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Above the flesh

Romeal Hogan

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Above the Flesh

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MFA Imaging Arts/ Computer Animation
SCHOOL OF FILM AND ANIMATION
ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
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Abstract

The goal of this paper is to outline the production of the film "Above the Flesh", from conceptualization to completion. Also included in this paper are supplementary materials in order to further exhibit the production processes and any alterations to story and execution made. "Above the Flesh" explores the enigma of the carnal, animal nature of man in relation to socialization and religion. The film takes place in, and attempts to deconstruct the ideal domestic environment. The story unfolds from the viewpoint of the protagonist, Evan, a neurotic and sickly 25 year-old. Returning home for his 25th birthday, he finds a replica of himself already there. The replica, which turns out to be his twin brother separated from birth, is seemingly perfect in every way he's not. The viewer is challenged with the question of what is good and evil as the differences between the twins emerge. The film was shot in HD video on the Canon 5D Mark II, then edited, enhanced with color correction, sound design and digital compositing.

Original Concept

"Above the Flesh" is a story that stems from my personal experiences with a sheltered upbringing in a repressive, Christian home. It is also based on real twin brothers that were an inspiration to me. Many of the elements were of course exaggerated to fit a narrative structure, but the core of the story is a commonly explored hardship, infused with archetypes of duality.

Before landing on this idea, I, like many other thesis grad students grappled with the challenge of coming up with the perfect concept. I wanted my idea to be compelling, controversial, personal, and totally outside my comfort zone. Whether or not I accomplished these goals somehow eluded me during the excitement of production. Maybe this paper will help me retrace my steps.

All I could articulate to my Thesis Prep Instructor, and later Thesis Chair, Alan Rhodes, was that I wanted to tell a story about an uncommon union between two unlikely lovers that explored the human spirit. But the more I thought about it, the more I determined how trite and uninteresting the concept really was to me. I had planned on adding a twist by making the union between a homosexual male, and a female stripper, and focus on the challenge in convincing family of their love. But it thankfully just didn't pan out. Ironically my final idea ended up being more about a separation than a union.

I think the interests that I was honing in on were the idiosyncrasies that make up who we are as individuals, and the inherent flaws of socialization and culture conformity. I believe that in the process of achieving the latter, self-realization and naturally occurring relationships are stifled.

I later turned my gaze to a pair of twins I once knew in undergraduate, Evan and Tyson. I actually only really knew Evan well, and it was very interesting to begin with examining him. Evan was a socially inept, misanthropic, awkward, sickly, and lanky individual. He was also a genius as far as I could tell, wealthy, and encouraged by two loving, successful parents. Evan walked around looking at the ground, never made eye contact, judged everyone, and couldn't make connections with most people, especially women. Needless to say he was the perfect friend for me at that time. Evan and I developed a friendship in which we shared our grievances and disillusionment over facets of society we didn't identify with, namely college culture.

The real story developed when I discovered that he had a twin, and more to the point, he was nothing like his twin. Tyson was social, affable, confident, handsome, generally happy, and always seem to have a girlfriend. Not to mention long-flowing hair, and a free-spirit attitude. Why didn't I meet him first?

How could this be, when they grew up in the same home, with the same supportive parents, and no apparent signs of favoritism? They share the same DNA.

I decided that their story could serve as the basic framework for my own story. For me, the distinction in their personalities was emblematic of my duality in the past. The repression I felt at home had spawned a dismal person much like Evan - sick, neurotic, reclusive, and just plain absent. While Tyson's traits, which I exaggerated as being more "carnal" in nature, were traits that I feared and judged. Yet they were a part of me.

Storytelling Goals

With "Above the Flesh", I sought to utilize the conventions of genre in an atypical fashion. The idea was to draw the audience into a dramatic coming-of-age story, then jar them with a horror of human carnality. In this method I wanted to portray a glossy surface layer of the idyllic family portrait, and distort it with the sexual tension underlying each character. Tyson, the son mysteriously returning to the family, is the strongest embodiment of this theme. His intentions initially seem pure as he indulges in the maternal love of Sheryl, the mother. As the film progresses Tyson's hunger for her affection appears to grow into an incestuous lust.

Sheryl's affection for Tyson is easily reciprocated. The insistent matriarch, Sheryl perpetuates the façade of the perfect family. When Tyson returns, she sees the reunion as an opportunity to revive a full family unit. With the apparent absence of a patriarch, Tyson's masculine perfection is meant to appeal to her. The intimacy of their interactions escalates, to indicate an obvious Oedipal tension, and to portray the interactions as lecherous and confusing from Evan's point of view.

I also sought to toy with perspective, to show the unreliability of one subjective point of view. We start the film off with Evan, the brother more conventionally noble in his morality and ties to Christianity. We see all the workings of the archetypal hero in Evan, but also flaws. Evan is judgmental, cold and self-centered. It is left to the audience to decide whether he is a protagonist worth identifying with. When Tyson is introduced, the character more in touch with his body and sexuality, Evan immediately views him as monstrous. It is then that the audience is challenged with examining the two characters to determine who is "good" by their own standards.

I wanted the battle between good vs. evil, more specifically neurotic continence vs. carnal desire, to manifest itself in a power struggle between Evan and Tyson. As the clock ticks, approaching their 25th birthday, the boys fight for

more than just the love of their mother. I attempted to construct scenes that imply a shift in power between the two personalities, and that the two could not coexist. This theme is reinforced with a cutaway to a microscopic image of an egg cell splitting into twin cells, but unevenly as one twin overpowers the other. There are scenes where Evan's neurotic thought patterns make Tyson feel ill and appear as a monstrous, and the same effect on Evan occurs for Tyson's overt carnality.

Pre-Production

a. Casting

My first attempt at casting twenty-something twins in upstate New York, turned up limited results. One of my ads led me to 28-year-old twins in a band in New Paltz, NY. The twins were non-professional actors with no experience in short films, but they were used to performing on stage. While it was risky to consider inexperienced talent, what intrigued me about the twins was their appearance and personalities. When I interviewed them on Skype I found that one was shy and balding with dark circles around his eyes. The other had a full head of hair, spoke confidently and appeared healthier. It seemed like fate that I would come across twins that resembled the characters in my story. We seemed to have an agreement on how I would cover their cost of travel to Rochester for rehearsals. They canceled on me the week before the first rehearsal citing "health reasons" and a "poor financial situation", with no further explanation.

