

The Darkest Moonlight

By  
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FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE:

*Not only is the universe stranger than we imagine, it is stranger than we can imagine.*

Sir Arthur Eddington

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Glorious sunlight radiates down on a packed golden sandy beach.

Deck-chairs and sun shelters. Beautiful sun drenched bikini clad babes. Overweight shrivel skinned pensioners. Kids run amok.

The sea is full of bopping heads and bodies. Laughter. Smiles. Happy faces.

The beach is set against a large sea defence wall. It has two rows of narrow steps leading to and from the beach.

A long pier stretches out into the sea. A tearful young BOY runs from underneath the support beams. He runs into the arms of his angry MOTHER.

BOY

Mommy, Mommy! I cut my foot on a rock!

MOTHER

What did I tell you? Don't go underneath the pier!

She crouches beside him. Examines the boy's cut foot.

MOTHER

There's no rocks on this beach - Lord know's what you've trodden on.

(mutter)

Glass, some drunken idiot's bottle, some junkie's needle - That's it, we're taking you to hospital!

EXT. BEACH - PIER BOARDWALK - DAY

The mother's overreaction is heard by PAUL REED. 33. Lean, athletic build. Rugged good looks tainted by red blemishes and a stern, serious expression.

Paul sits at a table, the first of many that extend the length of the pier.

Paul's table is surrounded by seven AGENTS dressed in business suits that wear dark shades.

People pass by with curious expressions.

Agents SCOTT and BELL overlook the beach and sea. HIGGS keeps an eye on the boardwalk entrance. CARR looks down the pier.

JOE and ROY stand centrally - a hindrance to the public who pass by.

COLE sits opposite Paul.

Roy pats Paul's shoulder comfortingly. Neither change their stone faced expressions.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sea roars loudly. Waves splash onto the beach. The tide is coming in early. A collective moan mixed with surprised laughter from the sunbathers, forced to move further up the beach to keep dry.

The froth from the sea looks more fizzier than normal; it sizzles on the golden sand.

Those in the sea look disconcerted. Some remain where they are - others swim back for the shore.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - DAY

Paul looks alarmed.

PAUL

*It's here.*

Concern breaks out on the Agent's faces.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The tide comes in frothier, more foamy than before.

SCREAMS break out from those in the sea. Mass panic amongst the swimmers. The sea itself looks to be BUBBLING up.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - DAY

Panic on the pier. The boardwalk vibrates with the sound of running footsteps from up top.

Tables are knocked aside. Screams and yells breaks out. People run hysterically past Paul and the agents.

Paul grabs onto the railings to avoid being knocked over in the chaos. He looks past the stampede to try to see what is happening up top.

People at the top of the pier are THROWN over the railings into the sea - some jump on their own accord.

Paul watches transfixed as horrified people rush past.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Sea froth hits the sandy beach - repainting the golden color as a murky bloody RED.

EXT. SEA - DAY

Those in the sea are unable to get out, as if stuck. Delirium. Faces change from absolute fear into PAIN.

Heads disappear under the water. SCALDED limbs float to the surface.

Bloody BURNT and SCARRED hands, feet, legs, torsos and heads wash up on shore.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A stampede. People run for the gangways/steps to escape the beach but only block each other and create more chaos.

The tide rolls in unnaturally fast, as if intent on catching anyone on it's now bloody sandy surface.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - DAY

Scott, Bell and Higgs lead Paul protectively from the pier - but Joe, Roy, Carr and Cole form a barricade.

BELL

What are you doing? We've gotta get outta here!

Joe, Roy, Carr and Cole simultaneously draw guns.

Scott, Bell and Higgs respond in a flash - Scott covers Paul. Bell and Higgs crouch down and open fire.

Joe and Roy fall down on the boardwalk. Carr and Cole open fire - hitting the front runners from the last batch of people escaping from the top of the pier.

In the frenzy of the fleeing crowd, Scott, Bell and Higgs grab Paul and rush him away from the pier.

Carr and Cole are hindered in pursuit by the crowd. Joe lay dead. Roy gets to his feet quickly, expressing no pain.

Guns drawn, they chase after Paul.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Chaos. Everyone tries to escape. A wailing sound - something about to give way. The pier WOBBLER. The far end sways - it COLLAPSES into the sea.

EXT. BEACH FRONT - DAY

People bombard seaside shops to seek safety. Store displays are knocked to the ground.

A coach stops, narrowly avoiding hitting the crowds.

Roy, Carr and Cole open fire at people who are in their way. They run over their dead bodies. They stop and look out for Paul. They reload their guns.

Scott, Bell and Higgs lead Paul past the frenzy.

INT. PIZZA PARLOUR - DAY

The place is packed with people who seek shelter. The dishevelled OWNER stands at the counter. Shell shocked customers look on confused.

The door opens. Paul, Scott, Bell and Higgs enter inside.

ONLOOKER

What's going on? What's happening?

Higgs roughly pushes the onlooker aside. He falls back against a table. The room falls quiet.

The agents survey the area. They shove tables out of the way. Onlookers scream.

Paul jumps over the counter and past the bemused owner. Scott follows.

BELL

EVERYBODY OUT NOW.

No one moves out of fear. Bell fires his gun as a warning.

BELL

MOVE IT.

The people respond. Even a chef and staff run for the exit.

The parlour is clear. Scott looks to Higgs and Bell.

SCOTT  
Come on guys, let's go!

HIGGS  
You get him safe. We'll take out the trash.

Bell barricades the door shut with tables and chairs.

SCOTT  
Forget them. We can all make it.

HIGGS  
They'll be coming. They know the drill.

BELL  
Priority, Scott. Move it!

Scott hesitates for a second. He grabs Paul and leads him to the back of the parlour.

INT. PIZZA PARLOUR - KITCHEN - DAY

Scott leads Paul into a large kitchen. He looks around for the back door. Paul finds it straight away.

PAUL  
Here.

Scott rushes over to Paul. He takes a look back at the main room, regret etched on his face.

INT. PIZZA PARLOUR - DAY

Bell crouches behind an upturned table, gun poised. Higgs crouches by the side of the barricaded doors, gun at the ready.

SCREAMS outside. People are seen rushing past through the windows.

People outside decrease. Screams sound further away.

Bell and Higgs look at each other from their positions.

BELL  
You think -

The parlour's front IMPLODES. Glass and debris flies everywhere.

A COACH crashes through the front. It SMASHES the room to pieces. The coach hits a wall. It stops.

Higgs is dead. His mangled body lay underneath the coach. His head is split apart, shredded across several feet in bloody streaks.

Bell is badly injured. One of his arms is trapped underneath a table. He grips his gun with his free hand.

Electrical sparks fizz from damaged ceiling lights.

The coach door stutters open. Carr, Roy and Cole exit the coach in an orderly line.

Bell struggles to keep a steady aim. He fires five shots.

He hits Cole. He falls against the coach and slides onto the debris ridden floor dead.

Bell pulls the trigger. He's out of ammo. He can't move to reload.

Carr and Roy walk slowly over to Bell. They look down at him.

Bell looks up. They aim their guns in his face. He closes his eyes.

BANG! BANG!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Scott and Paul run down a deserted alley.

Scott stops at a maintenance hole cover. He looks around. Rushes over to what looks like junk - cardboard boxes and rubbish in a pile next to a rubbish skip.

Paul looks on anxiously.

Scott finds what he is looking for - a small pipe with a large magnetic block at the end. He takes it to the cover and places it down. He moves it meticulously.

After a combination of moves, he removes the magnet and effortlessly removes the cover.

SCOTT  
Get down there.

Paul does as told. Scott follows. Scott slides the cover back into place before he disappears below.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Dark. Paul climbs down a ladder with Scott just above him.

SCOTT

Careful, Paul. There will be a metallic spike right below you - the weight in the cover. It's used as a decoy, only a few of us know the combination.

PAUL

So the cover's just paper wrap right now?

SCOTT

Don't worry about that. Just keep going.

They both reach the ground. The place is dark and dank. Tunnels lead in all kind of directions, like a sewer system. Dripping water can be heard in the distance.

Paul looks shaken, but slightly nonchalant. He looks around the small space. Scott checks the place wall to wall, looking for any sign of disruption.

PAUL

What is this place?

SCOTT

Safe.

PAUL

Is it?

Scott takes a key from a neck chain he is wearing. He walks to a statue, similar to an ancient Egyptian casket, hidden well in the dark corner of the room. He unlocks it using the key.

SCOTT

We all had one of these. Once it's used, all the others are useless.

He throws the key inside the casket.

SCOTT

Now this one is useless too.

(beat)

Paul - I need you to get inside.

Paul hesitates.

PAUL

I don't feel I can hide at a time like this.

SCOTT

We don't have time to argue.

He draws his gun and aims it at Paul.

PAUL

You're not gonna shoot me. Not after all this.

SCOTT

Believe me, I'm tempted. Not a shot that would kill you. But it'll incapacitate you, hurt like hell, and I can move you where you need to be. Right now, I'm in between not giving a shit about you or anyone other than myself and *my* family. So don't drag this out.

Paul looks at Scott. He waves the gun, losing his patience.

SCOTT

Do the right thing. Don't tempt me to do the opposite.

Paul enters the statuesque chamber. Scott closes the casket once Paul is inside. A CLICK. It automatically locks.

Scott sits in the middle of the room with a reluctant sigh. He takes out his wallet and looks at photos of his family.

CLOSE UP ON PIC:

Typical loving family picture. A wife, and two children with Scott.

Tears drop from his eyes onto the picture.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CASKET - DARK

Paul's movements are limited, he's forced to stand upright. He breathes heavily. He can see only darkness.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DARK

The cover can be heard being tampered with. Scott looks up. The cover is removed. A narrow beam of daylight flows downwards.

Footsteps rush feverishly down the ladder. Scott looks to the tunnels. The sound of rushing footsteps emerge from them, too. *All* of them, every direction.

Scott closes his eyes and silently recites the Lord's Prayer.

He places the gun below his chin, aims it towards his brain.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CASKET - DARK

Paul listens intently - it's all he can do.

(O.S.) A scurrying sound. Footsteps. A gunshot. The thud of a body hitting the floor.

(O.S.) Whispery laughter. Rampaging footsteps, as if there were an army marching in the room beyond the casket.

Paul closes his eyes. Clenches his fists.

The casket is grazed, touched, clawed at from the other side. Sounds similar to nails being scraped on a chalk board.

Intense rampaging footsteps. Constant scurrying. The mixed whispery laughter culminates into an ear bursting HISS.

Peace. Silence. All is quiet.

Paul opens his eyes. His hand wrapped tight round his mouth. Lowers it. Breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

An old fashioned tannoy system blares out an archaic version of "I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside".

MONTAGE

1> A calm tide washes up limbs ashore. The beach has gathered a collection of scalded, bloodied body parts.

2> The sea is a light blood red. Floating on the surface are half dissolved heads. Body parts. Skulls. Bones.

3> A large smiling, highly decorated amusement arcade horse head washes up ashore in between an adult and child's skull.

4> Hundreds of burnt bodies are piled on top of each other on the sea wall steps. Horrified expressions transfixed on their faces.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH FRONT - DAY

Bloodied, burnt bodies litter the street. Music stops from the tannoy. All is quiet but for the sound of the tide.

INT. CHAMBER - CASKET - DARK

Hyperventilating breathing heard amidst the darkness. Two bright but very scared open eyes dart back and forth.

Paul's breathing slows. Calms down.

PAUL (V.O.)

My name is Paul Reed. A name is important. It's your identity, it's who you are. Apart from my name, up until recently, that's the only thing I really knew about myself.

He closes his eyes. Absolute darkness.

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Infant children at play.

Paul, eight years old, plays football with other boys. He takes a break at the side of the small concrete make believe pitch.

He glances at the distant closed school gate situated in between two hedgerows. An agent in a suit wearing thick dark sunglasses watches him from beyond the gate.

A worried Paul looks to the other kids to see if they have noticed but they are too busy playing. He looks back to the gate - the agent has gone.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Teacher MRS. CULLAWAY, 50's, is in the middle of giving a lesson to a desk bound class of eight year old's.

Paul sits at his desk next to a rain soaked window. He looks out at the dreary white sky and light rainfall.

He looks out at the school playing field where the surrounds are covered by bushes. Two agents stand in the far corner of the field - watching him.

PAUL (V.O.)

I've always felt different. Always been different. Always felt I was being watched.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - READING CORNER - DAY

The children sit on a carpet listening eagerly as Mrs. Cullaway reads "Hansel and Gretal" to them.

Paul sits at the back. He looks over to the back of the classroom where a class assistant, MISS CLARK, stands on a low table struggling to tape some decorative class work high on the wall.

She gives up. She looks at a wooden stool. Takes it.

PAUL

Don't use that Miss Clark, it's gonna break.

The children turn to Paul confused. Mrs. Cullaway looks at Paul sternly. Miss Clark smiles but carries on regardless.

She places the stool on the table. Stands on the stool and resumes her determined mission.

The stool leg wobbles. Cracks form in the wood. It breaks.

Miss Clark falls from the stool. Lands on her back on the hard floor. The back of her head hits the floor hard - knocks her unconscious.

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

An ambulance is at the car park gates. Two paramedics take Miss Clark on a stretcher into the back of the bus.

Cullaway turns to the upset class that has been congregated on the playground. Paul is at the back.

CULLAWAY

OK children, Miss Clark will be fine, I'm sure. Let's go to class C and I'll finish the book.

The kids give Paul odd looks as they head back to class. Cullaway glances warily at Paul. She takes his hand, unnerved.

CULLAWAY

It was very observant of you to notice what could have - and unfortunately - did happen, Paul.

PAUL

What does observant mean?

Cullaway leads a confused Paul back inside the school.

PAUL (V.O.)

I kept myself to myself after realizing a few things. I could always sense things, feel when something was about to happen. Sometimes for good...

INT. REED HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A fireplace burns full on high. MARGARET REED, 32, sleeps on the sofa, bottle of empty vodka cradled in her arms.

An unwrapped newspaper on a table slowly turns inwards from the blazing heat. Small spirals of smoke rise.

A half asleep pyjama wearing Paul enters the room and turns the fireplace off. He douses the end of the newspaper in his mothers half empty glass.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Home time. Children gather their shoes from a rack. Paul GRABS a shoe from SERENA's hands. Serena (8, a cute dark haired girl) looks at Paul in shock.

SERENA

Hey! What are you doing!?

Paul tips the shoe upside down on a table. Drawing pins fall from the shoe onto the table. Serena is stunned.

SERENA

Wow - thanks Paul. How'd you know that?

An embarrassed Paul shrugs.

SERENA

Do you know who did it?

Paul sways his head a no.

Serena starts to cry - realization hits home of what could have happened.

PAUL (V. O.)

...And sometimes not so good.

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

School bell rings out loud to signal home time. Paul runs for his life to the school gate from a chasing BULLY (9).

BULLY

I'm gonna get you for ratting on me  
you freak!

Paul makes it to the gate where Margaret and other parents are waiting. Safe.

The Bully is grabbed by the HEADMASTER (60's) and frogmarched back inside the school.

HEADMASTER

The only thing you're gonna get is a detention and letter home to your parents about how stupid it is to play pranks on your fellow classmates!

PAUL (V.O.)

I learned quickly sometimes you should just keep things to yourself.

INT. REED HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul lays on his bed, staring up at the ceiling of his dark room. His bright eyes glitter from the rays of moonlight that creep in through slightly parted curtains.

PAUL (V.O.)

I've always had a curious fascination with what is up above...

INT. CHURCH - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Christmas decorations adorn the hall.

Paul and his fellow school pupils stand at the candlelit alter, which has been transformed into a small nativity set.

Cullaway organizes the pupils where to stand, each with hymn books in their hands. A church organ sets the mood with seasonal hymn music.

Parents enter and takes seats on the pews.

A small commotion breaks out at the back of the hall between a group of parents and the REVEREND (60's).

After a few moments, the Reverend walks over to Cullaway.

REVEREND

May I have a word, Mrs. Cullaway?

MRS. CULLAWAY

Oh, yes - of course, Reverend.

MOMENTS LATER

A saddened Cullaway leads Paul down the hall by the hand. She takes him outside the church just as the choir begin to sing their Christmas carols.

MRS. CULLAWAY  
(comfortingly)  
Don't you worry Paul, we had too many  
singers and you had the strongest  
voice - I think it's only fair we let  
the others have a chance to shine.

Some of the parents give Paul and Cullaway looks of disgust  
and disdain.

PARENT #1  
Devil child.

PARENT #2  
The evil has gone.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Snow falls heavily as the choir can be heard performing their  
lackluster performance. Cullaway crouches in front of a  
crestfallen Paul sympathetically.

MRS. CULLAWAY  
Don't you pay any attention to them.  
Don't listen to what bad things they  
have to say. Ever.

Paul nods. Cullaway stands and looks at the church. Fumes.

MRS. CULLAWAY  
Stupid old fashioned farts.

Paul giggles.

PAUL (V.O.)  
...Not a fixation with religion. I  
guess my *helpfulness* around school had  
earned me a reputation for being a  
little...odd. Different.

INT. REED HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The curtains are wide open. Paul smiles as he kneels on his  
bed and gazes out of the window in wonderment at the bright  
moonlit star studded sky.

His rocket themed wallpapered room gently lit by the light,  
it reveals to be full of moon and space orientated posters  
and models.

