turns into the --

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum enters, sits on the toilet, and has a much needed pee.

She spots a FRAMED PHOTO next to the sink, repulsed.

She finishes up, walks to the sink, and picks up the picture.

It's of Amelia (40, naked and all smiles) in a bathtub overflowing with bubbles.

Nestled right next to Amelia in the bath is Owen (10, also naked and smiling) who looks a little too old to be bathing with his mother...even though he's still a kid.

The cheesy quote painted on the wooden picture frame reads:

Together is our favorite place to be

Tatum has always despised this fucking photo.

She shoves it into a drawer, scrubs her hands clean.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum exits the bathroom, walks towards the stairs.

But gets FRIGHTENED by the sound of **SCURRYING** and **SCRATCHING** that's coming from above.

She looks up, sees an attic door.

Suddenly, the **SCURRYING** and **SCRATCHING** stops.

Tatum waits for a moment to see if the strange noises start up again...but they don't.

She heads downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Sunlight shines through the windows making the living room look more alive than it did last night. Tatum enters.

The fire place is on, classic swing music blasts on a vintage record player, and HUNDREDS of framed family photos are nailed to every inch of the room.

You can barely see the wallpaper it's so obnoxious.

She analyzes each photo, quickly noticing a common theme.

Every picture is of Amelia and Owen throughout the years, and there's not one single photo of Owen's dad.

Each frame is also plastered with tacky quotes like:

"Momma's boy", "you will forever be my always", "nobody loves me like my mommy does."

She scrunches her nose, walks into the --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- and sees more questionable family photos on the walls with borderline incestuous quotes ingrained on the frames:

"Together, they built a life they loved", "you & me", "every love story is beautiful, but ours is my favorite"

TATUM
(sotto)
...what the fuck...

This level of obsession is disturbing alright.

She walks past a neatly set dining table, enters the --

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

-- and sees that Owen and Amelia are swing dancing in the middle of the kitchen.

A raw turkey sits in a plastic bag on the counter.

Owen TWIRLS his mother *around and around and around*.

...until he finally notices Tatum...

And immediately STOPS dancing with Amelia.

OWEN

Hey, babe!

He rushes over to Tatum, kisses her on the lips.

OWEN (cont'd)

How'd you sleep?

Amelia distracts herself by basting the turkey.

TATUM

Uh, I slept okay. How about you?

OWEN

Like a rock. It feels so good to be home again.

Tatum looks at him, wondering where he slept last night.

Owen wraps his arm around her, walks her over to the kettle.

OWEN (cont'd)

I brought your favorite tea.

He puts a tea bag in a mug, pours hot water into it.

Tatum looks over at Amelia.

TATUM

Good morning, Amelia.

Amelia plasters a big smile on her face.

AMELIA

Good morning, sweetheart!

TATUM

Sorry, it's so late. I didn't mean to sleep in for this long.

AMELIA

Don't be. I was always oversleeping when I was pregnant.

TATUM

(smile)

Did you add more photos to your collages?

AMELIA

I did, aren't they adorable?! I made all of the frames too. I'm glad you noticed considering you've haven't been here in years.

Was that a jab? Tatum sips her tea, it's not worth it.

AMELIA (cont'd)

So, Owen tells me that you don't want to know the gender of the baby.

TATUM

No--

AMELIA

Why?

TATUM

Because I want to be surprised...and I feel like the mystery of not knowing will make labor more exciting.

AMELIA

Giving birth should be exciting regardless if you know the sex or not, hun.

Tatum bites her tongue. Amelia smiles.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Do you want to have a boy or a girl?

Owen looks pleased that his mom's making an effort.

TATUM

I don't really care as long as they're healthy.

AMELIA

Oh, come on. Whether we want to admit it or not, we all secretly wish for a certain gender.

TATUM

Not me. I'd be happy either way.

AMELIA

I never wanted a girl.

That checks out, but Tatum pretends to be curious.

TATUM

Oh, really? Why?

AMELIA

Because they're mean, high maintenance, and difficult. Boys on the other hand are much more loving, and a lot easier to raise.

TATUM

Hmm.

(sips her tea)

I'd love to raise an empowered woman.

Owen admires that, he puts his arm around Tatum.

OWEN

Me too.

AMELIA

Well...there's nothing like being a boy mom.

She stops basting, walks over to Owen, and hugs him.

AMELIA (cont'd)

And I thank God every day for making me one.

She gazes at her son like she worships him...or wants to fuck him.

The song on the record ends, but starts blasting another.

Amelia GASPS with excitement, turns to Owen.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Oh, honey, it's our song!

She yanks him away from Tatum, and starts dancing with him.

Owen seems more stiff and embarrassed than before. He looks over at Tatum to make sure this is okay.

TATUM

I'm going to get some air.

AMELIA

Okay, have fun!

Owen has no choice but to keep dancing with his mother.

OWEN

Uh, I'll be out in a minute!

Tatum scratches the back of her neck, exits.

EXT. PORCH -- DAY

Tatum steps outside. She takes a few breaths, trying to soak in nature and ground herself.

She looks over, sees her father-in-law, NEIL WOODROW (50 but looks 70, a feeble man who's okay with his fate) sitting in a chair. An OXYGEN TANK and WALKER are next to him.

He's looking at a tree through binoculars. Painting supplies and a canvas with a half painted, below average woodpecker is on a small table in front of him.

Tatum smiles. She walks over, sits in a chair next to him.

TATUM

Hi, Neil.

Neil lowers the binoculars, looks at her. His skin and eyes have a yellow hue, and he wears a nasal cannula. Age and alcoholism have not treated him well.

NEIL

Hello.

TATUM

It's me.

He studies her, not quite sure who "me" is...

TATUM (cont'd)

Tatum.

He remembers, sweetly smiles.

NEIL

I know.

She hugs him.

NEIL (cont'd)

I'm sorry about your mother...if it were up to me, we would have been at the funeral.

Tatum smiles, she knows that.

TATUM

Thank you, but my mom's been gone for a while now.

NEIL
Right...sorry, things have been
getting-- harder to remember lately.

TATUM
That's okay.

Neil resumes painting. Tatum looks out, scans the property.

There's a FIRE PIT in the far distance near the woods, and
the same GIANT BLUE TARP that we got a brief glimpse of last
night.

TATUM (cont'd)
What's that?

Neil looks at her, *what's what?*

TATUM (cont'd)
That giant tarp over there?

He's still not sure. She points at it.

TATUM (cont'd)
In front of the big tree?

He looks where she's pointing, squints.

NEIL
Huh, I don't know.
(chuckles)
I think it's always been there.

The look on Tatum's face tells us that it hasn't.

NEIL (cont'd)
Oh, um, I was also saddened to hear
about...
(beat, emotional)
There's nothing more crippling than
losing a child.

His eyes tear up, he knows this type of pain.

Tatum looks puzzled, *did Amelia also have a miscarriage?*

She's about to ask him, but someone **CLAPS**.

Neil and Tatum look over, see Amelia's standing by the front
door with a big, fake smile on her face.

AMELIA
Who's ready for lunch?!

INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum and Owen sit next to each other at the dining table.

Neil sits down across from them, adjusts his nasal cannula, then smiles.

Amelia enters, carrying a large tray of food.

AMELIA
I hope you're hungry--

She sets the tray down, and immediately bends over in pain

AMELIA (cont'd)
Aughhh!

Owen shoots out of his seat, concerned.

OWEN
What happened?! Are you okay?

Amelia holds her lower back, wincing.

AMELIA
I don't know. My back's been killing
me lately.

Neil tries to stand, so he can help her, but Amelia snaps.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Not you.

He sits back in his seat like an obedient dog.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I need Owen.

Tatum raises her brow. Owen walks over and stands directly
behind his mother.

OWEN
What do you want me to do?

Amelia bends further down until her chest touches the table,
lifts the back of her shirt up.

AMELIA
Can you just rub--

Owen starts rubbing his mother's bare back.

OWEN
Like this?

AMELIA
(tranquilized)
Yea, just like that--

Tatum's squeamish.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Can you go a little lower?

He does...and his hands are a little too low for our liking.

OWEN
Here?

AMELIA
(moans with pleasure)
Yes.

She subtly presses her ass up against Owen's jeans.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Right there, baby.
(looks at Tatum)
Right there.

Tatum scans the room, praying that anybody else also thinks this behavior isn't normal...

But Owen doesn't seem bothered by it.

And Neil's in his own world.

AMELIA (cont'd)
That feels so good, Owen.

Tatum can't sit through this anymore. She stands up...

AMELIA (O.C.)
So, so good...

...and rushes into the --

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum RUNS to the sink, bends over like she's going to be sick...but takes a few deep breaths so she doesn't.

Owen sneaks up behind her, puts his hand on her shoulder.

OWEN
What's wrong?

Tatum turns, repulsed by his touch.

TATUM
Are you serious?

He's clueless. She's irritated.

TATUM (cont'd)
Owen, if you don't think anything was wrong with whatever the Oedipus fuck was going on in there, then we are in serious trouble.

OWEN
Wait, are you referring to the massage?

Tatum's dumbfounded that he's even asking her.

