

DAUGHTER OF MY FATHER

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN - AUDIO ONLY - A muffled SCREAM peaks on an old single channel digital microphone, crackling and popping over the barely legible sound of leaves crunching under footsteps. The scream gets louder and closer before cutting abruptly.

BEAT of SILENCE.

HARSH CUT INTO MONTAGE

SEVERAL CLOSE UPS - A pale body sits on a metal table. A razor runs along the corpses arm, removing a small patch of body hair. The eyebrows are plucked into a neat shape. The lifeless eyes are glued shut. A phone buzzes on a nearby desk and is ignored. The hair is combed over into a presentable shape. The phone buzzes once more. A large needle is plugged into the body's arm. The phone buzzes again.

CLOSE UP - A woman wearing a face mask and shield. She lifts up her face shield and lets out a deep sigh.

BEAT.

O.C the phone rings.

WIDE to REVEAL.

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

HIGH ANGLE WIDE - The woman snaps off the latex gloves as she walks over to the phone sitting on a corner desk. Every step the woman takes echoes round the clinically sterile tiled room.

The woman throws the gloves down and pulls off the face mask revealing, JESSE, 33, WOMAN, Always carrying a tired, over it, look on her face.

She picks up the phone.

JESSE
(Frustration)
Hello.

The Operator speaks with a calm demeanour.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello, is this Jessica Portly speaking?

JESSE
Yes, speaking. Can I ask who this is?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Yes, this is Mason General
 Hospital, I'm Amy.

Jesse starts to pace the room. Her frustration turns to worry.

JESSE
 (Worry)
 Mason general hospital?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Yes, that's correct. May I ask
 where you are right now?

JESSE
 Sorry. What is this about?

The door to the mortuary opens. An OLDER MAN, SLIGHTLY OVERWEIGHT, PETER, enters wearing full scrubs. The two lock eyes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Is your father Walter Portly of
 Shelton, Washington?

BEAT.

Jesse hurries past Peter, Peter stumbles backwards into the door.

PETER
 (Confusion)
 Jesse?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - OVERCAST - MINUTES LATER

WIDE - SLOW DOLLY in as Jesse weeps in the front seat of her car. The vehicle blocks the outside world from Jesses wailing, instead all we hear is the gently whoosh of passing cars.

Jesse lays her head down on the steering wheel. Peter approaches the driver side window.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JESSES CAR

CUT INSIDE ON PETER KNOCK.

Jesse JUMPS, Peter gestures to roll down the window, Jesse wipes her eyes, then obliges.

JESSE
(Frantic)
I'm sorry, I just ne-

Peter cuts her off.

PETER
(Reassuring)
Ah. Whatever it is. Don't worry. Go home.

JESSE
Are you sure? Peter, there's still a body on the table.

PETER
I've got it covered. I'll get Will on it. Just go home.

Jesse tries to compose herself and explain the situation.

JESSE
It's my umm-

Jesse starts to well up.

PETER
It's okay Jesse. Go. You don't need to explain yourself.

Jesse takes a deep breath then starts up the engine.

JESSE POV out of the windshield as she reverses out of her parking space. Peter watches arms crossed shrinking smaller and smaller in the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES APARTMENT HALLWAY - SOME TIME LATER

The front door creaks open, Jesse steps in and tosses her keys onto a nearby stand, then kicks her shoes off as the door slams behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES LIVING ROOM

LOCKED WIDE for duration of scene.

The living room is exactly what you'd expect from any single millennial. Ikea furniture. A stack of coffee table books. Printed art pieces brought of Amazon. Dozens of house plants.

Jesse collapses backwards onto the couch. She sits in silence for what feels like ETERNITY, before picking up her phone and tapping away. The phone starts to ring.

JESSE

Hello, Emma... Hey... How are you doing... Oh Nothing much... I know... I Am supposed to be at work but-

Jesse chokes on her own words. Then composes herself.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Look, something Happened... Yeah... It's dad... yeah... He's gone...
 (Jesse wipes her nose)
 I know... I know... I'm doing fine... Fuck, of course I'm lying... When can you come home... Can't you get the soonest flight... Please... Thank you... You can stay at my place...No... No, I'm your sister, I'm not letting you get a hotel... Okay...Okay... We can talk about it more when you get here... Just please get here quick... Okay... I love you... Yeah... Bye.

Jesse tosses her phone down on the couch.

BEAT.

CUT TO:

INSERT. JESSES APARTMENT HALLWAY

CLOSE UP on stand - Jesse grabs her keys off the stand, O.C we hear the front door creak open and shut again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - EVENING

The waiting room is sparsely populated with several patients, none of which appear to be in any real distress. A slow and peaceful evening for any hospital.

Jesse walks right up to the reception desk. The receptionist, Susan, perks up, a look of confusion comes across her face.

SUSAN

Oh, hi Jesse, I don't know anything about a pickup today.

Susan shuffles through some notes.

JESSE

(Confused)
Sorry what?

SUSAN

I definitely don't have anything on paper, weird, I'll double check the system.

Susan starts clicking away on the computer.

JESSE

What?

POV - Jesse looks down, she is still wearing her work scrubs.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh, um, I'm not here for that.

BEAT. Susan turns her attention back to Jesse.

SUSAN

Oh, I'm sorry, I just though...Anyway, what can I help you with?

