

ANDER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONELY STREET- NIGHT

The stars shine brightly above the gravel street. A boy on a bicycle approached.

SUDDENLY- in slow motion- the boy flies above the gravel. His bike is crushed; his body is limp and blood follows his trace in mid-air.

The speed of his descent accelerates and transitions out of slow motion. He lands face first on the gravel and slides approximately ten feet. His blood stains the street. His face is completely bashed-in due to impact. His body doesn't move. Not at all.

CUT TO:

INT. TINT LAYERED HOUSE- NIGHT- DINNER

A young adolescent with multi-colored eyes sits quietly at the end of the dinner table. He eats slowly. This is silent and reserved ANDER (18).

MOTHER
How was Jacob's, dear?

Ander doesn't hear his MOTHER. His eyes stay tuned out and daydreaming. He hears a low, loud heartbeat. Mother's voice becomes inaudible, until--

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Ander?!

A SHOCK of realization as Ander's attention returns to the present.

ANDER
Huh?

MOTHER
Jacob's?

ANDER
Oh-uh-it was...fine.

MOTHER
Oh. I'm glad, dear.

His Mother's face contorts ever so slightly.

CRASH!-- A tall figure in the kitchen has dropped a plate. This is FATHER. He utters an indistinct noise.

INT. TINT LAYERED HOUSE/LIVING ROOM- NIGHT- HOURS AFTER

Ander SHOOTS UP from the living room couch. The room is dark; the TV screen is the only visible light. A kid's show plays in the background.

A ringing noise blurs Ander's senses. Sweat covers his shirt.

FATHER
A-a-a-ander!! A-a-a

Ander directs his focus to the call coming from his FATHER's voice upstairs.

He runs to it.

FATHER (CONT'D)
(stuttering, flicking)
A-a-a-a-ander!

As Ander turns the corner he sees an odd display of events:

His Father is walking down the steps but every time he reaches the last step his speech alters and his feet walk backwards upstairs exactly the way they came down. His words are reversed and his body flashes like a glitch.

FATHER (CONT'D)
A-a-ander!--!redna-a-A

ANDER
Dad?

A high-pitched laugh comes from the kitchen. Ander's father still repeating the cycle on the stairway, walking down and backwards up the stairs repeating over and over again: "Ander-rednA"

Lights flicker above the worried Ander as he makes his way to the kitchen where the laugh comes from. He recognizes the voice: his Mother's. But her speech too is tampered.

The hairs on Ander's neck rise.

MOTHER
(laughing)
Dear?

Her neck cracks as her head twists directing towards Ander. He notices a noose hanging around her neck like a collar. She looks at her son, mouth wide open. Her eyes filled out black.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(backwords)
?RaED...

Her head folds.

ANDER
Wha-What?

Ander's vision begins to blur. He sees his black-eyed Mother walk towards him with a skipped step. He feels a large hand on his shoulder and JUMPS away.

Panicking, Ander tries to run out of the kitchen. He reaches a closet door and runs in, only to fall down a dark, shadow well. He disappears into an abyss.

INT. ANTIQUE HOME- NIGHT

Ander opens his eyes. Blood drips down his discolored eyes like tears. He look around him.

He is now standing in the middle of an unrecognizable house. He can't tell the time of day or how he even got there.

ANDER
H-hello?

Silence.

The room he stands in harbors an antique atmosphere. An old piano hugs a corner of the living room. A dusty couch rests in the middle. The windows are dirty and nearly impossible to see through, the windowsills match looking tired and worn. A blue tint engulfs the aged house.

Ander slightly opens his mouth to speak again, but thinks otherwise.

He notices the white stairs next to him. He looks up and sees and infinite stairway leading forever up. A shutter courses through his body. He looks around the room once more before hesitantly taking his first step on the stairway.

The wind outside picks up.

A dark, hooded figure with an odd mask looks at the house from outside.

This Stranger stands in the middle of an empty field alone and looks through the musty windows directly at Ander. Ander doesn't notice him.

--As Ander reaches the first level, he notices that there are no doors and no rooms. He decided to continue up. By the fourth level his slow steps land him in front of a singular door. He looks around him, anxiety building along with a creep of curiosity. He reaches his hand out for the doorknob when--

--three notes on the piano are loudly played downstairs. Ander ducks down near the wood flooring below his feet. The notes ring in the house. Ander stays ever-so-quiet, extremely motionless. His eyes are as large as can be; his hand covers his mouth. Knees shake in discomfort and uncontrollable fear.

