

FADE IN:

**1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 1**

LUKE, a man with an imposing build, runs down the street, panting. It's dark, lit only by the streetlights. He looks back, as a man pursues him in the dark. He trips, and backs up towards a wall as the man approaches him.

**2 INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING 2**

Luke opens his eyes, waking up and sitting up in a cold sweat. Luke turns to face NATASHA. Natasha is facing him in bed. Her eyes are soft, and her hair is softer. She holds a concerned expression on her face.

NATASHA  
Everything okay, Luke?

Luke stretches a little bit.

LUKE  
Yeah. Sorry I just... I don't know.

NATASHA  
Another bad dream?

Luke nods his head, chuckling darkly as he stares out in front of him.

LUKE  
You ever been chased, Natasha?

Natasha leans in intently, shaking her head.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You're in an alleyway at night,  
streetlights flickering. Something  
lurks just around the corner. It  
keeps moving closer, until BOO! It  
leaps out at you.

Luke puts his hands up to scare Natasha. Natasha jumps back in fright.

LUKE  
But what do I know? Dreams are  
silly little scenes our  
subconscious creates.

NATASHA

Well, there's always that fear of  
being followed.

Natasha grabs her phone and checks the time then gets up  
out of bed.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I'm going to go get ready for work.  
Don't spend all day inside again.  
Doctor's orders!

LUKE

You're a doctor for animals.

NATASHA

And you're unemployed. There's life  
outside your room! Okay, love you!

Natasha gives him a kiss on the cheek and walks away before  
pausing at the door.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I said I love you!

LUKE

Love you too!

Natasha walks out of the room. Luke shudders for a second.

**3 INT. LUKE'S HOME OFFICE - MID DAY**

**3**

Luke sits at his desk. He is in an interview. A glass of  
water sits on the desk next to him. On the wall, a painting  
of stars. A framed psychology degree is on the wall.

ZOOM GUY stares at Luke from the computer.

LUKE

...And I really want to do  
something special for her, you  
know?

ZOOM GUY

That's sweet, but I asked you,  
"where do you see yourself in ten  
years?", not "what's your whole  
life story?"

The zoom meeting ends. Luke looks at his degree and sighs,  
then checks the time on a little desk clock, seeing that it  
is 2:30 pm. He takes a deep breath and rubs his eyes.

He begins to type something into his laptop. Luke holds his head in his hands as everything starts to blur and black out. Darkness and the whispers get closer. He grabs his water with a shaking hand, and drops it. As Luke loses consciousness he slides out of his chair and falls to the ground

**4 INT. LUKE'S HOME OFFICE - DUSK 4**

Luke wakes up on the floor next to the broken glass of the water glass. He winces to see that he is holding a shard of glass in his hand. He looks at his desk clock and sees that the time is 4:00 pm.

He bandages up his hand and sweeps the glass just under his desk. He then pops a few Advil into his mouth and walks out the door, grabbing a coat on the way.

**5 EXT. STORE - DUSK 5**

Luke walks down the sidewalk towards the store. DONATION GUY approaches him, holding a clipboard.

DONATION GUY  
Sir! sir! sir!

Donation guy gets really close up to Luke, all up in his face.

DONATION GUY (CONT'D)  
Hey man, how's it going? Would you like to donate to the local chapter of Helping Paws?

LUKE  
You know,...

Luke looks at Donation Guy's name tag, which says "Jeff".

LUKE (CONT'D)  
...Jeff, my girlfriend's a vet.

Luke pats his pockets.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
But damn, looks like I'm all out of cash. Sorry, man.

DONATION GUY  
What about just writing your name down, as a supporter?

Luke shrugs, then signs his name on the paper on the clipboard. He walks into the store. Luke exits with plastic see-through bags and two sets of chopsticks. He walks down the street and starts to stumble a little bit. Donation Guy approaches Luke again, waving the clipboard in his face.

DONATION GUY (CONT'D)  
Hey man, got cash now?

Luke holds his head with one hand, pushing Donation Guy to the side. Luke walks into an alleyway, and Donation Guy follows.

DONATION GUY (CONT'D)  
What's your problem, man? You on something?

Luke, taking a few more stumbling steps, drops his grocery bag. Whispers are heard as he holds his head in hands. Luke is hunched over and he shuts his eyes than his body goes rigid. Luke opens his eyes wide, then narrows them.