A stuffed toy, a rabbit which wears a commemorative jersey  
with the mission insignia of Apollo 11, sits on a shelf.

EXT. MATTHEWS STREET - NIGHT

Residential houses. All lights out. Quiet. Everyone's asleep.

Paul walks along the desolate street. A large playing field surrounded by bushes is to his right.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Paul stands in the middle of the field and looks up at the moon, bathing in it's light.

PAUL (V.O.)

Some say to look up at the heavens is to search for God in the stars. I've always looked to the stars simply for a glimpse of the Goddess.

EXT. ABRAHAM STREET - DAY

A group of four 15 year old's, Paul, Serena, JOE and LISA, walk high spirited down a derelict neighborhood.

They laugh and mess around as they reach the final house in a row of thirteen - a run down dilapidated old house.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BASEMENT - DARK

Paul sits next to Serena facing Joe and Lisa opposite a Ouija board set out in front of them. An upside down glass sits in the middle of the board.

Joe passes round a joint. Paul passes.

JOE

Oh yeah, sorry bud. Don't wanna mess with your "abilities"!

They all giggle.

LISA

So what's the real story behind this place? Who exactly are we trying to get in contact with?

SERENA

A deranged two headed ogre who tortured and then sadistically killed his victims before chopping them up and -

LISA

Eating them? Seriously, what's the history?

JOE

Screw what happened. I wanna see what's *gonna* happen. Paul, my man, do the honours!

Paul places a finger gingerly on the glass. He smiles as he looks at everyone else.

PAUL

You've all got to do the same.

They all place their dithering index fingers on the glass.

LATER

The group sit around the Ouija, bored.

PAUL (V.O.)

If I had any powers when I was younger  
- if I really was some kind of  
clairvoyant -

Joe knocks the glass over.

JOE

Man, I'm through with this shit.

The group agree with a joint laugh.

Joe and Lisa are quick to stand, unite with each other and kiss. Serena stands up and playfully rustles Paul's matted hair.

SERENA

Maybe we should do it on Halloween instead?

A bemused Paul remains sitting.

PAUL (V.O.)

- it sure wore off quick when I reached my teens.

Joe passes a joint to Paul. He takes it, has a couple of puffs, stands and passes it to Serena.

Serena takes a smoke and leans back against the staircase railings. Paul approaches her with a lustful smile.

PAUL

I don't think we need to wait until Halloween to do it.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The back of the house is in the distance. In the middle of the field, Paul and Serena kiss under bright moonlight.

PAUL (V.O.)

The visions, the senses, the paranoia of people watching me - They all went away when I was with Serena.

Serena giggles as the two playfully fall together on the ground in an embrace.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well, maybe not *all* my senses.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNK/SCRAP YARD - DAY

Paul, 17, works hard on removing the parts from a dusty wreck of a Toyota Camry in searing heat in a quiet spot in the yard.

PAUL ( V.O.)

I left school as soon as I could find work - things at home were tough and I had to help out my mom.

The BOSS, a large, fat cigar smoker, walks over to him. His cigar drops from his open mouth.

BOSS

What the hell are you doing, boy?

PAUL

Taking the engine out, boss. What you told me to do...?

A crow watches, perched at the top of the junk-yard pile.

BOSS

Not *this* car, dummy. *That* car!

He points further down the yard. A similar vehicle looks even more battered.

BOSS

You've been here a week and what have you done? You've just dismantled the engine of my fuckin' car.

The Boss blows a fit at Paul. The crow squawks.

Paul walks disappointedly out of the junk-yard. The Boss gestures "good riddance" followed by a one finger salute.

The crow flies off.

MONTAGE

1> INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT

Paul works tirelessly behind the counter, taking orders and serving burgers to a never ending queue of grumpy customers.

2> EXT. STREET - DAY

Paul uses a reach extender to pick up trash that is scattered around the area and puts them in rubbish bags.

3> EXT. STREET - DAWN

A garbage truck stops outside a quiet neighborhood. Paul steps out of the truck.

He takes garbage bags left outside the houses and throws them into the back of the refuse vehicle.

He tiredly watches the rubbish churn up and compress.

END MONTAGE

EXT. REED HOUSE - DAY

A small house in a poor area of town. Police helicopters are heard overhead. Sirens wail in the background.

Paul walks up the small garden path to the front door.

INT. REED HOUSE - LIVING-ROOM - DAY

The room is tidy but the mismatched furniture is in bad condition. An old television plays a black and white movie - *Quatermass II*.

Paul wearily slumps down on a hole ridden settee.

PAUL (V.O.)

Me and my mom constantly moved about.  
I lost contact with Serena. Mom kept  
on working. I never asked what job she  
had. I knew what she was doing.

## MONTAGE

1> INT. STRIP BAR - NIGHT

Seedy club. Half attractive women pole dance to a small audience of greasy, trashy and sleazy looking older men.

Margaret Reed, 43, is one of the waitresses in the bar. She is clearly the eldest. She looks tired and worn down despite the amount of make up she has on.

She heads to the back room.

OWNER (O.S.)

Hey, Margaret. Quick word.

Margaret turns to the bar. The OWNER (male, 40's) stands behind the counter.

OWNER

Little less slap tomorrow, huh? You're gonna scare all the punters away.

Margaret nods tiredly but obediently. She darts off to the back room.

OWNER (O.S.)

I'm running a strip club not a goddamn circus.

2> EXT. STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Margaret stands outside the alleyway. She's dressed more akin to the strippers. A car approaches, slows and stops. She gets inside.

PAUL (V.O.)

Mom worked all the hours she could to keep us going. It was difficult. Previously we had lived off my father's insurance. It wasn't easy once it ran out. We moved around so much because we had little choice. Money was getting thinner. Home was getting worse.

3> EXT. REED HOUSE - DAY

Paul and Margaret leave the house. They walk down the garden path with two suitcases each.

4> EXT. REED HOUSE (2) - DAWN

This house looks in worse condition. Paul and Margaret leave the house. Paul holds the only suitcase. He packs it in the back of black '69 Plymouth Roadrunner Coupe.

5> EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The landscape of a big city looms over an ant army of vehicles.

6> INT. CAR - DAY

Margaret drives. Paul stares depressingly out of the passenger window. The hectic traffic. The fumes. The noise.

7> EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A run down area.

Paul looks on as Margaret hands over keys to a MAN in exchange for small cash. The man nods, smiles a smug thanks.

He enters the Coupe. The car drives off. Margaret looks worn down. Paul hugs her.

They head inside the grubby apartment block.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small, cramped bare-bones room. Paul sits up from his makeshift bed, looks around at his dismal surroundings.

PAUL (V.O.)

It wasn't easy without my father. Not that I would have known much difference. He died in an accident just after I was born. Hard to tell which really was the accident.

A glum Paul looks out of a small window. A dark cloud covered sky. His blank expression stares back at him in the window's reflection.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A miserable grey overcast sky. Faint rumbles of thunder. Drizzle.

Paul stands at the side of an open grave as a coffin is lowered into the six feet deep hole below it.

A PRIEST recites a funeral prayer. A respectful graveyard CARETAKER makes up the numbers.

PAUL (V.O.)

I spent all we had left on giving my mother something of a farewell. I didn't care about the money. I didn't care about anything at that point apart from giving her the funeral most people would take for granted.

Paul wipes a tear from his eye. He glances up at the outskirts of the yard, a background of trees.

Two statuesque agents in suits and dark glasses watch him.

He looks back down at the final moments of his mother's coffin being lowered into the Earth.

PAUL (V.O.)

*Ghouls.* They follow death, no matter the who or how or why. They're just always there.

He clenches his fists tightly.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Heavy rainfall heightens the gloomy look of the decrepit building.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM/ KITCHEN (OPEN PLAN) - DAY

Disgusting mess of a place. Cardboard boxes full of split rubbish bags and empty spirit bottles align the peeling sickly dark green colored painted walls.

PAUL (V.O.)

My mom had foreseen her own death and had paid rent on the place for the next few months. It wasn't the best of places to be. But the landlord was happy. And I had a place to stay.

INT. APARTMENT - MARGARET'S ROOM - DAY

Paul walks inside.

Bedsheets are aside the still indented bed. Multicolored and different shaped pills are scattered on the floor.

White and brown powders mingle amongst tin foil wraps. Empty spirit bottles surround the room. Several unopened bottles of hard liquor take Paul's attention.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM/ KITCHEN (OPEN PLAN)- NIGHT

Paul lay dazed across three small wooden chairs lined up together as it were a makeshift settee, half empty bottle of whisky by his side.

Pills scatter the floor. Open half empty containers.

Paul's face looks pale. His eyes stare upwards, his pupils dilated.

PAUL (V.O.)

My mom's death hit me hard. I dabbled with the remains of my mom's stash. Made me feel that she was with me. The warmth of love.

Paul stands. He looks gaunt, lost. He slowly walks to a small window that overlooks the back of the apartment block.

PAUL (V.O.)

Then I'd wake up and I'd be back here again. I took so much shit I couldn't tell you how many days, weeks or months had passed. It was a trip alright. A trip to nowhere.

THROUGH WINDOW:

Garbage skips. Wind blown trash. Another cloudy night.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul slumps back on the makeshift settee. Closes his eyes and rubs his forehead tight with the sweaty palms of his hands.

PAUL (V.O.)

The visions and dreams I was accustomed to had stopped for so long now I wondered at times if I had ever really had them. Perhaps mom had fed me pills in my dinner - I just didn't know who I was anymore.

INT. APARTMENT - STAIRCASE - DAY

Paul slugs it up cold looking grime infested steps.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Paul!

Paul stops. He looks down at the bottom of the staircase. The LANDLORD, 50's, a muscular but grubby balding guy wearing a wife beater, stares back at him.

LANDLORD  
Rent's due.

A gormless Paul shrugs his shoulders.

PAUL  
I don't have it.

LANDLORD  
You don't have it? What am I running  
here, a Goddamn charity crack den?

PAUL  
Are you?

LANDLORD  
You don't have the rent, you don't  
have a place to stay. Capisce?

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

The door opens. Paul is pushed out into the street.

LANDLORD (O.S.)  
And stay out, you Goddamn junkie! Go  
about your filth elsewhere you piece  
of shit!

The door slams shut. Unfazed, Paul heads down the street.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Paul walks wearily down a busy sidewalk. He walks past  
enticing neon lit stores. Casual passers by look down on him  
as if he were an insect crawling on the ground.

PAUL (V.O.)  
I kept up the family tradition of  
keeping on the move.

EXT. STREETS - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Sirens wail in the distance.

Paul tries to sleep with flattened cardboard boxes as  
bedsheets and using rubbish bags as a mattress and pillow.

Unsettled, he switches the positions several times. Too tired  
to care, he settles down on a mix of both.

He gazes tiredly up at the dark cloud covered sky.

PAUL (V.O.)

I kicked the drugs. Never even went cold turkey. Not bad, considering there seemed more opportunities to do them without money than if I'd had it.

Paul watches in the background as tramps, junkies and prostitutes feverishly share needles and drugs.

EXT. HOSTEL - DAY

A small ramshackle of a building. A "HOSTEL FOR HOMELESS" placard is placed lopsided above the door.

Paul waits patiently for entry in a large queue.

INT. HOSTEL - COMMUNAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Several beds in a row. Everyone is asleep. Paul lays in one of the beds, his eyes open in introspective thought.

PAUL (V.O.)

I gained some perspective back in my life. Even though I had never felt so alone, I knew I had sunk as low as I could get. The only descent from here would be six feet lower. I had to make sure the only way was up.

Paul turns on to his side. His eyes close.

Darkness.

SUPERIMPOSE: 16 YEARS LATER

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Framework of a large building in the early stages of construction. BUILDERS work hard under the searing heat of the summer sun.

A horn blares out, signalling the end of the shift.

The builders swarm off the site wearily amongst idle chatter.

One of the last to leave the site is Paul, 33, short dark blonde hair, boyish good looks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Paul trudges down the street with a backpack. Friendly hoots from passing cars. Paul waves to his fellow workers on their way home.

EXT. TRAILER PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Paul passes a large sign that reads "ENDLESS HAVEN TRAILER PARK" as he enters inside the grounds.

EXT. ENDLESS HAVEN TRAILER PARK - MAIN SITE - DAY

Paul walks past many grotty trailers.

He finds home - a small humble trailer at the edge of the park. He unlocks and opens the door.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Paul removes his backpack. It drops down to the floor with a heavy thud.

He crashes down on his bed with a relieved sigh. Exhausted, Paul falls asleep in seconds.

EXT. ENDLESS HAVEN TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

All is quiet apart from nightlife chirping.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Paul SUDDENLY sits up from his bed. He gasps for breath, his eyes wide open and bright. Sweat drips from his forehead.

PAUL (V.O.)  
They came back. The dreams. The  
visions. The feelings. Stronger than  
ever.

INT. TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul kneels and vomits into the toilet.

He looks at his reflection in the bathroom cabinet mirror. He bangs his clenched fists against the sides of the cabinet mirror in anger and frustration.

PAUL (V.O.)  
Maybe I was going insane. Maybe I'd  
always been insane. Perhaps I was  
crazy. I sure felt it at times.

Paul breaks down close to tears as his head bows to his bewildered reflection in the mirror.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Paul sits on the doorsteps of his trailer. He gazes upwards at a full moon in a cloudless, starlit sky.

PAUL (V.O.)

You never know who you are going to be, who you are going to turn into. You don't get a choice. You might be able to change how people perceive you, you might even be able to convince yourself. But you can't change your DNA. You can't change what's written in the stars. You can't change your destiny. You can't change who you are.

FADE OUT:

SUPERIMPOSE: Three Months Ago

FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - BUILDING - DAY

The bottom two of the several floors look completed. A large billboard reads "RAWLEY TOWER - BUILT BY RAWLEY CONSTRUCTION".

INT. BUILDING - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

Several builders work on different parts of the floor. Constant sound of drilling and hammering.

A safety goggle wearing Paul works at the edge of the floor, in the midst of constructing a window frame.

The horn blares out to signal the end of the shift.

The builders are quick to leave. Paul removes his safety goggles. He looks disappointed that the end of the shift has come.

Paul looks out at the scenery beyond him. The distant woodland looks scenic and quite beautiful from this height. The sight of the sun glaring down makes it look even more picturesque.

Paul look down below at the cheerful builders leaving the site. He smiles.

Paul's smile drops in an instant.

Two agents look up at him from the site entrance. FORREST, (35, youthful self assured, prim and proper) and LEE, 46 (smarmy yet rough, muscular).

Further up the street, a little further to the right, he notices a parked black Chevrolet. Tinted black windows.

A hand CLASPS the back of Paul's shoulder.

Paul turns back in surprise - to a grinning workmate.

BUILDER

You plan on spending the night, Paul?

PAUL

No - no, I'm on my way down.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Paul is the last of the builders to leave as he cautiously heads out with his backpack.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Paul walks briskly down the sidewalk. The road is busy with rush hour traffic.

In between the swarm of pedestrians, he notices Forrest and Lee on the opposite side of the street standing outside a corner shop. They're watching him indiscreetly.

Paul stops. Looks back. The black Chevrolet emerges from a corner of the road slowly.

Paul looks back for Forrest and Lee. They're gone.

Alarmed, Paul heads down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Paul jogs down the short quiet alley and exits out into -

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Trees on either side of a typically suburban upmarket area. The street is quiet.

Paul walks along the sidewalk, regaining his composure in the more tranquil surroundings.

The low hum of a car engine behind him.

Paul slowly turns around.

The black Chevy approaches him slowly from the bottom of the street.

Paul looks tense. He maintains his calm walk - allowing the Chevy to drive up alongside him.

Paul stops. The Chevy stops. Paul looks at the tinted windows. The passenger side window slowly rolls down.

Paul gulps. Two shade wearing agents are inside.

AGENT #1  
(monotone)  
Paul Reed?

PAUL  
Who wants to know?

Agent #1 draws a handgun from his suit. He aims it at Paul. Paul closes his eyes in resignation to his fate.

SMASH! BANG!

Paul opens his eyes. The car windshield is smashed. Agent #1 sits dead with a bullet hole in his forehead.

The driver, AGENT #2, desperately tries to pull out his gun whilst cowering as low as he can.

SHOTS from afar. Paul ducks behind the side of the Chevy. He spots an alley only a few feet away.

Paul runs for it.

EXT. ALLEY #2 - DAY

Paul runs down a long alley. Rapid back and forth gunfire is heard in the background.

The gunfire stops. Paul pauses halfway down the alley. He looks back behind him.

Forrest and Lee are at the top of the alley - running right for him.

Paul runs for it. The end of the alley is not far away.

Forrest and Lee run determinedly after Paul. Forrest is the fastest out of the two and takes a clear lead.

Paul makes it to the end of the alley.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Busy traffic on the road. Paul emerges from the alley.

He RUNS across the freeway, miraculously dodging the oncoming traffic.

He makes it to the other side, jumps over a barrier and continues to run into a hay field.

Forrest emerges from the alley. He stops and look both ways for Paul but there is no sight of him.

Lee catches up with Forrest. He looks at him questionably. Forrest shakes his head. Both look frustrated.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DUSK

Paul walks through the large field. Rows of round bales of hay in the distance.

PAUL (V.O.)  
I couldn't go home. They would be  
there. Waiting.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

A small cluster of trees.

