

Oh Snap.

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1 EXT. CORNFIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF OHIO- MID-MORNING 1

It's a cold, sunny day in Southern Ohio. It's dreadful.

It's silent. It's silent expect for the CLANKING and ROARING of an engine in the distance. As the clanking approaches, a faded red Ford pick-up truck rolls onto the screen at a whopping snail-like speed. Children on tricycles could out-run the Chevy, and the driver knows that as he pounds on the dashboard.

CARTER

God dammit.

The driver is CARTER (18), a high school senior who is just trying to find a reason to get out of bed before noon nowadays. He's not depressed-- just uninterested as he sips away at his blue Gatorade, spilling it down his canvas jacket.

2 EXT. DOWNTOWN FAYETTE- CONTINUOUS 2

Run-down hair salons, grocery stores, and gas stations blur by as Carter attempts to speed-up, realizing from the dusty clock on his dashboard that it's already 10:05 A.M.

3 EXT. PHOTO STORE- CONTINUOUS 3

The pick-up truck guzzles up to a stand-alone building just outside of downtown. There's a GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE neon sign in the front window.

MIA (18), Carter's best friend and sarcasm professional, is sitting on the crumbling concrete stairs, drumming on the wrought iron railing with a stick. She looks down at her watch, smirking at Carter as he parks his truck with a few SHAKES, a RATTLE, and a PLUNK.

MIA

What. Did your beauty routine take a few extra minutes this morning?

Carter scurries out of the truck, spewing Gatorade onto the gravel.

CARTER

Hey! Old Nelly here had trouble getting started today. She was frozen, rock solid.

MIA

Hmm. Yeah. I guess your Gatorade wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

She surveys the trail of blue liquid spanning from the truck to the steps.

CARTER

Shut up. Mr. Watson here yet?

MIA

Nah. That jackass. Tells us to get to work a few minutes early so we can finish cleaning today, and he doesn't even show up to unlock the door.

CARTER

The place is closing anyway, we can break open a window so we don't have to stand outside. It's freezing.

MIA

Yeah yeah, keep talking. You haven't been out here waiting for 20 minutes.

MR. WATSON (60), a heavy-set man who cares about his foot long beard more than anything else, rolls up in a car much too small for him.

MR. WATSON

Sorry I'm late. Sandy- I mean- Cheryl needed help with the, ugh, kids this morning.

He pulls out the keys and unlocks the store as Carter and Mia exchange knowing glances.

4

INT. PHOTO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

4

Mr. Watson storms into the studio and tosses the keys onto the dust-covered desk. There are large moving boxes covered with Sharpie labels reading PRINTER, DESK SUPPLIES, and SHIT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT.

There's a thin, hazy layer of dust and despair in the air as it's obvious that we're currently looking at a boutique photo printing studio that's going out of business. Yet another fallen victim to Walmart photo.

MR. WATSON

Alright kids, you know the drill. Last day of cleaning everything out. Just box everything up and leave it by the door, and I'll come pick it up tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER
Mr. Waston?

MR. WATSON
(Sighs) Yes, Carter?

CARTER
What are the odds you'll let me
take that picture over there?

Carter points to a massive portrait hanging on the wall of an 80s style glamour shot of a middle aged woman holding a disturbing poodle. Think "Miss America" gone totally wrong.

MR. WATSON
Zero chance. You of all people will
not be in possession of a picture
of my ex-wife. Throw it out.

CARTER
But what if I--

MR. WATSON
Scratch that. Burn it. Mia, it's
your job to get rid of it,
understood?

MIA
You got it, boss.

She salutes him. He's unconvinced.

MR. WATSON
I don't care anymore. Just make
sure you clean the attic and lock
up when you're done.

Mr. Watson starts waddling to the door.

MR. WATSON (CONT)
Oh, and if my wife calls, tell her
I'm doing very important paperwork,
and can't be bothered.

Mr. Watson leaves with a huff, and Mia turns to admire the frightful portrait on the wall.

MIA
Of all things to take from this
hell hole you pick Mrs. Doubtfire
with the crazed poodle?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER
If we're being honest, it's the
only enjoyment I ever got out of
working here.

(Beat.)

CARTER (CONT.)
Come on. Let's get to it.

QUICK CUT TO:

5 INT. PHOTO SHOP ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

5

CARTER
Holy shit.

Carter and Mia are standing in disbelief, mouths agape, trying to process the disaster that is the attic. The dust is thicker and more menacing in the air, covering every square inch of the hundreds of boxes that are scattered around the space.

MIA
I would say let's get started, but
I feel like I'm going to find the
body of Mr. Watson's second wife up
here.