OWEN (cont'd)
I massage all of my patients who have back issues.

TATUM
But she's your mother, not your patient...

OWEN
I know. I guess I just snapped into work mode when she got hurt...but I can see why you're upset. I'm sorry.

She's struggling to accept his apology.

OWEN (cont'd)
I was just trying to help her.

TATUM
But it looked like you were *fucking--*

Tatum catches Amelia staring at her at the kitchen doorway.

How long has she been standing there?

Owen turns to see what Tatum's looking at.

Amelia immediately smiles, and walks over to him.

AMELIA
I'm going to put your father down for a nap after lunch, and then I'll set up the VCR, so we can watch A Charlie Brown's Thanksgiving like we used to.

OWEN
Sounds great, mom. Thanks.

He looks at Tatum to see if she wants to join them.

TATUM
I don't feel so good. I think I'm
gonna lay down.

AMELIA
Aw, really? I was looking forward to
spending more time with you.

Tatum can tell she doesn't really mean that.

AMELIA (cont'd)
But we can always watch it together
just us girls next year.

Amelia winks at her. Owen looks back at Tatum.

OWEN
You sure you don't want to join us?

Tatum watches Amelia slip her arm through Owen's.

TATUM
Yea.

OWEN
Well, we shouldn't be too long, babe.
(kisses her)
I'll come check in on you in a bit.

Tatum half smiles, scratches her chest.

Amelia and Owen exit.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

...BAM...BAM...BAM...

The wind howls and gusts snowflakes across the window like wintry confetti.

Tatum's asleep, burrito wrapped under the covers.

...BAM...BAM...BAM...

The noise wakes her up. She slowly opens her eyes, looks over to where Owen should be sleeping, but he's not there.

She sits up.

TATUM
Owen?

No response, just...**BAM...BAM...BAM...**

Sounds like it's coming from outside. She hops out of bed, slips her robe on, and looks out the window.

The blizzard repetitively opens and closes the door of an old, rundown shed on the property.

...**BAM...BAM...BAM...**

Tatum tightens her robe.

We follow her out of the bedroom, into the --

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

It's dark, except for a flickering glow coming from the end of the hall.

Tatum sees that Amelia's door is ajar, and it sounds like there's some...

Faint giggling coming from her bedroom?

She tip toes down the hallway to investigate, the laughter becomes more apparent.

...**creak...**

The snickering quickly turns into *shushing*.

Tatum FREEZES, holds her breath.

She does everything in her power not to move a muscle, or make a fucking sound that blows her cover.

After a moment, the playful giggles start back up again.

Tatum quietly exhales, continues sneaking down the corridor towards Amelia's bedroom.

Careful about where she's going to place her foot, so she doesn't step on another squeaky board.

She reaches Amelia's bedroom, slowly pushes the door open, and sees...

OWEN AND AMELIA CANOODLING IN BED.

Owen has his shirt off, and Amelia's in a skimpy silk robe.

Tatum stops in her tracks, aghast.

She watches her husband slowly kiss down his mother's neck.

Amelia MOANS as Owen's lips make their way to her chest.

He reaches for the opening of her robe, slips it off.

Exposing one of her naked breasts.

Amelia looks directly at Tatum as he's about to start sucking on her titty...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

TATUM WAKES UP SCREAMING.

But she covers her mouth with both hands, muting herself before accidentally waking anyone.

...**BAM...****BAM...****BAM...**

She quickly realizes she's back in Owen's room, exhales.

Thank god it was just a dream.

She rubs her eyes, can't believe she slept through the entire day. She reaches over to Owen.

TATUM

Ow--

But he's not there. *Just like the dream.*

...**BAM...****BAM...****BAM...**

Tatum recognizes that sound. She hops out of bed, drapes her robe over herself, and rushes to the window.

She watches the wind of the blizzard open and close the door of an old, rundown shed on the property.

...**BAM...****BAM...****BAM...**

We quickly follow her out of the bedroom, into the --

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

It's dark, except for a flickering glow coming from the end of the hall. *Just like the dream.*

Tatum looks over, sees that Amelia's door is ajar.

It also sounds like there's some commotion coming from her room too.

We see Tatum's heart and stomach SINK. She POWER WALKS down the hallway.

...**CREAK**...

She keeps going, doesn't give a flying fuck about the floorboards anymore.

The commotion grows louder and LOUDER the closer she gets to Amelia's bedroom door.

Once she's there, Tatum BURSTS into --

INT. AMELIA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- only to find that Amelia's bed is empty.

The glow's coming from a box TV that's blasting a campy, late night soap opera show.

Tatum scopes out the room, sees more framed photos of Owen and Amelia posing more like a couple than a mother and son.

Amelia's alarm clock on a bedside table reads, **2:36am**.

Once she realizes that the coast is clear, she turns off the television.

A tad relieved that her dream didn't predict reality...

But where are Owen and Amelia?

...*achoo*...

That faint sneeze came from downstairs. She exits --

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum makes her way down the poorly lit hallway --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

-- and quietly tip toes down the wooden stairs...

She stops once she gets a good view of the living room.

We can just see through the dim lighting that Owen's passed out on the couch, curled up in a ball.

Amelia's sitting right next to him, watching in awe as her baby boy sleeps soundly.

She strokes his face, seductively twirls his hair with her fingers.

Tatum squints, *am I really seeing this?*

Or is the darkness just messing with her head?

She goes down one more step to get a better look...

...squeak...

Tatum freezes, Amelia looks at her, and they lock eyes.

Amelia doesn't move, or blink. She just stares Tatum down.

Owen starts to squirm around.

Amelia keeps her eyes on Tatum, raises her finger to her lips. *Shhhhh...*

She looks down at Owen, and shushes him back to sleep as if he's a newborn baby.

Tatum blinks a few times, making sure this isn't just another screwed up dream...it's not.

She retreats back up the stairs like a quiet church mouse.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- MORNING (THURSDAY)

Tatum's sitting on top of the bed, arms crossed over her pregnant belly.

She didn't go back to sleep after last night.

Owen quietly opens the door, but looks like a cow caught in a thunderstorm once he realizes Tatum's awake.

OWEN

Oh...hi.

He enters, closes the door behind him.

OWEN (cont'd)

I thought you'd still be asleep.

TATUM

It's half past six.

(...)

What took you so long last night?

OWEN

Uh, I dunno. We watched Charlie Brown and then--

(yawn)

Some old movies, and I ended up passing out on the couch, I guess.

TATUM

Yea...I saw.

He raises his brow.

TATUM (cont'd)

You and your mother were snuggling up real close on the couch.

OWEN

But...she went to bed before I did?

Tatum blankly stares at him.

OWEN (cont'd)

I swear she wasn't there when I passed out, Tatum--

TATUM

That's not what it looked like--

OWEN

Or when I woke up a few minutes ago!

TATUM

(chuckles)

Yea, okay--

OWEN

You probably just had a nightmare--

She hops off the bed, BOLTS over to him.

TATUM

Don't fucking gaslight me!

(gets in his face)

I fucking know what I saw, and it's not fucking normal--

OWEN

What's not normal?

TATUM

EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU AND YOUR MOTHER.

Owen looks away, conflicted.

TATUM (cont'd)
Why, Owen?

He looks back at her. Her eyes fill with frustrated tears.

TATUM (cont'd)
After all the fights, therapy
sessions, and blatant disrespect--
(tearful)
Why are you still so in denial about
it?

We see the door open behind Tatum. Amelia pokes her head through with a massive, manic grin like Jack Torrance.

AMELIA
Uh- oh.

Tatum bites her lower lip the second she hears Amelia.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Are you guys fighting in here?

Tatum shakes her head, there's no privacy in this house.

OWEN
No, mom, it's okay--

AMELIA
Well, it doesn't sound okay.

OWEN
Can you please give us a minute?
Tatum's just--

He watches Tatum wipe her tears. He feels for her.

OWEN (cont'd)
-- tired.

AMELIA
Oh, no.

Amelia barges in, approaches Tatum. Concerned.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Are you not feeling okay?

She checks Tatum's temperature with the back of her hand.

AMELIA (cont'd)
You're a little warm--

Tatum backs away from her...

TATUM

I'm fine.

...then scowls at Owen.

TATUM (cont'd)

Just had a nightmare.

He regrets making that comment.

AMELIA

I'm sorry you didn't sleep that well,
sweetheart.

Amelia touches Tatum's arm. Tatum's skin crawls.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Anyways, I came up here because I
wanted to see if you two wanted to
help decorate for Christmas.

TATUM

Isn't today Thanksgiving?

OWEN

Yea, but it's our tradition to
decorate for Christmas while the
turkey's cooking.

AMELIA

You don't need to join us if you're
too tired, Tatum. Owen knows where
everything goes anyways.

Amelia holds his hand, rubs it with her thumb.

Tatum's had enough of Amelia's pissing contest.

TATUM

No, I'd love to help you decorate.

Amelia tries her best to keep the smile on her face.

TATUM (cont'd)

I just want to freshen up first.

That touches Owen, he smiles at her. Tatum fake smiles back.

AMELIA

I guess we'll see you downstairs
then.

