

SUPERIMPOSE

Written by

Chloe Derian

124 S Morgan St Tampa FL 33602
201-844-7010

ACT ONE

FADE IN FROM
BLACK:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

EMMET(21), a young man with light brown hair and stripped top, sits alone on the beach watching the seagulls and sand-crabs go by. His camera is on his lap and his bag is hunched off his shoulder.

Emmet looks to the side and begins inaudibly speaking to no-one.

CUT TO:

BEGIN OPENING SEQUENCE:

BEGIN MONTAGE: EMMET WALKS ALONG THE BEACH, INTO THE NEXT FRAME OF WALKING DOWN A RESIDENTIAL BEACH STREET, TO THE NEXT FRAME OF THE HIGHWAY, TO FINALLY THE BUSY STREETS OF A CITY.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Emmet sits at his computer looking through thousands of photos. He walks over to his record player and gently places a record on. He stands there for a moment looking out the window.

Emmet begins to sway back and forth and closing his eyes. He begins to smile when he receives a phone call. The loud RING startles him and he bumps into the record player knowing the record off.

Emmet answers the phone.

CHRISTY FINLEY

My baby! My booboo bear! My love!
Tell me whats good, whats the
gossip, whats the- honey what do
they call it.

GENE FINLEY

Tea dear.

CHRISTY

No thanks...anyway! Emmet! You look
dashing! Whats up with you baby?

Emmet stands quietly looking at the phone and struggles to fix the record with one hand.

EMMET

Im alright mom.

CHRISTY

You sure? You taking your meds?
Hows doctor Adler? You still hear-

EMMET

Yes mom I told you yesterday. Im
doing well, my meds are fine Jeff
is fine.

CHRISTY

Who's Jeff?

GENE FINLEY

Dr. Adler dear.

CHRISTY FINLEY

Ah yes! Great! Jeff what a great
name. His such an attractive man.

GENE FINLEY

Who is?

CHRISTY FINLEY

Anyway Emmet, baby, can you please
share your photos with your mother.
I want to see if i'm gonna have to
hire you!

GENE FINLEY

Don't pressure him dear, we dont
want another-

CHRISTY

Of course yes i'm sorry baby.

EMMET

(sighs)

Mom, Dad, Im doing great really
great. Im looking into that
contest. I think I can win it this
month.

The record slips through his hands, but he catches it before
it hits the ground.

CHRISTY

Yes sure dear.

(pauses)Hun wheres my necklace?

GENE FINLEY
Where did you put it last?

CHRISTY
Honey, if I knew that why would I ask you.

EMMET
MOM! DAD! (Frustrated) Im gonna go, I gotta go!

CHRISTY
Oh okay baby, hey dont forget, I want to get that letter from your doctor. And whats your plan? You cant spend-

GENE FINLEY
Dear...

CHRISTY
(Sighs) I love you baby and need you to make a plan for yourself by the 31st or you're gonna have to come work for us. You can take some cool pics! Right honey?

GENE FINLEY
Yes dear.

Emmet finally balances the record oh his knee.

EMMET
Love you guys ill talk-

CHRISTY
AHHHHH honey I dropped my earring down the drain.

The call fails.

ACT 2

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The sun begins to set casting hard shadows on Emmet. He collects himself after the call.

Emmet puts his record away and takes a moment to collect himself. He makes his way back to his computer and pulls up the website with the information regarding the photo-contest.

Emmet fills out the first half of the application and then looks over to his side.

EMMET

This is my way out. I can get an internship or or something. I will be able to get-
(pauses)

EMMET (CONT'D)

Okay yea. I know but as long as Im financially dependent on them in a cage.
(pauses)

EMMET (CONT'D)

Sure. But- (Sighs) You're right. You're always right.
(pauses)

Emmet selects several photos and presses submit on the application. A little smiley face pops up with a confirmation. The winner will be announced a week from today.

Emmet closes his computer screen and picks up a binder. He opens it and flips through the pages with a sorrowful look on his face.

