



CREATURES OF THE HOUSE

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INT. SAWYER'S CAR - DAY

SAWYER (late 20s), dressed in sweats, grabs a handful of chips as she listens to her mom.

MOM

Can you really afford that right now?

SAWYER

I've told you, it's basically free! Patrick's uncle owns some mansion or something and it's totally free for us to-

MOM

Well except for food, gas, any entertainment, or-

SAWYER

Mom! I just need a break.

MOM

Well unemployment is a break. And you've been on it far too long-

SAWYER

I know. I know. But I've been looking. I just updated my portfolio and I've been putting out feelers, I'm hoping maybe-

MOM

Did Jeremy get back to you?

SAWYER

Mom.

(Then)

Yes. But he doesn't have anything right now. He's unemployed too. We just got coffee and caught up.

MOM

What is everyone unemployed?

SAWYER

Well, polls seem to indicate that yes, 50 percent or more of the industry is employed but I'm not quite ready to-

MOM

I think Paw could probably get you a part time job at Weaver's if you move back.

SAWYER

Mom.

MOM

What! It's something! You can't just do nothing.

SAWYER

I'm not doing nothing. It's not my fault I got fired.

MOM

Well there has to be a reason.

SAWYER

There is! They wanted to pay 'less' to have a computer make a cheap imitation of our animations. They laid off the whole team! Larry was the last of us and he's gone too.

MOM

Art school was a mistake.

Sawyer lets out a deep sigh reads the street signs under her breath.

MOM (CONT'D)

I don't get the whole machine generation thing anyway. I mean. Most of what you were doing was pressing a button on the computer to make stuff move right? Of course they were going to automate that.

SAWYER

(Quietly)  
Raleigh, Highland, Parker.  
Kessler...where's Kessler?

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Mom you know we draw every frame right? Or we have to carefully craft a sort of 2D puppet we can move around-Shit! Shit!

Sawyer drives right past Kessler. She stops suddenly and does a definitely illegal U turn.

MOM

Language!

SAWYER

Mom I have to go, I'm here. I call you in a few days okay? And I'm gonna figure it out.

MOM

Don't get into a wreck! Oh and tell Patrick I saw his latest post, we're so proud of him.

SAWYER

(grimacing)

Can do.

Sawyer hangs up just as she pulls into the driveway of the house—well maybe mansion is a better way of putting it.

She stops the car and just looks at it.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Jesus Patty. Alright.

She gets out of the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mouth agape, she goes to the trunk and grabs her bags.

PATRICK (late 20s), dressed in business casual, exits the house. You can tell Sawyer and Patrick have known each other a long time, but they aren't the type of friends who hug.

PATRICK

Sawyer!

SAWYER

Pat, what the—Are you kidding me with this?

PATRICK

I know people.

SAWYER

Yeah we all know our uncle.

PATRICK

Not all of us.

(beat)

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Came fully furnished, deck  
furniture included, new state of  
the art kitchen, 4 bedroom, 4 bath,  
and he's only going to be living  
here 4 months out of the year, so  
the rest of the time it's basically  
mine.

SAWYER  
Uh-huh. I think thats the closest  
either of us will ever get to  
owning a home.

PATRICK  
Speak for yourself.

SAWYER  
My mom says hi.

PATRICK  
Oh, Jamie! How is she?

SAWYER  
Peachy keen.

Sawyer grabs her last bag. Patrick notices her ragged  
appearance. He can't quite muster a genuine concerned  
response instead:

PATRICK  
Did you, uh, roll out of bed and  
come straight here?

SAWYER  
It was a long drive. Tour?

PATRICK  
Tour!

They wander over to the entrance.

EXT. HOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick gives the tour as if he was a realtor. This would be  
cute if he weren't actually trying to look smart.

PATRICK  
So we've got an impressive brick  
pathway. Lot of natural dessert  
flora, including these beautiful  
nearly full sized cacti.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
A ton of big windows as well,  
pointed perfectly south to get the  
most light throughout the day as  
possible.

Sawyer tries not to roll her eyes. However, she is genuinely  
impressed by the place.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
And here we have a luxurious rock  
garden and, the stunner, this extra  
large entryway door.

Patrick opens it and Sawyer passes the threshold. There's no  
going back now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful open space, extremely modern, neutral colored,  
and with huge windows that lead out to a pool.

Next to the pool is a small, ornate doll house. For how  
sterile the rest of the space is Sawyer finds this odd, but  
not strange enough to comment on.

PATRICK  
And here you'll see the lovely open  
concept living room slash kitchen.

SAWYER  
Wow...it's all white and beige.

PATRICK  
Do you not like it?

SAWYER  
No, I mean, it's beautiful-of  
course-But If I had money, I'd add  
some color. Some personality you  
know?

PATRICK  
But it's very versatile like this.

SAWYER  
Yeah but like, shouldn't our homes  
reflect who we are? They don't need  
to be versatile for every  
situation, it's your space.

PATRICK  
Well, I don't think that's very-

SAWYER

Hey! It's not your house, you didn't set it up like this.

Patrick smooths out his clothing. He bends.

PATRICK

Yeah, yeah. Maybe some color would be nice. Anyway. You'll see here that we have a beautiful white brick fireplace with a built in electric-

Patrick trails on but it becomes background noise. From the other corner of the house we see a small strange shadow watching our leads from a distance.

The shape ducks and walks away. Patrick and Sawyer are none the wiser.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Almost evening. Sawyer and Patrick are sprawled out on the couch, take out boxes in front of them.

Patrick is air-playing his phone to the TV, they're looking at some sort of dating app.

SAWYER

She seems nice.

PATRICK

Eh.

Patrick scrolls away.

SAWYER

Is right yes, or left?

PATRICK

I can't believe we have to go through this every time, just get on the apps!

SAWYER

I hate talking to people online.

PATRICK

But you're single!

SAWYER

I'll find someone in real life!

PATRICK  
That's a fantasy!  
(beat)  
What about her?

SAWYER  
Gives me bad vibes.  
(Then)  
God I hate how this makes me feel.  
Can we just put on a movie?

PATRICK  
Everyone's doing it. We're all  
making these choices, this is just  
how it is.