Amelia and Owen exit. Tatum's smile disappears, she exhales.

Her phone **BUZZES** on the bedside table, screen lights up.

Tatum's surprised she has service. She walks over, grabs her phone: **ONE NEW VOICEMAIL: DR. LILY ALVARADO.**

It's also from two nights ago.

TATUM
(sotto)
Fuck.

She immediately listens to it. The voicemail's choppy, and there's traffic in the background that overpowers her voice.

DR. ALVARADO (V.O.)
*Hi, Tatum. It's Doctor Alv-- we got
your-- but want to redo-- I'll have
to report-- call me when you--*

The voicemail ends, Tatum looks concerned.

INT. STAIRS -- DAY

Tatum walks down the stairs...

AMELIA (O.S.)
Baby, can you get my Christmas vinyls
from the garage?

...but stops at "baby." She closes her eyes, trying not to let her mother-in-law get to her.

OWEN (O.S.)
Yea, of course.

Tatum continues down the steps --

INT. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum quickly heads for the landline on the side table.

She picks it up, but there's no dial tone.

She aggressively presses every button, but the phone's still completely silent on the other line.

TATUM
(under breath)
Are you kidding me.

She checks to see if it's plugged in. It is...but the wire has been severed.

AMELIA (O.C.)
What's going on in here?

Tatum JUMPS, whips around to see Amelia's standing right behind her holding a Christmas box.

AMELIA
Can I help you with something?

Tatum freezes, unsure how to respond. Amelia glances at the phone cord in Tatum's hand, sighs.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Those darn rats will be the death of me...

She looks back at Tatum, uncanny. Their eyes lock.

They both know rats didn't chew through that fucking wire.

TATUM
I just wanted to call my physician back--

AMELIA
Why? It's a holiday.

TATUM
I know...but I got a voicemail from her about some test results--

AMELIA
For?

TATUM
To make sure the baby's okay--

AMELIA
Why wouldn't the baby be okay?

Amelia's really starting to get on Tatum's last nerve, but she does her best to keep her composure.

TATUM
Because--

AMELIA
I'm sure she was calling to tell you that everything's fine, and if it's not-- well, it's not like you can go anywhere in this storm.

Amelia smirks, it's unsettling.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Now, can you do me a favor and hang
the stockings over the mantel, hun?

Her sweet tone makes Tatum skeptical of the box...

TATUM
Sure.

...but she takes it, so Amelia can finally fuck off.

AMELIA
Thank-you.

She rushes back into the living room.

Tatum takes a BIG. DEEP. BREATH, preparing herself.

She walks into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Even though it's November, the living room is starting to
look like Christmas Day.

Amelia's going through various boxes of decorations.

Owen enters from the dining room, holding a large box filled
with Amelia's massive Christmas vinyl collection.

He looks at Tatum, coyly smiles.

OWEN
Hey.

She half smiles back, heads for the mantel.

He senses something's off, but walks over to the record
player. It's not the right time to talk about things.

Tatum opens the box, sees a personalized stocking on the
very top that's says AMELIA. She hangs it over the mantel.

Under Amelia's stocking is a matching personalized Christmas
stocking that says NEIL. She hangs it next to Amelia's.

Under Neil's stocking is another matching stocking that says
OWEN. She hangs it next to his dad's.

Tatum looks down, immediately turns pale when she sees the
last two personalized Christmas stockings in the box.

She pulls them out, they're smaller than the others.

One is a baby blue that says ETHAN, the other is a pastel pink that says ZOEY.

Tatum's hands start to shake, tears well up in her eyes.

Suddenly, Amelia SNATCHES the stockings out of her hands...

AMELIA

Whoops, forgot those were in there.

...and scurries away before Owen catches wind of this.

Tatum remains still. She does everything in her power to hold back the tears...but fails.

Owen notices, rushes over to Tatum.

OWEN

Tatum?

He kneels down next to her, but she doesn't look at him.

OWEN (cont'd)

Are you okay?

She's too stunned to say anything right now.

OWEN (cont'd)

What happened?

Tatum sniffles, lowers her head, and silently cries.

Owen looks at Amelia who quickly hides the stockings behind her back.

OWEN (cont'd)

Mom?

She puts on her infamous "innocent" act.

AMELIA

I didn't mean to--

Owen stands, stern.

OWEN

Didn't mean to *what*?

Amelia tries to find the words as Owen approaches her.

OWEN (cont'd)

What's behind your back?

She squirms in her stance, deflects with a nervous giggle.

AMELIA

Um--

He grabs the stockings out of her hands, his mouth DROPS the second he sees the names on them.

AMELIA (cont'd)

I didn't know they were in there.

OWEN

But...why?

He looks at her, upset.

OWEN (cont'd)

Why would you do this?

AMELIA

I made them before she miscarried--

TATUM (O.C.)

That was over two years ago.

Owen and Amelia look at Tatum.

She's now standing tall and no longer crying, just livid.

TATUM

We already had two Christmases
without them.

(beat)

Why were their stockings in that box?

AMELIA

I didn't know that they--

TATUM

BULLSHIT.

Amelia looks terrified of Tatum, her lips start to quiver.

She looks at Owen, tearful.

AMELIA

You're just going to let her speak to
me like--

OWEN

Mom, stop.

He doesn't want to hear it.

Amelia cowers, she knows she's in trouble.

TATUM

Why did you ask me to hang the stockings?

AMELIA

Be-- because I thought it would be nice--

TATUM

Out of all the other things I could have helped with, you asked me to hang the Christmas stockings, *knowing* that they were in there. Didn't you?

Tatum slowly walks over. Amelia looks nervous.

AMELIA

No...no, I would never--

TATUM

But you did. Because you were trying to hurt me-- like you always do.

Amelia grabs onto Owen for safety as Tatum gets closer.

TATUM (cont'd)

And wanna know the worst part?

But Owen steps away from her, he has no interest in comforting his mother.

TATUM (cont'd)

I've been with your son for five years--

She gets close to Amelia's face.

TATUM (cont'd)

And I still don't have a goddamn Christmas stocking.

(beat)

Why's that?

Amelia looks at Owen, hoping that he'll have her back, but he wants to know the answer too.

AMELIA

Um, well...I was going to make you and the new baby one, but I-- I wasn't sure--

TATUM

Wasn't sure about what? That I was going to last?

AMELIA
No, sweetheart.

She thinks about the best way to say it, sighs.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I wasn't sure if this pregnancy was
going to keep.

That GUTS Tatum. Owen looks appalled, he turns to his wife.

OWEN
Tatum, I--

But she RUSHES out of the living room, into the --

INT. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS

We see over Tatum's shoulder, Owen turns to his mother.

OWEN
Why would you say that?

Tatum YANKS the front door open --

EXT. PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

-- and exits the house. She scratches her arms, on the verge of a meltdown.

The wind picks up. Tatum wipes her cold tears away, but gets distracted by a **FLAPPING** sound.

She looks ahead. The ground is covered in undisturbed snow, but the giant tarp is flapping up and down.

Tatum squints to see what's hiding under there.

It looks like a freshly dug...grave?

NEIL (O.C.)
Hello?

That STARTLES her, she looks over.

Neil's sitting in the same spot as yesterday, bundled in layers of clothes with his oxygen tank right next to him.

She wipes her tears again, smiles.

TATUM
Hi, Neil.

Neil stares at her, trying to recall...

Tatum starts to shiver, she hugs herself for warmth.

TATUM (cont'd)
It's Tatum.

He looks around for an extra sweater or blanket, but there isn't one.

Neil weakly slips off his jacket, reaches over to hand it to her, but it's too heavy...

Tatum grabs it before he hurts himself. She puts it on, and sits next to him.

TATUM (cont'd)
Thanks.

NEIL
Are you alright?

We see Amelia appear in the window behind them, but they don't notice her. She watches their encounter closely.

TATUM
I--

Tatum takes a moment to think, sighs.

She pulls her slipper off, revealing a BIRTHMARK on her foot, and scratches it.

TATUM (cont'd)
I don't know.

Neil notices her birthmark.

Suddenly, he SHOOTs out of his seat, full of energy.

NEIL
We still have all of Owen's baby clothes and toys!

TATUM
Oh--

NEIL
They're in a red chest in the attic.

He grabs his walker, straps his oxygen tank to it.

NEIL (cont'd)
I'll go get them for you--

TATUM
No, no. It's okay.

Neil weakly makes his way towards the front door, but Tatum tries to stop him.

Amelia's no longer standing in the window behind them.

TATUM (cont'd)
Seriously, Neil. It's fine.

He doesn't listen. She walks over to him.

TATUM (cont'd)
I don't think you should be moving
around too much--

NEIL
But I want to do something.

TATUM
Then I'll come with--

NEIL
On my own.

Tatum knows that's not a good idea...

NEIL (cont'd)
Please.

She looks him in the eyes, a moment.

NEIL (cont'd)
I just want to feel independent
again.

She can hear the despair in his voice.

Tatum thinks about it, sighs...then lets him go.

Neil thanks her with a smile, and shuffles inside.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tatum, Owen, and Amelia are awkwardly sitting at the table.

