

WATCH TOWER
an original screenplay by
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INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

UV lights are set up in all corners casting an eerie purple glow over the stucco walls of a tight, messy motel room. Open, unpacked suitcases litter the surface. An unmade double bed fills out most of the space.

SAMMY DIXON, sits up on the double bed with the telephone receiver to her ear. She is long legged with shoulder length black hair. She wears denim pants and a jean jacket over a stripped hooded sweatshirt. It's the only outfit she ever wears.

SAMMY

Just tonight.

(listens)

Yeah, I got in about an hour ago.

CAMBRIA

(O.S.)

This is a video response to Youtube user DolphinEnthusiast200's comment that he or she posted on my last video-

Sammy glares.

CAMBRIA DIXON, late forties, with frazzled, graying hair sits at a desk on the other side of the room talking into a webcam. Her computer monitor plays back the video feed of her talking.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

- Wolf Blitzer is a Reptillian Shape Shifter. DolphinEnthusiast200 wrote:

Cambria leans in to her monitor to read the comment board of an open internet browser.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

Get fucked you ugly old bag. Jump into a snake pitt and die slowly. While you're at it why don't you just let shape shifting Wolf Blitzer butt fuck your corn hole three ways from Thursday live on national news. Prime time you crazy bitch.

(pauses)

It's clear my message isn't reaching any of you.

Sammy is still on the phone.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

Yeah, it sucks. I can't find a job
because we don't even have a car.

Cambria stands up and throws a fistful of quarters at Sammy.

SAMMY

What gives?

CAMBRIA

Get out. You're ruining my video.

SAMMY

Why quarters?

CAMBRIA

For the pay phone outside.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The motel sits alongside a busy highway. A car pulls up to the front entrance of the motel.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Sammy throws the quarters into a vending machine and digs out a soda.

POPOV swings the front entrance door. He's a tall unshaven man in sunglasses with duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He passes Sammy, eying her up and down.

POPOV

(in Russian with
English subtitles)

You got a Myspace?

Sammy ignores him and heads towards the exit as Popov continuously taps the bell at the front desk .

POPOV (CONT'D)

Hey hello! Anybody home?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cambria continues to speak into her web cam.

CAMBRIA

It's not just members of our media
that are shape shifting. This is an
international conspiracy that has
penetrated the highest levels of
government and military institutions.

(MORE)

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

Everything you see on television is
a well constructed and elaborate
lie.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Sammy huddles close to a pay phone, holding the receiver up
to her face.

SAMMY

I got kicked out of the room.

(listens)

Yeah, she wanted absolute silence
for her sermon.

(listens)

Not yet. I'm not sure when she thinks
the invasion is happening. I try
not to pay attention to all that
stuff.

(listens)

Do I believe her? I don't know.
She's crazy, right? Why do you care
so much?

(listens)

I know. I'm bitching. I have to
share a bed with her that's why.
She could have at least shelled out
more cash on a room with twin beds.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sammy lies in bed trying to sleep. Cambria is still up at
her computer giving speeches.

CAMBRIA

I have sent the Department of Defense,
the Central Intelligence Agency, and
numerous other federal institutions
cease and desist letters warning
them of the implications that would
follow if they were to continue
ongoing relations with Aliens. Now
they tap my phone, but that means my
letters are read.

Sammy throws a pillow over her face.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT NIGHT - NIGHT

A large town car pulls up by the side of the motel and drops
of CHERRY off. Heavy make up decorates her face as she steps
on the curb in stiletto heels and a skimpy dress.

Cherry leans into the open passenger window to talk to the DRIVER (NOT SEEN).

CHERRY

My phone's dead so pick me up in thirty minutes. Last time you left me freezing out here for an hour.

The car speeds off.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Dick.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cherry walks down the hallway. Loud music plays from one of the rooms and the sound of multiple co-eds, mixing, and partying.

As she passes the room, the door opens a crack. Popov's face appears behind the chain lock.

POPOV

(in broken English)

Hey you! You want to come party?

Cherry turns.

CHERRY

Thanks, I got business in another room though sweetie. Maybe after I'll come by?

POPOV

Come now. We pay more than that room.

CHERRY

Are you calling me a hooker?

POPOV

Who else has business in motel room?

CHERRY

Let's see...Drug dealers. Gun Dealers. Maids.

POPOV

You don't dress like drug dealer or maid. All I want is for you to come have drink with us. Stay however long you like. You get paid, it'll be good time.

CHERRY
Alright, but it's just to drink and
nothing else, right?

POPOV
Absolutely.

CHERRY
And I'm still charging my usual rate.

Popov unlatches the chain lock and opens the door for Cherry.

POPOV
(in Russian)
Beautiful.

INT. POPOV'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cherry steps into the room and passes Popov who holds the
door open.

CHERRY
And thank you-

She looks out at the room and her face sinks.