SAWYER  
Ugh.

Sawyer pulls out her phone and start scrolling.

PATRICK  
Hey, no, I need your help.

SAWYER  
No one can help you.  
(Then)  
Oh hey. Frank is engaged.

She extends her phone so Pat can see.

PATRICK  
What? How?

SAWYER  
I haven't seen him in a while. I  
didn't even know he was dating  
someone.

PATRICK  
You know, I took him out to the  
bars for his 21st, taught him how  
to talk to girls. He owes me for  
this.

SAWYER  
Okay, hotshot, then show me the  
ring.

Patrick flips her off.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.  
(Then)  
(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
You'll find someone Pat. We both  
will, eventually.

PATRICK  
It doesn't feel like it.

Patrick picks up the remote.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Fine, let's watch a movie. Will you  
help me pick it?

SAWYER  
No, because every time I recommend  
something you reject it.

Patrick looks at her as if to say 'try me'. Sawyer look at  
the TV.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Oh! I hear Agents of Chaos is good.  
And Battlebots is like, a top tier  
B-movie. Or maybe we want something  
more like The Boy and the Pigeon?

PATRICK  
(completely serious)  
No...I was thinking a comedy.

SAWYER  
(with a smile)  
You're impossible! You're  
impossible!

PATRICK  
I am not!

SAWYER  
I'm gonna go make popcorn.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sawyer pops a bag of popcorn into the microwave. While we  
waits, she scrolls through her phone, it's post after post of  
'looking for work!' With the occasional cute dog photo in  
between.

She lands on a 'woman on the street' NEWS REPORTER.

REPORTER

As rates of loneliness have increased I've decided to hit the streets and see how the people are faring. Miss miss!

The reporter walks over to a woman on the street and puts the mic up to her.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Miss, how are you holding up in this modern life?

Sawyer scrolls away. A figure crosses behind her. She turns but sees nothing.

However she spots a childlike crayon drawing that's been taped to the wall.

SAWYER

What does your uncle do again?

PATRICK (O.S.)

I don't know he owns a bunch of Little Caesars or something.

SAWYER

Hm. Does he have kids?

Sawyer picks up the drawing it's seven weird little figures hugging.

PATRICK (O.S.)

No. Why?

SAWYER

Thought maybe they drew this? And you know, the doll house outside?

PATRICK (O.S.)

What? He hasn't even been to the house yet, just brought it off a listing.

Patrick gets up and goes to see what Sawyer is talking about.

SAWYER

Was this here before?

PATRICK

Must've been. Probably left from the realtor trying to paint a scene of how the house could be.

SAWYER

Yeah maybe.

PATRICK

Come on, I think I found something good.

Sawyer puts the picture down gingerly, revealing the doll house which now has a little light on inside. She grabs the popcorn and walks off.

SAWYER

No! Not Star Steller again!

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer lays in the pool while Patrick checks out the sides of the house. He has a list in his hands.

PATRICK

I think I can get through all of this before lunch, maybe then we can go out, see the town?

SAWYER

Sure, sounds good.

PATRICK

I mean, the list is ridiculous. I don't think my uncle knows how houses are made these days I mean-

(Reading)

*Check the grouting on the windows.*

(To Sawyer)

He already bought the house! What is me checking it now going to accomplish?

SAWYER

Sounds like busy work to me. If he really cared he'd be here himself.

PATRICK

Reminds me of my boss.

SAWYER

Oh yeah, you almost got that promotion yet?

PATRICK

Practically. I mean if they know anything I'd have gotten it months ago.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My boss just...he loves having his  
ass kissed and I'm just not willing  
to play that game. I'll tell him  
off if I have to.

SAWYER

Don't get yourself fired.

(Thinking)

Or wait, maybe do. Then we can both  
be on unemployment. Fill out our  
certifications together.

PATRICK

No thanks, I'd rather starve.

Sawyer rolls over, paying less attention. The comment  
obviously hurt her feelings. She looks at the crayon drawing  
she found earlier.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get it.

(Reading)

*Check for signs of cracking in the  
foundation.*

Patrick sighs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It feels like the dumbest people  
have the most money.

(Noticing Sawyer)

What's that?

He looks at the drawing again. He goes to grab it, Sawyer  
stops him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You can toss that, it's okay.

SAWYER

No. I-it's kind of great. Don't you  
think?

PATRICK

Not really.

SAWYER

There's something about the way  
kids draw that's just...so free. They  
see things in different ways. It's  
hard to do that once you get older.  
Suddenly you have a thousand other  
people to compare yourself to.

Patrick tries to see her point but can't.

PATRICK

I don't think this kid is gonna grow up and be an artist.

SAWYER

Who cares? Did you know like...80 or something percent of kids stop drawing in elementary school? And it's all because they start to get self conscious of how good they are or aren't and so they just stop. That's why most adults still draw like they did when they were 10. It's just whenever they stopped drawing.

PATRICK

Well I never drew.

SAWYER

To no one's surprise.

(Then)

It just bums me out to think of all the kids who stop because they think they aren't good enough. Who cares? Art is suppose fun.

(Then)

And art is hard! It takes time and it's vulnerable. Even this! It's beautiful.

Patrick walks off to check on the foundation. Sawyer lays on her back. Only partially listening to Patrick.

PATRICK

But just to circle back around to the promotion, it's just me or Caleb up for it now. They fired Jeremy, and thank god. Caleb *should* be next. He has no idea what he's doing but he's been inviting our boss over for board game nights.

SAWYER

I don't know, that sounds kind of fun.

PATRICK

No, I think he only bought the board games because he learned our boss liked them.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
He's has no clue what he's doing  
but clients keep going to him  
because he's 'nice'.

SAWYER  
I mean, I'd want my accountant to  
be nice.

PATRICK  
And I'd want mine to do my taxes  
right!

SAWYER  
Well, why not both?

PATRICK  
You don't...I'm going to hit some of  
these indoor ones and-

He walks into the house. Sawyer shrugs and swims away.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick looks in the fridge. It's nearly empty but theres a  
lot of beer.

Behind him, there's something that looks like a human-sized  
figure. Patrick doesn't notice.

