

SHOT LIST
THE MANSION

I PRESQUE ISLE 1712

FADE IN:

EXT. SWAMP – BEFORE DAWN

Floating viewpoint obscured by the smoke and flashing lights of battle. The cuts are jarring, the sound very loud in the foreground.

FAR SHOT: The sun rises out of the lake.

CLOSE-UP, GROUND LEVEL: The bare feet of a small group of NATIVE AMERICANS run through tall grass.

CLOSE-UP: A shot is fired; the smoke moves towards the camera.

MEDIUM to CLOSE: A MAN'S body is blown backwards towards the camera.

CLOSE-UP: A hand gushes blood.

CLOSE-UP: A MAN screams through thick smoke.

MEDIUM: A MAN kneels and stabs the ground repeatedly.

POV CLOSE-UP: Blood spurts up from where the MAN is stabbing.

FADE TO BLACK.

II CUL-DE-SAC

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD – DAYTIME TO NIGHTTIME

Shots are straight on and centered. The neighborhood is quiet except for distant lawnmowers fading into crickets.

LONG SHOT: Mansion 1 at 1pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 2 at 3pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 3 at 5pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 4 at 6pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 5 at 7pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 6 at 8pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 7 at 9pm

LONG SHOT: Mansion 8 at 10pm

CLOSE-UP, SCROLL DOWN: Historic marker lit by small spotlight at night. It READS: "IN 1712 MORE THAN 1,000 FOX INDIANS WERE KILLED IN THE FIERCE FIVE-DAY STRUGGLE...."

FADE TO BLACK.

III THE WORLDS BEGIN TO BLEED

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Shots are slow, dream-like. Reggae space funk plays in the back ground, the laughter and breathing of SAMANTHA and PATRICK are in the foreground.

LONG SHOT: A giant full moon rising.

CLOSE-UP: The bare feet of SAMANTHA and PATRICK run laughing through freshly mowed grass.

CLOSE-UP: PATRICK exhales a large puff of smoke towards the camera.

MEDIUM: SAMANTHA, with her back to the camera, lies back nude. The backlit figure of PATRICK stands above her.

CLOSE-UP: Their hands press palm to palm into the grass.

SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS: Various parts of the nude couple pressing together. More and more blood is smeared across the bodies.

CLOSE-UP POV: Blood on PATRICK'S hand. OFF CAMERA VOICE: "What the fuck?"

CLOSE-UP: Hand pressing the ground that's soggy with blood.

LONG SHOT: The couple stand, blood-smearred backs to the camera, facing two naked women lying next to a pool and fire pit.

FADE TO BLACK.

IV THE BLOOD IS REAL

FADE IN:

EXT. POOLSIDE – NIGHT

MEDIUM: The two women, JESSICA and ASHLEY, lay naked singing loudly with the fire pit between their heads. ASHLEY screams as she turns to face SAMANTHA and PATRICK.

MEDIUM: SAMANTHA begins crying hysterically. She runs her bloody fingers through her hair.

MEDIUM: SAMANTHA grabs her hair screaming and jumps in the pool.

CLOSE-UP: SAMANTHA thrashes around in the water.

MEDIUM: JESSICA and ASHLEY stand up and look into the pool.

MEDIUM: SAMANTHA frantically struggles while being pulled under water. Her thrashes die out.

CLOSE-UP: The water becomes still.

FADE TO BLACK.

V FACE THE MUSIC

FADE IN:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: A porcelain jester on top of a music box slowly spins.

MEDIUM: JESSICA stands in a robe with her back to the camera looking out a large window into the moonlit backyard.

CLOSE-UP: Back to camera, she pats her head with a towel looking dazedly out.

CLOSE-UP: Facing camera, JESSICA continues to dry her hair; in the background PATRICK'S feet are seen sticking out of the blankets at the end of the bed.

FADE IN:

EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY – DAY

LONG SHOT: Three police cars are parked in the driveway in front of the mansion. Two POLICEMEN are talking to each other next to their vehicle.

CUT TO

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

CLOSE-UP: A latex-gloved hand uses a pipette to extract water from the pool.

MEDIUM: The SARGENT squats on the lawn and presses his latex-gloved hand into the grass. He pulls it up, covered in mud, and shakes his head.