The plates are clean, but it looks like the Thanksgiving feast has been sitting out for a while.

Amelia sips on her wine, already drunk.

It's been an incredibly silent and uncomfortable night.

OWEN
(whispers to Tatum)
You said he went to get something in
the attic?

TATUM
I offered to help, but he insisted on
going by himself.

Amelia shoots Tatum a look. Tatum squirms, stands.

TATUM (cont'd)
I'll go get him.

OWEN
(stands up)
I'll come with--

TATUM
No, it's okay.

He looks at her, *you sure?* Tatum nods.

Amelia finishes her wine, pours herself another glass.

TATUM (cont'd)
I'll be right back.

Owen sits down. Tatum exits.

INT. STAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum holds her belly until she reaches the top.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum enters, sees that the attic isn't open. *Strange.*

She walks towards it, but gets distracted by the sound of
something **SCURRYING** around above her.

She continues, stops once she's under the attic door.

She reaches up, pulls the stairs the down.

The attic's pitch black, but it sounds like someone's up
there. **SCRATCHING** away at something.

TATUM
Neil?

No response, just more **SCRATCHING**.

TATUM (cont'd)
Dinner's ready!

The **SCRATCHING** stops.

TATUM (cont'd)
...Neil?

And it's eerily silent.

TATUM (cont'd)
Are you okay?

A moment, whatever is up there responds by **SCURRYING** around.

Tatum makes her way up the ladder, and just as she's about to reach the top...

WE HEAR A **SPINE CHILLING, PAINFUL SHRILL** THAT KNOCKS TATUM OFF OF HER FEET.

She SLIDES DOWN the steps, but quickly grabs onto one of them before plummeting onto the floor.

The same SCREAM that sounds like a velociraptor's getting skinned alive ECHOES from downstairs.

Tatum RUNS to the --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

-- SPRINTS down the old, wooden steps into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum RACES through, enters the --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She notices that Owen and Amelia aren't in here anymore. We hear more agonizing SCREAMS, Tatum DARTS into the --

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

-- follows the SHRIEKS into the --

INT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum TRIPS over something.

She looks down, sees it's Neil's oxygen tank and nasal cannula, then looks back up.

Amelia's on all fours directly in front of her, CRYING.

AMELIA
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Owen pulls a lifeless Neil out of a 1986 Volkswagen Jetta that's been running for a while now.

Amelia's **SCREAMS** become more DEAFENING.

We see that one end of a garden hose is attached to the exhaust, and the other end was slipped inside the car through a small crack of the window that's been duct taped.

Tatum puts both of her hands over her mouth, HORRIFIED.

Owen gently lays Neil down onto the floor. His yellow skin is now an eerie bluish gray, and eyes have a milky haze.

Owen's hand starts to shake, he closes his father's eyelids.

Amelia crawls over, wraps her arms around Neil's body, and rocks him back and fourth in her lap like a baby.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why.

Owen staggers back, fighting his tears. Tatum rushes over to console him.

TATUM
Owen--

But Amelia JUMPS UP, blocking Tatum's path.

AMELIA
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

Tatum stops, staggers back.

TATUM
Wha-- what?

AMELIA
You were with him before this happened!

TATUM
I--
(shakes her head)
No--

Amelia corners Tatum.

AMELIA
You pushed him to do this because of
the stockings! Didn't you!?!

OWEN
Mom, stop!

She ignores Owen, fully focused on Tatum.

AMELIA
What did you say to him?!

TATUM
No-- nothing--

AMELIA
LIAR!

Amelia LUNGES at her, but Owen quickly steps in and holds her back. He looks at Tatum, pleads.

OWEN
You should go.

TATUM
(tearful)
But I didn't say any--

Amelia goes ballistic, she FLINGS her body around like a rabid fucking wolf.

OWEN
Please. You're just making things
worse--

He does his best to control his disorderly mother.

TATUM
But--

Amelia CLOCKS Owen in the face with the back of her head.

OWEN
GET OUT, TATUM.

Tatum leaves as fast as she fucking can.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

We DART with her through the kitchen --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- dining room --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- living room --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

-- and up the stairs --

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

-- until she can escape into --

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum SLAMS the door behind her and SOBS.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tatum's zoning out next to the window. Her eyes are red from crying, arms and neck are raw from scratching.

We can see the downpour of snow outside. The storm's getting more and more aggressive with each second.

Owen enters, extremely depleted.

Tatum rushes over to hug him, but he barely hugs her back.

TATUM

Oh my god. Are you okay?

He sits on the bed, rests his head in his hands.

OWEN

I'm not sure.

(...)

I feel numb.

She nods, empathizing with him.

TATUM

That's normal.

A moment.

TATUM (cont'd)
Where is he?

OWEN
In the shed--
(emotional)
Wrapped in blankets.

Tatum pictures this, her lips start to quiver.

TATUM
I'm so sorry.

He doesn't look at her.

OWEN
I'm going to take a bath...and sleep
with my mom tonight.

TATUM
What?
(uneasy)
Why?

OWEN
Because she needs me.

She's disturbed by that answer.

TATUM
No, Owen--

Owen stands up.

OWEN
I don't want to hear it right now.

He knows what she's about to say, so he walks to the exit.

TATUM
She's trying to manipulate you--

OWEN
No, she's not--

TATUM
Owen, please listen to me.

He opens the door, but Tatum SLAMS it shut.

TATUM (cont'd)
Her needing you to take care of her
all the time isn't healthy...it's
disturbing.

Owen shakes his head, chuckles. *Here we go again...*

TATUM (cont'd)
And I'm afraid something really bad's
going to happen if you keep coddling
her like this--

OWEN
Oh, yea? Like what?

She doesn't want to say.

OWEN (cont'd)
My dad just killed himself. What
other "bad thing" could possibly
happen right now?

TATUM
I-- I don't know, but--

He opens the door again, but she pulls him back.

TATUM (cont'd)
She's using your father's death to--

Owen sees RED.

OWEN
I DON'T WANT TO FUCKING HEAR IT,
TATUM.

She lets go of him, he's never snapped at her like that
before...

OWEN (cont'd)
My mother is grieving. All of your
conspiracy theories about her can
wait.

He exits.

Tatum's left feeling insane and defeated.

INT. HALLWAY -- WITCHING HOUR

Tatum exits Owen's room, sneaks down the hallway.

She looks up at the attic door, notices that there's a
PADLOCK on it that wasn't there before.

Huh...

She scratches her neck, walks to the stairs --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

-- creeps down, but STOPS in her tracks when she sees the door at the bottom of the stairs slowly open.

...creeeeeaaaaak...

Tatum waits for a moment to see if anyone walks out...but nobody does.

She tries to remain calm, continues down the steps.

INT. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum walks over to the door, peeks inside.

It's an old office that was converted into a hospice room.

A HOSPITAL BED sits in the middle of it. A WHEEL CHAIR is parked next to a COMMODE. OXYGEN TANKS and MEDICAL EQUIPMENT are nestled in every corner.

One of the windows is open, we can just hear the whirling and whistling of the trees outside.

She walks into --

INT. NEIL'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum rushes over to the window, shuts it.

In the window's reflection, WE SEE NEIL'S DEAD BODY FLOATING BEHIND TATUM.

She WHIPS AROUND, but he's gone.

Tatum exhales, exhausted. The grief must be getting to her.

She glances at Neil's alarm clock, it's **3:23am...BAM!**

Tatum swiftly turns, looks out the window.

...**BAM...BAM...BAM...**

The snow storm aggressively opens and closes the door of the shed that's only a few feet away from the window.

We see Neil's corpse is nestled in the back corner, wrapped in blankets.

...**BAM...BAM...BAM...**

Chills shoot down Tatum's spine.

She pulls the curtains closed, steps away from the window.

INT. ENTRY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum exits Neil's room, closes the door behind her, and walks into the pitch black --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum heads for the dining room.

It's so dark that we can barely see that someone's sitting on the couch...and neither does Tatum.

She enters the --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum takes her time going through, walks into the --

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum turns on the light, no one else is here. *Thank god.*

She grabs the tea kettle, fills it with water in the sink.

She puts the kettle on the stove, grabs a mug from the cabinet. A bottle of wine is on the counter right under it.

She walks back to the stove, but stops. Contemplates.

Fuck it. Tatum turns around, grabs the wine bottle.

She uncorks it, pours a small amount into her mug.

She takes a sip, it tastes so good.

Tatum pours herself a little more, takes a bigger sip.

She needed this.

She's about to finish the glass, but gets distracted by the sound of *faint sobbing*.

Tatum turns around, she's still the only one in the kitchen.

She holds onto her mug, tip toes into the --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

No one's in here either, but the sobbing is more apparent.

Tatum tip toes into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- and stops when she sees Amelia's sitting on the couch, sobbing.

This tugs on Tatum's heart strings. She walks over, sits next to her mother-in-law.

Amelia glances into Tatum's mug, wipes her tears.

AMELIA

I used to sneak a glass when I was pregnant too.

Tatum forgot the wine was in there, she's a bit embarrassed.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Even though they say you shouldn't, it still turned out okay.

