

Mother's Ghost

by

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INT. GRAYSON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

GRAYSON, 5, is sitting on his living room floor eating and playing with his action figures. His mother, CLARA, 27, walks up to him carrying a big bag. She kneels down by his side.

CLARA

Hey, my sweet little boy.

Grayson looks up at her, his mouth full.

Clara smiles. She brushes his hair back.

CLARA (CONT.)

Momma is gonna go out for a little bit okay?

Grayson nods his head.

GRAYSON

Okay, mama.

Clara sighs. She leans in and kisses Grayson's forehead.

CLARA

I love you, Grayson.

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON

I love you too mama.

Clara stands up and opens the front door, she turns around and looks at Grayson who has now gone back to playing with his toys, she smiles then walks out.

INT. GRAYSON'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Grayson, now 18, a quiet, introverted, boy, is sitting in his bed sketching on an old, tarnished, sketchpad. The sketch seems to be of a shadowy, ghostly, figure. He is very focused on drawing rapidly moving his pencil on the paper.

Grayson's father, MIKE, 43, a tall, and aggressive man shouts at him from the kitchen.

MIKE

Grayson!

Grayson flinches at the sound of Mike's voice. Snapping his pencil.

GRAYSON

Shit.

He sighs, looking down at his sketchpad, then glances towards his desk at a pile of more broken pencils.

Mike yells louder, seemingly more angry by the second.

MIKE (CONT.)

You better come out here now boy, I won't ask again!

Grayson takes a deep breath and quickly chucks his sketchpad underneath his pillow, tossing his broken pencil to the side and heading into the kitchen.

INT. GRAYSON'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Grayson walks slowly out of his room into the kitchen, becoming increasingly nervous after every step. He sees Mike sitting at the kitchen table drinking a beer and looking down at his laptop.

Grayson walks up to him tense and speaks.

GRAYSON

Yes sir?

Mike looks up from his laptop and takes a sip of his beer. He gestures for Grayson to take a seat across from him.

Grayson sits down slowly and waits for Mike to speak.

MIKE

I got to go into town today to pick up some stuff for work, I want the house spotless before I get back.

GRAYSON

Okay, sir.

Mike gets up and kicks on his shoes. Turning towards Grayson before heading out the door.

MIKE

and don't go into my room.

Grayson nods.

Mike leaves and Grayson heads into the kitchen to clean up some leftover dishes.

After he finishes the dishes, he dries off his hands and starts to restock the fridge full of Mike's beers.

GRAYSON

Ugh, why do I always have to do this  
shit?

Grayson peers over to the kitchen table and sees a pencil laying down on the counter, he goes to grab it.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Fuck, this one's broken too.

Grayson searches around the house for another to no avail.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

You gotta be kidding me.

He freezes.

Grayson looks over towards Mike's room and sighs.

Grayson slowly walks towards the door and slides it open, peering inside before stepping in.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Grayson looks around Mike's room searching for a pencil to draw with.

GRAYSON

He's gonna kill me if he finds me in  
here.

As Grayson is searching he kneels down to look between Mike's bed and the end table. He finds a pencil and quickly grabs it.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Yes, gotcha.

Grayson stops as he sees a black box hidden and lodged in between the pieces of furniture.

Grayson looks at the box confused and pulls out his phone turning on his flashlight.

The box is shown to be a locked safe with a passcode, as he goes to grab the safe he hears a car pull up into the driveway.

GRAYSON (CONT.)  
Oh fuck, he's back already.

Grayson springs up, grabs the pencil, and runs out of the room.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Grayson is walking through the school courtyard the next morning when JUSTIN, 19, his best friend, walks up behind him blasting music from his headphones.

Justin wraps his arm around Grayson and pulls him in, putting his headphones around his neck.

JUSTIN  
Yo, my man!

Grayson jumps.

GRAYSON  
Justin! I told you to stop doing that!

Justin laughs.

JUSTIN  
What, shitting your pants a little there?

Grayson sighs and smiles shaking his head.

GRAYSON  
Where's Natalie?

JUSTIN  
Ahh, I think she's doing some nerd shit in the lab again.

NATALIE, 17, Grayson's other best friend, pops up behind them carrying a huge pile of books.