The room is empty, but the sound of the party continues. A
stereo set on a desk playing the party noise.

Popov stands behind her, his arm up ready to strike.

Darkness. The sound of someone pounding on a door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DOORWAY - NIGHT

The door swings open a crack and Sammy's face lights up behind
the chain lock.

On the other side of the door stands M.P. 3, male, 20s, he
wears a du rag over his head.

M.P. 3
Where's Cherry?

SAMMY
And you are?

M.P. 3
I'm M.P. 3. Where the hell is Cherry?

SAMMY
I'm sorry, but you have the wrong
room.

M.P. 3

Nah, you see I got a call for her to come to this room. She was supposed to be outside an hour ago. Where the fuck is she?

SAMMY

I didn't call for any Cherry. You have the wrong room.

M.P. 3

Is she in there? Open the door.

M.P. 3 tries at the door.

SAMMY

Quit it!

M.P. 3

Just open the door.

SAMMY

I'm not going to do that. There are security cameras in the hallway. Go to the front desk and they'll show you where your friend Cherry went.

M.P. 3

If I find out she's in there I'm coming back and busting this door down.

SAMMY

You won't be. Trust me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cambria wears a robe and brushes her teeth in the bathroom sink. She spits a wad of tooth paste in the sink and looks out the bathroom door to see Sammy on her computer.

CAMBRIA

What are you doing?

AVIS

I am trying to find out if there is any place to get food around here. In walking distance of course.

CAMBRIA

There's a Subway half a mile north. You didn't exit out of my editing program, did you?

SAMMY
(rolling her eyes)
No. I didn't even touch it.

A knock at the door.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Let's hope that's not M.P. 3.

Tabatha gargles tooth paste.

CAMBRIA
M.P. who?

Sammy looks in through the eye hole on the door. A man with slicked back black hair and a trench coat, late 40s, DETECTIVE EMERSON.

Avis opens the door.

SAMMY
You're looking for Cherry?

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Precisely.

SAMMY
Not here.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
We know. Some jerk put her in a couple of suit cases and carried her out this hall.

SAMMY
Oh.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
You met this man in the lobby?

The Detective holds out a composite sketch of Popov.

DETECTIVE EMERSON (CONT'D)
He checked in under a false name.

SAMMY
He sounded Russian. I knew he was sketchy.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
What did he say to you?

SAMMY
I don't know it was in Russian.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Is that all he did? Just say
something to you?

SAMMY
Yeah, I was on my way to use the pay
phone outside.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Did you see him anywhere else around
the motel?

Cambria exits the bathroom.

CAMBRIA
Who's here?

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Where are my manners? My name is
Detective Emerson. I'm investigating
a homicide that may have taken place
down the hall last night by this
man.

He hands Cambria the Popov sketch.

CAMBRIA
Shape shifter.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Shape - what?

CAMBRIA
They've found us.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
I'm not sure I follow.

SAMMY
Ignore her.

CAMBRIA
That would be something my daughter
would say. Don't act ignorant. It
is clear that this creature has killed
before.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Really, what makes you say that?

SAMMY
Don't bait her.

CAMBRIA
I just know these things.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Well, we actually believe he's
connected to several other killings
that have happened in the area.

SAMMY
How many?

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Three.

EXT. NATURE TRAIL PARKING LOT - EVENING

A YOUNG WOMAN is in the front seat of a car, her throat
slashed. Her dog moves around inside the car wagging it's
tail.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
(V.O.)
One by the State Park nature trails.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

A FEMALE COLLEGE student walks on a path to her college
dormitory.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
(V.O.)
A college girl was strangled right
in front her dorm.

A MASKED FIGURE with white gloves watches the college student
ascend the steps to her dorm.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

A dead FEMALE BODY is sprawled out in a deep hole in the
middle of the woods.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
(V.O.)
A search party found the last one.
A young mother of three.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

SAMMY
Goodness.

Detective Emerson takes a business card out of his wallet.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Just keep an eye out and try to stay
in your room.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE EMERSON (CONT'D)
Here's my business card with my number
if you remember anything else.

SAMMY
Isn't it 9-11?

DETECTIVE EMERSON
No, that's for emergencies. Mine's
on the card right there.

SAMMY
Oh, right.

DETECTIVE EMERSON
Have a good morning ladies. Stay
safe.

Sammy closes the door.

Cambria hurries to her computer.

CAMBRIA
This is most worthy of a vlog.

SAMMY
I'm going to go for a walk.

CAMBRIA
Oh no. Not with a shape shifting
psychopath on the lose.

SAMMY
Come on there are like twenty cops
in the hall way. You can't seriously
believe this guy is still fumbling
around this dump.

CAMBRIA
It's your funeral. I just have to
pay for it.

SAMMY

(muttering)
You could've paid for double beds.

