

First Born

By

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FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

State your name, age, birthplace
and occupation.

VOICE #2 (V.O)

(periodically sniffing)

My name is Allen Sutton.

(sniff)

I'm 34 years old, I was born on
August 22ND, 1985 in Flint
Michigan.

(sniff)

I'm a technical support
representative at a call center.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Open on ALLEN (32), a pale, freckled red haired man holding a bloodied tissue against his nose and a gunshot wound on his left shoulder. Allens features sit on his face in an unsettling way. His big, deep set eyes lay slightly further apart than normal, accompanied by an angular face, and elongated limbs. His eyes glisten as he stares off camera. Tense. Alarmed.

Allen sits at an aluminum table in this cold, concrete room. Typing echoes throughout the cell-- unsure of its source. Two heavily ARMED MEN stand guard at the door a few feet from Allen. One of the men stands with a MEDICAL PATCH over his eye and various scuff marks.

A camera sitting adjacent on a tripod, set to record, auto focuses on Allen.

A pair of old hands are vigorously typing. Pan upwards to AGENT THOMAS (54), the source of the typing. Clean-cut. Hardened. Focused. As straight forward as the suit he wears. He is immobile, but the clicking of his fingers on the keyboard.

Standing behind Agent Thomas against a darkened wall, DOCTOR ELIZABETH (52). Her lab coat mimics the color of her angled hair as she anxiously grips a tablet against her chest, tapping a pen against it. She looks onto Allen. Troubled. Impatient.

(CONTINUED)

The typing instantly stops, and Agent Thomas looks up at Allen firmly.

AGENT THOMAS

Do you know why we brought you here?

ALLEN

(periodically sniffing)
I have an idea.

AGENT THOMAS

Do you know why you look the way you do Allen?

ALLEN

What is this some kind of a joke?
Yeah of course I know
(sniff)
I was born with a disease you jackass.

AGENT THOMAS

And have you ever seen anyone who shared the same disease as you?

ALLEN

(with a sarcastic laugh)
HA, not until yesterday. Which to answer your earlier question is probably why I'm here.

AGENT THOMAS

It's one of about 10,829 reasons you're here Allen.

Allen looks up at Agent Thomas, and then over to Elizabeth, confused.

ALLEN

I don't understand.....

AGENT THOMAS

(interrupting Allen)
I want you to go over the events of last night.

Looking at Agent Thomas, suspicious, Allen removes the tissue from his nose and throws it onto the table. With his free hand he grabs his glasses from the table and puts them on giving them a small push up onto his bridge. Wiping his nose with his hand one last time he sits up and looks directly at the camera and takes a big sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL CENTER - BULL PEN - NIGHT

Energetic and teeming with movement, like ants on a rotting apple. People are pushing and pulling through the rows of cubicles in this gridded office space as the workday is hitting its peak hour of business. Chaos.

CUBICLE

Allen, on a call, sits at his desk littered with sticky notes and books. Various religious and philosophy titles. Books from Nietzsche to C.S. Lewis. A more prominently placed note reads "Bible study every Thursday at Lunch!".

The clock hits 8:00pm and Allen wraps up the call.

ALLEN

(faint)

It was my pleasure and thank you
for choosing us as your smart phone
provider.

Allen removes his headphones and leans back in the chair; starrng upwards he lets out a sigh. He removes his glasses and presses against the bridge of his nose.

GOD P.O.V. A raging rapid of people circulate around Allens desk but he's unaffected by it, distracted by the severe headache.

Putting his glasses back on Allen stands up and heads towards the break room. People are shuffling around him. Like a salmon against the stream. They're beginning to populate under the overhanging TV in the back of the bullpen.

Oblivious to the crowd forming Allen presses on.

A coworker passes by Allen. Concerned and confused.

COWORKER #1

Hey...um...Allen, Some guys are
here for you at the front.

ALLEN

Oh...really? OK well let me get
some water real quick, it was a
long few hours and I have another
migraine. Third one this week.

(CONTINUED)

COWORKER #1
They seemed really....

Before she could finish what she was saying a group of people pass by and grab her arm.

VARIOUS COWORKERS
Oh my god are you seeing this!?

They join the rest by the television as Allen continues.

BREAK ROOM

TV.ON. The T.V. in the upper corner of the breakroom reports --

REPORTER
(O.S.)
Unsure of the cause of the alarming rise in affected births, it is important that we as a species look at this from as scientific, and as factual a point of view as possible. Joining us today is Doctor Marcus Gorjian--

The sound of the bullpen fades out as the news report dominates the break room.

