

LOOK

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

A RAW BURGER PATTY SLAPS THE TOP OF A GRILL. It sizzles and pops in reaction.

SIMON (late 30s) is the High School jock that never quite figured out how to be anything else. He tends to the grill.

His wife, DARLENE (early 30s), walks out into the backyard promptly. She was most likely a cheerleader in college. She could play a supporting role in a Hallmark movie.

She waves to their two sons SCOTT (7) and CHAD (6) who are playing with NERF guns out in the grass.

DARLENE

Boys! I told you once, it's time to go.

The two boys looks at her like a pair of deer gazing into headlights. They drop their weapons and approach her like two prisoners would an electric chair... until Chad's face brightens up. He has a plan.

CHAD

Can I stay with dad?

Darlene isn't patient with her kids.

DARLENE

You stayed with dad last time. Come on, we're gonna go see Nana.

Chad exhales as loudly as he can. Scott knew... there was never a chance to escape this.

Darlene looks over at Simon, her husband, then down at the meats on his grill. This was *his* way of saying no. She gives Simon a glare, the kind you can feel even when you're not looking.

Simon finally notices.

SIMON

What?

DARLENE

I suppose this means you're not coming.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON
(apprehensive)
Next time... Alright?

Darlene continues her glare for a moment longer. She snaps her attention to the boys waves to them. *Let's Go*. They leave.

LATER:

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Simon flips almost entirely cooked patties. Finished burgers sit plastic wrapped on a nearby table. Simon's phone begins *BUZZING*.

He has some trouble fishing the phone out of his pocket. He's exasperated to see the Caller ID. *Shit*. He answers.

SIMON
Hey.

The scenes are INTERCUT as the conversation continues.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

It's Darlene, she pauses. Looks over at the two boys helping clean dishes with NANA (60s).

DARLENE
I love you.

SIMON
I know... I love you, too.

A brief pause.

DARLENE
The, uh, boys and I are going to see a movie with mom.

SIMON
Oh. Okay. Yeah, that's cool. Would you mind picking up some charcoal on the way back?

DARLENE
... No. No I wouldn't. I can do that. Sure thing.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON
Thanks, darlin'.

There's a pause. The two kind of shift around over the dead air. *What is there to say?*

DARLENE
Okay. Love you.

SIMON
Love you, too.

DARLENE
Bye.

SIMON
Buh-bye.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Darlene hangs up, abruptly. Simon doesn't know what to do with his phone. He tosses it on a side table.

He pauses, his hand still stretch out a bit from tossing the phone. A deep, muffled, rumbling sound grows louder.

Simon begins *drooling*, his face begins to slightly **droop** on one side. His breathing becomes labored, *panicked*. HE COLLAPSES.

He *HITS* the ground, almost choking on his own spit, he starts to lose consciousness.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Simon lies on the ground, partially covered in ants. *He's regaining consciousness.*

He starts to make muffled sounds, choking a bit on spit. He looks around slowly with his eyes, which have widened. He's panicking, still, but he can't do anything.

He can't move his hands. He can't move his feet. HE'S PARALYZED. His muffled screams are weak and can't break through his lips.

THEN, the sound of the alarm beeping. The FRONT DOOR. His family, they're back.

Off-screen, the sound of Darlene stepping out into the backyard.

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