I unexpectedly found myself casting for twins again, and yielding no results. The obvious backup was to find one talented actor that could play both roles, and stage shots/blocking to suspend disbelief. This time I extended my search to New York City, using Mandy.com. After 5 or 6 Skype interviews, I met Blaine Pennington. He was the first audition that nailed both parts, and was very impressive in his energy and enthusiasm. He was a serious aspiring actor. Bringing Blaine on meant flying him into Rochester for about 10 weekends of rehearsals and production. It meant that talent had consumed the bulk of my budget. It also meant that, blocking, make-up changes, costume changes, etc. would eat up set time. My advisor insisted that with such demanding roles, the cost and strain on production was worth it. I considered it an investment in soliciting the performance I wanted.

Meredith Powell, the local theatre actress that played the mother, had a look that was stern, yet graceful and beautiful. Her audition revealed that she understood the dynamics of the character and had a strong interest in the script. Meredith was serious, disciplined, took direction well, and hit all the emotional cues. It was a real pleasure working with her. Rehearsals were a breeze with both Blaine and Meredith.

b. Crew

In hindsight, if there was one thing I could have done differently, it was spending more time looking for a producer. I produced my thesis myself, and it was a strain on my ability to focus on directing. I've found that having a producer on a student film enhances production value significantly. All above-the-line crew positions should be divided. Luckily I had someone act as Assistant Director and Art Director - two other very essential roles.

Cinematography was complicated, but worked out well. Reed Nisson signed on as Director of Photography, with the caveat that I had to work out my schedule with another thesis film he was shooting. I opted to go with him because he was one of the most serious and talented DPs in our school. He was also excited about the film. For the days that Reed could not shoot, I had three other Camera Operators on stand-by that would take his place. Reed shared notes with the other camera ops, reviewed footage with them, and continued to direct photography.

To achieve the desired monster effects, I wanted to collaborate with an FX artist that could fabricate masks and other practical effects. I met an artist that was recommended from an alumnus that worked with him on a feature. He expressed a strong interest, but had a busy schedule. After weeks of poor communication, he too ended up dropping out of the film because of his schedule. The role of practical special FX artist became another hat I had to wear. Max Phillips and Dan Davis rounded out the rest of crew, as Sound Designer and Colorist respectively.

c. Mise en scene

The aesthetic I was going for with the art direction was a revival of the idyllic Americana family, but set in modern times. This was definitely a nod to Lynch, and his use of that wholesome and saturated look in *Blue Velvet*. For the main location, the house, I wanted something with that older Victorian style, which is prevalent around Rochester. I ended up shooting in the home of Jim Toepper, a local actor and huge support to RIT film students. His home was spacious, historical, and filled with antiques and old wooden furniture. It was perfect for production and for the visual themes. The house was out in Brockport, so we faced a 35 minute commute to and from.

For costumes and props I frequented thrift stores in downtown Rochester. The item that stood out to me as iconic, and extremely important was Tyson's red varsity jacket with school letters. It also turned out to be difficult to find second hand. Luckily it was a recent trend for fashion designers to make varsity jackets. Meredith was a huge help, because she already had her own costume

and make up that fit 50's housewife persona. Jim Toepper's house was so well-decorated, we didn't need to use many props.

Production

a. Producing and Directing

A typical day of production as producer and director was strenuous and hectic, to say the least. I had prided myself on cooking for each set, to save money. Crew usually appreciates it when you bring variety to the set meals also. Who wants to eat pizza everyday? Considering the extra effort it took to cook, I now could care less what they ate everyday. I also faced lugging around props and costumes, picking up Blaine from the airport, picking up crew, and making several phone calls. By the time I started rehearsing with actors before the first take, I was exhausted and still multi-tasking. Fortunately, because of the time dedicated to rehearsal sessions, weeks before the first shoot, we didn't have to discuss much on set. I took down a lot of notes during rehearsal of what motivation and cues worked for the actors during certain scenes. For instance if a scene was stale, lacking the underlying sexual tension I was going for, I would remind Meredith to think of Tyson as just an attractive young man, and not her son. Blaine asked several questions on set, which was good, but draining sometimes.

b. Special FX Make-up

I wanted to create monster masks for both Evan and Tyson to portray the climax of their neurotic and carnal states respectively. For Evan this meant creating a mask that looked weathered by stress, and extremely aged. I also threw in a baby-like cheeks to make it jarring. Tyson's mask ended up looking derivative of vampire movie masks, with furrowed eyebrows, and gashes along the cheeks. Yellow contact lenses and believable monster fangs were also applied to complete the effect. We held off shooting any of the monster mask shots till the end, because making these masks was an ongoing process throughout production. From speaking to my former special FX artist, and other stop-motion fabricators, I gathered that Smooth-On Inc. was the place to start.

Since this was my first time using Smooth-On products, I did plenty of research, and took advantage of their customer service hotline. The process began with making a silicone rubber negative mold of Blaine's face. This entailed painting Vaseline and a releasing agent on his face, mixing an A, B solution of silicone rubber, painting the solution on, and waiting for it to dry while Blaine breathed through straws. Once this was completed, I placed a product called plasti-paste into the silicone negative mold, to make a hard-shell positive mold of Blaine's face. To customize the positive face mold into

monstrous, I applied clay and carved it into the desired looks for both masks. From there I could use another silicone rubber product called Dragon Skin to mold the actual mask between the negative and positive molds. On set, my Make-up Artist had to blend the edges of the masks with Blaine's face, using liquid latex and standard make-up.



Figure 1: The process of fabricating Evan's monster mask.



Figure 2: Blaine Pennington as Tyson for a green screen shoot.

c. Staging Twin Shots

Figuring out how to pull off one actor playing twins was a lot easier than everyone thought. It was just a strain on the production schedule. For any wide shots where both twins appeared in the shot, we had to lock the camera down, shoot a couple takes with Blaine as Evan, change costume and make-up, then shoot a couple of takes as Tyson. These shots would later be composited together via split-screen. The make-up changes began to wear on Blaine. For Evan's character, we needed for him to look pale, with dark circles around his eyes, and dry chapped lips. Tyson called for foundation, and an overall more attractive look. I scheduled the shots best that I could, so that there were as minimal make-up and costume changes as possible. For over-the-shoulder shots and any shots where the twins spoke to each other, I had body doubles on set to stand in and read lines to Blaine.

