

ON A WALK HOME | MEGAN FLEMING | DRAMATIC SCENE

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A warm autumn night in a quiet neighborhood. Victorian style homes in various states of upkeep, some with fresh coats of paint, others with overgrown yards, line the potholed street.

Our playable character JACK (early 20s, awkward, well-meaning) walks a step behind a woman, ALLISON (mid 20s, charismatic & beautiful, seems like *she* should be the main character). Jack is a walking beanstalk and could easily overtake her gait, but he hangs back, hesitant to walk shoulder to shoulder. As if waiting for permission.

Allison holds her coat close to her, even though it doesn't seem like a particularly breezy night.

ALLISON

(curt)

You really don't have to walk me home, Jack. I can handle myself.

JACK

I have to walk this way too, and I thought it'd be even weirder to walk on the other side of the street.

Allison glances back at him, he's so genuinely nervous.

JACK (CONT'D)

But I can, if you want!

ALLISON

No, you're right. That'd be weirder.

They pass a pole with a few flyers for violin lessons and a **Missing Person poster** with a picture of a young boy.

Jack clocks the poster, notices Allison glance at it too. He quickly searches for a new subject before that one can start.

JACK

So... your friend back there - uh-

ALLISON

Scheana. Yeah she's a dumbass.

JACK

Oh, so she gets in fist fights at parties a lot?

ALLISON

No, that was actually a first. She usually runs off with a boy without telling me or passes out on a couch.

JACK

(joking)

Now you're the one running off with a boy.

Allison pulls her jacket tighter. That joke... didn't land.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean it like *that*. Seriously, I'm just trying to go home and feed my cat!

ALLISON

(side eyes him)

Sure, you have to feed your cat. What's your cat's name?

JACK

Jinks. Short for hijinks.

ALLISON

(hates to admit it but-)

That's cute. I used to have a cat named Bandit.

Allison glances over her shoulder, Jack smiles warmly.

JACK

Jink is a menace. I've had to put air tags on half of my shit because she tries to hide things from me.

ALLISON

Maybe she does that because she wants you to stick around with her. Not go to parties.

JACK

I dunno, are cats capable of love?

ALLISON

Naw.

They wait for a car to pass an intersection and then walk.

JACK

So do you have pets now?

ALLISON
 (shortly)
 Sort of.

She doesn't expand. Jack scrounges for a topic once more.

JACK
 Do you like living here?

ALLISON
 Like, in this neighborhood?

JACK
 No, in Brookbluff.

ALLISON
 (choosing words carefully)
 I've never... been able to consider
 moving anywhere else.

JACK
 Why not?

ALLISON
 Um. There are things tying me here.
 My Dad isn't well-
 (catches herself)
 We're figuring it out.
 (pivots)
 Do you like it here?

JACK
 Sorry about your Dad.

Allison nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Brookbluff is fine. Could use more
 karaoke bars.

ALLISON
 Ah, you sing?

Jack pauses and clears his throat.

JACK
*Once I had a dog, and it was a
 blast. Soon found out, was a pain
 in the ass*

He's pitchy but the song sounds vaguely like Heart of Glass
 by Blondie.

ALLISON
What the hell was that?

JACK
Heart of Glass?

ALLISON
(cracks a smile)
I don't think those are the lyrics.

JACK
Well, that's what karaoke is for.

Allison and Jack are walking in stride now, Allison's elbow grazing his every now and then.

ALLISON
Good point. Great performance.

JACK
Thank you.

They walk by a pole with a flyer stapled to it, blowing lazily in the wind. Jack sees it and stops in his tracks.

MISSING: DANIELA SANCHEZ. LAST SEEN NOVEMBER 18, 2016. A smiling teenager with dark brown hair smiles up at them.

Jack shakes his head and starts to walk again. Allison stares at Daniela a second more, then catches up to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry. Just surprised me. That wasn't there yesterday.

ALLISON
Listen... I didn't know your sister well but I really liked her.

JACK
Yeah, she was... cool.
(cool? c'mon man)
My mom keeps hanging fresh ones around town. As if we didn't have her funeral three years ago.

Allison's eyes connect with his.

ALLISON
Jack. I-

She seems like she's going to say something she needs to get off her chest. Jack waits expectantly.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

Doesn't seem like that's what she really wanted to say, but she meant it anyway.

JACK

It's fine, it was a long time ago.

ALLISON

Is your Mom doing better?

JACK

Some days she is. Some days she goes out into the woods to look for her. She tried to sneak out one night last week, Dad had to stay up and keep her inside.

(realizing he's
oversharing)

I'm just glad I have an apartment now. Makes sleeping easier. Except for Jinks.

ALLISON

Well, they're all lucky to have you.

Allison meant that too. She smiles at him, Jack returns it, hesitantly. Clearly, he doesn't think so.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This is me up here.

Allison nods to a house over the next hedges. From here, the house looks worse for wear. The attic window is boarded up, and the once Pepto-Bismol pink paint has faded to an even more off-putting color.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(hastily)

No need to walk me to the door.

JACK

Oh, ok.

They loop around the tall hedge onto her cobbled sidewalk - and stop dead in their tracks.

Allison's front door is ajar.

Fall leaves gently blow across the threshold, pushing against the door and the sliver of visible carpet inside. It seems like it's been open for a while.

ALLISON

No.

Allison runs up to the door, pushing it open. Jack recovers, calling after her.

JACK

Allison, wait - I'll call the cops!

Jack follows her to the door.

INT. ALLISON'S FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT (CONT)

Allison isn't paying attention, she's inspecting the door frame. There are an insane amount of padlocks and deadbolts on the door, crudely installed. At least ten of them.

Jack takes out his phone and starts to enter 91--

Allison slaps the phone out of his hand. Jack looks up, shocked, confused. Allison looks crazed.

ALLISON

You can't call the cops!

JACK

Why??? If someone broke in--

ALLISON

No one broke in! Just *leave*.

Allison checks her pockets, pulling up a zip wire to a set of keys - she counts them frantically, *some are missing*.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(muttering)

No, no, no, what did you do, Dad?

JACK

Dad? I thought you lived alone?

ALLISON

Seriously, you can't be here. I'll fill you in later but you have to leave, *please*.

Tears fill her eyes as she shoves him towards the door.

She turns and rounds the corner into another room. Jack can't just *leave*. Even though he *really wants to leave*. He takes a deep breath and follows Allison into --

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (CONT)

A small dining room. The chairs, table and rug underneath them have been thrown to the side, revealing a thick metal hatch in the center of the floor. It's wide open, leading into darkness.

Jack appears behind Allison, gaping at the hole. He clocks papers taped to the hatch with duck tape. Huge claw marks run through most of them.

ALLISON
(whisper)
Not again.

Behind Allison and Jack, across the hallway, the front door is still open. A spindly, emaciated creature with long talons steps into the door, silhouetted by moonlight. Two large glowing yellow eyes watch Jack and Allison.

Jack moves closer to the hatch. He can begin to make out faces on the destroyed paper. And then he sees the face he saw just minutes earlier - ***Daniela's missing poster.***

JACK
(confused, angry)
Daniela?

Allison whips around, realizing Jack is still here.

CREAAAAAK.

The door SLAMS shut behind Jack. But the creature is gone.

A RASPY BREATH rings out from an unlit room across the hatch. The yellow eyes watch from the darkness.

ALLISON
(whispers)
Jack, you need to *run*.

Off Jack's widening eyes, we CUT TO BLACK.

END SCENE / BEGIN PLAYABLE SEQUENCE