

SCARS

Written by

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EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

A MUSTANG tears down the road.
Its engine roars like deafening thunder.
Its tires squeal as it drifts around the curves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

DEVON, a thirteen year old boy in a wheelchair, rolls up the street. He shivers, his cloths are worn and he carries an overstuffed book bag in his lap.

It's late. Only a few flickering jack'o lanterns and ghostly yard decorations are still out.

Devon stops. He hears something. He hears someone.

VICTOR, a man in his late twenties, stands drunk on the sidewalk, putting out the candle inside a jack'o lantern by pissing on it while chugging another bottle of beer.

DEVON

Excuse me.

VICTOR

You talkin' to me or you talkin' to
him?(motioning to the jack'o
lantern)

DEVON

I'm talking to you obviously.

VICTOR

Ob-vi-ous-ly wha-
(notices the wheelchair)
Hey, what's the matter wit you?

DEVON

Nothing's the matter with me.

VICTOR

Well, you see, there must be
somethin' wrong wit ya' or wit your
legs, unless- you're goin' trick-r-
treatin' as a Hot Wheels car.

Victor finds this hilarious. Devon doesn't.

DEVON

You know the Sterling house? As in
Marylou Sterling?

VICTOR
...the dead girl?

DEVON
The ghost girl. Do you know the story?

VICTOR
Story ain't true. There ain't no ghost. Truth is Marylou Sterling didn't have no dead twin sister. And Marylou Sterling didn't hang herself outta guilt. She didn't even hang herself. She slit her wrists.

DEVON
How do you know that?

VICTOR
She went to high school with me. Graduated the same year- well, she didn't make it to graduation.

DEVON
Why did she kill herself?

VICTOR
Gossip. Somebody gossipin', sayin' all sorts of mean things.

DEVON
That's not a very good reason to kill yourself.

VICTOR
Some people can't handle bein' hated. Don't bother me at all.

Victor throws the empty beer bottle against the street light.
Devon flinches.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Now get on out here. I got a good notion to come over there and kick your retard ass.

DEVON
I'm not retarded.

VICTOR
Hell you ain't.

DEVON

I'm not!

VICTOR

A'ight, hush up. Hush. You're gonna wake up ever'body. Hey, what's your name boy?

DEVON

You don't need to know my name.

Victor squints, trying to get a better look at the boy's face.

VICTOR

Why you look so familiar? And what the hell are you doin' out here at this time a night?

DEVON

I wanted see if Marylou Sterling's ghost was real?

VICTOR

Well, it ain't so go on home before you get hurt.

DEVON

I've got to see. I'll pay you. A hundred dollars.

VICTOR

Hundred dollars? For what?

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Thunder rumbles causing the entire house to rattle. Devon and Victor look up at the attic window from the street.

DEVON

Last night, I heard singing, coming from up there. Just like in the story. I know something's there. And I can't get to the attic by myself.

VICTOR

So, you want me to haul your ass all the way to the top of the stairs? All the way up?

DEVON

Yes.

VICTOR
And back down?

DEVON
Huh?

VICTOR
Back down the stairs, you don't
want me to just leave you up there
do ya'?

DEVON
No, of course not. A hundred
dollars for taking me up and back
down.

VICTOR
Forget it. I got better ways to
waste my time.

DEVON
Wait! No, don't leave. Please, I
need your help.

Victor stares at the boy.

VICTOR
You ever get mad?

DEVON
What?

VICTOR
You ever get mad at God, for
cripplin' you like that? Seems to
me God's makes two kinds of people.
People that are strong and capable.
And then there's people like you.
People scarred and damaged, hardly
worth wastin' the daylight on.

DEVON
I'm not damaged and besides, God
didn't do this to me. Now, are you
gonna help me or not?

VICTOR
I'll do it. But I want your
wheelchair.

DEVON
What?

VICTOR
I'll do it for your wheelchair.

DEVON
Why?

VICTOR
I need some way to get home and I'm too drunk to drive. And I'm not even sure where my car is. So you give me that hundred dollars and you give me that shiny chair of your's and we've gotta deal.

DEVON
Deal. But you don't get the money until we get to the attic.

VICTOR
A'ight, let's do it.

Victor grabs the wheelchair's handles.

DEVON
It's easier if you pull me.

Victor turns him around and backs up towards the steps.

Victor puts his back foot onto the first rickety step. The step bends and creaks. Victor grunts and struggles as he lifts Devon up.

CRACK- the bottom step snaps in half. Victor loses his grip. Devon falls to the ground.

Victor finds this hilarious. Devon doesn't.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, ATTIC

A FIGURE, A GIRL with shiny blonde hair, watches Victor and Devon from the window.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE

Victor helps Devon back into his wheelchair.

VICTOR
Why the hell are you so damn heavy?
What you got in that backpack?

Victor snatches Devon's book bag from his lap.

DEVON
Give that back!

Victor searches through it. It's full of thick text books. Victor's vision is too blurry to read what they are. Victor reaches down in and finds three syringes and a 250ml bottle of clear liquid.

VICTOR
What the hell?

DEVON
Put it back! That's my insulin.

