

THE HARPER BLAIR FILES

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INT. DR. NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dingy green carpet lines the floor. Mismatched decor and tacky souvenirs decorate the walls and thrift-shop furnishings.

HARPER, 20s, blonde, lays across a chaise lounge. Her eyes lock on the swirl of the ceiling fan.

DR. NELSON, 50s, with thick-rimmed glasses, taps a pencil to a clipboard and watches Harper.

DR. NELSON  
Alright, Harper, walk me through  
what went wrong today.

Harper blows an obnoxious bubble of pink gum.

HARPER  
You looking to become an accessory?

Dr. Nelson sets his pencil down with a sigh and looks over the rim of his glasses at Harper.

DR. NELSON  
How can I help you if I don't know  
what triggered you?

Harper rolls her eyes.

HARPER  
Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you.

EXT. HARPER'S FRONT YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A single colonial-style house sits against a deep thicket of woods. A dirt drive runs parallel to a typical, suburban, white-picket fence. The white planks of PVC fence break the transition from worn dirt to a budding garden.

Harper sits on the soil. A small spade in her hand bites into the dirt and tears out a sizable mound of loose earth.

She tosses the load over her shoulder and into a waiting pile. Off to her side, she picks up a small rose bush and places it into the hole before she piles dirt back over it.

MILES, 20s, dark-brown hair, walks up the drive.

MILES  
Howdy, neighbor.

Harper GROANS and pretends she doesn't see him.

MILES (CONT'D)

Hello?

Harper stabs her shovel into the dirt and twists the instrument with white knuckles.

HARPER

What can I do for you, Mr...?

Miles cuts through a gap in the fence and extends his hand.

MILES

Howdy. The name's Barnes. Miles Barnes. I just felt the want to welcome you to Whitechapel.

Harper stares at his outreached hand.

HARPER

Kinda late, don't ya think? I've lived here for six months.

Miles cracks a smile.

MILES

True! However, I don't remember seeing you at any of the neighborhood events.

HARPER

Guess I didn't get the invite.

Harper frees her shovel from the dirt and slams it into the ground by Miles's sandaled feet. She smiles up at him.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Can I get back to my roses?

MILES

After all the effort it took to walk up the road?

Harper covers the roots of another rose bush.

MILES (CONT'D)

I see you're attempting to garden.

HARPER

Excuse me?

MILES

Well, you see, you should have mounded the dirt.

Miles kneels next to a bush and pulls the dirt into a mound.

MILES (CONT'D)

And don't even get me started on  
this twaddle.

Miles motions to a bag of fertilizer.

MILES (CONT'D)

Expensive. Non-Eco friendly. No  
planteur would use this stuff.

HARPER

Non-Eco friendly? Really?

Miles laughs. Harper crosses her arms over her chest.

MILES

Look, I won't tell anyone. As long  
as you go on a date with me.

HARPER

Excuse me.

MILES

Okay, that went a lot smoother in  
my head. But, hey, it'll be fun.

Miles places his hand on Harper's shoulder.

INT. DR. NELSON'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Dr. Nelson doodles on his clipboard. Harper lays on her back,  
stretches a string of gum from her mouth and lets go.

DR. NELSON

So, you killed him.

HARPER

No. That would be crazy.

Dr. Nelson gives Harper a pointed look.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I don't just kill people for no  
reason. He just wanted to go out.

DR. NELSON

So what did you do?

HARPER

I went on the date, of course.

Dr. Nelson stops doodling.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PATIO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rows of empty tables line the spacious seating area. Harper and Miles finish off the last scraps of food on their plates.

MILES

Not many people choose to sit  
outside, you know?

HARPER

Oh, yeah?

MILES

Sadly, it costs restaurants a lot  
more money to keep the building  
cooled the more full it is.

Harper uses her straw to move the ice cubes around at the  
bottom of her glass. Her chin rests in her hand.

MILES (CONT'D)

Which means more emissions.

AMY, 20s, their waitress, walks up and refills their drinks.

AMY

Hey, Harp. How's your night off?

Harper glares at Amy.

Miles raises his eyebrows at Harper.

HARPER

It's fine.

AMY

Lucky break. The bar inside is a  
madhouse tonight.

HARPER

Man. Just how I like it.

AMY

She's weird. Always enjoys when  
there's a fight and we have to kick  
people out.

MILES

Oh, now that's interesting.

HARPER  
No, it's not.

AMY  
Anyway, I better get back to it.

HARPER  
Yea, you should.

Amy walks away and Miles turns to Harper.

MILES  
Why didn't you tell me you work here?

HARPER  
You didn't ask.

MILES  
I never would have brought you here on a date if I knew that.

Harper stares at Miles, her face stoic. The corners of her mouth twitch, and her brow knits itself into a knot.

Harper looks over Miles's shoulder at the only other occupied table, a scowl aimed at A MAN, 30s, dressed in a greasy wife-beater, ripped jeans, with sock-and-sandal clad feet.

AMY  
I think it's time for you to leave.

MAN  
I don't think so, Sweetheart.

Amy turns and glances at Harper as the man grabs Amy and pulls her into his lap.

AMY  
Let go of me.

Miles and Harper both stand. The man looks at them and stands. Harper stares daggers into him as he shoves Amy to the ground and leaves.

HARPER  
Sorry, Miles. I gotta head home.

MILES  
I'll pay the bills and we'll go.

HARPER  
No, I've gotta go right now.

MILES  
You shouldn't walk home alone.

Harper straightens her back.

HARPER  
I can handle myself.

MILES  
It makes me feel bad that you'll  
walk alone when we came together.

Harper relaxes.

HARPER  
It's fine. I'll see you later.

MILES  
Promise? I demand promises.

HARPER  
We'll see.

Harper smiles.

DR. NELSON (V.O.)  
What happened next?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Silver light filters through dense trees, casting dark shadows and cold lights onto a form with long, blonde hair.

Harper stabs a shovel deep into the ground. Hair falls into her face. She pushes it back, dirt smears across her forehead in the process.

EXT. HARPER'S FRONT YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Harper walks to her shed, shovel in hand, and lifts the lid off a garbage can. Her eyes go wide. The inside is empty.

EXT. HARPER'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Harper tosses a greasy wife beater, ripped jeans, socks, and sandals into the garbage can on top of empty cans and plastic bottles. She pulls a smashed phone out of her pocket and tosses it in.

EXT. HARPER'S FRONT YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Miles drives up to her house, climbs out of his car, and waves. Harper forces a smile as he walks over.

MILES  
Everything went okay last night?

HARPER  
What? Oh, yeah. It took a bit of effort, but I managed.

MILES  
If you ever need any help, you know where to find me.

HARPER  
Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

MILES  
What you up to this morning?  
Digging again?

Harper opens her mouth, then closes it. She frowns at Miles.

Miles points at her shovel, fresh dirt on the blade.

HARPER  
Just a little undertaking. Nothing too serious.

MILES  
Just make sure you mound the dirt this time. Want to make sure everything settles as it should.

Miles smiles at Harper, then turns and walks towards his car.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Oh, by the way. I did some recycling this morning. I went ahead and took care of your garbage can for you.

Miles winks at Harper.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Gotta make sure we keep our community clean.

**END OF WEBISODE**