NATALIE  
Nerd shit huh?

Justin and Grayson flinch.

GRAYSON  
God, why does everyone want to pop up outta nowhere?

Natalie rolls her eyes.

NATALIE

More importantly, why does no one appreciate their favorite scientific prodigy?

Justin laughs.

JUSTIN

Oh yea, I really need you to show me how to change colors in a test tube.

Natalie glares at Justin as Grayson steps in between them.

GRAYSON

Alright, guys knock it off, I have something important to tell you.

JUSTIN AND NATALIE

What?

They look at each other in disgust and then back at Grayson.

GRAYSON

So I broke my last pencil yesterday afternoon.

Justin interrupts him.

JUSTIN

Bruh, just grab a fucking sharpener.

Natalie reaches into the side of her backpack and pulls out a pencil sharpener, tossing it at Grayson.

NATALIE

Here, I'm tired of you bitching.

Justin laughs as Grayson catches the sharpener.

GRAYSON

Woah, thanks.

Grayson pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

But wait, I'm not done.

Justin and Natalie look at him confused.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

I went into Mike's room to look for

another one and I found this safe. It looked like he was hiding something.

Justin's mouth drops and Natalie stops in her tracks, the boys stop as well.

NATALIE

Are you trying to get yourself killed?

JUSTIN

My man's playing with fire.

Grayson shrugs.

GRAYSON

He won't find out... I hope.

Natalie sighs.

NATALIE

I guess. What do you think he was hiding?

GRAYSON

I don't know. Something just felt off.

JUSTIN

Weird.

Natalie looks at Grayson concerned.

NATALIE

Look, I don't care what it is, just make sure that you stay safe.

Natalie pauses.

NATALIE (CONT.)

And for your own sake, just stay out of his way.

The bell rings and the three split ways and walk to class.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Grayson, Natalie, and Justin are sitting together at the lunch table. Justin is jamming to music in his headphones and smashing his utensils on the table like drumsticks. Natalie is rapidly writing down notes in her notebook. Grayson is drawing on his sketchpad what seems to be an old, worn, dagger.

Natalie looks over at Grayson's sketchpad in confusion.

NATALIE  
Grayson? What are you drawing?

Grayson stops his sketch and turns towards Natalie.

GRAYSON  
Uh, I don't know, I just sorta started doodling and my hand took off, and now here we are.

He pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)  
It's kinda cool, isn't it?

Natalie looks at the sketch questionably.

NATALIE  
Yea, if you say so.

INT. GRAYSON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Grayson is back at home sitting on the couch continuing his sketch of the dagger. Mike walks in with an angry look on his face.

MIKE  
Grayson!

Grayson jumps slamming his sketchbook shut.

GRAYSON  
Y-yes?

Mike walks over to Grayson towering over him.

MIKE  
You wanna tell me what you were doing in my room yesterday?

Grayson tenses in fear.

GRAYSON  
Wha-What do you mean?

MIKE  
Don't play dumb with me boy, my door was shut when I left, and open when I came back.



GRAYSON

I-I was just looking for a pencil, I didn't mean to leave the door open, I swear I didn't touch anything.

Mike yells.

MIKE

You mean you didn't mean to get caught.

Grayson looks down in defeat.

MIKE (CONT.)

I told you not to go into my room. You didn't listen. That's it your grounded, give me that sketchbook!

Mike grabs the sketchbook out of Grayson's hand.

GRAYSON

Wait!

Mike holds out his hand and looks toward Grayson in disgust. Grayson puts his phone into Mike's hand and sighs.

MIKE

Go to your room. Now!

Grayson jumps up with tears in his eyes and heads to his room. Mike flips open the sketchbook and starts to turn through the pages, he stops and his eyes widen as he sees the sketch of the dagger, he shuts the sketchbook and heads quickly into his room.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - EVENING

Mike crawls underneath his bed and grabs the black safe from beside his end table, he opens the safe and looks inside at what looks to be some old notes and photos, sitting inside is also the worn dagger Grayson had drawn.

Mike takes the dagger out of the safe and looks at it closely, stuffing it into his jacket pocket.

INT. GRAYSON'S ROOM - EVENING

Grayson lies on his bed with tears in his eyes, staring up at the ceiling.

