

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

OPEN ON BLACK

We open to the sounds of rough, heavy breathing. A woman cries out, in pain or pleasure we don't yet know. We hear animal grunting, savage and guttural.

FADE IN

INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The first image we see is rough hardcore straight sex on a TV screen. There is an unpleasant violence to the image, an ugliness beneath the coitus. Standing in front of the TV, his back to us, NATHAN masturbates slowly. He is a slightly paunchy, right-handed, twenty-something nerd. He's naked from the waist down, having dropped his shorts. A Tigger T-shirt barely covers his hairy backside.

NATHAN

Let's see her face, fellas.

On the wall to each side of the TV hang posters of comic book characters. On the entertainment center, next to the TV, sits a DVD collection of cartoons. On top of the TV several well-thumbed poetry books (Shelley, Byron, the Romantics) collect dust. Nathan continues to masturbate to the decidedly not good-natured sex video.

Suddenly, Nathan's CELL PHONE rings. The tone is goofy, the theme song to a sitcom we can't quite place.

NATHAN

Shit.

Nathan increases the intensity of his masturbation, but the phone rings again. And again. With his "free" left hand, Nathan grabs his phone off a nearby bookshelf stuffed with professional poetry books, bound notebooks, loose scratch sheets of paper. His right hand lingers on his penis. He flips open the phone.

The image that greets Nathan is the smiling face of CHRISTINA. Chris is a green-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned beauty. Nathan quickly removes his hand from his erection and pauses the porn.

NATHAN

Hey! Hold on a second.

Nathan pulls his shorts up.

NATHAN

What's up?

CHRIS (O.S.)

What do you mean what's up? Happy Birthday, dork!

NATHAN

Oh. Thanks! I wasn't sure you'd remember.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Nate, of course I remembered! What kind of lousy friend do you think I am? It's the big two five. Quarter of a century old.

NATHAN

Ugh. Don't remind me.

CHRIS (O.S.)

So. I wanted to see if you had any thoughts on a birthday present.

NATHAN

A blowjob would be nice.

They both laugh.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm sure. But you ask for that every year. Think of something new.

NATHAN

Sorry, I'm running out of dirty stuff to say to you.

Nathan smirks. His left hand creeps to the front of his shorts and begins massaging.

NATHAN

How about you, in a hot bubble bath, surrounded by olive-scented candles? Maybe some grape leaves woven in your hair? A real Roman goddess, all glowing and smooth. And you could let me bathe you.

Chris laughs and tsks.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Dirty old man.

NATHAN

I'm not done. Then I get to dry you off and play a little of the old cunning linguistics.

Chris sighs loudly through the phone. The sigh carries a weight of words unspoken and pauses pregnant.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Sweetie, I love your linguistics, especially that one you wrote about my "inner garden". I'm pretty sure John would object, though. To the poetry and letting you tongue me.

NATHAN

Fuck it. Bring him along. I feel bi-curious lately.

CHRIS (O.S.)

All right, all right. You can talk to me that way, just leave the husband out of it. Now seriously, mind out of the gutter for one moment, what do you want?

Nathan's left hand drops to his side. He paces the room, looking around at his various DVDs, videos, toys, posters, books, etc. His eyes find a framed painting on the wall next to his bed. It's a watercolor picture of a fantasy scene. The picture is signed, "Christina Bonaventura". Below the painting hangs a framed poem called "Gardenia Bonaventura", written by Nathan.

NATHAN

Shit, kiddo, I don't care. You know that. I treasure everything you give me.

CHRIS (O.S.)

You're sweet. And totally unhelpful. All right, I'll think of something. It's got to be really good, though. This is a big birthday.

The call waiting tone on Nathan's cell phone chimes.

NATHAN

Chris? I got another call coming in. Hold on a second.

Nathan checks the cell phone screen. There is no number listed. The call waiting tone chimes again and he hits the appropriate key to switch over.

NATHAN

Hello?

The voice that answers is Chris' voice, though there's something slow and alien in her tone.

CHRIS (O.S.)

It's me.

Nathan checks his phone screen again. It's not showing any image.

NATHAN

Hrm. That's weird. Your picture's not coming up and your voice sounds funny. Wonder if my phone's broke?

CHRIS (O.S.)