Post-Production

a. The Edit

One of the many hats I wore was also of editor. My first cut of the whopping 22-page script came out to 33 minutes. I had some major editorial

decisions to make. To determine what to cut I had to consider: what scenes don't enhance the plot, touch on major themes, or have compelling performances? I narrowed down two expendable scenes: the wrestling scene and park scene. The wrestling scene was a nightmare that Evan has after seeing Tyson as monstrous for the first time. In the preceding scene, the mother boasted about Tyson winning a championship in wrestling in high school. Evan dreams of Tyson brutally defeating an opponent while morphing into his monstrous state. While the scene was fun to choreograph, it simply didn't add anything new. In the park scene, I attempted to add an experimental touch. While Evan watches Sheryl and Tyson play Frisbee in the park, the speed of their movement becomes jittery and distorted. The intended off-skew color correction would also distort the perfect day for a picnic. Again, this scene didn't add anything relevant, and the style contrasted the rest of the film. The final edit of the film was cut down to 26 minutes.

b. Color Correction

One of the great things about RIT is the ability to collaborate with the students earning a B.S. in Motion Picture Sciences. I was fortunate to work with Dan Davis, a B.S. student concentrating in color correction. Dan and I had an agreement of when a locked-down edit would be completed so that he had ample time to color the film. Using Apple Color, Dan was able to give the film a saturated and crushed black look. This aesthetic worked well, especially for the color scheme we established in Jim Toepper's home. For the overall look, I suggested the work of Dario Argento as a reference. Argento's horror films have a similar saturated and dark look that adds to the creep factor.

One of the exterior shots in the opening montage was a day-for-night shot, meaning it was shot in daylight but had to be corrected to look like night. In the shot, Evan walks passed a parked car with some bright highlights on the hood. Although the shot was very difficult, Dan somehow worked his magic and made it look believable. He also used some track mattes to put a key on Tyson's mask to make it pop out brighter.

c. Sound Design and Score

Max Phillips was the talented Sound Designer creating foley sound effects, conducting ADR sessions, mixing all audio, and writing some additional music. Max did such a great job on set, recording dialogue with wireless mic kits and the Neumann shotgun mic, he didn't run into many problems with the dialogue in post. The fun and creative aspect of Max's job was creating Tyson's monstrous grunts and screams. To make the sound effects unique, and avoid cookie-cutter low pitch monster growls, Max opted to mix animal sound effects. I'm not sure what the exact concoction included, but I know some lizard and bear noises were thrown into the mix. The music Max created was for the bar scenes, in which Tyson has sex with a bartender in the back room. I told Max I

wanted the sleaziest music possible. He assembled some jazz musicians to record an off-color song that suggested overt sexuality.

I also had the pleasure of working with Eric Colvin, a Composer based out in L.A. I initially tried to collaborate with the Eastman School of Music for my score, but I was naïve about the cost. They asked what my budget was for music, and I just didn't have one. Eric responded to an ad I put on Craigslist, and was willing to work for next to nothing. He was trying to connect with more independent filmmakers, so he took the job obviously more so for networking than money. We agreed on \$300 for scoring the entire film. His usual rate was \$1000 a minute.

The references that I gave Eric were from some of my favorite 80's horror films. Eric was accustomed to scoring "Hollywood" conventional genre music, and I was impressed by his work for suspense films. For me, a conventional sound for the horror sections fit with the iconic imagery utilized in the art direction. Eric had a huge palette of orchestral music and suspenseful sound effects that really brought the film together. We discussed all the imperative cues that I wanted him to hit, and the musical themes for each scene via email. Max was there to help me communicate any musical ideas to Eric, because I simply didn't have the vernacular.

d. Compositing

The final hat I found myself wearing was one of Compositor. This was planned, and I had a blast doing it. I decided my second year at RIT that my trade would be post production, more specifically, compositing. There were a number of shots where we had to green screen monstrous Tyson in, because his mask wasn't ready until the latter quarter of production. For every shot requiring green screen, I took notes on set for the distance of the camera from the subject, light positions, length of lens, aperture, etc. Later in the studio, Reed composed the shots on the green screen, matching the lighting for each shot. I completed the process by keying out the green, color correcting, rotoscoping, and creating shadows in After Effects. I created several other subtle effects like making veins grow on Tyson; and making Evan's sick appearance disappear.

I enlisted the help of 3D animators to compose a shot where Tyson is seen sleeping in a cocoon. I gave them reference images of a caterpillar cocoon, with the added note of making it translucent with chunks of gore. I was very pleased with the outcome. I then used a warping effect to make Evan's hands penetrate the cocoon in one shot, and used standard masking to swipe a blanket away from the cocoon.

My favorite shot to composite also entailed stop motion animation. For the scene where Tyson is ripped out of his cocoon and deteriorates, we fabricated a life size skeletal model to look like a rotting body. The first step was

to rig the skeleton with thick armature wire, so that I could bend the limbs and hands. We then covered the skeleton with pantyhose, filled that with newspaper, then painted the pantyhose with liquid latex and paint. Slap on Tyson's monster mask, a wig and voila! I shot the stop motion in front of the studio green screen, matching the lighting from our clean plate, did the key and created shadows in After Effects. Taking on the role of Compositor allowed me to flex my skills, and have a Visual Effects reel handy.

Above the Flesh VFX reel: <http://vimeo.com/40183619>



Figure 3: Romeal Hogan animating a life size puppet on green screen.



Figure 4: Life size puppet of monstrous Tyson, in the final composited shot.

Appendix

a. Still Photos from the Final Cut



Evan seeing his twin, Tyson, for the first time.



Close up of Evan's sick appearance.



Evan watching a mysterious man hug his mother.



Monstrous Tyson in the bathroom.



Sheryl lost in an intimate hug with Tyson.



Tyson in his "bad boy" attire.



Monstrous Tyson sleeping in a cocoon.



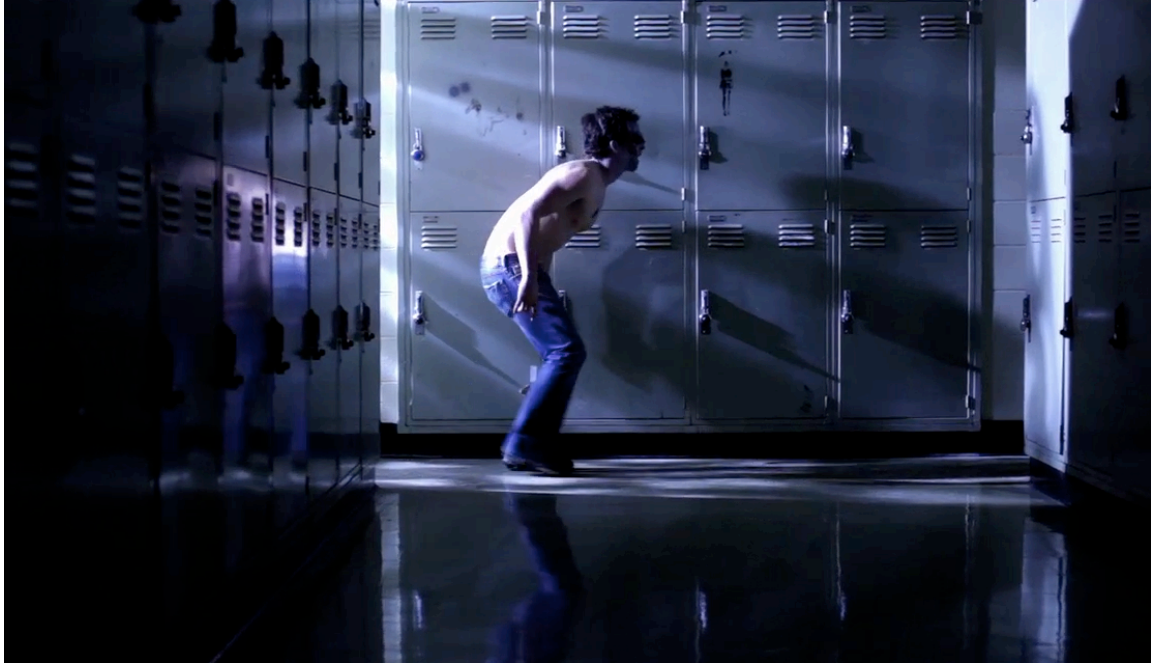
Evan is mistaken for Tyson by the bartender.



