Anar Anand

the ESTABLISHMENT

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

Indistinct voices heatedly talk over one another. We catch a few words here and there: "diplomatic process--", "The President expects--", "proportionate response--", "alienate our allies--", as we

FADE UP TO:

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - DAY - **SIX YEARS AGO**

Several officials from the Security Council, Pentagon, and Cabinet including Secretary of State MARTHA CORBIN, Secretary of Defense OWEN CORNWALL, NSA Chief JACK GELLER, as well as Chief of Staff WYATT TUNNEY are going at it tooth and nail.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's enough!

The room quiets down to pin-drop silence and all eyes focus on the man at the head of the table, PRESIDENT EDWARD THEODORE CLARKE. Late 40s, distinguished, his intensely handsome features overshadow most signs of the incredible pressure and sleepless nights that come with the job.

GELLER
Mr. President--

CLARKE
I said that's enough.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Martha, I'd like you to maintain communication with India and get both parties to the table--

CORNWALL
With all due respect, Mr. President, I'm rather inclined to agree with General Geller. This is a military issue. Relegating it to the State Department might send a message to our allies that we're turning our backs on them--

(CONTINUED)

CLARKE
These two countries come to the brink of war every time one of them loses a cricket match to the other. Now we're not turning our backs on anyone, but--

GELLER
Pakistan is a strategic partner in South Asia and our military presence is what--

CLARKE
This is not our fight! We can't go around waging war every time there's--

GELLER
It's a sign of weakness! That's what it is!

WYATT
General, you are way out of line!

Geller shuts up, fuming.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
I am well aware of the implications of this decision but unless Pakistan is knowingly granting asylum to those insurgents, they have no reason not to cooperate.
(evenly, to all)
We will handle this diplomatically. That is all.

Clarke exits among a chorus of thank-you's and Yes, Mr. President's.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - **SIX YEARS AGO**

Staffers and aides hurry along like pedestrians on Fifth Avenue during morning rush hour. Secret Service agents speak inaudibly into their wrist pieces as the President briskly rounds the corner with Wyatt in tow.

CLARKE
--it's not Geller I'm worried about. We've been ignoring our relationship with India far too long now and it seems--

The agents in front of them stop short and block their way. Amidst a flurry of radio communication, agents surround Clarke and start escorting them in the opposite direction.

AGENT
Excuse me, Mr. President. We are activating Code Purple.

CLARKE
Oh, for Pete's sake!

WYATT
What!? Why?

AGENT (CONT'D)
An unclaimed backpack was found in one of the restrooms. We need to get you to the bunker immediately.

They reach an elevator and an agent punches in the code.

CLARKE
(resisting)
What about my family?

AGENT
Secret Service is locating them--

CLARKE
Where's my wife?

AGENT
We need to go <u>now</u>. Sir.

The agent unapologetically guides the President in as the elevator doors close.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - GARDENS - DAY

A high society function is underway. In stark contrast to the hustle and bustle of the White House, guests here mingle at a leisurely pace. Amidst the indistinct conversations, stiff body language, and of course the hats, we notice one thing - this is definitely not how Americans party.

Man of the hour HAROLD WYNTON, 50, who can be described in just two words: Hugh freakin' Grant, accepts congratulations from random attendees. His eyes, however, search for - and land on - MEREDITH CLARKE, surrounded by a group of women.

A classy late-40s herself, Meredith once embodied the charm of Jackie Kennedy and the grace of Princess Diana. Today though, her somber eyes and guarded smile tell a slightly different story.

HAROLD
(approaching her)
There you are, darling. I thought I'd lost you somewhere.

Holy British accent! Yup, we're not in Washington anymore.

Harold leans in to give her a peck on the cheek and whispers--

Anthony Giambusso

JAKE & ANNA

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INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

An empty bottle of Jameson and a pizza box sit atop an oak end-table.

Out of the bed jumps ANNA FOOS (26) one of those effortless beauties with an innate likability.

JAKE (O.S.)
Come back!

Popping up is JAKE MITCHELL (26) more charming than cute, but still cute. He runs over to Anna, gloriously smothering her.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Let's do sex things.

ANNA
You mean sex?

He nods, excited.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You know I would. But I can't be late today.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

A giraffe-shaped pancake is flipped on its golden side. Jake serves the pancakes to Anna.

ANNA
You are the best pancake maker.

She kisses him. Then a little more. Then a little more. They stumble back to the bedroom removing clothing.

Sex things.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

About FIFTY FANS no older than twenty-five gather alongside a few dedicated PAPARAZZI.