JESSE

I'm just here to collect some belongings and fill out some paperwork. It's, umm, Walter Portly.

Susan checks the computer, her face drops.

SUSAN

(Sympathetic)
Oh my god, I'm so sorry for your loss. Can I get yo-

Jesse holds up her hand and holds back all emotions.

JESSE

(Firm)
Please, can I just get the Paperwork. Thank you.

Susan clicks away once more. BEAT.

SUSAN

Sorry, but it isn't ready yet. We don't expect the bereaved ask so quick. You can come in anytime. We'll still transfer the remains as soon as possible. You shouldn't be worrying about things like paperwork now, go home and rest.

Jesse scratches her head.

JESSE

I want to get it out of the way. Isn't it just a template anyway? Can't you just print one out?

SUSAN

Sorry no, but I can get you the release for his personal belongings.

JESSE

Yeah, I guess that'll have to do.

SUSAN

Okay, I'll be right back.

Susan Exits to a nearby office.

Jesse leans backwards onto the desk, surveying the hospital waiting room.

Jesse's POV - An old man lays fast asleep. A young girl holds her bandaged arm tight. A couple hold hands. Two nurses' gossip down the hallway. Through an ajar door, a bandaged man breathes through heavy tubing.

Jesse focuses on the bandaged man.

BEAT.

SUSAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Here you go.

Jesse JUMPS. Susan looks at the crippled man too.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That guy was in the crash with your dad. I think he might have been the cause.

JESSE
In the same car?

SUSAN
No, He was the man driving the
semi.

JESSE
(Heartache)
Semi?

Susan changes the topic.

SUSAN
Here's your fathers' belongings.
All you need to do is sign here and
here and you're all set.

Susan places the papers on the desk and hands over a pen,
Jesse signs the papers in silence, Susan takes back the
papers and looks them over.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
That's all good. Here's everything
that was on your fathers person.

Susan slides over a tray full of assorted objects. Jesse
notes each object.

An old iPhone six. A set of keys. Several old receipts. Some
loose change and a Cracked pair of glasses.

JESSE
There's no wallet.

SUSAN
It... wasn't recoverable.

JESSE
Explains why they didn't need me to
ID the body.

Susan says nothing, Jesse stuffs all the objects into her
pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

BIRDS EYE VIEW from hospital roof - an ambulance screams up
to the entrance of the hospital narrowly missing Jesse as she
paces towards her car somewhere in her mind.

Jesse enters her car and slams the door shut.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JESSES CAR

Jesse sits for moment before pulling out the various knick-knacks.

Jesse tosses the change into her centre console, scrunches the receipts back into her pocket, then checks over the keys, nothing stands out of any importance.

Finally, the phone, 0 messages. With a simple slide the phone unlocks.

JESSE

(Whispers)

Not even a passcode, come on Dad.

Jesse immediately clicks onto messages.

PHONE READS

Last messages

ROBIN

Ill catch up with you lat... - 2 days

LF INSURANCE

Be sure to catch up on th... - 2 weeks

PIZZA PLACE

Ready for a deal, Check ou... - 3 weeks

Jesse scrolls past more junk messages.

JESSICA

Received - Please I don't want to lose y... - 7 months

EMMA

Received - Look, Come down to the house and we c... 2 years

Jesse scrolls back up and clicks ROBIN.

WALT

Happy Anniversary buddy, 40 years!!

ROBIN

Holy shit 40 years. That is ridiculous.

WALT

I'm honestly kind of upset it's been this easy.

ROBIN

What? You want to try it again or something.

WALT

Fuck no, not with the technology they've got nowadays.

ROBIN

Shit wife's calling, got 2 go.

WALT

No problem, Lets talk later.

ROBIN

Ill catch up with you later.

The phone lights Jesses puzzled face.

Jesse types a message.

"This is Walts daughter. Walt recently passed away. You seemed like very good friends and I thought you'd like to know."

Send.

Jesse stuffs the phone back into her pocket and starts the car.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

WIDE - a bright light shines down on the dinner table. An older man sits with his back to the CAMERA. O.C we hear the rattling of dinner plates and the laughs of children.

A phone buzzes and the CLASSIC 1960S BATMAN PUNCH SOUND EFFECT plays. We slowly PUSH IN as the man peers down at his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Jesses lays spread out across her bed, still in her scrubs.

An alarm rings. The phone reads

TIME TO GO TO WORK - 7:00am

Jesse squints at the screen.

JESSE
(croaky)
Shit.

Jesse turns off the rest of her alarms she forgot to last night.

BIRDS EYE VIEW - Jesse rolls over onto her back, then pulls herself up and heads to the bathroom, O.C we hear the shower start to run.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP on face, High angle - The cold water shocks Jesse awake as she runs her fingers through her hair.

FADE TO:

INT. JESSES KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER

CLOSE UP - a spoon plunges into a bowl of cereal.

WIDE - Jesse, now in a dressing gown, sits shrunk in the corner of the frame eating a bowl of cereal. A local news channel plays on mute in the background. The sky outside is a washed out pale blue.

Then a ring at the door.

Jesse takes one last bite before heading to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES APARTMENT HALLWAY

OTS - Jesse swallows her final bite of food and pulls her dressing gown tight, before opening the door.

EMMA
(Relief)
Jesse.