Tyson attacking Evan in the car.



Tyson confronting Evan in a split screen shot.



Monstrous Tyson chasing after Evan in a school.



Tyson hovering over his birthday cake.

b. Thesis Proposal

Romeal Hogan

9/7/09

Synopsis

Doppelganger will be a psychological drama of about 30 minutes, shot on HD Video. Through a series of events told in linear sequence, I will present a character sketch of an emotionally and socially inept young man desperately seeking answers to his problems. He believes he's found a clue when he goes home for a holiday break to find a replica of himself already there, relating and emoting to his family in a manner he could only dream of.

Treatment

The story begins with EVAN, 20, frail, sickly, pale and awkward. He timidly stands alone amongst a crowd outside of a house party. The jovial chatting crowd files into the house, leaving Evan by himself. He tries to work up the courage to go inside, only to retreat, startled by the swift swinging open of the door.

In his dorm room, Evan stares in the mirror, cynically rehearsing casual small talk. It's apparent that he is especially socially awkward/anxious to the point of debilitation. He imagines himself at the party attempting normal conversation with random people. With each person, Evan gets better responses. Concurrently, with each person his appearance changes - his hair, his attire, his posture, his face more youthful and less weathered by stress. The final result of the transformation is a much-improved Evan, finding no trouble with mingling. He imagines this ideal-self flirting with a girl.

When Evan goes home for a holiday break, before he can even reach the door a horrifying sight through the window stops him abruptly. He sees his idealized self exactly as imagined already there, being warmly greeted by his parents. He nearly has a panic attack.

He calms himself down and goes inside reluctantly, to meet his fate. His mother meets him at the door with mixed emotion. She tries to delicately explain the situation. Before getting to the point, she tries to lull his frightened demeanor, although through impatience and derisive language. She goes off on a tangent about his unsightly appearance, negligently meeting his anxiety with indifference.

At the dinner table sits Evan, his mother SHERYL, stepfather, GREG, and a boy his mother refers to as TYSON. Tyson's resemblance to Evan is uncanny. He looks exactly like Evan's imagined ideal self - handsome, charismatic and stylish. Everything he's not. Evan only half listens as his mother tells him how he and his twin brother Tyson were separated at birth, while keeping an unabashedly curious glare on him.

At her ex-husband's insistence Tyson was sent away to live with his Aunt whom claimed to be his mother. Sheryl's ex-husband was an abusive alcoholic whom didn't want to take care of both kids. Tyson apparently looked them up after finally being told the truth by his guardians. Sheryl tries to make the reunion a joyous occasion. Evan is disturbed and perplexed by the inhumanity of her story. He declines from acknowledging his brother by excusing himself.

Tyson spends the weekend trying to bond with Evan who opts to only examine him from afar with curiosity and horror. Tyson's insistence on bonding with Evan pushes him outside of his comfort zone, yet intrigues Evan.

On a family outing, Evan distances himself while Tyson charms and impresses Sheryl and Greg. Sheryl is indiscreet about comparing Tyson's pleasing manner to Evan's shortcomings. She irritates Evan further when she speaks of his embarrassing health problems.

Evan studies Tyson flirting with a girl, and later at home through a cracked door as he undresses.

When Evan falls into a deep paranoia, he's confronted by nightmares of his imagined inherent abject nature. Monstrous images of deformity seek to blame his wretched existence on his twin birth. Among the images include the uneven splitting of a fertilized egg, as if most good genes went to one son.

At the height of his paranoia Evan walks into a sleeping Tyson's bedroom, and eerily stands over him. He watches him sleeping peacefully, and shifts awkwardly as if trying to will himself to some action. He does nothing.

The family prepares to take Tyson to the airport the next day. Evan chooses not to go. Evan's parents scold him for his coldness the entire weekend. Tyson forgives him, and remains optimistic and kind although Evan disappointed him. . Watching them drive away Evan grimaces as a pain foreign to him overcomes him. He whimpers like a child as tears stream down his face. He places his hand on the window, and slides down to the floor, curling into a fetal position.

He runs to his bike and races to get to the airport, searching around intent on finding his brother. Frustrated and unsuccessful he gives up. Just as he does so he sees Tyson sitting, obliviously listening to headphones. He approaches him distressed and panting heavily. Tyson is surprised, then concerned. He asks him what's wrong. Evan shamelessly embraces his brother tightly. He begins to cry. The brother is confused but inviting, loving.

It's revealed to us that Evan racing to the airport was imagined. Evan remains lying in the fetal position.

As fate has it, the family car pulls up early, because Tyson forgot something. Evan doesn't move either from the shock, or perhaps he wants to be found like that. Tyson asks him if he's okay. He darts up to his feet and begins to scream maniacally, shrill and searing with the repression of 20 years. He shoves his brother and screams. He whacks himself in the face and screams. Sheryl runs in to witness the spectacle... for Evan a milestone in emoting.

Statement

This film will explore the complications of socialization and "nature vs. nurture" through the eyes of a troubled young man. I want to address how the high demands of society and cultural assimilation can be foreign and threatening to some people. On the surface layer this film will invoke psychological thriller elements to tell the dramatic story of a man confronted by his ideal self image, or as Freud puts it, the ego ideal. In the subtext and heart of the film is the story of an alienated, socially inept man reuniting with this twin brother, only to feel further alienated.

I choose to tell the story of twins because of the interesting dynamics there that have been recorded by scholars extensively. Issues of rivalry, jealousy, and competition come to mind, when twins can end up completely different. One side of the debate over "nature vs. nurture" suggests that personal experience overcomes innate qualities in determining individual differences in physical and behavioral traits. Ideally I will cast twins for the lead parts, but if it's not possible, using simple trick photography and careful blocking with one actor will suffice.