He checks the shelves and temperate controls. Checks off his  
list and closes the door.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer drives down into the water. Kicking her legs back up,  
an underwater handstand.

Behind her the chair containing her stuff moves.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick enters and heads for the walk-in closet. From the  
hallway the figure watches him.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer sits at the bottom of the pool, seeing how long she  
can hold her breath. Above her a strange colorful shape zips  
back and forth.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Patrick counts the shelves and drawers.

The figure now watches from behind him in the master bedroom.

A rustle. Patrick turns to look but sees nothing.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer floats, eyes closed, in the pool. Behind her, the doll house opens.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick exits the bathroom and flops onto the bed. His eyes move from the ceiling to the nightstand, where a crumbled up piece of paper sits next to an empty picture frame.

Patrick reaches for it.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer stares up at the sky. The colorful shape zips past behind her. It catches her eye.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick opens the crumbled piece of paper. At the same time a hairy hand reaches out from under the bed. It slowly moves towards his feet.

On the piece of paper is a crayon drawing that looks eerily similar to the last one.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sawyer turns around. The chair is empty. Even her t-shirt is gone.

SAWYER

Patrick? That's not funny.

No response. She looks around for him.

Then her eyes shift to the open dollhouse.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The hairy hand is just about to reach Patrick's foot.

Patrick looks up from the drawing when he sees the massive furry figure that's been watching him reflected in the empty picture frame.

He quickly jumps up and turns around, catching only a little glimpse of the creature as it runs away. He screams.

Then he sees the hand under the bed. He screams again.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The colorful blur catches Sawyer's eye again. It stops revealing a small, colorful, hairy worm(?). It doesn't look of this world, it's some sort of creature. (That looks a lot like a puppet, because it is in fact, a puppet. All the creatures are puppets.)

Sawyer screams. The worm darts into the doll house, and it closes. Patrick comes running out from inside the house.

PATRICK

There's something in the house!

SAWYER

You saw it too? The guy who lives in the little house?

PATRICK

The little-No I mean the actual house!

Patrick goes to grab his phone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Where's our stuff?

SAWYER

I was hoping you took it.

PATRICK

We have to get out of here.

SAWYER

(horror)

My car keys were on the chair.

PATRICK

So were mine. Well they have to be around here somewhere. Right?

Patrick starts picking up pool chairs and searching around.

Sawyer gets out of the pool and is transfixed by the doll house. She slowly, cautiously approaches, ignoring Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I mean, we couldn't just lose everything. Logically we probably just misplaced them. Right? Sawyer, what I saw was big, and hairy, and- we have to get out of here before it kills us. Oh god. Before *they* kill us. Two. I saw two of them!

Sawyer reaches the doll house, and slowly opens it. Inside is the little worm-like creature with it's back turned away.

SAWYER

Hello?

The little creature turns, and dashes away so quickly it's impossible to track. Patrick watches in horror.

PATRICK

(petrified)

*Three* of them.

In the spot of the doll house where the creature was is their stuff. Which would be great if they were...their normal size.

Sawyer's phone, purse, and clothing are now the perfect size for a Barbie. So is Patrick's.

SAWYER

Uh, Pat? I found our stuff.

Patrick walks over.

PATRICK

Oh thank god.

(seeing)

Where? Where's our stuff?

Sawyer picks up her tiny phone and hands it to Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh.

She hands him his phone as well.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Our phones are tic-tacs.

SAWYER  
Why'd it have to take my shirt?

PATRICK  
It?

SAWYER  
The little guy, he-she-it did this.  
It lives here.

Patrick carefully puts the phones back in the doll house.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I think we should make a run for  
it. We can hitchhike or something.  
Buy new phones, call your uncle,  
tell him to sell the house-

PATRICK  
You don't have to tell me twice.

They get up and run inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They book it for the front door, getting distracted for only  
a moment by a weird YELLOW CREATURE menacing at them from the  
side.

PATRICK  
Four of them!

They turn back to the front door just in time to see THE  
LARGE CREATURE blocking it. They stop their momentum and  
scooby-doo shuffle away from him.

SAWYER  
That's, uh, a lot bigger than the  
last one.

PATRICK  
Uh-huh.

They stare at the creature. It stares back.

SAWYER  
(whispered)  
Let's make a run for the bedroom  
window.

Patrick nods. They hold briefly before running towards the  
bedroom like madmen.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer runs for a window. Just as she goes to open it, big fuzzy hands push it down.

The face of the big creature appears in the window.

SAWYER

Patrick??

Sawyer turns around to see Patrick reaching the other bedroom window. Once again the hairy hands and creature appear from outside the window.

PATRICK

Huh?

They look at each other. Somehow the creature is holding down both windows at once. Is there two of them? Three?

Patrick and Sawyer lock eyes, and run out of the room.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

-And out of the house. Sawyer grabs a pool chair, places it by the fence and prepares to jump.

Patrick is ready to vault. However as soon as both of them look over the fence they find themselves face to face with the large creature.

SAWYER

Fuck!

It just stares at them.

PATRICK

Oh! I don't like this guy!

They both jump back down.

Sawyer sits in the pool chair.

Patrick, in vain, continues to try and jump the fence at different locations.

Somehow, always, the creature is there first. He keeps trying regardless.

SAWYER

Do you think they want to kill us?

PATRICK  
Yes! Obviously!

Sawyer watches him struggle.

SAWYER  
Then why not do it already?

PATRICK  
They like to play with their food?  
I don't know!

SAWYER  
Pat, I don't think that's gonna  
work.

Patrick gives it one last go, but without fail the creature  
is always there.

Patrick, now out of breath, gives up.

PATRICK  
We can't just give up!

SAWYER  
Well we could. I know you're too  
afraid to watch horror movies-

PATRICK  
Hey!

SAWYER  
-But I always thought if I was in a  
slasher film I'd want to die first.

PATRICK  
Why?

SAWYER  
The first kill is usually short.  
They often don't know there's  
anything hunting them till the last  
minute, so they aren't just sitting  
in fear. Just seems like the best  
option.

Patrick sits down next to Sawyer.