Paul lay against a tree, hidden by it's thin, wispy overhanging branches. He rests his head against his backpack as he gazes out at the vast field.

A flock of birds fly past. Paul closes his eyes. He falls asleep under the starlit sky.

PAUL (V.O.)  
I knew it had begun. It meant I was  
back on the move, but I had accepted I  
couldn't live like a normal person. I  
had tried but I had been living a lie.  
What happened earlier confirmed I was  
a marked man for sure. I didn't know  
why. I didn't know why it made me feel  
both excited and afraid either. But it  
gave me a sense of purpose. I wasn't  
going to stand around and watch again.  
I was determined they, whoever they  
were, would have to work a lot harder  
next time.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAWN

Paul walks through the field. He casts a lonely shadowy figure as dawn breaks in the sky.

LATER

Paul treks down a dried mud path. A small village in the near distance.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Quiet. Desolate.

Paul exits a corner store. He zips up his backpack and puts it back on.

PAUL (V.O.)

The good thing about my job is that it paid cash in hand. Lucky me pay day was yesterday. I bought some food and drink, enough to last me to where I was going. Wherever that was.

MOMENTS LATER

Paul waits at a bus stop. A bemused OLD MAN hobbles towards him. He stops and looks at him questionably. A moment passes.

PAUL

Hi there...

The old man nods politely but continues his rude stare.

PAUL

Any idea when the next bus is due?

OLD MAN

Tuesday.

PAUL

Tuesday? But it's only Saturday.

The old man nods again. He heads on his way.

Paul looks around at the empty village. Looks to the road. Hay fields on both sides. Paul shrugs.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

Paul sips on a bottle of water as he walks through the field.

PAUL (V.O.)

I knew the coast wasn't far. That felt like a good destination.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Paul sits under the cover of a trio of trees. He clumsily uses rigid hay stems as if they were chopsticks to eat beans from a can.

LATER

Paul shivers. Hugs himself to keep warm. He lays down against his backpack and closes his eyes.

Darkness.

PAUL (V.O.)

Thoughts ran rampant through my mind that night. What was I doing? My head told me to go back. Call the cops. Then I thought about what it was I would be going back to. Nothing. Possibly death. Would the cops even believe me? I believed in my heart, my gut instinct. I had only one regret.

Paul picks some dirt/mud from his mouth.

PAUL (V.O.)

Wish I'd brought a damn spoon.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. DARKNESS

A searing bright light emerges in the bottom corner of the darkness. The light spreads rapidly, shearing away the darkness as if a page being turned from a book.

EXT. CRUSTY SURFACE - NIGHT

Bright light beams out high into a night sky from a mile long jagged edge in the surface. Maniacal, demonic, indecipherable whispers.

The sound of echoing SHATTERED GLASS drowns out the whispers, each repetition cuts sharper, louder than the last.

EXT. DARKNESS

Sounds of echoing shattered fragments morph into a racing heartbeat.

EXT. ARCTIC TERRAIN - DAY

A blizzard. Several snow and ice capped mountains. GLACIERS drift below them in arctic waters. A dull vibrating hum echoes from below.

EXT. SNOW FIELD - DUSK

Snow falls heavily. Paul walks transfixed towards a daunting white house in the middle of the desolate snow covered field.

A slow heartbeat. A shadowy figure of a woman at the house doorway, arms open to welcome and embrace him. Paul runs to the house but his movements are slow and groggy. He stops. Looks down at his feet.

They are covered in crawling ANTS. Picture changes in seconds. His feet are MADE of ants.

Paul's stuck, can't move. He looks around in panic - HUNDREDS of DARK FIGURES surround the field staring at him.

Menacing laughter echoes louder and louder...

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Paul wakes with a start. Sweat drips down his face.

He stands up shaken, checks his surroundings. His gaze is taken by something in the field ahead of him.

A shadowy figure of a woman stands in the middle of the field. A replica of the woman - but in dazzling white - stands behind her.

Hay stems sway as the wind picks up dramatically. Paul looks stunned - scared - at the visions of the women.

SFX: Cries of a new born baby; Gushing water; Cackling fire; Explosions.

Paul stands mortified as a TIDAL WAVE of BLOOD explodes from the distant woodland - on it's way directly towards him.

Paul looks down to the ground - a CHASM opens up beneath him with a ray of WHITE BEAMING LIGHT. He descends into the pit SCREAMING in terror.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAWN

Paul wakes with terrorized wide eyes. He sits up, looks around cautiously, understandably paranoid.

The field is peaceful. Tranquil. Sounds from early morning nature.

He clasps at his face and breathes slowly and deeply. *Calm down.*

LATER

Paul walks the field. He constantly looks over his shoulder.

MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH FRONT - DAY

1> A slow tide rolls up gently on a heavily populated beach.

2> People outside the many seaside shops, cafes and hotels. An air of fun, freedom and relaxation.

3> Hay from sandy hill banks/small dunes at the back of the beach sway from gentle rifts of wind.

4> A mass alignment of small wooden beach huts.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The beach is desolate. Gentle waves of the sea create a calm, soothing atmosphere.

EXT. BEACH - SANDBANKS/SMALL DUNES - NIGHT

Paul crouches at the top of the dunes, hidden in between the hay stems. He looks down at the beach huts.

He takes in a deep breath of the sea air. He carefully manoeuvres his way down the dunes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Paul scavenges the beach huts, trying the doors. All are locked.

He finds one that is loosely secured with a rusted padlock and latch. He takes out a hammer from his backpack. He uses it to wedge open the door.

Whilst trying to squeeze himself inside the tight gap, the weather beaten rusted chain SNAPS under the pressure. The padlock BREAKS.

Paul enters the breached hut and closes the door.

INT. BEACH HUT - NIGHT

Sound of objects being fumbled. A torchlight is flicked on. Paul directs the torchlight around the hut.

The hut is small. It has a double seat at the back. Shelves full of fishing utensils on the side. A fisherman's hooded coat hangs up on the back of the door.

Paul lay down on the seat, folding his legs to fit. He turns off the torch and closes his eyes. The sound of the tide helps lull him to sleep.

EXT. BEACH HUT - DAY

Paul opens the door. He squints from the bright sunlight. He takes out his wallet from his pocket. \$30 left.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paul washes his face and upper body in the sea.

INT. MINI MART - DAY

Paul takes a bag of shopping from the counter. Nods a thank you to the nonchalant CLERK who reciprocates.

He scans the newspaper rack on his way out. Checks the headlines. Nothing about the incident he was involved in.

EXT. BEACH HUT - DAY

Paul puts his bag on the ground. He cautiously opens the door. Still vacant. He takes the bag and enters inside. He kicks the door shut.

EXT. BEACH HUT - NIGHT

The moon is half full in the night sky.

A small fire flickers, illuminating Paul as he sits on the step of the beach hut.

He gazes out at the sea, calm and relaxed.

Something KNOCKS against one of the huts in the distance.

Paul is alerted. He looks to the other huts. Nothing. He scans the area. He keeps his eyes on the huts. Nothing. Time passes.

Paul relaxes. He looks up at the moon.

PAUL (V.O.)

Perhaps my destiny had been just to  
live like a bum, live off the land.  
Maybe I had no special plans lined up  
and I was just another weirdo who  
believed he was "the chosen one".

A SCRATCHING sound - from the hut next to his. Paul stands  
alarmed. Backs away from the huts. Nothing is there.

Paul keeps his eyes on the door of the hut, concerned.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well, now I was broke I had no other  
option other than to put that to test.  
I guess I could live here for a while.  
Tomorrow could be a good time to learn  
how to fish. I figured destiny had  
brought me here for a reason. A beach  
hut with fishing utensils? I'd be a  
fool not to use them and take  
advantage of both.

An ear piercing SCREECH - Paul stumbles, falls backwards onto  
the ground in shock - as a stray cat runs out from in between  
the beach huts.

Paul gets up from the ground and laughs in relief. He heads  
inside his hut and closes the door.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. BEACH HUT - DAY

A loud KNOCK at the door. Paul wakes.

A terrified Paul stands back as far as he can against the  
wall of the hut. A tall dark hooded figure stands at the  
doorway, rays of beaming white light surround him.

The light turns into a spectrum of colors. An angelic  
dazzling hand extends from the spectrum.

Paul looks up at a white bearded FISHERMAN, 60's. He holds  
his hand out to Paul.

FISHERMAN

You best be on your way, boy.

Paul rejects the hand. Too scared.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

A loud KNOCK at the door. Paul wakes.

The door BURSTS open. Bright sunlight takes Paul by surprise.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
YOU! OUT NOW!

Paul gets to his feet. He looks at the doorway. A burly SECURITY GUARD stands in front of a disheveled ELDERLY MAN.

Paul grabs his backpack on his way out of the hut.

EXT. BEACH HUT - DAY

The guard GRABS Paul's backpack from his hands.

PAUL  
That's mine!

SECURITY GUARD  
Oh yeah? Just like this is yours too?

He nods to the hut.

The guard empties the contents of the backpack onto the ground. Food wrappers, work tools and empty soda cans.

ELDERLY MAN  
That's not mine - I don't care about  
this hobo, I just want to make sure  
nothing has been misused!

Paul quickly puts his tools in to the backpack.

SECURITY GUARD  
We can call the police and press  
charges. It will make sure this menace  
to society learns his lesson -

Paul RUNS for it.

SECURITY GUARD  
HEY!

Paul runs up the sand dunes. The guard gives a laboured chase.

Paul is over the dunes already. The unfit guard slips and stumbles half way up. He gives in, stands with his hand on hips.

EXT. BEACH FRONT PROMENADE - DAY

A discontent Paul wanders the busy sidewalk. He leans over a rail. Watches several boats in the glistening sea.

He rubs the back of his neck, searching for answers.

He turns and looks over at the many shops. A poster in a tourist information store stands out.

The poster reads: "FREE YOURSELF! GET BACK TO NATURE! PLAN A CAMPING WEEKEND BREAK WITH US NOW!"

Paul smiles wirily.

EXT. FOREST - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Vast acres/miles of woodland.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sun-light glimmers in between trees. A reinvigorated Paul marches enthusiastically down a wide dried mud pathway.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Paul continues to walk down the narrowing path. Snapping sounds are heard beyond bushes. Distant woodland noises.

Paul constantly looks over his shoulder.

LATER

Paul stops. It's the end of the pathway. He looks around his surroundings. Everything looks similar. The trees, the bushes. The colors of green and brown.

Paul ventures beyond the pathway.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul lays uncomfortably at the bottom of a large tree, curled up tight with his head resting on his backpack.

His eyes are wide open. Constant noises and sounds of the woods, near and distant.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

A tired looking Paul trudges onwards through the woods, dried leaves crunching underfoot.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The soaring sun sheds no pity.

Paul sweats. He itches himself as he becomes visibly agitated walking through the woods.

He takes out a hand shovel and hammer from his backpack. He uses them both to scrape through thorned branches and thick growths.

LATER

The sun shines unbearably bright.

Paul looks haggard, very tired. His eyes look tinged with red. He repeatedly itches his face. He looks down at the dried mud ground. It *wobbles*.

DAYDREAM

Paul lay on his back on the ground. He tilts his head up.

Two palm trees. In between is a white hammock with a shadowy figure of a woman laying inside. The sea beyond. Small clouds in the dusk skyline.

Paul looks wide eyed, astonished.

Dark clouds become ripples. The hammock becomes a thong. Light clouds become clear skin. The sun a belly button. The picture contorts into a giant thong wearing woman!

Paul blinks.

Trees. Hundreds of towering, impossibly tall trees ahead of Paul. He looks on open mouthed. Paul blinks.

The trees have morphed into hundreds of dock pilings that sit in the middle of a dark wet sandy beach. The sky is red/mauve color. The ground a miserable dank wet dark blue.

Paul looks away. As if drawn by the sight, he slowly looks back up.

Hundreds of naked bodies lay impaled on the pilings.

END DAYDREAM

Paul wakes up. His body shakes violently as if in a seizure.

The seizure stops. He stands clumsily, trying to grasp his bearings. He realizes where he is. He takes deep breaths. Stabilizes himself. Calms down.

MONTAGE

1> Paul discovers a six foot wide large tree stump.

2> Paul returns to the stump with a bunch of thin tree branches in his arms. He places them down by the stump. Scratches his face.

3> Paul snaps large branches with his knees.

4> Paul assembles the branches at opposite angles against the tree stump. He forces the sharp/broken end of the branches into the ground as far as they can.

After forming a basic structure, a bad "wigwam", he fills in the gaps with thinner branches, leaves and sticks.

5> Paul covers the branches with another handful of dry leaves. He inspects it. Itches his face. It'll do.

Paul sits by the side of his "tent". He looks weary, tired. He gnaws at the fleshy part of the knuckles on his fingers.

He itches his blemished face. It has turned red, covered in scratch marks.

INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - NIGHT

Paul stirs in his sleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. FOREST - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Descending down on a massive forest at tremendous speed.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

A beautiful sunset ocean. Sounds of non stop gun fire. The ocean depletes as if a plug was removed from a sink.

The sound of gun fire increases. The ocean is drained and the rocky surface of the Earth is revealed. The ground ruptures, a large jagged edge cracks and swarms across the surface - a mesmerizing white BEAM shoots out.

EXT. FOREST - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Falling faster, further towards the forest. The sky is orange, lit by SEVERAL SUNS.

EXT. DRIED OCEAN SEA BED - DUSK

The sky is vivid red. The several suns beam rays down in several different tinted colors of red and orange.

Eerie silence. Paul stands on the desolate, alien looking terrain alone. He watches the bright beam in the distance.

A furious roar. A tidal wave of blood erupts from the distant chasm. It heads towards Paul. He turns to run.

A giant demonic HAND breaks free from the surface in front of him. It grabs Paul and drags him under the broken ground as a sea of blood refills the ocean.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK - AERIAL SHOT

Falling down into the forest, HITTING trees and branches, being thrown from one side to the next. The ground closes in...

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul wakes on his knees, several feet away from his tent. He looks bewildered.

MONTAGE

1> Paul crouches behind a bush. He watches a DEER grazing in a small clearing. Paul looks at his shaking hands.

He shifts across the bush slowly - CRACK! His foot snaps a twig. The deer looks up at the bush - RUNS away.

2> Paul continues wearily onwards in the forest.

3> He drinks water from a small pond. Splashes it on his face.

4> Paul follows the trail of a small stream.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Paul has set up a replica "tent". He sits on his knees, trying to make a fire by rubbing two sticks of wood together feverishly.

His hands tremble and shake. Fire plan fails. Paul angrily throws the sticks in frustration. He weakly leans back against the base of his tent and closes his eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul wakes. A shrill wailing sound in the distance. A loud CREAKING from the depths of the imposing dark woods.

He looks around in all directions, eyes wide open in fear. Tries to get up. He can't. It's as if he's paralysed.

HEART BEAT thumps fast. INSECT noises, a mix of clicking and chirping becomes louder. CLOSER. Heart beat thumps louder, harder.

The trees have FACES. Large evil eyes. Menacing scowls.

The creaking noise reaches fever pitch. Two of the largest trees, with faces of hatred, MOVE their BRANCHES. The branches quickly entwine with each other to form thick ARMS.

Tree roots EXPLODE from the ground, elevating the trees higher, supporting them and becoming LEGS!

Paul watches aghast as the giant trees move slowly towards him.

Heart beat races FASTER. The insect noises are deafening.

A HOARD of cockroaches, beetles, spiders and crickets rush from the darkness towards Paul and COVER him completely.

Paul opens his eyes.

He stands wearing a black robe, startled. The "camp" looks normal. No haunted trees. No bugs. No noises.

Slow drum of a heart beat. Becomes SLOWER. Paul's face is covered in blisters and sore red spots. Water seeps from the pores around them. Two thin lines of blood leak from his eyes down his cheeks.

His heart beat beats even slower, his breathing hoarse and in frequent.

He unwraps his robe. He has no skin. He has no skeletal frame. All his internal organs can be seen. He looks down in horror. His organs slide out of his body onto the ground in a gloopy mess.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

Paul wakes breathing hard. Clasps his face in his hands. Looks up slowly with a steely determination in his eyes.

EXT. FOREST

TIME LAPSE as day and night pass several times in a matter of seconds, the Sun replacing the Moon and vice versa.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A rabbit wanders. It freezes - sensing something. A SPEAR strikes down through it's body. A Neanderthaloid looking Paul picks up his food with an excited grin and giggle.

MONTAGE

1> EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Paul rubs two sticks feverishly together above dried hay and moss. It ignites, creating fire.

2> Paul cooks the rabbit over the fire, using a thick stick as a spit.

3> EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul eats the rabbit like a savage.

4> EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul dumps moss, dry hay and grass on top of his "tent". It creates a roof and looks like a much better place to sleep in now.

5> Paul carves a POLE out of wood using his hand shovel. Finished, he unscrews the blade from the shovel and wraps it on top of the pole with straps from his backpack to create a SPEAR.

6> Paul picks a bunch of MUSHROOMS from the ground.

7> EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul cooks a SQUIRREL over the fire.

8> Using his backpack as a plate, Paul eats the squirrel and mushrooms.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul searches for food, spear in hand. Something catches his eye in the near distance. A cottage.

EXT. FOREST - COTTAGE - DAY

The clearing and garden around the small but pleasant "fairy-tale" cottage is immaculately maintained.

