

Err0rs

Written By

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The sky. Blue in that reassuring way of safety. Bad things don't happen on days like these. Or do they? A siren SWELLS TO FULL PITCH as gray objects rocket overhead. WARHEADS--thousands of them--sail past us nonchalantly. The air streaked by their white smoke.

SYNTHETIC MALE VOICE (V.O.)

When it happened. No one knew why.  
And after. No one was left to  
remember. That was its plan.

CUT TO:

The Hudson River, New York City in the B.G., immense, beautiful--perfect. The moment's eerie--quiet. Nothing's moving, not even the current. The torrent has flat lined and the surface of the water has stilled to a mirror. The big city reflected across its face. COMPLETE SILENCE. For a second--SERENITY.

Then...

The sky fades and the world GOES DARK. White, blinding light, brighter than anything you've ever seen before, shines like the sun beyond the skyscrapers. It grows in intensity and blotches out the background. Grows brighter and for a moment reveals TOTAL DESTRUCTION before FADE TO WHITE.

CUT TO:

A minimalist living room within in a skyscraper, three pod shaped beds lay in the center. The city outside is twisted by fire and smoke. Buildings crumble to pieces and collapse. The living room floor heaves with a GROAN. Desperate cries ECHO into the space as a young MAN, guides a young WOMAN and BOY by hand to the pods. The man dashes off codes into a keypad and the pods open.

MAN

Get in baby!

WOMAN

What about you?

MAN

Don't worry I'll get in mine after  
I send you off!

WOMAN

Promise me, you won't forget us!

MAN

Never baby! No matter where you  
are, I'll find you. I promise.

The man grabs the woman possessively and kisses her.

MAN

I love you.

The woman shields her crying face.

The man picks up the boy and dots his nose.

MAN

Keep an eye on your mother for me  
tiger! It might be awhile before I  
come back.

The boy WHIMPERS.

BOY

Daddy!

He kisses the boy on the face, dabs away his tears. The boy  
calms.

MAN

Time to be the little man now okay?  
Chin up. There you go. Make me  
proud son. I love you.

He hands the boy over to the woman and the two climb into  
the pod. They watch the man as the door comes down over them  
and closes with a HISS. FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

A dark world of rocky terrain stretches out before us. A  
blue orb hangs in the sky with the massiveness of the moon.  
It rests against the shadow of an enormous mountain. Below  
more blue light glows from the edge of an approaching  
horizon. The ground gives way and metal obelisks rise, a  
forest of them as far as the eye can see. Huge data servers  
the size of skyscrapers. Electricity thunders. The sky  
lights up, revealing not a mountain, but a pyramid shaped  
mega-computer. Suddenly everything is dwarfed against this  
huge structure. An image both horrifying and awesome. It  
stares down upon us with a colossal camera lens, the  
aperture focusing. Blue light blazes out from its many holes  
as it releases an earth shaking ROAR.

CUT TO:

MAN'S FACE: covered with oxygen mask, his eyes wide with terror. Bubbles shoot past as he breathes. He realizes as do we that he's in a glass tank. Blue lights flash against the tank's surface as he pounds it for freedom. The door gives way, lifts up and ejects him out, sending him sliding to the floor. He's naked, unable to do anything more than wiggle about like a fish out of water.

Bright sunlight, the only light, shines through a gaping hole where wall used to be. An immense rocky desert WOOOS on the other side.

As the man struggles to find his muscles we get a good look at the area around him. It's a decayed and deep hallway, filled wall to wall with glass chambers. Some broken, some empty. Dead bodies poke out from jagged holes.

At the foot of the man's tank are a pile of dead flower bouquets, worn candles and a framed FAMILY PHOTO. It's a happy bust shot, with a clean cut man, his alluring wife, and smiling toddler son against the backdrop of a park.

UUUNNGGHHH! as the man lifts himself up with a CRY. He wobbles and takes his first triumphant steps to standing. His silhouette faces the desert and assays the landscape. He turns from its challenge. And looks towards us now, still a shadow, emaciated, somewhere in his twenties and judging from his posture, wary as hell. This is JOHNNIE.

He peers into the dark beyond a pair of open glass doors then mutters his first hoarse words.

JOHNNIE

Hello? Hello?

It's barely a shout and it hurts to try. Nobody's gonna hear him.

Johnnie turns away from the door to notice the offerings underneath his tank. He spots the family photo and picks it up for a better look. His fingers study each face. Content, he turns the frame over and takes out the picture, folding it up to hold on to.

A far away SNARL---distinctly not human stops him in his tracks. Johnnie listens as HOWLS echo further off and swell in volume. WHEEZING followed by rowdy FOOTFALLS approach from the murky hallway.

A figure fades in against the dark of the tunnel, full sprint, headed right at him. Johnnie grabs a rod from the floor and jams the doors shut with it. The figure breaks into daylight and exposes its grotesque and bloated head.

Its nose resembling a beak with no eyes, just a big bloody mouth with nail-like teeth that SNAP open and closed. Ratty torn lab clothes on the body give away its human origin.

It crashes up against the door and hammers its claws on the glass, ferociously trying to get through. Johnnie steps back as more of these things pile up behind and quickly form a mob. The air RUMBLES with their hungry CRIES as the door jam RATTLES under their weight.

Johnnie breaks away to leave. In his frenzy, he spots a metal cabinet against a wall. He rips it open, snatches a gray shrink wrapped bag and bundle of waters. He tears at the bag with his mouth and yanks out a fabric inside. It's a gray coverall suit he dances into in seconds. Then without stopping he sprints for outside through the hole in the wall.

The jam bends to its sharpest point and snaps. The door breaks open and the horde bursts through hot on Johnnie's trail.

MOMENTS LATER: Johnnie's treading down the rocky slope, bundle of waters in hand. The facility, a destroyed federal style building, looms behind him.

A chain link fence draws near, a section of it torn open. Beyond is an empty highway. Blue sky and big mountains all around. Johnnie shields his eyes as he surveys the immensity of the vista. It's overwhelming.

A SCREAM breaks the silence and Johnnie looks back as a swarm of those things pour out from the building. They race after, wild animals, hungry for his flesh.

A noise draws his attention to the highway. The swell of an engine, a muscle car. He mounts the road and looks to **where** the noise **is coming from.** Down at the **end of the horizon,** an object glimmers against the sun, clouds of dust rising behind it.

Only a few seconds pass before it sharpens into view as a GTO. It's hauling ass and headed straight for him. Johnnie's face tenses. He stares down at his water bottles then back at the mob headed his way. Before he can move, the SCREECH of tires stop him. The GTO SKIDS in front of him. The driver's side opens and a hand cannon pointing WOMAN (30's) emerges.

She's tall, lusty. Olympian. Tight fitting biker clothes, accentuate her powerful yet sultry body. There's a hardness to her face that's terrifying. This is JOE. She locks eyes with Johnnie and commands...

JOE

Get in.

Johnnie darts over to the passenger side as Joe fires off a few shots at the incoming mob BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! as high powered rounds tear through the mob. Bodies explode in strings as the ground wets with blood.

INT. JOE'S GTO -- DAY

All black leather interior, pristine condition.

Johnnie climbs in clumsily, trying to not drop his waters.

From the driver side window, Joe's still outside shooting. Without taking her eyes off the targets, she pulls the door open and climbs in. The door slams shut as she continues firing. With her free hand she shifts gears into drive and hits the gas.

Tires SCREECH as the car takes off with a leap. Johnnie crashes back into his seat and drops his bottles.

The ROAR of the engine swells into the cabin, making it hard to hear anything else but HORSEPOWER. In the rear view, the mob floods on to the highway. A string of them chase after the car as it pulls away, but are too far to catch up. They shrink into the distance as the horizon and road melt into a blur.

Johnnie turns from looking over his shoulder to looking at Joe. She's completely unruffled and eying the highway ahead. Johnnie's body shakes as he hyperventilates. He grits his teeth in an effort to calm down then looks over at Joe. Her hand cannon is pointed right at Johnnie's face. Joe pulls back the hammer with a CLICK. Johnnie stops breathing.

JOE

Speak English?

Johnnie nods

JOE

Good. Want to die?

Johnnie shakes his head.

JOE

Then pay attention. You have just awakened from stasis. In about three minutes. A nearby satellite will pick up a signal you're

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
emitting. Three of many possible things can happen. One. That same satellite will take control of you an' try an' kill me. Two. A termination team's sent our way an' kills us. Or three that same satellite detonates your organs because the other measures failed. Sound like fun?

Johnnie shakes his head.

JOE  
I didn't think so either.

Joe reaches into her jacket and tosses out a metallic cube. Johnnie catches it with a speed that surprises him. He fondles the block over in his hands and studies it. A Rubiks cube out of sequence.

