

WHO IS ALAN?

Written by
Back in Black

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Early morning light spilling into a rough shot of toys.

ETHAN SHAVER (11), with tousled hair and bright eyes, races out of bed.

Makes his way to the kitchen table and pulls out a chair.

BOBBY SHAVER (Dad), mid-fifties, struggles with making pancakes.

BOBBY

Good morning kiddo. How do you want your pancakes? Sunny side up or well burned?

Ethan just smiles.

ETHAN

Can Alan have some? He's hungry.

Bobby stops what he's doing. Turns around to face Ethan.

BOBBY

Not this Alan thing again.

KELLY SHAVER (MOM), mid-fifties could easily pass for 30's and knows it saunters in.

She walks over to Ethan, kisses him on the head.

KELLY

Good morning sweetheart.

She makes her way to Bobby, stops kisses him reluctantly on the cheek.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Hi.

BOBBY

Hi.

Bobby places pancakes down in front of Ethan.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Eat up.

Kelly pours herself a glass of wine.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

A little early for that.

KELLY

Yep.

She takes the bottle and pours herself a bigger glass.

Ethan watches on and chews on a pancake. He glances back and forth between his parents. They have their backs turned on each other.

ETHAN

Alan says you don't care about each other.

Kelly takes a big swine of wine.

KELLY

Could you please stop talking about Alan? There is no Alan.

ETHAN

He told me you haven't fucked each other for a long time.

Kelly spits out her wine. Bobby slams his fist on the table.

BOBBY

I don't want to hear that language out of you ever again.

Ethan shrugs. Kelly lowers her head.

ETHAN

He said you're both weak-minded like my last adoptive parents. That's how they died.

Kelly approaches the table.

KELLY

What do you mean that's how they died? You were left alone in a house with no trace of them.

ETHAN

He preys on the weak.

Ethan turns his head as a FIGURE appears from the HALLWAY.

He's practically a GQ model (mid 20's)

KELLY

JAMES!

BOBBY

MIKEY!

Kelly and Bobby look at each other.

JAMES

James, Mikey, Alan, whatever suits
you.

Alan approaches Kelly; she stands frozen in shock.

JAMES (CONT'D)

All those fantasies and pleasures.
Everything Bobby couldn't give you.

She turns her head away abruptly. James looks at Bobby.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And you. You never told her why.
You see, dear old Bobby here is
more of a chocolate stabber.

James stands between Kelly and Bobby. He places his hands on
the top of their heads. He turns them to face Ethan.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is my boy. Isn't he great?

Ethan giggles as James pushes their heads up and down.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The weak-minded are the most
vulnerable, and personally, they
taste the best.

James snaps both their heads simultaneously. Throws the head
of Bobby to Ethan.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Enjoy my child.

Ethan and James's jaws unhinge lowering enough to devour the
heads.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'll eliminate these--time for you
to play puppy eyes.

Ethan lowers his head and quivers his bottom lip.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'll make a call.

FADE OUT.

Bobby's throat is SLICED OPEN. BLOOD soaks his lifeless torso.