Paul sticks his spear in the ground. He cautiously approaches the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paul enters through a creaking door. The decor and furniture is made of wood. It has a warm, homely feel.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul ravages a fridge for food. He gorges on slices of ham and raw bacon, fresh tomatoes and lettuce.

Behind him, the creaking door opens. A faceless figure wearing a RED HOODED CLOAK enters, locks of long golden hair spiral down to it's waist.

Paul stops. Looks behind him. The hooded figure.

The two exchange glances from opposite sides of the room.

A FEMALE scream. The hooded woman turns and runs. Paul stumbles after her, mumbling incoherently.

EXT. FOREST - COTTAGE - DUSK

Paul stops at the doorway. He looks out for the hooded woman but she is no where in sight. He steps out onto the porch.

Confused, Paul lingers and looks out at the woods.

He turns to re-enter the cottage - the hooded woman stands inside the doorway.

Paul steps back in shock, stumbles to the ground. The hooded woman offers him her delicate hand.

HOODED WOMAN  
Would you like to come inside?

Paul takes her hand.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit by candlelight. Wind howls outside.

Paul and the hooded woman sit opposite each other over a long wooden table. The table is covered in an assortment of food. Decanted wine. Bottles of beer and spirits.

Paul scoffs the food. He drinks heartily. The hooded - yet still faceless - woman watches.

HOODED WOMAN

It will be a cold night. You must sleep here and keep warm.

Paul looks up - at an empty chair. He stands up and backs away from the table.

Hooded woman stands with her back toward him at the open door. Bushes outside are dazzling, illuminated shade of green and yellow.

Paul stops a few feet behind her.

PAUL

But - what about you?

HOODED WOMAN

I sleep elsewhere.

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul sleeps in a luxurious four poster bed. Wind howls outside. Overhanging tree branches tap against a large french window.

Paul wakes - the hooded woman looks down at him from the side of the bed.

She hands him a toy - a stuffed rabbit which wears a commemorative jersey.

CLOSE UP ON JERSEY:

The symbol of an Eagle with an olive branch in it's claws. The moon is in the background with the Earth in the distance. The mission insignia of Apollo 11.

Paul takes the toy in his hand and looks at it. He smiles.

PAUL

Thank you. But where -

He looks up - the hooded woman has vanished.

He lays back. Turns on his side - The hooded woman faces him. Her face is revealed - it is Serena.

PAUL

Serena!?

Serena smiles. She straddles Paul and looks down at him. Paul looks confused.

SERENA

I love you Paul.

PAUL

Serena? I don't understand -

Serena's face suddenly hides behind the darkness of the hood. Her long curly locks turn grey/gray.

A face reemerges behind the hood. It is Paul's mother, Margaret.

MARGARET

I love you Paul.

Her face decays, ages decades in seconds.

Paul yells out - his scream is mute.

Margaret's face ages until it is mouldy and rotten, the face of a corpse.

The face CRUNCHES inwards whilst the chin extends downwards to the top of the bedsheets. The face turns to dust. The dust collapses onto a mortified Paul.

Paul clasps the dust in his hands. He releases a wild, crazed scream -

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Paul screams loudly as he looks down at wet mud in his clasped hands. He is on his knees near a dried up river bed. His face and beard are covered in mud.

Birds flee their nests. Crows watch on.

Paul rocks backwards and forwards on his knees with his hands to his face. He sobs weakly, losing his mind.

LATER

Paul frenetically builds "something" out of sticks and leaves, stones and mud.

The finished result looks like a stick figure.

He admires his work and grunts approvingly.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A fire flickers.

Paul eats the last half of a barbecued rat. He stares at the toy he created, sat opposite him across the fire.

Several moments pass. Paul smiles and nods at the toy.

PAUL  
(stutters)  
You don't say much do you?

Paul giggles to himself.

PAUL  
(stutters)  
That's OK. You're shy. I respect that.

He bursts out in laughter.

PAUL  
You know what? I feel like I can talk  
to you. I feel like I can say whatever  
I want to you and you won't judge me.

Paul cocks his head to the side and looks into the darkness of the forboding forest. He looks up at the sky. The moon is bright.

PAUL  
The land of the free. And I'm stuck  
and abandoned.  
(giggles)  
In my own country, I feel stuck and  
abandoned. And alone. I don't think  
you can understand how alone I feel.

He stands up and sighs. He looks to the toy.

PAUL  
Well, you *do* understand. You *must*  
understand. I built you, I put you  
together so therefore you *must* know  
what I mean. We all carry something  
from our creator, and I believe you  
carry my - *what's the word* ...

Paul skulks about for a moment. He shrugs. Eureka!

PAUL  
DNA! My hands created you. You carry  
*me* inside you. I made you for a reason  
and that reason...

(shouts)  
...is to realize how stark raving  
fucking insane I'm becoming out here!

Paul gazes up at the moon. He takes a deep breath. Calms down.

He settles into a makeshift bed by the fireside. He looks once more at the toy through the flickering flames.

PAUL  
Things are gonna change around here.  
One way or the other.

Paul closes his eyes. He falls asleep. The fire cackles and burns. The fire dims. The fire fights for its life, fails and burns out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul treks through the woodland.

EXT. FOREST - LAKE - DAY

A lake stretches out for miles. Dense woodland on the opposite side. The sky is overcast, miserable.

Paul sits at the bank. He gazes out at the lake. His face is full of red blemishes.

Bushes behind Paul shake with the wind. Tree branches sway from the breeze.

Paul scratches at his beard with his long, cracked yellow fingernails. The skin on the midpoints of his fingers are bulging red lumps covered in a white flaky layer.

Paul looks down at his back pack. It is filled with ROCKS and STONES. His work tools are by his feet. He looks up again at the lake.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

P.O.V. - *Watching Paul from the edge of the woods.*

EXT. FOREST - LAKE - DAY

An agent emerges from the woods. He walks slowly, threateningly towards Paul.

A SNAPPING sound. Birds flee their nests. Paul is alerted. Remains calm.

Paul GRIPS hold of a HAMMER.

Paul catches reflection of the agent above him in the lake.

Paul SWINGS the HAMMER. It CRACKS the agent's ankle. The agent falls down to the ground clutching his ankle.

Paul jumps on to the agent and pins him down.

PAUL

What do you want from me!?

The agent dismisses Paul's grip with ease, free's his arms and PUNCHES Paul in his face, knocking him sideways.

The agent sits up. Pulls a GUN. Paul KICKS the gun out of his hand into the lake.

Paul runs for the woods. The agent searches frantically for his gun.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The agent storms into the woods. He searches for Paul, gun in hand.

Paul emerges behind the agent from a tree. He holds a large, thick BRANCH with both hands.

He hits the agent over the back of his head with the branch. It knocks him to the ground.

Adrenaline pumping, Paul repeatedly hits the agent over the head with the branch. SPLATTER and CRUNCH sounds are heard.

Paul stands over the body. He throws the blood covered branch. Panic draws over his face. He runs.

PAUL (V.O.)

Oh sweet irony. I was about to do the job for them. Funny how someone else wanting to kill me changed my mind, and my life, in a instant.

Paul stops by a tree. Pants for breath. Looks at his bloody hands.

PAUL (V.O.)

In taking the life of someone who wanted to take mine, it gave me back my soul. It gave me back the will to live. To survive.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul retraces his steps back to where he killed the agent. Paul looks confused. The body has vanished.

He searches in the nearby bushes. Looks on the ground for blood. Nothing.

Paul finds the branch. Bloodless.

He looks at his hands. No blood is on them.

PAUL (V.O.)

Reality had been a blur to me. But I *knew* that hadn't been an hallucination. I *knew* I'd killed a man.

(beat)

Or so I thought.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Paul walks through the woods with his backpack.

PAUL (V.O.)

*They* had found me. I trusted my instincts more than what I could see with my own two eyes. It was time to move on. Again.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODLAND - DUSK

Paul walks down a leaf covered mud path. Trees on either side.

He looks up and stops. Ahead of him is a ray of light. The exit.

PAUL (V.O.)

I half expected to be shot on sight once I came back into civilization. I decided to wait until dark.

EXT. THE UGLY DUCK - NIGHT

A cozy small pub/bar set in a quiet residential area. Music from inside.

INT. THE UGLY DUCK - BAR - NIGHT

A relaxed atmosphere. Dim lights. Several people are inside, mostly elderly men. Idle chatter.

A BARMAID, 22, cleans glasses with a cloth routinely.

The door opens. Paul enters inside. He scans the room. The occupants look over to Paul. Shocked expressions.

The place goes quiet except for the music from a jukebox.

Paul walks to the bar. The barmaid looks nervous.

PAUL  
(harsh/hoarse)  
Phone?

BAR MAID  
There's..one in the back...

She points the direction. Paul nods and heads to the back.

Once out of sight, a sound of laughter and derogatory comments about homeless people spout from the occupants.

The barmaid looks round to the back, a sympathetic concern on her face.

INT. THE UGLY DUCK - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Opposite two toilet doors is a phone on the wall. A white pages on a shelf below it. An emergency exit door. Boxes of pub grub/crisps/snacks piled on top of each other.

Paul scans through the white pages. The bar maid watches him from the top of the corridor.

Paul runs a blistered finger down a list of names. He finds the one he is looking for. He picks up the phone and taps out the digits but there is no tone.

Paul hangs the phone in his hand in disappointment.

BAR MAID  
Need change?

Paul looks to the bar maid - she offers him a couple of quarters. Paul takes them. He tries to smile. The bar maid gulps at the horrible sight of Paul's hand.

Paul notices the reaction and folds it quickly to hide it, inadvertently forming an aggressive fist.

BAR MAID

Just make your call and...please,  
don't cause any trouble.

She retreats back down the corridor before Paul can mutter a word.

Paul tries again. The phone rings. A young voice answers.

KARA (V.O.)

Hello?

Paul struggles to find his voice.

KARA (V.O.)

(irritated)

Hello!?

PAUL

*Serena?*

KARA (V.O.)

Dude - this is Kara. Serena ain't lived here in years! Who is this?

PAUL

I'm an old friend. Paul Reed.

There is a silent moment.

KARA (V.O.)

Oh God, yeah, I remember you! Wow, it's been like ages, man! What happened to you, you just upped and left, do you remember me, I'm her sister, Kara, we used to -

PAUL

(curtly)

Where does she live now?

KARA (V.O.)

She moved to Longview, you need her address?

PAUL

Longview? Yes, please.

KARA (V.O.)

119 Canterbury Street, wow, you gonna go see her? You remember when -

PAUL

Thanks.

Paul hangs up the phone. He notices the boxes of snacks by the exit door.

MOMENT LATER

The bar maid returns to the corridor assisted by a couple of burly REDNECKS itching for a fight. She notices the exit door ajar and a couple of the boxes have been taken.

BAR MAID  
God-damn bums!

EXT. STREET - PAPER SHOP - DAWN

The street is quiet. The odd car drives past at a leisurely speed.

Paul stands outside the paper shop. He looks at the paper rack. He takes one of the newspapers and flicks through it.

CLOSE IN ON:

A typical FBI styled WANTED poster. A picture of a much younger Paul. It takes up an entire page. There is no description of what he is wanted for.

A quite accurate mock up picture of what he might look like now is at the bottom of the page.

BACK TO SCENE

A TAPPING from the window startles Paul. He looks up. It is the annoyed owner of the store.

SHOP OWNER  
You wanna read - you buy.

Paul places the paper back in the rack. He walks down the street, and keeps his head low. His walk turns into a jog.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sidewalks are busy with people. Heavy traffic on the roads. Noise is loud. Chaotic. Hectic.

Paul tries to mingle in with the rest of the public. He keeps his head down. He looks tense. Passers by look at him with strange, disgusted expressions.

EXT. STREET - TV RENTAL SHOP - DAY

Paul stops and watches a television in the display window. It plays a news channel.

ON TV SCREEN:

The "WANTED" picture of Paul is on the screen. The television is mute, but there is a running text commentary underneath:

"The FBI are keen to know the whereabouts of Paul Reed. A fee of \$100,000 is being offered to those that can provide accurate information which would lead to his arrest."

Paul gulps. He daren't move for a few moments.

Paul keeps his head down and continues down the street.

PAUL (V.O.)

That assured me *who* was after me. I was a marked man. A piece of meat up for sale. And here I was swimming in a pool of sharks and piranhas just waiting to get bitten. I had to find somewhere to lay low, get off the streets. But where?

EXT. STREETS - DUSK

The streets remain busy.

Posted on a lamp post is a colorful attention grabbing advertizement for a fairground that has come to town. "THE SOMBRE BROTHERS CARNIVAL".

Paul looks at the poster.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

A large unactive fairground. Quiet and dark.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The Big Wheel.

The Ghost Train/ Fun House.

Bumper Cars/ Dodgem Cars.

Stalls.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

Paul creeps alongside a large mesh fence that has been built up around the fairground.

He climbs it. Makes it over the top and into the grounds.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

Paul keeps low as he creeps around the large site. He rushes over to the Bumper Cars.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - BUMPER CARS CIRCUIT - NIGHT

Paul steps up onto the circuit.

Dead cars lay in disorganized patterns. He unstraps his backpack and puts it aside. He clambers in a car big enough to lay down on in a curled up position. He rubs his hands to keep warm. Paul closes his eyes.

Whisperish night clouds drift past a half full moon in the sky.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A bright neon "VACANCY" sign. 14 room two story motel. The location looks desolate.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A bare-bones room. Shoes on the floor. An unopened suitcase on a bed.

CHARLES EDMONSON, 60's, sits on the solitary chair available in front of an out dated television set.

Charles is a large man, not fat but well built. He has thick white hair, a full beard and moustache. His look is one of friendly, a last minute Santa replacement.

Charles pours a miniature whisky bottle into a cup. He takes a sip, sits back content and watches the box.

ON TV SCREEN:

The news changes from a debate about the Eco system. Paul's "WANTED" picture flashes on screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The FBI are keen to know the whereabouts of *Paul Reed*. A fee of one hundred thousand dollars is being offered to those that can provide information on Mr. Reed and his current whereabouts that would lead to his arrest.

BACK TO SCENE

Charles chokes on his drink. His cup drops to the floor. He stares at the picture of Paul on the television.

Charles stares intensely.

The television picture becomes fuzzy. The fuzzy picture become black and white dots. The dots join in bizarre patterns. A SQUEALING noise breaks out - non stop high pitch sharp notes. They become higher, unbearable.

MOMENTS LATER

The dropped cup on the floor leaks the contents. The television plays as normal.

Charles wakes on the floor. He sits up groggily. He rubs his head.

Charles stands. He heads over to the window. Looks out with urgency - a bright half moon is in the sky.

Charles puts on his shoes. He opens the door and leaves. The television plays John Carpenter's *"They Live"*.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

The Ghost Train/ Fun House.

Bumper Cars/ Dodgem Cars.

All is still and quiet.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - BUMPER CARS - DAY

A sleeping Paul stirs uncomfortably in the car.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - FENCE GATES - DAY

A burly fairground SECURITY GUARD opens the fence gates.

Two agents are outside. Forrest and Lee. Words are exchanged. Lee shows him a badge. The security guard nods. Forrest and Lee walk inside.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

Forrest and Lee check the site with caution. The confused security guard follows them.

The three group together just outside the bumper cars parade.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - BUMPER CAR PARADE - ROOF - DAY

Paul lay outstretched at the edge of the mesh wire roof.

LEE (O.S.)  
We need to flush him out.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
How you plan on doing that?

FORREST (O.S.)  
Turn on the rides.

SECURITY (O.S.)  
What? Now? The boss will kill me -

FORREST (O.S.)  
Turn on the rides.

Paul looks at the mesh wire roof he is on. Once activated, he'd be fried.

He gets up - *runs*.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - BUMPER CAR PARADE - DAY

Both agents and the guard look up at the roof.

LEE  
That's him!

They rush onto the bumper cars circuit.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - BUMPER CAR PARADE - ROOF - DAY

Paul JUMPS from the edge of the roof onto the roof of a -

EXT. FAIRGROUND - MERRY-GO-ROUND - ROOF - DAY

Paul lands safe. He runs across the roof to the edge and stops - the drop is deep and the next roof is surrounded by railing and is surely too far to jump.

Paul looks behind. Forrest clammers up onto the roof of the bumper cars. Paul takes a few steps back. Makes a running jump -

EXT. FAIRGROUND - GHOST TRAIN - ROOF - DAY

- and FAILS to make the roof but GRABS hold of the railings at the last moment.

Paul pulls himself up. He climbs over the rail. Collapses exhausted on his back on the roof of the Ghost Train.

He gets up. He is on part of a train track. He follows the track inside a dark tunnel and into the ghost train house.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - MERRY-GO-ROUND - ROOF - DAY

Forrest reaches the edge of the roof. Looks down at the gormless security guard staring up at him from below.

FORREST

He's in the ghost train, block him off at the exit!

The guard nods and heads to the ghost train.

A determined Forrest takes a run up - and jumps.

He makes it over the railings of the ghost train. *Just.*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - GHOST TRAIN - ROOF - DAY

Forrest lands in pain. He gets up. He follows the track to the dark doorway leading inside the ghost train house.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - GHOST TRAIN - DAY

Lee rushes to the ghost train with two more security guards in tow. He looks to the guard and motions to the entrance and exit of the ghost train.

LEE

In and out, that's it? No other exit?