EMMA, SILVER-HAIRED, TRANS WOMAN, 28, STYLISH AND TRENDY.

The sisters fall into an embrace before the door is even fully open. They lock into each others' arms.

JESSE
(Relief)
Emma. My god, I've missed you.

EMMA
I've missed you too.

JESSE
How have you been?

EMMA
I've been great. How about you?

Jesse takes a step back to look at Emma.

JESSE
I'm good. Oh my god. Look at you,
You're beautiful. I'm jealous.

EMMA
Thank you. Is that a grey hair?

JESSE
(Panicked)
What?

Jesse snaps to the hallway mirror, Emma smiles. Jesse spots nothing

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Sarcastic)
Oh, ha ha.

BEAT.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Sincere)
I really have missed you.

Emma hugs Jesse once more.

EMMA

I've really missed you too. Like really.

CUT TO:

INSERT - CLOSE UP

Coffee cup being stirred.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse, now wearing a shirt and jeans, places a coffee cup in front of a seated Emma, who picks it up and takes a sip.

EMMA

Thanks.

Jesse sits down.

JESSE

You're welcome... So, How long are planning on staying. Just for the funeral or?

EMMA

I can't stay long.

JESSE

It would be nice if you did.

EMMA

I'm sorry Jesse, but I've got a job.

JESSE

I get that. I just wish you could.

EMMA

Me too. To be honest I ONLY wanted to come down for the funeral, but you wanted me to come so...

JESSE

Sorry, I just don't really have anyone else.

Emma sinks into the couch.

EMMA

I don't know why you still live here. You should come and live with me in New York. You still haven't met my girlfriend yet.

JESSE

Why didn't she come.

EMMA

I didn't really feel like introducing her to the family this way.

JESSE

Why hadn't you introduced her before?

Silence.

EMMA

Because of dad.

JESSE

You could have introduced her to me.

EMMA sighs.

EMMA

It's the town. It's too familiar. This is where we grew up. There's too much here. Y'know? I didn't want to bring her here.

JESSE

Yeah.

EMMA

You should move out to New York. Or anywhere that's not here.

JESSE

I couldn't leave him alone.

EMMA

Why?

JESSE

Because.

EMMA

Because when was the last time you actually spoke to him anyway?

JESSE
He was still our dad.

Emma thumps the coffee down on the coffee table.

EMMA
(Riled)
So what? You hated him. I hated
him. We didn't owe him shit.

JESSE
(Defensive)
I didn't hate him.

EMMA
No. But you didn't love him.

JESSE
Then why are you here?

EMMA
I'm here because I'm his daughter
and I want his daughter to be at
the funeral.

JESSE
If you're here out of spite, then
you should probably just leave.

Emma composes herself.

EMMA
No, I'm not being spiteful. I do
want his daughters to be at the
funeral. Like you said, he was
still our dad.

JESSE
Oh, by the way, do you even know
any more of our family.

EMMA
Um, well there was Aunt Alex and
the cousins.

JESSE
There on moms' side. The last time
we spoke was moms' funeral, but yes
I've called them anyway.

EMMA
Did they say yes?

JESSE

They didn't say much, I don't know.
Anyone else?

Emma thinks.

EMMA

No, Dad was very good at pushing
people away.

JESSE

Yeah, well, I'm heading up to his
house later to see if he has a list
of contacts anywhere. Oh yeah, by
the way, do you remember anyone
named Robin?

EMMA

Robin? No, I don't think so. Why?

JESSE

It was the only number dad was
still texting on his phone. I
messed about dad, but nobody
responded.

EMMA

It definitely doesn't ring any
bells.

JESSE

I scrolled through the texts. They
seemed very "familiar" with each
other.

Emma raises an eyebrow.

EMMA

Secret gay lovers?

JESSE

Nah, nothing like that. Just "How
have you been, We should meet up
some time" and "How has blank been
recently"

EMMA

Shame. It would have made a lot of
the shit he did a lot more
understandable if that was the
truth.

JESSE

Do you want to come to the house? I don't want to go alone. It's only like a 20 minute drive.

Emma ponders for a moment.

EMMA

Sure. But we're splitting everything we find fifty-fifty.

JESSE

That's another thing. Dad didn't have a will on record. There might be one at the house but I doubt it.

EMMA

It should go to us automatically right.

JESSE

It should.

EMMA

Unless Dad has some secret kids with this mystery Robin.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BREAK ROOM - SAME TIME

ENTIRE SCENE PLAYS OUT IN SINGLE WIDE.

An OLD MAN, JOSEPH, LATE 50s, sits alone at a table, drinking a plastic cup of coffee.

A pair of young, suited officers stroll past the doorway behind him, Joseph peers over his shoulders.

BEAT.

A YOUNG AGENT, WOMAN, LATE 20s, glances into the break room and knocks on the open door.

YOUNG AGENT

Joseph, we're starting in a minute, if you want to come on through.

JOSEPH

Yeah, just give me a minute.

Joseph takes a long sip of coffee. The young agent scowls at an unaware Joseph before disappearing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FBI HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joseph straightens his tie and takes a deep breath before slinking into the training room.

INT. FBI TRAINING ROOM

A Projector shows a generic training video talking about the standard protocols of everyday work as an FBI agent.

