FIGMENTS

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FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

The rundown house stands on the corner of a rundown neighborhood. The storm reaches full throttle.

SUPER: October 31

HENRY PHELPS, forties, military stature, muscled arms, stoic, wears a raincoat and waits in his wheelchair.

A late model van arrives at the house. Windshield wipers at full. The headlights shine on Phelps. A man dressed in commando black exits the van, strides over to Phelps.

JOHN STRIKER, late twenties, Army tough, salutes. He walks back to the van. Phelps rolls alongside him.

PHELPS

ETA on reinforcements?

STRIKER

For a Level I infestation? I don't think so, sir. It's just you and me, and the specialist makes three.

Striker punches the code on a touch keypad. The rear doors pop open. The interior holds an unexpected arsenal: rifles, pistols, and unusually shaped electronics.

They put on light protective gear, select weapons, head towards the house. The stairs provide little deterrent for Phelps and his wheelchair.

PHELPS

I'd rather be out in the rain than shoot Figments.

STRIKER

Let's see what we got, sir. Who's the specialist?

They enter the house.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The huge room contains old furniture. The two men drip water onto the floor.

PHELPS

Melissa Cutlass.

Let's throw a fuzzy bomb in there right now and kill them all.

MELISSA CUTLASS, mid thirties, stunning in her sweater and jeans, stands on the other side of the door.

CUTLASS

Hello, John.

Melissa smiles and flips him the finger. Striker scoffs.

CUTLASS

I've staked out one nest in this room. The other rooms are clear.

STRIKER

And your role is?

CUTLASS

Unspecified. Need to know. I'm not going to tell you. Pick one.

PHELPS

Let's move this furniture and get these lights out.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

They wait behind the stacked furniture for the Figments. They stare at the nest on the far side of the room. The nest looks like a shoe box sized mouse hole in the wall.

Movement.

Miniature ponies prance into the room.

PHELPS

I see miniature ponies. What do you see?

NIGHT GOGGLES: The ponies run in a circle.

STRIKER

Not ponies, I see sheep.

NIGHT GOGGLES: The sheep follow the leader in a circle.

STRIKER

What do you see Cutlass?

CUTLASS

Only giraffes.

NIGHT GOGGLES: The giraffe gallop in a circle.

PHELPS

Fire!

The bullets tear up the little animals until their bloody corpses twitch no more.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

The windows reflect the muzzle fire of the rifles. It flickers like lightning. The rain pours down hard.

PHELPS (O.S.)

Cease fire!

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The corpses vanish without a trace.

STRIKER

Shit on a stale cracker. Sheep. Ponies. Giraffes. What do they have in common?

PHELPS

Is there any info from HQ on what these things are doing? It's a little unsettling shooting cute animals that disappear.

Melissa eyes them both.

CUTLASS

I can't tell you.

The men look at her.

CUTLASS

I can't tell you!

The men go back to watching the nest.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Movement in the nest.

PHELPS

They're coming fast! I can't see what they are.

Damn it, neither can I! Melissa?

CUTLASS

I thought I saw lions!

NIGHT GOGGLES: A pride of mini lions run around in a circle.

PHELPS

Well, that's not cute and cuddly.

CUTTASS

And they are growing!

PHELPS

Fire!

The bullets tear the lions apart before they can grow bigger.

PHELPS

The nature of the beast has changed. Time to call someone who's paid to care.

The lion carcasses dissolve into nothing.

STRIKER

Melissa. The Figments, what are they?

Melissa hands shake.

CUTLASS

Be prepared. It's going to be only shit on stale crackers from now on.

Striker smirks at the use of his catchphrase.

PHELPS

What's going to happen?

Movement in the nest. Miniature saber-toothed tigers run in and grow faster than the lions before.

PHELPS

Fire! Striker, more ammo!

STRIKER

Take my rifle.

Melissa takes the rifle, John runs out the door.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Striker runs out into the storm, heads for the van. He reaches the keypad, opens the doors. He attempts to carry enough ammo and slips in the mud.

STRIKER

Stale shit!

Frustrated, he studies the yard and the side of the house. Eureka. He dashes to the driver's side.

Once inside, Striker starts the van, puts it in gear and busts through the fence. Lines up the van for a reverse run at the house. Revs the engine. The tires spin, gain traction.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Melissa shoots like a veteran. One short burst, one dead tiger.

The still growing tigers roar and jump over the dead. Phelps screams as he unloads his rifle.

PHELPS

Melissa, run!

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of engine revs grow louder. The entry wall explodes inward as Striker reverses the van into the house.

The van stops with the rear doors clear of the walls. Melissa runs to the van and pounds on the doors.

A tiger threatens her with a growl.

CUTLASS

(urgent whisper)

Open the door. Open this door.

She trembles as the tiger approaches. She keeps her eyes open as the tiger's jaws get closer. Melissa cringes, prepares for the worst.

The tiger opens it tremendous jaws and... licks her arm.

Melissa looks up. Striker and Phelps, in his wheelchair, aim their pistols at the tiger with disbelief on their faces.

What the hell? Those aren't nests. Are they?

PHELPS

Okay, what's going on?!

The tiger carcasses disappear. Melissa's tiger stays around for a moment before it disappears.

CUTLASS

That was unusual... and gross.

She wipes the tiger drool off.

PHELPS

Let's get the rest of the ammo. I'll feel better with some firepower in my hands.

STRIKER

Yes, sir!

Striker opens the van arsenal using the touch keypad. He hands several rounds of ammo to the other two.

CUTLASS

We don't have much time, if I'm right.

They load their weapons. Pistols ready.

STRIKER

Spill it.

CUTLASS

I think it might be an invasion. The nests are portals. They send the weakest ones first. Then the stronger ones to gauge our response.

STRIKER

They? Why? And why Figments?

PHELPS

At this point, it doesn't matter.

CUTLASS

We need to tell somebody.

Activity in the nest. Striker prepares his grenades.

Too late.

The next line of creatures are small, aggressively ugly with many rows of teeth. And growing.

The three human occupants of the house gaze at the newcomers with revulsion.

PHELPS

We do have our orders.

A brief glance of the trio as they fire their automatic weapons into the oncoming wall of monstrosities.

FADE OUT.