GUARD

No, that's it...apart from round back.

LIGHTS beam on around the ground. Carnival MUSIC blares out.

LEE

What the hell?

GUARD #2

We got word to turn on the rides.

LEE

Goddamnit!

INT. GHOST TRAIN - CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Dark. Whirling sounds of mechanics coming to life. Horror themed laughter and sounds come from hidden speakers.

Forrest looks around in surprise. Gloomy green and red lights illuminate full size dummies of Dracula, Frankenstein and the Wolfman alongside the train tracks.

Forrest carefully walks along the tracks.

CKACKLING laughter. Forrest spins to his right - A WITCH grasps at him!

Forrest backtracks from the dummy. Sighs with relief, then sighs with slight embarrassment.

He walks further up the tracks.

Behind the witch, Paul emerges from behind the prop of a cauldron.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - GHOST TRAIN - REAR - DAY

A door opens. Paul exits. He runs to the perimeter fence. He quickly climbs over it and lands into an alley.

FORREST (O.S.)

STOP!

Paul looks back - Forrest chases after him. Paul runs for it down the alley.

Forrest reaches the fence. He struggles at first but makes it over.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Forrest looks down the alley - no sight of Paul. Determined, Forrest runs down the alley anyway.

EXT. GARAGES - DAY

Forrest exits the alley and out into a unit of garages which are next to a fenced off condemned block of flats.

Forrest cautiously walks past the first set of garages - the majority of them have no shutters, with scrap metal, old furniture and rubbish stored inside.

Forrest walks to the centre of the garages, keeps his eyes peeled.

Forrest reaches the end of the units. Looks at the gap filled high fence and the condemned flats beyond it.

FORREST

Yeah, *right*.

He turns back - Paul stands behind him with a sharp piece of scrap metal in his hand.

Paul GRABS Forrest by the neck of his shirt and SHOVES him up against one of the garage shutters.

Paul holds the piece of scrap to Forrest's throat, anger in his eyes.

FORREST

Wait - Just wait a second!

Paul doesn't let up - GRIPS Forrest's shirt collar tighter. Breathes hard and aggressive. He looks crazed. A frightened Forrest tries to act composed.

FORREST

Paul - We're not here to hurt you.

Paul slightly relents his grip.

FORREST

We need you.

Paul re-tightens his grip and pushes him back up against the garage shutter making it rattle loudly.

PAUL

*Need me!? You're trying to kill me!*

FORREST

We're not! You have to trust me - it's too dangerous for you out here alone. We can *protect* you.

PAUL

I can protect myself.

Running footsteps from the alley. Paul releases Forrest, quickly turns and escapes through a gap in the fence.

FORREST

Paul! Wait!

Paul looks back from the gap ridden fence.

PAUL

If you mean what you say, don't follow me. If you do, I'll kill ya.

Paul runs into the distance.

Lee and two fairground security guards emerge from the alley.

LEE

What happened? Where is he?

Forrest, still against the garage door with his collar dishevelled, gives him a stern look as if to say "what does it look like?".

LEE

Well he can't of gotten very far,  
let's go!

Forrest puts a calm but restraining hand on enthusiastic Lee's shoulder.

FORREST

There's no need to cause further  
panic. I think I managed to plant a  
seed in his mind, so we can afford to  
wait until it hatches.

Lee looks at Forrest confused. Forrest restores his tie.

FORREST

Besides, he's not going any place  
where we can't find him.

MONTAGE

1> EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

The bumper car parade. The big top. The Ferris wheel. The ghost train.

PAUL (V.O.)

Why didn't I kill him? I never even  
hesitated with the last guy. They were  
both after me, both hunted me down.

2> EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

Agent Lee and Forrest retreat down the alley with the two fairground security guards behind them.

PAUL (V.O.)

I was beginning to believe I was one  
of those crazy guys you read about in  
the news. The ones that make you  
wonder how anyone, how any human,  
could possibly do the things they do.

3> EXT. STREETS - DAY

TIME LAPSE - Hectic rush hour traffic on the roads.

PAUL (V.O.)

I felt comforted that I still felt human. That I still had thoughts and emotions and was in control of my actions. But some feelings I just couldn't understand.

(beat)

I felt *good, relieved, even happy* after I'd killed that guy in the woods. I felt exactly the same after I had let the other guy live.

EXT. SERENA'S HOUSE - DAY

A typical suburban white picket fence garden and house. The door number "119".

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door opens. A sea of bills drop from the postbox.

Serena, 33, jet black hair, "high class", enters inside.

She closes the door. Takes off her fur coat. She hangs it alongside several fashionable jackets and coats on a rack. Slides off her Gucci heels. Sighs with relief.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

A plush, spacious modern room.

Serena sinks back in a luxurious settee. She closes her eyes in relaxation.

Footsteps are heard. Walking down the stairs.

She opens her eyes - looks through the livingroom doorway. Jean wearing legs walks down the bottom row of the staircase.

Paul stands at the bottom. He is clean shaven and wears different clothes - sweater and jeans. He looks at Serena.

Serena can't move. Shocked. Paralyzed through fear.

Paul walks and stops at the livingroom doorway. He is about to speak when -

Serena jumps up out of the settee and RUNS for the kitchen door.

PAUL

Serena! No - wait!

Paul is onto Serena like an animal. He grapples her down to the ground on her back. She SCREAMS.

Paul - worried - shuts her mouth with his hand and manages to contain her wailing hands with his other.

PAUL

I'm not gonna hurt you - I'M NOT GONNA  
HURT YOU! It's me - Paul - Paul Reed!

A terrified Serena looks up into Paul's sorrowful eyes. Moments pass. Paul hesitantly removes his hand from her mouth.

PAUL

Please - I'm not here to hurt you.  
Please just give me five minutes to  
talk to you.

LATER

Serena sits on the settee. Paul sits opposite her on a single chair near the doorway. Uneasy silence.

SERENA

You expect me to believe that?  
(beat)  
Do you know how crazy you sound?

Paul looks crestfallen by the response.

Serena stands - an anxious Paul rises from his seat -

SERENA

I need a drink - is that OK?

Paul nods. He sits back down looking a little foolhardy.

Serena pours herself a drink from a decanter. She offers Paul one. He sways his head in a no. She fills the extra glass anyway.

Both keep eyes on each other. Serena sits back down. She takes a big gulp of the drink and downs it. She places the empty glass on the table and sips on the other one.

SERENA

I've seen your picture in the paper.  
On the news. Recognition at last, huh?

PAUL

Never really expected to make the  
FBI's most wanted list. Not exactly  
what I dreamt of becoming.

SERENA

Well we both knew you had something.  
 (takes big sip)  
 That something has come to this.

PAUL

I never wanted this -

SERENA

(curt)  
 What do you want from *me*? Huh? *Money*?  
 You're in the wrong house, Paul.  
 (finishes drink)  
 I'll tell you something first.

Serena gets up. She refills her drink from the decanter.

SERENA

I always wanted the little house with  
 the white picket fence. I also wanted  
 the wardrobe of a super-model and the  
 interior decorations of a millionaire.

Serena sits back down on the settee. Takes another big sip.

SERENA

I've tried to balance a little of  
 both. I've succeeded in jobs people  
 said I would fail in. I've outdone  
 every little prejudice you can  
 imagine.

(beat)

I've just been up-front with you, now  
 how about you just cut the shit and be  
 straight with me. What do you want.

PAUL

I just wanted a friend. Someone to  
 talk to. I don't know what to do.

SERENA

What is it, *fifteen years* since we  
 went out with each other? We're not  
 kids anymore Paul. I've grown up.

Serena looks at Paul. Part of her seems to look at him with  
 hatred, another with pity. Her stern expression softens. She  
 swigs the rest of her drink.

SERENA

Well... you can keep the clothes. I  
 was only gonna throw them out. Or burn  
 them. Whichever thought came first at  
 the appropriate time.

PAUL

I think they look quite snazzy.

SERENA  
Snazzy? Wow, Paul, you really are  
still stuck in a time warp.

She laughs. Paul smiles.

SERENA  
They're my husband's. Recently  
*divorced* husband. He wont dare come  
back for them and they pretty much fit  
you so - take of his what you want.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Serena stands up. Sways slightly.

SERENA  
I need to get changed.

Paul looks relaxed. Half a glass of scotch in his hand.

PAUL  
I'm not holding you hostage. Do what  
ever you want, if you want me to  
leave...

SERENA  
Paul - just finish your drink, get  
another and calm down.

She smiles, rustles his hair as she walks out the doorway and  
up the staircase.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Serena walks up the staircase.

PAUL (O.S.)  
You're not gonna call the cops on me  
are you?

Serena stops halfway up the stairs.

SERENA  
You came here seeking a friend. I wont  
betray that trust. Believe me, I know  
what it feels like.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Serena reaches the top of the staircase. She ponders at a  
telephone on a table.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Paul sits on the settee. He looks much more relaxed with a generous glass of JD in his hand.

Three hard KNOCKS at the front door.

Paul gets up. Peaks out through the window's drawn curtains. Two agents are at the doorstep.

PAUL

Bitch.

Serena walks down the staircase in changed attire.

PAUL

You called the cops.

Serena stops halfway down. She crouches down so they can see each other through the doorway.

SERENA

No I didn't.

PAUL

Well I guess they just got lucky then, huh?

SERENA

Paul, I swear - I never called them.

Paul rushes to the kitchen door.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul closes the door behind him. He looks out of the window. Two agents guard the back of the large garden.

The door opens. Serena stands at the doorway.

SERENA

Hide upstairs. I'll cover for you.

PAUL

You expect me to trust you?

Serena looks through the window at the two agents.

SERENA

You don't have much of a choice.

EXT. SERENA'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Lee and Forrest stand on the porch. The front door opens. Serena stands at the doorway.

SERENA

Yes?

Lee shows his badge.

LEE

FBI, ma'am.

SERENA

Oh...how can I help?

Lee and Forrest look at each other. They return their cold glances to Serena.

FORREST

We have reason to believe you may be harbouring a criminal on these premises.

Serena's attempts at a mystified laugh falls flat. The agents BARGE past her and enter the house.

MONTAGE

1> INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Lee checks the livingroom. Finds two glasses on the table. One with lipstick, one without.

2> INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Forrest finds muddy footprints on the otherwise perfectly clean tiled floor. Mud stains on the sink near the window.

3> INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lee digs out a razor from a bin under the sink. It still has hair attached. The bath tub looks stained by recent residue from mud and grime.

4> INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lee and Forrest BURST in the room with guns drawn.

END MONTAGE

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lee switches on the wall light. A double bed. Bedside cabinets on either side. A window. Two large wardrobes.

Lee and Forrest cautiously walk inside. Lee taps the underside of the bed with his boot. Solid. No space to hide underneath.

Forrest nods to the two wardrobes.

FORREST

Paul - I want you to listen to me. My name is Agent Jack Forrest. I'm with the FBI and I'm not here to hurt you.

Lee looks at Forrest as if he is wasting his time. He nods for the all clear to open the wardrobe door. Forrest sways his head in a no.

FORREST

We met before at the fairground. I give you my word -

The wardrobe door slides open. Paul stands inside the wardrobe. He places his hands together.

Lee looks nervous. Forrest looks relieved. He notices Paul's surrender stance.

FORREST

No need for handcuffs, Paul. You've done the right thing.

EXT. SERENA'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Lee and Forrest walk Paul down the porch. A car awaits.

Lee opens the back door. He gestures Paul to get inside.

Tyres SCREECH. A furious engine. Bright headlights emerge from the top of the street.

A car ROARS down the road at high speed. Lee backtracks onto the garden. Forrest pulls his gun. Paul stands by the car door.

The incoming car swerves off the road and into Serena's garden. Lee runs for cover. Forrest PUSHES Paul into the back of the FBI car.

The incoming car knocks down the picket fence. Forrest jumps onto the boot of the FBI car in the nick of time and falls over onto the road.

INT. FBI CAR - BACK - NIGHT

Paul watches the car park side by side with him. The passenger door opens. Charles is the driver.

CHARLES

What the hell are you waiting around for? Get in or get killed!

EXT. SERENA'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Paul darts into Charles' car passenger seat. He closes the door.

The car drives ahead and stops. It backs up against the FBI car. It RAMS it, damaging it, causing the bumper to fall limp.

The car hits the road and speeds off.

Lee looks on with anger. Forrest watches in dismay.

INT. SERENA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Serena watches through the window in shock. She turns round - the two agents from the back garden face her from across the room.

AGENT #1

You need to come with us, ma'am.

SERENA

But I haven't done anything wrong -  
I'm not involved.

AGENT #2

You are now.

INT. CHARLES' CAR - NIGHT

A jubilant Charles drives at high speed through the quiet neighborhood. He takes a turn off and slows down.

He turns to Paul. Gives him a big grin.

CHARLES

Close call, huh Paul?

Paul looks at him with a frown.

PAUL

Was it?  
(beat)  
Who are you?

CHARLES

Charles Edmonson. The name probably means nothing to you.

PAUL

Should it?

Charles smiles, keeps his eyes on the road.

PAUL

Where are we going?

CHARLES

Somewhere safe.

Charles takes another turn, and the car turns out into a busy freeway.

PAUL

How do you know me? How did you know where I was?

CHARLES

Gut instinct, deja vu. However you wanna justify it. Whatever you wanna call it. This whole thing might seem like a bad dream right now. But it's real.

Words sink in. Paul studies Charles face. Moments pass.

PAUL

How do I know to trust you?

Charles shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLES

I'd say saving your ass back there might qualify as a good start. Face it pal, you don't have many other options *but* to trust me.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

Wooden fences align the desolate road. Hillside on either side.

Charles car pulls in and stops. Charles and Paul get out.

CHARLES

That's it. No money for fuel and we're just about out.

PAUL

So what - you're just gonna leave your car here?

(beat)

I'm glad you came to my rescue so well prepared.

Charles looks over the fence into the distant hillside.

CHARLES

There's someone I know who might be able to help us out. Kinda banking on it actually.

Charles climbs over the fence. Paul is hesitant to follow.

PAUL

No, no, no. I ain't running for the hills again. I've had enough of that to last me a lifetime.

CHARLES

Get used to it, Paul.

The two stand opposite the fence.

CHARLES

Look, I get where you're coming from. But I know somewhere that's safe to lay low. It will give us some time to get some rest. Time to try to piece this all together.

(beat)

I'll explain everything.

Paul still seems hesitant.

CHARLES

It's a long walk. We're wasting time just standing here.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAWN

Paul and Charles trek across a vast beautiful green hillside landscape.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Paul and Charles continue to walk in the hillside. They pass a large beautiful lake. Clouds reflect in the water.

Hillside mountains in the distance. Beautiful flowers somehow growing and surviving in rare dry spots in the grass.

EXT. HILLSIDE - HUT - DAY

Charles and Paul reach an isolated small wooden hut. It is at the top of a grassy mound, surrounded by open space with woodland and fields in the background.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A large building.

INT. FBI HQ - INTERVIEW/ INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Serena, tired, sits at the top end of a long table. AGENT #1 sits at the opposite end. He presses STOP on a tape recorder.

He gets up.

AGENT #1

OK Miss Kane, that's fine for now.

SERENA

How much longer do I need to be here?  
Am I under arrest or something because  
this is getting ridiculous.

AGENT #1

I'll be back in a little while.

SERENA

Can I at least have some more water?

She tips up an empty plastic cup, one of many on the table. He nods and leaves the room. The door locks behind him.

INT. FBI HQ - MEETING ROOM

A dimly lit room. Several agents sit round a large table. Lee and Forrest are two of them.

The SUPERIOR, 58, bald, authoritative, sits at the top. Paperwork and files are in front of each of the agents.

SUPERIOR

The urgent need in locating the  
answers is at it's highest point,  
gentlemen. What's the status report?

FORREST

We believe one has an accomplice, although we are unsure at this moment of who exactly it may be. We have some ideas but nothing concrete.

SUPERIOR

The answers have been eliminated from *eight* to *two* gentlemen. Time is of the essence.

INT. FBI HQ - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Serena sits in the room alone. The door opens. AGENT #2 enters.

INT. FBI HQ - MEETING ROOM

Lee tries to act as composed as possible.

LEE

We know the rough whereabouts of one, but the other - remains unknown.

The Superior looks at Forrest.

SUPERIOR

Agent Forrest. You and Agent Lee have twice been -

(reads a file)

THREE times - been in contact with one of the answers. Yet, what results do you have?

FORREST

Umm, that would be *twice* contact, sir. The first time we actually saved his life and were not able to form communication as he got away -

SUPERIOR

Get to the point Forrest.

AGENT FORREST

I believe there may be the possibility of a breach in security, a leak in the agency, sir. We know someone is obviously trying to get to them first as they have successfully taken out six. It wont be long before they take out the remaining two. I'd like to look closer to home in regards to the enemy, sir.

INT. FBI HQ - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Serena twiddles with her hair.

SERENA  
(sarcastic)  
Terrible service around here - what  
took you so long?

She notices AGENT #2 does not have the water she requested.

INT. FBI HQ - MEETING ROOM

The Superior looks frustrated.

SUPERIOR  
Do we have any further intelligence on  
the purpose of our adversary? Do we  
have any information regarding their  
purpose of eliminating the answers?

LEE  
None, sir.  
(beat)  
May I take this opportunity to thank  
you for leading us so well and also  
ask - for the love of my country - Is  
the President in the loop, sir? It  
would be a privilege to be the one to  
inform him, sir.