Signing autographs is KRISTEN COLE (23) a beautiful young star, glowing, thankful, but mostly bored.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN HALL - DAY

An enormous open space with rows of clothes and accessories yet to be organized. The word 'Vapore' printed everywhere.

Anna stands with SUSAN (40's) a badass business woman, who yells at a LOWLY ASSISTANT.

SUSAN
These lights are goddamn disgusting!

The Lowly Assistant scurries off.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(to Anna)
Kristen Cole doesn't give a shit about this product she's got her name on. It's just an easy paycheck and a spike in publicity.

Susan puffs a cigarette towards Anna.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm not a bad person, I'm just stressed. Between the bitches in Paris and the gays in San Francisco I'm about to have a goddamn hernia.

She flicks some ash on the floor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
If I have to spend one goddamn second sucking up to a spoiled, self-centered twenty-three year old I'll have a stroke. Anna, Anna, I'm not a bad person, I'm just.. Have you ever been choked? Of course you have look at you, guys are dying to choke you.

She lays a hand on Anna's shoulder.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You're officially on Kristen Cole duty. Be her best friend from now until the day after the show.

ANNA
All due respect Susan, I have a lot-

SUSAN
-You're a smart kid. You'll figure it out. Plus there are a lot of benefits to hanging out with a celebrity.

Susan looks up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
These goddamn lights are hideous!

She storms off. Anna pulls out her phone and texts.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jake stands in front of a group of bored SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEES. He wears a COFFEE LOVE TRAINER shirt, with a logo of heart-shaped coffee beans scattered about.

JAKE
Coffee Love brand is not just coffee, it's a symbol of quality, good faith, and of course, love.

Jake peeks at his phone mid-speech.

TEXT VIEW: From: Anna: Have any dreams last night?

Jake sends a response.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Any questions before we start?

EMPLOYEE
Why are those guys sleeping?

The employee refers to two guys also in Coffee Love shirts, DAVE (26) a casual dork, and CHUCK (27) incredibly handsome, asleep in the corner.

JAKE
This is really only a one man job.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Amongst a slew of blueprints and photos there is a large POSTER OF KRISTEN COLE holding 'Vapore Perfume' on the wall.

Anna slumps in her office chair. Checks her phone.

TEXT VIEW: From: Jake: I hooked up with Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz.

Anna lets out a much needed laugh. Kristen bursts in, pulls off her sunglasses.

ANNA
Hi Kristen. I'm Anna.

Art Chong

REUNION A&J

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INT. TITO'S CLUB FOR HIGH CLASS GENTLEMEN DAY

ALEX ZHUKOV, mid 30's, in a a shabby wrinkly suit walks through a dimly lit strip bar, led by a MUSCULAR THUG.

The place is empty, save for two waitresses prepping the place for the night's business. Jukebox music fills the air.

Alex is led to a table, behind which sits a lanky, scarred, man named TYRELL, late 30's. He's flanked by two more thugs, one TALL and one FAT.

They stare Alex down as he approaches. The muscular thug stands behind him.

TYRELL
Mr. Alex Zhukov. What's up, my man?

ALEX
Don't fuck around. You owe my brother.

TYRELL
Oh, that? Man, you tell Nikolai I ain't owe him shit.

ALEX
That's how you wanna play it?

TYRELL
(sneers)
Muthafucka...

Tyrell pulls out a Dirty Harry-sized hand cannon and places it on the table, his hand loosely holding the wooden grip.

TYRELL (cont'd)
That's exactly how I wanna play it.

Alex glances at the thug behind him then at the two beside Tyrell.

ALEX
Okay.

SWISH! CLACK! Alex whips out a retractable nightstick and SMASHES Tyrell's fingers to his gun. The bones break with a nasty CRUNCH.

TYRELL
AHHH!!

CONTINUED:

CRACK! Alex whips around and smacks the muscular thug behind him on the jaw. He goes down instantly.

The tall thug and the fat thug beside Tyrell scramble for their guns, startled and slowed by the sudden attack.

Alex dashes at the tall thug and stabs him in the gut with his nightstick. The thug doubles over and Alex puts him in an arm lock.

Alex shields himself with the tall thug and pulls his gun toward the fat thug then BANG! Kneecaps him.

Alex then spins back around, disarms the tall thug and drops him with a three punch combination. His movements clearly telegraph that Alex is an expert fighter.

All three of Tyrell’s thug are down. Tyrell himself is on the ground shaking. Alex gathers all their guns and set them aside in a pile.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Alex sees the two waitresses cowering in the corner. He turns to them, and they SCREAM.

ALEX
Don’t bother calling the cops. These guys have a lot more to lose than I do.