The theme of the paranormal is incorporated to exhibit the protagonist's alienation from society. Much like Carl Jung's assertion that the UFO phenomena of the 1950's mirrored people's internal psychic states of paranoia and alienation, the same notion can be applied to doppelgangers. The loose folklore and

theories about doppelgangers being omens of death, seeking to replace the original person, provide an appropriate vehicle for symbolizing Evan's frustration.

Budget

Working Title:	Doppelganger	Start Date:	Oct – 09
Budget:	10,524	End Date:	Nov -10
Advisor:	Alan Rhodes	Run Time:	25 mins
		Format:	HD Video
Budget:			
Script			40
Producers Unit			In Kind
Direction			In Kind
Cast			200
	Total Pre-Production		240
Production Staff			In Kind
Extra Talent			In Kind
Craft Service			1,000
Production Design			In Kind
Set Dressing			1,500
Property			In Kind
Wardrobe			600
Make-up/Special Effects			3,150
Camera Accessories			1,500
Sound			50
Transportation			300
Location Expenses			200
Insurance			250
	Total Production		8,550
Editorial			In Kind
Hard drive			200
Music			In Kind
Post Production Sound			50
Titles			In Kind
Graphic Artwork			100
	Total Post-Production		350
Posters			150

Film Festival Fees		500
DVD-R		50
	Total Other	700
Subtotal		6,840
10 % Contingency		684
Total Cost		10,524

c. Script

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 1
An old jalopy makes its way down the road.

2 INT. OLD JALOPY - NIGHT 2
Behind the wheel EVAN, a sickly-looking man in his mid-twenties, concentrates on the road.

3 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 3
CLOSE SLOW PUSH IN on a oven, in a dainty, neat kitchen. A WOMAN'S HANDS SLOWLY open the door. The loud SQUEAL it produces sounds like something much more sinister.

4 INT. OLD JALOPY - NIGHT 4
Evan speeds by a PARKED CAR on the side of the road. He does a double-take at the car.

5 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 5
The woman's hands slowly enter the oven.

6 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY -NIGHT 6
CLOSE on the rear of the jalopy as it parks parallel to the stopped car. A bumper sticker says "Good Samaritan". Evan strolls to the trunk and removes jumper cables and a car safety kit.

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 7
Broken tension as the woman's hands remove a fresh baked cake from the oven.

The woman is SHERYL, a middle-aged, classic Betty Crocker complete with apron and doilies. She shows satisfaction with her creation.

She sits the cake on the window sill to cool. She seems to be in her own world.

Sheryl turns to smile at an ANONYMOUS MAN at the kitchen table. She tends to other preparations.

PUSH IN on a pot on the stove. The chaotic SOUND of the BOILING WATER overwhelms.

8 EXT. SHERYL'S FRONTYARD - NIGHT 8

Foggy night. CREEPY MUSIC fades in as black dress shoes cut through the fog.

An apprehensive BLACK PRIEST readies himself before approaching the door.

9 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 9

Evan taps on the window of the driver's side of the parked car.

10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

The DOORBELL RINGS. Sheryl shoots up from domestic duties enthusiastically, but almost seeming to brace herself. She looks to the man at the table.

SHERYL

He's here.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Sheryl gleefully walks to the front door, but stops, surprised at the sight of the priest through the window.

She opens the door. Her mannerisms slightly shift to discomfort. She folds her arms, yet remains polite.

SHERYL

Father Jackson! What a pleasant surprise. We weren't expecting you.

12 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 12

Evan taps again. No response. He pans over to the rear driver side window to meet his own reflection.

Looking past his reflection we can make out a COUPLE in the heat of backseat action.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 13
 Father Jackson sits in an armchair. Sheryl hovers over him.

FATHER JACKSON
 Oh no, I'm not staying long. I just
 needed to talk to you about -

SHERYL
 (interrupting)
 Nonsense, I just made some fresh
 lemonade. I insist.

He leans forward trying to chime in. Sheryl rushes off to the kitchen like a good hostess.

Father Jackson retreats back into his seat, disappointed. He examines himself, and solemnly removes his priest collar from his shirt.

14 INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT 14
 The couple go at it in frenzied passion.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 15
 Sheryl walks in carrying a glass of her homemade lemonade.

SHERYL
 You'll be pleased to find that this is
 fresh sque-

She stops mid-sentence when she notices the father without his collar. He stands.

16 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 16
 Evan springs his head away from the sight and backs away slowly.

As he backs away, beaming headlights zoom by. Spinning around, he leans against the parked car in a panic.

CUT TO:

17 TITLE: "ABOVE THE FLESH" IN THRILLING SLEAZY RED TYPEFACE17

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 18

The priest and Sheryl sit across from each other. Sheryl stares into space somberly, half listening to the priest.

FATHER JACKSON (O.S.)
I thought it best that I personally tell
the congregation individually.

Father Jackson tries to look Sheryl directly in the eyes.

SHERYL
Well you couldn't have come at a worse
time. My Evan is coming home this
evening. Tomorrow is his 25th birthday.

FATHER JACKSON
Well how bout that. I actually wanted to
speak to Evan also.

Sheryl shifts in her seat disconcerted.

FATHER JACKSON (CONT'D)
..If that's okay with you.

Sheryl stands. She smiles through her vexation.

SHERYL
I think its best you leave, given the
circumstances. This is a joyous occasion
for us.

Father Jackson half smiles and obliges. They walk to the door.

FATHER JACKSON
Sheryl, I hope things can be the same
between you and I.

Uncertain of how to react, Sheryl smiles nervously and opens the door.

19 EXT. SHERYL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 19

Evan pulls in. Turns off the engine, stares at the wheel and lets out a long sigh.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The hand of the anonymous man moves the pot that's bubbling over.

20

EXT. SHERYL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

20

Through the kitchen window we catch Sheryl entering the kitchen upset, holding her mouth. We only see the back of the anonymous man as he turns his attention to consoling her.

Evan walks in front of the window. He's curious about the mysterious young man holding his weeping mother.

Sheryl and the anonymous man pull apart from each other, revealing a frontal of the man. When Evan sees the face of the man and it takes a moment to sink in, but when it does, he's terrified.

The young man is a dead ringer for Evan, albeit healthy, stylish, and apparently athletic as denoted by his red varsity jacket. His hair is also a bit longer.

21

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Sheryl stands alert, all smiles, with her makeup running slightly. The young man is by her side. Evan rushes in.

EVAN

Mom?

Meeting the man close-up makes Evan back away, panting and holding his stomach.

SHERYL

(conciliatory)

Evan.. This is Tyson. (smiles) Your brother.