CARTER
Only one way to find out.

Reluctantly, the two depart to separate sides of the attic. Both coughing and wheezing, they begin to shift through the boxes.

Carter opens a box to reveal 1970s style film, all tangled and folded. He moves on to another box to discover a pile of rotting candy inside. Disgusted, Carter throws the box towards the stairs of the attic.

He then turns around to see a pile of about 30 boxes labeled ABANDONED PHOTOS. He's intrigued.

CARTER
Mia?

No response.

CARTER
Yo, Mia!

Carter turns to see Mia rocking out to her music in her headphones, shifting through a box of old camera equipment.

(CONTINUED)

Unphased, Carter turns his attention back to the boxes and approaches. You know, in case Mr. Watson's second wife's head is inside.

He pulls a box off the top, spewing dust everywhere. He plops down on the ground and pulls off the lid. There are dozens of envelopes of pictures inside.

Carter pulls out pictures of weddings, birthdays, and vacations. He admires a picture of a 1st birthday party stamped with the year 2004.

He opens some of the other surrounding boxes, finding similar pictures as the box before. He realizes that some of the envelopes have names, addresses, and phone numbers written on them, while some only have a phone number.

Carter is so caught up and in awe of the pictures that he jumps about a mile high when Mia taps him on the shoulder.

MIA

Geez, it's just me. What'd you find?

CARTER

I'm not really sure, but I think these are all pictures that people never came back for.

MIA

You're kidding. How old are they?

CARTER

Oldest I've found so far is '98. But there's still, like 30 more boxes over there.

MIA

Seriously? How are the two of us supposed to carry all of these to the dumpster ourselves?

CARTER

What? No. We can't throw these out!

Mia shoots him "the look."

MIA

Carter Edward Jones I swear to God if you don't help me I will--

QUICK CUT TO:

6

EXT. PHOTO SHOP DUMPSTER - LATE-MORNING

6

Carter tosses a box of photos onto an already overflowing dumpster of cardboard boxes.

In the background, we see Mia standing over a small bon-fire. She's burning Carter's beloved glamour shot portrait.

MIA

Good riddance.

Carter, observing the overflowing dumpster, whips out his phone and calls Mr. Watson. He answers after a few rings.

CARTER

Mr. Watson?

MR. WATSON (V.O.)

Yes? Yeah, Carter what is it?

He sounds busy.

CARTER

We were cleaning the attic and found like, 50 boxes of abandoned pictures. We put them all in the dumpster, but are you sure you want us to throw them out?

MR. WATSON(V.O.)

Yeah yeah, throw them out. What use are they to me?

CARTER

But, what if people come back for them?

MR. WATSON(V.O.)

I don't care. We're closing. Get rid of em.

CLICK. Carter sighs and puts his phone away. He walks over towards the door, picks up two more boxes, and plops them down in front of the dumpster.

CUT TO:

7

INT. CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

7

Carter's books hit the desk. We see a small classroom with students scattered about, babbling at each other about their weekends. Carter has no interest in conversing as evident by his massive music blaring headphones.

As Carter gets settled, SOPHIE ANDERSON (18) sits down behind him. With a smile on her face and a sunny disposition, she taps him on the shoulder.

SOPHIE

Hey Carter!

Carter ungracefully scrambles to get his headphones off.

CARTER

Oh hey. Hey, uh, Sophie. How was your weekend?

SOPHIE

Oh fine. I just hung out with my dad-- nothing special. What did you do?

CARTER

I did some, uh, spring cleaning I guess. Lots of dust. And rotting candy.

Carter shakes his head at his own awkwardness as the TEACHER (50) enters the classroom.

TEACHER

Alright hooligans. I'm going to start by taking attendance.

(Beat.)

TEACHER(CONT.)

Sophie Anderson?

SOPHIE

Here!

The teacher's voice slowly drowns out as we close in on Carter, clearly distracted by something. He's staring at a picture that's glued to the notebook of his classmate in front of him.

Suddenly, Carter becomes increasingly more and more aware of the amount of pictures in the classroom. His classmates Snapchatting, the teacher's screensaver projected on the

(CONTINUED)

board, the poster of the Presidents, the assortment of kids on the cover of his textbook. Carter is overwhelmed by the amount of photos that are flashing before him. So many pictures.

CUT TO:

8

INT. CARTER'S DINING ROOM- AFTERNOON

8

Carter throws down two boxes labeled ABANDONED PHOTOS with a PLOP and the scattering of dust in front of a surprised Mia. Carter smiles proudly.