PATRICK  
I guess we could let them kill us.  
I think I'd be pretty tasty.

Patrick offers up his hands in defeat. Nothing.

Just then the small worm like creature zips across the yard again and back into the dollhouse.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Actually, I think I want to live.

He gets up and goes over to the doll house. He politely knocks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hi, uh, Worm? Do you think we could get our stuff back at its proper scale? Please?

No response.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hello?  
(Then)  
You had no right to take those things from us and I will report you to the authorities for theft!

Sawyer watches him in disbelief.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
If you do not come out here this moment and return our items I will-

The little house opens. Worm zooms out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey get back here!

Before he knows it Worm zooms back placing a HEFTY stack of papers in his hands. This is: THE DOCUMENT.

The doll house closes once more.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What the-

Sawyer gets up and walks over to Patrick.

SAWYER  
What is that?

PATRICK  
(reading)  
*Item(s) Return Request Form.*  
(to Sawyer)  
I think if I fill this out we can have our stuff back!

SAWYER

Yeah you just have to fill out the largest form in history! Great idea!

PATRICK

I don't hear you coming up with a better one.

Sawyer notices a crumpled piece of paper in Patrick's back pocket.

SAWYER

What's this?

She grabs it, and finds the second crayon drawing.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Woah, when were you going to tell me about this?

PATRICK

(ignoring her)

Do you have a pen?

Sawyer walks over to her sketchbook grabs a pen and throws it to Patrick. She then grabs the other crayon drawing.

SAWYER

Uh. Pat do you think this could be some sort of family portrait? That kind of looks like the big guy.

She points and holds it up. No response from Patrick who is deep into THE DOCUMENT.

PATRICK

(under this breath)

Current address. Previous address. Childhood address.

Sawyer turns back to the drawings and counts the figures.

SAWYER

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

She does the same on the second drawing. Seven again.

As if on cue a new LITTLE CREATURE (JIMBLES), falls from the sky next to her.

Sawyer screams.

Jimble quickly runs away. Sawyer traces him with her eyes.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Uh, Patrick?

Before she knows it, Jimbles is up on the top of the shed. He preps itself, for what, she don't know.

After a moment, with no hesitation, Jimbles jumps from the shed, landing next to Sawyer again with a loud SPLAT!

Patrick finally takes notice.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
AH!

Jimbles gets himself up again, and runs to the top of the shed.

SPLAT! Jimbles jumps and falls again.

He picks itself back up, and runs back up to the top of the shed.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
What do you think it's trying  
to...do?

PATRICK  
Kill itself?

Sawyer turns to him in horror.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What? It's jumping repeatedly off a  
building. I think it craves death.

SAWYER  
No.

SPLAT! Jimbles hits the ground again and gets back up.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
(reconsidering)  
Well. Maybe.

SPLAT.

PATRICK  
Maybe we should just, put it out of  
it's misery?

SAWYER  
Hm. Just go back to your document.

Patrick doesn't protest.

Sawyer watches Jimbles as he climbs up to the top of the shed again.

She puts out her hands, and softly catches Jimbles.

She brings him to her face.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Hi little guy.

Sawyer gets up and carries Jimbles to the top of the shed. He coos softly in her hands.

Meanwhile-

PATRICK  
It wants my social security number?  
Why does it want my social security number?

Sawyer watches Jimbles sit on the top of the shed.

SAWYER  
I don't know, but you should probably give it to them.

Jimbles stares up into the sky, birds flap past.

Jimbles copies the motion. Then jumps off again. Sawyer catches him.

He breathes heavily. She sets him back on top of the shed. He sits, a little defeated, and stares up at the sky.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I don't think they want to harm us.

PATRICK  
What?

SAWYER  
What if they need help?

PATRICK  
Well that guy definitely needs help but that one?

He points to the big human-sized creature who stands firmly at the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Definitely wants to hurt us.

Patrick returns to THE DOCUMENT.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Will you be my emergency contact?

Sawyer looks at him in disbelief.

SAWYER  
Yeah, sure.

PATRICK  
Sick! One page down, just...a few  
more to go.

A despair in his eyes. Sawyer turns her attention back to Jimbles.

Jimbles sticks his arms up, feeling the wind under his arms.

Sawyer watches the birds in the sky.

SAWYER  
Why don't we give you a name? Maybe  
something silly like...Chuck? No.  
Kibble? No. Jimbles? Jim for short?

Jimbles does not understand her and does not care.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Jimbles it is.

Jimbles gets up, and jumps once more.

Sawyer catches him. Then throws him across the yard towards Patrick.

PATRICK  
What the-

Jimbles loves the air time. He lands and quickly runs back to her, wanting another go.

She throws him again.

And again. Each time his excitement seems to grow.

She throws him again, missing her mark he lands directly in the pool.

Jimbles struggles in the water. He can't swim.

SAWYER  
Oh god!

Sawyer runs over to him and takes him out of the water.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Jimble shakes the water off and goes back to his safe spot on top of the shed.

PATRICK  
What are you doing?

SAWYER  
I don't think he's trying to off himself. I think he wants to fly.

PATRICK  
That's ridiculous.

He returns himself to THE DOCUMENT.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Do you remember our 8th grade teacher's name?

SAWYER  
Maybe I could construct little wings for him? He could flap like a bird.

PATRICK  
I think it was Ms. Fielder? Ms. Fields? Or-I'm skipping this one for now.

Sawyer grabs her sketchbook off the table and goes to observe Jimble on the roof. She draws him. Genuinely enjoying her time studying him like any life drawing.

A FAINT SCREAM in the background pulls her attention. Jimble jumps slightly, he doesn't like whatever that is.

Sawyer ignores it, going back to her drawing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
*Have you ever knowingly or unknowingly killed another creature? Bugs included.*  
(writing)  
Yes...

Sawyer tries to ignore him, when she notices a pool cover in the distance and gets an idea.

SAWYER  
Hey Patty, are there any scissors  
around here?

PATRICK  
Yeah, in the kitchen.

SAWYER  
(To Jimbles)  
I'm sorry about before.

She reaches out her hand. Jimbles hesitates but takes it.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Patrick is still filling out THE DOCUMENT. Behind him Sawyer exits from inside the house holding something behind her back.

