

OURS

Inspired by Jordan Peele's "US"

I personally wasn't very happy with the outcome of the movie, so I created a little taste of the fuckery I was expecting to witness. This is in NO FORM any disrespect to Mr. Peele and his art. This is only the confusion and fear I expected to feel.

Same characters.

Different setting.

Different plot.

This is NOT a comedy

Father-Gabe (Winston)

Mom- Addy (Lupita)

Kid girl- zora

Kid boy- jason

This will not be published for royalties.

—

*"We've all been here before...but our souls didn't necessarily leave.
Those demons are OURS."*

—

"Gabe, I really wanted to take the kids to Dubai, but I just got a call from my mom's caregiver. She doesn't seem to be holding up well. I think it's best we take a trip home.."

Gabe sat quietly concerned on the other end of the phone. He'd never make his wife choose between Dubai and the wellness of her mother. He'd almost become offended that she apologized for such a thing.

"Babe," Gabe interrupted, "Forget Dubai. Let's grab a flight home instead. We haven't seen your mom in years. What did the caregiver say?"

Addy's eyes watered without spilling, "She sounded rattled. She said she was okay physically...it's the mental condition that has her worried."

They both sat in silence while Addy gathered herself, "I'm just afraid...when the mind goes...the body soon follows. She said she talks to people who aren't there and...I just want to surround her with family. Maybe she needs someone to talk to."

Gabe shook his head in agreement as if they were face to face, "Okay, grab the tickets. I'll inform our employees, and we can leave as soon as you find a flight. There was a small fire in the back office. Let me give instructions and I'll be on my way home in ten minutes. I love you."

The teetering tear finally fell from Addy's eyes, "Okay, I love you too."

The call ended and Addy searched for flights home to Michigan.

Gabe and Addy have two children, Zora (13) and Jason (10). Though they're accompanied by a three year difference, it can feel much larger than that. They are worlds apart as Zora is into her iPhone and Jason dresses up year round for Halloween.

Addy informed their children of the sudden travel, and unexpectedly there was no talk back. The children packed enough for two weeks time and were ready as soon as dad pulled his truck into the driveway. He walked in to a concerned wife and two oblivious children holding suitcases. He planted his lips on hers, "I came as fast as I could. There was traffic."

Without smiling, she nodded, "No worries. I took the extra time to pack your bag."

He kissed her lips again, "Even better. Draws, brush, and clothes that match?"

She finally smiled, "Check, check, and check."

He kissed her forehead, "That's all I need."

Zora interrupted their moment, "Ew. Dad, as an adult...you need more things than that."

Gabe chuckled, "Like what, wise one?"

"Phone, backup phone, chargers, rechargeable backup batteries, hotspot, and ...lipstick," she said. Addy chuckled. The two of them always made her rainy days better when they battled.

Gabe rebutted, "I don't live on the internet. I prefer the outer net."

Zora was planted back into her phone before he could finish his wise-crack.. She did not respond.

"Do you smell smoke?" Gabe asked Addy.

"Yea, I've been smelling it all day. Maybe from the fire at the store? How's everything?"

Gabe shook his head, "A mess, but everyone's okay."

"What's going on with grandma?" Jason asked.

Addy turned to her son with a pure look of sorrow, "That's what we are going to find out."

Somber slowly took over the room like rigor mortis.

Gabe never enjoyed sadness in his home, so he scurried everyone out the door and into the truck for his car-singing escapades.

Gabe stood over 6ft tall with more than 200lbs to tote. His stature could not be a judgement of his character as he was the silliest one of them all. Addy stood much shorter than he. Averaging 5ft 5in in height, she was very fit and slim. The kids mimicked their parents almost to a "T," but Jason was much shorter than his sister.

Joy took over the car as Gabe took the role of driver and disk jockey. He sang everything from Chaka Khan and Beyonce, to Luniz "I Got 5 On It," and NWA. Jason sat in the backseat trying to decipher his fathers music choice, "Dad, what's "I've gotten 5 on it mean? What does he have 5 of? And...what is he putting 5 on?"

Addy turned around to face her son, almost laughing hysterically, "Try to catch the beat. The song can mean whatever you need it to. Let's say...you've got 5 seconds to catch the beat." She bobbed her head and snapped her fingers. Jason followed suit, but didn't catch the beat very well. Zora laughed and inserted her headphones into her iphone to block out the surrounding irritants.