EXT. GRAYSON'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Mike starts to dig a hole in the backyard and throws the dagger in, sealing it back up and heading inside.

INT. GRAYSON'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Grayson hears a noise coming from the backyard, he looks outside and sees nothing.

INT. GRAYSON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mike cracks open a beer and sits down on the couch.

INT. GRAYSON'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Grayson sits up and wipes his tears away when he hears a knocking at his window. He slides open the window and peers outside. After seeing nothing once more he closes the window and goes back to his bed.

Grayson freezes, the dagger he had drawn is sitting flat on his pillow.

GRAYSON

What the-

He Hesitantly picks up the dagger, examining it.

He flips the dagger over to reveal the initials "C.L." along with some strange writing.

He pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Mom?

All of a sudden he slips his grip and the dagger slices through his hand.

He screams.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Ouch!

His hand begins to bleed heavily as he begins to panic.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Oh no no no!

Grayson reaches beside him and finds a tissue to try and

clean up the blood.

Mike shouts from the living room.

MIKE

Grayson! What are you doing?!

Grayson scrambles and puts the blade in his pocket.

GRAYSON

Nothing sir! Just dropped something!

MIKE

You better not have broken anything  
boy or so help me.

Grayson tenses up and scrambles to find his iPod hidden  
underneath his pillow.

GRAYSON

Thank god for this spare.

He calls up Natalie.

Natalie answers, wearing a lab coat and studying late at  
night at school.

NATALIE

Grayson?

Grayson quickly tries to explain the situation.

GRAYSON

Natalie, I-I think something weird is  
going on.

She looks down at his hand and the blood surrounding him.

NATALIE

Oh my god! Your bleeding!

Grayson cranks down his phone volume.

GRAYSON

Shhh! I don't want Mike to know. He'll  
kill me.

Natalie looks at him nervously.

NATALIE

That's if you don't bleed out first.

Grayson rolls his eyes.

GRAYSON

Help me!

Natalie grabs her phone and takes charge.

NATALIE

Okay grab a piece of cloth from your room and a water bottle, pour some water over the wound, and then tie up your hand.

She pauses.

NATALIE (CONT.)

and pray you don't need stitches.

Grayson follows her instructions and then sits back down, holding his hand tight.

GRAYSON

Thanks, Nat. This shit hurts.

Natalie smiles and nods.

NATALIE

I bet, now tell me what happened.

Grayson looks down at his pocket.

GRAYSON

Call Justin.

Natalie rings Justin as Grayson quickly grabs some headphones from his desk and plugs them in.

Justin's face pops up on the screen, he is blaring music and wearing an oversized band tee.

JUSTIN

Hey! My man! What are you doing?

Justin pauses.

JUSTIN (CONT.)

Natalie, still doing some weird science nerd shit I see.

Natalie sighs.

NATALIE

You call me up when you know how to work with electromagnetic currents.

Justin scoffs.

JUSTIN

Ha, lame.

Natalie rolls her eyes.

NATALIE

Oh yeah, How's your groundbreaking album going?

Grayson cuts off their bickering.

GRAYSON

Guys, Guys, seriously. This is important.

Grayson Pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

I think it's about my mom.

Justin and Natalie stop and stare at the screen in confused excitement.

NATALIE

Your mom?

JUSTIN

But isn't she, ya know?

Grayson shakes his head.

GRAYSON

Yea, she's dead.

Grayson pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

But take a look at what I found laying on my pillow.

Grayson pulls out the dagger and shows it to the camera.

JUSTIN

Bro! You found a dagger!

NATALIE

No Justin, he found the dagger.

GRAYSON

I know, the one I drew... But here's what's even crazier.

Grayson pauses.

GRAYSON

It has my mom's initials on it.

Grayson points towards the initials, showing them to the camera.

NATALIE

Okay... but couldn't that just be a coincidence.

Grayson shrugs his shoulders. Twirling around the knife slowly in his hands.

GRAYSON

Maybe, but that doesn't explain what it was doing just sitting on my pillow.

JUSTIN

He's got a point there bro.

Natalie leans towards the screen.

NATALIE

Wait, stop. What's that writing?

Grayson holds the writing back up towards the camera.