TYRELL
I’ll kill you, you son of a bitch!

CRACK! Alex crosses to Tyrell and smacks him in the mouth with the nightstick, breaking his front teeth clean into it.

ALEX
You brought this on yourself.

Alex kneels down and yanks Tyrell up by his collar. His mouth is a river of teeth and blood.

ALEX (cont'd)
Look, Tyrell. I can’t collect if you’re dead, so I really don't want to go there. But you should know that if you don’t make good, you’re not gonna give me much choice.

JESSICA (O.S)
Oh really?

Alex freezes. He feels the cold of a gun muzzle on the back of his head. He recognizes the voice.

CONTINUED:

ALEX
You’re kidding me.

Behind him stands JESSICA MURDOCH, a fit, beautiful woman of similar age to Alex.

JESSICA
Nope. No kidding.

ALEX
No wonder this moron grew the balls to rip Nikky off. How long’s Murdoch been backing him?

JESSICA
Since he found out how much Nikolai was putting through this place.

ALEX
That doesn’t really answer the question.

JESSICA
I know.

TYRELL
(through broken teeth)
'Itch! Where da 'huck 'have you 'een?

JESSICA
Back there.

TYRELL
Wha'hoo 'een 'ooing?

JESSICA
What'd you say? It's really hard to understand you with your mouth like that.

TYRELL
Ma teeck! Ee 'roke my 'hucking teeck!

JESSICA
God, stop whining. I thought you said big boys like you could handle little ol' Alex all by yourselves?

In Jessica's moment of distraction, Alex drops to one side and BAM! sweeps Jessica’s leg out from under her.

She falls, but with the grace of a Judo fighter.

Ben Saari

NORTEHRN LIGHTS

by
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FADE IN:

Wisps of green drift across the clear night sky.

Rising towards the stars, we tilt down to view -

EXT. EARTH

High above North America. The sun glints over the edge of the planet. A majestic green aurora dances across the sky, tracing magnetic fields along the curvature of the earth.

Like a cloud of interstellar pollen, a flurry of objects streak through the upper atmosphere. One of the jagged seed-like pods eclipses the sun as it hurtles by.

Electricity sparks across the pod as it passes through the aurora. Smoke streams out as it becomes unstable, plummeting erratically towards northern Wisconsin.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The pod crashes violently into the shoreline of a small lake, deep within a thick, rugged forest.

Circling past the crash site, we fly east over miles of untouched wilderness, aurora lighting the way.

EXT. AURORA, WI - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dark county highways lead us to a small town near the Canadian border. We land inside -

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

- the second-story window of JAKE SHARP (17), a lanky, long-haired teen, fast asleep. 2:30 AM.

Camping equipment piles beneath bikini girls on the walls: sleeping bag, dirt-encrusted boots, etc.

A crisp Boy Scout uniform hangs by the door.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

6:30 AM - sunlight streams in as Jake's alarm BUZZES.

EXT. SHARP HOUSE - MORNING

MAC (17), a stocky guy in a ratty old hoodie, walks to the

picturesque white house on the corner, carrying a 70's-era external-frame backpack stuffed with gear.

Jake kicks open the front door as Mac approaches, struggling to balance two large plastic bins as he walks down the steps.

MAC
Hey, let me help.

JACOB
I got it, I got it.

Mac follows Jacob to his rusty red pickup in the driveway.

MAC
Ready for this weekend?

JACOB
What do you think?

Jacob lowers the gate and a treasure trove of gear spills out — tools, coils of rope, nets, lanterns, etc.

MAC
Holy shit...

JACOB
I've got walkie-talkies for the team, and-

He digs deep in one of the bins, producing a pair of-

JACOB
Night-vision goggles.

MAC
This is gonna be the best capture-the-flag game ever.

Mac tosses his own pack into the truck bed.

JACOB
C'mon, there's more inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Entering, Jake runs up the stairs.

JACOB
Wait here a sec.

Mac walks to the living room, where MR. SHARP'S (56) broad-chested, white-bearded figure dominates from the family PORTRAIT above the mantle.

In the photo, Jake is dwarfed by his parents, three older brothers and twin sister. The men wear their Scout uniforms proudly, save for a scowling Jake.

Mac studies Mr. Sharp's Scoutmaster awards on the walls. Runs a finger along the antique shotgun on the mantle.

MRS. SHARP (54) enters, her hair up in curlers. Jake's uniform in one hand, a frosted pastry in the other.

MRS. SHARP
Good morning, Mac! Here's your toaster strudel.

MAC
Thanks, Mrs. Sharp!