The door creaks open and Joseph cuts across the front of the classroom, through the projection to where the young agent stands, arms crossed, holding a stack of documents.

The young agent leans over.

YOUNG AGENT
(Whispers)
Forgot your papers?

JOSEPH
I've got it all memorised, don't
you worry.

The young agent leans back.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(jokingly)
I'm sure if I get stuck, I can just
borrow yours.

The young agent cracks a fake smile. The video comes to an end.

The lights flick back on and the young agent steps forward to greet the class.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY

INSIDE OF JESSES CAR. The vehicle drives up a long and winding dirt driveway.

EMMA

I can't believe we grew up this far away from... everything.

JESSE

I can.

POV - JESSES WINDSHIELD - As they round a corner, the house comes clear into view. A large farmhouse surrounded by nothing but acres of woods. Outside of the house, sits a singular SUV.

EMMA

Who the fuck is that?

Jesse slams on the brakes.

POV - JESSES WINDSHIELD - ZOOM - a man wearing a ski mask stands at the FARMHOUSE door, checking his phone. The mysterious figure clocks the sisters, immediately turns around and jumps into the truck.

JESSE

(Panicked)

Fuck. Call the police!

EMMA

(Screams)

Get us out of here!

The car comes speeding down the drive. Jesse rips the car into reverse and starts slaloming back down the driveway.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(Screams)

Quick, Jesse!

The two cars' bumpers meet inches apart. The SUV swerves onto the grass and rushes past Jesses car as she slams the brakes.

POV - JESSES BACK WINDSCREEN - Jesse and Emma freeze as the car continues down the driveway before squealing out onto the road.

BEAT.

JESSE

Did you get the license plate?

EMMA

(Exasperated)

License plate. No, I didn't get the fucking license plate. Did you?

JESSE

I was driving... Just call the police.

Emma takes out her phone.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE

A policewoman stands on the front porch, pacing up and down, the camera DOLLYS back between Emma and the sheriff, HENRY, 45.

HENRY

Anything, any reason at all for what he could want inside your father's house?

EMMA

No, I mean you went over this with my sister. Anything she knows, I know even less.

EMMA POV - Jesse sits by a gigantic oak tree, swaying gently on a old tyre swing across the field.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's spoke to him way more recently than me. Did she tell you about the number, umm, Robin.

HENRY

She did, but as far as I can tell, there is zero reason to be suspicious of that number specifically.

EMMA

Can't you use forensics or something, Y'know scrub the place for fingerprints.

HENRY

Unfortunately, this town doesn't have the resources to spend thousands of dollars on a single robbery. Look, All I'm betting is someone heard about your father's death and took it as an opportunity.

EMMA

But the door was open and he didn't steal anything.

HENRY

Well, thankfully, you got here in time.

Emma crosses her arms and speaks through gritted teeth.

EMMA

Is that it then?

HENRY

It would appear so. Look if anything else happens, you know what number to call... Is that good?

Emma puts her hands on her hips.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Is that good?

EMMA

Yeah. Whatever.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE OAK TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma approaches Jesse as the police car speed back down the driveway.

EMMA

Nice to know he's still an asshole. What do you think?

JESSE

I think he was probably right. I think someone was just being an opportunist.

EMMA

I guess, if you think so... Do you want to go check the place out then?

JESSE

Sure, I'm sure Dad owns some guns, I want to grab one first. I still don't feel safe.

EMMA

Me neither, I don't know whether it's the break-in or that's just how it's always felt here.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two sisters stand silhouetted in the doorframe. A stillness lingers in the air, they stand in awe of the timelessness of the interior design.

JESSE

I thought after all these years it might seem smaller.

EMMA

Boomer privilege. Dad didn't do shit with his life and still gets this.

BEAT.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(Excitement)

JULIE!

A black cat comes sprinting out of the dark, Emma reaches out her hand, the cat nestles at her feet.

JESSE

I can't believe she's still alive.

Emma picks up the cat, it sinks into her arms.

EMMA

She's a cat, I'm sure she can survive a few days without canned food.

JESSE

No, I mean, isn't she like 13 years old?

EMMA

Yeah, but Dad took more care of her than us anyway.

(To the cat)

Come on Julie, you must be hungry. God, I always hated that name.

Emma heads towards the kitchen, shouting back towards Jesse.

EMMA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 (Shouts)
 Who names a cat Julie anyway?

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jesse paces the front room, glancing over family photos, the only subjects in all the pictures being the two sisters and Dad. No extended family and no photos of mom.

JESSE
 (Shouting)
 I'm pretty sure Dad named her after
 some old actress.

EMMA (O.C.)
 (Shouting)
 That's dumb.

JESSE
 (shouting)
 Didn't you name your fish after
 some dumb anime.

Jesse approaches a gun case and shakes the doors. It doesn't budge.

EMMA(O.C.)
 (Shouting)
 Fish are different. Asuka and Rei
 had no idea how dumb they sounded.

Jesse chuckle to herself.

Suddenly Emma SCREAMS.

JESSE
 (Panicked)
 Emma!

Jesse rushes to the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JESSES POV - Emma stands in the middle of the kitchen holding her nose, the cat food tin face down on the floor, the cat licks the tin. On the counter, A rotting chicken carcass.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE BACK DOOR

Jesse, wearing gloves, tosses a black sack into the garbage can.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE STUDY - LATER

Jesse sorts through files at a desk, whilst Emma flicks through books on a bookshelf behind her.