SARGENT (to MOTHER): Well Mam, it looks like what we got here is some kind of a group, er, pink elephant situation. Your daughter, ah, Jessica does she use drugs?

GRETA: No, well... no, of course not!

SARGENT: We got a witness who says they saw this girl, Samantha, the one your daughter and her friends said they saw “disappear” into this pool, leaving the bar with a different fellow. Not with a group of people, and not with the Patrick guy who said he was feeling her up and they both got all bloody from the ground. Where have you been anyway? You talk to this Samantha girl's parents?

GRETA: I just got in from LA, 6:25 a.m. I was definitely not expecting to walk into this three-ring circus! And no, actually I don't know her parents. I know that she's a student at Wayne and grew up in Connecticut, that's it. I haven't spoken to any of the parents. Of god, I can just hear the neighbors now!

SARGENT: Well M'am, we'll be in touch. (Clapping his notebook in his hand) Boys, let's clear outta here!

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

MEDIUM: JESSICA is playing with the eggs on her plate as her mother watches over a small pot of boiling water.

GRETA: Jessica how could you? What has gotten into you? Having these people, these strangers, over to my house! I told you, when I am gone it is you alone! Except maybe for Ashley, at least I know her!

JESSICA: (Eyes red with tears, looking at her plate then her mother) You are such a bitch. I hate you!

VI APPEARANCES

INT. GRETA'S BATHROOM – EVENING

MEDIUM: Slow pan around a marble bathroom.

CLOSE-UP: GRETA is splashing a goopy substance off her face. Slowly she raises her head from out of the sink to face herself in the mirror. With increasingly dramatic movements she splashes water on her face, pulling it violently upward.

CLOSE-UP: She reaches for a monogrammed towel and pats her face very gently dry, shaking her head as if sobering up.

CLOSE-UP: She grabs a medicinal tablet and plunks it into a short glass of water.

CLOSE-UP: The glass fizzes.

MEDIUM: She looks around the room gulping the drink down. She stops and looks into the mirror.

CLOSE-UP: A fine, white foam is coming out of her nostrils. She breathes heavily in and snorts out foam.

GRETA: (Striking the objects off the vanity with one hand)
Nooooooooooooo!

CUT TO

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT – EVENING

LONG SHOT TO MEDIUM: Pan around a white linen restaurant. Disturbed elevator jazz is playing; various conversations and glasses clinking are heard in the background. Camera zooms in on a table of four, GRETA and THREE ADULTS in conversation.

MAN 1: Well Greta, at least you have the decency to spend part of your time in Los Angeles, city of merciful angels that it is!

(The table laughs.)

GRETA: Why yes, yes of course. At least there you can get some decent food with out paying an arm and a leg! Hmmh. Will you excuse me, please? (GRETA stands and walks away from the table.)

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM – EVENING

MEDIUM: GRETA slams her handbag down next to the sink and looks into the mirror. She leans back resting her hands on the counter, slowly dipping her head in circles. She is struck by an intense pain and leans into the mirror with bulging eyes.

CLOSE-UP: Blood is trickling down her nose and falling into the sink. She touches her forehead as if to faint, then clumsily grabs a hand towel from the dispenser.

FADE TO BLACK.

VII THAT WHICH DIVIDES US...

EXT. SMALL HOUSE – NIGHT

MEDIUM: A yellow-lit living room is seen through vertical blinds.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

MEDIUM: DEAN slams his glass down on the kitchen countertop. His mother, SAMMY, is frantically preparing dinner around him, carrying a boiling pot of soup over to the sink and shouting along to a record of the Five Royales in the background.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

LONG SHOT: Slow tracking shot down Mack Avenue, from Conner to Alter Road.

MEDIUM, POV: Looking back and forth across road that divides Detroit from Grosse Pointe Park.

SHOT MONTAGE: Opposing storefronts on both sides of the street.

LONG SHOT: A FIGURE is walking slowly down the car-width alley that runs between the backyards and garages.

MEDIUM: The FIGURE stops. SAMMY'S head is visible through a window, moving around the kitchen.

MEDIUM, POV: The FIGURE hides behind the garage and watches.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: SAMMY ladles soup into a bowl.