CAMBRIA
What was that?

SAMMY
Nothing.

Cambria adjusts her web-cam.

CAMBRIA

I want absolute silence. I have to spread the word fast. It's clear the invasion is coming much sooner than I had originally anticipated.

Sammy lays down on the bed and sparks a cigarette.

Cambria throws a fistful of quarters at her.

SAMMY

What the hell?

CAMBRIA

My web cams broken. There's an electronic store across the highway.

SAMMY

Why quarters?

CAMBRIA

I don't know.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy walks down an empty hallway in the motel to the exit doors leading outside.

As she passes a motel room she hears the sound of a MAN beating a WOMAN (OS) beyond the door to a room.

Sammy leans into listen to the abuse. She pulls out Detective Emerson's card then nods to herself.

Sammy wanders the corridors of the motel searching for Police Officers. She stops at a four way intersection unsuccessful.

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Sammy dials Detective Emerson's number.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

(O.S.)

Emerson here.

SAMMY

Hey, it's the girl from room 112. I'd like to report a domestic abuse case.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

(O.S.)

I'm sorry where are you calling from young lady?

SAMMY

At the motel. I thought you guys spent a little more time on murder cases. There's like no cops here.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

(O.S.)

I'm sorry young lady, are you calling to report a domestic abuse case or a homicide?

SAMMY

You were here like ten minutes ago, you gave me your number.

All of sudden Cherry, now wearing a blue poka dotted dress, bursts through the motel exit doors and stumbles into the parking lot carrying a pile of laundry. She tosses the clothes in the back bed of pick up then gets in the truck.

Detective Emerson chases after out of the motel, he wears a heavy workers jacket and boots.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

Damnit Cherry get back here!

SAMMY

I-

Cherry throws the truck in reverse and nearly hits Emerson who runs to try and open the drivers side door. The pick up peels away from him and zips out of the parking lot leaving a trail of clothes flying out the rear bed.

Emerson turns to walk back into the motel defeated, Sammy catches his eye.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

What the fuck are you looking at?

The voice on the telephone is now very deep, almost unnatural.

DEEP VOICE

(O.S.)

Tell us Sammy, how would you like to die?

Sammy throws the phone down and lets it's hang from the receiver box.

INT. ELECTRONIC STORE - DAY

Sammy walks through the automatic doors.

A STORE EMPLOYEE greets her by the entrance.

STORE EMPLOYEE
Hello and welcome to the scissor
store.

SAMMY
I'm looking to buy a web cam.

STORE EMPLOYEE
No webcams here, just scissors.

SAMMY
But, it said electronics store on
the sign.

STORE EMPLOYEE
You must have read the sign wrong.
We only sell scissors.

Two EMPLOYEEES flank her and hold her arms down. Avis
struggles in their grip.

SAMMY
Let go of me!

The Store employee holds a large pair of scissors.

STORE EMPLOYEE
It's time to cut it off...

CLOSE - SAMMY'S FACE

Sammy's eyes grimace in fear.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE - SAMMY'S FACE

Sammy's face is now different, more masculine. She's a HE
now. He is Popov.

Popov lies in a bathtub, naked. Blood swirls around the
bath water.

Cambria sits on the toilet, she wears a short grey wig, old
men's clothing, and holds a cane.

A snake slithers on the tiled floor.

CAMBRIA
We cut it off. It was for your own
good, my dear. After all you killed
poor Cherry.

Cambria uses the cane to lift herself off of the toilet and
hobbles out of the bathroom.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

We'll be waiting for you.

Popov sits up in the bath tub then looks down at his crotch. He cries in agony, then grabs the edge to pull himself out. He collapses on the bathroom tile, a bandage covers his crotch area, he's been castrated.

POPOV

You fucks! You'll fucking pay!

Popov retreats to the other corner upon seeing the snake curled up by the door.

POPOV (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The snake hisses then morphs into an amputated penis.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Popov exits the bathroom wearing a pink bath robe. He walks hunched over, still holding his crotch in pain.

Cherry wears a maid's uniform and vacuums the room. She turns the vacuum off and looks at Popov.

CHERRY

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you folks were out.

POPOV

I killed you.

Cherry is now naked, covered in blood.

CHERRY

We know.

Popov moves around the side of the bed and grabs a cigarette. He lights it, then exhales slowly.

POPOV

Then why the fuck are you still alive?

CHERRY

I'm not. Neither are you.

POPOV

What?

A HAND reaches out from under the bed and grabs Popov's ankle. Popov screams and falls to the ground. He tries to grip the carpet, but is quickly pulled under the bed and the sound of angry machinery and saw blades sound off.

The motel room goes dark.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emerson and Popov sit on the bed, the UV lights are up casting their purple glow over the room.

Cherry stands, in a skimpy at outfit, at the foot of the bed.

CHERRY

It'll be 500 for the both of you.