EMMA

Okay, maybe I overreacted. Sorry I don't cut up bodies for a living.

JESSE

(Defensive)

I don't cut up bodies for a living. I make them presentable... For the funeral. Cover them in make-up. Make them look pretty. Nobody really wants to see a dead body.

EMMA

(Snarky)

I'm guessing you're not doing Dad?

JESSE

(Snaps)

Dad can't have an open casket funeral. There wasn't enough left of him.

Silence. BEAT. Emma changes the subject.

EMMA

Found anything interesting yet?

JESSE

No, nothing.

EMMA

Anything?

JESSE

No, I mean, haven't you noticed? There aren't even any photo albums in this house. No extended family photos on the wall, nothing. It's just us.

Jesse lets out a sigh. Emma wraps her arms tight around Jesse.

EMMA
That's all we need.

JESSE
Yeah, until you go back to New York, right?

EMMA
I'm sorry, but I'm not mom.

Emma leans back onto the bookshelf. It shifts backwards by an inch.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I can't just babysit you for the rest of your life.

Jesse perks up.

JESSE
What was that?

EMMA
I'm sorry, but I just can't.

JESSE
No, not that?

EMMA
What?

JESSE
The bookshelf.

EMMA
What about it?

Jesse jumps up.

JESSE
It just moved...Move.

Jesse nudges Emma out the way.

EMMA
Are you finally having a breakdown?

Jesse tries to pull the bookshelf forward. She struggles, then pauses.

JESSE
 (Irrked)
 Can you help me?

EMMA
 What are you doing?

JESSE
 (Frustration)
 Emma.

They each grab a side of the bookshelf and pull it forward revealing a decommissioned fireplace. Stacks of boxes fill the small compartment. Each box crudely labelled a different year, 1987-1992, 1993-1995, 1996-2000, 2000-2006.

EMMA
 (Confusion)
 What the fuck.

Jesse and Emma each pull out a separate box and sit down on the centre rug. A layer of dust falls of the box as they open the lid.

Each box is stacked full of various VHS, BETAMAX and MINI DVs.

JESSE
 Did you know Dad had these?

Emma pulls out a VHS labelled "JUNE 16TH, 1992".

EMMA
 No, I don't even remember Dad owning a camcorder...Do you, do you think it's a sex-tape?

JESSE
 Honestly, I kind of hope it is, I'm scared of what else it could be.

Emma throws the VHS back into the box and stands up.

EMMA
 I'm going to check the rest of the house, see if there is anything we can watch these on. Dad kept a lot of shit, must be an old VHS player here somewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - EVENING

A small hatchback car drives up to the front of house. A young pimpled boy steps out the car holding a large pizza, he looks at a small receipt, then approaches the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The delivery driver approaches the wide open front door with trepidation. He shouts into the Hallway.

DELIVERY DRIVER
(Shouts)
Hello...Pizza Delivery.

BEAT.

Jesse emerges from a door down the corridor.

JESSE
Hi, sorry about that.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Um, Jesse Portly.

Jesse takes the pizza.

JESSE
Yes, thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse places the pizza down on the coffee table and SCREAMS.

JESSE
(Screams)
Emma, pizzas here!

BEAT. Jesse sighs and starts her long search for Emma.

MONTAGE OF JESSES SEARCH THROUGH THE HOUSE

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY

WIDE - HIGH ANGLE - Top of stairs looking down.

JESSE
(Screams)
Emma. Pizza.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Jesse pokes her round the kitchen corner.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM

CLOSE UP - Jesse Wipes her finger along the dining room table leaving a streak in the dust.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE STUDY

VHS BOX POV - LOW ANGLE - Jesse looks at the boxes of videos emptied out onto the floor.

JESSE
(Shouts)
Emma.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE MASTER BEDROOM

The black cat sits at the end of the bed, Jesse and the cat lock eyes in a moment of silence.

CAT POV as Jesse continues down the HALLWAY and out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE SPARE BEDROOM

A small ladder leads upwards into the ceiling in the corner of the room.

O.C We hear the rustling of boxes.

Jesse approaches the rickety ladder and cautiously climbs.

INT. FARMHOUSE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Jesse peaks her head up into a completely pitch black void. Far off in the corner of the attic, Emma searches through several boxes, lit only by the torch of her phone.

JESSE
(Composed)
Emma.

EMMA
(Lost)
Huh, what?

JESSE
Pizza's downstairs.

EMMA
Oh cool, I'll be down in a minute.

JESSE
Find anything?

EMMA
No, nothing. What about you, you
find anything?

JESSE
No, nothing.

EMMA
I did find this though.

Emma holds up a children's drawing. A crudely drawn mom and Dad hold a child in their arms, A young girl stands on the opposite side of the page.

JESSE
Cute. Come-on, I'm hungry.

Jesse disappears down the ladder out of the FRAME.

Emma folds the paper back up neatly and places it in her back-pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Emma and Jesse sit comatose on either end of the couch, feet up on the coffee table either side of an empty pizza box.

A trashy reality show plays on the old TV.

An alarm goes off on Jesses phone, Emma eyes dart over to the phone sitting on the couch.

EMMA POV - The phone screen reads

"Take your Paroxetine - ALARM". Jesse quickly snatches the phone.