PATRICK  
3 times 868 is 2604 divided by 2 is  
1302 to the power of...

Jimbles, now with a matching hat and cape is strapped onto..something.

Sawyer gets in close to him.

SAWYER  
(whispered)  
Time to fly Jimbles.

REVEAL: Jimbles is tied to a makeshift kite.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Patrick can you hold this. Really  
tight, okay?

She hands him a string.

PATRICK  
(distracted)  
Yeah, uh-huh.

SAWYER  
Let's do this.

Sawyer runs the kite outwards.

She throws it into the air and it falls.

Jimbles takes a big hit! Sawyer runs to him!

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Shake it off buddy!!

Sawyer throws the kite up again and this time it's good!  
The string gets pulled taut and Patrick looks up.

PATRICK  
Wow.

The kite soars high in the sky! Jimbles's eyes go wide, he's in the sky!

He's finally up there with the birds!

Sawyer watches him like a proud parent.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Does he...like it?

SAWYER  
I think he loves it.

Jimble loudly laughs in the background.

PATRICK  
Holy shit.

Patrick looks at the pool chair next to him. Sawyer's shirt and Patrick's watch are back and full size!

Patrick points at them in disbelief. Sawyer looks at it in a stunned silence.

SAWYER  
If we just...help them all, we can  
get the hell out of here.  
(then)  
Oh my god, we can get out of here.  
(laughing)  
He didn't want to die!!

Jimble flies high in the sky.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

Jimble, now worn out, sleeps on his kite.

Sawyer draws him. Patrick, for some reason, is still working on THE DOCUMENT.

Sawyer is on Cloud 9, the happiest she's been yet, she helped him!

PATRICK

Would you rather have all your burps taste like chili dogs or have your toes form together into a one megatoe?

SAWYER

I don't know why you're still bothering with that. I figured it out.

PATRICK

You got some stuff back, sure. But What if it doesn't work. We need a more concrete option. We can't play make believe with all of these creatures.

SAWYER

How many pages you got left?

PATRICK

They aren't numbered...Maybe three hundred? But I'm already through like 20 of 'em.

(then)

I think I'd pick the burps.

He circles an option in THE DOCUMENT.

SAWYER

I'd pick toes.

PATRICK

Ew! But people would see them.

SAWYER

And? It's an instant conversation stater, but also I think tasting chili dogs that often would make me puke. I hate puking. Speaking of. I'm starving.

Patrick turns around to look at the kitchen and sees the big hairy creature.

PATRICK

(Screaming)

Ah! Shit. I forgot him.

Sawyer waves at the big guy. She turns to Jimbles.

SAWYER

Are you hungry little guy?

Jimble nods. Sawyer looks up and is stunned.

The WEIRD YELLOW CREATURE(BEEBO) from before is crawing on one of their suitcases.

It looks at them and burps.

Jimble sees him and runs away.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Uh, Patrick?

PATRICK  
Hm?

SAWYER  
Is that your bag?

Patrick looks up and screams.

PATRICK  
PUT IT DOWN!

He bolts into the house. Sawyer follows suit.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Patrick approaches Beebo cautiously.

PATRICK  
Down. Down. PUT IT DOWN!

He puts his arms in front of the creature and Beebo lunges for it! Ready to take a bite!

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
AH!

SAWYER  
Okay this one might actually want to hurt us.

PATRICK  
What do we do? That travel bag cost me 200 dollars!

SAWYER  
You paid 200 dollars for a suitcase?

PATRICK  
It's very versatile and I travel a lot for work! You know this!!

Patrick grabs the bag and pulls. Beebo pulls back! They play tug of war like this.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
He's so STRONG! Why is he SO STRONG?

Sawyer grabs the bag and pulls with him. After a few tugs they manage to get the bag away from him. It has a sizable chunk taken out of it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Oh man.

Beebo looks dejected for a moment. Before turning to chew on the couch.

SAWYER  
Oh my god!

PATRICK  
My uncle will KILL me if he eats the couch.

SAWYER  
Look, maybe he's just hungry.

Sawyer grabs a nearby cardboard box and rips a chunk off of it.

She waves the piece in front of Beebo. He takes the bait and dugs in.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
See? Just hungry.

PATRICK  
Yeah, no wonder he's hungry, he's just eating junk.

This gives Sawyer an idea. She grabs a banana off the counter and feeds it to Beebo. He loves it.

SAWYER  
Maybe he just needs a home cooked meal?

PATRICK  
Great what can we order?

Patrick goes to grab his phone, momentarily forgetting.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Oh. Right.

SAWYER  
I don't think he'd let anyone else  
in anyway.

She points to the big creature. Patrick screams again.

PATRICK  
I keep forgetting he's here.  
(Then)  
Well now what?

Beebo returns to eating the cardboard.

SAWYER  
You have to cook him...something.

PATRICK  
Why me?

SAWYER  
Because I'm going to babysit the  
creep. Unless you'd want to switch  
roles?

PATRICK  
No, no, I'm a great cook.

SAWYER  
That's the spirit!

Patrick gets up and heads for the pantry.

PATRICK  
Okay let's see what we're working  
with.

He opens the pantry and is...disappointed to say the least.  
There's no much in here.

SAWYER (O.S.)  
AHH!

Patrick exits and sees Sawyer desperately trying to rip off  
more cardboard for a hungry Beebo.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
PATRICK! We need that meal ASAP.

PATRICK  
On it, on it!

MONTAGE START

We go between beautiful Ghibli-esque food shots and the chaos that is Sawyer and Beebo.

-Patrick opens the fridge and pulls out a few random ingredients. What is he suppose to do with all of this random nonsense?

-Beebo chews on Sawyer's shoes, she tries to pull them away from him.

-Patrick washes rice in the sink using a strainer.

-Sawyer makes a trail of cardboard pieces to lead Beebo away from the couches.

-Patrick cuts up some sweet potatoes and onions.

-Sawyer is cornered by Beebo. She desperately grabs a dirty hand towel and gives it to Beebo. He eats it.

-Patrick turns on the stove and cracks some eggs into the pan.

