

Silas

written by

Seth Taylor

Seventh Draft, Jun 30th, 2021

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

On the road a rabbit carcass lies, baking in the sun, gathering flies. Staring down at it is Rose (16), wearing a duct-taped homemade hazmat suit. She wields an open garbage bag, which she lifts the dead rabbit into.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

A ramshackle treehouse sits in the branches of a billowing tree. The thing looks like every kid's dream.

INT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

On an improvised operating table lies the rabbit, and other animal carcasses, including a badger, a possum and a coyote. Her face still behind a mask, Rose picks something up from the table.

Holding it up, we see that it's thread and a sewing needle. Delicately she threads the needle and begins to sew the cadavers together. Then she turns towards a bloody, wrapped, object on the table. She removes the bandages, revealing it to be a human hand.

INT. TREEHOUSE - LATER

Sitting on the table is a bizarre humanoid creation made of dead animals stitched together. It has a coyote head. The human hand is attached to the left wrist. Rose stands back and looks at her handiwork.

She removes her gloves and mask, revealing long hair, then holds out a hand and gently caresses the monstrosity.

INT. TREEHOUSE - DUSK

The roadkill creature lies on the table hooked up to a heart monitor. Now dressed in overalls and glasses with a stethoscope around her neck, Rose stands over it holding a defibrillator in her hands. She hits a switch on the machine, and it hums with electricity.

ROSE

Clear!

She presses it against its chest, the shock causing the flesh to jump.

ROSE

Clear!

She hits it a second time, and once again it convulses. She holds her stethoscope up to its chest. Silence. Then its sternum begins to rise and fall. Rose smiles broadly.

INT. TREEHOUSE - LATER

The creature is now in a chair wearing a garbage bag with holes cut out for the arms. Rose approaches him and places a birthday hat on his head. She takes out a party blower and gives it a single *FOOPT* before tossing it.

ROSE

Well happy birthday, Silas.

Silas speaks without moving its mouth, in a voice so hauntingly deep that it doesn't sound even vaguely human.

SILAS

Si...las?

ROSE

That's right you've got it! That's my Silas.

She puts a hand to Silas's face and begins to gently caress it, but then....*SLASH!* Silas lifts a paw and scratches her face. She recoils as blood dribbles down her cheek.

ROSE

Sorry! Sorry!

(beat)

Maybe I just need to feed you.

Silas looks down at his bloody paw.

INT. TREEHOUSE - LATER

Rose attempts to feed Silas spoonfuls of huckleberry jam. He sits across from her, with a bib beneath his chin.

ROSE

Open wide for the airplane!

She makes airplane noises as she spoons the jam into Silas's drooping mouth.

ROSE

You like it?

SILAS

My mouth... tastes like... teeth.
And asphalt.

Rose just stares blankly at him.

ROSE
No on huckleberry I guess.

She turns and throws the jar into a waste basket filled with half eaten jams. Rose rises and wipes her hands off on her overalls.

ROSE
You ready for the big
dance tonight?

Silas shifts his head towards her.

SILAS
Big... dance?

Rose takes his human hand.

ROSE
(wistful)
Yeah, you invited me to go to
Prom, don't you remember? You're
actually the only boy who asked
me.

Silas's head droops.

SILAS
I remember bloody fingers... and
shrapnel... and the sound of car
horns.

ROSE
Yeah, try and forget that part.
Just focus on prom!

SILAS
Is there... something wrong
with me?

ROSE
No! Not at all, you're
perfectly healthy.

She pinches his cheek. A piece of his face falls off as she does so.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Pink light emits from the interior of the treehouse as raucous music plays from within.

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

The treehouse is now done up in fairy lights. Streamers, and a spinning disco ball hang from the ceiling. Rose is wearing a vibrant pink dress and Silas is adorned with a top hat and tuxedo that's far too small for him.

Wish You Were Here by Dyalla & Joakim Karud plays as Rose dances around Silas, who doesn't dance so much as shuffle to and fro.

ROSE

Woo! That was a good one! You having fun sweetie?

SILAS

Dancing is pain. Existence is pain.

ROSE

Uhhh here, let's try something!

She walks over to the portable record player, *Baby, It's Time* by *Psychic Markers* starts playing. Rose looks at him, going red in the face.

ROSE

You wanna slow dance?

Silas nods as Rose wraps her arms around him, and two sway awkwardly as the beautiful song plays. She looks up at Silas, who stares vacantly. The record catches and begins to skip. Rose sighs, and moves away from Silas.

ROSE

Here let me fix that.

As she resets the record, Silas's eyes drift over to the walls of the treehouse, which are covered with newspapers clippings that read *Local Boy Killed In Head On Collision*. Seeing this, Silas stares down at his human hand.

Rose rifles through a stack of records, unable to decide what next to put on. She stops briefly on *Back From the Grave* by *the Sloths*, before putting it back.

ROSE

Eh... too obscure.

Silas shuffles over to the dresser, where a pile of instant polaroids lay. He picks one up, it's of Rose in the same pink dress, with another monster who looks eerily similar to Silas. He lays it back down and picks up another, a selfie of Rose and a handsome young man sharing a kiss. He lowers it, another song starts playing.

ROSE

Okay I'm rea-

She turns and sees that Silas is no longer in the room. Rose runs to the window and pokes her head out to see Silas stumbling away across the lawn.

ROSE

(under breath)

Shit.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Silas walks over to the road where Rose found him. Rose runs up to him, out of breathe. She pulls at his fur which comes off in bloody clumps.

ROSE

Was it the music? The tuxedo?
Please don't leave yet. We never
get to finish-

Silas turns towards her and caresses her face with his human hand. His voice shifts from monstrous to that of a sixteen year old boy.

SILAS

(human)

I'm so sorry Rose.

He walks backwards onto the freeway. The lights of an oncoming car illuminate his face.

ROSE

Silas, why do you always-

A semi truck tears through Silas, causing a shower of blood and gore. Dead animals hit the pavement. Rose falls to the ground.

ROSE (CONT'D)

-do this...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

On the same road, the remnants of Silas lay. Rose, once again in a hazmat suit, reaches down and gathers the pieces. As she's picking up various animal parts, she stops, staring down at the human hand. Then without hesitating, she lifts it into the garbage bag.

THE END