(soft chuckle)

Well, for me anyways.

Amelia looks at her, smiles.

AMELIA (cont'd)

And I'm sure it'll also turn out okay for you too.

Tatum half smiles. Amelia starts crying again.

TATUM

I'm so sorry about Neil. I promise, I didn't say anything.

(emotional)

Or even knew that he was going to--

AMELIA

Shh, shh. I know, sweetie, I know.

She seems genuine, continues to grieve.

Tatum feels for her, but is hesitant to let her guard down.

Amelia wipes her tears, then.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Why were you in the attic?

TATUM

I wasn't.

Amelia cocks her head.

AMELIA

The door was open, and we both know
that Neil didn't do it.

Tatum looks down at her mug, ashamed.

AMELIA (cont'd)

You can tell me, sweetheart.

Tatum looks at Amelia, she seems trustworthy...

AMELIA (cont'd)

What were you doing in there?

TATUM

Nothing. I only opened it to see if
Neil was up there because it sounded
like he was...but I never went in.

She can't tell if Amelia believes her, or not.

TATUM (cont'd)

I swear.

Amelia keeps her eyes on Tatum for a moment, smiles.

AMELIA

There's nothing but junk, black mold,
and rotted floorboards up there.

She stands up, towers over Tatum.

AMELIA (cont'd)

It's not a safe place for a pregnant
woman to explore.

Amelia exits, we hear her walk up the stairs.

Tatum takes a moment to sit with this encounter, trying to
determine if it was genuine or not.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tatum makes her way up the stairs, but stops when she sees
Amelia inside her bedroom, closing the door.

Amelia pauses when she notices Tatum, stares at her.

Behind Amelia, we see Owen's snuggled up in her bed, sleeping peacefully...

Suddenly, we hear **SCRATCHING** and **SCURRYING** in the attic.

Both Amelia and Tatum look up at the locked door.

Amelia's triggered, she closes and locks her bedroom door.

Tatum glances back at the padlock on the attic, she needs to find that fucking key.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (FRIDAY)

Tatum slaves away in the kitchen.

There's fresh coffee, orange juice, pancakes, and breakfast sandwiches made out of the Thanksgiving turkey they weren't able to enjoy last night.

Owen and Amelia enter. Tatum's charm brightens up the room.

TATUM
Good morning.

She walks over to Owen, kisses him.

TATUM (cont'd)
How are you feeling? Did you get enough sleep last night?

He's surprised she's still not pissed at him.

OWEN
We're okay...and I slept fine.

AMELIA
Me too.

Owen admires all of the cooking Tatum did.

OWEN
Uh, wow. You really didn't have to do this, babe.

Amelia pours herself a cup of coffee.

TATUM
I know...but I wanted to. I feel terrible after last night.

He knows, and feels awful for the part he played in it too.

OWEN
I'm sorry for how I reacted. I
shouldn't have lashed out on you
like--

Amelia dramatically SPITS the coffee out in the sink. Owen
and Tatum look over at her.

OWEN (cont'd)
Are you alright?

AMELIA
Yea, it's just--
(*spits again*)
The coffee tastes burnt.

Of course it does.

OWEN
I'll make you a new cup.

He walks over to the coffee machine, Amelia beams.

AMELIA
Thank you so much, baby.

Owen brews her another cup. Amelia cozies up next to him.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I think we should bury your father
before it starts snowing again.

TATUM
Is that legal?

Amelia glares at her, then turns back to Owen.

AMELIA
We had a grave dug for him since
winter was around the corner, and we
didn't know when he'd...

A moment of silence.

TATUM
Is that what's under the tarp?

Amelia snuggles into Owen's arm, solemnly nods.

OWEN
You should stay inside and relax.
I'll take care of it.

Owen hands Amelia a new cup of coffee.

AMELIA

Oh, no, honey-- you can't do all of that on your own.

OWEN

It's okay, mom. I'll let you know when it's done, so you can come out and say a few--

AMELIA

No. I wasn't there for his last moments.

(beat, tearful)

But I can be there for these.

OWEN

Okay...well, we should start sooner rather than later.

(to Tatum)

You can come too if you want.

Tatum watches Amelia try to hide her tears.

TATUM

I think it should just be family.

OWEN

But you are family--

TATUM

I know...but this is something you and your mom should do together.

Amelia looks at her, wary.

TATUM (cont'd)

I'll come say goodbye once you're done.

Owen thinks about it, nods.

OWEN

Okay.

(kisses her)

I love you.

TATUM

I love you too.

He grabs a breakfast sandwich to go, exits.

Amelia follows him with her coffee, but stops and looks at Tatum. She half smiles at her.

Tatum remains poised, smiles back. Amelia exits.

Tatum watches them make their way through the house.

Once we hear the front door close, she immediately starts searching through every drawer and cupboard.

She finds one small key, pockets it.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum does the same thing in the dining room.

She pockets two keys she found in the china cabinet.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Tatum searches every inch of the living room, but only finds one key in here.

She quickly peeks out of the window, sees Owen and Amelia in the distance carrying Neil's body to his grave.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum rushes down the hallway with a stool, plants it directly under the attic door.

She steps up, tries to unlock the lock with every key she just found...but none of them work.

She hops off the stool, heads for Amelia's bedroom.

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum sneaks in, closes the door behind her.

She starts going through every single drawer in the dresser, closet, bedside tables, and desk.

She even looks underneath the bed, but doesn't find anything...

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum runs down the hall, enters the --

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum snoops around, turns the bathroom upside down looking for this key...but can't find anything.

She sees the nauseating bath photo has been pulled out of the drawer and put back in it's place.

That pisses her off.

Tatum grabs it, CHUCKS it back into the drawer where it should belong...but something *jingles* inside.

She pulls the frame back out, opens the back of it, and finds a key.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum rushes back to the stool, hops on. She puts the key she found in the bathroom into the lock...and it opens.

TATUM
(sotto)
Shut the fuck up.

She takes the lock off, but we hear Owen and Amelia walk back inside.

Tatum immediately puts the lock back on, locks it, and pockets the key.

She hops off the stool...

OWEN (O.S.)
Tatum?

...quietly SPRINTS down the hall.

TATUM
One second!

Into the --

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum rushes in, opens the picture frame, and shoves all of the keys that didn't work inside of it.

INT. STAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum glides down the stairs, turns into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

-- and SLAMS right into Owen.

TATUM
Shit, sorry--

Tatum looks over his shoulder.

Amelia's sitting on the couch, SOBBING into the sweater Neil died in.

TATUM (cont'd)
How'd it go?

OWEN
Not well. We had to take a break.

He sympathetically looks at his mom, lowers his tone.

OWEN (cont'd)
She's not doing too great.

Tatum feels for her.

OWEN (cont'd)
I'm going to run her a bath, and put her in bed...then finish what we started.

TATUM
Okay.

OWEN
(a bit surprised)
...you sure?

TATUM
Yea, do whatever you need to do.

He appreciates that, smiles.

OWEN
Thanks.

Owen picks his grieving mother up, she collapses in his arms. He slowly walks her to the stairs.

Amelia's too emotional to acknowledge Tatum. They exit.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tatum's sound asleep as the blizzard starts back up again.

Owen sneaks in, trying not to disturb her. He quietly slips into his pajamas, crawls into bed, and knocks out instantly.

After a few moments, Tatum opens her eyes.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tatum exits Owen's room, holding the small stool. She closes the door behind her, tip toes to the attic.

She sets the stool down, hops up, and unlocks the padlock with the key.

Tatum pulls the lock off, pockets it. Steps off the stool, moves it aside, and opens the attic door.

She gently pulls down the ladder, it's dark and still up there.

She cautiously climbs up the stairs, enters the --

INT. ATTIC -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum does her best to not make her presence known...but she can't see anything.

She pulls out her phone, turns on the flashlight.

Amelia wasn't lying. The attic is cluttered with boxes, old furniture, children's toys, various tools, and black mold.

Tatum shines the light on the ground.

The floorboards are also cracked and covered in fungus.

Something **SCURRIES AROUND** in the back of the attic.

She points her flashlight at it. Some boxes and various pieces of broken children's furniture subtly move around.

Tatum walks over, careful about where she does and doesn't step. The **SCURRYING** continues.

She reaches to the back corner of the attic, but the noises suddenly STOP.

She investigates with her light, but can't make out what--

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

THREE GIANT RATS LEAP OUT and **SCURRY** to the other side of the attic.

Tatum JUMPS, but is relieved it was just rats.

I guess that means Amelia also wasn't lying about that either...

She sighs, maybe she's been letting her fears about her mother-in-law get the best of her.

Tatum scratches her neck, heads back to the exit...

But her flashlight shines on something that grabs her attention.

A RED CHEST.

It's nestled in-between dozens of boxes and old furniture. Almost like someone was trying to hide it.

Tatum creeps towards it. She pushes the boxes and junk away.

But sees there's a lock on the chest.

She gets up, looks through various tools on the floor, and finds a hammer.

She picks it up, walks back to the chest, raises the hammer to SMASH the lock off...but hesitates.

Someone will definitely wake up to that.

