

WYTHE

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INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

GEOFF SUMMERS, 22, watches luggage on a conveyor as he tugs out his cell. He presses a few buttons.

Dial tone.

MOTHER (V.O.)

You've reached the Summers. Please
leave a message.

Geoff's eyes wander.

GEOFF

Hey guys, I called twice before I
flew out of London. I've called
three times since I touched down
here in Greensburo. Still waiting
on my luggage. Is someone coming to
pick me up?

His luggage passes in front of him. He hangs up, grabs his suitcase, and lifts it off the belt. Just as the suitcase makes the inevitable *thud* on the floor...

INT. GEOFF'S FLAT - WEST LONDON - DAYS BEFORE

A box of old mail slams down onto a counter top in the kitchen. The studio loft contains moving boxes and scattered furniture. Geoff walks out a POSTMAN.

Letters postmarked with the return address of Geoff's parents' house poke out of the top of the envelopes. Each address written more and more distressed.

Geoff's cell phone rings. He answers as he walks by the box of letters.

GEOFF

Leonard. How are you?... When?..
Yeah, moved into my new flat...

He walks over to a giant window overlooking West London.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

No, it's fine... The third book is
doing pretty well, starting to pick
up steam in the states...

One of the letters--a red envelope--falls off the edge of the tub onto an open box kitchenware.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You're kidding, an actual reading in Charlotte?... That's a trip... No, no, it'll be cheap, I'll stay with my folks... Hot damn, I guess it's been four years since I've been home.

EXT. PASSENGER PICK-UP - AIRPORT - PRESENT DAY

Geoff stands outside in the bitter cold. He tucks his hands into the pockets of his cashmere coat and waits as a CAB DRIVER, 60, loads Geoff's luggage into the trunk.

Geoff stares at a bumper sticker on a beat up station wagon that reads: "You can never go back."

The trunk slams shut, which startles Geoff.

INT. TAXI - BACK ROAD - LATER

Geoff stares out of the rear window. The naked trees mix together in a blur.

EXT. TAXI - BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cab creeps along the snow-covered highway. No other cars are anywhere in sight.

INT. TAXI - BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The "Check Engine" light flickers on. *Ding*. The cab's tires begin to sputter.

Geoff peers over the cab driver's shoulder.

EXT. TAXI - TOWN OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

In the middle of the road, the cab driver checks under the hood of the taxi.

Geoff hangs up his cell phone. He looks beyond the taxi to see his hometown not too far ahead.

GEOFF

Hey, mister. I think I'm just going to go on ahead.

CAB DRIVER
I fix this. No problem.

GEOFF
It's okay. I grew up here. I'll be fine.

Geoff hands the cab driver a wad of cash. The driver takes the money, looks at Geoff in awe of the money.

The trunk pops open. Geoff pulls out his luggage.

EXT. BACK ROAD - TOWN OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff drags his luggage through the snow as he walks down the lonesome road towards his hometown.

EXT. MAIN STRIP - HOMETOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff walks down the middle of the main strip. He slides over to a hardware/home appliance store. It's closed.

He looks inside the shop window. Gardening equipment, lawn chairs, grills, and other summertime necessities are on display or brought in from outside during business hours.

Geoff backs away from the window, then bumps into his MOTHER, 45, which startles Geoff.

Geoff's mother looks half-dead, but still made up, dressed for the snow: goulashes, purple down jacket, earmuffs.

GEOFF
Jesus--Mom!

Geoff takes a breath.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Mom, what are you-

MOTHER
Geoff.

She smiles with her mouth. Her eyes remain cold.

Geoff hugs his mother.

GEOFF
What's going on here in town?

MOTHER

What do you mean? It's snowing.
Don't be a silly-billy. Come on.
Your father's waiting.

GEOFF

And Wythe?

Mother smiles again.

MOTHER

Yes, Wythe. He's something. Come
now, my little best-seller.

Geoff and his mother stride through the snow, which falls at a more steady pace. The neighborhood is on the horizon.

EXT. PARENTS' HOUSE - NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

Geoff stands outside of a rot iron fence. He gazes at his childhood home: rustic, old. His mother proceeds to the front door. She looks back blankly, succumbed.

MOTHER

You're father's waiting, Geoffery.

Geoff watches his mother enter the house. He spins and glances back at the barren, snow-covered town. Then back to his unfamiliar childhood home. He shakes his head.

INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Geoff stands in the doorway, examines the interior. The foyer entry into the main living room is filled with decor from 1959: wood, hand-made.

Geoff enters. He glances over at a staircase. Pictures of he, his brother, mother, and father line the walls up the steps.

Geoff's mother stands in front of the open door.

MOTHER

Welcome home, Geoffery.

Geoff again scopes the surroundings.

GEOFF

Mom, are you alright? Is everything okay?