-Beebo and the large creature stare at one another as Beebo eats some plastic fruit. Sawyer stands between them. They don't seem to like one another. Beebo runs off. Sawyer follows.

-Patrick tosses the potatoes and onions over the stove.

-Sawyer holds Beebo and desperately tries to keep him from biting her.

-Patrick plates the dishes.

-Sawyer pins Beebo down.

-Patrick smiles with a sense of accomplishment

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Soup's on!

MONTAGE END

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer sits traumatized. Beebo sits across from her eating a pair of socks.

Patrick places the meal in front of them

PATRICK  
Our finest bowl meal.

SAWYER

Bowl meal?

PATRICK

Everything and the kitchen sink!

SAWYER

Oh my god I'm staring.

Sawyer and Beebo dig in with the same ferocity. It's honestly terrifying.

Patrick sits and eats more gingerly.

PATRICK

(Whispered)

Looks like it's working.

Beebo does seem contented.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

Beebo cannot talk.

SAWYER

It's not bad, but I could eat just about anything right now. Those socks were starting to look pretty tasty.

PATRICK

I'm going to take that as a compliment.

SAWYER

I named him.

PATRICK

You're naming them?

SAWYER

Yeah, that one out there is Jimbles. This guy is Beebo.

PATRICK

Why?

SAWYER

Just feels right. He seems to like it.

Beebo does not understand and frankly does not care.

PATRICK  
(Pointing at the big one)  
What about him?

SAWYER  
I haven't gotten there yet. You  
wanna give it a shot?

Patrick thinks long and hard.

PATRICK  
How about SC? You know for...  
(whispered)  
...Skull Crusher.

SAWYER  
I don't think-yeah you know what  
great. Sure. Fantastic even.

They hear the faint SCREAMING sound in the distance again and ignore it.

Beebo sits back and pats his belly. Patrick and Sawyer look at one another.

PATRICK  
Did we?

Sawyer holds up a finger to stop him. She gets up and sneaks over to the pool chair. Patrick watches her from the window.

She searches but...theres no new item. Oh no. That means-

Beebo jumps onto Patrick, attacking him!!!

Sawyer spots it and runs back inside.

SAWYER  
No Beebo! Bad Beebo!!

She pulls him off of Patrick. He snaps and fights in her arms.

PATRICK  
NOW WHAT??

SAWYER  
Can we trap him?

PATRICK  
Like in a cage?

SAWYER  
In a room!!

PATRICK  
I have an idea.

Patrick opens the pantry and reveals a large stack of cardboard boxes left over from the furniture.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

Sawyer's eyes go wide.

SAWYER  
It's the motherlode.

She releases Beebo into the pile and he loves it.

They quickly shut the door and push a chair under the handle.  
Seems sturdy enough, right?

PATRICK  
Do you think that'll hold him?

SAWYER  
(exhausted)  
I hope so.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer walks over and lays on one of the couches.

SAWYER  
I just need to get a little rest  
and then I can think better.

Patrick walks over to the other couch and lays down.

PATRICK  
That's not a bad idea.  
(Then)  
Hey Sawyer?

No response. She's already out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I can sleep with  
him watching us like that.

Patrick looks over to SC who's standing firmly 5 feet away at the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(Yawning)  
I don't trust that he's not going  
to...crush...our...skulls.

Regardless, his eyes flutter closed and Patrick too falls asleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Darkness. Patrick screams louder than ever before.

Sawyer's eye's spring open and she turns to see Patrick being  
ATTACKED by Beebo!

SAWYER  
PATRICK!

Sawyer springs up.

PATRICK  
JUST LET HIM EAT ME.

SAWYER  
What-No!

Sawyer grabs Beebo and pulls him off of Patrick. She once again restrains him in her arms. He wiggles and tries to get free.

Patrick inspects his wounds.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

PATRICK  
No, not really! What are we suppose  
to do with him? He won't stop!

SAWYER  
How did he get out?

Patrick points to the pantry. The door has a large bite taken out of it.

Patrick starts to chew at his fingernails.

PATRICK  
I'm losing my mind here. My uncle's  
going to kill me. That is if this  
guy-  
(point to SC)  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Or that one don't get me first.  
Jesus Christ!

Watching Patrick chew at his nails gives Sawyer an idea.

SAWYER  
Patrick, you know what my therapist  
told me to do whenever I'm  
stressed?

PATRICK  
Really not the time.

SAWYER  
I bite my nails too. To stop she  
told me to chew some gum.

PATRICK  
Ugh, I hate gum.

Sawyer give him a look.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What?

She gestures with her head to the frankly raving Beebo.

Finally getting it, Patrick launches up and runs to the kitchen, he grabs a pack of gum from one of the drawers.

He quickly un-wraps several pieces and balls them up.

He loads the gumball up like a baseball, and hesitates.

SAWYER  
PAT! NOW!

Patrick throws the gum into Beebo's mouth.

He chews and chews...perplexed. Then a sudden satisfaction comes over his face.

He sits, peacefully chewing.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Did we?

Patrick holds up a finger to stop her. He runs outside. Sawyer watches from the window.

He checked the pool chair. SUCCESS. He holds up their wallets!

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Thank god.

Sawyer pushes Beebo off of her lap. She grabs her sketchbook off the nearby coffee table, and uses the peaceful moment to sketch Beebo.

In her sketchbook she notices a weird piece of paper. She pulls it out. Its ANOTHER crayon drawing of the creatures all together. Where are these coming from? Who is drawing them?

Sawyer shakes this off and continues drawing Beebo.

He's kind of cute when he's not attacking people.

Patrick comes back in.

PATRICK

(Re:wallet)

It didn't even take my cash!

Sawyer just continues drawing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

If every creature is going to be like that, then I think I'm right.

SAWYER

What do you mean?

PATRICK

The paperwork is the way to go.

Patrick holds up THE DOCUMENT.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just simple easy, paperwork.

Sawyer just shakes her head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I mean, you gave it a shot but this is our safest bet, and it's the most guaranteed, it just makes-

SAWYER

-Patrick I get it.

She looks at this new sketch of Beebo one last time before closing her sketchbook.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I'll figure it out in the morning.  
I'm going to try and get some more  
sleep.