I was just thinking. Maybe I could come visit?

NATHAN

Really? That'd be great! I haven't seen you in a while.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I know. I miss you. Your warmth.

Nathan half-smiles, narrowing his eyes.

NATHAN

Oh, so now you're coming on to me. I see how it is.

Chris laughs: a strange, dark, coquettish giggle.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Just thinking of the couple of times you slept over.

Nathan's smile fades, washed away in an undertow of emotion.

NATHAN

Do you really think about that?

A high screech like the wail of some storybook ghoul blasts against Nathan's ear. He winces and almost drops the phone. When he checks it again, Chris' picture has returned.

NATHAN

I swear this fucking phone is broken.

When she speaks again, Chris' voice is back to her usual sunny, funny tones.

CHRIS (O.S.)

So yeah. Maybe I'll convince John to watch Katelynn and I'll come down for the night. The hotel cost will be your present, how's that?

NATHAN

I thought you missed my warmth?

A pause bordering on awkward greets Nathan's remark.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I do. We'll have the customary 15-minute hug.

Nathan replies to this with his own almost awkward pause. He frowns for a moment, but it doesn't last.

NATHAN

Cool. Well, I gotta go. I gotta earn that sweet Teaching Assistant cash.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Ooh, rich man. All right. I'll see you tonight.

NATHAN

Call me before you leave.

CHRIS (O.S.)

If I remember.

NATHAN

All right. Later, kiddo. Love you.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Love you, too.

Nathan closes the phone. He stares into space for a moment. His eyes slowly raise to the paused porn. Lower to the phone. Glance at the watercolor painting and poetry. Back down to the phone. He sets the phone down, picks up the remote, and un-pauses the porn. He walks over to his desk in the corner.

On the desk stands a framed photograph of Chris. She's a tall, sinewy gal in a white tank top and bell-bottom hip-huggers. It's the kind of posed photo that aspiring models take before they get professional photographers. We can hear the sounds of sex in the background.

Nathan sits down at the desk. He slides his shorts to the floor and resumes masturbating. But he doesn't watch the TV screen. He only has eyes for the framed photo. Between panting breaths, Nathan whispers Chris' name. Tears almost form on his bottom lids.

EXT. LONG STREET - AFTERNOON

Nathan walks down the street, hands in his pockets and iPod earbuds in his ears. Over his right shoulder is slung a battered tan leather attache case. He's a casual academic in fabrics and colors that suit him. He whisper-sings along to a piano songstress, someone with a soft voice and dense lyricism. The song is pretty but complex and a little wounded, haunting.

The street is suburban nouveau riche, gardens and flowering trees hanging over the sidewalk. The street is empty but for Nathan. He doesn't notice the isolation, engaged as he is in the music. Occasionally he glances into the driveways of his neighbors. He guiltily catches glimpses of their domestic lives.

BEGIN MONTAGE

A small child picking flowers from his mother's garden.

A housefrau vacuuming in her living room.

An elderly couple talking and gesticulating on their front porch.

END MONTAGE

Nathan faces forward, bored with this domestic banality. A faint feminine shout sneaks past his tinkling piano music.

Nathan slows his pace, confusion furrowing his brow but his lips curling in a half-smile. He checks his iPod. He concentrates but doesn't hear anything out of the ordinary. Just piano and a fair, clear voice. Maybe a backbeat.

This song doesn't have a backbeat. Nathan stops and turns down his iPod.

A steady, strange banging calls to him from the other side of the street. Nathan removes his earbuds and scans the two large houses that face him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

In the driveway of the right-hand house a MECHANIC lies under his car. He appears to be repairing something in the undercarriage.

The banging does not come from the mechanic and his car.

EXT. MECHANIC'S HOUSE

In a downstairs front window of the mechanic's house a cat suns itself. The long curl of tail lolls, but it doesn't beat against the window.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Nathan glances up to a window on the top floor of the left-hand house. The banging pauses. A figure moves in the darkness of an upstairs bedroom. Nathan steps cautiously into the street to get a better look.

IN THE WINDOW

The figure Nathan glimpsed moves closer to the glass. It is a beautiful woman, nude and olive-hued, tall and muscled. She shimmers in the dark of the room, a glimpse of something strange and seductive. A large hand, hairy-knuckled, reaches around her midsection, slides up her side, cups one perfectly proportional breast.