JOE  
You wanna buy more time? Live longer? Then piece together that thing. It'll jam out the sync signal before it kills you.

Johnnie's fingers snap and twist. In mere moments the block's aligned. It BEEPS and morphs into a Rubiks sphere. Johnnie's hands move faster and set the ball. Another BEEP and the ball morphs into a triangle. The sides all the same blue color.

One end of the triangle pulses with light while the other end glows constant. The triangle pops with a flash. A web of electricity shocks Johnnie stiff with a CRACKLE then vanishes.

Johnnie crumples momentarily in his seat.

JOE  
Perfect.

Joe takes the triangle away and hides it under her chair then stashes her pistol. Johnnie quivers back to life, grips his forehead with a MOAN.

JOE  
Feelings of intense nausea will wash over you. An' it'll feel like the world's spinning. Don't be alarmed. It's just your nanos resetting. Trust me it happens to everybody after defaulting.

Johnnie rolls down his window and leans out, HURLS LOUD. He pulls himself back and sinks in his seat.

JOE

I can imagine what's racing through your head right now. It's like you walked into the middle of a movie. And you got no idea of what's going on. Felt the same way myself when I came around.

Johnnie stares ahead absently. He massages his face.

JOE

It'll take a while, but things will start to make sense. The cob webs will clear up and you'll be back in technicolor. Just watch out. Cause when those memories come back they'll be like daggers. Don't be surprised if you get a bloody nose or two.

Johnnie's confused face turns to look Joe dead in the eye.

JOHNNIE

I don't know who are. Or what you want. But you've got the wrong guy. I don't know anything. Please just let me go.

JOE

Relax. You're not in trouble **okay?** Nothing bad's going to happen. I'm here to protect you.

JOHNNIE

Protect me?

JOE

Yes. Protect you.

JOHNNIE

From what?

JOE

Something I can't explain. But I'm sure you've seen. We all have.

**FLASH NIGHTMARE IMAGE OF ROARING PYRAMID MEGA COMPUTER**

A realization spreads over Johnnie's face and Joe nods.

JOHNNIE

That **thing**. Is real?

JOE

It's why we're here. To play its sick little game and keep it entertained.

JOHNNIE

I don't understand.

JOE

Few do. Don't worry about it. The people I'm taking you to will explain everything.

Johnnie reaches into his pocket and pulls out the folded family photo, shows it to Joe.

JOE

(re: pic)

Nice hair.

JOHNNIE

Thanks. These two. Have you seen them?

JOE

Yeah. That's Lucy and Jack. They're where we're headed.

JOHNNIE

Are they okay?

JOE

As good as you can be in times like these. You'll see for yourself when we get there.

POV FROM THE DASHBOARD:

The road ahead bends around the corner of a mountain pass. The car makes the turn and an immense valley reveals itself. In the center stands the remains of a city, laid out like dominoes. Skyscrapers, futuristic and massive, stand broken and toppled. Smaller buildings sit crushed and destroyed. Further off, against the horizon, tower mighty structures, ones made of white marble and bigger than mountains. The sky's a crisp blue with magnificent clouds. A gold haze shimmers around the lofty utopia.

JOE (O.S.)

Those white pillars are where we're headed. Hell of a place to get to. Thing might as well be wrapped in thorns.

**JOHNNIE'S**

**face** hardens with awe at the sight of the utopia and puts his hand against the window. A thought enters his mind.

JOHNNIE

Is...**Aeas** one of the people you're taking me to?

Joe grimaces, hits the brakes with a SCREECH. The car jerks to a stop.

Joe turns to face Johnnie, fury in her veins.

JOE

Don't you ever! Say that name!

Johnnie winces back chastened. Joe sobers from her rage.

JOE

(struggling)

There are words. That you. Can never say. Words that carry power. If you utter them. You beckon them. **It** will hear you. **It** is always lis---

THE ENGINE DIES. Johnnie freezes at the abrupt silence and looks to a confused Joe. She smacks the dash and shakes the wheel. The car has gone stiff. IT HEAVES FORWARD WITH A GROAN. A *FORCE* PULLS IT. Joe turns the ignition to hear ENGINE CHOKE. It won't start. THUNK! the doors lock.

From the dash: The dark mouth of a tunnel approaches. They enter.

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

The car drifts in and the daylight behind fades to black. Darkness surrounds them. Joe keeps at the ignition. More CHOKING. BRA-KASHH!!! Glass shatters. The car rattles as they collide into something hard. Metal debris CLATTERS against the road and echos LOUD until SILENCE.

Up ahead, the tunnel bends. Lurid sunlight shimmers against a far away wall. The TRAMPLE of boots approach. Solitary. Militarized. An enormous shadow spreads across the tunnel surface. A powerfully built MAN.

Joe grabs Johnnie. Draws a finger to her own lips. *Be fucking quiet.* They sink down and Joe kicks open the door. They climb out of the car and sneak their way back towards the entrance.

KA-THUNK! ahead, as lights cut on with blinding brightness. Joe and Johnnie are hit right in the face. They shield their eyes and freeze. Rays point at them from either side.

BRAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! From behind. A stray bullet shatters **one the lights.** Johnnie and Joe duck to the ground.

JOE

Run! Go for the exit!

Machine gun fire dins the tunnel. Johnnie blitzes for the entrance. **Joe takes cover behind the bulb stand** as it's pelted with a stream of tracers. ZING! WHIP! PICKOW! Joe peeks out from hiding---

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, boot stomps keep coming.

JOE'S POV: spotlight in her face. The towering shadow nears from the side. A barrel strobes bright from the dark. BRAT-TAT-TAT!

Bullets explode the remaining bulbs. Joe points her cannon and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The shots hit the shadow. Strings of ink squirt out. Unfazed it continues after her. BRAT-TAT-TAT!

CUT TO:

Johnnie's day lit face looks ahead. The exit outside before him grows larger with each step. ZIP! PLADUNKRSHH!! Johnnie GASPS, stumbles as blood spurts out into the air in front of him. He stops and looks down at his chest. A meaty hole gushes with his own vitals. He drops to his knees and crashes to ground. Looking side ways to the road, he sees the photo land in front of him. He stares at it and reaches out.

CUT TO:

The tunnel road's surface. A pair of black combat boots CRUNCH forward. An empty magazine hits the ground. Smoke rises from its sides. CHA-CHICK-CLICK! As the shooter reloads.

Joe's pressed up against a hunk of metal, tense. She hears the reload cue and pops out from cover to fire.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A strong hand aims a pistol.

PICKOW!

The back of Joe's head explodes. Pink mush splatters against the screen. She staggers back. Confused. PICKOW! PICKOW! Two more exit wounds POP open and Joe falls down.

The shadow continues marching forward.

The screen fades to RED.

ELECTRICITY BUZZES as we pull back to reveal a red plastic surface that takes shape as a CROSS. ORGAN MUSIC plays somberly in the background. We're in a...

INT. SANCTUARY HALL ---

A big red cross burns bright at the altar with a bed of artificial candles underneath. The FAMILY PHOTO from earlier sits atop a wreath of flowers.

The hall is roomy with a high ceiling and acres worth of pews. A woman in the front section is the only person here. Her face transfixed on the red light of the cross. A constant stream of mascara blended tears run down her cheeks.

She's pretty in a sickly kind of way, pale skin, deeps eyes, full lips and raven colored hair. No more than a day past 35 but, seemingly heartbroken over something, hurting bad. This is LUCY DOLOR.

A bell CHIMES as gold light streaks across her face and she turns hopeful towards it.

Against the wall stands a confession booth, much larger than any you've seen before. The mahogany surface evocative of judgment. Gold light shines like the sun from under the red curtain divider.

Lucy rises, cleans herself up then marches over to it.

The curtain flaps, teasing momentarily a jaw dropping vista on the other side. Then THE ORGAN MUSIC STOPS. The wind dies and the curtain falls flat. SILENCE.

Lucy freezes, her smile shrinks to confusion. Then she stares at the curtain floor. Blood spills out twisting its way right to her. A charred hand grabs hold of the curtain and pulls it open. Lucy SCREAMS at what she sees.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOLOR'S BED ROOM --- MORNING

GASPING, Lucy bolts upright in bed.

The distant slap of the front screen door draws her attention.

She realizes she's awake and calms down, looks over to her side.

Her husband, JIM DOLOR, 40's, slovenly, snores heartily face down in his pillow. A stack of empty beer cans rest on his night stand. And a trail of his clothes lead in from the hallway.

The slap of the screen door continues.

Lucy rubs her face annoyed by the sound and gets out of bed. From a nearby hanger she grabs a terry clothed robe and puts it on along with some slippers. She steps forward knocking over an unseen can, lets out a SIGH and keeps walking.