GRAYSON

Oh, yea, it's got some weird text on it, but I can't read what it says, it seems like it's some sort of code.

NATALIE

Or language.

Natalie whips out her laptop.

NATALIE

What does it say?

Grayson squints and tries to read the dagger. He pronounces

it badly.

GRAYSON

La mort fait partie de toi.

JUSTIN

La what?

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

Just spell it out.

Grayson begins to spell out the saying on the dagger.

GRAYSON

L a m o r t f a -

Grayson pauses. He hears the sound of footsteps coming towards his door.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

Shit.

JUSTIN

What?

Grayson quickly shoves the dagger underneath his pillow.

GRAYSON

I gotta go.

NATALIE

Grayson wai-

Grayson hangs up the phone and tosses it underneath the pillow along with the dagger. He curls up and pretends to be asleep.

Mike swings the door open with a scowl on his face and looks over at Grayson's bed. Mike lets out a sigh and closes the door. He then pushes an object against Grayson's door and locks him in.

Grayson flinches and opens his eyes. He rolls his back and falls asleep.

INT. GRAYSON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Grayson wakes up to the sound of his alarm. He sits up out of

the bed and unwraps his hand revealing the cut made by the dagger the night before.

The cut has stopped bleeding and seems to be healing at a rapid pace.

Grayson looks at the cut in confusion and throws away the bandage.

He reaches underneath his pillow and looks at the dagger, slipping it into his backpack and heading towards the door.

He goes to open the door but feels as though something is blocking it.

Looking confused he slams the door open and heads outside.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Grayson walks down the aisle all the way toward the back of the bus. Justin is sitting there waiting for him with an excited look on his face. Grayson shakes his head and smiles, sitting next to Justin.

JUSTIN

Bro! What happened last night? Nat and I were worried you might have like died or something.

Grayson sighs.

GRAYSON

No, Mike just sort of locked me in my room, and put a chair in front of it or something.

He pauses.

GRAYSON

It was really weird.

Justin looks at Grayson confused.

JUSTIN

Bruh, that dude is unhinged.

GRAYSON

Yea, I know.

Grayson quickly changes the subject.



GRAYSON (CONT.)

So, what did Nat say about the dagger  
once I got off the phone?

JUSTIN

Uh, nothing actually.

GRAYSON

What? Why not?

JUSTIN

She said she wanted to tell you  
personally.

Justin mocks Natalie.

JUSTIN (CONT.)

Said I'd "Do something stupid" if I  
knew before you did.

Grayson laughs.

GRAYSON

That's fair.

Justin gets offended.

JUSTIN

Hey! I guess you're right...

The bus pulls up at the school and the doors fling open as  
everyone unloads.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Grayson and Justin step off the bus into the school's  
courtyard. They look around at everyone heading to class. The  
boys hear a car door whip open and a bunch of papers and  
school materials fall to the ground.

Natalie is juggling things in her hands as she unloads from  
her parent's car. The boys rush over.

GRAYSON

Nat, do you need any help?

Natalie scoffs.

NATALIE

I can handle myself thank you very  
much.

Natalie drops a binder onto the floor.

NATALIE (CONT.)

Fuck.

Justin laughs.

JUSTIN

Sure you can.

Grayson picks up the binder and helps Natalie carry some of her things. She looks away embarrassed and starts to walk to class with them.

GRAYSON

So, if you don't mind me asking, what did you find last night about the dagger?

Natalie looks at Grayson nervously.

NATALIE

Uh, actually... I couldn't find anything. Seems like it might just be some random rambling.

GRAYSON

What? It can't be.

JUSTIN

Yea that doesn't make any sense.

Natalie gives Justin a death stare.

NATALIE

Look, I didn't find anything okay?

Natalie pauses and looks down at Grayson's newly unbandaged hand.

NATALIE (CONT.)

Wait? Didn't you have a cut on your hand yesterday, like a really deep one?

JUSTIN

A what now?

Grayson slowly slides his hand into his pocket.

GRAYSON

Uh, yea no, it ended up not being that bad, just superficial.

Natalie looks at him concerned.

NATALIE

Yea... I bet.

Natalie grabs her things from Grayson.

NATALIE

Well, time for me to go. See you guys at lunch!