VICTOR
Insulin? You're diabetic? Ha. Must suck to be diabetic, 'specially tonight. Right? 'Cause you can't eat candy or anythin'?

DEVON
Yes, just put everything back in the bag and give it to me.

VICTOR
Wow, crippled and diabetic. Some folks ain't got no luck at all.

Victor hands the book bag back to Devon.

DEVON
Hurry before someone sees us.

VICTOR
You scare way too easy boy.

Victor lifts Devon onto the porch with all of his strength.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, FOYER

Dust covers every inch of the house so thick it looks like grey ash. Rain drips in through the cracked ceiling, splashing on the barren wood floors.

The front door wails as Victor pushes it open. Victor and Devon share a look when they see the stairway.

Sixteen decrepit steps followed by six tiny steps to the attic.

Victor wheels Devon to the staircase. Victor steps back onto the fragile bottom step.

He inches up, step by step, lifting Devon up.
Each stair barely able to hold the weight.

VICTOR

You know how I knew insulin was for
diabetes?

DEVON

How?

Victor pulls Devon up another step.

VICTOR

I went to medical school. For a
week.

DEVON

Why only a week?

VICTOR

I left. I wasn't smart enough
anyway. Wasn't even smart enough to
get in, but my father-

Victor lifts Devon up a another step.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

My father's a man of influence.
He's a lawyer. The lawyer. He's
gotten me outta so much shit.

DEVON

What kind of shit?

And another step.

VICTOR

The worst kind of shit. He shoulda
pieced it together. No way I was
gonna be an MD. You see, God makes
two kinds of people. There's the
good people: doctors, ministers,
teachers. And then there's-

Victor and Devon have one more step before they're safely on
the second floor. But Victor stops on the final step.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Well then there's people like me.

Victor tilts the wheelchair forward. Devon slips out- but
Victor wraps his arm around Devon's chest.
Victor dangles Devon over the plummeting stairway.
Victor laughs as Devon screams.

DEVON
DON'T LET GO! DON'T LET GO! PLEASE!

VICTOR
Scream mercy! SCREAM MERCY!

DEVON
MERCY! MERCY!

Victor pulls Devon up to safety then falls over laughing.
Devon cries.

VICTOR
Boy, I told you. I told you, you
scare way too easy. You're a-

Suddenly, Victor quiets. He hears something. He hears
someone. He turns to the attic door.
Soft singing echoes from above.

DEVON
Do you hear it?

VICTOR
Singing. Just like in the story.

DEVON
Do you believe me now?

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, ATTIC

Rain pours in through the broken roof.
The door squeaks open. Victor pulls Devon in.
Victor scans the room.
The girl with blonde hair stands in the shadows.

VICTOR
That ain't Marylou Sterling.
Marylou was a redhead.
Hey, what's your name?

GIRL
Alice.

Devon opens his book bag. He pulls out a medical book: Facial
Surgery - Anatomy and Techniques.

VICTOR
Alice what?

DEVON
McMorrow. Alice McMorrow. And I'm
Devon McMorrow.

VICTOR
McMorrow? I know that name.

Alice steps out of the shadow. There's something wrong. Lightening illuminates the room revealing Alice's disfigured face. She has barely enough skin to cover her skull. Her eyes are out of place. She has no teeth. Her blonde hair is a wig.

Devon pulls the syringes from his book bag.

Victor's eyes widen as he quivers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I know that face.

MONTAGE - VICTOR'S FLASHBACK

The MUSTANG tears down a winding road. VICTOR, younger and wilder, in the driver's seat, the steering wheel spinning in his hands as he flows around the curves.

ALICE rides a bike down the same road. DEVON, years younger, holds onto her as they go around a curve.

VICTOR loses control of the Mustang. The Mustang slides down the road. ALICE and DEVON pull out in front of it, meeting it head on.

A photo of Alice's face, before and after, sits before a courtroom. Once beautiful, now she barely looks human.

DEVON, in a wheelchair, and ALICE, in a medical mask, sit behind the plaintiff's desk. Tears roll from Devon's eyes.

The verdict's been read and Victor smiles.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, ATTIC

Devon stabs the three syringes into Victor's leg, thrusting down the plunger. Victor shouts from the pain and limps across the attic.

VICTOR
What the hell? What's wrong with you?

DEVON
Nothing's wrong with me! What's wrong with you? What kind of person are you?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

Can't you see what you've done to
my sister? What you've done to me?

Victor trips. He can't get back up. He's going numb all over.

VICTOR

That's not insulin.

DEVON

No, it's not. And this is some shit
your daddy can't get you out of.

Alice draws a SCALPEL from a surgeon's kit.
Devon opens the surgery book to a book marked page.
Victor tries to crawl away. He can't move.
His breathing slows. His pupils dilate.

VICTOR

Please. Please. Mercy..merc-

Victor tries to speak but no words come out.
Only terrified moans.

DEVON

See Victor, God only makes one kind
of person: The kind that hurts.

Alice kneels down, gripping Victor's face, holding the
scalpel over him.

ALICE

And I want you to hurt like I hurt.

Victor's eyes plead for his life.

DEVON

Alright, let's do this.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE

Victor screams.
Deafening thunder covers it up.

FADE OUT.