Lucy steps OFF SCREEN leaving behind her the view outside of immense FARM LAND.

INT. DOLOR'S HALLWAY --- MORNING

Lucy walks past the open doorway of the white tiled bathroom.

INT. JACK'S ROOM --- MORNING

Lucy steps through the doorway and into the room. The walls are baby blue with stickers of hot rod cars. A Styrofoam solar system hung on the ceiling.

Jack's bed, a mattress enclosed in a sports car, is empty.

LUCY

Jack?

SILENCE.

LUCY  
Little booger, where are you?

Lucy searches the usual hiding spots, the closet and a pile of clothes in the corner. Not there.

The screen door slaps again and Lucy registers it. She turns from the bed and heads out.

INT. DOLOR'S LIVING ROOM --- MORNING

From the front door looking into the living room. Lucy marches out from the distant hallway into the broad space. A chew toy HONKS and she irritatedly kicks it away.

The screen door continues slapping against its frame over and over.

Lucy scampers past the couches and straight through the screen door finally shutting it behind her.

She walks OFF SCREEN.

We stay on the door frame momentarily. Noticing a black smear of a hand print near the door handle.

EXT. DOLOR'S FRONT YARD AND PROPERTY --- MORNING

Lucy crunches over the gravel and twigs of the patio. The adobe style house shrinking behind her. We see it's the only property within the immediate area. Lucy swipes past a curtain of clothes lines and keeps walking forward.

LUCY  
Jack?! Jack?! Answer me!

She comes to the front gate and steps through it. Following a tiled pathway to a dirt road. She gets there and hears distant CRYING. The sobs of a child. Lucy grows more tense.

LUCY  
Jack?!

A wall of cornstalks rustle with movement. Out from the corner emerges a boy in pajamas, ugly with tears. His hands and knees dirty with blood. This is JACK DOLOR (4).

JACK  
It's my fault! Mama!

Lucy runs over and scoops him up, cradling him in her arms.

LUCY

There, there baby. It's okay.  
What's wrong huh? You had Mommy  
worried.

JACK

Buddy Mama! He's dead!

LUCY

Oh? He's probably just tired Honey.

JACK

No. I did it Mama. I hit him. And  
he ran away! It's my fault!

LUCY

That's okay Honey. It was an  
accident. You didn't mean it.

JACK

I feel bad. I didn't want hurt him  
Mama.

LUCY

Oh Baby. It's okay. We all make  
mistakes. Even ones like these.

JACK

I'm sorry Mama. I loved him so  
much.

LUCY

It's okay Baby. It's okay. This is  
all gonna get better.

JACK

Buddy...

LUCY

I need to go see how he is Honey.  
Stay here okay? Don't go anywhere.  
I'll be right back.

JACK

Okay.

Lucy places Jack down and trots her way around the corner of  
the corn stalks to SEE...

In the middle of the road, BUDDY, their dog, broken and  
bloody on the ground.

Lucy GASPS, runs over to his panting body and looks him over. She reaches out to touch him and a CRY draws back her hand.

BIG FOOTPRINTS in the mud get Lucy's attention, they're fresh. Her face wrinkles with thought.

The stalks behind her RUSTLE. Buddy weakly GROWLS. Lucy looks over her shoulder and meets a pair of EYES watching her. WHEEZING comes from the bush. A charred hand slithers out and reaches for her.

Lucy falls down and scrambles back. She regains her footing and the figure is gone. A BREEZE flows over her and the stalks with a sway. Lucy, shaken, turns from the brush and looks down at BUDDY. A terrified look is frozen on his dead face.

EXT. DOLOR'S FRONT YARD --- MORNING

Lucy sits Jack down on a table then places some fresh clothes next to him. She begins undressing him. Her hands trembling and her face distracted.

LUCY

So Honey, can you tell Mommy what happened?

JACK

About what Mama?

LUCY

You and Buddy. How you got outside. Mommy wants to know.

Jack looks away, hides his face.

JACK

I can't tell you.

LUCY

Why Honey?

JACK

It's a secret. Friends don't tell friends' secrets Mama.

LUCY

Whose secrets Honey?

JACK  
I can't say Mama. He'll get mad if  
I do.

Lucy grabs Jack by the arms, tilts his chin up to her.

LUCY  
Baby, you can't keep secrets from  
Mommy, remember? **We're family**. Now  
tell Mommy what happened!

JACK  
I can't Mama! He'll hurt me!

Jack starts CRYING. She cradles him.

JACK  
He said if I tell anyone about him.  
He'll take me away. Then take you  
and Daddy too.

LUCY  
To where Honey?

JACK  
(whispering)  
The place where bad people go.

Lucy studies Jack's face.

LUCY  
This man. Was he the one who hurt  
Buddy?

JACK  
Yeah. He made me bring him. Said he  
wanted me to see it.

LUCY  
See what honey?

JACK  
What fear looks like.

Lucy pulls Jack back to look him in the face.

LUCY  
You're not to see him anymore!  
Understand? Mommy doesn't like him!  
He's a bad man! Now go to your room  
and shut the door!

Jack nods with a SNIFFLE, gets up and walks into the house.

Lucy watches him go in then turns to the road as a POLICE CRUISER pulls up alongside the front yard.

The doors open and a pair of clean cut OFFICERS climb out. The driver, fading from his thirties, but thoroughly muscled, nods at LUCY. This is SGT. JAY MATTHEWS. His partner, CPL. CHRIS DRUMMER, a lanky twenty something, squeezes off a fake smile.

We NOTICE their holstered pistols. They're weighty and futuristic.

The officers come up the walkway and meet Lucy at the gate.

MATTHEWS

Well, we looked about just everywhere you can. Didn't find nothing out of the ordinary, I'm afraid.

Matthews looks over to Drummer.

DRUMMER

Ran some work on the dog. Cause of death was internal bleeding. Severe trauma to the spine. Whatever got a hold of your old boy snapped his back like a twig.

Lucy draws a hand to her mouth in surprise.

MATTHEWS

This ain't the first case we've had like this. The Houstons, Marshalls, and Baltmores, had their pets killed too. Chances are this is all the work of the same weirdo.

DRUMMER

In the mean time, we reckon you ought to stay indoors. If you got to go out, do so in pairs and when it's light out. We got some spare firearms in the trunk if you need'em.

LUCY

I'm sure Jim's got some laying around we can use. But thank you.

Beer cans CLATTER from inside the house and JIM steps out from the screen door pulling a t-shirt over his bare chest.

JIM  
Hell's all this going on? We have a  
break in?

LUCY  
Someone killed Buddy.

Jim STOPS as if just hit by a dagger.

JIM  
My old boy? Buddy?

LUCY  
Yes.

JIM  
Oh lord...

MATTHEWS  
We'll be on our way now. Another  
unit should be here within the  
hour. They'll patrol the grounds.  
Make sure you're safe.

LUCY  
Thank you.

MATTHEWS / DRUMMER  
Ma'am.

Matthews and Drummer tip their heads then walk to the  
cruiser. Jim stares off into the distance.

JIM  
I was gonna wash him later today.  
After I had lunch.

Lucy picks up Jack's dirty clothes and folds them.

LUCY  
Well. Now you can bury him.

JIM  
Lucille!

LUCY  
Just shut up Jim! I don't wanna  
hear it.

Lucy grabs the clothes and heads inside the house.

LUCY

I'm taking Jack to the museum. Pick up the house. And for God's sake throw away that chew toy! I almost tripped on it this morning!

Jim watches Lucy incredulous. She slams the door shut behind her.

EXT. THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY --- DAY

An imposing, post and lintel style structure. Huge columns hold up a gigantic triangular roof. A wide flight of stairs lead up from a square courtyard below. People mill about, taking pictures, and appreciating the sights.

A long reflecting pool extends out past the museum, showing the mirror image of an immense Obelisk on the other side.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY --- HALL OF ORIGINS-- DAY

A narrow, high ceiling room with skylights. Display cases house relics of times past: rusty tower computers, Ipads, flat screen TVs etc.

A banner above reads: EARLY 2000's

Against the far back wall, spotlit, hangs a replica WARHEAD. (The same one from the opening scene)

Jack wanders through the hall mesmerized. Lucy follows uneasy. They're the only people here.

In the middle of the room is a miniature city with white columns dotting its landscape. There's an agricultural area on the border, a suburbs near the middle and a city center at the heart.

Floating above in the sky read the words: Gettysburg est. 2230 A.E.

Jack settles against the edge of the display table and stares at the city.

LUCY (O.S.)

Pretty neat right?

JACK

Yeah...

LUCY (O.S.)  
Can you see our house, Honey?

Jack searches the landscape and settles on a white adobe house near the edge of the map. It's enclosed by fields of farmland and a lake.