Time passes, Ander hasn't moved an inch. Sweat starts to build on his forehead. Then--

-He hears a soft voice coming from the room he nearly opened. A lullaby is being sung. Ander reluctantly stands. Wood creaks loudly in the room accompanying the soft voice.

WOMAN
"Hush little baby don't you cry..."

Ander reaches his hand out,, to the doorknob. An inch away his hand stops. He looks behind him: sees nothing. He looks back at his hand near the doorknob and grabs on. He begins to turn it. The door opens--

WOMAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

The young woman faces an open window, a baby lays in her arms. Her dress is pure white. She awaits his response.

ANDER
I--I don't know. I don't know how I got here, or if...this is real. I don't know why I am here. Can you help--

WOMAN
(aggressive)
You know exactly why you're here.

Ander is confused. What doesn't he know? What should he know?

ANDER
Wha-

WOMAN
Don't deny it, murderer!

Anger builds in her throat. Ander takes a step back. The woman's voice sounds lower and lower the more she speaks.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Admit to what you did!

Ander backs away. The woman stands now. The baby has disappeared. He looks closer and notices that the baby has TRANSFORMED INTO BLOOD covering the lower half of the woman's white dress. Her voice gets even deeper, the vocal cords of Satan.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You will PAY for your CRIMES!!!

She turns. Her face is charred, her eyes completely black like his Mother's were. She is now yelling at Ander. He can not understand her speech anymore, her voice is too low.

He starts to RUN out of the room, looking back at the woman transform into a MONSTER.

Ander then gets caught by the stairway handles and breaks through the railings, falling down where he lands--

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, LONELY ROOM

--on a chair, Ander finds his hands tied to the armrests. Darkness covers his surroundings. An old TV with large antennas sits in front of him.

ANDER
He-hello?

His voice echoes. Ander panics once again.

ANDER (CONT'D)
Help?

The old TV screen turns static. The obnoxious noise is the only thing that accompanies him. He looks around but finds it difficult to turn his head.

Ander then notices a small piece of wood-- from the railing of the antique house-- lodged into his right thigh. Blood seeps into the wood.

STRANGER

Hello, Ander.

Ander's head quickly finds the voice: a hooded figure sitting on top of the TV. His mask resembles the face of a haunted, sorrowful man. A frown across the surface of the mask. Ander notices the black eyes of the man through the mask.

Ander is reserved and says nothing. He is off-put by the aura surrounding this STRANGER. He shifts uncomfortably.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

You must be confused. Even though
you shouldn't be.

Ander notices a softness to the Stranger's voice. Part comforting, part eerie.

ANDER

Who- Who are you? What am I doing
here? What's with the woman and the
baby? Where are my parents?

The Stranger shushes him.

STRANGER

Slowly, slowly. One at a time,
dear.

Ander stares at the Stranger. "Dear" rings repeatedly in his head. The static noise picks up. The Stranger sighs: disappointed.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

You know why you are here. It's
time to own up to the sins
you've...committed.

The Stranger's hand reaches for a knob on the old TV. He turns it, the screen changes.

A boy is heading out of his house. His parents stop him and utter a light-hearted comment. The three chuckle.

We then see a car park on a driveway. Ander recognizes it, his eyes open wide. We see the horror in his discolored eyes as their colors begin to return.

Out of the car walks a young man with a concerned look on his face. Tears are streaming out his mismatched eyes. Ander looks at himself on the TV screen. A moment in the past Ander chose to forget.

We see blood spatters on the front of Ander's car. He runs up with a rag and desperately cleans it. He scrubs to vanish the evidence left splattered all over his headlights and front wheels. Even pieces of flesh stick on the rims of the wheels. The Ander in the TV hurls. The Ander outside the TV just watches. Tears begin to form.

The Stranger turns the knob once more. The TV turns static again until the scene displays a graveyard. Two figures kneel in front of a small grave, loudly sobbing.

The woman is the same as the one from the antique house, the man the same as the one standing before Ander this very moment.

Ander stares at the TV, mouth wide open with tears streaming down. He cannot take his eyes away from the horrific screen. He has to watch as two parents mourn their baby boy's death.

The TV turns back to static.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
We know what you did, Ander.

ANDER
I-- It was an accide-

WOMAN
It doesn't matter anymore.

The woman in the white dress appears beside the Stranger. She looks purple, decomposing. Ander stares at her.