Addy looked down to her lap and noticed her phone ringing. She picked it up immediately, "Gabe, turn that down. It's mom."

She answered, "Hello? Mom?"

She awaited a response, but still couldn't quite hear.

"Put it on the bluetooth," Gabe recommended.

Addy connected the phone to the cars bluetooth system for better clarity.

"Mom? I missed that. What did you say?"

The sweet soft voice on the other end finally spoke back, "I called to ask you what Zora likes to eat. Is she good with pizza? You know teenagers are finicky!"

Gabe, Addy, and Jason all laughed. Zora missed it as her headphones seem to work wonders.

"Yes mom, pizza is fine. We will be there shortly. We are all on our way."

Addy could hear her mother smiling from the other end, "Aw! Y'all didn't have to do that! Zora has been keeping me plenty of company!"

Addy looked in the backseat to Zora trying grab her attention. She tapped her leg. Zora removed her headphones. "You've been calling your grandma? Why didn't you tell me? I love that!" asked Addy.

Zora stared at her mother with confusion, slightly shaking her head, "No, I haven't."

Concerned fearful compassion ran across Addy's face, "Oh.."

"Mama, you said you've been talking with Zora? ...My Zora?"

Still smiling on the other end of the phone, "Yes. She's upstairs now. She just helped me to my bed. The caregiver left a few hours ago. She's been helping tremendously. Can she stay a few more weeks?"

The car drove itself. Everyone wore a face of shock and sadness.

"Mama, Zora is in the backseat here with me," Addy said softly.

"You took her?!" her mother worriedly asked.

Addy took a moment to gather herself similar to earlier. Gabe noticed and rested his hand on her thigh, "It's okay," he mouthed, "talk her through it," he whispered.

"Mama, we haven't seen you in 4 years. Zora isn't there, but we are on our way...okay?"

She could hear the smiling depleting over the phone, "No. She's here. Wana talk to her?"

Everyone frowned simultaneously. "Yes, mama. Let me speak to who's there, please," said Addy.

They could hear her yelling for “Zora” to come along with small bits of rustling like she was repositioning herself through her covers. She seemed to hold a small conversation with someone, but they couldn’t clearly hear a responding voice.

“Here, it’s your mother. She wanted to speak to you.”

Suddenly, the background became intensely quiet. “Hello?” Addy called out.

Zora listened eager to know who is there with her grandmother.

Static and small loud pitched screeches filled the audio in the car abruptly. Gabe turned the volume down a bit from the initial pain. “Hello?” Addy called out again.

The sharp sounds stopped and were replaced with heavy breathing similar to a heavy animal.

“Who is this?” Addy asked.

Gabe turned the volume back up as they seemed to have picked up on a faint noise.

“Is that growling?” Jason asked.

No one responded to him. They all heard the sounds of an angry distinct, yet faint growl coming from her mother’s phone. Afraid to say another word, the car kept quiet. Everyone listened because they didn’t have any other ideas. As expected, the call eventually disconnected.

Addy disconnected the phone from the cars bluetooth and tried redialing her mother, but there was no answer. She then dialed the number of the caregiver. Still, no luck. Gabe didn’t know how to fix this one. The rest of the car ride was quiet, awkward, and tense.

CHAPTER 2

The plane ride carried out smoothly. Slight turbulence, but other than that, it went well. Landing in Michigan January 19, 2019 was a bitter cold they haven’t experienced in a while. Luckily, they planned for it. Awaiting their luggage, Addy called her brother, “Hey, I’m here. Can you take us to moms?”

Gabe listened while the kids waited for their luggage to roll around.

“What? Why not? ...what do you mean? ...Well, that’s not true. I just got off the phone with her. I just landed... What?... I just...I can’t. I don’t...listen...what...whatever your issues are with our mother have nothing to do with me. I’ll just rent a car...”

She turned to Gabe, “We need a car,” she mouthed.

He nodded and began handling the rental car process in the opposite direction without a single question.

“If our mother was dead, I would have known about it and I wouldn’t have just spoken with her and her caregiver...”

I own the damn house, what do you mean ‘don’t go in that house?’ We own it!

....fine. I’m done. Take your damn medication.”

Addy ended the call.

After their luggage had come around the belt, they waited patiently for Gabe's return near outlets in the wall for charging purposes. Gabe returned an hour later with car keys in hand. The exhausted family was ready to hit the road. Since Gabe drove them to the airport, Addy offered to drive the rest of the way.

"What happened with your brother?" Gabe asked Addy.

"He and mom are into it again. He's not coming."

Gabe didn't pry as her answers seemed short and unfulfilling. He knew the mood of his wife and didn't want to make her more uncomfortable. The car ride was quiet with music playing very low. There was no more singing.

Finally, arriving in Old Warren, Michigan, the house wasn't in the shape they'd remembered. Broken stairs beneath the porch immediately caught their attention, along with chipped paint chunks lying in front of the door. Gabe, being a handyman, knew it was his responsibility to get it fixed. "I'll rent some tools and call my old guys. I'll fix it babe," he said while observing the remaining of the porch. Addy nodded her head, unable to remove her eyes from the horrific site. The place she once called home looked abandoned.

The family unpacked their belongings from the car and walked slowly onto the porch in fear of it caving in. Addy gently knocked on the door. A woman opened the door holding a clipboard, "Hi. Addy?" Addy smiled. "Please come in. I'm Theresa, the caregiver. I've been the one looking over your mother. I'm the one who called you. Please come in."

They enter slowly, still cautious of the home's upkeep. "My mom said you left earlier... do you normally make multiple visits?" Addy asked.

Theresa wrote on her clipboard while answering, "I never left."

The children wore their feelings on their faces as they took in the home's stammering environment. The shades were pulled closed hiding the easier seen cracks in the walls.

"Don't be alarmed, there's no electricity as she hates artificial lighting. She warms the house by fire at night, but the boiler system works just fine. It's her preference at times. There's a fireplace system that runs the entire home. Pretty neat. She had the televisions thrown out, and there is no microwave or fridge," said Theresa.

"Was the electricity turned off due to nonpayment or something? No one told me anything."

Theresa smiled, "No. She turned them off purposely."

"Who was here earlier today? She was talking with someone and put them on the phone with me. They ...growled..." said Addy.

Theresa turned to her, "No one was here."

They followed her throughout the medium sized home as a quick refresher to update them on things that have changed since their last visit.

"She suffers from Sundowning. So, she may have 'growled' pretending to be something other than herself. During the late evening into the dark morning, she roams. Locked doors may be in your best interest for an uninterrupted night of sleep," Theresa added.

Uncomfort spilled across everyone's faces. "She also doesn't seem to need her wheelchair during her episodes," Theresa continued, "She's the oddest case we'd ever seen. That's why we called

you. Maybe it's time she enters a home for 24 hour support. The bones in her legs have deteriorated for the most part. We aren't sure how she stands and walks at times."

Addy didn't respond and Gabe didn't overstep his boundaries. Theresa noticed the vocal distance and left the conversation there. "I'm here every morning at 9am to give her the meds and check on things. I'll see you then. For now, she's asleep in her bedroom... I'd leave her that way, honestly."

Theresa walked to the door, grabbed her briefcase from the couch nearby, and exited the home coldly.

"I'd talk to myself if she was my caregiver too," said Zora.

Gabe chuckled at his daughter witty humor.

"Alright guys, let's look around," said Addy.

The inside of the home was much better than the outside, besides the missing basic needs and a few aging spots, it's kept up well.

"I'm going to charge my phone in the car before night," said Zora, making her way through the home and out the door before her parents had a chance to respond. The floors creak before you stepped on them, and the faucets leaked nonstop. The toilet always seemed to run like it was recently flushed, and the walls knocked suspiciously. The radiators whistled and tapped even when cold, and the doors desperately needed WD40.

Addy made her way up the noisy steps to the second floor, "I'm going to go peek in on mom."

Gabe nodded, "I'm going to start ordering a few things for the house."

She nodded and kept up the stairs. Gabe sat on the couch in search of equipment,

"Jason, go with your mom so she can show you where you and your sister will be sleeping.

Take your bags." Jason did as he was told.

Gabe caught Zora from the corner of his eye in pajama clothing. By the time he'd fully turn to face her, she'd gone around the corner into the kitchen. "Making yourself at home, I see," said Gabe to Zora. She didn't respond, but that was nothing out of her ordinary teenage behavior. Gabe chuckled to himself and kept searching the net.

CHAPTER 3

Zora sat in the car where she felt most comfortable. Her phone was hooked to the charger and she listened to music while it charged. Also, this was the only time her parents would allow her into the driver seat or any vehicle. Staring at the house, she was not excited about spending two weeks there. She watched as the vines had wrapped around the house entirely and...there seemed to be something in the upstairs window. She sat up in the car seat to obtain a better view, but still she only saw moving shadows. She assumed it was nothing to be alarmed over and looked away to stop freaking herself out.

Addy found her mother in the same room she'd always slept in since she was a child. She pushed the door open lightly, but to her surprise, she caught her mom sitting upright in her bed sipping from a cup of water. Her hair sat long and healthy in one french braid down her back.

"Mom! You're awake!" she smiled big and made her way over to greet her. Jason wasn't very far behind and decided to follow his mother in to say hello. He ran into the room, kissed her, and went to place their bags away shouting, "Love you grandma," on the way out.

Mom was very happy to see them. She smiled just as big as Addy and wrapped her chubby arms around her daughters thin neck. "Hi, mom!" Addy hugged her back tightly. They rocked side to side for a moment to rest in the feeling. Addy noticed her mother's current dental situation,

"I see you've let all your teeth go!"

Mom laughed, "At my age, you don't need teeth! That's just something else to do! Don't need em!" They both laughed. "You're beautiful either way, mama," she kissed her mother's cheek.

"Mama, who was that here with you earlier when we talked on the phone? I was so worried. You said it was Zoe," Mom looked concerned, "You didn't talk to me, honey. I was asleep. Theresa gave me my meds and I was out. Wrong number?"

Addy pulled her phone from her pocket, "Nah, mama. It was from you."

She looked through her recent incoming calls to show proof to her mother, but oddly couldn't find the call from earlier. "Hmm," she said, "It's not here anymore."

"I told you, you didn't talk with me, Doppie," her mom teased.

Addy smiled, "You haven't called me, Doppie, in years!"

They both smiled at one another in silence. "Help me get to my walker," said mom.

"Theresa said you shouldn't be walking. She said your bone-health is bad in your legs, ma."

"Those knock-off doctors think they know it all. Hand me that walker, little girl!"

Addy smiled, "As you wish, firecracker."

Addy turned to grab the wheel chair from across the room, "Why would you leave your walker all the way over here, ma?" She grabbed the walker and began rolling it to the bed, but her mother was gone. Her face frowned hard. "Ma?" she called out, "Where'd you go?"

Understanding that it's impossible for her mother to have move that fast, her heart skipped a few beats as she scanned the room. She walked to the other side of the bed to ensure her mother didn't fall, but there was no sign of her. She went to reach for the walker, but the walker had too vanished. She walked downstairs, "Gabe?"

"Ma'am?" he responded promptly taking his eyes off this phone and putting them on his wife.

"Did you see my mother? I was just talking with her and now...she's gone. No sign of her. She was just in the bed. Now, her and her walker are gone..."

Gabe didn't know how to respond, "Babe, she's right behind you," he stood to his feet, "Hello there mother-in-law! I see you've been getting plenty of beauty sleep!"

Gabe stood and trotted over to his mother in law to help her down the stairs.

Addy turned around startled, stumbling down the few steps beneath her until she could gather her balance from the unexpected freight.

"She was right behind you, babe. You didn't see her standing there?" Gabe asked.

"No. No, I didn't. Had she been there, I would have seen her. She wasn't there. Mom?"

She turned to her mother, "Mom? Where did you go?"

Walking slowly down the stairs arm-in-arm with Gabe, "I was right there. Are you feeling alright? A little jet-lagged maybe? It's nice to see you, Doppie."

Addy didn't feel right. She felt fine. Something was wrong. Something was completely off.

"Zora still in the car?" Addy asked.

"No, she's in the kitchen in her pajamas. I don't know what she's doing," said Gabe.

"Zora!" Addy called for her, "Come here. Let's figure out food before I go crazy!"

Everyone did their best to laugh off the nerves.

Jason came down the stairs as Gabe was helping mom to the couch.

"Zoe is still in the car. I'm sure she can't hear you yelling," he said.

Gabe frowned, "I saw her walk into the kitchen a few minutes ago."

"I can see her from my window upstairs. She's still in the car. She hadn't come back in," Jason insisted.

"You saw her..You all are just the doppelgangers. I told you she was here with me.." said mom laughing to herself, "They've been waiting to meet you."

The room grew cold and shifty. "Mom, you just said you didn't talk to me earlier.." Addy said ignoring her "doppelganger" remark.

Her mother frowned, "I never said that. This is the first I'm talking with you.."

Addy stood choked up. She couldn't find any words to follow up.

Like perfect timing, Zora walked in without her phone in hand to an uncomfortable audience staring in her face. Gabe stared at her frightened as he was sure he was just talking to his child moments ago. Jason ran up to her before anyone could frighten her. "Come on sis, let me take you to our room upstairs. I took your bag up already." Zora noticed the tension, but decided it was best that she didn't know the juice right now, "Okay, let me say hello to grandma first." She ran over to hug and kiss her elder, then followed her baby brother upstairs. "What happened?" she asked. "You don't wana know," he said.

CHAPTER 4

Nightfall reigned in by storm and forced the shallow house to feel immensely unstable. The cold winter breeze made the homes panel make noises only heard in the old scary films. Mom limped around the house preparing for everyone's first night over. She lit candles to light their area and gave them plenty of pillows from the couch to keep comfy, "Are you sure you all wana sleep together down here? I'd hate for you to be so uncomfortable like this."

Addy made pallets on the floor for everyone, "Yes, mama. We'll be alright. We're gonna watch a Netflix movie on the ipad and call it a movie night. We'll be okay."

Mom didn't fight it. She made sure everyone was okay, and made her way upstairs while refusing any help to the second level. "How do you think I get it done when you aren't here?!" she'd tell them.

The heat from the fireplace pushed through the home better than any furnace could imagine. Gabe was exhausted, the kids were spooked, and Addy was a concerned mixture of every

emotion available to mankind. Jason filled Zora in on everything she'd missed while in the car. She started to think she was better off sleeping out there.

Unable to sleep or focus on the movie, Addy stared at the dancing candles for comfort. The only thing with rhythm in the room was the only thing that made sense. She stared until she became uncomfortable noticing all, but one candle flickered in the stale wind seeping through from the outside. She'd figured it to be peculiar and disturbingly strange. Every candlelight dance, but one. It behaved like it was being protected by an unseen entity. She couldn't take her eyes from it. She felt something more was in store and became anxious. She began feeling crowded like...there were more people in the room than the 4 of them.

"Earth to Addy! Are you listening to me?" Gabe said while throwing her off focus.

"Huh?" she said, "What did I miss? I was noticing the candle.." she pointed.

Jason agreed with her, "That one candle over there that's not mother fucking flicking?"

Gabe didn't approve of his obscene language, "Excuse me?! Why would you say that to your mother?! Apologize right now!" Addy would normally correct his language, but this time she agreed with her son, "No, he's okay...because it's not motha fuckin' flicking..."

Everyone's attention gently guided over to the one candle, in the row of candles, that didn't dance in the invading winds. Gabe noticed, "Okay? Very strange. I'm sure there's a decent reason for it."

"No...it's not.." Zora said.

Light tapping began on the front door. So light, it's easy to miss. "Wait, ssshhhhh," said Gabe.

"Y'all hear that?" he stood up heading toward the front door, "It's tapping...I think..."

Jason peeked through the window, "Um dad... there's a family on the porch."

Everyone stood to their feet in dismay, but kept close by one another. Gabe looked out the window, "I don't see anyone." Jason was sure he'd saw what he saw, "I know what I saw dad! There were four people on the porch! Holding hands. They were in shackles and rags."

"Okay! Okay!" Gabe shouted out of the norm, "Just wait a second. Make it make sense!"

"I'm going to go check on my mom," Addy said while sprinting toward the stairs.

"Wait, mom!" Zora shouted, "Don't go alone. I'm coming with you."

She grabbed two candles on a nearby windowsill for her and her mother.

Addy stopped midway up the stairs and waited until Zora reached her location.

Gabe studied out of the peephole looking for the family his son saw or any evidence of life, "I don't see anyone. They left or something, son."

"Nah," Jason said, "Not the way they were dressed."

Unexpectedly, the candles all blew out at the same time. All, but the one. "Dad! Turn on the light on your phone!!" Gabe struggled with his speed in agility, "I got it! I got it!"

"Turn it on, dad!" Jason hollered in pure fear. The light from the cell phone lit a small amount of the room, and created more questions. Jason looked around as he felt organically surrounded.

"Dad, what's that on the stairs? There's someone standing right there on the stairs...dad...dad.."

Afraid to place the light fully on the stairs, Gabe tried to control the situation, "I know, I see something. It looks like..."

He focused, "...you!"

The entity on the stairs vanished as Gabe pointed the light toward the area to see where the force had gone, but they saw nothing. The sound of thundering bowling balls came storming down the stairs and beatings on the door accompanied. Feeling outnumbered, they retreated into the kitchen.

"MOM!" Addy shouted while bursting in her mother's bedroom door. Afraid of startling her mother, she was startled in return as all she saw were the whites of her eyes as she sat upright in her bed seemingly holding a conversation with someone they couldn't see.

"Mom?" she said while not taking another step forward. Zora tried to pull her backward from entering the room, but she was already inside.

"Mom, somethings going on downst..."

She'd noticed her mom mumbling and decided best to not finish her current statement.

"Who are you talking to?" she asked instead.

Her mom stood to her feet tall and strong without a limp or slouch.

"You think you have it all figured out?"

"Huh?" Addy asked. Zora began pulling her mother out of the room as she heard exactly what she said.

"You think all you have is one soul," her mom murmured, similar to sleep-talk while beginning to stomp her feet repeatedly inhumane like.

Addy tried her best to understand, "We have what mom?" she took a step forward.

"We have many souls from each life we've lived! ...and they all aren't so nice.." mom said, speaking in a slower unrecognizable tone of voice. Her hair sat noticeably unhealthily short, dry, and matted. Completely different from the long french braid she'd seen earlier.

Addy and Zora had no idea how to react. Zora refused to let her mother's hand go, keeping her from taking any further steps into what seemed like a trap.

"We've all been here before," her mother continued, "Our souls come with souls! You've met the souls from your past lives. Finally!" she chuckled, "Now, you see that I'm not alone. I've always had you with me...in some form."

She reached over and turned on a small lamp on her nightstand, that wasn't there earlier, revealing multiple shadows across the room, "Can you see them?" she asked excitedly.

"This is every soul you've lived! They just want to live again!" She began stomping her feet, repeatedly smashing them ruthlessly into her floor. The sound of her bones cracking had began pulsating through the old wallpaper. "Mom! You're hurting yourself!" screaming Addy. Zora pulled Addy from the room and shut the door, "Mom, fuck that. Let's go. We have to go."

Addy stared her daughter in the eye doing her very best to catch her breath, "You ...and...your brother... better ...stop cursing!" Zora pulled her mother down the stairs with her. "Dad!?" Zora shouted. Addy followed.

"In the kitchen, honey!" a voice shouted back.

Addy noticed the calmness in the voice and decided not to rush toward it.

Zora ran to the kitchen, but stopped just passed the threshold noticing the lights flickering without light bulbs in them. This time Addy stopped Zora...pulling her backward.

"Are you hungry Zoey girl?" her "dad" asked. The lights flickered uncontrollably, "Come on, Zoey girl.."

"That's not your dad," said Addy, "That's not my husband."

They closely watched as "Gabe" walked around the kitchen..pacing uncomfortably. Itching and pulling at his clothes.

"Dad..." Zora bated him in, "You know I hate being called 'Zoey' right..." Zora said with breath hard to keep steady.

"Gabe" approached Zora in a brisk motion. So fast, they were startled at his immediate company. They aren't sure they witnessed his feet moving. Addy pulled her Zora away from the being. "Gabe" walked to the refrigerator upset, "You're keeping her from me?!" he pulled out a pot full of boiling eggs. "Let's eat eggs," he said. The smell of smoke returned.

"That refrigerator wasn't there," said Addy.

"Just like the lamp upstairs," said Zora, "Jason told me she called us Doppelgangers. Is that why she calls you 'Doppie'?"

"I don't know," said Addy.

"But...being doppelgangers... would make us ...dead right?" asked Zora.

"At this moment, I'm not sure."

The lights flickered off as the last candle blew. The sounds of the two women holding onto one another ricocheted through the lower level of the home as they scuffled to keep each other close. What felt like an eternity was just but a few moments as all the lights in the home burst on concurrently, yet disturbingly. There, standing eye to eye with them were four shadows with each of their faces attached to them. Scars, blood, misery, and pain stamped solid across their doppelgangers faces. What would they do now face to face with an entity showing their face back to them?

Mom walked into the kitchen upright, "Get to know them. These old souls have been around much longer than you."

(This was cut short due to NOT being my original idea. I will not publish this or sell for royalties. This is JUST a taste of the craziness I was looking forward to and I hope you agree! Either way, BIG UPS to Jordan Peele doing his thing! It wasn't my type of film, but I still support him HEAVY!)

Thanks for reading!

-Cherell