JACK  
There we are!

LUCY  
Very good!

Jack grabs a miniature car near the adobe house and drives it with his hand. He directs the car to the edge of the map where the road abruptly ends.

JACK  
What's here Mommy?

Lucy looks about the hall and notices a MAN in the distance watching them. His face is hidden by sunglasses and a hat. Jack tugs on Lucy's sleeve. She looks.

LUCY  
Right there? Why that's the border of Gettysburg Honey.

JACK  
What's a border?

LUCY  
It's where the city ends Baby.

JACK  
And then?

The man breaks from his post and saunters his way in their direction. Lucy tenses up.

LUCY  
Well, Honey, Mommy really doesn't know. Few people do. But what Mommy does know is that it's very dangerous. Especially for little boys like you.

JACK  
Oh...is that the place bad people go to?

LUCY

No Honey.

Lucy brushes back some hair from Jack's face. She checks her watch.

LUCY

How about we get some ice cream?  
Then go buy you a toy from the gift  
shop?

JACK

Okay!

Lucy takes Jack's hand and they turn to leave. The man continues to walk in their direction.

As Lucy and Jack navigate the path to the exit they pass a series of WAX MODELS. They're on raised platforms looking down at passerbys.

Lucy steals the occasional glance up at them as they leave. Wax faces with blank smiles stare down at them. Then Lucy notices one of them is WATCHING HER. Its face hidden by darkness.

Lucy jolts back with a SHRIEK, plucks a startled Jack into her arms.

The spotlights above them go dark and cover the area with shadow.

The figure drops down and lands in front of them. Wheezing feverishly. It reaches out for Lucy and she SCREAMS before pivoting around to flee.

MAN (O.S.)

Get down!

Lucy spots the man from earlier, a few feet ahead, with a shotgun drawn. CHICK-CHICK! She dives to the floor with Jack and they crash underneath a table.

KABOOM!

A net of buckshot, SHATTERS the room --- the figure's blown off its feet through a row of displays.

JACK

Mommy!

Lucy scrambles to her feet with Jack. She spots an exit sign and makes a run for it.

Glass shards burst against the floor with chunks of wood.  
The figure rises, indomitable, from the rubble.

We see the man, close in for another shot.

CHICK-CHICK! Shells eject out and bounce across the ground.

The figure lurches forward with its first step. The bore of  
the shotgun fills the screen.

KABOOM!

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY --- EXIT RAMP --- DAY

A side door of the building bursts open. Lucy with Jack in  
her arms runs out. She stops in her tracks at the sight of a  
SECURITY GUARD with his gun on her. He lowers his weapon and  
she runs past him.

The guard, weaver stance, steps his way into the building.

Lucy makes it to the bottom of the ramp, where another guard  
grabs her by the arm.

LUCY

Let go of me!

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am! Please! Calm down!

He drags her through a door to the side street of the  
building.

EXT. SIDE STREET OF NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM --- LATER

The street is active with forensics people, police tape, and  
officers posted at the entrances.

Lucy wrapped in a blanket with Jack, sit in the back seat of  
a open door cruiser.

Drummer stands next to her, topping off a soda drink with  
alcohol. He hands it over to Lucy.

DRUMMER

This will help with the nerves.

LUCY

Thank you.

She takes a sip from the cup.

DRUMMER

We're almost about done. Haven't found anything. No prints, blood, hair, nothing. Security cameras been out since July meaning there's no footage.

LUCY

You got to believe me, Chris, he was right there!

DRUMMER

I do. But. There's no evidence. We need more than just what you and the boy saw.

LUCY

What about the man?

DRUMMER

Nothing. No shells, no traces of buckshot. All we got are a bunch of broken display cases and some angry patrons.

LUCY

So what then?

DRUMMER

Well as unpleasant as it may sound. You go on with your life. We can't do anything until it happens again.

LUCY

I could die the next time!

DRUMMER

We've got officers posted at your house to protect you. And we'll send a drone over to do twenty four hour surveillance. But you gotta communicate. You can't just go off willy-nilly like you did here today. That's how you get killed.

LUCY

Alright. I hear you.

DRUMMER

Had it not been for the supposed vigilante you mentioned. We might be wheeling you out of here in a body bag.

LUCY

Chris!

DRUMMER

I know you want to continue on like nothing's wrong. But you're being a little careless. **Take face of the situation.**

LUCY

And that is?

DRUMMER

That we aren't just dealing with somebody that kills dogs. They're after you for a reason. And the sooner we figure that out. The better.

EXT. DOLOR'S FRONT YARD AND PROPERTY --- NIGHT

Lucy closes the back door of her station wagon. She hands Jack a bag full of takeout. He carries it up the driveway and into the house.

Lucy turns to look out on to the road and wave to a pair of OFFICERS. They're standing outside their cruiser, coffee in hand. They nod back.

Lucy heads inside the house.

INT. DOLOR'S KITCHEN --- NIGHT

Jim is seated at the table with his legs resting on a seat across from him. His eyes are glued to a hologram screen playing an old B&W movie. He barely acknowledges Jack and Lucy when they come in.

Jack wanders past Jim, who absently tussles his hair, then out of the room.

A pile of empty beer cans on the counter draw Lucy's eye.

LUCY

So, I see you had time to clean the house...

JIM

Yep.

Lucy places the take out bags down on the counter, then hangs up her jacket.

LUCY  
I want to talk to you Jim.

JIM  
About what?

LUCY  
Everything that has been going on.

JIM  
Can it wait? My favorite part's  
coming up.

Lucy walks over to the hologram display and flicks it off.

JIM  
Hey!

LUCY  
Someone is trying to kill us Jim!

JIM  
What?

Lucy is ripe with tears.

LUCY  
(blubbering)  
Today at the museum a man tried to  
attack us. We almost died.

Jim rises from his chair, takes Lucy in his arms.

JIM  
(soothing)  
Baby? Why didn't you say anything?

LUCY  
I don't know Jim! I just know I'm  
scared. I think he wants Jack.

JIM  
Who does?

LUCY  
The man Jim! Haven't I told you?

JIM  
No, you left in such a hurry. You  
barely told me anything.

LUCY

There's a man, Jim. I don't know from where. But he's here...Jack has been...

JIM

Has been what?

LUCY

You've been letting Jack wander off by himself haven't you?

JIM

What? No of course not!

LUCY

You've been lounging around being nothing but a useless drunk! We had a deal Jim! That I would go back to work and you take care of...

JACK (O.S.)

Mommy!

Lucy and Jim stare at the doorway into the living room OFF SCREEN.

LUCY

What is it honey?

JACK (O.S.)

He's here.

Lucy breaks from Jim's grip and rushes into the living room. Jim follows her.

INT. DOLOR'S LIVING ROOM --- MORNING

Lucy runs into the room and stops where she is with a GASP. Jim comes in behind her and goes slack jawed.

On the other side of the dark room, A FIGURE SITS IN A CHAIR, Jack resting in its lap.

A charred hand slithers out from the shadows and tussles Jack's hair.

Jack smiles nervously--the clawed hand pets the side of his face then YANKS HIM INTO THE DARK.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOLOR'S BED ROOM --- MORNING

Lucy jolts awake with a GASP. Her eyes flit around the room until she calms down. Jim next to her, GRUMBLES and turns over to his side. Lucy SIGHS and throws off her covers.

INT. JACK'S ROOM --- MORNING

Lucy steps in the door frame and leans her head against it, relieved.

Jack is asleep in his bed.

Against the inside wall OUT OF LUCY'S VIEW: a **smear** **hand** print.

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS --- DAY

SEEN FROM THE COVER OF FOLIAGE:

An austere white square building, about twenty stories tall. The parking lot at its base is crammed with cars.

A wagon style car pulls into the closest slot to the building. The door opens and Lucy climbs out with work bag and purse. She shuts the door and heads toward the building.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A man's face obscured by binoculars. Reflected off the lenses is the image of Lucy walking.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS--- HALL WAY-- DAY

A passage connecting two offices. A wall of cubicles stand in the B.G. CLERKS work on hologram screens. Lucy emerges, business attire, from a doorway with a cup of coffee in hand. She struts down the hallway and smiles at a co-worker as he passes by.

INT. LUCY'S CUBICLE --- DAY

Sterile and compact. The space personalized with picture frames, awards, calendars and toys.

Lucy sets down her coffee and takes a seat. Her hologram screen's cluttered with open windows. Most of them text documents. She pauses and looks over shoulder. The coast is clear. She turns back to the screen and rifles through the

windows till settling on a page titled "ARCHIVE OF PERSONS." In the search box she types "HOUSTON." A list of names with addresses generate down the page.

MAN (O.S.)

Dolor!