MIA

(Coughing) What the hell is this? You couldn't have dusted it off before? Oh, your mom is going to be so pissed at this mess-

CARTER

She's never around anyway. But, never mind. I'm gonna do it. I'm going to return the pictures to the people in them.

MIA

Wait, wait back up. Why?

Mia opens one of the two boxes and starts looking through the envelopes.

CARTER

It just didn't seem right to throw them all out. I only took two boxes though. 50 seemed a little much.

MIA

And this isn't too much already?

Mia picks up a handful of envelopes.

MIA (CONT.)

Car, how are you going to do this? Some of these only have phone numbers, no address, no name--

CARTER

That's what makes it more fun!

Mia is surprised by his response.

(CONTINUED)

MIA

Wow. I haven't seen you this excited about something in a while.

CARTER

Yeah, I know! Will you help?

(Beat.) Mia sighs.

MIA

Ugh, fine, I'll help. But I gotta finish this homework first.

Carter completely ignores her excuse.

CARTER

Ok, so I was thinking we start by making a list, and use the online phone book thingy to track--

MIA

Ahhh bah bah. There's only so much enthusiastic Carter I can take in one day.

END OF ACT 1.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

"Here Comes the Sun" by the Beatles plays in the background of the montage, or a similar vibe of music.

9 INT. CARTER'S DINING ROOM- MORNING 9

Carter opens both boxes of pictures and dumps them onto the dining room table, placing the envelopes in neat, uniform lines.

We zero in on some of the envelopes to note that most of the envelopes only have the phone numbers on them. A few envelopes have names as well, but not many.

10 INT. CARTER'S ROOM- MORNING 10

Carter flips through a stack of Yellow Pages on his bed, paper crinkling with every flip of a new page.

Carter, getting frustrated with the paper, shoves the Yellow Pages off the bed, and begins typing phone numbers into Google on his laptop.

11 INT. CARTER'S DINING ROOM- AFTERNOON 11

Carter flips through a pile of pictures, focusing in on the dates on the bottom corner of the picture. The years 2004 and 2005 glare back at him in their faded yellow print.

12 EXT. CARTER'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 12

Carter starts calling the phone numbers on his list. It's a series of unfortunate events as nobody picks up their phone, he gets several "this number has been disconnected" ringback tones, and voicemails.

13 EXT. CARTER'S BACKYARD - EVENING 13

Carter opens one of the picture envelopes to a flood of ants sprinting out into his lap. Clearly freaked, he jumps around the yard, swatting the ants.

CARTER

Shit, shit, shit, shit.

This project is literally biting him in the ass.

14 INT. CARTER'S ROOM - MORNING 14

Clutching a list of phone numbers in one hand, Carter calls one of the numbers on the list that has a name attached to it-- SANDRA WILLIAMS.

VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Sandra Williams.
Leave a message after the freaking
beep.

Excited that he might finally have a match, Carter flips through the YellowPages book and circles her address. After ripping the page out and grabbing his keys, he sprints out the door.

15 EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 15

With a low, rumbling GUZZLE, Carter rolls up to Sandra's house in his truck, peering over the steering wheel.

Carter surveys the house, and climbs out of the truck with an envelope of pictures.

He creeps up to the front door and rings the door bell. Sandra (45) opens the door and looks Carter up and down.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA
What do you want?

CARTER
Oh, um, hi. Are you Sandra?

SANDRA
Yeah. That's me.

CARTER
Oh, great. I, uh, came by to drop
off some pictures of yours. I
think you forgot to pick them up a
few years back.

Sandra snatches the envelope from Carter, and tears it open. She pulls the pictures out of the envelope to reveal herself in a white dress with a man in a tux standing next to her at the altar. Wedding pictures.

Sandra's eyes widen with disbelief and anger.

SANDRA
Why would you bring these to me?!
Do you think I would ever want to
see these again?! That lying,
cheating, no good, son-of-a-

CARTER
Oh my God I am so sorry I didn't-

SANDRA
Didn't know, huh? Didn't know? He
left me two weeks later with a
woman he met on the honeymoon. The
whole town knew!

CARTER
I'm really so sorry Mrs. Williams.

Carter backs away slowly towards his car, fearing for his life.

SANDRA
Williams is HIS name.

Sandra screams and rips the pictures as Carter turns and runs towards the car.

QUICK CUT TO:

16 INT. CARTER'S DINING ROOM- AFTERNOON 16

Carter sits at his dining room table, hair askew, clearly terrified after encountering the spawn of Satan.

17 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING 17

Carter is sitting in class, but instead of paying attention, he's sorting through pictures. The same ones over and over again. It's rhythmic. Therapeutic.