Ander notices the trace of rope burn around the Woman's neck. The more he looks, the more he realizes her neck is slightly twisted and her eyes are bloodshot, not black.

The Stranger looks at his wife.

STRANGER
We can not let you move forward in life ignoring your crime. This can't go unpunished. Gone are the days you can push aside the haunted memories of what you did.

The Stranger stands.

ANDER
No. Please. Don't. It's torture as it is. I can't--

STRANGER
Torture?

Ander's expression shifts as the Stranger inches towards him. A low sob bellows from Ander's belly. He notices the woman has disappeared.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
You don't know what real torture
is, Ander. Now, relive
it...forever.

ANDER
(softly)
No.

The Stranger grips his face and covers his eyes. Ander screams.

EXT. LONELY STREET- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

The stars shine brightly above the gravel street. A boy on a bicycle approached.

Street lampposts barely light the road. The boy's headlight on his bicycle helmet shines on the path ahead of him.

A loud hum of a speeding car catches the boy's attention, he turns his head.

IN THE CAR--

Ander listens to loud music while racing down the straight, empty street. He reaches to his passenger seat and clumsily knocks down an item onto the passenger floor. He reaches down to grab it while going exceedingly fast. He can not see what is ahead of him.

ON THE STREET--

The boy turns to see the bright headlights of a car now speeding directly to him.

The car hits the boy with disastrous impact sending the boy flying tens of feet up and forward. His bike disappears under the car and a crack appears on the car's plastic headlights.

Ander slams on the brakes. The music stops.

ANDER
What the fuck!

Ander takes a moment to calm himself down. The smoke from the tires covers his view of what lays motionless on the street.

ANDER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Did I just hit a fuckin' deer?!
Mom's gonna kill me!

He opens his door and steps out of the car. He walk to the front of his car where the impact occurred. Ander notices blood on his car grill and headlight.

Ander looks around for the "deer" he thought he hit. Until, he sees further down the street the body of a small boy. Blood pooling from all directions of his body, blood drying on the gravel tracing to the boy's body. Ander gulps hard.

He stays motionless for what seems like an eternity.

Ander looks around him, down the street and up ahead. Nothing.

Carefully he takes a step towards the boy's body. Eventually he comes within a few feet of the body. His hand covers his mouth, holding in the vomit finding its way up his throat. His eyes shocked in horror. His body begins to shake.

Ander mumbles to himself. What can he do? What should he do?

ANDER (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
What?- I...

He starts to cry. Ander bends down and hugs his knees. He simply doesn't know what to do.

After time passes, Ander lifts his head up avoiding looking at the boy's dead body. He looks around him and once again notices the lack of witnesses or presence around the scene. Ander's face looks grim and desperate.

Quickly, Ander retreats to the comfort of his car. He starts up the engine and drives away without looking down at the poor boy's mangled body.

INT. TINT LAYERED HOUSE- MORNING

Mother and Father toss and turn in the Queen-sized bed as the morning sun peeks into the room. Mother stands up and retrieves a glass of water.

She walk out of her room and heads for Ander's.

MOTHER
Ander? Dear? Are you up?

She knocks and opens Ander's door. Nothing.

Mother thinks and heads downstairs.

BASEMENT--

Ander sits facing a dark corner. He is nearly fully naked. Steps are heard. Mother appears at the bottom; she looks to Ander.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Ander? Dear? What's wrong?

Ander ignores his Mother. He shivers and shakes, mumbling to himself.

Mother steps forward, closer to her son, to hear better.

ANDER
Murderer.

MOTHER
What's wrong, dear?

ANDER
It was an accident.

He rocks back and forth. His eyes are a blur, tears coming down his cheeks.

Mother comes closer to her son. She notices something lodged into her son's bare right thigh: a piece of wood dug into his flesh.

ANDER (CONT'D)
Murderer...reredruM

Mother grabs ahold of the nub of wood and slowly pulls it out. Blood squirts out. She looks worried as Ander feverishly mumbles his gibberish louder. Blood keeps pouring out. If leftuntended to, it could be fatal. She still doesn't cover his wound. Instead she steps back, afraid of her son.

Mother drops the bloody piece of wood and continues taking her steps back up to the basement door while keeping her eyes on her haunted son as he fades into the darkness. Once she reaches the top, she closes the door and locks it.

FATHER
Something wrong, love?

MOTHER
Nothing, dear. Nothing at all.

FADE TO BLACK.