FATHER (O.C.)

Perfectly, my boy.

Geoff turns to see his FATHER, 45, at the base of the staircase. Black dominates Father's casual garb. He too appears half-dead, but made up.

FATHER (CONT'D)
How long has it been?

Geoff ignores his father's question.

GEOFF
Dad? You look... different.

Father laughs.

FATHER
I would say so. It's been a few years. With you becoming famous and all of that good stuff.

Confusion washes over Geoff's face.

GEOFF
I called...

FATHER
Sorry about that. Your mother and I were out running errands. You know how we aren't of the cell phone ilk.

GEOFF
Ilk?

Mother steps over beside Father. She pats his shoulder.

MOTHER
Oh you know what he means.

GEOFF
I didn't think Dad could spell "ilk," much less use the word.

FATHER
Well you're the writer. My extensive vocabulary doesn't impress you?

GEOFF
What? Where do you run your "errands?" It seems like the entire town has disappeared.

MOTHER
Don't be silly.

The front door closes. This startles Geoff. He turns to see no one, then back to his parents.

GEOFF
Where's Wythe?

Father and Mother glance at one another.

MOTHER
He's here.

There is a pause. Geoff gets frustrated with his parents weirdness.

GEOFF
Where? What's with all of this?

The sound of metal clashing on steel chimes in the distance.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
What was that?

Mother laughs to herself.

MOTHER
Your brother, more than likely.

FATHER
That boy...

MOTHER
I swear sometimes the critter has a bit of the devil in him.

Father and Mother's smile doesn't rest well with Geoff. Something is definitely wrong.

FATHER
Since when have you ever been eager to see your little brother? The two of you have about as much in common as Belgium and barbecue.

MOTHER
Especially after the barbecue.

GEOFF
That wasn't my fault. How many more times are we going to discuss this?

A single CLANG of hollow metal bounces off the walls.

MOTHER
Oh, quit. We know you love your
baby brother.

Father peers over his shoulder into the living room.

FATHER
Your brother got hungry.

GEOFF
Hungry? I am too. Is he in the
kitchen cramming platoon-issued
portions of Pops?

Father smiles with a hint of sinister.

MOTHER
Wythe's in the fireplace. Go see
him, dear.

GEOFF
In the what?

FATHER
You must.

Another CLANG. Geoff spins to see what clanged behind him.
Nothing. He turns back to face his parents. They're gone.

Another CLANG from the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Geoff enters with trepidation. A staked ledge fireplace
dominated the rear wall. The mantel, header, trim, and
firebox are pitch black--difficult to see inside.

He begins to creep towards the fireplace.

Another CLANG echoes from within the fireplace. Geoff trips
over his feet but maintains his balance.

Something skitters behind Geoff. He turns to see his Mother
and Father in eager observation.

GEOFF
Where did...

Geoff wipes his face with both hands the runs them through
his hair.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Is this dream-

Father and Mother cackle. Their faces begin to unzip from forehead to chest. The blood and tissue open to reveal the faces of demonic houseflies--red eyes, foaming stick-mouths.

Geoff falls back on his ass, fear overcomes. He whales.

FATHER

Welcome home, you ungrateful little fuck. You're the worst mistake we ever made.

MOTHER

Grateful now, maybe. He most certainly doesn't want to die! Maybe you'll think about reading a letter or two from your mother, shit-for-brains.

FATHER

Your words make me sick.

MOTHER

Waste of time. I smell your death.

FATHER

Looming.

Father and Mother extend their hands and creep towards Geoff, who stammers up to his feet, frozen. He closes his eyes.

Another CLANG. Geoff opens his eyes. His parents are gone.

The small, soot-caked body of WYTHE, 12, crawls through the screen curtain of the fireplace behind Geoff. Wythe's clothes are tattered. His long black-grey hair covers his face.

Wythe slams down a hot fire iron on the oak floors. CLANG. He continues to crawl.

Geoff's eyes widen as he stares forward, still frozen.

WYTHE

Geoff'y, Geoff'y...

GEOFF

Wythe?

Geoff turns to face Wythe.

Wythe's head raises up. His face is more humanoid-housefly than his parents' more insect appearance. Wythe curls a grin revealing a mixture of black sticks and razor-sharp teeth.

WYTHE
Home, home, home.

Geoff backpedals.

WYTHE (CONT'D)
No, no, dreams. When you went, we
went, *they went*.

Wythe's mouth begins to foam.

WYTHE (CONT'D)
They, they, they were hungry!

Wythe lunges at Geoff with the poker, stabbing through the
meat of Geoff's right shoulder. Geoff shoves Wythe away.

WYTHE (CONT'D)
Hungry!

Mother and Father appear standing beside the fireplace. Their
appearance is back to "normal," only streams of blood flow
from their foreheads down the center of their faces.