EMMA
(Concern)
What was that?

JESSE
Oh, nothing, just some headache medication...

EMMA
Jesse.

JESSE
It's nothing, just a migraine thing.

Emma realises her sister has been taking anti-depressants.

EMMA
Jesse, I know what that is. Don't lie. This is me you're talking to.

JESSE
Okay fine. Yes okay...It's Just....What it is.

EMMA
Why didn't you tell me? Talk to me. Anything. I'm here for you?

Jesse raises her brow at Emma's gall.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Okay, yes I know. But I would have been if I knew. Seriously. Jesse. What happened?

JESSE
Nothing happened. It just happened because.

Emma shuffles over to Jesse and embraces her.

EMMA
Jesse... since when?

JESSE

I really don't want to talk about this.

EMMA

You need to talk about it.

JESSE

Yeah well, Dad just died, I'm tired and I don't want to talk about it. So can we not?

BEAT.

EMMA

Fine... Then we'll talk about it later... Are we heading back to your place to sleep?

JESSE

We probably should considering this place was almost robbed a couple of hours ago.

EMMA

Did the guy even break the door? Dad always left the doors unlocked, so I'm pretty sure he just walked in. We can just lock it.

JESSE

True...

Jesse POV - The sisters stare at the door, then back to one other.

EMMA

Dibs not it.

JESSE

Dibs- Fuck. This episodes almost over, I'll do it in a minute.

WIDE - Jesse and Emma sit cuddled up to one another.

MATCH CUT TO:

MORNING

SAME WIDE - Jesse sit with her head tilted over the back of the couch, mouth agape. Emma lay sprawled out on the Couch, her head resting in Jesses lap.

O.C The doorbell rings.

Jesse snaps awake and gathers herself, before lightly picking up Emma's head and resting it down on the couch as she stands up.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY

MAILMAN POV - A Mailman stands at the wide open door.

Jesse wipes her eyes and leans forward onto the doorframe.

MAILMAN

Hi, sorry to disturb you. I just noticed the mail hasn't been collected the past couple days. Just wanted to make sure everything is okay with you folks.

JESSE

Oh, um, sorry. The owner of the house just passed.

MAILMAN

Walter?

JESSE

Yeah. Did you know him.

MAILMAN

Just as a customer, but he always seemed so nice.

JESSE

Yeah, he was our father... I'm his daughter.

MAILMAN

I'm so sorry for your loss.

JESSE

Oh, well, Thank you, there'll be a funeral and I'll be sure to send you an invite.

MAILMAN

Oh sure. No need to write down an address. Just send an invite to the post office. I'll find it.

Jesse chuckles awkwardly.

JESSE
Yeah, thanks again.

She goes to shut the door.

MAILMAN
Oh, your mail.

The Mailman holds out a wad of letters.

JESSE
Of course, thank you.

The door shuts. Jesse flicks through the stack of letters.

SPAM. SPAM. SPAM. HOUSE INSURANCE. SPAM. TAKEAWAY. And several more Jesse can't be bothered to sort.

Jesse tosses the Letters down onto a set of drawers.

CLOSE UP - as the letters land and fall over each other, A handwritten letter slides out amongst the junk.

CUT TO:

FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Jesse and Emma sit opposite eating breakfast. Emma scrolls through her phone. Emma sniffs her armpits and grimaces.

EMMA
All my clothes are back at yours still?

JESSE
Well yeah, why?

EMMA
I just stink, I didn't exactly bring a spare change of clothes.

JESSE
What? You want to stay here now?

EMMA
I mean, why not? It's better than your studio apartment.

JESSE
Fair. If I drop you off at mine, can you pick up some of my clothes as well? I need to check-in to work today. Say I'm okay and everything.

EMMA

Yeah, sure.

Emma takes the last spoonful and leans backwards into her chair.

JESSE

And while you're at it. It's a short walk to town can you pick up something to play those old video tapes.

The cat jumps up onto Emma's lap.

EMMA

Okay, but that means I don't have to come to the funeral meeting after.

JESSE

What, no. You know that isn't a fair trade.

EMMA

They don't need two of us anyway, So deal?

JESSE

It's going to be so boring, you can't leave me alone.

EMMA

I'll pay for the pizza next time.

Jesse finishes her meal and pushes her bowl away.

JESSE

You're paying for it anyway.

EMMA

Okay, so I don't have to come?

Jesse stands up, picks up her bowl, Emma's bowl, then stands at the head of table.

JESSE

Fine, but you do actually need to come with me when I sort out the deal with the will.

EMMA

Of course, 50/50. You're not pulling a fast one on me.

Jesse rolls her eyes and heads to the kitchen. Emma picks up Julie the cat and looks into her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse and Emma leave through the front door. Emma stops halfway down the small set of steps leading to the driveway.

EMMA

Oh yeah, we should actually lock the front door this time.

Jesse pauses and thinks for a moment.

JESSE

Keys.

Jesse and Emma share a thought, then Jesse checks underneath a small tin robot by the front door. Underneath the trinket, a single spare key.

EMMA

How predictable.

Jesse slides the key onto her own keyring and locks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BREAK ROOM

WIDE - Joseph sits alone in the break room sipping a coffee. O.C We hear the intermittent rustle of some papers. After some minor frustrated glances, Joseph glares over to the source of the distraction.

