

Jackie and the Hunters

By

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INT.LARGE APARTMENT CORRIDOR- NIGHT

A lone man stands chillingly still in the shadows of a flat corridor; HARRY(22). A suitcase and a long black coat announce his purpose to desert the flat. He puts his gun away and proceeds to brush dust off his clothes and wipe blood off his fingers.

SUPER - **CORRIDOR**

A woman's voice:

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

It was a warm night when you and the gang of blood-bond Hunters moved into this apartment. The air warmed up by the steamy fire of a trigger pulled. Every night since then seems the same to you.

INT.BLUNT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room as neat as the owner himself. A man of long black hair and sickly elegance.

BLUNT(30s) lingers still by his window, as still as the RIFLE propped up neatly under his elbow, aimed through the window.

SUPER - **BLUNT'S ROOM**

He checks his watch and presses on the silenced trigger 3 TIMES, casually, no need to delay things by aiming.

The shot PIERCES A MAN on top of a mountain somewhere far away.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

This is Blunt.

Come now, you'll give them a tour won't you?

An ANGRY EYE through the key hole of Blunt's door. Blunt turns to look right into it. The eye hardly blinks and Blunt turns away carelessly.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

Your second cousin once removed. A sniper. The quietest.

INT.HOTSPUR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sweaty blonde hair and an angry man facing a plain wall. His suit a bit shaken.

SUPER - **HOTSPUR'S ROOM**

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Hotspur. A half-brother.

Hotspur punches the wall and dust covers the screen.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
The loudest.

INT.STUDY - NIGHT

A HAND tied flat to the study desk and their BODY to a CHAIR. The victim's mouth is sealed.

SUPER - **STUDY**

Opposite stands DOUGY(24) also fitted with a gentleman suit, gelled back hair and no blink of a facial expression. He calmly flicks out a sharp RAZOR and proceeds to cut the victim's fingers.

The nervous shifting of the victims shadow on the wall.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Dougy. Your third cousin. The
artist of the Hunters' Murder Mark:
loose fingers and toes.

An unexpected voice:

MORTI
Hm.

Reveal MORTI(19) in the corner, attentively taking notes in a black notebook. Smartly dressed in vest and white shirt, her hair neat and flat.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
And Morti. Your younger sister. A
fast learner.

She takes out her own razor and attends to the victim's toes.

INT.TWO ROOMS - NIGHT

We see through into two rooms back-to-back.

SUPER -

MARLEY'S ROOM

OWEN'S ROOM

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Owen, brother of Blunt, and Marley,
the eldest uncle.

Two men: MARLEY(50) and OWEN(25), pace back and forwards in their rooms. Both wear GLASSES and SUITS, but

MARLEY's is grey and OWEN's is black.

They mutter schemes and anxious thoughts under their breaths.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Two big talkers but of
significantly different intentions.

Both stop on the spot. Both lift up a GUN and point it at each other through the wall. Pretend to shoot.

INT.DOOR - NIGHT

A dark door and no light through the key hole.

SUPER - **BOLINGBROKE'S ROOM**

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
This door rarely opens. It's best
not to talk about her yet.

Not even she knew the night her
team moved in, that there was
another person living here.

Suddenly another door. Light through the keyhole...

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Someone who won't disturb the
Hunters in daylight and mind her
own business in moonlight. But
somehow she was someone who would
steal you.

EXT.APARTMENT - NIGHT

A tall flat, as powerful and large as it stands, one could describe it as home for the low-lives. The WINDOW of some three or four levels above the ground, opened and inside CLIMB some three or four crooks in hoods.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

It's night.

A time when you can escape your ill-flavoured responsibilities and live among those who strive to be better.

Let's leave it at that.

INT.JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

First through the window rolls in JACKIE(27), a tiny woman of rugged hair, unhealthy features and a body unfit for climbing through windows. She collapses in some belongings and gets back on her feet with difficulty.

Then: HARRY(22), in some sense the complete opposite. Healthy, fit and shiny but with fire in his eyes and sweat in his hair. Also a posh black coat that makes him look like Zorro.

More crooks roll inside. GIDDY(27) and BADDY(27), two girls, losers who look drunk and burst out laughing as they land hard on the floor together.

JACKIE

Lets drown these in alcohol.

She collects everyone's CLUTCHES OF STOLEN MONEY, spreads it out on the bed and pretends to swim and then drown in it.

Harry lights a cigarette and looks at something...

HARRY

Is this yours, Jackie?

On the floor is a BODY of a middle-aged man in a hi-vis jacket. SCISSORS in his neck and BLOOD splattered clumsily.

SUPER - JACKIE'S ROOM

Jackie abandons her position excitedly and trots up to Hal.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

What's mine is yours, my sweet Hal.

Giddy and Baddy jump on the bed behind, causing a storm of money paper in the room.

JACKIE

I only put the scissors in him but
we can share his money and both
admire his blonde head.

Jackie picks up a stack of dripping bloody money and offers to Harry.

HARRY

I'd rather just the head. But I see
you had fun.

He refers to the splattered blood.

Harry retreats to open a beer and sit by a tiny table in the depths of the bare room.

JACKIE

Only in this for the sake of fun.

Jackie rummages in drawers and dumps her findings of alcohol into one tall glass.

She looks at Giddy and Baddy now rolling off the bed and climbing back up repeatedly in the money pile.

HARRY

What more could there be to it?

JACKIE

Well, money works in mysterious
ways. The more of it one has the
more he wants.

HARRY

The more of it one has the more he
drinks.

JACKIE

You brat! Then let's rob your
brothers tomorrow?

HARRY

Not like this.

He points at the postman.

HARRY

The most obvious crime scene in the world. How do you do it Jackie?

Jackie has filled her glass of mixed alcohol and dug out some chocolate. She does a twirl in the flying money before heading over to sit with Harry.

They drink and smoke together. Giddy and Baddy sit on the edge of the bed swaying in unison and nodding along way too often.

JACKIE

That's not fair you don't know the whole story. He pointed a gun at my nose - so I went berserk. I'd rather lose an eye than my nose. How would I smell the fear on my foes if I lost my nose?

HARRY

Your stories are amusing, at least.

JACKIE

But I wasn't a scared - he was! Of my strength, my agility and my -- deathly stare. He told me he thought I looked like a bad-ass bitch. So I kicked his gut in and took over the scene.

HARRY

You with your little hands, stumbling around all over the place? You would have killed yourself faster.

JACKIE

I would have killed YOU faster.

HARRY

(Laughing)

Lanky Poins will love this one.

JACKIE

You and Lanky Poins should pick on someone of your own stature and entitlement. Anyway he had a gun, I promise.

GIDDY

She promised.

HARRY
Where is it then?

JACKIE
Well, I lost it.

BADDY
She lost it.

Harry bursts into tearful laughter.

HARRY
How can you lie so terribly? You're supposed to be a crook. At least redeem your dwarfish nature with good lies.

He mockingly measures Jackie against himself with his hand. Jackie slaps his hand away.

JACKIE
I redeem it with my banter, which is far richer than yours with your pointless hand gestures. And I'm not a goddamn liar. Such a grand sin wouldn't fit in such a small body. I would have kept the gun, I know how to use it and all...but we will all have real proper guns soon thanks to you, Hal.

HARRY
When would that be, midget liar?

JACKIE
When you become boss of your little bounty hunter gang funfair. Then all us bastards will be redeemed and put to good use, not left to loiter about the night streets like bandits only to be frowned upon.

Harry flicks his cigarette in a straight line through the open window and lights another.

HARRY
Fuck sake Jackie, you couldn't pull it off if you wanted to. It's quiet, gentle work not for someone with a disturbed mind like yours who throws their weird midget body all about the place.

JACKIE

It's murder work. It needs strong
minds like mine and my wit and
spirit to keep you idiot fools
sane.

HARRY

You just eat your chocolate bar and
don't worry about murder chubby
little friend.

JACKIE

Don't be a square.

She makes a square with her hands.

JACKIE

What time is it, Hal?

HARRY

You would forget about it even if I
told you right now. You don't go
anywhere in the daytime, and by
night you operate by drunken, fried
up instinct so why do you want to
know the fucking time?

JACKIE

I want to sleep.

Giddy and Baddy are asleep. Jackie looks towards the window.
A streak of sunlight looks alien on her face.

JACKIE

It's so fantastic how bright the
sun is in the swollen eyes of a
junkie.

Hal's expression changes.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

The cigarette sticking out of your
mouth freezes as you remember you
have to be somewhere by sunrise.

INT.LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A door.

SUPER - LIVING ROOM.

Hal enters.

(CONTINUED)

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
Hotspur is already waiting for you.

The scornful face of Hotspur judging Hal. He sits on a backwards chair near the door.

A formation of grey, quiet, serious men scattered around the room, each in their own intimidating position, facing Hal.

A long silence as the sun rises higher.

SUPER - DAY

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
It's day.

A particularly ugly puzzle you
choose not to get yourself involved
in.

Air puffs out of Hotspur's nose like a bull's.

The door shuts trapping Harry inside.

CROSS-FADE TO:

INT.CORRIDOR - MORNING

SUPER ON DOOR - DAY AND 5 MINUTES

The door swings open as an amused Harry marches out.

HOTSPUR
Don't let the door hit you in the
crack pipe on the way out!

The door closes behind him.

INT.LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Hotspur can't contain his emotion but also can't eloquently present it in words.

HOTSPUR
He's the biggest loser I've ever
seen.

Morti laughs.

HOTSPUR
Don't laugh at me. Why is she
laughing at me?

I could kill him with one twitch of
a finger if he wasn't so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOTSPUR (cont'd)
disturbingly important to you
Bolingbroke.

MARLEY leans on a wall humble and observing.

A voice from A FIGURE UNNOTICED BEFORE, by the dark curtains. BOLINGBROKE(27), wearing a black suit and tie, her face worn-out by years of stress and immoral doings.

BOLINGBROKE
Shut up Hotspur...I'm sure he
doesn't care to be your leader.

Our brother has been twisted into a
bounty from a hunter.

She smokes by the window.

OWEN
May I remind you that tradition is
a principle among us, Bolingbroke.
And as you often say my dear
cousin, principles are how we
function. If you die then he takes
your place.

Bolingbroke stabs her cigarette on the nearest surface and
jabs Owen with a look.

BOLINGBROKE
I won't die then.

Her eyes wander suddenly disturbed.

BOLINGBROKE
He's a punishment to me for my sins
and I'll just have to live with the
consequences of my actions.

HOTSPUR
You cant expect to live for very
long then.

MARLEY comes forward to the room centre from leaning on a
wall.

MARLEY
You should be weary of what you say
at this time of tension young
Hotspur.

Owen shifts to stand behind Marley, almost creeping in on
him.

OWEN

I think Hotspur is merely
emphasising that we all want to
know what's going on with Harry.

MORTI, who's been sitting on the couch picking at her
fingernails takes voice.

MORTI

I'll take care of him. With Dougy.

DOUGY plays with a knife sat by the dining table.

MARLEY

I want to draw your attention
brothers and sisters to the fact
that there will be a death tonight
in this apartment, if my
information is correct. There are
traitors on our tail and I can
assure you of my assumption that
they intend to strike tonight.

On the opposite side of the window from Bolingbroke, Blunt
has been quietly smoking with her. He looks towards her.

BLUNT

(To Bolingbroke)

So we move.

MARLEY

I wish things were as easy and few
as your words, Blunt. But another
confirmed assumption is that these
rats find themselves in the very
apartment in which we converse.
They have been among us every day
and night.

Bolingbroke hangs her head.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

You and me are not made for
greatness. We are made out of
treachery and lies.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The same flat. Light from a window.

SUPER - **NIGHT 1**

Some letters fall through the LETTER BOX of the FRONT DOOR.
The POSTMAN is seen through the door peep-hole.

(CONTINUED)

As soon as the letters land JACKIE violently swings the door open and points at the postman with scissors before she realises...

He's got a balaclava on his head. He tackles her and ANOTHER BALACLAVA CHARACTER emerges from behind the wall to help him.

They drag her through the corridor, mouth covered.

They pass:

DOUGY, who stares at them coldly but doesn't move.

OWEN's shadow pacing in his room and his voice whispering anxious thoughts.

MORTI and DOUGY who peak out of a slightly opened study door. And finally in the depths of the corridor:

HOTSPUR looking through a KEY-HOLE into one of the rooms. The light from inside the room illuminates his angry face.

They take no notice of any of these Hunters and proceed to Jackie's room, the second attacker very excited.

SECOND ATTACKER

Can we smash things?

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

JACKIE is tied to a chair, her mouth tied too.

The two BALACLAVA CHARACTERS stand on either side of her. One wears a BLACK TRENCH COAT and the other a MAROON one.

BLACK TRENCH COAT takes out a gun and wipes it with a tissue.

BLACK

(calmly)

Where is your money?

Jackie whinges and nods towards a chest on top of her wardrobe. MAROON TRENCH COAT goes to it.

Black lights a cigarette and tends to the record player to put some OMINOUS MUSIC ON.

MAROON

(mockingly)

Oh a little treasure chest.

(CONTINUED)

Maroon goes back over and opens the chest without struggle. He notices Jackie watching so he kicks the chair.

BLACK
Steady. Count the money and put the chest back.

Maroon thinks he's funny and sits on Jackie's lap to count.

BLACK
Over there.
MAROON
Alright!

He does.

Black paces calmly cleaning his gun and hums along to the tune.

BLACK
So what do we do with you?

He kneels down by the terrified Jackie. He presses the barrel of the gun to her trembling foot.

BLACK
Which one of your toes do you like the least?

A drip of sweat from Jackie's forehead.

BLACK
Or which one do you like the most?
We'll let that one off.

Maroon laughs.

BLACK
What about your fingers?

He moves behind her to press the barrel to her hand. Her eyes try to follow him.

You only use them for your sticky junky habit anyway, don't you?

Or would that be your nose...?

Maroon OPENS A BEER that was on the desk and begins to DANCE in the background.

INT.BLUNT'S ROOM - NIGHT

A GUN. It peeps through the KEY HOLE of a door to Blunt's room.

BLUNT is turned away as he looks out the window with his rifle propped up under his elbow. Despite this, his expression implies his awareness of the gun.

INT.JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A circular print is left on Jackie's palm.

Black has crammed the gun into Jackie's mouth now.

BLACK

Shhhh. Can you hear that? He wants to hear your last words. Do you want to tell him?

Jackie is now crying.

INT.BLUNT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The hand cocks the gun. Blunt sighs in annoyance.

BANG - a gun shot.

SMASH - at the same time...

INT.JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

...Maroon smashes the beer bottle behind Jackie which masks the gun shot sound which came from another room.

BLACK

You had to do it?

Maroon shrugs apologetically.

BLACK

Have a good night, now.

Black and Maroon rush off the scene.

INT.FLAT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

SUPER - **STAIRCASE**

MAROON and BLACK run down the stairs laughing. They take their balaclavas off.

Black was HARRY and Maroon was Harry's friend LANKY POINS (22).

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly HOTSPUR opens the flat door and both boys stop on the stair-case to look up at him.

HOTSPUR

(to Harry)

Is the girl Jackie in her room?

Harry stops smiling.

HARRY

She just went out.

HOTSPUR

She makes you pathetic. You know if there is anything worse than a crook; it's a clumsy crook.

Hotspur closes the door.

EXT.APARTMENT IN EDINBURGH - DAY

Birds sing good-morning. The blinds of Jackie's window are closed.

SUPER - **DAY**

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

It's day.

INT.HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

SUPER - **HARRY'S ROOM**

Harry sleeps in his dark room.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)

One that I ask you to take part in.

The same OMINOUS TUNE as Harry put on last night in Jackie's room can be heard through the walls.

Harry's EYES OPEN.

INT.BOLINGBROKE'S ROOM - DAY

HARRY enters without knocking. BOLINGBROKE sits opposite, one leg over the other, expecting him. An ash tray accompanies her cigarette.

The room is shadowy, but it's obviously not been tidied in at least a month.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What's up?

He turns off the song at the source. He makes himself comfortable in an arm-chair almost facing Bolingborke. He's leaning towards her as if to comfort her.

BOLINGBROKE

Hal, don't you love me?

Harry laughs.

HARRY

Who said that?

BOLINGBROKE

You did. By ruining all our chances in this foolish game.

HARRY

I'm making my chances greater.

BOLINGBROKE

You know that, after tonight it's you and me left against the Hunters. You and me as the only ones left with any sense in this fucking madhouse.

HARRY

You know who the traitors are?

BOLINGBROKE

What can I do? I can't afford to lose any more trust. They have me now, I can't do anything.

HARRY

I can kill them for you.

BOLINGBROKE

Hal, I don't know how I'm going to live the rest of this life. It's unbearable.

INT.LARGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER - **NIGHT 2**

Harry sits patiently in the darkening corridor. His legs in front of him, one on top of the other. A gun on his lap.

He relaxes but stays alert.

A door beside opens; he is scooped inside of a room by a PAIR OF ARMS.

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

One of JACKIE's legs is still tied to a half destroyed chair. Her and HARRY lie on the floor tangled. Harry props himself up and looks at Jackie's leg.

HARRY

You're still tied to that thing?

JACKIE

I will tell you the truth and you won't believe me. Harry. It's our little routine.

HARRY

Okay.

He picks himself up off the floor and leans on a wooden cabinet looking down at Jackie still down there.

HARRY

What is this truth then?

JACKIE

There was six of them ugly faces. They invited themselves inside my sacred home and threatened to take my fragile life.

HARRY

Oh look at that. Hm, what did they have on you? A gun?

JACKIE

A gun, Harry? If you think they had a gun then I'm not sure you understand the nature of the event. They were equipped from the tip of their nose to the ground; they had all kinds of knives, rifles, bombs and I think I heard one say he had a tank. I killed them all, all bloody ten of them, but one. One who pointlessly tied me to a single-seat furniture and ran away the bastard.

HARRY

How many were there?

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

Eleven massive creatures.

HARRY

Eleven now? Unbelievable.

JACKIE

They probably heard a few things about me so they came as a group you know. But I tell you it was my spirit against their numbers. The bastards - fuck - they robbed me. They took all my money.

HARRY

Here's your money.

He kneels to hand Jackie the money. Before she does, he grabs her by the wrist.

HARRY

It was me and Lanky Pains you liar. Do you admit now that you're a liar?

Jackie smiles.

JACKIE

Of course not.

Harry tries to contain his childish anger.

HARRY

Why are you so silly?

JACKIE

There are some silly things you will never understand, Hal.

I knew all along it was you, but I couldn't hurt the future leader of the Hunters could I? I live with all of those. I wouldn't even be able to say "my sweet Hal" before I'd lose all my fingers and toes. Oh and maybe my nose too.

HARRY

Stop distracting me with your silly stories, Jackie. I have something to do.

Harry goes to exit.

JACKIE
That's good Harry. I'll just untie
myself.

BANG. A gunshot.

INT.MARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry runs into MARLEY's room.

Marley lies dead on the floor, a hole in his head. Harry
looks at the wall; a A HOLE IN THE WALL, right through to
Owen's room.

INT.LIVINGROOM - DAY

SUPER - **DAY**

All the Hunters who are left; HOTSPUR, OWEN, DOUGY and
MORTI; scattered around the room in their positions.

Only this time they face BOLINGBROKE and HARRY sat together
on the couch. Harry dressed SMARTLY IN A SUIT.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
It's the next day. Only me and you
are left against the rising
disturbance of the antagonists.

Bolingbroke and Harry watch everyone watch them.

HARRY (V.O.)
Jackie distracted me.

BOLINGBROKE (V.O.)
That girl has cursed you hasn't
she? Who do you think will trust
you now?

HARRY (V.O.)
Jackie is my best way to gain the
trust of the Hunters.

Bolingbroke looks at Harry in shock.

HARRY (V.O.)
Would you not be impressed if I
rose from such depths?

OWEN
Bolingbroke, dear, you are the one
and only suspect in this case. You
have lied your way into the lead

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OWEN (cont'd)
and now the best thing for you to do would be to confess to killing our honourable and renowned brothers Marley and Blunt --and resign. In the case that you don't own up to your ill doings, we will be forced to kill you.

A silence.

Bolingbroke starts laughing.

BOLINGBROKE
You have all lost your minds.

Aggravated, Hotspur aims a handgun at Bolingbroke and cocks it.

Harry calmly prevents his sister's death:

HARRY
It was Jackie.

All heads turn to him.

HOTSPUR
Prove it.

Dougy plays with a kitchen knife and Morti stands behind, eyeing Harry up and down.

Harry stands up. He hides his hands in the pockets of his trousers and strolls towards the window.

HARRY
"The Hunters". Every one of us is so miserable inside that we choose to call ourselves that. We only survive knowing that our principles make us who we are. The principles that we know better than we know ourselves. We only choose to continue our miserable lives because we are the Hunters.

And yet, none of you here who call yourselves Hunters notice that our mark has not been left on either one of these murders.

We don't like to hide. We're proud of who we are. But Marley and

(MORE)

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HARRY (cont'd)
Blunt? They still have all of their
fingers nicely on their hands and
all of their toes nicely on their
feet.

INT.JACKIE'S ROOM - DAY

JACKIE lies in bed cold still, eyes closed. VOMIT poured
from her mouth and BLOOD from her nose. Some powder and a
rolled up banknote rest on the bed-side table.

Her door swings open.

MORTI stands in the doorway. She lifts up her gun, but she
hesitates.

DOUGY appears behind her. Morti lowers the gun.

MORTI
She's a goner anyway.

Dougy flings out his SHARP RAZORR.

MORTI
She's not worth our mark.

Morti leaves.

Dougy comes closer with his razor. Eventually he hides it,
in disappointment.

EXT.LARGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER - **NIGHT 3**

No light in Jackie's window.

EXT.PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

HARRY sits on a see-saw, with a beer, a cigarette and he
takes out a chocolate bar too. Why not?

HARRY(V.O.)
It's night.

A time when I try to escape my
ill-flavoured responsibilities and
strive to be better. The Hunters
don't leave the apartment at night,
they won't intrude.

He sees the Hunters approach him from afar.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (V.O.)
 But they're not the Hunters
 anymore. If I don't have the
 principles or Jackie left, then
 what do I live for?

They're close now. They stand in an almost semi-circle
 formation around Harry. HOTSPUR at the front.

HARRY
 Brothers. Hotspur. Where is
 Bolingbroke?

HOTSPUR
 Dougy and Morti took care of her.
 Properly; with the mark.

Hotspur smirks.

Harry freezes. He remains silent for a long while.

OWEN
 It [BEAT] was for the best... our
 point is Harry -

HARRY
 Think hard on what you say next
 Owen.

Herein the Hunters are strategic
 and precise. The childish bickering
 amongst yourselves ends today.

OWEN
 You have always been one of us,
 sir. The Hunters shall fare well
 under your subtle course and able
 command.

Hotspur squints his forehead. Nothing is said as the Hunters
 stand around Harry on the see-saw.

HARRY (V.O.)
 I knew then, I wasn't destined for
 greatness. I was made of treachery
 and lies.

Let's leave it at that.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT.HOTSPUR'S ROOM - NIGHT

HOTSPUR standing opposite his wall dripping with sweat and anger.

Behind him: HARRY. He points a gun at his head.

HARRY

Do you want to say anything for the
end?

Hotspur punches the wall and dust covers the screen.