Sophie, sitting behind Carter in her usual spot, notices.

SOPHIE

(whispering) Hey! What are you doing?

CARTER

Oh. Just working on a project.

SOPHIE

(Playfully) Ok, I get being a senior is rough, but are you going to give me anymore details or...

CARTER

To be honest, I don't know where this is going myself. If I make any progress, you'll be the first to know.

TEACHER

Hey! You two in the back. Hush.

Carter and Sophie laugh quietly at their misfortune.

MONTAGE BEGINS AGAIN.

18 EXT. DRIVEWAY OF A SUBURBAN HOME - AFTERNOON 18

Carter approaches a man, CORY (late 30s) sitting in a soccer mom style chair in his driveway. The man in the chair is smoking, stoned out of his mind, and barely acknowledges Carter as he comes closer.

CARTER

Uh, hi! Cory?

CORY

Yeeeaahhh. That's me.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

I have some pictures for you. I think you forgot to pick them up a few years ago.

He offers the pictures to Cory with his outstretched hand.

CORY

Cool, man. Cool.

The envelope hovers there for a painful amount of time, and it becomes clear to Carter that Cory is not going to grab the pictures. He sets the envelope down on Cory's lap and awkwardly walks back down the driveway.

19 EXT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING 19

A YOUNG BOY (8), opens the door and stares blankly up at Carter.

CARTER

Hey buddy. I have special mail for your mom, is she here?

The young boy stares at Carter and then his eyes immediately well up with tears.

YOUNG BOY

Stranger danger! Stranger danger!

CARTER

Oh no, I'm not! I just-

YOUNG BOY

Stranger danger! Stranger danger!

It's not worth it. Carter runs back down the driveway and dives into his truck, driving off at a lightening speed.

20 EXT. MULTIPLE DOORS - ALL TIMES OF DAY 20

A series of slamming doors, dogs barking, and unanswered door bells flash before Carter's eyes.

21 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - AFTERNOON 21

The montage ends with Carter happily handing an envelope of pictures to a FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR (40) at her mailbox.

Carter walks back to his car, and turns to see the neighbor throw the envelope in the trash can next to her house. He's disappointed.

END OF ACT 2.

22

EXT. CARTER'S BACKYARD - EVENING

22

It's a gorgeous, spring night in Ohio-- a rare phenomenon. Mia and Carter are sitting under a tree in the backyard doing homework.

MIA

Oh my God, if it was this nice everyday more people would live in this god damn town.

CARTER

Mmmhmm.

MIA

I mean if the weather were nicer, and you could get past the cows, and the dust, and the constant state of despair, it's not half-bad.

CARTER

Yup.

Mia notices Carter's attitude and promptly throws her homework to the side.

MIA

Ok. Spill. You obviously want me to ask. What's wrong?

CARTER

Nothing.

Mia shoots him a look.

CARTER (CONT.)

I said nothing.

MIA

Carter, I'm not stupid. People just don't care as much as you do about these stupid pictures. And don't argue that you don't care because you do.

(Beat.)

MIA (CONT.)

You've been working on this non-stop for 3 weeks, why do you care?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Mia, I really don't want to get into this right now.

MIA

Ok. Then stop sulking because I can't have those negative vibes around me right now. Unless you just spill right now, and you can get this all out of your system--

CARTER

Ok, ok fine.

Mia smiles- satisfied that she finally got him to budge.

CARTER (CONT.)

I mean, you know that my parents aren't around a lot and they're always traveling for work. It's fine, it's never really bothered me, it's just always been like that. I guess with graduation coming up and all I was feeling a little nostalgic and freaked out, so I went to go look at old family photos, and we didn't really have any. I mean, we have a ton of baby pictures, and then my first day of, like, third grade, and that's about it. I just felt like people should have these pictures, like maybe I could help them by giving them back to them. They're memories, ya know?

MIA

You can't be everyone's hero, Carter.

CARTER

I know, I know. I just wanted to try.

Mia puts her hand on Carter's back as they both take in the beauty of the night.

CARTER (CONT.)

Just so you know, this isn't a cry for help.

MIA

Shut up and help me with calc.

23 INT. CARTER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 23

After a long day at school, Carter bursts into his room, throws his backpack down on the ground, and plops face-first onto his bed.

Only after flopping down onto his bed does he realize he landed on top of a few picture envelopes. He pulls one out from under, and after a few seconds of deliberating, he opens the seal.

Carter pulls out a series of pictures from 2004 of a YOUNG GIRL (3) and a WOMAN we assume to be her mother, laughing and playing on the beach. They are nothing short of precious.