TYSON and Evan stare at each other.

22

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Evan and Tyson sit on opposite ends of the dinner table, with their matriarch between them. There's a perfect spread centered on the table.

Evan watches Tyson eat. Tyson looks up to meet Evan's eyes. Evan nervously looks away.

SHERYL
Evan, Tyson here was captain of his
Wrestling team in high school. How many
state championships sweetheart?

TYSON
Just three.

SHERYL
Don't be modest. Just three...

When Sheryl looks for a response from Evan she catches
his intense glare, as if he's waiting on an explanation.

EVAN
But where'd he come from?

Sheryl drops her fork on her plate.

SHERYL
Evan.. let's not be rude. Tyson is our
guest.

EVAN
BUT WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

SHERYL
I know this may be a little hard to
understand, (looks to Tyson smiling) but
the important thing is that he's your
brother, and he found us.

Evan looks confused. Sheryl reaches out and shakes both
of their hands excitedly.

SHERYL (CONT'D)
..and tomorrow we get to celebrate your
special day together.

Tyson grins at Sheryl's giddiness. Evan is dead serious.

EVAN
You put him up for adoption?

SHERYL
Evan.. You ought not concern yourself
with things like that. You know how
sensitive you are.

EVAN
(defensive)
I think I deserve an explanation.

Sheryl looks at her dinner plate. Decides to change the subject.

SHERYL

I spent all that time preparing this meal.

TYSON

I think it's a lovely dinner mother.

Sheryl smiles at Tyson. Embittered, Evan begins to breathe heavy. Tyson observes. Self-conscious, his panting grows worse. Sheryl sighs.

SHERYL

See, what'd I tell you. (whisper to Tyson) He's always been a sickly boy.

23 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 23

Evan examines his stress weathered face in the mirror - the dark circles around his eyes... He notices the cold sore is gone from his lip.

24 INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 24

Evan dutifully unpacks his bag and arranges his clothes neatly in the drawers. He arranges bottles of prescription medication on his desk.

Tyson watches him from the doorway. Suspecting eyes burning into him, Evan turns. Tyson startles him.

TYSON

Is this a bad time?

EVAN

No. Come in.

Tyson walks in and sits on the bed. Evan remains standing.

TYSON

What are you doing?

EVAN

Uh, just getting my stuff together.

There is an awkward pause as they both struggle with the next line of small talk. Tyson looks up to Evan with an almost wide-eyed innocence.

TYSON
(excited)
You play any sports?

EVAN
No... I was never any good at sports.
Plus, my asthma.

Tyson observes the prescription pills, and the bible next to them on the desk. Tyson has a look of disgust and discomfort. He looks away from Evan.

TYSON
Are you ill?

EVAN
To say the least. (beat) Yet even my
doctor says it's all in my head.
Whatever the hell that means. I mean
just look at me..

Evan trails off as he notices Tyson's wide eyes beaming at him with a mix of awe and confusion. Tyson catches himself and stops staring. He now looks at the floor disappointed.

TYSON
(timid)
How many girls have you been with?

EVAN
What?

TYSON
(looks up at Evan)
How many?

EVAN
Like sex? Well I'm abstinent. So none.
(beat) What about you?

TYSON
(confessional)
Lots. I don't know how many.

Tyson relaxes and slouches into the bed. Tyson catches Evan's cold, judging glare. Tyson sits up.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

EVAN
Well yeah.. You weren't married to any of those girls.

Tyson winces in pain, looks dazed.

EVAN (CONT'D)
What?

TYSON
I suddenly feel sick.

25 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

25

Sheryl washes dishes. Evan walks in behind her and watches her for a beat. She stops washing, sighs, staring into space.

Evan begins to mouth something, but then decides not to. He attempts to leave quietly. Sheryl speaks with her back to him.

SHERYL
Evan.

EVAN
(anticipating serious talk)
Yeah?

She turns around.

SHERYL
Are you gonna lock yourself in your room like a hermit while you're here?

EVAN
(disappointed)
Why?

SHERYL
Well.. you should go out. Go out with Tyson.

EVAN
Like where?

SHERYL
I dunno, a night club or something.

Evan gives her a cynical look.

SHERYL (CONT'D)
You're 25 now. Live a little.

26 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 26

Evan stops short on his way to the bathroom when he notices Tyson in there undressing in the mirror. Evan watches through the cracked door.

Tyson removes his shirt revealing a branch of thick green veins around his lower abdomen. He strokes around them as if they ache.

Tyson stares at his face and begins to strain and breathe heavy.

CU - Tyson's face is now monstrous, and his eyes yellow. His teeth are long, sharp, yellow and crooked.

Tyson looks in Evan's direction and slams the door shut. Evan jolts back, and goes into his bedroom.

INT. INFINITE BLACK - NIGHT

Tyson walks SLOW into frame in wrestling tights and antiquated headgear.

An OPPONENT comes at him and they begin to grapple.

CU - Tyson's bicep flexes as a branch of green veins grow animatedly.

CU - Tyson's eyes, which are now yellow.

They continue to grapple.

CU - Tyson's head as his veins appear on his temples..

ECU - The uneven splitting of a fertilized egg.

CU - Tyson grimaces with yellow fangs.

ECU - The egg splits more unevenly.

CU - A flash of Tyson's monstrous face.

27 INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING 27

EVAN shoots up from slumber.

FATHER JACKSON (V.O.)
It's a whole new chapter for me. Kinda exciting..

28

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MORNING

28

There are some moving boxes scattered around. Father Jackson, dressed in casual attire, sits on his desk facing a standing Evan. Evan looks as if Father Jackson has just laid a bombshell on him.

FATHER JACKSON
I'll travel a bit - see the country.
Eventually settle down somewhere.
(turning attention to Evan) What about you? Have you made any friends Evan?

EVAN
(ignoring question)
I thought you were... you know.

FATHER JACKSON
Ordained for life?

Evan motions yes.

FATHER JACKSON (CONT'D)
So did I. It's just not something I could live up to. (He smiles humbly) Evan I especially wanted to be sure I parted in good standing with you. I know how much you sought my guidance in the past.

Evan shuffles to a chair and collapses into it. He squints with a confused face.

EVAN
I'm sorry, I just don't know what to think.

Father Jackson kneels to his level.

FATHER JACKSON
Evan, honestly, I don't have all the answers. I just know I can no longer preach fire and brimstone... and all this, beware the flesh... the flesh is evil business.

EVAN
The flesh is weak. Don't succumb to the flesh...

Father Jackson stands. His humility permits him to not take offense.

FATHER JACKSON
All I know is that I love my body. But I spent the longest time hating it. And I'm sure I'm not the only one.

Father Jackson walks around his desk, sorting more items.