Natalie walks away quickly as Grayson looks at Justin puzzled.

JUSTIN

She's totally hiding something dude.

GRAYSON

I know, but why, and what?

JUSTIN

I don't know man, but I don't fuck with Natalie that's for sure.

They both nod their heads in agreement and head to class.

GRAYSON

Guess I'll just have to find out myself then.

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

Grayson is sitting alone at a lunch table. He opens his backpack as the dagger shines dimly at the bottom of the bag. He looks down at it and slowly reaches in to grab it.

Grayson examines the dagger underneath the table and says the words badly once again.

GRAYSON

La mort fait partie de toi.

He pauses.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

It's gotta be something.

Justin comes up behind him with his lunch tray and sees the dagger. He screams.

JUSTIN

Dude! You brought it to school.

Grayson flinches and shoves the dagger quickly into his jacket pocket.

GRAYSON

Justin, shush!

Justin sits down quickly next to him.

JUSTIN

Sorry.

He pauses and leans over toward Grayson.

JUSTIN (CONT.)

But why did you bring a fucking dagger to school?

Grayson leans away from him.

GRAYSON

I didn't trust it at home with Mike. Who knows what will happen if he finds out I have this?

JUSTIN

Who knows what will happen if Natalie finds out?

GRAYSON

That's why she won't.

Natalie pops up behind them.

NATALIE

She won't what?

The boys flinch.

GRAYSON AND JUSTIN

Nothing!

The boys look at each other and then back toward Natalie. Natalie looks down towards Grayson's pocket. Her eyes widen.

NATALIE

You didn't...

Grayson goes to leave but Natalie sits him back down, reaching her hand into his pocket and finding the dagger.

NATALIE (CONT.)

Grayson!

JUSTIN

Well, that didn't take very long.

Grayson grabs the dagger from Natalie's hand.

GRAYSON

Don't worry about it, I just didn't want Mike to find it, it's fine.

Natalie yells.

NATALIE

We're in school! What happens if the administration or one of our school safety officers finds you with this? Then you'll really be fucked.

Natalie pauses.

NATALIE (CONT.)

And I'll be guilty just by associating with you two idiots.

JUSTIN

Yo, Nat, chill.

Natalie turns her glare towards Justin.

NATALIE

What did you say?

Natalie starts to yell at Justin as Grayson looks down towards the dagger, it gleams revealing an older woman behind him smiling. He turns around in shock, but she is nowhere to be found. The color drains from Grayson's face as his friends look over at him.

JUSTIN

Dude, you look like you just saw a ghost.

Natalie sighs.

NATALIE

That's because I think he just did.

Natalie walks over to Grayson and puts her hand on his shoulder.

NATALIE (CONT.)

I think it's time I tell you what world of shit you just got yourself into.

Just as Natalie goes to tell Grayson about the dagger, a school SECURITY OFFICER pops up behind them.

SECURITY OFFICER

And what do you three think you are doing with that dagger on school property?

The three freeze. Natalie begins to panic.

NATALIE

Officer, I told them not to bring it, they wouldn't listen to me, please I'm not involved, I have a perfect record, I promise!

Natalie almost comes to tears as she rambles. Justin rolls his eyes. Grayson is speechless. The security officer grabs the dagger from Grayson's hand.

SECURITY OFFICER

That's what they all say, come on, you three are coming with me.

Natalie begins to shake.

NATALIE

Where are we going?

The security officer scoffs.

SECURITY OFFICER

The principal's office sweetheart.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Grayson, Justin, and Natalie are sitting outside of the principal's office waiting. Justin is listening to music in his headphones, Natalie's head is in her hands, and Grayson is staring at the wall. The PRINCIPAL comes out. The three

look up in anticipation.

PRINCIPAL

All of your parents have been called,  
I'm very disappointed in you three.

The principal looks over at Natalie.

PRINCIPAL (CONT.)

Especially you Natalie.

The principal drops down towards Grayson.

PRINCIPAL (CONT.)

Your father can come to pick up the  
dagger later, but let me tell you, he  
does not seem very happy about this.

Grayson panics.

GRAYSON

No, wait! You can't please I'll take  
it home and you'll never see it again.

The principal shakes their head.

PRINCIPAL

Nice try Grayson, but he already  
knows.