Tatum puts the hammer down, looks around for a tool she can use that will be a little more discrete.

She stumbles upon some heavy duty BOLT CUTTERS nestled in-between a toddler's bike and broken high-chair.

She grabs them, tip toes back to the chest, and CUTS the lock off.

She opens it, it's filled with old children's clothes, toys, and artwork of a mother and son.

Tatum starts going through each item one by one, and eventually finds some old photos.

We can't see them, but we can tell that they're puzzling by the look on Tatum's face.

She continues to sort through the chest, pulling out more photos, drawings, and papers that we still can't see...

But makes her feel more uneasy.

Tatum pulls out a document that makes her jaw drop.

And finds another that disgusts her.

She can't believe what she's fucking reading. Horrified is an understatement, she needs to get out of there. *NOW*.

Tatum SNAPS a picture of both documents on her phone, then puts everything back into the chest as fast as she can.

She stands up, turns to the exit...

BUT SOMEONE'S STANDING THERE.

Tatum freezes in terror, immediately shoves her phone into the back of her pants.

The dark figure doesn't move, growls in a demonic tone.

AMELIA
I told you not to go in the attic.

Tatum's too stunned to speak.

AMELIA (cont'd)
What did you find?

TATUM
No-- nothing. Just some toys Neil
wanted to give to us.

Amelia knows she's lying.

TATUM (cont'd)
He thought it would be nice for the
baby to have something of Owen's from
when he was kid.

An ominous moment.

AMELIA
Well, I hope you found what you were
looking for, sweetheart.

Tatum sheepishly nods, heads for the ladder without looking too suspicious as she passes her mother-in-law.

Amelia notices Tatum's phone is sticking out of her pants, the photo Tatum just took is still on the screen.

Amelia's eyes widen, she SNATCHES the bolt cutters.

Tatum turns when she hears this.

WHACK! Amelia STRIKES Tatum across the face with it.

Tatum tumbles out of the attic.

Her head HITS one of the steps, **CRACK!**

Her stomach and body SMASHES against every step and corner of the ladder as she makes her way down.

Just as her skull's about to **SLAM** against the wooden floor...

WE CUT TO:

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

BAM! Owen JOLTS awake, *what the fuck was that?!*

He notices that Tatum isn't sleeping next to him anymore.

OWEN

Tatum?

She's not here. He SPRINTS out of the room --

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Owen sees Tatum's on the floor, a pool of blood seeps from her head. Amelia's on her knees, bent over Tatum's waist.

He RUNS to them.

OWEN

TATUM!

Amelia pushes herself off the floor, pockets something.

AMELIA

Oh, Owen, thank god!

Owen drops to the floor next to his wife.

AMELIA (cont'd)

She just fell out of the attic!

He scoops her up in his arms.

Tatum's still alive, but her jaw is disfigured, some of her teeth have been shattered, and she's *WHEEZING*.

There's a MASSIVE GASH on her mutilated face, GAPING WOUND on the back of her head, and her neck is broken.

Seeing her like this breaks Owen's fucking heart.

OWEN
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

BLOOD spews out of Tatum's mouth and onto him as she tries to tell him what happened, but she stops struggling...

OWEN (cont'd)
Tatum?

...and the life disappears from her eyes. He shakes her.

OWEN (cont'd)
Tatum, wake up.

She doesn't blink, move, nor respond.

OWEN (cont'd)
Please, baby, come back.

He checks her pulse, lightly smacks her face a couple times.

OWEN (cont'd)
COME BACK!

Owen panics. He starts doing chest compressions on her.

AMELIA
Honey, she's gone.

He doesn't stop, if anything he pushes down HARDER...

AMELIA (cont'd)
Owen, stop--

...and **BREAKS** Tatum's sternum.

BLOOD aggressively oozes out of the back of her head with every deep THRUST on her chest.

AMELIA
You're only making things worse.

She tries to pull him away, but he shrugs her off.

OWEN
(through his teeth)
Don't touch me.

He's determined to bring his wife back.

Amelia doesn't listen, she tries to pull him away again.

AMELIA
Don't worry, sweetie--

But he shakes her off with more force.

She tries for a third time...

AMELIA (cont'd)
You'll find someone else--

Owen stops doing CPR, SNAPS at his mother.

OWEN
STOP FUCKING TOUCHING ME--

Amelia BACKHANDS Owen across the face.

AMELIA
Don't you dare speak to me like that.

He scowls at her. Amelia realizes that she fucked up.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I don't know what came
over--

He picks Tatum up, carries her down the hallway.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Where are you going?!

OWEN
The hospital.

AMELIA
What-- why?!

Owen ignores her, runs as fast as he can down the --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Tatum's limp body flails in his arms.

INT. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Owen enters, grabs his car keys.

AMELIA (O.C.)
Owen, wait!

We see her rushing down the stairs after him.

AMELIA
You're going to die if you drive
out--

He exits.

EXT. PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

The icy wind cuts Owen's face like a cold knife, but he doesn't care. He PLOWS his way to the --

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Owen trudges to his car that's buried in snow.

The blizzard's wind YOWLS like a tortured bobcat, pushing deep into his ears making it hard to see or think straight.

He finally reaches his car.

Owen wipes the snow off of the door with the side of his body, careful not to disturb Tatum.

He unlocks the door, tries to open it...but it won't budge.

He tries again with more force, sees it's frozen shut.

Amelia exits the house behind him, the wind RIPS and TEARS at her clothes.

AMELIA
All of the roads are closed!

Owen readjusts his wife in his arms, and heads down the rest of the driveway by foot.

AMELIA (cont'd)
OWEN!

She goes after him.

Owen drags himself and Tatum through the snow, each step more arduous than the last.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Owen, stop!

The storm picks up, he can barely see two feet in front of him...

AMELIA (cont'd)
Please!

Owen TRIPS into the snow. Tatum falls out of his arms.

AMELIA (O.C.)

OWEN!

He tries to pick her up, but SINKS DEEPER into the ground.

He holds Tatum close to his chest.

The loss HITS him...and he starts SOBBING.

Amelia pushes her way through the blizzard.

AMELIA

Don't worry, baby, I'm here!

She finally catches up, wraps her arms around him.

AMELIA (cont'd)

Mommy's got you.

Owen's heart-wrenching cries morph into **PETRIFYING SCREAMS**.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY (SATURDAY)

Owen mindlessly soaks in a full, hot bath.

He stares at a broken tile in front of him. Thinking about what he's going to do, and where he's going to go from--

KNOCK, KNOCK.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Owen?

He looks at the door, SINKS deeper into the water.

We hear the doorknob **JIGGLE**.

AMELIA (O.S.) (cont'd)

(anxious)

Why is the door locked?

Owen holds his breath, doesn't take his eyes off the door like a kid who knows the Boogeyman's on the other side.

The doorknob **JIGGLES** with more force and aggression, but it doesn't budge.

Amelia **POUNDS** on the door like a pissed off banshee.

AMELIA (O.S.) (cont'd)

OWEN?!!

OWEN
Yes, mom, I'm fine!

AMELIA (O.S.)
Then why is the door locked?

OWEN
Because I want to be alone right now.

AMELIA (O.S.)
But...

She takes a moment. The fear grows in Owen's eyes with each passing second of her bitter silence.

AMELIA (O.S.) (cont'd)
(somber)
You never lock the door.

After a haunting beat, we hear Amelia walk away.

And Owen looks like he can finally fucking breathe again.

INT. STAIRS -- NIGHT

Owen walks down the stairs, bundled up in fresh clothes.

He enters the --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Even though the fire crackles and classical music plays on the turntable in the background, the house feels grim.

OWEN
...mom?

Nothing. We follow him into the --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She's not in here either.

Owen walks across the dining room, enters the --

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

There's still no sign of Amelia.

Owen exhales, somewhat relieved.

He looks through the cabinets until he finds an old bottle of his dad's scotch.

He pours himself a full glass, takes a big sip.

He walks to the window, sees the blizzard has stopped.

Hoarfrost outlines every inch of the skeletal branches making the woods look like the haunting forests of Narnia.

Owen takes another sip, admires the stillness outside.

But notices tiny footprints in the snowy ground, wandering away from the house.

EXT. PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Owen exits, still holding his cup of scotch.

He follows the footprints with his eyes, and sees someone towering over a small fire in their fire pit.

Owen takes a few steps forward, squints.

It's Amelia.

The wind picks up. He watches her sprinkle gasoline onto a red chest.

The flames GROW, engulfing whatever she's trying to burn entirely.

INT. OWEN'S ROOM -- DAY (SUNDAY)

It's dark, the black out curtains have been pulled.

Owen's in bed with the covers over his head, his pillow soaks up his silent tears.

...*knock, knock*...

Over his shoulder, we see Amelia open the door.

AMELIA

Honey?

He doesn't respond.

AMELIA (cont'd)

You've been in here all day.

Silence.

AMELIA (cont'd)
You need to eat something.

Amelia enters, holding a plate of food.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I made your favorite dish.

She walks over to him, sits on the bed.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Dino nuggets and fun shaped mac and
cheese.

She shows him the plate, sweetly smiles.