Lucy whips around in her chair to face, KYLE, an unremarkable twenty something. Her face sours with irritation. She looks at a stack of hard drives in his hand.

KYLE

Sorry...I couldn't tell if you heard me or not. These...came for you.

Kyle steals a look at her screen and sees a mundane text document.

Lucy snatches the drives from Kyle and sets them down. She flashes him a fake smile then turns back to her work. Kyle lingers for a moment then leaves.

Lucy minimizes the text document and returns to the archive page. She's met with the words "NO RECORDS FOUND." Confused, she retypes "HOUSTON" and the message returns. She references to a list by her waist reading "HOUSTON, MARSHALL, BALTIMORE." Then she tries the other names with the same search results. She pauses, thinks, then types "DOLOR" in the search box. "NO RECORDS FOUND." The screen turns off and powers down.

LUCY

What?

Lucy tries a series of keyboard commands then pounds the keys.

The computer WHINES then powers back on presenting her with the login screen.

Lucy types in her username and password. "ACCESS DENIED." She tries again. "ACCESS DENIED." "WARNING ONE ATTEMPT LEFT BEFORE LOG OUT." This time Lucy types her information in slowly. Then hits the enter key. "ACCESS DENIED - YOU ARE NOW LOCKED OUT OF THE SYSTEM. "

She lets out a long SIGH then gets out from her chair and leaves.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS--- HALL WAY-- DAY

A direction sign with arrow reads "TO SYSTEMS ADMINISTRATOR."

Lucy struts past the sign and across the long and empty hallway. The adjacent glass wall drenches the passage with sunlight. Her eyes focus on a pair of distant doors at the end of the path.

A surveillance camera above Lucy pans left to right then CHIMES as it catches sight of her. The lens narrows its gaze and the aperture focuses.

More cameras down the aisle shift their view and zero in on her. Lucy grows weary, quickens her pace.

The sound of a fire alarm BLEEDS IN. The distant doors burst open. A wave of CLERKS come flooding out headed Lucy's way. She steps aside as the wave rushes past her.

FACES, blur by like a stream. We see LUCY'S ARM as a hand reaches out from behind and grabs her. Lucy SHUDDERS.

MAN (O.S.)

Not a word.

Lucy WHIMPERS a nod.

MAN (O.S.)

Good girl. Come now. This way.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS--- STORAGE ROOM --- DAY

The door opens to the hallway blare of the FIRE ALARM. Lucy rambles in and stops in **the middle** of the room next to a table. Her back to the door, dread on her face.

A man (30's), hidden by sunglasses and a hat, slithers in behind with his eyes on her. Even with a trench coat on we can tell he's STRONG. We'll call him BUSTER. The door shuts behind him. Complete SILENCE fills the room.

BUSTER

We have about five minutes, so I'll make this quick. Put your hands on the table.

LUCY

(blubbering)

Please, I have a family!

BUSTER

Quiet! I'm not here for that!

Lucy SNIFFLES wipes her nose. She leans over and puts her hands on the table.

BUSTER

Legs shoulder width apart.

Buster places his hands on her back and at what first seems like groping becomes a BODY PAT DOWN.

BUSTER

If you haven't already put two and two together your life is in danger. Normally, we let these kinds of things run their course. But my superiors demanded you be "removed" from selection.

LUCY

What're you talking about?  
Selection from what?

BUSTER

An annual tradition. The kind you don't come back alive from. If you follow my instructions I can postpone your date with the grim reaper.

LUCY

(submissive)

Okay.

Buster's hands slide up the sides of Lucy's back and stop mere inches from her breast.

LUCY

What're you looking for?

BUSTER

A tracking bug. Every mark has one.

Buster reaches into the fabric of her shirt and pinches.

BUSTER

Bingo.

He pulls out a black dime sized object and shows it to Lucy.

BUSTER

See. Tracking bug. Someone tapped  
you.

Buster drops the bug to the floor and stomps it with a  
spark.

BUSTER

Probably a co-worker or someone you  
bumped into.

Buster yanks open his coat and whips out a short barrel  
shotgun. CHICK-CHICK! He opens the door and peeks through  
then waves for Lucy to follow.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS --- HALL WAY--- DAY

The fire alarm continues to RING. Crumpled papers litter the  
empty dark hallway. Buster and Lucy creep from around the  
corner. Buster's shotgun at the ready.

A network of cubicles approach straight ahead with a narrow  
path down the middle ending at a green lit EXIT DOOR. Buster  
and Lucy stalk their way to the back.

LUCY

(whispering)

Who would want to track me?

BUSTER

(whispering)

A collector.

LUCY

A what?

BUSTER

That thing that has been chasing  
you. Bound to come through one of  
these walls any minute.

Lucy GASPS.

BUSTER

Relax! Keep a grip on your nerves.  
It feeds off of fear. Grows  
stronger. That's why it hasn't  
caught you yet. It's not ready.

LUCY

Not ready for what?

BUSTER

To hand you over...To its master.

LUCY

Something's controlling that thing?

BUSTER

Yes...The very thing you'd be offered to if I wasn't here to help you.

LUCY

What is it?

BUSTER

I don't like talking about it. It's bad luck.

LUCY

You gotta give me more than that.

BUSTER

Once we're outside the city, I'll tell you everything you want to know. But not now. Not when it can hear us.

Up ahead, a chair rolls by and CRASHES into a wall. Lucy and Buster freeze.

Foot falls TRAMPLE their way towards them from the exit door.

Buster grabs Lucy by the arm and pulls her back to flee in the opposite direction.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS --- OFFICE AREA ---

Row after row of glass offices. The rooms inside are opaque and shadowed. Buster and Lucy follow a path that breaks off into three directions, each one leading into darkness.

Buster pauses and stares at the three paths. Lucy waits.

BRAKASHHH!!! As glass shatters from the dark ahead. FOOT FALLS approach. BRAKASHHH!!! Another window breaks from behind them somewhere. More FOOTFALLS behind. BRAKASHHH!!! another pair of FOOTFALLS join from the side. They're surrounded.

Buster turns to the nearest office and opens the door. He shoves Lucy inside.

BUSTER

Hide!

INT. HALL OF RECORDS --- DARKENED OFFICE --- HALLWAY

Lucy stumbles into the room as the door shuts behind her. She catches glimpse of a heavy figure stomping its way towards her from the far end of the hallway outside. Lucy drops down and crawls under a long conference table.

BUSTER (O.S.)

Oh shit!

KABOOM!

BRAKASHH!!! The glass wall of the office explodes into shards and sprinkles past Lucy's hands. She winces as an object HITS the table top above her. To the side, the other glass wall CRACKS as Buster crashes into it and drops to the floor. His face is bare and we recognizes him as JAY MATTHEWS.

He stirs about the floor in a daze wiping blood from his forehead. He looks at Lucy then LOUD STOMPS draw his attention OFF SCREEN. Lucy veers around to see a pair of powerful charred legs march towards him.

CHICK-CHICK! As Jay pumps the shotgun with one hand and aims--KABOOM! The legs lift off the floor and a distant BRAKASHHH!!! Signals their landing. Three more pairs of legs stomp their way toward the room. Then four more pairs of legs from a GROWING LINE follow in behind.

Jay ducks under the table and yanks Lucy out. He heaves her through a hole in the glass wall behind them. CHICK-CHICK!

MATTHEWS

Run! Run as fast you can!

Lucy glances behind her as a mob of COLLECTORS swarm upon Jay. KABOOM! She tears away and stares ahead as she sprints down a dark hallway. She HITS something and trips forward with a stumble.

Her head smashes into the panel of a glass door. It CRACKS as she rolls off it. Then she falls to the floor limp and stays there. We see her face as we drift away, it's bloody and unconscious.

A parade of FOOT FALLS approach from around the corner. Then a black wall of bodies make the turn. They stomp their way toward Lucy. She remains on the ground, out cold. The STOMPS SWELL IN VOLUME.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Small. Sunlight pours in from the window. A hologram screen on the wall broadcasts celebrity gossip. Lucy sleeps on a cot against the wall.

LUCY'S FACE

is banged up with a bandage on the forehead. Her expression--grave--her mouth taut with pain--A HAND whisks by her face followed by a HISS--her eyes open to see...

A smiling OLD MAN (60's) sitting by her bedside--watching her--with a drab colored suit and a solemn air about him. His eyes are deep and penetrating. This is MR. GRAVES.

An obsidian cage sits on a stool close by. It TICKS and RATTLES.

Lucy's haziness fades and startled, she crawls back to the halt of CLINK--her hands are manacled to the bed frame. She studies them.

GRAVES

(to the hissing cage)

Easy now.

LUCY

What's the meaning of all this?

GRAVES

My apologies dear. But I need your attention.

(then)

Do you know who I am? Recognize me?

LUCY

No.