FATHER JACKSON (CONT'D)
Enjoy life Evan. It's short. Enjoy family. (looks up) How is everything at home?

CLOSE on Evan's face. He thinks.

EVAN
Nothing out of the ordinary.

FATHER JACKSON
You gotta girlfriend?

Evan receives the question with insult.

29

EXT. PARK - DAY

29

Clouds sweep across the sky SPED UP on an idyllic beautiful day.

Tyson and Sheryl toss a frisbee to one another. Their enjoyment of the activity is like from a fairy tale. Their movements are SPED UP and SLOWED DOWN for a jarring effect.

Evan sits alone in the grass in a shadowed area, watching. Tyson sits beside him, enamored with the day.

TYSON
I never knew it could be like this.

The two watch Sheryl laying out the picnic.

EVAN
Is she everything you dreamed of?

Tyson simply smiles watching her.

TYSON
You're really lucky, you know that?

Evan gives him a cynical look, gets up and leaves.

MCU - A picturesque picnic layout on cliché red and white plaid blanket. Shadows of clouds speed over it. In jarring jumps of sped up action, Tyson and Sheryl consume the picnic.

Evan remains in the grass in the distance.

MCU - A line of ants march for the aftermath.

Tyson and Sheryl pack up the picnic. Tyson pecks Sheryl on the cheek. Sheryl hugs him.

30 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 30

Tyson stands alone closing his eyes. Sheryl enters holding the finished birthday cake with Evan's and Tyson's name on it.

SHERYL
Okay, open them.

TYSON
Wow. Look at that.

SHERYL
I made it specially for you.

Tyson hugs Sheryl from the back while she looks at the cake. His embrace becomes increasingly sensual as he caresses her shoulder with his face. Sheryl pretends to ignore at first, then gives in to his affection.

Evan has been watching from the doorway. Tyson senses his presence and backs away from Sheryl. Sheryl notices him too.

SHERYL (CONT'D)
Evan! I was just showing Tyson your cake.

Evan storms out. Tyson shudders as pain over comes him.

31 INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING 31

Evan looks at a portrait of himself as a child sitting on the bed. He stands and studies his face in his dresser mirror. Stepping away he reveals Tyson in the doorway, with his monstrous appearance from before.

TYSON'S POV - EVAN SWIFTLY TURNING AROUND

Tyson appears normal when Evan turns to him. He's surprised by Evan's reaction.

TYSON
Are you alright?

EVAN
Jesus!

Evan sits on the bed, checking his heart beat.

TYSON
Sorry, I just wanted to say, being here means so much to me. I really hope that we can be friends.

Evan backs away, shaken.

EVAN
(insincere, out of fear)
..Yeah, we're glad to have you buddy.

Tyson doesn't buy it. Looks suspicious.

TYSON
Something wrong?

EVAN
No.

TYSON
That's all I wanted to say.

Tyson leaves disappointed.

32 INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

32

Sheryl decorates the room with gaudy adolescent party favors - balloons, banners, cone hats. She's lost in the delight of surprising the boys.

32.1 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Tyson, still upset, hurriedly searches through his clothes. Heavy metal is blaring. He looks relieved when he finds what he's looking for. A LEATHER BIKER JACKET. He exchanges his shirt for a white T-shirt. A pain suddenly overcomes him.

He lifts the shirt revealing the veiny, inflamed area of his lower abdomen.

32.2 INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Evan sits on the floor, cradling himself and rocking. He's having an asthma attack. As he struggles through it, he seems angry.

32.3 INT GUEST BEDROOM

CU -Tyson's monstrous face, as he strains.

He looks at his lower abs again, and holds his groan as it becomes unbearable.

He composes himself and puts on his leather jacket.

Evan appears in the doorway behind him.

EVAN
(sinister)
Tyson. I thought we could have bible study together.

Tyson keeps his back to Evan.

TYSON
I'm going out.

EVAN
Where are you going?

Tyson turns to Evan. His face now appears normal.

TYSON
To do something you can't.

33 INT. SEEDY BAR - EVENING

33

Father Jackson walks in apprehensive and self-conscious. The MALE BARTENDER shoots him an oddball glare. He orders a drink and sits. While trying to relax and blend in, he catches something in the corner of his eye.

Tyson has walked in, now sporting classic bad-ass attire: black leather jacket, white shirt, ripped jeans. Jackson does a double take.

Tyson struts up to the bar a few bar stools from Jackson. He pays him no mind, while Jackson can't keep his eyes off of him.

The male bartender doesn't like the looks of Tyson.

MALE BARTENDER

I'm going out for a smoke.

He leaves, and Tyson orders two shots of whiskey from the FEMALE BARTENDER. It's hard to tell from her youthful dress and make-up, but her face tells us she's middle-aged. She has hair similar to Sheryl's.

Tyson slides a shot glass to her.

FEMALE BARTENDER

Oh, is that for me?

Tyson senses eyes burning into the side of his face. He turns to Jackson. Mistaking him for Evan, Jackson can't believe Tyson doesn't recognize him. Jackson lifts his glass to Tyson confused.

Tyson looks at him, mimics the gesture.

Jackson watches as Tyson flirts with her, trying to coax her into something. Tyson and the female bartender take more shots. Tyson whispers something to her, she nods in agreement and walks from behind the bar. Jackson watches in amazement as the Tyson, the skilled seducer sneaks to a back room with her. Tyson smiles at Jackson all the while.

34 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING 34

Evan pulls up on an old bike. He gets off with his gaze fixed on the school. He smiles, then his expression slowly fades to resentment.

35 INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING 35

Sheryl's finishing touches on the decorations have altered the room to a little's boy's birthday party.

The cake centered on the table reads: "Happy Birthday Evan and Tyson."

Evan enters and walks around in disbelief, fiddling with balloons and party favors. Sheryl walks in behind him.

SHERYL

So what do you think dear?

EVAN

I don't get it. Is this funny to you?

SHERYL

It's cute Evan! You never had birthday parties when you were a little boy, so I thought we'd make up for that. Tyson thinks it's charming..

EVAN

Does he? (looking around room) So this is supposed to fix everything?

SHERYL

What are you going on about Evan?

Sheryl ignores Evan's oncoming rant and makes for a party bag on the table.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Now Evan, there's two kinds of gift bags for..

EVAN

-Just drop the act mom!

SHERYL

(sighs) What act would you be referring to?

EVAN

You parading around like Susie homemaker like everything's fine. Open your eyes.. Do you even know what's going on around here? With me?

SHERYL

(outburst)

I know that I have a cold, distant child who's too self-absorbed to say two nice words to his own mother. (catches herself) Life is hard for everyone Evan...