CUT TO BLACK

Luke stands over Donation Guy slumped against wall with blood dripping from eyes. Luke glances from the chopsticks in his hand and back at the man. Taking shuddering breaths, he takes the paper from the clipboard, gagging at the sight of blood. He takes staggering steps backwards, and runs.

**6 EXT. NATASHA'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

**6**

Luke stumbles up to Natasha's front door, panting. He begins to rapidly and impatiently knock on the front door in distress. Natasha opens the door looking confused

LUKE  
(breaking down)  
Natasha, you don't know what's happened. It's bad. It's really bad. I can't-Jeff was just lying there. I didn't know what to do.

NATASHA  
(alarmed)  
Hey hey slow down. What's going on?  
Who's Jeff?

Luke begins to tear up. Natasha brings him into a hug and holds it for a few seconds.

NATASHA

Hey come on. sit down. It's ok.  
You're ok.

7 INT. NATASHA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Luke and Natasha sit down on the couch next to each other and Luke is sitting with his head in his hands shaking, while Natasha's hands are on across back

NATASHA  
Luke, please tell me what's wrong.  
You're freaking me out.

Luke gives her a grave look.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
that bad?

LUKE  
He was just- he was dead.

NATASHA  
What?

Luke shudders as he starts to hyperventilate.

NATASHA  
Luke, this is serious! We need to  
call the police?

Luke shudders again, groaning a little bit. Luke leans towards Natasha, or reaches out a hand, but she leans away from him.

NATASHA  
*What's* happening?

Luke is trying to say something but the words just don't come out. His face is twitching and his body shaking. Luke continues to hyperventilate before he gets up from the couch. He runs/stumbles out of the living room, and opens the door.

NATASHA  
Luke!

Luke runs out door and down the street. At first he runs fast, then he slows as he starts to grab his head. He hears whispers as he looks around frantically. He closes his eyes and falls to his knees before looking up to see himself standing over him.

CUT TO BLACK.

**8 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER****8**

Luke stands over KITCHEN with blood on his head. Luke looks to his hands and sees he is holding a meat mallet covered in blood before running to the sink and puking. As he lifts his head back up, Luke hears a groan behind him. He looks to see the man's eyes open and slowly back away from Luke, breathing shakily. The man looks at Luke with pure fear.

Luke takes a step towards the man but the man frantically tries to back up against a cabinet while holding his head. Luke stops as horror washes over his face. Luke takes a step back from the man. The man takes a large shaky breath and then his eyes close as he slouches, falling to the side.

Luke, now tearing up, takes a small step back again, then runs out of the house.

**9 EXT. EDGE OF PARKING LOT - NIGHT****9**

Luke stands at the edge of the parking lot and gazes out. Luke's breathing slowly goes from a loud pant to a controlled pace. He grips the railing to the point his knuckles go white.

Natasha walks up behind him, stopping a few yards behind him

NATASHA

Luke, I didn't the call the police.  
We can figure out what's wrong with  
you, okay? (beat) Please, Luke.  
Come here. Or I *will* call the  
police.

LUKE

Just go. Now.

NATASHA

No.

LUKE

(Monotone)  
Natasha.

Luke turns and starts walking towards Natasha. Natasha lets out a sigh of relief and takes a hesitant step towards Luke but stops mid step. Luke reaches down and grabs a bottle and breaks it on the edge. Natasha's face drops as she realizes what's happening. She starts backing up slowly with her hands up until Luke's pace quickens then she turns and sprints away.

Natasha runs down into a lower level parking lot, fear in her eyes. Luke follows.

**10 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

**10**

Natasha stops and hides behind a car, panting and with tears in her eyes. With shaky hands, she dials 911. Luke walks around the parking lot. He is moving unnaturally with quick jerky head movements. Luke walks closer to the car that Natasha is hidden behind. He approaches the car.

Natasha is nowhere to be found. Luke keeps looking around.

Natasha is on the other side of the car, holding her breath. She runs towards her own car. Luke's head jerks in her direction. Natasha is able to open her car door and turn to see Luke in front of the car, stopped. Natasha stares at Luke, breathing heavily.

Luke crumples to his knees, illuminated by the headlights of the car. Luke looks at Natasha. His expression is soft. For a moment, the old Luke is back. He smiles at her, before stabbing himself with the shard of glass.

Natasha's face drops. She gets into the car and drives away. Luke stares forward as he hears the sound of sirens. He lets out a breath.