JOSEPH POV - DETECTIVE, DANIEL, 32, sits at the far table flicking through some papers. Daniel pulls out a polaroid and holds it up to the light revealing a photo of a mangled corpse.

JOSEPH

(Irritated)

Do you mind not doing that here?

Daniel shuffles the photo back into a folder.

DANIEL

I figured you'd seen worse. Joseph fielder?

JOSEPH

Yes, that is my name and I'd rather not see that on my break, thank you.

Daniel shuffles everything back into the folder.

DANIEL

I'm sorry. I genuinely didn't mean any offence. I'm just a fan. You did some incredible work back in the day.

Daniel approaches Josephs table. Joseph slams his coffee down.

JOSEPH

(Annoyed)

Look, if you have any questions, please just save it for the training room.

DANIEL

Oh, I'm not in training. I've worked here six years, actually. Seven in a month.

Joseph sits back, arms crossed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm just a fan... But I can see you're busy so. It was nice meeting you Joe. Have a nice day.

Joseph eyes bore into Daniel as he exits the BREAK ROOM.

YOUNG AGENT(O.S.)

Joe, we're ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. JESSES APARTMENT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse squeal's up to the apartment, Emma jumps out, the window rolls down, Jesse leans over.

JESSE

Don't forget my ummm...

EMMA

Depressants, got it.

JESSE

And be sure to grab my blue coat.

EMMA

Don't even worry about it, you trust my fashion choices, right?

JESSE

Okay, I do but... Fine. I'll see you later. Love you, bye.

Emma is already halfway to the apartment entrance.

EMMA

(Shouts over shoulder)
Love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O.C Jesses front door creaks open, Emma steps into the front room, she takes in the stillness for a moment, then immediately gets to snooping around Jesses apartment.

Emma looks over the pictures on the mantelpiece. A prepubescent Emma and Jesse, Emma and Jesse in their early twenty's, Emma with a bunch of friends and photo of Jesse at her graduation.

Emma moves over to a large potted plant in the corner of the room.

CLOSE UP ON PLANT - Emma grabs a leaf and twists with all her might. The plant snaps revealing the hollow plastic insides.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSES BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma pulls out various underwear from a draw and throws it into an open suitcase on the floor.

Then Emma pokes around inside Jesses wardrobe, pulling out various garments.

POV INSIDE CLOSET - Emma Sorts through racks of clothes, stops and glances up. The camera BOOMS up revealing a box sitting on a top shelf. Emma grabs the box and pulls it down.

The box slams down onto the bed, Emma raises an eyebrow as she pulls out various sex toys.

Butt-plugs, dildos and other assorted sexual items. At the bottom of the box, A list of various phone numbers, Emma smiles and puts the box back on the shelf.

Emma moves onto the on-suite bathroom, heading straight for the cabinet above the sink. She muses over all the various tablets and assorted toiletries.

Square in the centre of the cabinet, The anti-depressants. Emma places them into her coat pocket.

BEAT.

Emma gaze draws to the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY RECEPTION

WIDE - Jesse Silhouette comes into focus through the frosted glass doors, the doors swing open echoing through the sterile building, Jesse steps in and waits. Silence.

Jesse wanders up towards the reception. Nobody. The mortuary feels even more eerie than usual. Jesse peaks into an office. Empty.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY

Jesse lets herself into the main mortuary room. A body sits on the table covered by a plastic cloth. Jesse walks along the opposite side of the room gazing at all the files sitting on a desk.

JESSES POV - Jesse looks over to the body, The first time being around a body has ever made her feel uncomfortable.

Jesse quickly faces her back to the body in disgust, but curiosity gets the better of her. She opens a folder on the desk, sitting right in front of her. Jesse pulls out a photo of a mutilated body involved in a car accident.

The realisation slowly builds in Jesse brain.

PETER (O.S.)

(Shock)

Jesse, you shouldn't be here.

Peter stands at the door. His shock turns to distress. Jesse face turns white.

PETER (CONT'D)
(sickened)
Jesse don't.

Peter hurries over and snatches the pictures from her hand, before dragging Jesse out the room. Her eyes locked on the body as she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse sits on a couch. Peter hands over a glass of water, then sits back at his desk.

PETER
What were you thinking?

JESSE
I just came to check-in, I didn't know that he was here.

PETER
You've got our numbers, please Jesse, you should have just called.

JESSE
I'm sorry, Peter. I just wanted to check.

PETER
You should be resting. That's it.

JESSE
If I'm honest. I kind of want to see about coming back to work. Sitting at home isn't going to do me good.

PETER
Do you have anyone with you at the moment?

JESSE
Yeah, I've got my sister. But she'll be gone soon. I want to get back to work.

PETER
That's good. Look, your job isn't going away anytime soon. So just take-

At that moment Will bursts in through the door.

WILL
Jesse.

JESSE
(Smiles)
Hi Will.

WILL
Hi Jesse, I'm sorry about your dad.
(Will addresses Peter)
Peter, I had some paperwork that ne-

PETER
(Annoyed)
Will, not now, Okay.

Will slinks back through the door.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about that Jesse.

JESSE
It's okay, It's nice to not be
treated like I'm going to explode
at any moment.

PETER
Give your sister my best regards.
Please go home.