ON THE STREET

Nathan can't see the man to whom the hand belongs. He takes another few steps into the road, caution momentarily forgotten.

IN THE WINDOW

The woman presses herself against the pane, hot breath condensing. There is something familiar in her curves, in the slope of her throat, the shape of her breasts, the tone of skin and length of limb. There is an equation of flesh between this image and Christina's photo, though this woman writhes with her face hidden in shadow.

Suddenly, violently, the phantom seductress is pulled back into the darkness by a muscled arm. Just as violently, she is slammed against the window, her breasts and belly flattened, hands protecting her face. Again, the pull back. Again, the thrust forward. Again. Again. There is a tidal rhythm to this rough business. It matches the banging we heard only a few moments ago. He can now hear soft gasps, womanly sighs. Pull back. Thrust forward. Breasts and belly. Again. Again. The window-frame shakes. Pull back. Thrust forward. Breasts and belly. Again. Again.

#### ON THE STREET

Nathan's mouth drops. He licks arid lips, stares unblinking at the scene before him.

#### IN THE WINDOW

A low cry, animalistic and passionate, resonates through the glass of the upstairs window. It comes not from the feminine figure, but behind her in the darkness. Pull back. Thrust forward. Breasts and belly. Again. Again.

#### ON THE STREET

A low tone resonates through the air to Nathan's right. Another. Another.

Nathan stands transfixed, his body humming with the deep frequency of libidinous hunger. His cell phone rings. His gaze drops momentarily to his right pocket.

Nathan leaps forward out of the way of an oncoming truck. It honks another two low tones. The tones we just heard.

#### ON THE SIDEWALK

Nathan lies on the sidewalk, panting. His eyes like saucers reflect the sun in their glaze. He sits up slowly, his cell phone in his hand. He looks down at the cell phone screen. It displays no number. He puts the phone to his ear.

NATHAN

Hello?

The answer is static like a sigh and a low, growling sound.

Nathan stands, looks both ways down the street. He crosses and turns to reclaim the strange vision.

He checks the upstairs window, but now there is a clear shaft of sunlight beaming into the bedroom. Nothing out of the ordinary greets him. No seductress. No hairy-handed muscle man. Nathan flips his cell phone closed. He shakes his head then resumes his walk down the street, disturbed but not yet frightened.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan enters, pale and lost in thought. The class is set up like a board room: a long wooden table stands in the center, surrounded by chairs. About half the chairs are taken by UNDERGRADUATES. Of note are: TRICIA, an attractive young brunette in a short skirt; JAMES, a brooding twentysomething hipster; ELIZA, a pretty punk-rock girl. These three students sit near the head of the table. The other few students sit towards the back of the room and offer us little in the way of interest.

JAMES

Dude, you all right?

Nathan lurches to the head chair, sets his bag down on the table.

JAMES

Hello?

TRICIA

Nate?

Nathan blinks and takes in the room, seemingly for the first time since opening the door.

NATHAN

Hi. Yeah. Sorry, I was just almost hit by a truck on my way here.

JAMES

Jeez. Are you all right?

NATHAN

Yeah. Yeah, I just got this call...

Nathan pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and stares at it for a moment. The students exchange bemused glances, some condescending and others concerned.

TRICIA

Was it bad news?

NATHAN

No. No, it wasn't anyone. Just a bunch of static.

Nathan looks up again at the students, his eyes clouded.

NATHAN

I thought I saw...

James leans forward, intrigued. Eliza's head is cocked, puppy-like. Tricia's bright blue eyes grow wide with expectation. Nathan glances at Tricia for a moment, then shakes his head. His eyes clear and a small smile creeps into his cheek.

NATHAN

Anyway. More meat for the mind, eh? Speaking of which...

Nathan opens the attache case and pulls out several papers. He slides them over to Tricia, who sits closest and to his right. The papers are passed down, the pile dwindling as each person receives their returned work.

NATHAN

While these are getting passed back, could everyone make sure their cell phones are off?

Nathan fiddles with his phone, as do a few other students who have yet to turn their phones off. The vast majority seem to know the drill.

ELIZA

That thing almost kills you and you leave it on?