AMELIA (cont'd)
See?

Owen glances at it.

OWEN
I haven't had that since I was ten.

AMELIA
I know...but you still need to eat
something.

OWEN
I'm not hungry.

That's not the answer she's looking for, she tries again.

AMELIA
Please, sweetie.

She moves the food closer to his face...

AMELIA (cont'd)
For me?

But Owen SMACKS the plate out of her hands.

OWEN
I SAID I'M NOT HUNGRY.

Amelia recoils, on the verge of tears.

AMELIA
I'm sorry. I just-- I used to make
that for you when you were sad.

He looks at her. She hangs her head low.

AMELIA (cont'd)
And it always made you feel better...

Owen feels bad for snapping, it seems like she's trying.
He gets out of bed, picks the food off of the floor.

OWEN
Thanks.

Amelia smiles, tenderly touches his face.

AMELIA
Of course, baby.

She pulls the curtains open. Daylight pours in, stinging Owen's eyes. We see there's dirty clothes all over the room.

Amelia grabs a laundry basket, starts throwing them into the hamper.

Owen watches her grab Tatum's robe, he panics.

OWEN
Wait!

She looks at him, confused.

OWEN (cont'd)
That's Tatum's.

Amelia remains still, she doesn't get it.

OWEN (cont'd)
It--
(tearful)
It still smells like her.

She carelessly drops Tatum's robe back onto the floor.

Owen rushes over and picks it up.

He holds it against his face like it's his security blanket.

Amelia picks up the rest of the clothes...

OWEN (cont'd)
What were you burning last night?

She pauses, looks at him.

AMELIA
I have no idea what you're talking about, sweetheart.

OWEN

I saw you burning something in the
fire pit.

(beat)

What was it?

AMELIA

I haven't burnt anything in that pit
in months. You were probably just
having a bad dream.

Owen knows that she's gaslighting him.

Amelia walks to the door with his laundry...

OWEN

What really happened to Tatum?

AMELIA

She fell out of the attic.

OWEN

The gash on her face didn't look like
it was from a fall.

She stops, looks back at him.

AMELIA

I only know just as much as you.

OWEN

Why were you bent over her?

AMELIA

Because I was doing CPR--

OWEN

On her waist?

Amelia doesn't know how to respond.

OWEN (cont'd)

Just tell me the truth, mom.

AMELIA

I already did, honey.

OWEN

Please--

(beat, emotional)

I just want to know what happened.

She solemnly smiles.

AMELIA
Me too, sweetheart. Me too.

Owen's anger grows in his eyes, he presses her.

OWEN
Why was she in the attic?

AMELIA
I don't know, baby--

OWEN
What was she looking for?

Amelia's mask starts to crack, she nervously laughs.

AMELIA
Probably something to make me look
like a monster.

Owen pauses, then musters up the courage to say...

OWEN
Did you kill her?

Amelia stares at him with vacant eyes. He tries again after an unsettling moment.

OWEN (cont'd)
Did you kill Tatum?

She still doesn't blink, remains emotionless.

Owen does his best to not let her intimidate him with the silent treatment...but it's challenging.

After a few long, uncomfortable beats, Amelia chuckles and shakes her head in disbelief.

Then looks at him with extreme disappointment.

AMELIA
I raised you better than this.

She opens the door, exits.

Owen remains motionless, still clutching onto Tatum's robe. Questioning all of his instincts.

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM -- PRE-DAWN (MONDAY)

Amelia's sound asleep in bed with an eye mask on, a white noise machine plays in the background.

We see her door slowly **creak** open.

Owen peeks in...watches her...then quietly closes the door.

EXT. PORCH -- PRE-DAWN

Owen exits the house.

He puts a jacket on, then treks into the darkness where the fire pit resides.

EXT. FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

Owen walks deeper into the property towards the fire pit.

He finally reaches it, but sees that his mother covered it with snow.

He pushes the snow around with his boots, finds bits and pieces charcoal.

He kneels down, digs deeper.

Until he finally discovers the remains of what his mother was trying to burn.

Everything is black and burnt to the crisp.

It doesn't look like whatever it was survived.

Owen continues to sort through the pit, analyzes anything he can find.

He's shocked when he finds Tatum's phone. It's not only burnt, but was SMASHED before getting thrown in.

His heart sinks with this harrowing realization.

He aggressively digs to see if there's anything else he can find that will prove his gut's right...

But all of the evidence has been destroyed.

Owen stands, frustrated. There's nothing else here.

He gets ready to make his way back home.

But sees something sticking out of the snow a few feet away.

The wind must have blown it out of the fire.

He walks over, picks it up, and wipes the ice off of it.

It's a damaged, half burnt PHOTO OF AMELIA (13) HOLDING A NEWBORN BABY.

She looks frail and depleted, but smiles anyways.

Owen turns the photo over, nothing's on the back of it.

He turns around, and sees Amelia's standing right behind him with big, worried eyes.

AMELIA
I'm starting to get really worried
about your mental health, Owen.

He doesn't react.

AMELIA (cont'd)
I think it would be best if you moved
back in with--

He shows her the photo.

OWEN
Who's this?

Amelia looks unwell when she sees it.

OWEN (cont'd)
Who's the baby you're holding?

She doesn't know how to respond.

OWEN (cont'd)
Is this a sibling of yours I didn't
know about?
(beat, hesitant)
Or mine?

Tears well up in her eyes, a moment.

AMELIA
Someone took advantage of me when I
was a little girl...but he ended up
giving me the most beautiful gift.

She looks down. Owen patiently waits for her to continue.

AMELIA (cont'd)
My first born loved me in a way no
one else did-- including my own
family.

OWEN
Where are they?

She ignores him, continues.

AMELIA
He didn't look at me like I was
broken, or damaged goods--

OWEN
What happened to him, mom?

AMELIA
-- unlike every other man.

Owen's face flushes with fury.

OWEN
Tell me where he is.

AMELIA
We had a bond that no one else
understood--

Owen shakes his head, he can't take it anymore.

AMELIA (cont'd)
And he taught me how to be a great
moth--

OWEN
Did you kill him?!

Amelia looks at him, ashamed of the truth.

OWEN (cont'd)
(tearful)
Like Tatum?

She starts crying.

OWEN (cont'd)
Tell me what happened, mom.

She continues to weep, harder.

OWEN (cont'd)
Please.
(beat)
Where is my--

Amelia weakly points to Neil's grave.

Owen looks at the tree they buried his father under.

He doesn't get it...

OWEN (cont'd)

Wha--

...but then it clicks, and his eyes slowly widen in horror.

AMELIA

Even though we had so much love for
each other--

He finally looks at her like the deranged psychopath she
truly is.

OWEN

No--

AMELIA

I still felt like something was
missing.

Owen puts his hands over his ears, shakes his head.

OWEN

No, no, no, no, no, no--

AMELIA

That's when you came along--

He can't stand still anymore, paces back and forth.

OWEN

(mortified)

That's not true.

AMELIA

And I finally felt complete--

Owen gets in her face.

OWEN

SHUT UP! Shut the fuck up!

Amelia tries not to take his reactions personally.

AMELIA

Now, that Tatum's gone--

OWEN

No--

(devastated)

Oh god, no--

AMELIA

We can finally love each other the
way a mother and son should--

OWEN LUNGES AT AND STARTS STRANGLING HER.

Amelia's eyes look like they're about to pop out of their sockets.

She tries to pry Owen's hands away from her neck, but his grip is too strong.

She starts to choke, struggling to breathe.

Amelia's face BEGS Owen to stop, but he doesn't.

Tears stream down her face, she's realizing this is the end.

She silently pleads with her eyes one last time.

We can tell it's getting harder for Owen to look at her.

Because even though she's a fucking monster...

She's still his mother.

So, he lets her go.

Amelia collapses in the snow, COUGHING and GASPING for air.

Owen tries to walk away, but falls to his knees.

She catches her breath.

AMELIA (cont'd)

I knew it!

He bends over, digs his fists deep into the snow.

Feeling like the biggest coward...

AMELIA (O.C.)

I knew you couldn't hurt me!

Owen releases all of his pent up rage and mindfuckery with a **BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.**

Amelia pushes herself up, weakly runs over to him.

She drops to her knees, wraps her arms around him.

AMELIA

I love you so much, baby.

She kisses his entire face...

AMELIA (cont'd)

Now, we can finally be together.

...and whispers in his ear.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Just like how it's supposed to be.

Owen doesn't flinch or blink.

He stares off into the woods like a lobotomized mental patient, it doesn't seem like there's a way out of this...

AMELIA (cont'd)
Come on.

She tries to pull him up.

AMELIA (cont'd)
Let's go inside--

He's still, she pulls him harder.

AMELIA (cont'd)
-- and get you in a nice, hot bath.

Amelia YANKS Owen up on his feet. He remains paralyzed.

She holds his hand, and walks him home.

INT. ENTRY -- MOMENTS LATER

Amelia and Owen enter. She takes off their jackets --

INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

-- and leads him up the creaky, wooden stairs.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Amelia drags Owen down the hall, into the --

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind them.

Owen stands in a mindless trance.