Allen approaches the vending machine and pulls out a dollar bill from his wallet. Inserting it into the machine he selects the water. It tumbles down into the receptacle as he reaches in through the metal flap. It clanks with his retracting hand. He rises up and starts to unwind the lid of the water bottle. Allen glances over at the TV, but his eye is caught when --

"MUTATION PLAGUES NEWBORNS WORLDWIDE" displays at the bottom of the TV. It shows reporter footage of a maternity ward full of abnormally large babies with enlarged craniums, eyes and elongated limbs IDENTICAL TO ALLEN. Men in hasmat suits tend to them. An erie apocalyptic image.

Allen slowly lowers the bottle of water from his mouth and drops it to the ground. The water explodes. His body is frozen. Startled. The audio from the report fades away as Allens eyes slowly navigate to the floor.

Frantically reaching for his cell phone he pulls it out, navigates to his fathers number and calls. It goes straight to voice mail.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN

DAD! Please for the love of god
turn on the TV and look at the
news! You won't believe this! I'm
not the only.....

The call is immediately dropped.

Allen pulls the phone away from his ear and it reads "NO SERVICE". Putting the phone back into his pocket he slowly turns, walking out of the break room. Processing what he just saw, Allen is in shock. Numb. Walking into the bullpen Allen looks up when--

BULLPEN

It's completely empty. Barren and lifeless the bullpen sits still and silent but for the distant sounds of the TV, and the THREE MEN starring directly at Allen from across the room. Two of those men in Kevlar on opposite sides of Allen with their tazers drawn, and the man from the interrogation room, Agent Thomas.

With a small hand gesture from Agent Thomas, the two men in armor start to slowly close in on Allen from both sides. With his hand up in a gesture of peace, Agent Thomas walks directly down the center of the bullpen towards Allen.

ALLEN

What the hell is going on here!?
What is this!?

Allen glances over at the two men slowly starting to close in on him. Panicking he starts to slowly take a step back.

AGENT THOMAS

Allen Sutton, I need you to come
with us.

ALLEN

What!? I'm not going anywhere,
what is happening right now!?

With a sigh of frustration, Agent Thomas drops his hand and assumes a more upright and demanding stance.

AGENT THOMAS

Son, you're coming with us
whichever way this plays out.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN

Look man I just want to know what's going on! I don't want trouble! I can give you my identification but I'm not going with you! I know my rights, I'm a tax paying citizen and you HAVE to let it be known to me why you're arresting me!

AGENT THOMAS

We aren't arresting you, we're taking you.

Agent Thomas signals to the two armed men to move in. They start to advance. A female voice comes over Agent Thomas' earpiece. It's Dr. Elizabeth.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

DO NOT KILL HIM! Proceed with caution, just do..not..kill..him! I need him alive!

Allen is looking around. Frantic. Confused. ON the armed men, his eyes catch a green EXIT sign.

Allen desperately charges towards it.

The armed man standing between Allen and the exit door fires his tazer gun onto Allen with no effect.

Allen reaches the armed man, grabbing him by his Kevlar he throws him through the air and onto the other side of this 2000 sq ft room. An unexpected display of strength. The armed man smashes into the wall and drops to the ground.

Staggering, Allen runs for the door. Agent Thomas pulls out his side arm and fires a shot into Allens shoulder. Allen drops and smashes his face into the exit door and then we--

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Open to one of the guards with the scuffed face and medical patch over his eye.

AGENT THOMAS

What did you see on that TV in the break room Allen, and why did it shock you?

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN

I saw a room full of babies that seemed to have the same disease that I do. The doctors told us that I was the only one, that it was an unknown condition. A valid reason to feel shocked I'd say.

Doctor Elizabeth gives a small laugh, as if she were impressed with his wit.

AGENT THOMAS

Not only are you not the only one son, but there has been a large rise in affected births. Every birth from 9am yesterday to now has had the disease...worldwide. And with every birth, as you know, the mothers die.

Hit hard by that comment, Allen with a lot more anger, pierces into Agent Thomas' eyes. It was clearly a jab at Allen.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

This disease is completely foreign to us. We have not had enough time to research and try to better understand it. 30 years...

(she points the pen at Allen)
just hasn't been enough time.

Allens gaze onto Agent Thomas was broken by the Doctors comment.

ALLEN

Wait....If I'm the only one with this disease until yesterday, how have you been researching it for 30 years?