Forrest grimaces.

INT. FBI HQ - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Agent #2 stands at the top end of the table. He stares at  
Serena.

SERENA  
Drink? Water?  
(beat)  
Hey, if you're gonna keep me here for  
this long I have the right to at least  
drink some water.

AGENT #2  
It's OK. You can have all the water  
you want. But I need you to come with  
me.

Serena stands. She looks relieved to get free, but unnerved  
by the presence of AGENT #2 as she walks to the door.

INT. FBI HQ - MEETING ROOM

The Superior looks long and hard at Lee.

SUPERIOR

I don't care what you do in your private life, Agent Lee, but leave licking ass out of work hours.

A humiliated Lee sits back in his chair.

SUPERIOR

We need to find the answers - *one* or *both*. Now, we know the rough local of one. Since leniency has failed to work, you have full backing to obtain this acquirement by any means possible. It is of the utmost importance we find them quickly, to attempt to preserve the security of this country. Possibly even the *world*.

INT. FBI HQ - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

AGENT #1 enters the room with a cup of water. He looks stunned that the room is empty.

AGENT #1

Shit!

He looks into a two way mirror with his hands outstretched as if to ask "what happened here?"

INT. FBI HQ - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A blood splattered two way mirror shows the empty interrogation room. AGENT #1 bursts into the room. He is shocked by the sight.

One agent lay on the blood covered floor, his throat cut from ear to ear. Several bloody bullet holes in his stomach and chest.

Another sits backed up against a wall, shot several times, terror frozen on his face.

The other is in his chair. His head dangles over the top of the seat. His throat sliced. His torso shot numerous times.

EXT. FARM/ RANCH - DUSK

A barn. A farm house. A peaceful and tranquil setting. Horses/cattle graze in the pastures.

The dusk sky matches the color of the ground, a mixture of dusty brown/red/yellow contrasts.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DUSK

Charles and Paul walk up wooden steps of the farm house porch. Charles knocks on the door.

A few moments pass. The door opens. The farmer, TED HARRIS, early 70's, stands at the door.

TED

Yes?

CHARLES

Hey Ted - long time no see.

Ted looks confused.

TED

Do I know you?

CHARLES

It's been a while. I'm Charles,  
Charles Edmonson.

A moment passes. A smile breaks out on Ted's face.

TED

Well blow me down - Charlie Edmonson!  
My goodness, how long has it been?

CHARLES

It's been a while, Ted. Listen, I know  
this is a bit of a shock and  
completely out of the blue...

TED

You need a favour.

Charles nods.

CHARLES

If we can strike up a deal like last  
time, I'd be grateful. You know I'm  
good for my word.

TED

Well. I've already got help. My son in  
law comes down every few days so I'm  
not really looking -

CHARLES

It *is* important, Ted.

Ted stands in thought for a moment. He nods.

EXT. BARN - DUSK

Ted takes a can of gasoline from inside the barn and gives it to Charles. Paul holds a brown paper bag in his hand.

CHARLES

Thank's Ted, this means a lot.

TED

You're gonna wanna sleep in the ol' hut again too, am I right?

CHARLES

If that's OK - we only need to spend the night and we'll get the car running at the break of dawn.

TED

You have my blessing.

PAUL

And thank you for the food, that really is very kind.

Ted nods at Paul in acknowledgement.

EXT. HILLSIDE - HUT

Dusk fades. Night clouds close in over the beautiful scenery.

Charles manages a small fire. Him and Paul eat a sandwich. Charles puts the now empty brown bag into the fire.

PAUL

So, you've been on the run before, huh?

CHARLES

I still am.

PAUL

It's time you levelled with me. It's time you told me what's going on.

Charles nods.

CHARLES

It started thirty three years ago. On a mission called Recall.

SUPERIMPOSE: NASA HQ, 33 YEARS AGO

INT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Big screens with data and graphs. OPERATORS sit at their desks, similar images on their computer monitors.

An operator types on his keyboard in similar mundane fashion to everyone else.

His computer monitor blacks out.

OPERATOR #1  
What the hell - ?

All of the computers BLACK OUT. Confusion and annoyance breaks out from the operators.

A mass power surge reverberates around the room - the big screens black out. They flick back on. The computers and screens constantly switch on and off.

The ceiling lights in the room switch on and off. The entire room looks like a crazed rave party. Slight panic breaks out.

Complete darkness.

An ear piercing SHRILL sound breaks out around the room.

The operators clasp their hands over their ears and fall to their knees. The sound comes from the overhead speaker system.

OPERATOR #1  
It's coming from the satellite feed!  
Shut it down!

The noise STOPS. Lights return to normal. Computers flick back into action. Graphs return to the big screens.

LATER

The room buzzes with excitement. The operators listen to the sound re-played via headphones. They write down various notes in a bid to decipher it.

A SUPERVISOR stands over Operator #1.

SUPERVISOR  
Are you one hundred percent sure about this?

OPERATOR #1  
Yes sir. I reiterate the sound waves we received came from the Moon.

SUPERVISOR

Do we have satellite imagery of the moon at the exact time the sound was made?

OPERATOR #1

Yes sir. We can locate it to almost the exact spot from where it was sent.

SUPERVISOR

Do it.

Operator #1 taps on his keyboard.

An image of the moon comes up on the big screens. The picture closes in on the Moon. It zooms in on the dark side of the moon. The pictures become fuzzy. Unclear. Too dark.

SUPERVISOR

Can we get another angle?

OPERATOR #1

No sir. I don't understand - but all our satellites are showing the same picture. It's just showing -

SUPERVISOR

- Where it came from. The dark side of the moon.

INT. NASA MEETING ROOM - DAY

A small group of top brass sit around a table. All eyes are on the Supervisor at the top.

SUPERVISOR

After examining the evidence, we have come to the conclusion we have received a response to the Apollo moon landing of 1969. We believe extraterrestrial life has called us. What we plan to do, is send a message back. Personally. We have the means, we have the power, we have the drive. We call this mission...Recall.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Eight spacemen walk a crossover bridge to a large shuttle.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Recall was beyond top secret. You'd have thought they would have made it public knowledge, something to boast about to the world. They didn't.

EXT. LAUNCH SITE - NIGHT

The shuttle takes off. It launches into the night sky successfully.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The shuttle splits into two different parts, the Recall module and the Recall CSM.

EXT. MOON SURFACE - NIGHT

The Recall module lands safely.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE - DAY

Space-suited WALTER DOYLE and DEAN TWEYES take samples from the moon's surface. JOHN WILLIS and PETER WALKER inspect the area around the U.S. flag.

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - DAY

JAMES CAULFIELD and ELLIOT BRUBAKER remain aboard the module. They keep radio contact with the team.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE - DAY

GEORGE REED and Charles (30's) explore the surface. They come across a huge dried up sea bed and mountain, impossible to cross.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Our brief was to search for the source of the message but take as many samples as we could. It was a simple job in the beginning - get there safely, search for alien life, and leave after 168 hours. We left after just 72.

FLASH TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: DAY ONE

EXT. RECALL MODULE - DAY

Five of the astronauts pose together in a group. George prepares to take a photo.

James and Elliot are inside the module. They look out through the window. Mood and morale is good.

A DAZZLING RAY OF LIGHT strikes. It flickers for only a second. Before the group can react - another BLINDING FLASH of LIGHT. They yell. Fall to their knees.

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

James squeezes his eyes. Elliot covers his. They both try to shake away the effects of the ray of light.

JAMES

Elliot, I can't see!

ELLIOT

Me neither!

(uses radio)

Guys - can you read me, what's happening out there!

George's voice breaks in over Elliot's earpiece.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Can't see - blinded!

Elliot and James open their eyes. They look startled but vision is restored. They look at each other.

ELLIOT

James - you OK?

JAMES

I think so...

ELLIOT

(uses radio)

Guys - are you OK?

EXT. RECALL MODULE - NIGHT

The team get back on their feet. They look puzzled and stunned behind their space helmets.

GEORGE

(uses radio)

Elliot - sight restored...

(relieved sigh)

Let's all have James give us a medic check ASAP as a precaution.

INT. RECALL MODULE - HABITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Light beams into a stretched open eyeball.

James turns off his pen torch. Dean twitters his eye. He sits upright on a bed.

The rest of the men are grouped together in the room.

JAMES

That's it. Everyone's all clear.

CHARLES

So what do you guys think that was?

PETER

Gamma rays?

GEORGE

If it was, we're lucky we're still alive let alone can still see.

ELLIOT

So, we're gonna get cancer in a few days, is that what you're saying?

GEORGE

No, I didn't say that at all, Elliot. There's no need to get upset. We need to keep rational.

WALTER

It could have been worse. A solar flare would have toasted us.

ELLIOT

Yeah, well it obviously wasn't one of those, Walt.

CHARLES

Well, are we forgetting why we're here? It could be a form of communication from these little martian fellas. A form we don't even understand.

GEORGE

Let's ease up on the speculation. It won't do us or the mission any good. We need facts. Has base got back to us about any anomalies?

JAMES

It's been over an hour and I've had nothing back from the CSM.

GEORGE

Then we don't leave here until we do.

INT. RECALL MODULE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A narrow white corridor. A piercing SCREAM.

The group, waken from sleep, exit their minute quarters. They gather outside Dean's room.

INT. RECALL MODULE - DEAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dean sits upright in his bed. Sweat covers his face. His eyes are glazed, wide and horrified. George and James rush over to him.

DEAN

I feel sick, man, I feel *really* sick...

GEORGE

Dean, it's OK. We're here.

DEAN

You don't get it! I got - I got something *inside* me...

George looks back to the rest of the bemused team.

GEORGE

James?

JAMES

Space sickness. It's just -

DEAN

It ain't "just Space", man! I feel like I've got something inside my head - inside my skull! I can feel it in there, it's pushing on my brain -

GEORGE

(to the rest of the team)  
OK, guys back to your quarters.

They remain standing at the doorway.

GEORGE

That's an order.

They obey. James gets up and heads out the doorway.

JAMES

I'm gonna get my medic kit. Keep him calm, George.

James exits.

Dean grabs onto George, looks him eye to eye.

DEAN

I'm not losing it, Cap. It's like - a constant *scratching* sound - it's getting worse -

(screams)

I can't take it!!

Dean clasps at his head, releases a harrowing squeal of pain.

James returns with a medical bag.

Dean panics. He gets up from the bed like a startled animal. Runs for the door. George grabs him and forces him back down onto the bed. He struggles to hold him down as Dean tries frenetically to free himself.

James prepares a syringe. He injects it into Dean's wrist. Within moments Dean falls asleep.

A relieved George pats James on his back.

GEORGE

I don't suppose you can shed any light on what happened to Dean just now?

James looks up at George with no answer.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Gray, desolate, lonely. The dark, deep abyss of Space. A pit of endless darkness.

SUPERIMPOSE: DAY TWO

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #1 - DAY

Wires lead a mile long across the surface. Walter and Peter have finished erecting two large monolithic speakers.

WALTER

Job done, Pete.

PETER

I don't like this. What happened yesterday, what happened with Dean...Did base even get back in contact?

WALTER

Cap' is quiet about it. We just gotta do what we gotta do.

PETER

It just seems so rushed, Walt. I don't think we're prepared for this kinda thing.

WALTER

You can't prepare for the unexpected. Look, when we get the word we'll play their little song back to them and maybe we'll see some little green men.

(laughs)

C'mon, lighten up Pete. Keep your eyes on the prize. Think of the money.

EXT. CRATER - DAY

John and Elliot space-walk along the edge of a massive crater. Both hold objects which resemble metal detectors to the surface.

JOHN

Nothing. Nothing but dust.

ELLIOT

Johnny boy, I'm freaked to the point where I don't want to find anything other *than* dust.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #2 - DAY

A plethora of dazzling stars serve only as backdrop to the sight of the wondrous planet Earth.

George and Charles observe the sight in awe.

GEORGE

Breath taking isn't it.

CHARLES

Nice turn of tongue there, Cap.

GEORGE

Possibly the only place in the entire universe that can create life. Yet we have such a long history of violence against our fellow man.

CHARLES

Hey, Cap. I'm with you on that. It's a crazy world we - *look at*. But that's life. It's nature. And look at it like this. We're a young species. We make mistakes. We're now on a different planet - we're not doing *that* bad.

GEORGE

Always hopeful about the next generation. I admire your optimism, Charles.

CHARLES

I'm just looking at the future. Just think, in thirty years or so, they'll be coming here on vacation. There won't be any crime back home. It will be heaven on Earth at last. Be nice to get to see it, right?

GEORGE

We will. And if we don't, well, we can't be greedy. We've already been spoiled by the sight we're seeing now. A beautiful planet in peace.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #1 - NIGHT

Walter and Pete kneel opposite each other as they rework the speaker system's wiring.

Pete stops. Walter looks up at him. Pete is awestruck. Walter looks behind his shoulder.

A DARK FIGURE stands forty feet away.

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

James sits at the control desk. He can overhear everyone through his headset. He taps into talk to Walter and Pete.

JAMES

Walt...Pete...what's happening?

A static line. James attempts to reconnect. It fails. The connection is lost completely.

JAMES

Walt? Pete? Come in!!!

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #1 - NIGHT

Walter and Pete stare at the ominous looking dark figure.

WALTER

(trembling)

There's a tall human-like figure standing opposite us approximately thirty to forty feet away. Not moving. No signs of hostility. Not wearing a suit or breathing apparatus.

The figure turns slowly. It faces the two directly.

PETE

I can't believe what I'm seeing...he -  
it - is looking right at us. Looks  
dark like a shadow...it's moving  
towards us!

EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

Elliot and John pause in awe. Their equipment drops from their gloved hands to the dusty ground.

In the crater - HUNDREDS of DARK FIGURES stand in a line, forty feet away from them. They all face the pair.

Elliot and John look at each other, lost for words.

They slowly turn behind - DARK FIGURES surround them across the landscape. HUNDREDS. THOUSANDS.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #2 - NIGHT

Charles and George space jump across the surface.

Both stop and face each other. Charles signals he can't hear. George nods, expresses that he can't either.

A BLINDING RAY OF LIGHT stuns them.

The LIGHT flashes again. And AGAIN. REPEATEDLY. FASTER.

Charles and George cover their helmet visors with their hands as they fall to their knees.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #1 - NIGHT

Walter and Pete are dazed, sent to their knees by the repetitive dazzling rays of light.

EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

Elliot and John both try to shield their hands in front of their helmet visors from the flashing rays.

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

James tries to get in contact with the crew.

JAMES

George? Charlie? Anyone...?

James looks up at the window - TEN DARK FIGURES stand outside. His mouth drops.

A DAZZLING RAY OF LIGHT. James gasps. He tries to shield his eyes from the exposure with his hands.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #2 - NIGHT

The flashing rays of light STOP.

George and Charles look up on their hands and knees. A tall dark figure stands before them.

A FLASH of LIGHT. The dark figure has vanished.

EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE #1 - NIGHT

Walter and Pete help each other to their feet. No sign of the dark figure. The two look disoriented.

EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

Elliot and John stand at the edge of the crater. It's empty. No dark figures. They look back behind them. Only the sight of the barren, lonely landscape.

SUPERIMPOSE: DAY THREE

INT. RECALL MODULE - WALTER & PETE'S QUARTERS - DAY

A CRAZED Walter and Peter lay STRAPPED down in their beds. Both squirm, trying to free themselves. Walter yells angrily. Peter babbles whisperingly.

WALTER  
OUT! OUT! LET ME OUT!

PETER  
It's here! They're here!  
They've come to get us...all  
of us!

Charles watches on as James injects them with a tranquilizer.

INT. RECALL MODULE - JOHN & ELLIOT'S QUARTERS - DAY

A restrained John sleeps in his bed. Elliot sits by his side, his head in his hands. George enters.

GEORGE

Is he out?

ELLIOT

Like a light...like a shining light in the sky...

GEORGE

Be damned if I know what the hell is going on around here.

ELLIOT

*When the blazing sun is gone, when nothing shines upon, then you show your light, twinkle twinkle all the night.*

GEORGE

Elliot?

ELLIOT

*Then the traveller in the dark, thanks you for your tiny spark, He could not see which way to go, if you did not twinkle so.*

GEORGE

Elliot - you alright?

Elliot lifts his head from his hands - his eyes are bloodshot, red raw. George steps back, shocked.

Elliot falls to his knees. SCREAMS out in agony. Grabs his head as if it's about to explode.

GEORGE

JAMES!! GET IN HERE!!

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

A concerned James, George and Charles sit together in discussion.

GEORGE

I don't think I need to say it but with five of our crew under sedation, this mission is over.

CHARLES

I don't get it - we all saw the same things. Why aren't we all reacting the same way?

James shrugs, lost.

JAMES

Location when the rays were present?  
May have been more potent in other  
areas.

CHARLES

And the...the *shadows*, the *people*? You  
can't tell me we all hallucinated the  
same thing.

JAMES

I think it's a given they were the not-  
so-little not-so-green men we came  
here to meet. And frankly, after what  
they've shown us so far, I really  
don't want to stick around for an  
encore.

GEORGE

OK, we need to prioritize. Let's not  
waste time trying to understand  
something we clearly do not. Our aim  
is to get back home, lets concentrate  
on that.