We are unable to see the contents of the binder.

Emmet places the binder in his bag (labeled LA) and his phone beings to RING.

JULIE

Hi, its been a minute.
(pauses)
Would you like to come to my place tonight? Im having a couple people over. I think you'd have fun.

EMMET

Oh, um okay. Could you send me your address? I dont, I dont know-

JULIE

Of course. See you there! Im so excited!

Emmet paces back and forth waiting for Julie to hang up the phone. He looks over into space and shakes his head in awe. The phone call ends.

EMMET

Holy shit dude. Holy. Shit. What am I gonna do.

Emmet plops on the couch and looks up.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Its been a year I cant believe she remembered me. I miss-

Emmets voice fades.

Emmet looks to the side at an armchair.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Oh fuck what am I gonna wear.
(Pauses) What dont tell me to chill. Oh crap oh crap oh crap.

Emmet jumps up from the couch, (subtly) grabs a pill container, pops a pill and runs to his closet. Emmet goes through at least 5 outfits before he can decide on one. He looks over to his bed.

EMMET (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Emmets phone buzzes with notifications from doctor Adler. There are 6 messages, two of which are visible and have an urgent warning.

Emmet looks down at his phone and turns the screen off. He looks back up to the same place on his bed, shakes his head, and then throws his camera, phone, and wallet in the LA bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIES STREET - NIGHT

Emmet stands before Julies apartment. He looks up to where he can see lights and people on the balcony.

He takes a photo of the people smoking cigarettes and then begins to walk towards the door. With a huge sigh he opens the door.

Emmet walks into a small group of people sipping wine and speaking softly. Music plays in the background. Half the crowd is smoking cigarettes the other half is smoking weed.

JULIE

Oh wow you made it out!

Julie says across the room.

Everyone looks up from their conversations and look at Emmet. The room is dead quiet now and all eyes are on Emmet. People begin to whisper as Emmet awkwardly stands by the door holding his camera.

RANDOM

(whisper)

Yo I didn't know they let him out.

RANDOM 2

Recently, I think the anniversary of his death is coming up.

RANDOM 3

Who's death?

RANDOM 2

Leo An-What was it. Oh yea Leo Andrews. They were close. Like-

Emmet looks over at the people whispering and they stop.

Emmet awkwardly takes a photo of the crowd, unsettling the crowd and then runs out the door.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE: EMMET RUNS ACROSS THE FRAMES ONCE AGAIN STARTING AT JULIES STREET, THEN TO DOWNTOWN STREETS, THEN TO HIS APARTMENT.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Emmet runs to his room, plugs his camera into his laptop, selects several photos and prints them out. He scurries to find his bag and the LA label begins to peel. He pauses regretfully.

Emmet whips out the binder, opens it and then flips through the pages. The entire binder is filled with photos of Emmet and a tall man. He tapes the printed photos into the binder.

The photos are identical to the photos already in the binder but without the tall man.

Emmet finishes taping and grabs a marker. He draws a white outline on the photo where the man used to be and fills in the outline with little squiggles and shapes.

All the photos in the binder are mirrored by the photos with the outlined man and most of them are photos of Emmet and the man. Emmet flips to the last page and a newspaper clipping is taped to the spine. "College student, Leo Andrews, killed in drunk driving incident".

FADE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A young lady stands next to a large photograph covered with a sheet. There's a poster outside the coffee shop stating "ViewBug Photo Contest". The coffee shop is quaint and has a small group of people collected.

LADY

The photo that wins this month's
contest receives \$100 and a chance
at an internship at NatGeo!

The crowd settles.

LADY (CONT'D)

The photo that wins is,
"Superimpose!" Will the artist
please come up and collect your
prize!

The crowd in the coffee shop is stagnant, but Julie is in the crowd. No-one goes to the front.

PAN ACROSS THE ROOM/CROWD TO THE PHOTO PROPPED UP.

The photo is a montage of both the original photos and the new photos of Leo superimposed and montaged into the shape of an outline of a man.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