AGENT THOMAS

We've been watching.....

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

I'VE...been watching you..

Doctor Elizabeth steps away from the wall and starts to slowly walk towards the table.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH(CONT'D)

..from the moment you were born to now. For thirty years Allen, I've
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR ELIZABETH(CONT'D) (cont'd)
watched you grow and progress,
assimilating into the world around
you in ways we could never have
anticipated. You are academically,
physically and cognitively so more
advanced than you think. You are a
remarkable human being Allen.

Doctor Elizabeth compliments Allen with a tone of admiration and pride. Agent Thomas turns to Doctor Elizabeth, with a grimace.

ALLEN
So what exactly do you know about
this disease and how am I supposed
to help you?

Allen pushes against his temples, in pain from an oncoming headache.

AGENT THOMAS
(sarcastically)
HA! We don't know a damn thing
son. Thirty years and
not...a..damn...thing. Some of us
have our more outrageous theories.

Agent Thomas gives Doctor Elizabeth a glance. Doctor Elizabeth sits down and reciprocates the firm look.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH
We know as much as we can from
observation and secondary DNA
samples....but.....it's not
enough..

She looks down at the table

DOCTOR ELIZABETH(CONT'D)
..not now

AGENT THOMAS
We need the real deal. We'll be
putting you.....

DOCTOR ELIZABETH
We'll be ASKING you...for your help
Allen. We need to put you in
quarantine before the world
implodes on itself so we can figure
out what it is we're dealing with
here. You are a much more matured

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR ELIZABETH (cont'd)
version of the disease, the only
matured version and through you, a
cure could be found.

Allens headache worsens as he grips his temples tighter. He removes his glasses. The pain is now much more apparent. Doctor Elizabeth and Agent Thomas glance at each other, this time mutually concerned.

ALLEN
(rubbing his temples)
Just to be clear. You want to put
me in quarantine? What happens in
quarantine?

Allens voice begins to raise.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
You can't just kidnap someone,
throw them into a room and say you
want to put them in quarantine!

AGENT THOMAS
Son it is only by the grace of some
highly respected people that I am
even asking you. If it were up to
me you'd be cut up into little
pieces....

The headache is now a migraine. The sounds from the room fade out and a high pitch ring pierces through his head.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH
Agent Thomas that is enough! Allen
are you OK!

ALLEN (CONT'D)
This is outrageous and a blatant
offense to my basic human
rights! I need to speak to my
lawyer, and I want the name of
everyone...in...this...

In the climax of his pain he begins to hear voices through the ringing sound.

VOICES
Run.....Allen. They....kill....you

Gripping the table firmly Allen drops his head in pain. The headache is unbearable. His grip tightens as the table begins to indent under his hands. Doctor Elizabeth and Agent Thomas both lean back and share a concerned glance.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

Allen? Are you....

The guards slowly start to raise their guns.

ALLEN

So...many...voices

Doctor Elizabeth and Agent Thomas urgently stand up and take one step back away from the table. Agent Thomas turns to the guards and gives a nod. They continue to raise their guns and aim them directly at Allen.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

Absolutely not! Put away your firearms!

AGENT THOMAS

Like hell they will...

Allen rips himself away from the table and throws himself against the wall behind him. The bolts holding the table and chair to the ground as well as the restraints burst into a million pieces. Grabbing his head Allen drops to his knees.

ALLEN

They....want.....to...kill...you

The voices are now making their way out through Allens mouth. Terrified, Agent Thomas and the Doctor both look up at the security camera hanging in the corner of the room.

AGENT THOMAS

Let us out of here right now!
(looking back at the doctor))
We should never have brought him here!

Allen slowly starts to raise up from the ground. Putting his hand on the wall he uses it as leverage, with one hand still on his head.

AGENT THOMAS

Enough of this we'll take him dead. OPEN FIRE!

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

NO!

Doctor Elizabeth charges towards the armed men but Agent Thomas grabs her and throws her to the ground. In an instant Allen charges at the door, shoving Agent Thomas against the wall. He continues towards the two armed men at the door and before they could fire a shot, busts through the concrete door into the hallway.

HALLWAY

The two armed men lay lifeless. Gripping his head Allen pulls himself up from the rubble and continues down the hallway. Stumbling he begins to pickup speed. Two more guards turn the corner and open fire. Allen gets hit a couple times but crushes one of them into the wall. The second guard fires a few shots but miss. Allen grabs the guards arm, rips it off and kicks him down the hallway.

