

THE CLASSIFIER - EPISODE 01

ON SCREEN: MAINE/USA 1986

INT. ADULT CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY

Gentle classical music. CHRIS FOSTER (Adult Chrissie), 40, restless pacing, SLIGHTLY STOOPED as if carrying a heavy burden on his back, pours himself a drink, opens the newspaper, puts it down, looks out of the window, takes a slug of his drink.

Telephone shrills.

CHRIS

Foster.

ANNIE (O.S)

Chrissie... Annie...

CHRIS

Annie! What's up?

ANNIE (O.S.)

Chrissie you have to come home.  
Mama is bad, not much time left.

CHRIS

Annie, you know... I'm not sure  
I...

ANNIE (O.S.)

(interrupts)

No Chrissie, I don't know and I  
don't understand. You have not been  
home for more than twenty years,  
it's just not right.

(beat)

Pa died just a few months after you  
ran away and you never came to his  
funeral, now Mamma is going. It's  
wrong, Chrissie, it's so wrong! You  
must come see her before it's too  
late.

CHRISSIE

Annie, I... I...

ANNIE (O.S.)

You were always very close to Mama.

Silence.

ANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Stop this shit. You come, you hear  
 me!

Click and dialing tone. Chris looks at the phone before slowly putting it back.

CHRIS  
 (mutters)  
 Oh, Annie, still so damn pushy.

BEGINS CHRIS'S  
 MEMORY

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT - MOVING

CHRISSIE 10, his sisters, MICHIE 12, ANNIE 11, and ABRAHAM, 10, his cousin and best friend at a cemetery gate, big-eye the path between rows of graves.

Tall cypresses next to the path sway and swirl in a blustery autumn wind, casting terrifying shadows that dance on the road and over the graves.

They look at each other, uncertain.

ANNIE  
 I dare you.

ABRAHAM  
 Dare what?

ANNIE  
 To go through the grave yard.

They take a step backwards, startled.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
 Chicken... chicken... cluck...  
 cluck... chicken.

Annie dances around, arms flapping, imitating a chicken.

CHRISSIE  
 (to Annie)  
 You first.

Annie swaggers towards the forbidding road with pretended nonchalance.

CLOSE ON ANNIE'S FACE: Nervous eyes dart back and forth.



MICHIE

Saving girls is a boy's job, not a  
girl's.

Humming off screen.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

With pretend fearless nonchalance Annie casually strolls  
around the side of the garage, humming and swiping at shrubs  
with a stick.

END OF MEMORY  
BACK TO MASTER  
SCENE

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY

Chris smiles, shakes his head, returns to his memory and his  
drink.

CONTINUES  
CHRIS'S MEMORY

INT. CHRISSIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Chrissie, Abraham and Annie wrestle each other out of the  
kitchen door.

CHRISSIE

Annie!

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Wide-eyed, they charge towards Annie.

MICHIE

Are you okay? Did you see anything?  
(beat)  
What did you see? Tell us! Tell us?

Annie flashes a superior smile.

ANNIE

Why? You guys are chicken, you ran  
for nothing. I just walked  
slowly...

She pulls up her shoulders and waves her hand dismissively.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
... and nothing, just a cat.

They look at her, impressed.

ABRAHAM  
(admiring)  
Jeeez.

END OF MEMORY  
BACK TO MASTER  
SCENE

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris throws clothes into a travel bag.

O.S. A soft knock-knock-knock, and immediately the sound of a key turning and a door opening and closing.

SHARON (O.S.)  
Hi, Chris, it's me.

LOUNGE: SHARON, 35, carrying a covered dish, on her way to the open-plan kitchen.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
There you are. I made a rather  
delish looking chicken pie. Things  
always taste better when you share.

He takes plates and cutlery, Chris takes a tentative bite, savors it, nods and smiles.

CHRIS  
Hmmm, real good.

BEDROOM: Chris and Sharon enters, she stops in the door, stares at the clothes and travel bag.

SHARON  
And this?

CHRIS  
Packing.

SHARON  
I can see that. Why? Where you off  
to?

CHRIS  
My sister called, my mother's ill.