She lays back down on the couch.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
You should too.

Patrick sits on his couch. He looks at the document.  
Meanwhile Sawyer tries to get comfortable. Beebo continues to  
sit peacefully.

One sweet moment of silence when-

The once distance scream is now CLOSER THAN EVER.

Upon hearing it Beebo and SC run off!

What could've possibly scared them?

Sawyer and Patrick look at one another. Patrick turns towards  
the door, and, slowly at first, at get up before DASHING to  
the front door.

He tries to open it, but as soon as he touches the handle SC  
appears outside the door and holds it firm.

PATRICK  
Damn it!

The SCREAM happens again, louder this time.

Sawyer covers her ears.

SAWYER  
What is that??

The scream stops.

Patrick and Sawyer look around.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I can't sleep with that.

PATRICK  
Where's it coming from?

The SCREAM picks up again, both of them trying to place the  
sound.

The scream stops. Sawyer looks outside and sees a WEIRD LANKY  
CREATURE (OPEE).

Sawyer gets up and cautiously makes her way outside.

Patrick follows.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

They creep outside and approach the creature slowly.

SAWYER

Hi little guy, are you okay?

OPEE screams! Her screams distort reality into animated worlds.

EXT. ADVENTURE TIME-ESQUE ANIMATED WORLD

Popping Patrick and Sawyer into a 2D animated world reminiscent of Adventure Time.

Before they even have time to process Opee stops.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

PATRICK

What was that?

Opee screams again.

EXT. STOP MOTION LAND

This time the world is a strange stop motion land.

SAWYER

What's happening to us?

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Opee stops screaming. Sawyer and Patrick have just enough time to process and continue to approach her.

Sawyer slowly reaches for Opee when she starts to scream again.

EXT. COMIC BOOK-ESQUE 2D ANIMATED WORLD

This time a strange comic book world.

SAWYER  
We have to shut her up!

PATRICK  
Obviously!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Opee stops screaming, they return to normal.

Sawyer slowly goes in and covers Opee's mouth. Holding it closed. Opee just looks at her.

PATRICK  
That seems to work.

SAWYER  
Yeah, yeah, I think-

Breaking free of Sawyers grasp, Opee screams LOUDER than ever before.

EXT. PUPPET WORLD

They get transported to a new world, this time they are puppets as well. Only much, much shittier looking ones. Think sock puppets with obvious arms in frame.

PATRICK  
Ahh!  
(looks at Sawyer)  
AHH! We're creatures!

SAWYER  
I can see that!

Patrick grabs Opee and shakes her.

PATRICK  
TAKE US BACK!

Opee keeps screaming.

SAWYER  
I don't think that's going to work.

PATRICK  
Well I don't hear you coming up  
with anything?!

Sawyer and Patrick cover their ears as best they can in their puppet form.

Patrick gestures to Sawyer as if to say "try something!"

Sawyer moves closer to Opee. She extends her puppet hand and puts it on opee's shoulder.

SAWYER

Hello, uh, Opee, I'm gonna call you  
Opee, is that okay?

Opee continues to scream.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Great. Okay. Can you maybe,  
perhaps, stop? Please, you're going  
to give me headache.

Patrick appears out of nowhere and attacks Opee!

He gets her into a full body lock and prevents the screams.

They return to normal.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Patrick is grabbing Opee harder than ever. She just stares  
that them.

PATRICK

Oh my god.

SAWYER

Let me look at her.

PATRICK

Why?

SAWYER

Maybe she's hurt or something.

Patrick sits up, balancing Opee on his knees, but still  
holding her tight.

Sawyer gets down and gently inspects Opee. She tries to  
wiggle free in Patrick's arms.

PATRICK

Stop that! We're trying to help  
you!

SAWYER

She's just scared.

(to Opee)

Hi Opee. I'm Sawyer.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

That nice boy holding you is Patrick. I'm just going to take a look and make sure you're doing okay.

This is futile. Opee does not understand her.

She inspects her arms, then her legs. She looks around her head, at her scalp. Nothing. Physically she seems, well, like a puppet. No tears or snags.

She gently strokes Opee's head, this seems to calmed her down a bit.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Let her go.

Patrick looks at her like she's insane.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Just try it.

Patrick lets go of Opee's mouth. She INSTANTLY starts screaming.

EXT. STOP MOTION BLOCKY TOY WORLD

Sawyer and Patrick are transported into a block toy world.

Patrick quickly grabs Opee and they return to the real world.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SAWYER

Not calm. She's not calm.

PATRICK

Are my ears bleeding?

Sawyer looks at them in earnest, they are not.

Opee is oddly still in Patrick's arms.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I can't hold her all day. I'm so tired.

SAWYER

I don't know.

PATRICK  
Maybe we tie her up? Duck tape  
style.

SAWYER  
No! No. Awful.

Sawyer pats Opee's head again. She coos gently.

SAYWER  
Let me hold her.  
(he resists)  
Come on!

They gently pass Opee from one to the other.

Sawyer, covering Opee's mouth, pets her gently. Then she releases her mouth, and brings her in for a hug.

It's sweet at first. Opee coos and seems happy. Patrick watches with elation.

Everything is going well, until, suddenly, Opee screams!

EXT. 2D RUGRATS-ESQE CARTOON WORLD

Sawyer and Patrick are transported into another 2D animated world, reminiscent of Rugrats.

SAWYER  
Goddamnit!

They both cover their ears and just look at Opee.

PATRICK  
Now what??

SAWYER  
I don't know! That was all I had!  
Maybe she'll scream herself tired?  
Maybe she just needs to get it out?

PATRICK  
Sure, fine.

SAYWER  
What?

PATRICK  
(louder)  
SOUNDS GOOD.

They plug their ears and sit. Resigned.

TITLE CARD: SOME TIME LATER

Patrick and Sawyer are now laying on the ground writhing in pain from the never ending screaming.

SAWYER  
You look like a weird deformed baby.

PATRICK  
So do you.

SAWYER  
I don't like the way this feels!

PATRICK  
I don't think she's just gonna stop.

They look at Opee from a distance. She's so loud!! God why.