	MOTHER		FATHER
Hungry!		Hungry!	

Geoff pants as he clutches his shoulder. He gets to his feet.

Wythe slams the hot poker down on the oak once again. Smoke
bellows from the point of contact.

Geoff mumbles to himself.

GEOFF
This shit is not happening.

WYTHE
Shit, shit, shit!

Geoff notices his parents are gone yet again.

WYTHE (CONT'D)
They went, we went, you went!

GEOFF
Shut the fuck up, Wythe!

Wythe hurls himself in the air. He swings the poker toward
Geoff, who dives out of the way over a brown leather couch.

Wythe jumps up on the edge of the sofa. He hisses as foam increases around his mouth.

Geoff balls up his fists while pressed back against the ledges of the fireplace.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You're still my little brother.

WYTHE

Yes, yes, yes, brother.

GEOFF

I don't want to do this.

Wythe hisses. Geoff charges Wythe, which knocks them over an end table and porcelain lamp. The lamp shatters upon the same moment of impact as when Wythe and Geoff hit the floor.

The brothers roll around on the floor, punching, and screaming. Wythe jams his forearm into Geoff's throat. The hot poker is in Geoff's peripheral.

Father and Mother sit on the couch. They still bleed from the forehead. They are eating roast beef sandwiches.

MOTHER

Those boys.

FATHER

What mistakes.

They have a laugh.

Geoff reaches for the poker, choked up from the pressure of Wythe's forearm.

WYTHE

We went...

Geoff clutches the poker.

WYTHE (CONT'D)

They went...

Geoff gasps for air, grips Wythe's jaw, and tries to push Wythe off of his throat.

WYTHE (CONT'D)

You, you, you went!

Geoff swings the poker and connects with the side of Wythe's head. Wythe falls over, he squeals.

The blood from Mother and Father drip into wine glasses they hold. They sip the blood from their glasses. Both continue to laugh in amusement of the brothers' fight.

Geoff gets back to his feet. He struggles to get his breath while he clutches his throat. The hot poker is in his hand.

GEOFF

I want an explanation. This isn't reality.

Father snatches the hot poker from Geoff and throws it out of a window beside the fireplace.

FATHER

Now, now, now, you little shit.

Father's face unzips into its insect-demonoid form.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Fight fair!

Mother, who has also "unzipped" again, skitters beside Father. Both are standing in front of Geoff, while Geoff scans the room for Wythe.

MOTHER

This is our love.

Wythe's dust-riddled hand reaches down and grabs a sharp piece of the destroyed porcelain lamp. His grip is so tight, his hand bleeds.

Father and Mother put their arms around each other's waists.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Fight for our love, Geoffery.
Welcome to your new "Not-Ever."

Geoff backs up to the fireplace. Wythe jumps up and stabs Geoff in the throat. Geoff flails, blood spits from his throat.

Father and Mother welcome Wythe into their arms. Wythe smiles and clicks his teeth/sticks.

FATHER

Not-Ever.

WYTHE

Never.

MOTHER

We love you...

Geoff drops to his knees. He bleeds out onto the oak floor.

INT. FOYER - PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN enter the home. All are of the insect-humanoid persuasion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

All of the monsters surround Geoff.

Father, Mother, and Wythe join the mass of monsters.

Geoff clutches his throat. He tries to cry out for help but his voice is muffled by the blood lodged in his vocal chords.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE - NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The last of the monsters enters the house and slams the front door shut.

The rustic home rests in the midst of a vibrant community despite the winter conditions. Families, cars, pets are all out and about enjoying their day.

A man and his young boy dig out a car stuck on the side of the street. Kids run by. They laugh and toss snowballs to each other. Mothers sip coffee and gossip.

EXT. METROPOLITAN STREET - PEDDLER'S KIOSK- DAY

We pop out of a snow globe. Its interior is identical to the former neighborhood. White specs of plastic flitter about.

A young GIRL, 8, stands in front of the kiosk of snow globes, t-shirts, and disposable cameras. She wears a summer wardrobe consisting of pink shorts and a "Ms. Marvel" tank top.

An old, mole-spotted PEDDLER, 60,--worn, unclean--leans down next to the little girl. The man's appearance scares the girl stiff. He smiles a yellow grin.

PEDDLER

Snow globes is ten. You want'un?

The girl's MOM, 30, walks by and grabs the girl by the hand. They walk up the block. The peddler watches the Mom's backside bounce up the sidewalk.

The little girl turns back. The peddler stares back at her. He widens his eyes. The little girl swings her sight back up to her Mom.

A FLY floats past the peddler's nose. He flicks it away.

The fly lands on the shelf of snow globes for sale and crawls up the familiar snow globe of Geoff's neighborhood. The fly lets out a BUZZ.

END.