Nathan shrugs. The papers have made their way around to Eliza, who sits to Nathan's left across from Tricia. She slides Nathan a couple of strays, which he returns to the attache case. He remains standing, though he relaxes enough to lean against the near wall.

NATHAN

So as you can see, Professor Nez has made the usual comments on the back. She thought last week's feedback was great. I told her you all seemed to take it to heart in the latest drafts.

The students nod assent.

NATHAN

Well, if there are no questions or comments? No? Okay, cool. As always, Professor Nez is available before class and I'll stick around after. Does anyone have stuff to read before class tomorrow?

A couple of students in back pull out notebooks and sheets of paper. James, Eliza, and Tricia pull out ragged notebooks. The individual look of the notebook matches its owner, but they are uniformly well-worn. Nathan grins at these three writers.

NATHAN

I've got shelves of those things waiting for my MFA portfolio. Eliza, you want to start us off?

Eliza nods and flips her notebook open to a page near the back.

ELIZA

Silver sparks and purple whirligigs explode overhead as his tongue explores again...

Nathan's grin lowers. He glances furtively at Tricia, whose attention is on Eliza. Her skirt seems very short.

ELIZA

Fourth of July make-out. Break out the blanket, he lays me down...

Nathan's grin has vanished. He glances again at Tricia, whose green-eyed gaze (aren't they usually blue?) is locked on Eliza. The skirt has crept up her legs, is wrapped around her thighs. Eliza stares back at Tricia, her lids half-closed. She seems to be speaking directly to Tricia.

ELIZA

Take me in your mouth...

Eliza leans in toward Tricia, displaying her cleavage. Nathan again glances at Tricia. She leans back, her legs spread ever-so-slightly. The skirt hedges her pubic bone it's so short, allowing Nathan a peek at sheer black lingerie. The skin beneath is bare, shaved smooth.

ELIZA

Flash-fry fireworks in my eyes while I writhe, and I'll die a patriot, cumming red white and blue.

Nathan stares at Tricia, lost. The dress is no shorter than it was when he walked in the room. Her once-again-blue eyes look away, deliberately avoiding contact. James snickers. Nathan blinks once, slowly turns his attention to the rest of the room.

JAMES

That poem really moved you, huh?

Eliza is staring in fascination at a point below Nathan's face. He looks down and becomes aware of a raging erection.

NATHAN

Fuck.

Nathan sits down quickly, though somewhat awkwardly. He shakes his head, eyes closed.

NATHAN

I am so sorry.

ELIZA

Why? That's awesome!

The room releases a tension-filled laugh that Nathan doesn't share. He sucks wind for a moment, then opens his eyes and half-smiles. The smile is forced. He looks pale.

NATHAN

Okay. So. Comments? Aside from my biological reaction?

James raises his hand. Nathan nods in his direction.

JAMES

I noticed that the subject of the piece shifted from the third person "he" to the second person "you". I don't know if that's deliberate, but it bothered me.

NATHAN

Anyone else bothered by the pronoun shift?

Nathan notes a couple of raised hands.

TRICIA

I don't know. It didn't bother me.

Nathan turns his attention to Tricia. A trace of green has leaked into her eyes.

TRICIA

I felt like the speaker was maybe  
seducing the listener.

The blue has left Tricia's eyes. Nathan's hands clench closed. He feels a tug on his pant leg.

INT. CLASSROOM, UNDER THE TABLE - AFTERNOON

A bare foot, pretty and painted, rubs itself along Nathan's calf. A low buzz vibrates from Nathan's phone pocket.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Tricia seems to have moved closer to Nathan. Her makeup has changed, her hair is close in length and style to Christina's.

TRICIA

Like maybe the speaker knew the  
listener was reluctant, embarrassed.  
Maybe ashamed. So she started out  
slow, impersonal...

INT. CLASSROOM, UNDER THE TABLE - AFTERNOON

The bare foot moves over Nathan's knee, slides along his thigh to his crotch, where it begins to softly caress in time to the buzzing of the phone.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan takes a gasping breath. Tricia sits closer than before, her shirt clinging to her braless breasts. He can see the outline of her nipples. Her dragon-green eyes burn for him. She runs her tongue quickly across sharp little eye-teeth.