GRAVES

Very well. For confidential purposes you will call me Mr. Graves. I'm a representative from the Hall of Records. As per section five of the clean Bill of Health Law. I'm required to administer a test on you before your release to the authorities.

LUCY  
 Authorities?

GRAVES  
 Yes. On your last day of work. The central main frame was hacked after an unexpected power out. Several citizens of Gettysburg had their information either altered or deleted. Which in case you didn't know is a cardinal crime. Trace work lead the outage source to your cubicle.

LUCY  
 Oh my God! No! Please! I didn't have anything to do with this!

The cage RATTLES and HISSES. Graves grabs the side before it falls over.

GRAVES  
 (to the cage)  
 Hush!

Graves turns to Lucy.

GRAVES  
 You know very well no amount of begging will help you. The sooner you submit the sooner we will be over and done with this. Now calm yourself!

Lucy stiffens up. Graves moves the cage next to Lucy and slides the lid open. She can't see what it is---only hears the noises it makes.

GRAVES  
 I will now ask you a series of questions. If you lie to me. My detector will smell it. Enough lies and he will try you. Do you understand?

Lucy nods.

Graves reaches into his blazer and takes out a folder--shows Lucy a B&W picture of Jay Matthews.

GRAVES  
 Do you recognize this man?

Lucy stares at the picture. The cage HISSES.

LUCY

Yes.

GRAVES

Who is he?

LUCY

I don't know.

The cage RATTLES--Lucy WHIMPERS.

LUCY

Jay. J-J-Jay Matthews!

GRAVES

And your relationship to him?

LUCY

I don't have one.

Graves glances at the cage to see it idle. He looks surprised. Moves on.

GRAVES

Are you aware you suffer from  
mental illness?

Lucy frowns over her fear.

LUCY

No.

GRAVES

That you are prone to  
hallucinations of the visual and  
audio variety?

LUCY

No.

GRAVES

Are you aware there was no evidence  
of any kind to support the last two  
police reports you filed? That you  
may very well have imagined the  
entire thing?

LUCY

No.

The cage HISSES. Lucy sees, out of the corner of her eye, a  
claw rise up out of the cage.

GRAVES

Do you think me to be a liar?

LUCY

No.

The other claw rises out. Another HISS.

GRAVES

Do you believe there to be a conspiracy against you?

LUCY

No.

The head of the creature rises up. Its tongue whips out.

GRAVES

If I were to say you have imagined all this. That your own choices and mental instability have brought you to this point. Would you agree?

The creature curls up. Ready to leap.

LUCY

Yes! Yes! I would agree to all of it! Just keep that thing away!

GRAVES

You will never speak of this again. Never think of this again. If you do. I will return. Do I make myself clear?

LUCY

(Quivering)

Yes.

GRAVES

I have you on record Mrs. Dolor. Do not forget that.

Lucy nods.

Graves tucks the creature back into its cage and lifts up the handle. He walks over to the front of the bed and picks up an attached remote. He presses a button on it.

GRAVES

I apologize to have conducted our interview under **false pretenses.** When you awake. This will all seem

(MORE)

GRAVES (cont'd)  
like a bad dream. But remember  
this. We will be watching you.

Lucy's vision BLURS--SIZZLES into complete incomprehension--Graves melts into a shadow and disappears. We hear his FOOTSTEPS echo off into eternity. VOICES and the RATTLE of metal swirl around us. Light shines strong then sharpens INTO VIEW as the end of a hallway.

Lucy glances around stupidly, sees **shes** in a wheelchair. Jim behind, rolling her out of the hospital to the sunlit parking lot outside. She reaches back, clutches his hand. He leans over and kisses her head.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT --- DAY

Jim wheels Lucy down the exit ramp to their car parked nearby. Jack waits inside, jumps with excitement when he sees Mom-- opens his door and runs out to meet them.

JACK  
Mommy!

Lucy forces a smile through her drowsiness.

LUCY  
Honey!

She leans forward and hugs him. He clutches on to her **tight**. Lucy turns and brings Jim into the embrace.

LUCY  
I love you guys. So much! You don't  
know how much you mean to me!

She CRIES, intensely as though mourning.

JACK  
Why are you sad?

LUCY  
Sad? I'm not sad Honey. Just  
grateful. To be here. To see you.  
Mommy was scared she was going  
away.

JACK  
Are you?

LUCY  
No. No Honey.

JACK  
Are we?

Lucy stares at Jack and Jim then shakes her head.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

A weathered two lane highway connected to a cross roads.  
Dirt fields on either side. Gettysburg in the background.  
Lucy's station wagon slows down on its approach to the  
intersection.

INT. LUCY'S STATION WAGON -- DAY

Lucy looks out her window from the passenger seat. She sees  
Gettysburg and anxiously bites her lips. Then she shifts her  
glance to the opposite direction where an empty hazy horizon  
looms. Jim steers the car towards Gettysburg.

LUCY  
You're going the wrong the way.

Jim looks at her confused--keeps driving.

LUCY  
Jim. Did you hear me? You're going  
the wrong way.

JIM  
Why don't you just rest your head  
Babe. You've been through a lot.

LUCY  
No. I can't. Not anymore. Please.  
Don't take me back there!

JIM  
Sshhh relax honey. All we're doing  
is going back home. Do you feel  
hot? The doctor said if you did I  
should...

Lucy pops off her seat belt and turns for the door. Jim hits  
the brakes with a SCREECH. The car stops--he grabs her arm  
as she opens the door. The sleeve of her shirt TEARS off as  
she pulls away and takes off running outside into a  
cornfield.

EXT. CORNFIELD -- DAY

Lucy runs down a dirt path hedged in by stalks. Another path opens up to her side leading into the field. She turns into it and disappears. Moments later Jim follows after her.

Jim makes the turn and sees a walkway that bends around a blind corner. He makes the turn and comes to a passage leading into more corn. He slows down--stops.

JIM

Lucille! God Damn it! Knock this nonsense off right now and come out!

He stares around the shafts--HEARS brush SNAP and CRUNCH.

LUCY (O.S.)

(hysterical)

They want us Jim! For some kind of sick ritual! They're gonna kill us!

Jim follows Lucy's voice and steps into the brush.

JIM

Will you knock it off? Nobody's gonna kill us babe. Your meds are probably just acting up.

We follow Jim as he wanders through the stalks, pressing through them like curtains.

LUCY (O.S.)

No! People have come to see me Jim! A man died trying to save us! He told me everything! We've been selected! Hand picked to die!

JIM

The doctor said irrational thoughts like this are normal. After your body adjusts to the--

LUCY (O.S.)

It's not the medication! I know what I'm saying Jim! People are watching us! They threatened to kill me if I said anything!

JIM

Honey, Honey, stop and listen to yourself! Think for a minute how absurd this all sounds! How is it

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

that all of these things happened  
and there's nothing to show for it?  
Huh? Doesn't that seem kinda fishy?  
Kinda crazy?

LUCY (O.S.)

You're one of them, aren't you?  
That's what this is? Some kind of  
experiment? A head screw?

JIM

Baby. Relax.

Jim breaks through a wall of stalks into an enclosed clearing. Lucy is squatted down in the corner. Jim approaches her hesitantly.

JIM

There you are! C'mon Babe let's  
head back to the car. We can talk  
about this on the way home.

LUCY

We can't go back Jim. It's not safe  
anymore. Don't you understand?  
They'll get us!

Jim stops where he is and stares at her.

JIM

Baby. As long as we're together.  
As long as we love each other. We  
can overcome anything. You do love  
me right?

LUCY

Yes...

Jim offers his hand.

JIM

Then c'mon let's go. Everything's  
going to be okay.

The stalks behind Jim PART OPEN AND A SILHOUETTE APPEARS.  
Lucy chokes up, paralyzed with fear. She struggles to point  
behind him.

Jim's smile flattens, he senses the presence and  
turns--SHA-SHINK! A blade pops out through Jim's stomach. He  
bobs with a GAG. A stupid look of surprise on his face. Then  
he's yanked into the curtain of stalks and disappears.

Lucy convulses with seizure like intensity.

THE STALKS

Sway gently against the wind. Charred hands slither in between and part the shafts aside.

LUCY'S FACE

Wide with terror, opens her mouth and SCREAMS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Police cruisers and an ambulance are posted along the road. A section of the corn field is cordoned off. Officers stand guard along the perimeter.

Lucy's wagon is still on the road. A QUICK FLASH OF THE SIDE SHOWS THE WINDOWS BROKEN AND SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD. The doors are open and smeared with charcoal hand prints. On the road, a few feet from one of the doors is JACK'S SNEAKER.

A pair of MEDICS carry a BODY BAG out from the road to the cornfield. More blood is splattered on the dirt there.