Jesse Puts down the full cup of water and shuffles towards the door.

JESSE
Thank you Henry.

PETER
Don't thank me for being a decent
human being. It should be assumed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

WIDE - Jesse pulls up to the house alone and makes her way inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

CLOSE UP ON STOVE - Emma fries an omelette on the stove. Jesse throws her keys onto the countertop.

JESSE

Did you buy groceries?

EMMA

Yeah, stocked the fridge and I've put your clothes upstairs already.

JESSE

You didn't walk, did you?

EMMA

What no, I got a cab. I can't believe this place doesn't even have Uber yet.

JESSE

Did you get the video player?

Emma pushes the cat off the countertop with the spatula.

EMMA

(hesitant)

I did, but it doesn't work.

JESSE

It doesn't work?

EMMA

No, I tried plugging it in, doesn't work.

JESSE

Where did you buy it from?

EMMA

That old pawn shop in town.

JESSE

And you didn't think to check if it worked there?

EMMA

What?

JESSE

(Over it)

You know what. You paid for it, who cares... Does the shower work here?

EMMA

I don't know, I showered while I
was at yours.

Jesse shakes her head, then shuffles once more upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP - SHOWER HEAD - The water starts to run a thick
brown for several seconds before turning clear.

Jesse apprehensively steps in.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - EVENING - GOLDEN SUNSET

Emma face-times her girlfriend, Haley, whiles swinging on the
porch bench.

EMMA

I think you'd love it honestly,
I've honestly forgot how nice it is
to be in... nature, y'know.

HALEY (O.S.)

Sounds like it's nice, I would love
to be there with you... And remind
me again why I'm not.

EMMA

Look, I thought it might weird with
my sister... But, I'm coming round
on the idea.

HALEY (O.S.)

Does that mean I can come?

EMMA

Maybe, but that means I have to
tell her why you actually aren't
here.

HALEY (O.S.)

You owe her that.

EMMA

Or I could just double up on the
lies.

HALEY (O.S.)

Jess.

EMMA

I know, I know, you're right.

Jesse emerges from the house, towel wrapped around her head.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh sorry Haley, Jesses here. I'll talk to you later.

Emma hangs up.

JESSE

You don't have to hang up for me.

EMMA

I know. We were finished anyway.

Jesse sits down on the bench.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I, I'm sorry.

JESSE

For what?

EMMA

For everything.

JESSE

You don't have anything to apologise for.

EMMA

Being a bad sister.

JESSE

Don't put this all on yourself. It goes both ways.

EMMA

I know, I still could have done more though.

JESSE

It was him, He just broke people apart.

EMMA

That's the easy way to get out of this.

JESSE
(Pained)
Yeah.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

BIRD EYES - Emma is fast asleep curled over to the side of the bed, Jesse lies awake staring at the ceiling, restless.

Jesse kicks herself out of bed and heads downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse chugs down milk from the carton lit only by the fridge light.

CLOSE UP on cat's face watching Jesse.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse wanders into the living room and collapses onto the couch. Her eyes lock onto the old VHS player sitting on the floor.

Jesse pulls herself up and checks out the old machine.

She switches on the old TV, then the VHS player. "NO SIGNAL".

Jesse peers round the back of the TV using the light on her phone. Immediately she notices the plugs connected to the wrong colour, one after another she switches the plugs.

The TV springs to life.

JESSE
(About Emma)
Useless.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse grabs the first VHS she sees sitting on the pile and heads back downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse pops in the VHS marked "12th February 1997", the screen flickers with static before springing to life.

Jesse sits back on the couch.

FOUND FOOTAGE VHS POV - the camera starts pointed at the forest floor before lifting up and scanning the horizon revealing the endless woods. The footage intermittently jumps to various different spots in the woods.

Walking up and abandoned railway, wading through a small river, throwing a rock of a small cliff into a lake.

Jesse quickly becomes unsettled.

The footage cuts to a WIDE shot of a teenage boy walking through the woods unaware of the lingering camera eye. The camera starts to slowly ZOOM in on the boy.

Abruptly the camera whips to a younger Walter holding the camera to his own face. He screams into the lens.

Jesse jumps in her seat.

Walt starts laughing maniacally.

WALT

(Hysterical)

Did I get you? I bet I did, future me. Oh, would you look at that, I think we've been made.

JESSE

(Whispers to herself)

What the fuck, Dad.

Walt turns the camera back around. The boy stares directly into the lens. The camera cuts to walt in a full sprint, camera whipping back and forth from dirt to sky in a blur.

Jesse can't look away.

The camera cuts once more. Walt pants heavily as he approaches an abandoned shed deep in the wood.

The camera pans down revealing the revolver now in Walt's hand. Walt pushes the door open with the barrel of the gun. The young boy cowers in the corner of the damp shack.

CLOSE UP - We remain on Jesses face for the duration of the footage.

TEENAGE BOY (O.C.)
(Petrified)
Please, I'll do anything, just do-

BANG

Jesse jumps up from her seat and ejects the VHS. Jesse immediately stomps on the VHS smashing it to bits before heading upstairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jesse pushes the study door open. The boxes of Videos stare back at her.

Across the hall, Emma sleeps peacefully.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

WIDE - Crickets chirp and the wind rustles, A lone light shines through the living room of the farmhouse.

END OF PART 1