TRICIA

And then I got imperative. I know  
you want me.

The other students seem not to notice this direct speech nor the transformation of their peer. Nathan's eyes are closed, his mouth drawn down and his jaw clenched.

INT. CLASSROOM, UNDER THE TABLE - AFTERNOON

The foot presses harder in Nathan's crotch, insistent. The phone buzzes, insistent. The toenails are a little long and filed to points. One of the nails jabs Nathan.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan yelps and leaps out of his chair. He glares at Tricia, who sits at a reasonable distance from him. Certainly not close enough to press her foot into his crotch. She stares back at him, confusion and concern in her bright blue eyes. Nathan sweats, looks around the room without seeing anyone, pulls his phone out of his pocket. It vibrates, the buzzing like flies. He flips it open. There is no number displayed.

Nathan glances down at himself. He still has a painful, straining erection. A tiny flower of blood blooms there. He gags, chokes back vomit. He shakes his head and backs slowly towards the door.

NATHAN

Don't feel well. Tomorrow...

Nathan turns and bolts out the door.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan bursts into the men's room. He falls into the first open stall and throws up. He recovers, but remains kneeling in front of the toilet. He glances to his left and sees a pair of legs belonging to a HAIRY man. He hears Hairy clear his throat.

HAIRY

You okay in there, buddy?

Nathan laughs weakly.

NATHAN

Yeah, just got some blood on me.

HAIRY

No good with the grim stuff, eh?

NATHAN

Guess not.

Nathan closes the toilet lid and sits, his head in his hands. The stall door swings halfway closed. Nathan pushes it fully closed. He runs his hands through his hair, rubs his eyes.

He takes a moment to relax, to breath. He checks out the stall graffiti. Much of it is snatches of song lyrics or poetry, college graffiti. Hairy in the next stall sighs loudly. Nathan notices a particular bit of graffiti on the inside of the door. It says:

"For a good time, call Christina"

The phone number is illegible, scratched out. Nathan reaches a hand out to touch the phone number. It's physically scratched out, as though with some sharp instrument.

Nathan's cell phone buzzes. The lights in the men's room dim.

Hairy in the next stall sighs again. A sound like satin sheets floats under the stall divider. Nathan glances to his right and a pair of Christina's smooth, sculpted legs slide horribly into view, spread out to each side of Hairy's legs, facing the back wall. Nathan slowly shakes his head. His phone buzzes again.

Nathan notices more instances of the "For a good time, call Christina" on the stall wall. Each number has been scratched out. Christina's legs flex, raise themselves up on her toes. A small groan escapes the stall. Tears well up in Nathan's eyes.

NATHAN

Chrissy, oh god...

A long moan responds to Nathan's plea.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Oh god...

Nathan's phone buzzes and doesn't cease. It intensifies, magnifies, is joined by several more fly-like buzzing sounds. Nathan's perception vibrates. Christina's legs flex and raise faster. Panting sighs accompany the motions.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Fuck me harder!

A low growl joins the buzz, Christina's panting, Hairy's moans, the sounds of skin against skin. The lights in the men's room strobe to the rhythm of the next stall. Nathan shakes and sweats, tears flowing down his cheeks.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Fuck me! Fuck me! You fucking dog! You pussy!

Suddenly there is a hard SLAM against the stall divider. Nathan leaps up. The growling comes from him. His erection has returned. Tears mingle with saliva on his jawline. The lights continue to strobe. There is another SLAM against the stall divider. Christina yelps, in pain or pleasure we can't tell. Another SLAM. Blood drips from the bottom of the divider now.

CHRIS (O.S.)

You want to hurt me? Hurt me!

Another SLAM, this time accompanied by a crunching sound. Nathan smashes his fists against his temples, punches himself in the crotch. He still sees the strobing lights, hears the mingled sounds of sex and pain and flies. Blood begins to pool on the floor next to his feet, having flowed there from the stall divider.

Nathan screams and flings open the stall door, running to the men's room exit. He glimpses himself in the mirror on the way out. His face is haggard, a stubble covering his chin and cheeks. Tear tracks travel down those same cheeks. Drool runs down the corner of his downturned mouth which is open in a teeth-baring grimace. There's a haunted, hungry, lupine look in his eyes.