The principal walks back to address the three of them.

PRINCIPAL (CONT.)

You three will all be in I.S.S. until  
further notice. The school's security  
officer will escort you there.

The principal pauses.

PRINCIPAL (CONT.)

Have a nice day.

Natalie cries and the boys sink their heads as the security  
officer walks up behind them.

SECURITY OFFICER

Your bags will stay in the office  
until your parents arrive.

The security officer walks over to Justin and grabs his  
headphones.

JUSTIN

Hey!

The security officer looks down at Justin.

SECURITY OFFICER

Along with these.

Justin looks at the security officer with rage.

The security officer grabs their bags and escorts them off.

INT. I.S.S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Natalie glares over at the two boys with a death stare.

GRAYSON

(Whispers)

Natalie, I didn't mean to get you in trouble.

Natalie ignores Grayson.

JUSTIN

Don't bother Grayson. This is the first time Natalie's ever gotten in trouble. She ain't gonna take this lightly.

Natalie sinks her head into the table. Grayson taps her shoulder.

GRAYSON

Nat, I'm really sorry...

The I.S.S TEACHER yells.

TEACHER

Quiet!

Grayson looks down in defeat.

A few moments go by and the I.S.S teacher stands up.

TEACHER (CONT.)

I'm going to the bathroom, no one does anything stupid while I'm gone.

The teacher leaves and the boys turn towards Natalie, who turns quickly the opposite way.



JUSTIN

Nat, you can't act like Grayson knew the security officer was gonna catch him with the dagger while you were around... Loosen up, bro.

Natalie turns back around.

NATALIE

He brought a fucking dagger to school!

Grayson reaches out to Natalie.

GRAYSON

Nat, please...

Natalie sighs.

NATALIE

Whatever... too late to go back now.

Natalie pauses.

NATALIE (CONT.)

At least I'm not in as deep shit as you are.

Justin laughs.

JUSTIN

That's for sure, Mike's gonna skin you now that he found out you brought a dagger to school.

GRAYSON

Not funny Justin.

Natalie looks concerned.

GRAYSON (CONT.)

What is it?

Natalie looks into Grayson's eyes.

NATALIE

It's more than just your dad coming after you Grayson.

GRAYSON

What do you mean?

Natalie stands up.

NATALIE

That dagger Grayson. It's special, but not in the way you would imagine.

GRAYSON

I don't know what you're talking about, it's just a dagger, that I so happened to draw, before realizing it was a real thing, that I then found laying on my bed.

JUSTIN

Dude.

Natalie grabs Grayson's hand and flips it over.

NATALIE

Last night when you called me your hand was gushing blood, I saw it with my own two eyes, Grayson.

She points down at the palm of his hand which is completely healed.

NATALIE (CONT.)

There's not even a mark there now, that's not normal.

Justin interrupts.

JUSTIN

Holy shit there isn't.

Natalie turns to Justin.

NATALIE

Shut up, Justin.

She turns back towards Grayson.

NATALIE (CONT.)

Don't you think that's a little weird?

Grayson slides his hand back.

GRAYSON

Yea... but cut's heal... maybe I'm just a fast healer.

NATALIE  
Yea, too fast.

Natalie hesitates.

GRAYSON  
Natalie?

JUSTIN  
Spill it, Nat, we know you know more.

Natalie yells.

NATALIE  
Justin, I swear to god!

Justin sinks into his seat.

Natalie looks back toward Grayson.

NATALIE (CONT.)  
Grayson, I need you to listen real  
carefully to what I'm about to tell  
you.

GRAYSON  
Okay.

NATALIE  
I looked up the language on the  
dagger.

Justin pronounces the words badly again.

JUSTIN  
Ahh, the la mort fait thingy majig.

Natalie pronounces the phrase seamlessly.

NATALIE  
La mort fait partie de toi.

JUSTIN  
Woah.

Grayson starts to act concerned.

GRAYSON  
And?

Natalie sighs.

NATALIE

It's french, well more so a french saying, and Grayson?

She pauses.

NATALIE (CONT.)

It's not good.

Grayson sits up in his seat, tense.

GRAYSON

What do you mean it's not good?

Natalie looks at Grayson in fear and sadness.