Mac devours it hungrily as Jacob descends the stairs.

JACOB
Where's mine?

MRS. SHARP
In the trash you forgot to take out.

JACOB
Real nice.

Jacob shoves a box into Mac's hands.

MRS. SHARP
Dad says don't forget your uniform again. I washed it for you last night.

JACOB
Great.

Jacob reluctantly grabs the shirt and heads for the door.

Brad Rothseid

The Silence He Keeps

By

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BLACK SCREEN:

SUPERIMPOSE: "A man is known by the silence he keeps" - Oliver Herford

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

GREG CHURCH, 29, walks down a street as the sun sets. He's almost at a bridge/overpass. He's tall, but with a pitifully weak frame, sunken cheeks, yellow teeth, and dark, beady eyes. He clutches a small bottle, wrapped in a paper bag.

He groans wretchedly as he heaves his drink at the base of a nearby tree. The bottle falls short, landing on a bed of leaves. Greg stares at the bottle for a moment before he retrieves it, walks back to where he stood before, and throws it again. This time, it hits the tree and shatters.

He pumps his fist and stumbles into the street. There's an oncoming car. Greg doesn't see it, but the car swerves in time. The horn blares. Greg throws up both middle fingers. The car disappears down the street.

He gets to the bridge. A large, built, OLDER MAN with a briefcase crosses the bridge ahead of him. Greg takes him by surprise. From a distance, we see them but hear nothing. Greg, on the attack, makes a quick motion. The man recoils.

Greg stumbles. The man fights back. He hits Greg with his briefcase. They cross the bridge as they grapple. The man shoves Greg, who stumbles back, off the side of the bridge.

The man rushes to the side of the bridge and looks over. We see him better. He is past middle age, with a weathered and stressed face. What he sees below shocks him. He takes off.

Close Up - On Greg, lying next to the road that runs under the bridge. He bleeds from the back of his head, eyes open. Not moving. After a few seconds, we hear a dog bark, as if he's alerting his master of what he's just found.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE DAY EARLIER

JERRY WALKER, 50s, the large man from the bridge, drives a pickup truck down a long rural road. His 12 year-old son, MICHAEL, sits next to him in a grass-stained football uniform. There is distance between them.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Dad, can we pull over?

JERRY
Pull over? Where?

MICHAEL
Just... over. I gotta piss.

JERRY
You can't hold it for five minutes?

MICHAEL
No.

Jerry sighs. They pull into a parking lot outside the two stores, one a Vitamin Shop, the other a Liquor Store.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry and Michael get out of the car. They're closer to the Liquor Store, but Jerry heads to the Vitamin Shop. He pulls on the Vitamin Shop doors. Locked. He looks in the window.

MICHAEL
It's not open.

JERRY
Let's just see --

Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL
(pointing to the Liquor Store)
I'm going next door.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Walls are lined with wine and hard alcohol. Michael rushes to the back. Jerry follows and approaches a SALES ASSOCIATE.

JERRY
If you don't mind, he needs to --

The Sales Associate nods "Fine." They both stand for a moment. They're the only ones there.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Well, while you're waiting, mind if I tell you about some of our deals?

Jerry says nothing.

SALES ASSOCIATE
(persistent)
It’s just we have a sale on Pinot Noir that’s too good to pass up.

Again, no response.

SALES ASSOCIATE
You look familiar. Been in before?

The store’s phone rings. The Sales Associate picks it up. Jerry walks across the store, behind a gaudy display.

SALES ASSOCIATE
(into the phone)
No, he’s not here today. Jury duty, yeah, bummer. Should be back by the end of the week. When you placed the order with him, did he...

Michael exits the bathroom. We hear the toilet still flushing. Jerry raises an eyebrow and holds up his hands. Michael rolls his eyes and heads back into the bathroom. The Sales Associate hangs up. Michael exits again. They walk to the counter. Jerry waits for Michael to speak up.

MICHAEL
(put upon)
Thanks.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Not a problem.
(to Jerry)
You really do look familiar.

Jerry lowers his head as he and Michael head for the exit.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Jerry! Jerry Walker, that’s it!

JERRY
Sorry, someone else. Take care.

They keep walking. Michael looks up at his father, confused.

Jerry says nothing.

Bryan Bren

FADE IN:

INT. HANK'S PLACE - MORNING

KAREN is hustling around the house getting ready as HANK is on his laptop in bed. He heads over to the skin sites, but forgets he had his volume all the way up for music.

SPEAKERS
Oh god. oh god. Harder, slap me...

Karen walks into the doorway from the other room.

KAREN
Jesus Hank, you can't even wait till I'm out the door?