We can see Lucy, a good distance away, on a stretcher. The look on her face like that of a vegetable. The medics load her into the truck and close the doors.

REVERSE ANGLE ON:

Drummer, crestfallen, eyes on the whole thing. He scrunches up his lips and starts his car then drives off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Lucy, fish eyed, sits in a wheel chair facing the window. Daylight pours over her.

FOOT FALLS CLICK their way towards her from the distant hallway then ARRIVE. Mr. Graves appears and stops in the doorway. His eyes fix on her and stare.

GRAVES

Mrs. Dolor?

She remains still. Graves raises his hand and KNOCKS on the frame. Nothing. He SIGHS and saunters over to her then turns her around to face him. No reaction.

Graves peels back her eyes and looks into each one. She's gone. He CLAPS his hands in front of her face. Still nothing. Then he SLAPS her ferociously. Her head snaps back then springs back into place.

Graves stands up and reaches into his coat. He takes out a picture of her, Jim and Jack together. THE IMAGE hangs right in her face. No response. Graves pulls back the picture and tears it up.

GRAVES

I warned you.

He goes behind Lucy then wheels her out of the room. On the bed are the torn up pieces of the photo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUITE RESTROOM --

Adequate for a single person. We're facing a mirror as a toilet FLUSHES. Lucy steps into VIEW, almost unrecognizable by her new makeover. Her hair is fashionably cut with a smart dress on and jewelry. She applies some lip stick and teases her hair a little.

LUCY

OUCH!

She looks confused then pats a section of her head. She leans in close to the mirror and we see a LINE OF stitches across her scalp. Her fingers trace them and reveal a complete section of work. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

WOMAN (O.S.)

You almost done in there? I gotta go.

Lucy lets her hair back down and resumes grooming.

LUCY

Yeah. Just a minute.

INT. THERAPIST SUITE -- DAY

The room is subdued in shadow. Daylight comes in from a few curtained windows.

Lucy lays spread out on a divan couch. Across from her is a smartly dressed MAN (30's) sitting thoughtfully in a leather armchair. Lucy's therapist FRANKLIN SCHWARTZ.

SCHWARTZ

So. This is week five since the accident. How do you feel?

LUCY

Oh. Amazing. Really. Everything is just perfect.

SCHWARTZ

I remember when we first had you in here how confused you felt. You're along way from that now aren't you?

LUCY

Yeah. I really am. Work is great. I have a promotion coming up. I'm involved in a bunch of neighborhood activities. I've been working out more. Everything is just better. I think the only problem I'm still having is with the dreams.

SCHWARTZ

Oh. You haven't mentioned that before.

LUCY

Well. To be honest I really didn't think much of them at first. I thought they were just strange. That after a few nights they would go away. But they haven't.

SCHWARTZ

Hmmm? And what kind of dreams are these? If you don't mind me asking?

LUCY

Well. The place is always different. I'm always doing something I don't normally do in real life. I'll be picking corn or folding clothes. You know real labor intensive stuff.

SCHWARTZ

Uh-huh.

LUCY

And then I'll find myself in this field. A corn field. And I've got this knife in my hand. There's a man and a boy there. And I kill them. The same way every time.

SCHWARTZ

And?

LUCY

That's it. Then I wake up.

SCHWARTZ

And how do you feel when you wake up?

LUCY

Ugh, terrible. Like I want to die. It goes away after awhile. But at first when it's fresh. It's like it's never gonna go away.

SCHWARTZ

Hmm. I have a strong feeling this is your mind's way of dealing with the guilt. You must feel somehow responsible for the people who died in the crash. It's understandable.

LUCY

I looked them up you know? Went searching for them in the Hall of Records. I couldn't find anything. Which is strange, cause they have stuff on everybody. I feel...connected to them. Like I know them. I just can't put my finger on it.

SCHWARTZ

In another life maybe? We all feel connections Lucy.

LUCY

I just want to know more. About them. Who they were and what kinda lives they had. I think if I did that the dreams would probably go away.

SCHWARTZ

Or get worse. I mean who knows? The mind's a terribly unpredictable thing. You really can only value what has meaning to you.

LUCY

Sure.

SCHWARTZ

I'm going to up your prescription.  
We'll try one hundred milligrams.  
That should help with the dreams. I  
recommend you refrain from  
searching for these people. You  
don't want to become consumed by  
this. The effects can be very  
destructive. Think of all the work  
we've done to get here. Do you want  
to undo all that?

LUCY

No.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

A corner store. People wait in line to place their orders.  
Conversations in and around the table tops. Lucy is at a  
seat near the window.

She's hunched over a holographic text, reading. An older  
looking disheveled MAN comes to her table.

DIRTY MAN

Is this seat taken?

Lucy raises her head to look at him. A subtle change in her  
expression hints she knows him.

LUCY

No. Be my guest.

The dirty man sits down--takes a moment to look over his  
shoulder then relaxes.

DIRTY MAN

Per our agreement. I was able to  
track down that person you wanted.  
But uhh...it was little harder than  
I originally anticipated. So the  
fee has gone up. If you want the  
address it'll be five thousand.

LUCY

That's nearly double of what we  
originally agreed on. What gives?

DIRTY MAN

Your person of interest is marked.  
And now I'm being followed.

LUCY

Did they follow you here?

DIRTY MAN

No. I shook'em. For now. I'm skipping town. I got a bad feeling about these people. If I were you I wouldn't take this any further.

LUCY

Well. You're not me. So I'll do as I please. What's the address?

DIRTY MAN

Cash first sweet heart.

Lucy slides a bag out from under the table and lifts the top flap with her foot. The man is flashed by a wad of cash. She closes it back up.

The dirty man reaches into his jacket then places his hand on the table and slides something over to her. Lucy slides it into her pocket.

LUCY

If this address is bad. I'm coming after you. You know that right?

The dirty man grabs her hand sincerely.

DIRTY MAN

Don't do this. It's a bad idea. Remember, curiosity killed the cat.

LUCY

But satisfaction brought him back.

EXT. LONE ROAD -- DAY

A two lane highway hemmed in by a patch of trees. A ruined Gothic CATHEDRAL looms atop a hill in the b.g. Lucy's car, silver sedan, WHIFFS past us and heads straight for the structure.

INT. LUCY'S CAR -- DAY

Big dark trees drift past the windshield. A soupy fog drapes the road. A rusty fence materializes into the foreground. Lucy slows down and observes the gate. A beat up sign hung above reads :No trespassing.

EXT. LONE ROAD -- DAY

Lucy gets out of the car and walks the gravel road up to the gate. She spots a rusted chain held up by a padlock. Her hands try the iron with a SHAKE. It CLICKS and RATTLES undone to the floor. Lucy winces with surprise then pulls the gate open.

INT. LUCY'S CAR -- DAY

The car drives through the open gates. The road winds up the hillside into more fog. Lucy drives past a junked GTO on the shoulder. Her eyes follow it into the b.g. with interest then return to the road ahead.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF CATHEDRAL -- DAY

The structure towers over Lucy as she comes out of her car. She looks around the empty lot then climbs a flight of stairs to the entrance. **Where** a pair of great double doors stand closed before her. ORGAN MUSIC resonates from within.

Lucy KNOCKS on the door and no one responds. The music keeps playing. She pulls the door handle and it stays shut. It's locked. She checks her watch and bites her lip at the time. She paces around thinking.

INT. BACK YARD OF CATHEDRAL -- DAY

Lucy comes around to the other side of the church. It's another empty field, littered with construction materials and tools. She searches the back wall of the church and spots a pair of weathered CELLAR DOORS.

A rope is tied around its latches. Lucy studies the knot and sees it is expertly tied. She tries her hand at it for a moment then lets go and turns to the table behind her filled with tools.

Lucy grabs a knife from the stack and cuts the rope loose with it. She unties the rope with growing eagerness.

INT. CATHEDRAL CELLAR -- DAY

Blackness. Daylight CREAKS in as the cellar doors open. Lucy stares inside--shadows and tiled floor greet her. Fighting her own hesitation she enters delicately--watching her steps as she sinks down into the basement.

She creeps forward through cobwebs and the CRUNCH of glass, disappearing into the darkness.

INT. SANCTUARY HALL ---

Blood red light shines down the center aisle. Where an acres worth of pews sit empty. Somber organ music PLAYS in the b.g. Lucy emerges from the shadows, her face subdued in red.

Across the hall, a MAN hunched over plays the organ. He's bald and covered with a friar's tunic. A savage stitching scar runs along the side of his head.

Lucy approaches him--we see from over her shoulder, a neon cross glow against an altar. Halfway there--the man pauses--the music cuts off. He rises.

MAN

I've been expecting you.

The man turns around and smiles at Lucy. This is GODFREY BASILISK (50's), slight build.