SAWYER  
Everything's so LOUD!

PATRICK  
WHAT?

SAWYER  
IT'S-AHH!

Sawyer starts screaming at the top of her lungs, joining in Opee's chorus.

Opee's eye's open and look at her.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT? TO DRIVE US  
INSANE? IF SO YOU'RE DOING  
FANTASTIC PROFESSIONAL WORK!

Sawyer and Opee continue to scream.

Patrick looks at them, he wants it all to stop. No, he NEEDS it all to stop.

He screams! Their screams form a loud annoying cry, that seems to reverberate everywhere.

Then, out of nowhere, one of the voices drops out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Patrick and Sawyer open their eyes, they're back. Slowly they stop screaming.

Opee is holding both of their hands, comforting them. She talks to them her in language.

OPEE

Meemop do tu so weelop?

Patrick and Sawyer are weirdly touched by this.

Sawyer pats her head.

Patrick gets up and walks over to the pool chair. On top of it is Sawyer's purse, with everything except the keys and phone inside.

Patrick hold it up and does a little dance.

Sawyer grabs Opee and kisses her on the forehead.

SAWYER

You sweet, sweet friend!

Sawyer and Patrick both look exhausted. Sawyer grabs a piece of paper off a nearby table and sketches Opee.

PATRICK

Still no keys or phone. I'm going to bed.

SAWYER

I'll be there in a second.

Sawyer finishes her up sketch. Pets Opee and heads into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick is already on one of the couches. Sawyer puts the drawing on top of her sketchbook. She seems to really like it. She looks at her previous sketches of Jimbles and Beebo.

She's proud of her work.

She crawls onto the second couch-

SAWYER

Night SC.

After a moment.

PATRICK  
Hey Sawyer?

SAWYER  
(Annoyed)  
Pat, it's so late.

PATRICK  
I know. I usually scroll my phone  
to get to sleep.

SAWYER  
I do too.

PATRICK  
It's weird. Not having it.  
(Then)  
Kinda nice too.

They both talk while laying on the couches, not looking at  
one another.

SAWYER  
This feels like a sleepover.

PATRICK  
I never did any of those.

SAWYER  
What? Never?

PATRICK  
Not really. Boys don't really do  
sleepovers.

SAWYER  
No way thats true.  
(Then)  
I guess this is your first one  
then.

PATRICK  
I guess so.

SAWYER  
Oh man, I'm sorry it's so..well we  
could make it fun.

PATRICK  
How?

SAWYER

I don't know. We'd always play video games at my sleepovers. Or watch a movie. Play truth or dare.

PATRICK

Eh.

SAWYER

Here's a taste: What about you Patty? Who do you have a crush on??

PATRICK

I'm glad I skipped this.

SAWYER

No it's fun. You all tell each other silly secrets and laugh and laugh. You gossip about this and that. Doesn't even have to be that interesting, you make it interesting.

(then)

Let's tell each other a secret.

PATRICK

No way. We've known each other too long, you know everything.

SAWYER

No I don't. Come on!

PATRICK

No.

SAWYER

Boo, you're no fun.

PATRICK

What else would you do?

SAWYER

This. Just, talk and try and keep each other awake for as long as possible. You always try and stay up all night, but you never do.

PATRICK

Mmhmm.

SAWYER

I miss sleepovers. I remember waiting all week, you'd plan everything over your lunch period.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

What movie will we watch? What will we play? Will we get a pizza?

PATRICK

I remember I used to stay up till 2am just on my DS.

SAWYER

Oh same. I used to sneak mine into church. Take a big bathroom break in the middle. Play some Harvest Moon.

PATRICK

Risky. Somehow you'd still wake up at like 7am, fully rested.

SAWYER

Oh my god, I wish it was still like that.

PATRICK

I'm so tired all the time.

SAWYER

I'm so tired right now.

PATRICK

You can't fall asleep, we're suppose to stay up all night.

SAWYER

(Yawning)

You're right. You're right. What's something else?

PATRICK

What?

SAWYER

Something else you remember doing as a kid.

PATRICK

Oh I don't-my parents used to let me go out whenever, stay out. There was this park down the street. I'd walk it at like midnight.

SAWYER

No way. That's insane.

PATRICK

We lived in the midwest, I think  
they just thought it was safe.

SAWYER

I'd be grounded for life dude.

PATRICK

It was fun. You'd go out and  
contemplate your life like a little  
adult.

SAWYER

You always think you're so much  
bigger than you are.

PATRICK

And everything feels so important.

SAWYER

God yeah.

A beat.

PATRICK

Do you think we'll get out of here?

SAWYER

I do.

PATRICK

I hope so.

SAWYER

We will.

A long silence. Eyes start to flutter.

PATRICK

I like sleepovers.

SAWYER

Yeah they're fun...right?

Sawyer closes her eyes. Patrick's flutter closed not to long  
after.

SC watches over them from the door. He's been here this whole  
time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sawyer wakes up. Everything seems peaceful at first.

The sun is out, the birds are chirping. She reaches over to the coffee table for some water and quickly jerks her hand back.

It's covered in sticky pink...gum?

Her eyes open in horror.

She peers over to the kitchen and sees a trail of pink goo leading straight to Beebo.

SAWYER

Bastard.

Sawyer gets up and approaches Beebo. Anger turns to rage when she realizes what he's chewing on: Her sketchbook.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

BEEBO! No, put it down! Put it-

She pulls the book out of his mouth but it's too late. The whole book is mangled, missing chunks and covered in pink gum.

Her once good sketches of the creatures ruined, along with everything else in the book.

Any anger turns to sadness.

Beebo looks ready to leap, Sawyer simply hands him back the sketchbook, accepting defeat.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Just have it.

A LOUD CRASH outside the window pulls her attention. Beebo, and his kite, have just knocked into Opee. She lets out a little scream.

The glass protects Sawyer, but she watches in horror, as Jimbles is back to attempting to fly and Opee is back to her anxiety.

They've accomplished nothing. They aren't helping the creatures, at least not helping them more than a band-aid.

She puts her head in her hands.

Sawyer gets up and heads towards the master bathroom.