JAMES

Gonna be tough without help from  
above. Communication with the CSM is  
still out, I'm not even getting any  
static. It's as dead as a dodo.

CHARLES

So we're stuck here. Stranded.

GEORGE

We can manually lift off. Hope  
communication might kick in when we're  
in orbit.

JAMES

If it doesn't?

GEORGE

Do we have another choice?

INT. RECALL MODULE - DEAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Charles enters. Dean is awake. He looks a lot more together.

CHARLES

Hey, buddy. How you feeling?

DEAN

Better. A whole lot better.

CHARLES

You look it. We could sure do with  
you're help.

EXT. RECALL MODULE - NIGHT

Module thrusters BLAST on as it prepares to take off.

INT. RECALL MODULE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Dean has joined James, George and Charles as they prepare to lift off. All look nervous - except stone faced George.

The circuit board lights up. Static explodes from the cockpit intercom speakers. Communication is restored. The crew look stunned at first, then delighted.

BASE CONTROLLER (V.O.)

This is base control...Can you hear  
us? Recall? Can you copy?

The four quickly put on their headsets.

GEORGE

Copy that! We hear you, loud and  
clear!

BASE CONTROLLER (V.O.)

What happened to you guys? What's your  
condition?

GEORGE

We're on our way home, sir. Four of us  
are OK. The others - not so good.

BASE CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Can you elaborate?

A muffling is heard. Argumentive voices in the background.  
George and Charles look at each other.

BASE CONTROLLER (V.O.)

George, look, I gotta pass you over -  
the project is being handled by other  
sources and - all I can say is we're  
gonna get you guys home safe and  
sound.

GEORGE

OK, thanks buddy.

A different, sterner voice is heard over the intercom system.

BASE CONTROLLER #2 (V.O.)  
 Gentlemen, glad to have you back in our ears. We understand you have forgone some difficulties and therefore need to cancel the mission before concluding the briefs. We aim to keep constant communication for the next three days of your trip back home.

George frowns to Charles at the tone of the controller.

GEORGE  
 That's reassuring. Thanks for the concern.

EXT. SPACE

The Moon looks gigantic as the module heads home to a distant Earth.

EXT. NASA BASE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the base. Stars shine bright in the sky.

INT. NASA BASE - DISINFECTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Sterile. Tile floors. Tile walls. An obvious two way mirror.

Charles, naked, stands in the middle of the room with his arms outstretched.

Two heavily protected gas masked wearing men spray gas cannisters all over him.

CHARLES (V.O.)  
 On our return, we were treated as if we were the aliens. I'm sure all the guys had to go through the same drill as me. It was a thorough medical. Very thorough.

The sound of a plastic glove being stretched and prepared.

INT. NASA BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Charles, clothed, sits at the top of a table. Several men in suits, all with serious expressions, make up the numbers.

The men all stare at Charles. Observe him.

At the bottom of the table is a charismatic elderly man. Friendly when smiles, vicious when scowls. The INTERROGATOR.

INTERROGATOR

Let's go back to where we started from, Charles. What did you see?

CHARLES

I've told you fifteen times. This is getting ridiculous.

INTERROGATOR

Ah, *consistencies, inconsistencies*. We need to keep going over these things, we need to make reports, we need *facts*. We need to compare these reports. We need to find the truth.

CHARLES

As I've said before, I saw a flash of light, a shadowy figure -

INTERROGATOR

The light - possibly a cosmic ray - blinded you temporarily?

CHARLES

Yes -

INTERROGATOR

So these shadowy figures - could have been after effects? Mild hallucinations? As if you'd stared at the light too long and then close your eyes in darkness - you see weird images momentarily, don't you?

Charles sits back in his chair, puts his hands behind his head in frustration.

CHARLES

You keep asking the same questions. I keep giving you the same answers. I saw what I saw. You're the experts, you figure it out.

LATER

One of the suited men stands over Charles and places a file in front of him.

SUIT

We need you to read and sign this.

The file is a declaration of secrecy. Charles sighs. He signs the papers.

CHARLES

Whatever it takes to get outta here  
and breathe some proper oxygen.

The suit takes the signed document. The group of suits  
dismantle from the room.

CHARLES

I have a question myself -

Only the interrogator bothers to remain in the room.

INTERROGATOR

Yes?

CHARLES

What's happening with the other guys?  
Are they alright yet or what? You've  
kept me stuck in this place like a  
prisoner, I ain't seen -

INTERROGATOR

Relax, Charles. You're free to go. We  
needed to be sure of every  
possibility, we need to be sure you  
are healthy, in good mind to return -

CHARLES

The other *guys*. What about *them*?

INTERROGATOR

Their condition has unfortunately  
deteriorated. They are receiving the  
best medical care we can possibly give  
them.

INT. WHITE CORRIDOR - DAY

YELLS of PAIN. Male SCREAMS of AGONY.

Four gurneys are aggressively driven down a blisteringly pure  
white corridor by burly MALE NURSES. Those in the gurneys are  
tightly strapped down, their faces covered in bandages.

INT. NASA BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Charles looks downbeat at the news.

CHARLES

Is there any chance I can see them?

INTERROGATOR

Unfortunately not. You're free to go.

Charles stands and leaves the room.

CHARLES (V.O.)

I didn't expect to see my guys again. I never heard anything about the mission. When I enquired about it to NASA, they brushed me off. Camera equipment we used to document the mission was ruined. Some kind of solar radiation had damaged it.

(laughs)

Heck, I bought what they said.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1> EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL - BEACH - DAY

Charles, dressed in beach wear, is surrounded by a bevy of hot girls at a beach party. He larks around with them. He's very much the life of the party.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Wasn't the only thing I bought, mind you. And no, I don't mean the girls. I was a good looking guy back then.

2> EXT. CAIRO, EGYPT - PYRAMIDS - DAY

Charles poses outside one of the pyramids as an attractive female friend takes a photo.

CHARLES (V.O.)

My experience in Space made me want to experience and understand other cultures a little closer to home. Thanks to a hefty payment for my "mission that never happened", I did just that.

3> EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - BIG BEN - NIGHT

Charles and a brunette smile happily, holding each others hands. They kiss as Big Ben chimes.

CHARLES (V.O.)

I travelled the world for nine months. Came home and found out some interesting news.

EXT. CHARLES' HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Charles, on the phone, stands at the open doorway. He looks out a beautiful sunlit day.

CHARLES

Congratulations George. Paul, huh? So who had final say in the naming rights?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Listen Charlie. I need to tell you something else. Something just as incredible.

Charles watches a group of attractive young ladies walk down the street with a beaming smile on his face.

CHARLES

I'm all ears.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It was only two weeks after we got released from base until Margaret became pregnant -

CHARLES

Hell, I understand. That place drove me so crazy I was considering -

GEORGE (V.O.)

Not only am *I* a lucky father, but Dean and James are too.

CHARLES

You're shitting me?

GEORGE (V.O.)

We're talking exact same time frames.

CHARLES

That's one hell of a coincidence. I mean, we're talking Village Of The Damned here.

GEORGE (V.O.)

My wife gave birth to one. Dean's wife had two, James' had triplets. Can you see where I'm going with this?

CHARLES

(light hearted)

I haven't had time to settle down and have four kids in nine months, George. I agree, there's something odd about this. But if there's anything to learn from what we experienced, I guess it's to expect the unexpected.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Early foundations of a mansion are in place in the centre of an upper class neighborhood. Builders are busy at work.

A Mercedes pulls in at the bottom of a large driveway. James gets out of the car. He walks up the driveway. James walks to the FOREMAN. They shake hands.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - ROOFTOP - DAY

A raven perches on one of many scaffolding poles that are piled tied together in an open construction elevator/lift.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

James takes an impressed glance at the mansion in progress.

JAMES

Place is looking good. How's the pool coming along?

FOREMAN

It might not look nothing yet, but just wait. It's gonna knock you out.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - ROOFTOP - DAY

The foundations of the lift supporting the pile of scaffolding poles CREAKS. The raven squawks and flees.

A builder, face unseen, steps on to the lift. He holds a HACKSAW.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

James and the foreman share a joke.

The scaffolding poles fall from the roof, some horizontally, some vertically.

One pole SLICES through James' HEAD - the bottom half emerges out in between his legs and embeds itself in the ground.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Charles sits on a settee. He reads a newspaper.

CLOSE UP:

Newspaper, slim column headline - "Freak accident kills new father of three."

Charles is aghast. He rushes to the telephone. Dials a number.

CHARLES  
George - have you...

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
This number has been disconnected.  
Please hang up. Thank you.

A worried Charles places the phone back on the hook.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

A corner shop. Rain pours down. The streets are deserted.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Muzak plays softly. The store is otherwise quiet. A CLERK reads a magazine behind the counter.

Dean is the only person in the store. He takes a bottle of wine from a shelf. He takes the bottle to the counter. The clerk takes the Vino and wraps it up.

CLERK  
Twenty two dollars please sir.

Dean reaches for his wallet - the store door BURSTS open.

A man wearing a SKI MASK enters inside with a GUN. Dean and the clerk both back up and put their hands up in surrender.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Rain continues to pour down. Lightning flashes. GUNSHOT. Thunder claps loudly in the sky.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A concerned and horrified Charles smokes a cigarette quickly as he watches a news programme on television.

The black and white flickering image of the television displays Charles' horror.

## NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Both Dean Tweyes and store clerk  
Morris Jones were shot dead by the  
mystery gunman. Police admit they have  
no leads and urge any one with  
information to come forward.

## EXT. REED HOUSE - DAY

George packs suitcases into the boot of a Plymouth coupe.  
Margaret Reed (early 20's) cradles a baby boy in her arms.

## GEORGE

Margaret, is that everything?

## MARGARET

Almost. George - do we really need to  
do this again? Move so quick?

## GEORGE

Yes, we do. Now go and get whatever it  
is you think we need and then we're on  
our way.

An upset Margaret heads inside the house.

George closes the boot of the coupe. SOMETHING hits the boot.  
A football. He looks over the road at a couple of young kids.

## BOY

Sorry Mister!

George smiles. The ball trickles down into the road.

## BOY #2

Hey Mister! Can you pass us the ball  
back please?

George walks onto the road to collect the football.

A car ZOOMS down the road at ridiculous speed. George can  
only look up in horror. A SCREECH of brakes.

A loud THUD.

Boy #1 and #2 scream. The car roars, speeds away.

Margaret rushes outside the house. A horrified scream.

## INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A packed suitcase sits by the wall. Charles puts on his coat.  
The telephone rings. He looks at it for a moment, hesitant to  
answer.

He takes the plunge. He lifts up the receiver.

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
(trembling, nervous)  
Charlie? That you?

CHARLES  
That depends who *this* is.

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
It's *me*, Charles. *Elliot*.

Charles looks lost for words.

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
(urgent)  
We've gotta meet up. There's a lot of things I gotta tell ya.

CHARLES  
Elliot? What happened to you?

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
Let me take a guess what you're about to do right now. Hop on the next plane to someplace where you think they won't find you.

Charles glances at his suitcase.

CHARLES  
How the -

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
*No time!* We cant talk on the phone for long, they might have it bugged. Meet me in an hour, at the phone booth on the corner of 5th street. I'll call you from there.

CHARLES  
Hey man, this is ridiculous -

The line goes dead. Charles slowly replaces the receiver.

EXT. 5TH STREET - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A busy sidewalk. Charles stands next to the booth. He looks around, paranoid. He checks his watch. The phone rings inside the booth.

Charles enters inside the booth and answers the call.

CHARLES  
Yep.

ELLIOT (V.O.)  
The Clovendale Bar. I'll be waiting in  
the booth at the back.

INT. CLOVENDALE BAR - DAY

The place is quiet. A couple of guys sit at the bar, well  
apart from each other, drinking alone.

Charles walks to the last booth in the bar. Elliot sits  
there. He looks a wreck.

CHARLES  
Jesus Christ, Elliot.

Elliot gets up from his seat. The two hug.

ELLIOT  
Good to see you again, Charlie. Wish  
it could be on better terms.

CHARLES  
Let me get you a drink, you look like  
you need one.

ELLIOT  
I'm fine -

CHARLES  
I'm not. I sure as hell need one so I  
may aswell get you one too.

LATER

Charles sits opposite Elliot. A beer on the table for each.

ELLIOT  
I'm the only one that managed to  
escape that place. Goddamn medical  
facility my ass. The four of us were  
nothing more than lab rats.

Elliot's hand shakes as he takes a large swig of the beer.

CHARLES  
How did you get out?

ELLIOT  
I played dumb. Those quacks bought it.  
When the time was right, I took  
advantage. I had to take matters into  
my own hands - *I had to do what I did.*

CHARLES

OK, OK , take it easy, Elliot. Tell me what happened.

ELLIOT

Tests. Experiments. More goddamn tests. Drugs, injections -

Elliot rolls up his sleeve. His wrist and arm are peppered with needle marks.

ELLIOT

For months on end. Non stop. Like I said, they treated us like lab rats.

CHARLES

John, Peter and Walter - are they still there?

ELLIOT

*Unfit to rejoin society.* That's what I was told whenever I could get an answer from one of those bastards. You know what it really was - they didn't want us blabbing to the media.

(drinks beer)

So they killed them.

CHARLES

*What?*

ELLIOT

That's right. They're dead. Just like Dean. Just like James. Just like George.

Charles is stunned. He takes a moment.

CHARLES

What the hell are they trying to cover up?

ELLIOT

They've obviously found out something from the Recall mission. Something from the experiments they put us through. Something they don't want anybody else to know. They wanna make sure anybody associated with it *remains* silent.

(nervous)

You wanna know something else? Something even more - crazy?

CHARLES

There's more?

(beat)

I think we're gonna need a stronger drink.

Charles gets up from his seat.

ELLIOT

*I see things.*

Charles pauses. His face expresses a begrudging skepticism. He sits back down.

CHARLES

You see things...

ELLIOT

Visions, vivid hallucinations. Call them what you want.

(hysterical)

Feelings of dread - such feelings of overwhelming fear, living in Hell...

Charles grabs Elliot's wrist.

CHARLES

Keep it together, man.

A moment passes.

ELLIOT

So - you believe me or you think I'm just pumped up on drugs?

CHARLES

I believe we're the last two and we need to get the hell out of this country while we still can.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An edgy Charles and Elliot walk down a busy sidewalk.

CHARLES

I'm not doubting you're having trips or hallucinogenic episodes. The shit they gave you might have been in aid of some kind of research, a psychedelic experiment and you're having some kind of relapse, or flashbacks.

ELLIOT

Believe what you want. But I know what's real and what's not. What *I feel* and what *I see* - is premonitory.

Charles and Elliot walk to Charles' car, parked near the corner of 5th Street and opposite a bunch of shops.

Charles takes his car key and puts it in the door to open it.

CHARLES

Shit. You know what I forgot?

Elliot looks lost.

CHARLES

I need to get some cigarettes. Here -

Charles tosses the key to Elliot. He drops them in his shaking hands. Picks them up. Charles walks to a nearby convenience store.

CHARLES

Let yourself in, I'll be back in a sec.

Charles enters the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A small collection of customers shop in the alleys. Charles enters. He walks over to the nearby kiosk.

EXPLOSION!

The shop windows SMASH! Charles ducks down as the shoppers scream in panic.

Charles rushes out of the store.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charles watches his car burn savagely from the explosion. The passenger door collapses in flames onto the ground. Elliot's burning body sits in the seat. Flames flicker -

EXT. HILLSIDE - HUT - NIGHT

Charles and Paul sit opposite each other over the flickering flames of a burning fire.

A full moon shines brightly in the sky.

PAUL

And you've been running ever since.

Charles nods.

CHARLES

For over thirty years.

Charles adds some more wood to the fire. The wind picks up in small gusts.

CHARLES

Shortly after Elliot's murder, I began to see things myself. He was right. Over the years I began to understand. I tracked five of the six babies born. They've all been involved in fatal accidents in the last few months.  
(looks Paul dead on)  
The other baby...

Paul nods knowingly.

PAUL

I'm the last one.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A black car pulls up near to the house.

INT. LIVINGROOM - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted watches television. His wife BRENDA, 73, knits on a rocking chair.

A knock at the door. Ted gets up to answer.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted opens the door. Forrest and Lee stand on the porch.

FORREST

Mr. Harris?

TED

Yes?

FORREST

I'm Agent Forrest of the Federal Bureau of investigation. This is my partner, Agent Lee.

Forrest and Lee show their ID badges. Ted squints.

TED

Oh my. You fellas are out late in the sticks, ain't ya? How can I help?

LEE

Part and parcel of the job, sir. Now, we won't take up much of your time. Do you know these people?

Lee shows Ted two separate pictures. Charles and Paul. Ted squints at the photos.

TED

Nope, can't say that I do.

FORREST

You are aware that lying to a federal agent could instigate you in criminal proceedings?

TED

Sorry, son. Can't help you.

FORREST

OK. Thank you for your time, Mr. Harris.

Ted closes the door.

A frustrated Forrest and Lee walk down to their car.

Forrest stops. He shines a penlight torch to the ground. Footprints imbedded on the ground.

EXT. HUT - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Charles prods the fire with a stick.

CHARLES

We were exposed to that *moon ray* for a reason. It was meant to be passed on to a new generation as soon as possible. We were just the deliverers. You are the decipherer.

PAUL

But - how is that even possible?