Allen pulls himself away from the wall and continues further into the facility.

FORTIFIED DOOR

Allen reaches a unusually fortified door. Cylindrical and reinforced with metal, the door is unmarked.

VOICES

There.....inside....go!

The voices pull Allen into the room.

RESEARCH LAB

The reinforced door explodes open as if hit by a wrecking ball. Concrete and metal fall to the ground. Allen stumbles through when--

He is headache vanishes. Slowly looking up, Allen is confused and disoriented.

He stands in a high ceiling room, sterile, white and cold. There are ten researchers dressed in lab coats, bearing a resemblance to Doctor Elizabeth. Startled, they stare at Allen through their face masks.

(CONTINUED)

Unaware of the people in the room, Allen fixates on something in front of him. THREE CYLINDRICAL PODS set in the middle of the room, and inside lay three people INFLICED WITH THE DISEASE and MATURED. They are cut up, missing limbs, and scarred but alive.

The sound of the life support clicks in and out.

Allen slowly approaches the pod closest to him and lays his hand on it. In tears he glances in and sees a woman in her early 30s. Her left arm and leg are missing. Allen reaches in to touch her face when--

The sharp pain of the headache returns tenfold. Allen drops to his knees. The ringing pierces through his ears. The three bodies begin to instantaneously convulse. Their vitals are going crazy, heart beats racing as they violently shake when--

They stop. Lifeless. The life support flat-lines. The sound of the ringing in Allens ears fades away, as the sound of the life support flat lining fades in.

Hesitant, three researchers rush to the pods. Checking for a pulse, they look up at one another and give a confirming head-shake. They unplug the life support and the ringing sound stops.

Allen lay on his knees at the base of the first pod. Silent, immobile, and breathing heavily.

Agent Thomas step into the room with his gun drawn. Close behind him is Doctor Elizabeth gripping her tablet.

AGENT THOMAS

Dammit son. I really wish you
would have just....

Doctor Elizabeth puts her hand on Agent Thomas' shoulder to silence him. In tears she slowly moves forward towards Allen.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH

(with a tone of forgiveness,
almost begging)

You four were the only ones born
with this mutation until
yesterday. We chose to let you
grow Allen, naturally, mature
without interference to see how the
disease grew on it's own. The
disease would change, modify itself
when we would try to test on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR ELIZABETH (cont'd)
Please, please understand that I
did what I had to do and I never
meant for any harm to ever come to
you.

ALLEN
I....can hear them....all of them

Slowly Allen begins to raise himself up from the ground. Doctor Elizabeth and the researchers start to back away. Allen looks different, his features are the same but he just seems more cold. The migraine and subsequent convulsing of the bodies had changed Allen, turned him into something new. Agent Thomas steps forward with his gun drawn. He aims it directly at Allens head.

AGENT THOMAS
Now son, there is nowhere for you
to run. We are in the middle of
nowhere. Do what you were put on
this planet to do. Save us. Save
mankind.

ALLEN
I wasn't put on this planet to save
mankind. I was put here to end it.

Shocked and confused on Allens' implications Agent Thomas lowers his gun. Allen quickly charges towards the back exit door. Agent Thomas raises his gun again and opens fire on Allen, continuously missing him. Chasing after Allen, Agent Thomas runs through the exit door and up a flight of stairs.

EMERGENCY STAIRCASE

Climbing upwards he opens fire, hitting nothing but metal and concrete. Allen climbs the stairs and busts through the door to the roof with Agent Thomas close behind him.

The door slowly starts to close as Agent Thomas gets to it. A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT leaks from under the closing door, releasing a violent humming sound.

ROOFTOP

Agent Thomas busts through the door to an empty rooftop. With his gun drawn he is scanning the landscape for any sign of the 7 foot man. Startled, Agent Thomas drops his gun. Doctor Elizabeth slowly walks through the door gripping her tablet. Agent Thomas turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT THOMAS

Track him!

Doctor Elizabeth looks at her tablet, and then back up at the agent with a slight smile. Agent Thomas walks up and snatches the tablet out of her hand. He looks down onto the tablet. Frightened at what he's seeing, he slowly looks up at her. Doctor Elizabeth's head slowly starts to look upwards towards the sky. Agent Thomas turns back around and slowly looks up to the sky as well. He drops the tablet.

AGENT THOMAS

God help us.

Doctor Elizabeth's tablet reads "TRACKER OUT OF RANGE"