A hand reaches out from under the bed, searching, then settles on Cherry's ankle.

Cherry kicks the hand off.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

But, it'll be double if you're adding a third friend here.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

Oh, don't mind her, she's just along for the ride.

Cherry steps to the side. Sammy crawls out from under the bed, half her torso is out when she grabs a hold of suitcase. An unseen force pulls her back under the bed screaming.

Cherry, Emerson, and Popov all laugh.

The room goes dark.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The UV lights are up again. The computer sits at the corner desk.

Sammy stirs awake under the covers. She looks at the bedside clock which reads 3:24.

The computer monitor is playing one of Cambria's web casts:

CAMBRIA

Well it's all over the news. They're here. That means we're shit out of luck folks. You can expect the calculated extermination and enslavement of the entire human race.

Sammy gets out of bed and lights a cigarette.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

The media made this phenomena a non-issue, until today that is. It's on every major network. Lights reported in the sky over every major capital. It'll be slow folks. First they are going to want to enslave you, then they're going to want to clone your body. Fuck, half the world's been abducted before, but you wouldn't know it, they're that good.

Sammy draws open the window curtains. Strange, thin, lights fly through the night sky at incredible speed. The Sirens of passing Emergency vehicles can be heard in distance.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

They know your every fear, you're every desire. That's because they are telepathic and humans in nature are latent telepaths. You wouldn't know if you've been abducted, because they're not just some race from another planet.

Sammy notices PEOPLE, frantic, all hurrying to their cars in the parking lot, throwing their belongings in their vehicles and speeding out.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

They are the master race.

Cambria holds up an image of a triangle.

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

The triangle. Perhaps the most striking of all shapes on the human eye. People often associate the triangle with religion, in particular Christianity. The father, the son, and the holy spirit, often that relationship has been communicated in the form of a triangle or pyramid. They made up God, just go back to Ancient Babylon or Egypt, there mark is there. And there is absolutely no such thing as God. They invented God as a tool to keep all of you dumber, enslaved. To keep us from advancing as fast as we could have. In the coming years, all of you are going to realize that. There is no sole entity governing this Universe.

(MORE)

CAMBRIA (CONT'D)

Why would it then, create something that just wants to enslave you? No we are the slave race and we have just been bumped to the bottom of the totem pole as far as intelligent life operating in the universe goes. I can't take it. Sammy, I'm really sorry. I tried. You know, many nights I would just go to bed hoping to escape it all. I would just lie there with a plastic bag and tape thinking this is an easy exit. I can get out and stop thinking about them if I just off myself. Well, I know what's coming. Call me a coward, but I just don't want to have any part in this.

Sammy runs to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cambria is in the tub, dead. A plastic bag is taped over her head.

On the bathroom mirror, ALL ALONG THE WATCH TOWER is scribbled on in red lip stick.

Sammy covers her hands over her mouth.

SAMMY

No....No....God no....Oh God...

Cambria turns to her.

CAMBRIA

There is no such thing.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pounding at the door.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

(O.S.)

Samantha! Samantha Dixon! We know what you did and we have a warrant for your arrest!

Sammy tries at the window, but there is no visible way to open it.

DETECTIVE EMERSON (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

C'mon girl, make this easy on
yourself!

She covers her face with her hands, writhing in pain.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - FLASH BACK - NIGHT

Cambria throws a fistful of quarters at Sammy.

Sammy stands gets up, furious.

SAMMY

What the hell?

INT. BATHROOM - FLASH BACK - NIGHT

Sammy strangles Cambria with a plastic bag in the bathroom.

EXT. PAY PHONE - FLASH BACK - NIGHT

Sammy is on the phone.

SAMMY

I want the prettiest slut you've got
to come to room 112.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door is still pounding.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

(O.S.)

Open this door or we'll break it
down!

Sammy crouches in the corner, covering her face. She lets
out a loud scream.

Suddenly, it's morning out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Avis stands up, relieved. Early morning birds chirp outside.

There are a pile of suitcases at the foot of the bed, all
leaking with blood.

SAMMY

Time to get to work!

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

The suitcases are cast over a railing and plummet into a Water Reservoir.

Sammy watches from the railing.

She picks up another suitcase.

SAMMY

Sorry, Detective.

INT. PARKING LOT - FLASH BACK - MORNING

Detective Emerson walks up to Sammy in the parking lot with a picture of Cherry.

DETECTIVE EMERSON

Excuse me ma'am, have you seen this woman?

Sammy lets loose a wicked grin.

SAMMY

As a matter of fact...

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

Sammy throws the suitcases over. She then holds her face in pain, her hands pull back revealing, Popov's face.

Popov walks from the rail, humming a tune...

POPOV

All Along the Watch Tower....

TABATHA

(V.O.)

It's not just members of our media that are shape shifting...

THE END.