On the other side of the envelope there's a phone number and a name-- CATHERINE OWENS. He turns to his laptop, and searches the name and phone number to come up with an address. He scribbles down the address, stuffs it into the envelope, and tosses it into his backpack.

24 INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY 24

Armed with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, Carter takes on lunch the way he does best-- alone. Sophie, across the room at a table of babbling friends, waves to him. He shyly waves back, and quickly goes back to his lunch.

Out of the corner of his eye, Carter spots the picture envelope he put in his bag last night. Immediately interested again, Carter grabs the envelope and looks it over one more time. He reluctantly takes out his phone and calls the number.

VOICEMAIL AUTOMATED VOICE

I'm sorry. The person you are
trying to reach is not available.
Please leave a message after the--

CLICK.

25 EXT. SCHOOL'S PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON 25

With her feet up on the dash and snack in hand, Mia rides shotgun as Carter zooms as fast as he can out of the school parking lot.

MIA

Thanks for taking me home. I didn't
think my car would die before this
piece of shit, but here we are.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

No problem.

MIA

Oh and I'm sorry I wasn't at lunch today. I went to Mr. Rooney's classroom to demand he give me an A and not an A- on that paper we handed in last week, because frickin' Paige McCord did better on it than I did and...

Mia drowns into the background as Carter comes to a halt at a red light. His attention shifts to his backpack on the floor at Mia's feet.

CARTER

Yeah, yeah. Mia that's great. Can you hand me my bag?

MIA

Yeah sure. So then I was like...

Carter pays no attention to Mia as he rummages through his bag for the envelope. He pulls it out, and takes a glance at the address inside.

When the light turns green, Carter swiftly pulls into the left turn lane out of the school, and speeds down the road.

26

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - CONTINUOUS

26

MIA

Uh, Carter? I don't know how you'd forget, but this is not the way home.

CARTER

We're not going home.

Carter flashes a smile and the envelope in Mia's direction.

MIA

You've got to be kidding me. I thought you were done with this!

CARTER

This is the last one, I swear. I just, I need to try one more time.

27

EXT. CATHERINE OWEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

27

The truck rolls up to the targeted house with its usual PLUNK.

Through his excitement, Carter jumps out of the car, hurdles the low-rise fence, and runs up to the door. He knocks.

He's stopped in his tracks when none other than Sophie Anderson opens the door. Both of them are very surprised.

SOPHIE

Carter? What are you doing here?

CARTER

Sophie! Oh, um, I didn't know you lived here. I was just stopping by... Do you live here?

SOPHIE

Yeah! My dad and I do. He's not here right now if you were trying to say hi...?

Sophie is very confused. Why is Carter on her doorstep?

CARTER

Oh! No, that's not why I'm here. I guess I'll ask because I'm here, and I don't know if you'll know this, but do you know if a Catherine Owens used to live here?

Sophie looks a bit shocked.

SOPHIE

Yes, yes she did. She's my mom.

(Beat.)

SOPHIE (CONT.)

She died when I was really young. So yeah, I guess she did used to live here.

Carter is both mortified and intrigued.

CARTER

Sophie, I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIE

No, no it's ok. It was a long time ago.

The two stare at each other. No one really knows what to say.

CARTER

Well, the real reason I came is because I have some pictures I think your mom forgot to pick up a few years ago. I used to work at the photo developing place down the road. It closed down and I found these while cleaning.

With a shaky hand, Carter extends the envelope to Sophie, and she takes it gingerly.

Sophie opens the envelope, and pulls out the pictures. She's amazed, touched, and shocked.

SOPHIE

Oh my God I remember this. These are incredible! Oh and look at her, she was so beautiful.

Sophie is laughing at this point, mostly out of awe as she shifts through the pictures.

SOPHIE (CONT.)

Carter. Thank you so much, these are amazing.

CARTER

You're welcome.

In the distance we hear Mia slow clapping from the truck.

MIA

Woaaa! Yeah! Oh snap! First successful delivvveerrrryyy!

Carter and Sophie are now laughing, all of the awkwardness that was once there has diminished.

SOPHIE

So, I guess I'll see you at school tomorrow?

CARTER

Yes! Yeah, you will.

Sophie kisses Carter on the cheek and folds herself back into her house through the doorway. Carter turns back towards the truck, beaming from ear to ear.

28

INT. CARTER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

28

Carter climbs back into the truck, and meets the gaze of Mia, who promptly punches his arm.

MIA

Last one, huh?

CARTER

Nope.

END OF ACT 3.