HANK
I'm all backed up over here, it's affecting my day to day.

KAREN
Don't worry I'll be out of your way soon.

Karen leaves the doorway, still searching around the apartment. Hank hollers after her...

HANK
You have a world class appendage over here, I'm surprised it’s so easy for you to reject.

KAREN
I can't say I'm feeling all that attracted to you at the moment.

HANK
But it's in the top 1%, I measured.

KAREN
I don't doubt that you did.

HANK
What do you have going on today?

KAREN
Umm, work, as soon as I can find my keys.

Hank slowly rolls out of bed and over to the counter where he slides a magazine off the top of the keys that were accidentally hidden underneath. Hank doesn't mention he found them.

HANK
Maybe it's a sign, just blow this thing off and spend the day with me.

KAREN
We do have a daughter to support, and you haven't written so much as a haiku in a few months...

Karen stops and takes a breath.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Lets just.. not, ok? Before it gets ugly.

HANK
I can't force the words woman, it's like a literary clitoris, you have to be gentle and then it will reveal itself unto thee.

KAREN
At least then something would be stimulated around here.

HANK
If I didn't know any better I'd actually think you were mad at me.

KAREN
Have you written anything this week? This month? I just don't understand what goes on around here all day.

HANK
Hmm what could I write about, our blissful and stress free reunion perhaps?

KAREN
I guess I just don't understand why we're still in LA. Becca seems happy after settling in Brooklyn.

HANK
Yeah today she is.

KAREN
If you can't find some way to occupy your time here, we're moving back to New York, it's that simple.

Hank is no longer interested in her staying home.

HANK
What if, I had some small idea where your keys were.

KAREN
Be. fucking. kidding.

HANK
I can't let you leave when you're so clearly pissed at me.

At this Karen walks to the kitchen leaving Hank in the bedroom, not sure what she's doing until he throws some pants on and heads in to the kitchen to find Karen pouring out his bottle of Glenlivet into the sink.

HANK (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing woman?!

KAREN
I think some phrase it as, lighting a fire under your ass. At least now I know you'll leave the house today. Keys?

Hank plants the keys on the counter with the understanding that she'll stop pouring, she doesn't. She's staring at him as she shakes the last few drops out of the bottle. Grabs her keys and heads for the door. Hank calls after her...

HANK
I'm still willing if you are.

Door slams, MAIN TITLES.

INT. HANK'S PLACE - MORNING

Hank at the computer, there's a glass with the empty bottle of Glenlivet resting on the top upside down dripping the remaining scotch. Finally he hears his phone blowing up in the other room, ecstatic that someone is giving him a reason not to write.

HANK
Hey, there's the most beautiful girl at the ball!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

BECCA is just leaving a publishing house in New York, filing out onto the sidewalk with all the other lemmings.

Bryce Edmonds

LIFE WITH THE GIODIS
by Bryce Edmonds

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INT. THE GIODI RESIDENCE -- DAY

An attractive woman in her late 40s or early 50s, MRS. JUNE GIODI, is working on something in her modern, high-end laundry room. It's big and kind of antiseptic. She has an apron on over a fancy summer dress.

She finishes whatever she is working on, steps back a little to admire it and wipes her brow with the back of her hand. It's covered in blood.

She seems pleased with what she has just finished and makes a satisfied grunt. She sets something down and there is the sound of metal hitting metal. She goes to the sink, washes her hands, takes off her apron--which is also covered in blood--straightens her dress and fixes her makeup and hair.

She turns back and steps over to her work. It's an attractive young WOMAN who's face has been severely beaten. She's unconscious or maybe dead.

Mrs. Giodi rips the tape from her mouth, pulling a piece of skin with it. She squeezes the woman's mouth, making her "talk."

MRS. GIODI
I'm a whore. I suck cock for money.
My stomach is filled with cum.

She stops, notices she's gotten some blood on her fingers and strokes the woman's hair to get it off. She turns and heads out the door. The woman is strapped in the chair and naked from the waist up. She has "whore" cut into her chest just above her breasts. There's a rusty blood-covered pair of pruning shears on the table near her.

The door closes as Mrs. Giodi leaves and walks down a long fancy hallway to another door. There's a party going on. She opens the door to a beautiful afternoon garden party.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GIODI'S OFFICE -- DAY

An attractive older man in his late 40s or early 50s, MR. ABE GIODI, is having sex with a hot YOUNG WOMAN on his desk. She is loving it--the best sex she's ever had.

The office overlooks a gigantic, somewhat-gaudy car lot filled with new and used cars. There's a window looking out on the lot, and there's a set of hand prints on the glass about waist high and shoulder width apart. A two-way mirror overlooks the showroom. There's a set of what looks like breast prints on the glass.

Mr. Giodi is pumping hard and the woman's about to come.

WOMAN 1
Oh, god.

MR. GIODI
Wait for it...

WOMAN 1
Oh, god.

MR. GIODI
Wait for it...

WOMAN 1
Oh, god.

MR. GIODI
Wait for it...

WOMAN 1
Oh, god!

MR. GIODI
Here comes the nectar...

WOMAN 1
Oh. My. God!

They both come. After a few beats, Mr. Giodi pulls out. The woman opens her mouth, but no sounds comes out. She shudders and seems to pass out.

Mr. Giodi takes a towel out of a wardrobe in the office. It's filled with towels, shirts and pants. He pours some water on the towel and starts to wipe off. He changes into a new outfit.

He looks back over to the desk where the woman is still lying motionless. He picks up her clothes, looks at her briefly, then squeezes her mouth, making her "talk."

MR. GIODI
Your cock is made of gold. I'll walk funny for days.

He stops, takes a beat, then slaps her cheek lightly. She begins to come to.

MR. GIODI (CONT'D)
Time for you to skeedaddle, my dear.

She mumbles a bit and tries to shake off the stupor as he helps her stand. He goes to the two-way mirror and looks out on his empire while she dresses. She heads to the door.

WOMAN 1
You took me to heaven, baby.

MR. GIODI
Yes. Yes, I did. And you won't forget it.

He shoos her out the door. And, as she leaves...

MR. GIODI (CONT'D)
And don't forget that LeBaron convertible! Chuck will help you with that...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOUNT AIRY LIBRARY -- DAY

ELLE, an attractive woman in her 30s, is sitting behind an information desk with a name plate on it. She's surfing the Internet on a laptop. A MAN and his SON walk up. She closes her computer. Was that an S&M site she was on?

ELLE
Can I help you?

MAN
Yes. We're looking for a good book on knot tying. Kyle's working on his Cub Scout merit badge.

The boy shakes his head and pulls a couple sections of rope out of his pocket.

ELLE
Merit badge, huh? Well, in that case I have just the book.

She leads them to a well-worn nautical knot-tying book.

ELLE (CONT'D)
This book's got it all, from the good old sturdy halfhitch to the sophisticated and elegant Rapala knot.

SON
Wow!

MAN
You know a lot about knots.

ELLE
I do. Yes, I do. I come from a nautical family. I've hung out with a lot of sailors. You learn things...

Then to Kyle.

Bucky Knaebel

THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE!!!

Written by

Bucky Knaebel

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

We are outside looking in at what one might say is an exact replica of Hopper's Nighthawks. Instead of Bogart-esque type characters, we see three superheroes at the counter.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Commander Alpha (34), a Superman look-a-like, is regaling his tale to two obviously bored superheroes: Pecos Pete (24) a fella in cowboy garb with a mask and Mauve Moth (21) a woman dressed like, well... a Mauve Moth. An incredibly OLD WAITER is refilling their coffee.

COMMANDER ALPHA
And of course everyone had lost hope and was ready to surrender. But not I. I alone defeated the Tyranny Twins. Single-handedly, I saved the entire East Coast.

PECOS PETE
You don't say.

COMMANDER ALPHA
I do, and maybe, just maybe, you can either see me in action or aid me, not that I will need it, on one of my adventures.

MAUVE MOTH
Wouldn't that be something.

COMMANDER ALPHA
It would be something you would never forget.

Just then, THE CLOCK (22) skinny white guy dressed like Flava Flav circa 1990 with a large CLOCK around his neck, springs from around the corner.

THE CLOCK
Sup' bitches? It's time for your beatdown!

PECOS PETE
Oh no, are you here to slow down time? You realize all that does is stretch out the span of us whooping on you.

THE CLOCK
Nah, yo. I got upgrades n' shit.
Brace yo'self fools!

With his hands, The Clock thrusts his clock from his chest as waves emanate from it. The Clock slowly dissipates into nothingness. A beat. Our trio of heroes burst out in laughter.

PECOS PETE
That. Is. Amazing. That just might be a first. I have never seen a villain defeat himself.

The heroes leave some money on the counter and walk out. As they are leaving an incredibly YOUNG WAITER takes the money from the countertop.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Our heroes stumble out, still chuckling at what just went down.

MAUVE MOTH
Ummm guys. Look at each other.

They oblige. Both men now have full-on 1970's porn star moustaches. Almost identically they tug at their new follicles.

COMMANDER ALPHA
Well, I'll be... I bet I look handsome. I look handsome, don't I?

PECOS PETE
The Clock gave us moustaches? That's weird, right?

Mauve Moth looks around while the two guys continue twirling their new facial hair. She notices the cars, the trash on the ground, and then slowly walks over to a newspaper stand. She points to the newspaper in the newspaper stand. The two male heroes walk over and see that the year is 1978.

MAUVE MOTH
It's 1978... and we are in trouble.

Title Card (in old Horror Movie Script): THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE!! Dun, Dun, Dunnnnnnnnnn!

MAUVE MOTH (CONT'D)
It's 1978... and we are in trouble.

PECOS PETE
You just said that. Wow, that little turd wasn't lying. I don't suppose any of you have any time travel devices on you do you?

Commander Alpha actually checks his pockets while Pecos Pete shakes his head in annoyance. Mauve Moth walks in the cafe and then walks back out again.

MAUVE MOTH
He is long gone. No sign of him in there.

COMMANDER ALPHA
I got it. I can fly around the earth as fast as possible and make the rotation speed up, thus hurtling me forward in time.

MAUVE MOTH
One, that does nothing for the two of us left here. Two, you really have no basic understanding of physics or science do you?

COMMANDER ALPHA
Well Sergeant Smarty-pants, what are your bright ideas?

MAUVE MOTH
Give me a second. I'm thinking.

PECOS PETE
Anyone know how to make a time travel device?

Now its the Mauve Moth's turn to be irritated.

MAUVE MOTH
You guys remember any heroes or villains from the 70's? Anyone that can help us?

COMMANDER ALPHA
There were heroes in the 70's?

PECOS PETE
The Awesome Afro and the Furious Fists, Space Junkie, Captain Funkadelic, Rhino-Man, Bugboy, The Goofballs, Captain Cloud, The Finger, The Foot, The Fist, Roundhouse, Town Jester,

Charles Burden

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Written by

Charles Burden

Based on Brave New World
By Aldous Huxley

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OVER BLACK

The WHIR of a machine powering on.

AN INDUSTRIAL FAN

Spinning-- Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

A SYSTEM OF GEARS

Turning on beat-- Click. Click. Click.

A HUMAN EGG

Floating in gel. A needle penetrates. Injects fluid. Withdraws. A new egg slides in.

A MECHANICAL HEART

Pumping blood through tubes, connected to an embryo floating in a jar... Thump. Thump. Thump.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.)
In the beginning, we're all the same.

Pulling up, we see hundreds of similar jars, their mechanical hearts all beating in unison across a factory floor.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Only later is our fate determined. Our position in society. Every egg from our donors could be an Alpha or an Epsilon before our scientists set the Bokonovsky process in motion.

Some technicians move and work among the jars, their small sounds paled by the immense size of the space.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And from that small tweak in an embryo we get our designations. Our place in society. Part of the whole. Every individual working efficiently together to make something greater.

Rising up, on a catwalk overlooking the floor, we find a group of bright-eyed, beautiful LATE-TEENS listening raptly.

They nod in agreement with every phrase as we pan across their unblemished faces. Turning, we see the speaker, MUSTAPHA MOND (40? 50?)- he's unnaturally fit and youthful.

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)
Elegant genetic manipulation and proper social standards. These are the foundations cultivated right here in this facility, where each of you will have the privilege of working.

He takes a moment, letting his words sink in. Broad smile.

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)
Shall we?

A PENCIL

Scribbling on a notepad.

NURSERY OBSERVATION ROOM

BERNARD (32), small, a 90 degree turn from handsome, sits on a desk, writing away. He's facing a one-way mirror, through which he eyes a dormitory of SLEEPING PRE-TEENS.

After reflecting on them for a moment, he finishes writing and reads it over, unsatisfied.

He tears the page out and takes aim, tossing it at the wastebin in the corner. Comes up woefully short. Embarassing.

He gets up to retrieve it, and is bent over when Mustapha Mond, teens in tow, enters the room.

MUSTAPHA MOND
...but the conditioning doesn't stop once the fetus finishes gestation. Isn't that right?

Adressed to Bernard, who straightens, caught off guard.

BERNARD
Err.. Quite right sir.

MUSTAPHA MOND
Bernard here is one of our best sleep-learning specialists.

The group snickers. Really? This guy?

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)
Why don't you give them an explanation of what you do?

BERNARD
Of course! I'm in charge of creating all the--

Above the window, a RED LIGHT starts glowing.

MUSTAPHA MOND
Nevermind, looks like we'll be able to see it in action. As you were Bernard.