NATALIE

It means "Death is a part of you."

Justin interrupts again.

JUSTIN

Oh shit man that's deep, you got some grim reaper shit going on.

Natalie looks at Justin.

NATALIE

Actually, Justin's kind of right. I think the dagger is something connected to supernatural roots.

GRAYSON

Do you mean like ghosts?

NATALIE

Yes, ghosts.

A shiver runs down Grayson's spine.

GRAYSON

Guys, I don't know, I think we are blowing this whole dagger situation out of proportion, there has to be another more logical reason as to why this is happening. Natalie you're smart let's try and-

Natalie cuts Grayson off.

NATALIE  
Grayson, what did you see in that  
dagger earlier in the cafeteria?

Grayson starts to scramble his words.

GRAYSON  
Nothing I-I.

Natalie places her hand on Grayson's shoulder.

NATALIE  
Please, tell me.

JUSTIN  
Yea bro, tell us you saw a -

Grayson sighs and interrupts Justin.

GRAYSON  
Ghost.

JUSTIN  
Aww, man dude that's sick!

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE  
No Justin. This is bad news.

The door flies open as the teacher walks back in followed by  
Mike, both with angry expressions on their faces.

TEACHER  
I'm pretty sure I said no talking.

The three turn around quickly at their desks and sit  
completely still.

TEACHER (CONT.)  
Grayson, I met your father in the  
hallway, it's time for you to go home  
now.

The teacher pauses.

TEACHER (CONT.)  
Good luck tonight, your father doesn't  
seem very happy.

Natalie looks over to Grayson with a sad expression. She

smiles lightly at him.

Grayson hears the bellowing of Mike's voice behind him.

MIKE

Let's go, Grayson. We are gonna have a long night.

Grayson slowly slides out of his chair, Justin pats him on the back as he walks past him and out the door.

INT. GRAYSON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Grayson is sitting in the living room on the couch with Mike standing in front of him holding the knife in his hand. Grayson looks at Mike terrified as he waves the knife back and forth.

MIKE

Where the fuck did you get this?

Grayson stutters.

GRAYSON

I-it was just laying on my pillow I swear, I don't know how it got there!

Mike scoffs.

MIKE

Ha, what kind of excuse is that, daggers don't just show up out of nowhere son.

Grayson tries to stand up but swiftly sits back down as Mike shoots him a death stare.

GRAYSON

I'm not lying! I know I shouldn't have brought it to school but-

Mike interrupts Grayson, whipping out his sketchbook from behind him.

MIKE

Then explain to me how you had the time to draw out the dagger, in detail, in this stupid little sketchbook of yours.

Grayson starts to get angry.

GRAYSON  
It's not stupid.

Mike smirks.

MIKE  
Oh really?

Grayson's eyes widen as Mike takes the dagger and starts to slice through Grayson's sketchbook.

GRAYSON  
Stop it, that's mine!

Grayson jumps up off of the couch and grabs the dagger from Mike's hands. Mike punches Grayson across the face.

Grayson screams and falls to the ground slicing the back of Mike's ankle with the dagger.

Mike screams and drops the sketchbook grabbing at his ankle.

Grayson grabs the sketchbook and heads for the front door. Mike grabs ahold of Grayson's shirt before he gets to the door.

MIKE  
Get back here you little shit.

Mike flips Grayson around and looks into his eyes, Grayson struggles to hold the dagger and the sketchbook away from him.

GRAYSON  
Let me go!

Mike grips Grayson's collar tighter.

MIKE  
I'm gonna whoop your ass into shape  
boy.

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON  
I don't think so.

Grayson whips the dagger around slashing Mike's wrist causing him to let go of his shirt, Grayson then kicks Mike in the stomach causing him to double over as Grayson makes a run for the front door and heads outside.

EXT. GRAYSON'S FRONT YARD - EVENING

Grayson is panting heavily as he runs out the front door of his house gripping tightly onto the sketchbook and dagger. Mike pops out the front door and shouts after him.

MIKE

I will find you, boy!

Grayson doesn't turn around and keeps running down the street ignoring what Mike says.

He talks to himself, almost out of breath.

GRAYSON

Gotta keep going, gotta keep going,  
don't look back.

CUT TO BLACK: