

End of Day

by

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OVER BLACK.

A screeching sound in the distance.

It gets louder and closer. It crescendoes, then stops.

BING-BONG

INT. 175TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

A platform full of half-awake New Yorkers.

The doors of the incoming A-train open. Commuters flood in, led by a dead-eyed woman, AGATHA (Late 20s).

Agatha wears a RAIN COAT and BACKPACK. She has a BAND-AID on her neck.

SOME GUY from inside the car barrels by, nudging Agatha.

SOME GUY

Let the people off first... assholes!

Agatha continues in, not concerned in the slightest.

INT. A-TRAIN - MORNING

SOME GAL points to the open window seat next to Agatha.

SOME GAL

Can I?

Agatha doesn't acknowledge this request. Gal attempts to squirm past a perfectly still Agatha.

After a moment, Gal's nostrils flare. She recoils. Gal stands and bolts to the other end of the train.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TRANSFER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Agatha passes a VAGRANT, who finishes off a bottle of booze in a brown bag, then throws it at the wall.

As she walks, Agatha glances at the beams above. There's an art installation. Words painted in block letters:

"GET FIRED"

"WHY BOTHER?"

"WHY THE PAIN?"

"JUST GO HOME,"

"DO IT AGAIN."

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - MORNING

Agatha puts her hood up. Seconds later, April showers send unprepared pedestrians running.

WHITE SMOKE creeps out a manhole cover, following Agatha.

Using her peripheries, Agatha clocks the smoke. She cowers behind a LinkNYC stand as the smoke billows past.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

Agatha enters through a revolving door, flashing her WORK ID at a security guard.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Agatha rides with two business-casual bros, TONY and JASON (30s).

JASON

I never even considered starting him.

TONY

That's why you're in last place.

Jason sniffs the air and gives Tony a look.

INT. 25TH FLOOR OFFICES - SECONDS LATER

BEEP from the ID CARD SENSOR next to a glass door.

Agatha holds it open for Tony and Jason, who ignore the gesture as they walk by. Agatha stays at the door.

JASON

I'm gonna send some trades your way.

TONY

Don't bother. I'm not gonna help your team get better.

Agatha takes a HAMMER from her backpack and dislodges the sensors from the wall.

JASON

What are you doing, Agatha?

Agatha grabs a WATER BALLOON from the backpack and hits Tony in the chest.

TONY

What the fuck!? What is this!?

JASON

She got you good, bro!

The next item out of Agatha's backpack is a can of WD-40 with a LIGHTER rigged to it. Agatha flicks the lighter...

WOOSH!!!

She sends a fireball at Tony. He roasts and collapses.

Jason kneels to help Tony, and turns his head just in time to meet the end of Agatha's hammer.

Fire alarms blare. A CO-WORKER runs to the door, but can't open it without the sensor. Agatha torches them.

Agatha peeks through the glass door. No one is coming.

She goes back on the warpath, murdering her co-workers.

Overhead sprinklers can't fight the rising flames.

KNOCKING at the door - someone trying to get in. Outside, white smoke creeps up the building, fogging the windows.

End game time. Agatha turns the lighter to her own coat. It instantly is engulfed with flames.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agatha finds her BOSS cowering in a corner.

BOSS

No, no!

Agatha hugs Boss, sharing the flames. He falls.

Agatha shuts the door and slides a desk in front of it. The fire finally brings Agatha to the ground.

POUNDING on the glass. People try to smash their way in. It's too late.

Agatha's skin burns. She writhes with involuntary screams. Her eyes roll back.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - EARLIER SAME MORNING

A SUNRISE ALARM CLOCK silently starts pulsing, easing a rail of a man, PAUL FOOTE (32), to stir in bed.

The display reads 7:45am, April 3rd, 2023.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Paul clicks off his electric razor. He looks at his neck in the mirror. A SMALL HAIR remains unshaved.

He moves the razor in a circle around the hair.

It's still there.

Paul pulls the hair with tweezers. His neck bleeds.

Paul puts his other hand on his neck for leverage and screams while making one last pull.

Paul marvels at the SEVEN INCH HAIR he's just plucked.

PAUL

Huh.

SUPER: END OF DAY

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

As he opens the front door on his way out, Paul sees a COCKROACH scurry across his doormat.

He hovers over the cockroach with his foot, ready to squish. The cockroach doesn't move.

Paul shows mercy and pushes the cockroach outside with his foot, and continues on his way.

INT. 145TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Paul swipes his MetroCard. Insufficient funds.

He gets in a long line at the ticket machine.

INT. 145TH STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - MORNING

Paul races down the stairs, the train in the station.

The doors close. Paul pleads to the conductor.

No luck. The train moves along.

Viewers *might* notice Agatha inside the departing train.

The arrival clock shows 12 minutes until the next train.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - 12 MINUTES LATER

Paul is but one sardine in a tightly packed can.

He refreshes the podcast app on his phone, scrolling through new episodes of NPR-type human interest programs.

The overhead intercom interrupts-

MTA CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Attention passengers. Due to signal failures, ALL downtown A-trains will be suspending service at 42nd street-

A symphony of groans.

PASSENGER
Every. Damn. Time.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TRANSFER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Distracted by the art installation above, Paul bumps into the VAGRANT, causing him to drop his brown bag.

It makes a suspicious SHATTERING sound. The Vagrant empties the bag, flaunting shards of an expensive bottle.

VAGRANT
That was brand new!!!

Paul takes out his wallet and pays off the Vagrant.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ENTRANCE - MORNING

A STACK produces SMOKE that cuts through the rain. It follows Paul through a crosswalk.

A damp office crowd hangs outside. Paul follows their gaze upwards to the burnt facade of the building.

Paul approaches his silver-haired boss, CONNOR (50s).

PAUL
What happened?

CONNOR
Some lady on the 25th floor went berserk.

EMTs roll by with gurneys, sheets covering the BODIES.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Picked a good day to be late!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

An all-verticals meeting - already in progress.

Paul sits in back with the peons. The important people sit at a beautiful center conference table.

On a large screen: Pics of the burned office interior, a security pic of Agatha entering the building, etc.

The managing editor, BUFFORD (50s), steers the meeting.

BUFFORD
Evening special. Headlines. Go.

He points at two city editors, NEVINS and JACOBY (40s)

NEVINS
Start-up burned down.

BUFFORD
Where's the death?

JACOBY
Massacre on Wall Street.

BUFFORD
Better. (To the room) Red means green!

The people at the table laugh. The peons follow suit.

BUFFORD (CONT'D)
Distribution?

CONNOR
We'll get it out, no problem.

Paul touches his neck, and notices BLOOD on his fingers.

BUFFORD
How's membership?

CONNOR
Robust. What's the number Paperboy?

The room turns to Paul, who didn't hear the question.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
He'll circ numbers after this meeting.

INT. 18TH FLOOR BULLPEN - DAY

A crowd of employees, including Paul with a new Bandaid, gather at the behest of a FIRE MARSHAL.

FIRE MARSHAL
In the case of a fire or active shooter
it's imperative to remain calm.

There's some dismissive LAUGHTER from the crowd.

Nearby at their desk, Jacoby, talks loudly on a call.

JACOBY
No, that's not going to work...

FIRE MARSHAL
In any emergency situation the elevators
will be shut off. So you're going to want
to head for the stairs.

JACOBY
I need an answer today...

FIRE MARSHAL
Now, does everyone know where the stairs
are on this floor?

Nevins walks right past the Fire Marshal.

NEVINS
Fresh pots!

A few people wander off. Paul gives in, and follows them.

INT. BREAK OUT KITCHENETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Two people ahead of Paul in the coffee line.

Passive-aggressive signs fill the area:

- Please remove old food from the fridge
- Please rinse the sponge after use
- Please do not microwave fish

The person before Paul pours their cup.

It's Paul's turn. He grabs the pot. Empty.

He looks at the sign next to the coffeemaker:

- Please refill empty pots after use.

Paul empties the used coffee filter.

INT. 18TH FLOOR, PAUL'S DESK - LATER

BRRRING!

Paul answers his desk phone.

PAUL

Paul Foote.

CUSTOMER SERVICE (V.O.)

Paperboy! Got an old hag who wants her *Chronicle*. Forwarding to you now.

PAUL

Wait-

The call is patched in. The woman on the other end, MAXINE (70s) speaks loudly.

MAXINE (V.O.)

Who's this now?

PAUL

Hi ma'am. This is Paul. Could I get your name?

MAXINE (V.O.)

Where's my paper?

PAUL

I'd like to help figure that out, but first I need your name.

MAXINE (V.O.)

Maxine Fitzpatrick.

Paul searches a database on his monitor.

MAXINE (V.O.)

I've got the *Chronicle* every day for the past twenty years. This is unacceptable.

PAUL

Ms. Fitzpatrick, I'm having trouble finding you in our membership database-

MAXINE (V.O.)

One of your boys always delivers to my doorstep-

PAUL

But do you have a membership?

MAXINE (V.O.)

What? All I know is a boy brings the paper and I give him my four dollars. I think this one's name is Julian.

PAUL

Ok, I think you actually want to talk to Frank. He's in charge of our street team-

MAXINE (V.O.)

Don't transfer me!

PAUL

If I don't transfer you, I'll have to call Frank myself and put you on hold.

MAXINE (V.O.)

Fine.

Bluff Called. Paul puts Maxine on hold and dials Frank's extension. Frank doesn't pick up.

Paul looks back at the roster to find Frank's desk.

PAUL

(to himself)

Eighteen Four One Two.

INT. 18TH FLOOR BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks the floor - A difficult to navigate labyrinth.

A group of SLOW WALKERS turn into Paul's path. They walk in a horizontal line, taking up the whole hallway.

Paul cuts in through a desk pod, and is bumped by JACOBY, who rolls backwards in their chair without looking.

JACOBY
 (Into Phone)
 What part of today don't you understand?

Paul rounds a corner, but stops as a HERD OF PEOPLE argue over who's booked the nearby conference room.

Paul squeezes by, passes more desks, and sees 18-412!

PAUL
 Frank?

A WOMAN rises over the partition.

WOMAN
 Frank's 18-412A. I'm 18-412B.

Paul hustles down a hallway to a mirrored layout of his bullpen. 18-412A - He's made it.

PAUL
 Frank.

FRANK (40s), a curmudgeon, turns in his chair.

FRANK
 Yeah?

PAUL
 I tried calling you.

FRANK
 Phone's on silent. What's up?

PAUL
 Do you have a Julian on your street team?

FRANK
 I don't think so.

PAUL
 Could you check?

Inconvenienced, Frank hits a few keystrokes.

FRANK
 No Julian.

PAUL
 Ok. Can I send this lady back to you-

Nevins manifests out of no where.

NEVINS

Fresh pots!

Frank follows Nevins like he's the goddamn Pied Piper.

INT. 18TH FLOOR, PAUL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath, Paul takes Maxine off hold.

PAUL

Hi Ms. Fitzpatrick-

MAXINE (V.O.)

What took so freaking long?

PAUL

Tell you what, I'm gonna give you a membership free of charge, and send today's *Chronicle* over right away.

MAXINE (V.O.)

Are you sending Julian?

PAUL

Not Julian, but-

Maxine hangs up. All that for nothing.

Paul decides to search for "Maxine Fitzpatrick NYC address." He finds a match, and completes her membership.

INT. BREAK OUT KITCHENETTE - MID DAY

Only one PERSON stands between Paul and his coffee.

The Person pours a cup, stops, reaches for and fills a second cup, then leaves.

Paul lifts the coffee pot. Empty.

INT. EMPLOYEE CAFE - LUNCH TIME

Co-workers sit in booths and talk over each other.

Alone, Paul opens his Tupperware to reveal beautiful HOMEMADE SUSHI.

The cafe chef, DERON (20s, handsome) lurches behind Paul.

DERON

What's today's special?

Paul smiles, and offers the Tupperware.

DERON (CONT'D)
Shut up. You made these?

PAUL
It's not as hard as you'd think.

Deron takes a piece of sushi. Paul watches the delight wash over Deron's face as he consumes it.

DERON
You gotta teach me how to cook.

PAUL
Serious? I'd love that.

Paul's cell buzzes. He looks at the number and shoots up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Sorry, gotta take this. Here.

Paul hands the remaining sushi to Deron.

DERON
For real?

As he exits, Paul smiles and nods.

DERON (CONT'D)
You're too good for this world, Paul.

INT. 18TH FLOOR HUDDLE ROOMS - MINUTES LATER

Rows of small glass offices. Phone rooms employees mostly use to nap or cry.

Paul slips in and whips out his phone. He's bouncy. The HIRING MANAGER on the other end picks up.

PAUL
Hi, it's Paul Foote returning your call.

HIRING MANAGER (V.O.)
Hi Paul! So... it's good news.

Jubilation. An awkward but sincere victory dance.

INT. CONNOR'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Connor reads a LETTER. Paul waits for him to finish.

CONNOR
I don't accept it.

PAUL
What do you mean?

CONNOR
"Please accept this letter of
resignation." I don't accept it.

Connor tosses the letter in the trash. Paul's confused.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
You don't want that job, Paperboy.

PAUL
I haven't even told you what the job is.

CONNOR
Go ahead.

PAUL
It's a non-profit-

CONNOR
Yuck.

PAUL
I'm taking the job.

CONNOR
You're my glue guy. Without you, this
place crumbles.

PAUL
Then why haven't you promoted me?

CONNOR
OK miss drama queen. I'll bring it up to
Bufford, again, even though it will make
me look like a putz. That what you want?

PAUL
I want this job. I'll make a difference-

CONNOR
You're young. You can make a difference
later. What's a few more years here?

PAUL
I don't want a few years to turn into my
whole life in this office.

CONNOR

Why don't we table this for now and see how you feel in a few days, ok?

Exhaustion washes over Paul. He turns to leave.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Don't leave yet. Some stuff came in that I need you to knock out before you go.

Connor grabs his coat and walks past Paul.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Thanks, Paperboy!

EXT. HARLEM, PAUL'S APARTMENT - QUITTING TIME

Drenched, Paul climbs the steps to his APARTMENT. It's modest, only a few units.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul steps in. His sister MEG (20s, artsy) slips a small CANVAS, a portrait, into an envelope, then drops it into a box of others.

MEG

It's late.

PAUL

Got stuck at work. Those all commissioned selfies?

MEG

Yup. People love looking at themselves.

Paul's attention is drawn to a larger CANVAS on an EASEL.

PAUL

What about that one?

This work is abstract, aggressive, pessimistic.

MEG

I couldn't make it to the stoop today.

PAUL

Today was tough.

Paul puts an arm around his sister. Their mackerel tabby AMOEBA trots in and rubs against the easel.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Meba likes it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A blur in the kitchen, Paul expertly finishes plating bowls of risotto with one hand, while blending a boiled chicken and gravy mixture with the other.

Paul does his best David Attenborough voice while pouring the blended mixture into Amoeba's bowl.

PAUL
The majestic house cat. Happily abandons hunting in exchange for sustenance provided daily from an overworked human.

Amoeba digs in.

PAUL (CONT'D)
The human, of course, is happy to oblige.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DINNER TIME

Paul and Meg eat their risotto and play SCRABBLE.

MEG
Nine out the gate.

Meg plays the word TRAVEL. Paul gives her a look.

MEG (CONT'D)
What?

PAUL
Just surprised you would play travel.

MEG
Stop, you sound like Mom and Dad.

PAUL
I know, I know-

MEG
(Agitated)
If they want to see me so bad, they can come visit. Nothing's stopping them. When I can handle being outside again, I'll-

PAUL
Meg! Sorry. Forget I said it.

Paul digs into the tile bag. Meg regains her composure.

MEG

Hey, you hear about that job soon, right?

Paul tenses.

PAUL

Yeah. Any day now.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Amoeba sleeps in between Paul's legs. Paul drifts away.

TIME LAPSE

We go from complete darkness, through the simulated dawn from the sunrise alarm clock, all the way to morning.

As the day turns over, Amoeba suddenly vanishes.

The alarm clock light pulses, and Paul sits up.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Paul removes the bandaid. His neck wound doesn't look great, but it's better than before.

INT. 145TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Paul swipes his MetroCard. *Insufficient funds.*

PAUL

Come on.

He tosses the "defective" MetroCard, then gets in line.

INT. 145TH STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER

Paul sprints to try to catch the train in the station.

PAUL

Hold it! Hold it!

No one holds it.

Paul looks to the arrival clock. 12 minutes. He's too frustrated to note the date: 4/3/23

INT. SUBWAY CAR – TOO MANY MINUTES LATER

On a crowded train, Paul refreshes his podcast app, but it's the same episodes from yesterday.

MTA CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Attention passengers. Due to signal failures, ALL downtown A-trains will be suspending service at 42nd street-

Paul can't believe his luck.

PASSENGER
Every. Damn. Time.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TRANSFER CORRIDOR – MINUTES LATER

Paul sees the Vagrant coming. He tries to move, but the Vagrant veers off course to initiate contact.

VAGRANT
That was brand new!!!

PAUL
Sorry, you ran this con on me yesterday.

Paul continues on, leaving the Vagrant stunned.

EXT. CITY CHRONICLE BUILDING ENTRANCE – MORNING

Paul is shocked to see the crowd outside again, looking at the same burnt facade.

EMTs roll by with gurneys, sheets covering the BODIES.

CONNOR
Paperboy! Picked a good day to be late!

Employees shuffle in, but Paul hangs back, shocked.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – MINUTES LATER

Same photos of Agatha at the same All-verticals meeting.

Paul talks to himself and a peon next to him listens.

PAUL
Start-up burned down. Massacre on Wall Street.

NEVINS
Start-up burned down.

BUFFORD
Where's the death?

JACOBY
Massacre on Wall Street.

The peon is flabbergasted.

PEON
How'd you do that?

Paul stands before the question is even asked.

BUFFORD
How's Membership?

PAUL
Two hundred thousand, six hundred and
thirty four members as of this morning.

This display wakes people from their malaise.

INT. 18TH FLOOR, PAUL'S DESK - DAY

Paul sits in silence, carefully watching his phone,
knowing what's next. It rings once and he picks it up.

CUSTOMER SERVICE (V.O.)
Paperboy! Got an old hag who wants her
paper. Forwarding to you now.

Maxine is patched in.

MAXINE (V.O.)
Who's this now?

PAUL
It's Paul Foote, Ms. Fitzpatrick. I put
you in the membership database yesterday.

Paul searches the database on his monitor.

MAXINE (V.O.)
No! Who are you? This is unacceptable.

PAUL
Paul Foote. You remember talking to me?

MAXINE (V.O.)
What's going on? Where's Julian?

Maxine's information is absent from the database.

INT. EMPLOYEE CAFE - LUNCH TIME

Paul opens his Tupperware expecting risotto. It's sushi.

DERON

What's today's special?

Paul attempts to put on a good face. The attempt fails.

DERON (CONT'D)

Woah, woah - You ok?

Deron puts an empathetic hand to Paul's.

PAUL

Excuse me.

Embarrassed, Paul leaves. His cell rings. Paul answers.

HIRING MANAGER (V.O.)

Hi Paul! So... it's good news.

INT. CONNOR'S CORNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Paul holds his letter of resignation.

CONNOR

Paperboy! What you got there?

He hesitates for a moment, then changes course.

PAUL

Nothing. I'm not feeling well. I'm gonna head home for the rest of the day.

CONNOR

It'll count as a full sick day. Sure you can't tough it out?

Paul doesn't hear the question. He's already gone.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Paul steps in, catching Meg painting on her canvas.

MEG

Oh shoot, you're home at a normal time!

Paul is speechless. The art is different. No aggression, no pessimism. In it's place is something quite warm.

PAUL

That's new.

MEG

I was painting on the stoop until the rain forced me in. You like?

Paul eyes a stack of canvases, the same portrait from yesterday on top.

PAUL

I'm gonna lay down for a bit.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amoeba takes his spot between Paul's legs. They pass out.

TIME LAPSE

The light jumps from midday to the "next" morning.

Paul shoots up awake. Amoeba is gone.

He checks the alarm clock and is horrified.

7:45am, April 3rd, 2023.

EXT. CITY CHRONICLE BUILDING ENTRANCE - MORNING

Paul walks through the crosswalk with an umbrella.

The smoke trickles behind Paul. He feels its presence. Paul turns, and the smoke evaporates.

The traffic light changes and cars lay down their horns.

INT. 18TH FLOOR, PAUL'S DESK - DAY

Paul waits for the inevitable phone call.

BRRRING!

In one swift motion, Paul picks up then hangs up.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DINNER TIME

Risotto and Scrabble. Paul looks past the game to Meg's large canvas, yet again a different piece of work.

MEG

Nine out the gate.

Meg starts the game placing the word VARLET on the board.

PAUL

Varlet?

MEG

It's like a little servant boy.

Paul processes this change.

MEG (CONT'D)

You want to challenge?

PAUL

No, I trust you.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

The sunrise alarm clock reads 11:59pm, April 3rd, 2023

Paul sits, Amoeba on his lap, nervously killing time.

The clock strikes 12:00am, but the date remains April 3rd, 2023.

Paul looks down and Amoeba is gone.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

Another crowded train. Another day. Paul looks terrible.

MTA CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Attention passengers. Due to signal failures, ALL downtown A-trains will be suspending service at 42nd street-

Paul notices a disheveled young professional, a LURKER (30s), in the back of the car.

PASSENGER

Every. Damn. Time.

She wears a BANDAGE over her eyebrow, and stares at Paul.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY TRANSFER CORRIDOR - ONE STOP LATER

Lurker follows Paul, hurrying to catch him.

Looking back, Paul forgets about the Vagrant running the "melon drop" con, and is bumped off his path.

At the same time Lurker comes hurtling forward, driving an XACTO KNIFE deep into the Vagrant's stomach.

He stumbles, falls forward, plunging the knife deeper.

Blood and viscera escapes the Vagrant's torso.

Paul makes a mad dash, followed by Lurker.

No one stops to get involved. They don't care.

Lurker leaps at Paul as he tries to escape to a platform, and clips his feet-

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

- Sending Paul face-first down the stairs, crashing to the platform below. He's dazed, likely concussed.

Onlookers turn and notice. Lurker pulls Paul to his feet.

LURKER
(to onlookers)
He's fine!

Lurker pulls a groggy Paul to the edge of the platform. The arrival sign goes from 1 minute to arriving.

LURKER (CONT'D)
The loop has to close.

Lurker hugs Paul and tries to drop backwards onto the tracks, but all the onlookers SNAP into action and pull Paul back to safety.

Lurker is not so lucky. The momentum sends her flying right into the path of the train, killing her instantly.

The onlookers go back to their lives, not interested in the carnage at all.

Paul goes into a state of shock and faints.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - ANOTHER MORNING

Paul wakes in serious pain, confused and whimpering.

The clock reads April 23rd, of course.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Paul looks at himself in the mirror, in true disbelief.

His face houses a large BUMP from his tumble.