INT. NATHAN'S FRONT HALL - AFTERNOON

Nathan staggers through the front door, which is slightly ajar. He lets the keys in his hand drop to the hallway floor. He shrugs his attache case off his shoulder carelessly. The interior of the house is dark as night. Nathan's breath clouds. He doesn't seem to notice the cold, just takes step after halting step. He stops for a moment, listens. From beyond the living room, where the stairs lead up to Nathan's bedroom, a soft piano melody plays. Nathan smiles wistfully.

NATHAN

The bonfire party. You got me  
drunk and we sang together. Slept  
on the sand.

Nathan takes more halting steps. A multitude of emotions flash across his face: fear, longing, sadness, fury.

INT. NATHAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nathan takes more halting steps. He turns his head to look at the stairway. The piano melody is louder. Nathan sings along, his voice wavering.

He reaches the bottom of the stairs. The song changes. It's a catchy pop song. Nathan barks a laugh.

NATHAN

The night before graduation. Kept  
the blankets to yourself. Skin  
smelled like apples.

Nathan takes a step up the first stair.

INT. NATHAN'S STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Nathan takes the stairs one at a time. His right hand grips the bannister white-knuckled. He can see his bedroom door, the faint rose-tinted light that shines from the frame. The song changes again. It is a slow, soft ballad. Nathan stops cold, staggers on the steps.

NATHAN

Your wedding. Asked me to dance.  
I almost kissed you.

Nathan laughs, then heaves an enormous sob. He weeps for a few moments, his eyes pressed tightly closed. The weeping turns to that same low growl we've heard before. Suddenly Nathan throws his head back, screams, smashes his fist through the bannister. The wood splinters, leaving bits stuck in Nathan's hand. He begins to bleed.

NATHAN

Your fucking wedding night!

Nathan lurches up the remaining steps. His bedroom door swings open slowly before he arrives at the top of the steps.

INT. NATHAN'S 2ND FLOOR LANDING - AFTERNOON

Nathan stands in his doorway, tear-stained and bloody-handed. In his bedroom stands Christina, dressed in what can only be described as bondage gear. She is a dark vision of strength and beauty, a fiercely fetishized version of the young woman we've seen. Her eyes, serpentine green, flash dangerously, the pupils dilated to abyssal dimensions. The music continues to play, slow and sad, an undercurrent of thrumming, off-key tension. The terrifying vision of Christina stares at Nathan's bloody hand hungrily for a moment, then devours his gaze with her own.

CHRIS

Do you love me?

NATHAN

Yes.

CHRIS

Do you want to fuck me?

NATHAN

God yes.

The doppelganger Christina smiles wickedly.

CHRIS

Do you want to hurt me?

Nathan's head drops. He stares at the floor. He breathes heavily, trembles.

CHRIS

Do. You. WANT. To hurt me?

Nathan raises his head. There are fresh tears in his eyes but he is growling again, his teeth are gnashing. He nods his head, flexes his knuckles. The dark Christina moans approval.

CHRIS

Do you want me to hurt you?

Nathan gasps and sobs.

NATHAN

Please. Please.

The doppelganger beckons Nathan forward. She lays on the edge of his bed, licks her index finger which ends in a talon. He takes a step forward. Suddenly his cell phone rings.

It is the goofy TV tune. Chris' real call tone.

Nathan pulls the phone out of his pocket. He flips it open. Chris' lovely, friendly face smiles up at him. He puts the phone to his ear and answers weakly.

NATHAN

Hello.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Nate? I can barely hear you.

The doppelganger Chris beckons Nathan forth again. He pulls the phone away from his ear and stares at her.

CHRIS

Choose.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Nate? Are you there?

Nathan looks over to his phone. He looks at the doppelganger. He pulls the phone back to his ear.

NATHAN

I love you.

INT. NATHAN'S 2ND FLOOR LANDING - AFTERNOON

Nathan's cell phone lays open on the floor. The door to his bedroom slowly closes and we can hear the sounds of buzzing flies and Nathan weeping beyond the doorway. The weeping turns to screams, then sighs and moans of pleasure, then roars of animal rage, back to weeping, repeating in confluence until the sounds are one long, loud, terrible exhalation.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I love you, too.

FADE OUT