Amelia runs the water, adjusts the temperature until it's perfect.

She throws in a lavender bath bomb, it explodes in the hot water. Turning it a light purple.

She pours a white, milky substance in. Bubbles fill and overwhelm the tub.

Amelia grabs Owen's hand, pulls him towards the bath.

She starts undressing him.

He doesn't move, making it a little more challenging for her to take his clothes off.

She struggles to pull his sweater off, same with his undershirt...but eventually succeeds.

She unbuttons and unzips his pants, pulls them down along with his boxers.

Owen covers his shame with both of his hands.

His naked body *trembles* with nerves.

She leads him into the tub, lowers him in until he's fully emerged.

Owen's empty eyes remain fixated on the broken tile in front of him. He's struggling to accept his fate.

Amelia grabs a sponge, bathes him with the soapy water.

AMELIA

See?

She cleans his neck and chest.

AMELIA (cont'd)

This isn't so bad.

He doesn't move, speak, nor look at her...

AMELIA (cont'd)

Is it, baby?

...but he starts breathing harder.

Amelia smiles, lifts his arm up and starts scrubbing.

When she's done, she does the same with his other arm.

Owen's breath picks up the pace.

Amelia tosses the sponge in the bath, softly kisses his cheek.

She takes off her shirt, but Owen keeps his eyes on the broken tile.

He breathes faster, almost like he's hyperventilating.

She unhooks her bra, and is about to slip it off...

BUT OWEN SNATCHES THE BACK OF HER HEAD AND SMASHES HER FACE INTO EDGE OF THE BATHTUB.

Then submerges her wounded face into the bath.

Amelia's arms start FLAILING around.

But he's still fixated on the tile in front of him.

Owen does everything he can to avoid looking at Amelia by keeping her head under water.

Her blood turns the purple bathwater into a dark magenta.

She continues to struggle, but is quickly losing this battle.

He SHOVES her head down deeper, bent on finishing what he started.

Owen's innocent doe eyes slowly morph into a sociopathic black.

After a few beats, his mother finally stops fighting.

So, he lets her go.

Amelia's lifeless body hangs over the edge, head bobs in the bloody bathwater like a Halloween apple.

Machine-like, Owen pulls himself out of the tub, grabs his clothes, and exits.

INT. STAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Owen's clothed, but he's still wet.

He rushes down the stairs as he puts his sweater on.

INT. ENTRY -- CONTINUOUS

He grabs his jacket, keys, and exits --

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS -- MORNING

The orange sun slowly peeks over the horizon.

Owen puts on his jacket.

He snatches a snow shovel off the deck, walks to the --

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Owen starts aggressively digging his car out of the snow.

INT. SHED -- DAY

Owen enters the old, rundown shed.

Tatum's body has been nicely wrapped in a blanket.

He grabs chains for his tires.

He walks to Tatum, gently picks her up, and exits.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Owen opens the back door of his car, carefully slides Tatum into the back seat. He kneels down, rests his head on hers.

OWEN

I'm sorry.

He kisses her forehead.

OWEN (cont'd)

(tearful)

I'm so sorry.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Owen puts chains on the tires of his car.

INT. OWEN'S CAR -- LATER

He hops in the driver's seat, wipes his tears.

He turns the car on...

And drives down the long, mysterious driveway.

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING - HIGHWAY - WASHINGTON -- NIGHT

Owen reaches the bottom of the mountain, it looks like he's been grieving the entire journey down.

He turns right, drives onto the highway.

DING! Owen has service again, he looks at his phone that's sitting in the cup holder.

He has one new text from...Tatum.

That freaks him out, he quickly glances in the backseat to make sure she's still deceased.

She is.

DING! It's another text from Tatum.

Owen swerves when he grabs his phone and opens the texts.

It's of two images. He clicks on the first one, zooms in.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
NEIL WOODROW
SEX: MALE
PARENTS: AMELIA WOODROW

A car pulls out from the side of the highway and starts tailgating him, but he doesn't notice.

Owen clicks on the second image, zooms in.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
BABY WOODROW
SEX: FEMALE
PARENTS: AMELIA WOODROW & NEIL WOODROW

He shakes his head in disbelief, *there's no way...*

The car behind him puts on LIGHTS and SIRENS.

Owen drops his phone, it falls onto the floor.

He looks in the rear view mirror, sees he's getting pulled over by a cop.

OWEN
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck--

He pulls over to the right. The police car follows him.

They both stop, put their cars in park.

Owen wipes his face and fixes his hair, trying his best not to look like someone who has a dead body in the back seat.

We see through his rear window, two police officers step out of their vehicle that's parked behind him.

They walk towards Owen's car with flashlights.

Owen keeps his hands on the steering wheel, takes a few deep breaths of encouragement...

KNOCK, KNOCK.

He rolls down his window, looks at a POLICE OFFICER (37) whose name tag reads J. MUNRO.

Munro flashes his light in Owen's eyes.

MUNRO
License and registration, please.

Owen looks at his passenger side window.

The other POLICE OFFICER (31) whose name tag reads Z. NGUYEN also shines his flashlight in Owen's eyes.

MUNRO (O.C.)
Sir?

OWEN
Uh, yea--

He nervously grabs his license and registration, gives them to Munro.

OWEN (cont'd)
Sorry.

Munro looks at them, then back at Owen.

MUNRO
Know why I pulled you over?

He's scared to say.

MUNRO (cont'd)
You were texting and driving.

Owen watches Officer Nguyen shine his flashlight into the back seat.

MUNRO (cont'd)
And your front left headlight's out.

OWEN
Uh, right...sorry. That just happened.

Nguyen shines his flashlight back onto Owen's face.

OWEN (cont'd)
I haven't had time to fix it.

MUNRO
Uh-huh.

Munro and Nguyen keep their eyes on him.

NGUYEN
Where are you headed?

OWEN
Seattle.

NGUYEN
What's in Seattle?

OWEN
Home.

Owen keeps his eyes forward, small beads of sweat form on his forehead.

MUNRO
Okay, hang tight.

Munro walks back to the police vehicle, but Nguyen circles around Owen's car like a hawk. Investigating every detail.

Owen wipes the sweat beads off his face, it looks like he's shitting bricks.

He glances at his rear view mirror, watches Munro slip into his car, and dangle one leg out.

Nguyen inches towards Owen's side. He flashes his light in the back seat again, reaches for the handle...

MUNRO (cont'd)
Nguyen!

Nguyen turns around.

Munro hops out out his car, walks over to him.

Owen watches them chat in his side view mirror.

They talk quietly, puzzled, but Owen can still hear them.

NGUYEN
(muffled)
So...what do we do? Arrest him?

Owen squirms in his seat. *Arrest me? Do they know?*

They catch Owen staring at them in his side view mirror.

Owen immediately looks forward.

Munro and Nguyen walk back over to him.

Nguyen's on the driver's side this time, he sizes Owen up.

NGUYEN (cont'd)
Where's your wife, Mr. Woodrow?

Owen looks at Munro who's on the passenger side.

OWEN
Uh, home.

He can't tell if either of the officers believe him or not.

NGUYEN
You know a lot of people have been
looking for you two?

OWEN
No...why?

Nguyen doesn't answer, one long nerveracking beat later...

NGUYEN
Step out of the car, please.

Fuck. Owen dreadfully unbuckles his seat belt --

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

-- and steps out of his car.

NGUYEN
Turn around.

Owen does.

NGUYEN (cont'd)
Put your hands on the vehicle.

He nervously complies. Nguyen pulls out hand cuffs...

NGUYEN (cont'd)
I'm placing you under arrest.

...and cuffs Owen.

OWEN
For what?

Nguyen stands behind Owen. Munro walks over and faces him.

NGUYEN

You have the right to remain--

OWEN

But why are you arresting me?

Munro looks at him, *don't play dumb with me.*

MUNRO

Come on, man...you know.

Owen has an inkling, but is hesitant to say.

Nguyen and Munro look at each other, bewildered.

MUNRO (cont'd)

You're under arrest for incest.

That takes Owen completely off guard.

OWEN

What? No, that can't--

MUNRO

It's illegal in the state of Washington--

OWEN

I know, but-- I didn't--

MUNRO

You're married to your twin.

Owen tilts his head, the idea of it almost makes him laugh.

OWEN

I don't have a--

But then he remembers the text Tatum sent him.

MUNRO

And you're having a baby with her,
Mr. Woodrow.

The color drains from Owen's face with this sickening realization...

MUNRO (cont'd)

Someone reported the DNA tests that confirmed it.

...and his entire world shatters as if he's living in a fucked up episode of The Twilight Zone.

Owen stares ahead, eyes devoid of any emotion like a robot.

MUNRO (cont'd)
(to Nguyen)
You can take him now.

NGUYEN
Come on.

We hold on Owen as Nguyen drags him to the police car.

Over his shoulder, we see Munro do a double take into Owen's backseat. He shines his flashlight in there.

Nguyen tries to find the keys to unlock the back door.

Owen remains stoic.

Munro opens Owen's backseat...

...carefully unwraps the blanket...

And the second Tatum's dead arm flops out, we --

CUT TO BLACK: