

THE CARDUCCI TALENT SHOW

Written By
Anthony Fanelli

Revision 1: 11-02-19
Revision 2: 11-13-19
Revision 3: 11-26-19
Revision 4: 12-09-19
Locked: 01-03-20

Copyright © 2019
Aphotic Productions
All rights Reserved

1

EXT. ROAD - SUNSET

1

A car drives down an empty country road.

TONY (O.S.)

This is it... no turning back now.
Almost there. Time to meet the
remaining North Hillers for Dom's
birthday.

EMMA (O.S.)

Thirty years strong with you guys
huh?

2

INT. CAR - NIGHT

2

EMMA and TONY are inside the car, playful and in love.

TONY

Nervous?

EMMA

Not nervous. I just don't and never
really had a close knit group like
you do so...

TONY

What would you say then?

EMMA

I don't know. I guess anxious, not
in bad way though. And perplexed.

TONY

Perplexed you say?

EMMA

(laughs)

I mean birthday aside, I'm also
going to the infamous *talent*
gathering.

TONY

First off, infamous indicates bad.
This is a good thing. Secondly,
gathering makes it seem like were
bunch of juggalos and thirdly, it's
a talent show and it's awesome.

EMMA

I mean we'll see.

TONY

Oh, ok.

EMMA

Yah, we'll see how talented these people are. Have you ever won?

TONY

Well, there's not necessarily a winner per se, but you can lose if that's makes sense.

EMMA

It one hundred percent does not, but I'll catch on. Have you ever lost then?

TONY

No, not yet.

EMMA

Well let's keep that tradition alive.

TEXT MESSAGE BEEP. INSERT: text from DOM

TONY

Hey can you see what he said for me please?

Emma grabs the phone and reads.

EMMA

(reading)

You guys close? You're the only ones not here yet. Also Elyse is crazy pregnant, eyes emoji, frowny face. #woh

Tony is happy and sad at the same time.

TONY

Wow, Elyse, congrats... Let him know we'll be there in like two minutes. Add some wit to that text though. My texts are usually witty.

Emma types back.

EMMA

And... sent with some wit.

TONY

Let me see.

EMMA

Don't you trust me?

TONY

Not when it comes to personifying
my whit!

A playful struggle ensues and the phone gets tossed in the
back seat.

EMMA

Also, why's Dom "frowny face'in"
Elyse being pregnant? Isn't that
his wife?

TONY

No no no. Lyndsey's his wife. Elyse
is Booker's wife. But Elyse is the
one that I grew up with.

EMMA

That still doesn't explain why he's
pissed?

TONY

No no no, he's happy for em' I
swear. Elyse is a just bunch of fun
usually, so now she won't be
drinking or... performing.

EMMA

(laughs)
Why can't she perform?

TONY

Carrying child equals no
performing. It's in the by-laws! I
didn't write em!

EMMA

You guys are so weird.

TONY

Well, you're almost one of us now.

Emma looks down at her engagement ring. Tony notices the
house ahead.

EMMA

(laughs)
Almost?

TONY

One of us! One of us! Nothing?

EMMA

I'm nervous they're not gonna like me.

TONY

Well they aren't going to like you... they're going to love you.

EMMA

(laughs)
You're so lame.

TONY

And, we're here.

In the distance there's an isolated home with a few cars in the driveway. Faint MUSIC blares from inside.

3 EXT. CAR - THE HOUSE - NIGHT

3

The car doors slam as Tony and Emma exit. Tony reaches in the back seat and grabs a card as they begin to walk.

EMMA

Did you sign both our names?

TONY

(sarcastic)
Obviously I didn't. It's not from you.

EMMA

You're a dick. You're phone still back there?

Tony turns to look at car. Way too far to go back now.

TONY

Me'h, I'll live in the moment.

EMMA

I still feel bad for not bringing anything. We're guests at their place. We should've brought something.

TONY

This is an Air B n' B. And our presence is the present.

EMMA

That was terrible.

INSERT TITLE CARD: THE TALENT SHOW

DOM (O.S.)
Well, well, well... look who
dethided to show?!

4 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

4

Thirty feet away DOM stands on the front porch with a Tom Cruise sized smile and an easy going charm.

TONY
(yells)
Cable Guy? Deep cut, dude!

DOM
Classics stay classic. How you
doing buddy?

TONY
I'm good, man. I'm good.

They bro-hug. INSERT: Tony's right forearm, a slight burn / branding of some kind. Faded from the years.

DOM
I'm assuming this is the amazing
Emma we've been hearing about? The
one T-bone's been hiding from us
all this time?

EMMA
That is a pretty accurate portrayal
of T-Bone, yes.

TONY
You know I can go.

DOM
Emma, it's so nice to finally meet
you! We going hug or handshake
here?

EMMA
I mean it is your birthday and all,
so I'm going hug! Happy Birthday!

They hug. Dom gives Tony a slightly confused look.

DOM
Assertive, I like that. You're
going to need that during the
voting. Tough decisions will need
to be made... Ok, let's see it.

She looks confused.

DOM (CONT'D)

The ring!

Emma shows Dom the ring and it's beautiful. INSERT: Dom's right forearm, a slight burn / branding of some kind, also faded from the years.

DOM (CONT'D)

Color me impressed.

EMMA

He did good.

DOM

Yah for once I guess.

TONY

Alright, well I think it's time to take this from the doorway into the actual party.

DOM

You're a dick.

EMMA

I've been saying that for a year now.

DOM

Emma, just breathe, relax and don't worry about remembering anyone's names. Trust me it's better that way.

Emma takes a deep breath.

5

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE INTRODUCTIONS

5

The door swings open to a modest Air B n' B home with a wide open living room. LYNDSEY pops her head out from the kitchen.

LYNDSEY

(yells)

Dom! Kitchen, ice, repeat! Tony, hi, hello!

DOM

Now you know why I wanted to hang by the door. Back to work.

Dom takes off towards the kitchen.

TONY

Lyndsey, Dom's wife.

EMMA

Got it. And she's not from the Hill?

TONY

Right. Married Dom about, shit, nine years ago now.

(to Dom)

Hey! Shoes on, off?

DOM (O.S.)

Doesn't matter! Not our place! Wait. Lyndsey, shoes? She nodded. I think that indicates it doesn't matter! I do not care, Tony.

TONY

That guy's a cartoon.

BOOKER (O.S.)

Well, shit!

BOOKER, a big man, comes towards them.

TONY

(to Emma)

Booker.

BOOKER

What's up, Tony? I thought you weren't making it this year?

DOM

And be docked ten points at the next one? No way. Booker, Emma. Emma, Booker.

BOOKER

I've heard a lot of great things. Congratulations you guys!

EMMA

Nice to meet you and congratulations to you too by the way!

Booker is a little taken back.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Was I not supposed to know? I'm really sorry.

TONY

We heard about Elyse man. Baby number two. Congratulations. Honestly that's fantastic. We're happy for her. Sad for you though.

EMMA

Tony!

TONY

I mean in regards to the Talent Show! Dom'll explain later. You'll see.

BOOKER

Thank you
 (to Emma genuinely)
 Asshole
 (to Tony playfully).
 Let's get you introduced more,
 Emma.

LYNDSEY

(yells O.S.)
 Tony what the heck? Come say hi to me.

TONY

Be right back. You're in OK hands here.

Tony embraces Lyndsey in the kitchen. Emma walks with Booker but with one eye on Tony.

BOOKER

Emma, here we have... Emma?

Emma is honed in on Lyndsey who's whispering something to Tony. Tony humbly nods "yes."

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Emma, these are the L's. Emma?

Emma comes out of her little trance and is a bit shocked as the L's, LUCY and LAUREN, stare with scowls at Booker.

BOOKER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No no no... Lauren and Lucy. Not.. no. I mean they, but, uh, the L is for their names. They call themselves the Ls.

ELYSE pops in from a back room, looking as if she just woke up/threw up.

ELYSE
Brian, I need you please.

BOOKER
Oh, thank God. You guys mingle.

Booker jets off in embarrassment.

LUCY
Don't mind Booker. He meant nothing. Emma, great to meet you. I'm Lucy. This is my wife Lauren.

EMMA
Nice to meet both of you. So, I'm doing my best here... but which one of you is the North Hill'er?

LAUREN
That's me. Yep, big Tone and I go way back.

EMMA
First T-Bone, now Big Tone... who is this guy?

Tony appears back.

TONY
I was her first kiss.

LAUREN
Changed my life.

Lauren shares a laugh with Lucy. INSERT: A small glimpse of Lucy's right forearm, also with a brand but hidden in between tattoos. A little fresher than the others.

TONY
Oh shut-up. I knocked your socks off.

LAUREN
You ran away and cried.

TONY
Says you.

LAUREN
No, that is what happened dude.

ANA enters the conversation.

ANA

Well that was disgusting.

LUCY

You ok?

ANA

Barrett, puking up last night's
Cracker Barrel outside.

(off Lucy's look)

Hey it was his choice. It's his
favorite.

EMMA

(jokingly)

Nervous for the show, huh?

Ana hesitates.

ANA

Sure. Something like that.

LUCY

Ana, this is Emma. Tony's fiance.

EMMA

Pleasure.

Emma extends her hand. Ana reluctantly shakes. Dom walks by
with drinks and Lyndsey follows in a rush.

DOM

One hour. One hour. One hour!

(to Ana)

Where's your boner husband!?

ANA

Making some last second adjustments
to his card. I'll grab him.

Ana gives Emma a slight "evil eye" but then notices an
Italian Horn around her neck and gives a subdued smile before
jetting.

LYNDSEY

Don't mind Ana, she's just nervous.
Her first show and all. Well, Emma,
such a pleasure. Lyndsey. I know
it's a whirlwind here. I get it.
Sorry about that, but after the
show we'll all be tighter I swear.

EMMA

You're hosting. No problem! Do you need help with anything?

LYNDSEY

Bless your heart. You have fun and relax. We'll be the hosts, you be the guest.

(singing)

Be our guest. Be our guest...

DOM (O.S.)

Lynds! Save that voice for the show. Need your help over here!

Lyndsey continues to sing as she follows Dom.

TONY

Oh shit. Lynds, cards?

LYNDSEY (O.S.)

Bowl's up front.

TONY

Be right back, guys. Come on, before I forget.

Emma and Tony make their way to the bowl. INSERT: Envelope Bowl with an old engraving on it: *1872, l'anello debole*

EMMA

So, it's Lyndsey, Lauren, Lucy, Elyse. The alliteration of your friends is bonkers.

Tony drops his letter in the bowl as Emma takes notice of all the white envelopes. Tony's letter is not addressed to Dom, but instead says TONY on it. She's about to say something when....

TONY

That doesn't even include Booker and...

BARRETT (O.S.)

Well, well, well... look what the cat dragged in?

Tony turns to see BARRETT. They bro-hug.

TONY

Barrett! I thought you were taking a bogie on this one?

BARRETT

Dug down deep, decided that it's not worth the point deduction. Also, I've skipped twice already. Only two more allowed after that in this lifetime.

EMMA

I'm sorry... um, one, hi I'm Emma and two, I have no idea what you guys are talking about.

TONY

You will, you will.

BARRETT

Emma, pleasure. You meet Ana yet? She was basically the you from the last show. The only *pelebian* amongst us. Now four years later and yada yada yada, she's part of the brethren.

TONY

But you yada yada'd over the best part.

BARRETT

No I mentioned the bisque.

EMMA

No I mentioned the bisque.

Barrett and Tony are shocked she knew. Ana re-enters.

BARRETT (CONT'D)

Hold on to this one.

ANA

Babe, cards?

Barrett drops their cards in. Again Emma notices that their envelopes read: ANA and BARRETT. For a quick second there is a small glimmer of the inside of Ana's right forearm with an even fresher branding.

ANA (CONT'D)

Hey, chapter rules that a newbie's votes count double, so vote fair.

Emma is sheepish. Enter Elyse. She grabs Emma's arms.

EMMA

I will. I will.

ELYSE

Anyone up for a quick card-slash
you-guys-drinking slash let's-get-
to-know Emma better game? Come on
we've still got some time before
the opening ceremonies.

TONY

Remember just breathe.

Emma takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

6 INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE PARTY MONTAGE 6

Everyone is drinking, laughing, playing cards and having a good time. All ten people, together as one, living in the moment. Ana films a few moments of on her phone as Dom and Lyndsey prep the presentation materials.

CUT TO:

7 INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE OPENING CEREMONIES 7

CLASSICAL MUSIC and a FOG MACHINE fill the space. Lights flicker on and off. Dom enters dramatically, a showman showing off. Everyone CLAPS. CORNY MUSIC PLAYS.

INSERT: AN OLD BOOK: Charter ufficiale di ludi scaenici per il capitolo 21.19.1-A, A 9 HOLE CANDLE BLOCK: *Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, Urania*, and THE ENVELOPE BOWL.

DOM

*Benvenuti nel capitolo 21191- A 37
Carducci Talent Show in cui
onoriamo il grande Augusto, i
Misteri Eleusiani e il Ludi dei
tempi antichi. In English, I, as
your chapter lead and hopeful
epopetia' welcome you all to the
thirty-seventh Carducci Talent
Show.*

INTERCUT WITH EMMA AND TONY:

EMMA

That Italian? You weren't lying.
This is intense.

TONY

Told ya.

BACK TO:

Dom has a small remote in his hand and turns down the music a tad.

DOM

For some of you, this is your fifth time here. Congratulations on that. For our intitate out there, everyone stare at Emma, some of this may be overwhelming, awkward, cheesy, or even oft-putting, but quick history lesson, it stems from a great traditions set in stone by Augustus of the Roman Empire, inspired by our theatrical muses and bound by the Secular Games dating back thousands of years before my great-great-great-grandmother Mary was chosen to come to America and bring the games with her.

EVERYONE (BUT EMMA)

North Hill!

TONY

(to Emma)

Always said we needed an actual song or something there. Chanting is kinda cultish.

DOM

You're cultish.

TONY

What?

DOM

I don't know.

LYNDSEY

Dom, focus!

Lyndsey passes out paper and pencil to everyone. Dom opens the book.

DOM

Anyway, Grammy Mary started the first ever games in America in our very own North Hill in 1872, and they have since been awesomely evolved to fit our 21st century world!

Light CLAPS and a few GIGGLES. Dom clears his throat.

DOM (CONT'D)

Italian's a bit rusty, but I'm gonna do my best to translate from the charter accordingly. *We grow. We evolve. We understand that there is only so much to go around. So cherish it all. Whether it's food, water, or the love from your family and friends, life is hard. So, when you're down, I'm just summarizing now, you turn to the arts to take your mind off things, right?*

LAUREN

Theater nerd!

DOM

You were literally in all the same plays I was in.

LAUREN

Yah, but, whatever.

DOM

My train of thought has derailed.

LYNDSEY

So... on this date...

DOM

Oh yah, so on this date of February ten two-thousand twenty, we, the North Hill Chapter 22191-A of the Carducci Talent Show acknowledge its existence, its ritual, its traditions and it's effect on the greater good. For all of those understanding the laws, bylaws and addendums of the Carducci tradition put in place by The Republic, please raise your hands over your head like you're going downhill on a roller coaster and yell Yes.

EVERYONE (BUT EMMA)

Yes!

DOM

For all of those super confused by what is happening and just want to know what the fuck is going on in general, go ahead and clap once awkwardly.

Emma CLAPS once awkwardly as everyone LAUGHS.

ELYSE

(to Emma)

It'll all make sense soon, I promise.

DOM

Ok, now that that's over with, our beautiful *vestal* Lyndsey will now walk us through the admin tasks of the show.

Dom exits. INSERT: Lyndsey is not wearing shoes or socks.

LYNDSEY

Ok, ok, there has been one quick update to tonight's show that I think we're all aware of. Elyse please come here.

Elyse stands up and joins Lyndsey, as again Ana films.

LYNDSEY (CONT'D)

How are you? Anything new?

ELYSE

Well, I'm pregnant.

LYNDSEY

How many weeks?

ELYSE

Twenty-five'ish...

LYNDSEY

Well, you are great at keeping secrets. Now since we all know to go dark on social media for the month leading up to tonight, this is new news.

(MORE)

LYNDSEY (CONT'D)

Plus, as well all know the original *ludi* called for nine performers each performing a different muse's domain, aka all of us minus Emma. So according to The Republic's bylaw, if a chapter member is pregnant regardless of how far along she is, that the participant is excluded from the contest. A ten point deduction will be given to their partner, or *una guida* in this year's show or the pregnant party takes a twenty point deduction in four years.

ELYSE

Sorry babe.

BOOKER

I'm confident this year. All good.

LYNDSEY

Anyway since she's not participating, Elyse, why don't you go ahead and get everyone up to speed on the main rules, and yes, I learned how to Chromecast this year.

Dom is back with his remote and turns the TV turns on behind Lyndsey. INSERT: a few photos of the inside of the charter.

Ana puts her phone down.

ELYSE (V.O.)

(reading/presenting)

Ok, ok.. some main rules. Each participant is given three minutes, max to perform. Both the running order and domain performances, that will be different than the previous two shows, have been pre-assigned by the Republic and sent to the Chapter lead for the performance reveals here in a bit.

Dom holds up a golden envelope with a wax seal on it and then exits again.

ELYSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Basically Emma, no one knows what exactly they're doing yet. *Emblems* or props are allowed.

(MORE)

ELYSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 However, you are not allowed to
 interact with any other member.
 Flash photography or video
 recording of any kind is not
 allowed.

Emma looks at Ana. Ana gives Lyndsey a thumbs up. Lyndsey
 winks and nods.

INTERCUT WITH TONY AND EMMA:

EMMA
 This is bananas.

TONY
 Well, if there weren't rules, it'd
 be anarchy in here.

EMMA
 I know I know, but this is crazy. I
 figured you would've prepped me a
 bit more.

TONY
 Well I wanted you to come in fresh.

EMMA
 Well why haven't you told me what
 you may be performing?

Elyse interrupts.

CUT BACK TO:

ELYSE
 And as we all know discussing any
 potential talent prior to the show
 is completely forbidden and will
 result in a thirty point deduction
 in this year's contest and another
 thirty in twenty twenty-four.

TONY
 That's why.

EMMA
 Sorry.

INSERT DOCS: A well-organized notarized doc with a crest/seal
 in the upper left that is a little too legit. There's a page
 for notes.

ELYSE (V.O.)

Each participant will be graded on the following: Originality, Showmanship, Passion, and Overall Talent on a scale of one to ten. One you suck, ten you're great. Lowest total score, including any pre-show deductions from previous shows, hello Barrett, loses. Pretty standard Iowa Basics stuff here guys. Take notes during the show, but voting takes place after the conclusion of the final performance. Also, reminder Emma your votes count for double.

LYNDSEY

Any questions?

A beat. Emma has lots of questions but bites her tongue.

LYNDSEY (CONT'D)

Well if you do, the official Chapter 21191 A Charter is here to answer any of those lingering questions.

Lyndsey models the book.

DOM (O.S.)

Lynds!

Lyndsey exits.

BARRETT

Let's fucking do this!

BOOKER

(laughing)

Overcompensating Barrett?

ANA

Shut-up, Booker! You know there can be biased voting, right?

EMMA

What happens if you lose?

A beat. Dom pokes his head in.

DOM

Crap, I forgot! A big congrats to the happy couple!!

He's out again. Everyone CLAPS. DING DING DING as a fog machine fills the room. A few people COUGH.

LYNDSEY (O.S.)

Alright guys, take the next few minutes to wish each other some good or back luck, think about what you may be performing and we'll see you back here in five for the...

Enter Dom and Lyndsey.

DOM
Ludi scaenici!

LYNDSEY (CONT'D)
Ludi scaenici!

Exit everyone else except for Tony and Emma.

LYNDSEY (CONT'D)

(to Dom)

I think we overdid it with the smoke machine.

DOM
Nah, it was awesome.

A beat.

TONY
I love you.

EMMA
What?

TONY
I just love you. Not the easiest thing to do is come into a party like this and do what you're doing. But here you are.

EMMA
You're welcome?

TONY
Exactly. I'm going to go prep. Need some alone time. I'll be back in a few.

He kisses her on the cheek and begins to exit the room, but is waiting.

EMMA
I love you too.

Emma takes a drink as we fade out...

8 INT. THE HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - THE TALENT SHOW

8

Performance and voting reactions.

Director's Note: Dom will open the republic's envelope then will call a name and the muse. Quick cut of candle block. The talent portion is story-boarded, contingent on cast. Details to come later.

9 INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - COUNTING VOTES - LATER

9

Dom looks upset as he tallies the votes. Everyone looks nervous.

INTERCUT DOM/LYNDSEY AND TONY/EMMA:

DOM

Shit. Can you double check these for me?

LYNDSEY

Yah.

EMMA

I wasn't even being biased... you crushed it!

TONY

Well, I appreciate it. But there's seven other people to consider.

LYNDSEY

Darnit. Dom we need the book.

EMMA

Seriously, no way you lost. Now I don't know if I'd say you won, but no way you lost.

TONY

Well who'd you vote the lowest? Honestly.

EMMA

Well... I gave two the same...

Dom interrupts.

DOM

We have a tie.

SILENCE.

DOM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Barrett and Booker, due to his ten
point deduction

Elyse and Ana look at each other.

ANA
Goddammit.

ELYSE
Please.

Dom takes the book.

DOM
Again, translating here but *if
there is a tie, a loser must be
determined by way of a swing vote
by the show's initiate.*

All eyes on Emma.

EMMA
Me?

Dom motions for her to come up.

TONY
Dom, don't make her man.

DOM
It's not up to me. You know that.

EMMA
Babe it's fine.

Emma stands up and tries to make a show of it, finally
relaxed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Well, there were a lot of great
performances out there tonight. It
was awe-inspiring just to see you
all out there. But, if I'm being
fair and honest, and I'm sorry to
do this, but my vote for tonight's
"loser", oh my god I'm so sorry...
is.. drumroll, babe.

Tony humors her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Barrett.

Barrett grabs his face. Ana stands up and beelines it for Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I just think that Booker being docked points up front isn't fair.

Ana punches Emma in the nose. Blood spouts.

ANA

Fuck you!

A melee as people pull Ana off of Emma. In the distance, Dom motions to Barrett to come up front. Lyndsey runs into the kitchen.

TONY

Ana what the hell? Emma, you ok? Shit, I'm sorry. Ana! You knew this was a possibility! We all did!

ANA

That's not fair! That's not fair! Why the fuck does she get to choose? Why the fuck does she get to!?

In the distance, Dom puts on white gloves and slowly takes out a tool box.

LAUREN

It's not up to us, Ana!

ANA

Fuck you, fuck this. This is insane! This is insane!

Ana grabs her purse, she pulls out her phone. Booker grabs it from her as Ana clocks him. Lucy tosses Anna down.

LUCY

Sit down!

Ana doesn't give up, fighting for the door. Emma is still in haze. Booker gets her to the ground and it's then when Ana locks eyes with Barrett, a tear running down his cheek. Lyndsey is back with ice for Emma.

From the toolbox INSERT: rope, a knife, box cutter, pills, a gun. Dom RACKS the chamber. This stops the melee in its tracks as a somber feeling hits the group.

BARRETT

Sit down, Ana. Sit down.

She does. The group takes a seat and faces Barret.

DOM
Can you grab Barrett's letter for
me?

Lyndsey grabs it from the bowl and hands it to Dom. He opens it and reads it to himself. A scan of the guests shows a multitude of emotion.

DOM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Jesus Christ.

Barrett gives Dom a slight nod of approval. Ana is sobbing. Lyndsey hands Dom a very old sand timer. INSERT INSCRIPTION: 1872, *l'anello debole*.

Dom takes his remote and plays a 60S POP SONG PLAYS (*think Beat Goes On, Sonny and Cher*). He then flips the sandtimer.

DOM (CONT'D)
Your *time* start now.

BARRETT
Oh my God I am sorry for my sins
with all my heart. In choosing to
do wrong and failing to do good.
I have sinned against you whom I
should love above all things.

LAUREN
Barrett.

LUCY
We love you.

Lauren makes eye contact with Barrett and nods towards him. She grabs Lucy's hand and squeezes it tight. Emma is coming to.

EMMA
What are they doing? Tony, what's
going on?

BARRETT
I firmly intend, with all my heart,
to do penance, to sin no more, and
to avoid whatever leads me to sin.

EMMA
Tony?

TONY
It'll be over soon.

BOOKER
I'm sorry, man.

DOM
We love you, buddy.

Elyse is on Booker's arm. Lyndsey consoles Ana.

ANA
Please, please.

BARRETT
Our savior Jesus Christ suffered
and died for us. In his name, my
God, have mercy.

Dom grabs something and takes a deep breath. Emma spits
blood. Barrett looks at his friends, content.

DOM
You're strong.

BARRETT
Eternal God, in whom mercy is
endless and the treasury of
compassion inexhaustible, look
kindly upon us and increase Your
mercy in us...

DOM
You don't need me to do this.

BARRETT
That in difficult moments we might
not despair nor become despondent,
but with great confidence submit
ourselves to Your holy will, which
is Love and Mercy itself.

Dom hands Barrett a boxcutter.

DOM
But I'm here if you need help.

Barrett grabs it. He sees Ana and smiles.

EMMA
Tony, what is going on!?!

BARRETT
I love all you guys.

EMMA
Tony? Dom?

BARRETT
(to Ana)
Especially you.

ANA
I love you.

DOM
Per diventare più forti...

EMMA
Hey! Hey! HEY!

DOM
dobbiamo liberarci dei deboli!

EMMA
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?

Barrett slits his own throat with the boxcutter and drops to the ground. Emma SCREAMS in shock as does Ana. The song fades into SILENCE. Out on Barrett motionless as the floor fills with blood.

10 EXT. THE HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT - LATER 10

A small fire burns in the envelope bowl as Lyndsey and Dom throw the letters into the fire except Barrett's.

LAUREN AND LUCY ARE LOOKING AT THEIR FOREARMS.

DOM
Ana...

Ana takes Barrett's letter as Lyndsey starts poking at the fire. Emma holds Tony's hand.

DOM (CONT'D)
You all know the routine. I'll call the police in a bit to notify them of Barrett's suicide, verified by his letter.

A moment of understanding between everyone. Lyndsey nods to Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)
Tony...

Tony slowly flips Emma's arm over

EMMA

What?

He holds Emma arm open down as Lyndsey uses a spoke to brand her right inner forearm. Emma SCREAMS.

LYNDSEY

Welcome to the family.

END TITLE CARD: THE TALENT SHOW

11 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EARLY MORNING 11

***Director's Note: this end tag may or may not happen -
intercut with the end credits***

A POLICE OFFICER talks with Dom and Tony OUTSIDE as a blanket is being placed on Barrett inside. The scene is a haze.

DOM

Of course officer. Not many of us are super social media heavy, but I know someone has some video on their phones from the night, she'll be sure to pass onto you.

INTERCUT WITH ANA AND EMMA:

ANA

Sorry about your nose. I.. I didn't mean it.

EMMA

I'm sorry for your... I'm sorry too.

Ana grazes her arm and walks away.

TONY

We don't know really know. We woke up and Ana found him in the morning around three or so.

DOM

This was next to him.

Dom hands the officer Barrett's letter, no envelope.

OFFICER

Appreciate your cooperation here gentlemen, and I'm sorry for your loss.

The officer makes eye contact with Emma. Emma looks at him at a loss. She wants to say something, but really what can she say. Barrett killed himself.

Emma is about to speak up and say something. Lyndsey checks on her, so does Booker and Elyse. She nods she's ok. She looks at her arm at the welting brand. She locks eyes with Tony and gives him a subtle smile and nod. He smiles back. She's finally found her close knit group.

END.

PROPERTY OF APHOTIC PRODUCTIONS