CLOSE-UP: A grilled cheese sandwich is burning on the stove.

SAMMY: Oh shit!!!

MEDIUM: She grabs the pan off the stove and carries it over to the sink, tossing the burnt sandwich onto a plate. She grabs a butter knife and starts to scrape the black surface of the bread.

EXT. BACKYARD – NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: A gloved hand unlocks the gate and the FIGURE enters the backyard.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: DEAN takes a bite out of the sandwich.

DEAN: Yuck!

MEDIUM: SAMMY looking at DEAN.

SAMMY: What? Come on. It's melted cheese, it's not sooooo bad.

DEAN: I like the cheese. *(in a robot voice)* Yummy melty.

SAMMY: Sooooo?

DEAN: You know... the bread!

SAMMY: *(rolling her eyes)* Uggghhhh. Come on Deanie!
It's fine!

DEAN: *(rolling his eyes and tossing his head left to right)*
Come on Sammy... it's fine!

VIII ...WILL BE OUR END

INT. FORMAL DINING ROOM – NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: A hand holding a large spoon scoops food from a silver buffet tray onto a plate.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY – NIGHT

MEDIUM PAN: Guests mingle at a fundraising party.

CLOSE-UP: MAN 2 being interviewed.

Cut to POV through CAMERA.

JESSICA: So what do you think of the food?

MAN 2: Oh, it's delicious.

MONTAGE MEDIUM PANS/CLOSE-UPS: Catering set-up, guests drinking, ostentatious decorative details, etc.

CLOSE-UP: GRETA is talking to a small group of people. She looks at JESSICA holding the camera and walks towards her.

GRETA: What are you doing?

Cut to POV through CAMERA.

JESSICA: Are you ready to be the star of my next movie?

CLOSE-UP of GRETA.

GRETA: Really? Really? At my party? I've seen your movies...
(*half joking*) Why don't you just get out of here.

POV through CAMERA: The camera shifts downwards and turns off.

IX SILENT KILLER

INT. SMALL HOUSE HALLWAY – NIGHT

MEDIUM FOLLOWING: SAMMY enters her house. She sets her keys down and picks up a hand-written note on the dining room table.

CLOSE-UP: The note reads, "HAD TO BE HOME @ 1, SRY! D'S IN BED, GN."

MEDIUM: SAMMY pours a glass of whiskey on ice and sits at the table, mumbling to herself.

SAMMY: Like you couldn't have sent me a text little shit? I can see it in the Grosse Pointe News Crime Reports now...
"Neighbor Blames Negligent Mom for Boy Found Home Alone."

CLOSE-UP: SAMMY takes a sip of the drink and begins coughing. She's choking. She grabs her throat and hits her chest.

MEDIUM: She falls off the chair and onto the ground, coughing and flailing her arms around.

PAN DOWN: Two feet are seen standing behind her, slowly backing away as the Italian horror film music achieves its dramatic peak.

X TRASH NIGHT

INT. CORNER BAR – NIGHT

MEDIUM: An OLD MAN sits hunched over at the bar. In front of him are a can of beer, an empty shot glass, a half empty Collins glass, and a pack of cigarettes.

CLOSE-UP: He sucks clear liquid through a straw with a wheeze.

CLOSE-UP: A lemon sinks to the bottom the glass.

MEDIUM: The bartender approaches the man, drying a beer glass in his hands.

BARTENDER: Looks like you better be gettin' home soon.

OLD MAN: (looking up hazily) Yeah, nighttime is the right time... to be gettin' home... alone.

BARTENDER: I can walk you if you want.

OLD MAN: No, no. Don't need to bother. I'll be gettin' just fine... soon.

BARTENDER: Okay. I'll bring you to the door when you're ready.

EXT. ALLEY – NIGHT

LONG: The old man stumbles out the back door of the bar, half heartedly waving goodbye behind him.

CLOSE-UP: The OLD MAN'S feet shuffle through the alley's uneven pavement.

MEDIUM: He hears a noise behind him and stops for a moment. He continues.

CLOSE-UP: A loud noise is heard in the background, the OLD MAN shudders and turns slowly around.

LONG: Foreground; the OLD MAN'S head turning away from the camera; in the background the FIGURE is dragging a garbage can quickly towards the OLD MAN.

MEDIUM, LOW ANGLE: The OLD MAN starts to clumsily run away.

MEDIUM: The FIGURE is 5 feet behind the OLD MAN.

MEDIUM: The FIGURE hurls the garbage can at the OLD MAN.

CLOSE-UPS: The garbage can hits the OLD MAN from different angles, a neon pink ooze splashing out onto his face and body.

MEDIUM (POV FIGURE): The OLD MAN is face down on the cement, the garbage can rolled off to his left and ooze everywhere. Pan down to see the FIGURE'S feet tapping in the ooze then turn and run away.

XI THE RICH GET RICHER

INT. MANSION GARAGE – DAY

MEDIUM: GRETA reaches into a metal basket of gardening tools. She pulls out a pair of gloves and puts them on.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN – DAY

MEDIUM: GRETA begins trimming a bush. Her tries to throw a twig aside, but her glove sticks to it.

CLOSE-UP POV: There is a pink sticky substance holding the twig to her gloved hand.

CLOSE-UP: GRETA pulls the twig off the glove. She throws the stick on the ground and kicks some mulch over it with her foot and walks briskly away.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN – DAY

CLOSE-UP: GRETA fills a glass with water from the tap. She gulps down the water half choking, leaning with one hand on the counter. She slams the empty glass down on the counter so hard it breaks.

MEDIUM: GRETA steps away from the counter, surveying the scene. She pushes the broken glass into the sink and turns the garbage disposal on.

CLOSE-UP: Using her hands to gather the glass and force it down the drain, the sink becomes filled with broken glass, blood and pink ooze. Finally the sink is empty with only tap water going down the drain. She turns off the disposal and collapses in exhaustion on the counter.

MEDIUM: GRETA slowly rises from the counter and takes a step back. She looks at the bleeding cuts on her hands and opens a drawer with her thumb and index fingers, to remove two dishtowels. She wraps the dishtowels around her wounded hands and turns to face the flat screen TV in the adjacent breakfast nook.

MEDIUM: GRETA sits down in a leather armchair and awkwardly reaches for the TV remote. She switches on Stock Market news and relaxes in the armchair.

CLOSE-UP POV: Her eyes zoom in on the TV to a chart of falling stock options.

MEDIUM: She pops up from the chair and grabs a cordless phone mounted above the kitchen counter.

GRETA: What is going on with Apple? I want to buy 1000 shares... now!

XII THE NEWS

EXT. MANSION PORCH – DAY

MEDIUM: A newspaper lands on the stone porch.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN – DAY

MEDIUM: GRETA hears a car in the driveway and goes to the side door.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY– DAY

CLOSE-UP POV: She sees the newspaper outside the door.

MEDIUM: GRETA opens the door and quickly retrieves the newspaper.

CUT TO INT. MANSION KITCHEN – DAY

MEDIUM: GRETA sits at the kitchen island counter and opens the paper.

ON SCREEN: Limited Mulch for Park Residents in 2014

MEDIUM: GRETA subtly sighs and rests the paper in her lap.

MEDIUM: JESSICA enters the kitchen.

JESSICA: Hey, (nodding to the paper) what's happening?

GRETA: Same old Grosse Pointe news.

JESSICA: Ooooh, let me read the Crime Report.

GRETA: Have at it.

MEDIUM: JESSICA picks up the paper and begins looking through it.

JESSICA: This shit is so pathetic.

GRETA: Language dear. But yes, it is.

END

NOTES/ EXTRA SCENES

MILK MIRACLE (statue that drinks milk)

DIORAMAS at Detroit Historical Museum (Frontiers to Factories: Detroiters at Work, 1701 to 1901)

SCENE

EXTERIOR, LONG SHOT: In the early evening of winter, a potholed road recedes far into the distance, surrounded on both sides by a sprawling abandoned auto plant in Detroit. The wind can be heard whistling loudly.

SHOT SEQUENCE: details of the factory exterior and landscape.

CLOSE UP: A thickly gloved hand pats the frozen ground, the outermost layer of white cotton is soaked in blood. Finding the chef's knife, a Zwilling, a few inches away, the red-cloaked figure draws it towards his groin, resting the blade between his thighs. He sighs with his full body.