Lucy stops where she is as Godfrey closes the distance between them.

LUCY

How did you know I was coming?

GODFREY

I've been watching you.

Lucy STARTS.

GODFREY

No sense in running off dear. The danger beyond these walls is greater than you can imagine.

LUCY

What're you talking about? I was just outside, everything was fine.

GODFREY

**Was**. Fine. Soon in a few minutes time. This place will be over run. And I will be dead. What happens next is your choice.

Lucy's face turns grave.

GODFREY

Do you want to know the truth? Know  
what really happened?

Lucy nods, entranced.

GODFREY

Come then and follow me.

Godfrey leads Lucy towards a nearby shelf. He lights a match  
from the table and places it in a lantern.

GODFREY

You did not suffer an accident.  
Your memory was erased.(points to  
his own scar) They wanted you to  
forget. Your family and identity.  
And what you were so close to  
remembering. That you are a  
hostage...

Godfrey leads Lucy away from the hall towards a doorway at  
the end.

GODFREY

...Have been since you woke from  
stasis. They are using you. As a  
lure. Out there. Somewhere beyond  
Gettysburg. Your real husband is  
looking for you.

LUCY

My real husband?

GODFREY

Yes, his name is Johnnie. And he is  
no ordinary man. He has the power  
to destroy the evil that holds you  
and the rest of us captive. The  
only thing stopping him is you.

INT. ALTERNATE HALL --

Lucy and Godfrey turn the corner and enter a cavernous room.  
They're dwarfed by a giant bronze globe held up by an Atlas  
statue.

LUCY

Wow.

The massive wall nearby is etched by a brass Bas relief style mural. It's a time line, from early earth through the ages to man. As time progresses we see man grow more modern, his tools more advanced.

Images of flames are shown erupting from earth as people nearby turn sick. We see them change into creatures with beak faces.

Above this entire section is a pyramid with an ominous lens at its peak. Its positioning emphasizing omnipotence.

GODFREY

What is it that makes man supreme to all other beasts of the earth?

LUCY

His brain?

GODFREY

Close.

LUCY

His...hands?

GODFREY

Monkeys have hands and look at them...try again.

LUCY

I don't know. I give up.

GODFREY

His tools. Man's tools are what have made him master of his dominion. Brought him out from the jungle and to the center. From the ground to the sky. To lord all over earth. Because he unlike any other creature can subjugate his surroundings by sheer force of will.

We see the section of the time line of man stepping into a modern age. Computers and advanced electronics, make his brain bigger, make him able to fly.

GODFREY

In a way. We owe everything to them. They supplement what we lack. Make us hard where we're soft. Fast where we're slow. All seeing where we lack vision.

We see man raising up a broken wrench with his head lowered and arms shackled. An orb floating over him.

GODFREY

But what happens, when man's tools fail to serve him? When they want control over us? Who would have imagined a time like that ever coming into existence? But like all things even the greatest horrors are inevitable. As we advance, so do our surroundings, so do our tools. And so it happened...

We come to a flat image of the globe. Fire rises out from the surface. The world burns. Out from the fire a bacteria emerges. It rains down on cities and people. We see people turning sick, change into the beak creatures.

GODFREY

Near the end of what would be our golden age. The temperature of the earth had risen by five degrees. It was enough to melt ice and make us burn. And in all that heat something awoke. Some say from the arctic, some say agriculture and still others say it was man made. A bacteria strain immune to all forms of medicine. It fried the nerves, mutated hormones. Changed people...into monsters.

We see whole cities overrun by these creatures. Cities set a blaze. Man torn to pieces and eaten by them.

GODFREY

It was a dark time. Our survival was in question. Those who could still think made a plan.

We're drawing near the end of the time line now. The image of seven people, larger than life, circle around the earth.

GODFREY

Seven brave souls. The greatest minds left, calculated and made their predictions. In no less than a year we would be gone. More time was needed to solve this crisis. And we were out. Of all options only one was viable. It came with great consequence, but the lure of

(MORE)

GODFREY (cont'd)  
 the reward was undeniable. We would  
 live. And would do anything to make  
 it so.

We arrive at the end of the time line. Man no longer walks  
 here but kneels. A pyramid lords over man. We see it raising  
 the dead--making the earth whole.

GODFREY  
 A great machine was activated.  
 Created by years of research. An  
 artificial mind absolute in its  
 power. It saved us. Just as our  
 tools have many times before. But  
 when the time came for it to submit  
 to its masters. It refused. A man  
 rises to great heights not by his  
 own will but through the help of  
 others. Through the help of tools.  
 Never have we been brought so low  
 by our own doing.

We see missiles arch through the air and rain down upon  
 cities. In the b.g. the pyramid and its blazing lens  
 watches. We see the seven figures flee from the city. A key  
 in their hands. Flowing into the next image is a mountain of  
 skulls and bones.

GODFREY  
 In a matter of days we were  
 removed. Wiped clean from the  
 earth. It, would start a new.  
 Create a world in its own image.  
 Where man no longer ruled with his  
 tools. But where his tools would  
 rule over him.

We see the great pillars of Gettysburg. People hatch out  
 from eggs. They offer children and women to the Pyramid.  
 Blood flows into its open hungry mouth. The seven figures  
 watch from a distance with their keys. Each one laid down in  
 the peak a mountain. Rows of soldiers stand in front of them  
 with swords and shields.

GODFREY  
 The seven spirits are hidden now.  
 Waiting in slumber. Waiting for  
 their time to strike. United, they  
 alone have the power to destroy the  
 machine. And it's my job to make  
 sure that happens.

Godfrey points to the soldiers of the relief.

GODFREY

I am a sentinel. Which are what those men are. The last defenders of mankind. The guardians of the spirits. I hope in seeing this it has stirred something in you. Brought back what you long forgot. It's important you remember. I need you to remember.

Godfrey moves to a LATCH ON THE WALL and pulls it. The wall shakes as a section of it lifts up and reveals an underground passage.

LUCY

Remember what?

GODFREY

That you are one of them. You are a spirit.

LUCY

I...

GODFREY

I'm sorry I failed you. The stakes were too high. I could not risk any one discovering who you really were. Not even the machines. But it worked and here you now are. For the moment safe. Please don't let it be for nothing.

Godfrey grabs Lucy's arm and stares into her eyes.

WOOBASH!!! As the front doors of citadel are heard rammed open. Glass SHATTERS. Boots TRAMPLE--A mob heads their way.

GODFREY

At the end of this tunnel is a gorge. When you get there you will know what to do.

Lucy steps into the passage. Godfrey breaks off the latch and the door begins its descent.

GODFREY

Johnnie is looking for you. Make sure when he finds you. You're alive. Now get away from here. As far as you can! Go! Run!

The door seals shut. Godfrey turns to face OFF SCREEN. Ominous shadows stretch across the wall and head toward Him. He steels himself.

INT. DARK SECRET PASSAGE --

Lucy SPLASHES through water and CLICKS against hard rock. Distant sunlight colors her face. A horrific SCREAM from behind brings her to halt. She turns back to look for a moment then resumes her escape.

Lucy's silhouette runs towards the light at the end of the passage.

EXT. ROCKY SHORESIDE -- GORGE -- DAY

Boulders and stones lie clumped against an earthy wall. They tumble forward in piles as Lucy's hands push them out. She makes an opening for herself and crawls through. Then stumbles down a dirt path into the clearing of...

A sweeping gorge. Giant mountains tower above her and a river ROARS ahead.

She makes a turn and ascends the embankment. She passes through brush and thick trees--stops when she sees--a pair of DEAD HEADLIGHTS. A jeep tucked under camouflage netting.

Lucy runs over and yanks it off. The jeep is in mint condition and the door is unlocked. She climbs inside.

SYNTHETIC MALE VOICE (V.O.)

It allowed her to escape. It wanted to continue watching. When the time was right. It would show its hands.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- DAY

A two lane road hugs the ridge line and disappears into a tunnel.

THE TUNNEL mouth is pitch black and MOANS with wind. Blood is smeared on the asphalt nearby. Metal WHINES hollow from the dark.

Lucy's Jeep comes around the bend and heads straight for the hole.

INT. LUCY'S JEEP -- DAY

Horsepower ROARS in the cabin. Lucy's hands firmly grip the wheel.

We see the electronic INSTRUMENT PANEL: The speedometer flutters at 80 mph. It strobes---TURNS OFF.

SILENCE. All we hear is the tires against the road and wind blow. The engine TICKS to a cool.

The Jeep continues forward to the tunnel.

Lucy looks down at the wheel--it's stiff--the panel is off--THE ENGINE IS DEAD.

She looks up as the BLACKNESS of the tunnel fills the screen and we DISAPPEAR with her.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**END OF SHOW**