CHARLES

Epigenetics. Cosmic rays descend down on Earth all the time. It's what keeps evolution progressing. All species alter from generation to generation. It can take a millennium to see the results, but it happens.

PAUL

This is all theory though, right?

CHARLES

The caterpillar turning into a butterfly is a natural metamorphosis. I believe your visions hold the key to your evolution.

Paul stands angrily. He sighs at the moon in the sky.

PAUL

I never wanted this...*this* curse.

CHARLES

Everyone has looked to the skies in wonder at some point. Ever since humans first walked the earth. In praise, in celebration, in surrender - we raise our hands to the sky. What you have been given is unique. You have to look at it as a *gift*.

PAUL

I've been asking for 33 years and still haven't had an answer.

Charles stands next to Paul. He looks up at the starlit sky.

CHARLES

It will come. I know it. You have the chance to reach for the stars. Gain the ultimate enlightenment. Find a reason behind every doubt.

PAUL

A reason for *being*.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: OVER FOUR BILLION YEARS AGO

A giant ball of ferocious flames. A planet ablaze.

The flames detract from the planet - sucked away into a much LARGER and FIERCE, FIERY planet - the SUN.

The planet Earth is left naked. It cools. A dried up ball of solid rock.

EXT. EARTH - NIGHT

Lava ERUPTS from volcanoes. STEAM covers putrid skies. Dark clouds form in a gloomy red sky - spectacular THUNDERSTORMS break out.

SUPERIMPOSE: THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER

Rivers have formed. Small oceans. The planet slightly resembles Earth as we know it now, but without as much water.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

A COMET hurtles toward the Earth. It PLUMMETS into the surface and creates a small IMPACT.

A tremendous amount of WATER spreads out across the planet from the impact point.

THOUSANDS of comets head towards the Earth.

The comets collide into all areas of the Earth.

The planet is BOMBARDED with water. It now resembles an early Earth, similar to how we know it as it is today.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

The hut is small, empty, one room. A door at the front, one at the back. Gasoline cannister sits in the corner.

Charles helps a half conscious Paul inside. He helps him slowly sit down on the floor.

CHARLES

Paul - What did you see?

PAUL

Destruction... Life.

Paul shakes his head, runs his hand through his hair.

PAUL

I haven't felt this wired in years...

CHARLES

Keep going, you're fine! You just passed out but it'll fade. This is good. Did you see the comets?

PAUL

Yeah, I think so...the Sun, Earth...

Charles is on a roll. He's almost delirious.

CHARLES

That's the dream I see all the time! I can't get past it. You know what? I bet those comets hit other planets on the way, dragging various forms of life - even just particles - along for the ride. Hell, we could *all* have DNA from an alien life form!

A weary but recovered Paul gets to his feet.

PAUL

*What are you going on about!?*

An enthusiastic Charles circles the hut in hypothetical thought.

CHARLES

We're still young as a race, as a species! We still make mistakes we tell our own children not to! We tell them not to talk to strangers? Look at the Pioneer or the Voyager 1 probe. We've sent whoever's out there directions to get here! Do we know who we just invited over for tea!?

INT. FARM HOUSE - HALLWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

Three LOUD KNOCKS on the front door. The hallway ceiling light turns on.

A sleepy Ted, dressed in pyjamas, heads down the stairs. Three more impatient knocks at the door.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Ted opens the door. Two 6 foot tall agents wearing dark glasses stand statuesque.

TED

You guys again? I told your buddies everything I knew earlier. You wanna go chat with them and let me sleep?

The agents slowly look to each other. They look back at Ted.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Paul watches the "camp fire" at it's death from a window.

PAUL

What can we do? The FBI want us dusted. Hide behind the media?

CHARLES

No chance. Lunatic UFO enthusiasts might take us in. To anyone else, we're two homeless, crazy bums that are both on the run.

Charles sits on the floor, leans against the wall. Tired. He puts his hands behind his head and closes his eyes.

Paul paces the room in frustration.

PAUL

Why do they want us dead? What are they so afraid of?

CHARLES

The threat of change in society. Order no longer belonging to them. They make the rules. They don't want the rules told to them.

PAUL

You're talking as if we're about to rule the world.

CHARLES

I'm talking why they want us dead.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

All looks peaceful and quiet. An owl hoots.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Ripped furniture lay upturned. A crockery shelf lay face down on the carpet, the broken items smashed in pieces around it.

A heavily BEATEN Ted and Brenda sit TIED with their hands behind their backs on wooden chairs.

The two tall morose agents look down at them.

TED

(shaking, breathless)

They're in a shack, not far from here. There's a map... in the drawer...I'll show you...just please don't hurt my wife anymore...

TALL AGENT #1 retrieves a map from a cupboard drawer. He hands it over to TALL AGENT #2. He shows the map to Ted.

TALL AGENT #2

Show me.

Tall Agent #1 unties one of Ted's hands. Ted's contorted finger shakes as he points to a location on the map.

Tall Agent #2 folds up the map and puts it in his inside pocket. He nods to Tall Agent #1 and walks out of the room.

Ted looks up at emotionless Tall Agent #1 with pleading eyes.

TED

Please...please let us go.

TALL AGENT #2 (O.S.)

Before you untie them - cut them up  
with their own kitchen knife. Make it  
resemble the work of an unhinged mind.

EXT. SPACE

Pitch black darkness. A reverberating, hypnotic dull drone. A white light flickers.

Billions of galaxies. A QUASAR. A loud explosion is heard. The billions of galaxies vanish. Only the quasar remains.

Trails of dust. Thin wasps of gas. Gigantic illuminate CLOUDS head towards the dust and gas. They gather/combine together.

An INCREDIBLY LOUD explosion. White light flickers. The drone becomes louder.

A bright PULSATING SPECULUM of illuminate light. An amazing breath taking spectacle. All colors, all lights. A menacing BLACK HOLE spreads out from the middle of the speculum.

Indecipherable WHISPERS from beyond the black hole. The whispers become LOUDER and LOUDER. They overtake the pulsating drone. An ear piercing DEMONIC SCREECH.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Paul opens his eyes - Charles holds him down by his shoulders. Paul is having a violent seizure.

PAUL

(babbles)

*Fork of thorns confine...touch the  
wave beneath the towers...yesternight  
the moon was round...*

Paul's body clenches tight. His hands form clenched fists. Froth spews from his mouth. Charles turns Paul's head - allowing the froth to seep out onto the floor.

Paul's body relaxes. Charles looks exhausted. Paul blinks several times. He comes around.

CHARLES

Paul - Are you alright?

PAUL

*They're close.*

Charles helps Paul to his feet. They look out the window. Silhouette figures of four men head towards them from the moonlit hills.



AGENT LEE (V.O.)  
 (via earpiece)  
 Copy that Forrest, we are keeping  
 back.

FORREST  
 What??

Forrest, taken aback, loses concentration of Paul and Charles. Paul notices Charles step slowly towards Forrest.

PAUL  
 Charles! Trust me! *He* is not one of  
*them!*

CHARLES  
 I've only gotten this far because I  
 never doubted my instincts. I'm not  
 about to start now.

Charles LUNGES for Forrest's gun. Forrest - surprised -  
 FIRES. The shot hits Charles THIGH.

SLOW MOTION GRAPHIC VIEW INSIDE THIGH:

Bullet pierces skin. Hits the femoral artery. Artery BURSTS.  
 Bullet remnants rebound off the bone and lodge inside the  
 femoral vein, splitting it.

BACK TO SCENE:

Charles falls to the floor in agony. Forrest looks at a  
 dumbstruck Paul almost apologetically.

The front door of the hut BURSTS open.

Four agents wearing shades calmly enter inside - they all  
 look exactly like the one Paul killed in the woods.

FORREST  
 Hold it right there!

The four agents ignore Forrest. They head for Paul. Paul  
 backs up against the wall, readies himself to fight.

Forrest opens fire. Hits two agents in the head. They drop to  
 the floor.

The remaining two agents turn to Forrest. They CHARGE for  
 him. Forrest fires a shot - can only hit one in the shoulder.

The agents GRAB Forrest. They SMASH him HARD repeatedly  
 against the wall. His gun drops from his grasp. It falls into  
 the corner of the room.

Paul runs to grab the gun - the agents drop Forrest. One of the agents STOMPS his foot down on Forrest's head, crushing it like an apple.

Paul grabs the gun. Both agents lunge towards him.

Paul FIRES. Hits one in the head, sends him to the floor. Paul fires again. The bullet knocks the agent spiralling backwards, his shades fall to the ground.

The agent turns to Paul. No eyes. Just dark empty sockets.

Paul FIRES again. Hits him in the chest. He drops. Dead.

MOMENTS LATER

Charles lay in a pool of his own blood. A concerned Paul ties a shredded piece of material tight around his thigh wound.

Paul helps Charles stand. They look down at the dead agents.

A SIZZLING sound. The four dead agents' bodies begin a bizarre mutation. Their suits disintegrate, as if being sucked into their skin.

Thick hair grows rapidly over their naked bodies, covering them from head to toe. They resemble Neanderthals.

The Neanderthals alter shape - as if something is crawling inside them. Thick, gloopy liquid seeps from the tips of their hair, covering them entirely.

So much of the liquid is produced, the Neanderthal's turn into BLOBS - they resemble a chrysalis/cocoon.

The four blobs deflate. They dissolve into the size of leg. Then half a leg. A foot. A hand. Half a finger.

The blobs morph into four dead cockroaches. The roaches morph into tiny dead worms. The worms turn to dust. It's as if the agents had never been there.

Paul and Charles look at each other, awestruck and horrified.

EXT. HUT - BACK - NIGHT

Paul helps Charles limp down a steep river bank.

EXT. STREAM - NIGHT

Paul aids Charles through a shallow stream. Dense woodland on one side, the large desolate hillside on the other.

A bridge with a small tunnel underneath is in the distance.

MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Charles exit the tunnel. Paul helps Charles climb up an embankment.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Paul and Charles look out at the vast desolate hillside, lit up by a bright full moon in the sky.

CHARLES

I can't go on, Paul. I'm only dragging you down with me.

Charles gives up, sits on the ground. Paul looks at his leg wound. It bleeds profusely.

PAUL

Yes you can. You're a survivor.

Paul supports Charles with his arm over his shoulder and helps him up.

LATER

An exhausted Paul looks up. Stops in his tracks.

A small WHITE HOUSE in the near distance. The moonlight illuminates the creepy looking building.

PAUL

We might be able to find you some help. Come on.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Paul assists Charles up wooden porch steps and helps him lay down on a porch glider. Paul looks at the door of the house.

CHARLES

Don't go in there... I'm not getting good vibes from this place.

PAUL

Neither am I. And that's why I *have* to go in. I can't keep running forever.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul enters inside, gun in hand. The house is bare. Gloomy.

He heads cautiously up a cracked wooden staircase.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Charles grimaces as he lays back on the glider, releasing a deathly sigh as he closes his eyes.

Footsteps.

Charles weakly opens his eyes. A gun points down at him.

Charles smirks.

CHARLES  
You're gonna lose.

BANG!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - TOP OF STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Paul stops at the sound of the shot. The sound ECHOES loudly. Each echo reverberates, making the noise become UNBEARABLE.

Paul drops his gun and falls to his knees. He grabs his ears to try and block the sound - it INCREASES.

Paul painfully crawls up the remaining steps to the -

UPSTAIRS HALL

The sound fades out. A breathless Paul gets to his feet.

The hall contains several large VATS of BRIGHT GLOWING liquid surrounded by dazzling, sparkling ROCKS.

PAUL  
Charles...

Paul rushes down the stairs.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Paul rushes out of the door.

Charles lay dead on the glider. Paul slowly approaches him, sorrow in his eyes. He crouches down by his side.

PAUL  
I'm so sorry.

SERENA (O.S.)  
You should be more sorry you let your guard down.

Paul turns around. Serena stands facing him.

Paul looks up at her surprised but relieved to see her.

PAUL  
Serena? My God, what are you -

His expression changes. Serena points a gun at Paul.

BANG!

Serena collapses on the porch floor.

Paul scrambles to his feet. He looks out at the hillside. It is too dark to see anyone. He looks down at Serena - her body transforms just like the agents in the hut.

Paul looks back to the hillside. Several silhouetted figures approach in the beam of moonlight. They get closer. They're agents.

Paul backs up against the house. He winces. He looks down and touches just below his collar bone. A DART is imbedded in his skin.

Paul falls to the ground.

Darkness.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Paul wakes at the top of a large table surrounded by FBI agents. He gazes up at dim ceiling lights.

AGENT LEE  
You're probably feeling a little hazy after the tranquilizer dart. Beats a bullet though, huh?

PAUL  
Depends. What's this all about?

SUPERIOR  
We have questions and you have the answers.

PAUL  
That's great, 'cos I've got a *shit load* of questions I wouldn't mind asking either.

SUPERIOR  
We can understand that. I'll get straight to the point. I'm sure you're now familiar with the Recall mission.

Paul nods.

SUPERIOR

Four of our astronauts were placed under care. Three were murdered. One escaped - later to be killed. With the suspicious circumstances surrounding the deaths of the other members, including your father's, well, naturally, we became very concerned.

PAUL

I know you guys are responsible -

SUPERIOR

I give you my word it was not us.

Paul releases a mocking sigh.

SUPERIOR

As a precautionary measure, we decided that all the children born, from that rather odd time frame, be monitored. As you and the other answers - excuse me - *other children* - grew up, the surveillance was relaxed.

Paul looks contemplative.

SUPERIOR

Things warmed up when the answers were being killed. The speed at which they were assassinated left only two remaining.

PAUL

Me and... Charles?

SUPERIOR

No. You and one *other*. We can't be sure that one other is dead or still alive.

PAUL

So what's the deal? You guys trying to kill me - *and* save me?

The agents look embarrassed.

SUPERIOR

The Recall leak was never found. We had a similar situation here. We monitored you in hope to nail down who the assassins were as well as get you to safe keeping.

PAUL

So what about all these tests you did? What did you find out that makes you all so interested in me?

SUPERIOR

The astronauts gained small psychic abilities. The likelihood these abilities would be passed on through the genetic system was high.

PAUL

Thought as much. I doubt you would have got much of a funding budget to baby-sit a bunch of kids. Am I supposed to thank you guys?

AGENT LEE

Good men have died for you, pal.

PAUL

And good people have died *because* of you! What about Serena? How was she allowed to get involved in all this?

SUPERIOR

We apologize but unfortunately, we were not aware of the enemy's ability. We don't fully understand it yet but it has - a supernatural element, an ability to clone human beings.

PAUL

That's bullshit. Your job is to protect the innocent. All you're doing is protecting your investment.

SUPERIOR

It takes lives to protect lives. We have information that many more people will die. Many millions, maybe billions. Your father, Charles and Serena's deaths are only in vain if you choose them to be.

PAUL

You've finally got me here. I don't trust one word you people say - but I do have one last thing to add. What the hell do you want from me?

SUPERIOR

That leads us to the question we have for you, Mr. Reed. I hope you can answer it.

MOMENTS LATER

A cassette deck is placed on the table opposite Paul.

SUPERIOR

This is the original sound recording  
NASA received from the moon. I want  
you to listen to it.

Agent Lee presses play. An eerie ear piercing sound wails  
from the players speaker.

All of the agents express discomfort at hearing it, some  
cover their ears. Paul doesn't even flinch.

MOMENTS LATER

Paul wakes. A MEDIC clears froth from Paul's foaming mouth.

MEDIC

Paul, can you hear me?

Paul is on the floor of the room. Multiple anxious agent eyes  
peer down on him. He is helped up to a standing position.

PAUL

I'm - alright. I'm alright.

Paul gets to his seat. He downs a cup of water. He looks the  
shaken Superior straight in the eye from opposite the table.

PAUL

We have to stop it. We need all the  
military you have just to stand a  
chance.

Scared agents in the room stare at Paul.

SUPERIOR

What is it? When? Where?

PAUL

It starts at the beach.

SUPERIOR

Paul, what beach?

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CASKET - DARK

Panic stricken deep breaths slowly relent into calm. The only  
light in the casket are the white's of Paul's eyes.

Paul feels around the small casket. Wooden planks wobble  
beneath his feet. He slides down as far as he can in the  
small confined space.

He feels the floor. His fingers touch gaps in between the  
planks. He feels out the edges of a TRAP DOOR.

Paul pulls open the trap door. He looks down at a dark tunnel.

INT. SEWER LINE TUNNEL

Paul coughs and chokes as he trudges through the watery, dank, dark tunnel.

LATER

Paul makes out a small ray of light in the distance. It resembles a distant Moon shining in a dark sky. He runs towards it. The heavenly light becomes larger. Closer.

Paul reaches the end of the tunnel, the source of the blistering bright light.

He looks out beyond. Tears well up in his eyes.

PAUL (V.O.)

For some, this was the end. The end of everything they had ever known. The end of what they believed to be real, what they had believed to be life. Their dreams were over. I wept for them.

Paul stands at the edge of the tunnel. Below is a large sewer system that has ceased running.

Ruined cities burn in the distance.

PAUL (V.O.)

For me it was different. My dreams had become a reality. This was just the beginning.

Distant red colored sandy hills. The sky is bizarre - alien. Bright daylight covers the lower horizon. The rest of the skyline is a dark night sky. A full moon shines high above.

PAUL (V.O.)

Once my dreams had come true, I knew only nightmares would follow.

FADE OUT:

THE END