Evan doesn't know how to handle her sudden shift in tone.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

(beat) Look, I don't wanna fight. I don't know what else I have to do to help you. Can we just call a truce today?

She holds her hand out to Evan.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Please?

EVAN

You don't seem to get it. I don't want
your help.

Evan storms out leaving Sheryl to absorb the sting of his words.

36 INT. HALLWAY - EVENING 36

Evan and Tyson catch each other as their entering their rooms. Tyson sneers at Evan.

37 INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING 37

Evan winces with grief, rubs his face. Evan looks up to the clock on his wall, then fiercely looks to the door.

38 INT. HALLWAY - EVENING 38

Evan knocks on Tyson's door. No response. Knocks again. Pushes the door in.

39 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING 39

The shaft of light from the hallway reveals Tyson is hibernating in a cocoon of translucent membrane. At the center of the cocoon, he glows with a pulsing red light.

Evan hovers over the monstrosity, uncertain of what action to take. In a rage of spontaneity he punctures the slimy surface to rip the frail being from the cocoon and throws him on the grown. Tyson wheezes in distress, and appears to be dying. Evan backs away disturbed.

CU - Evan's face as his symptoms of stress dissolve, leaving him with a youthful appearance closer to Tyson's.

Evan picks up Tyson's bad-ass get-up. He slides on the leather jacket looking at himself in the mirror.

40 INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT 40

Evan awkwardly walks in. He sits in front of the middle-aged bartender, oblivious to the recognition on her face.

When he's ready to order, she smiles at him suggestively, mistaking him for Tyson.

BARTENDER

Back so soon? What'll it be?

Evan looks confused for a second then realizes what she's referring to.

EVAN

I'll have what I had last time.

BARTENDER

Sure you can handle what you had last time?

Evan's even more confused now. The bartender walks from behind the bar and holds her hand out to him.

FEMALE BARTENDER

C'mon.

BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Evan nervously follows her in, and immediately clams up. She puts her arms around him, and kisses his neck.

FEMALE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

C'mon, we gotta be quick last time.

She notices how stiff and awkward he is.

FEMALE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(playful)

C'mon.. What are you doing? Okay, I'll do it.

She reaches for his belt buckle. Evan pulls away.

EVAN

I'm sorry, I can't do this.

SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Leaving the back room, Evan runs into the male bartender.

MALE BARTENDER

You!

The male bartender plugs him in the face, sending him sliding across the floor.

Evan holds his face in shock, and tries to surmise the grievance.

FEMALE BARTENDER
 Leave him alone!

MALE BARTENDER
 (to Evan)
 C'mon! Get up!

Evan gets up and runs out of the bar.

41 INT. JALOPY - NIGHT 41

Evan drives erratically, still shaken from the encounter. He wipes the blood from his nose.

CU - Evan looks in the mirror and to his horror, the dark circles around his eyes have returned along with other symptoms. Evan moves his head from the mirror, revealing Tyson in the back seat. Remnants of his cocoon membrane cling to him.

Tyson reaches over Evan's shoulder like a second seat belt, and bites at his neck.

42 EXT. JALOPY - NIGHT 42

The beat-up car swerves as Evan vies to gain control.

43 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 43

Evan's car sloppily pulls up to the parking lot.

44 INT. JALOPY - NIGHT 44

Evan struggles to evade the grip of his seat belt and Tyson. He manages to lift Tyson's arm to his mouth and bites as hard as he can. Tyson retreats. Evan opens the door and scuffles out of his car seat.

45 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 45

Evan darts out of the car. He gets to a side door, and turns to see how close Tyson is.

Tyson can be seen in the distance taking his time. He stops and stares at Evan.

Evan runs inside.

46 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT 46
 Evan dashes down the hall. The walls ECHO with the faint SOUNDS of high school past.
 Tyson enters the door, still advancing at a slow pace.
 Evan walks backward, watching Tyson. He trips over an old desk, colliding with floor in a cacophony of clanking metal and wood. The SOUND exaggerates.

47 FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY 47
 A beefed up volatile school COACH stands over Evan.
 COACH
 Watch it numnuts!

48 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT 48
 Evan picks himself and continues to clumsily walk backward with an eye on Tyson. Evan trips over a pile of pep rally materials in another corner, with exaggerated SOUND.

49 FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY 49
 A blonde cheerleader looks down at Evan and laughs.

50 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT 50
 Evan gets up again and runs into the boy's locker room.

51 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 51
 Evan runs in. To his dismay there's no other exit.
 In comes Tyson, slow and deliberate. Evan backs away. He trips again, and continues to slide himself away from Tyson.
 Evan frantically searches around for a weapon, to no avail. In one quick blow, Tyson knocks Evan out cold.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

52 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 52
 Evan is tied up to a school desk. He comes to, and tugs at his restraints.

53 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 53
 Sheryl sits at the dining room table alone. Tyson puts his hand on her shoulder, and she looks up relieved.

SHERYL
 Where have you been?

TYSON
 I'm sorry I'm late mother.

SHERYL
 Where's Evan?

TYSON
 I'm not sure

54 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 54
 Evan struggles to free his hands from the ropes. He senses moonlight passing over him. He looks up to the window to see the clouds drifting by a full moon.

55 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 55
 The lights are off and Sheryl is lighting the candles on the birthday cake.

SHERYL
 I'm sorry for his behavior lately.. It's been such a pleasure to have you home. With Evan being so distant, it hasn't felt like much of a family.

When Sheryl's done lighting the candles, Tyson takes the lighter from her. Sheryl didn't realize how intimately close he was standing to her. She watches Tyson as Tyson watches the cake, enthralled.

56 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 56
 Evan manages to get a hand free. To his shock, the hand begins to swell into a veiny infant-like appendage.

57 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 57

Tyson and Sheryl stare into each other's eyes. Tyson squeezes Sheryl.

TYSON

I don't ever wanna leave.

SHERYL

You don't have to baby. You can stay here forever.

CUT TO:

ECU - Fertilized egg splitting unevenly.

58 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 58

AS Evan frees himself from more rope, convulsions overcome his body.

His temples pulsate and grow uncontrollably. His hair begins to turn wiry and white.

59 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 59

Wide-eyed and overcome with emotion Tyson approaches the cake. He bends over and blows out the candles.

CUT TO:

ECU - Fertilized egg splitting, now completely shifted from one side to the other.

60 INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 60

Evan bends over, ripping his shirt, revealing his back is covered with hives and growing into a hump. He bellows in pain. His distorted to a low pitch groan. Evan shoots back upright, and his eyes are now blood-shot and bulging. He now fully resembles a deformed old man-child.

Evan falls to the ground, convulsing, dying.

61 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 61

Smoke rises from the candles.