The group proceeds into the dormitory. A pleasant female VOICE filters through the open door:

CONDITIONING VOICE
Ending is better than mending. Why reuse what you could have new? Ending is better than mending...

The door shuts, leaving Bernard alone in silence.

He picks up the paper off the floor. Shoots it again. It rattles off the rim and onto the floor.

He SIGHS.

A CHILD'S ARM

A needle pierces it. Plunger pressed. Needle removed. A new arm takes its place.

FANNY
You're going out with Bernard Marx?

FANNY, (20s) brunette, is talking to the stunning LENINA, (20s) blonde, as they both give injections to a long line of 13 YEAR-OLDS with practiced ease.

LENINA
I'd been going with Henry for almost two months, virtually HAD to start with someone new.

FANNY
They say someone accidently put alcohol in his blood surrogate while he was in-vitro. That's why he looks like that.

Chris French

SEVEN SECRETS

written by

Chris French

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INT. GIRL'S DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

We will never see the faces of adults. Only the kids.

A door SLAMS. A nine-year-old girl who's lying in bed, CLARA, blinks with a jolt. She rolls over, burrowing into a pile of brightly colored pillows and plush stuffed animals.

CLARA'S MOM (O.S.)
(on edge, but quiet)
They're saying it could be over the ridge by sunrise!

CLARA'S DAD (O.S.)
(reasoned, calm)
We're not leaving until I say it's okay.

CLARA'S MOM (O.S.)
Let me out. Please. John.

Clara rolls over onto her back and closes her eyes, pretending to sleep.

CLARA'S DAD (O.S.)
This is what you always do. You get hysterical.

CLARA'S MOM (O.S.)
This house could be gone by morning!

CLARA'S DAD (O.S.)
Ten percent chance. You're staying put 'til I get back.

A streak of light from the hallway graces Clara's face for a moment, as her bedroom door opens and closes. Her wavy, strawberry blonde hair matches her freckles. She's frozen...

Until the RUMBLE of a garage door signals that her dad's car is heading down the driveway. She leaps from her bed --

INTO THE HALLWAY OF HER SURBURBAN HOME

-- where she scurries up the stairs, finding a KEY in a huge potted palm tree. She rushes to unlock a bathroom door...

...where her MOM (30's) has been trapped inside.

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

CLARA
I gotta pee right now.

CLARA'S MOM
(startled, fake laughs)
I locked myself in! I didn't... know how! I didn't want to wake you up.

With a nod to the hallway, Clara requests privacy. Her mother holds out a TREMBLING HAND to ask for the key...

CLARA
I'll put it back.

Okay. Her mom nervously steps out into the dark hallway.

As Clara relieves herself, she looks out the bathroom window: a bright, orange GLOW illuminates massive plumes of SMOKE, rising beyond the distant hills into an ink-blue sky.

Clara seems both fascinated and frightened by the sight.

She opens the door. Her mother's FEET, in trendy sandals, pace the hall. She SWEATS through fraying CARGO SHORTS.

CLARA'S MOM
Back to bed, okay?

Clara pushes open the bathroom door: a silent command for her mother to go back in. After a moment's hesitation, she does -- and the girl uses the KEY to re-lock the door.

BACK TO CLARA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Back in her room, Clara climbs atop her TOY CHEST to gaze out her bedroom window. Bright flickers of flame seem to dance along the distant horizon. The forest fire is growing bigger.

Anxious, Clara pulls on her strawberry blond curls.

CLARA'S MOM (O.S.)
(yelling)
CLARA! CLARA!!! I need you to let me out! Right now! We need to go!

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clara's mom pulls two SUITCASES from a high closet shelf, already packed. A pink BAG lies open on the floor.

CLARA'S MOM
(voice shaking)
I've got these all ready to go for us, okay, so you just fill that with your toys, or trophies... your most important things, okay? Grandma's earrings. I need you to hurry. Five minutes okay?

CLARA
Dad said the red powder planes--

CLARA'S MOM
No. Hurry, now, sweetheart. We don't have time.

BACK TO CLARA'S BEDROOM

Clara ransacks her room, frantically choosing her favorite STUFFED ANIMALS and tossing them in the bag. She scans a shelf of TROPHIES and selects just one, along with a framed PHOTO of a koala bear. One necklace, three pairs of earrings. She strips two BARBIES of their outfits, leaving the dolls.

Clara's frightened, but she wipes her tears. Takes a breath.

Years of childhood, smushed into a pink pleather bowling bag.

INT./EXT. CLARA'S MOM'S SUV - NIGHT [DRIVING]

Clara shudders in the back seat. Her mom weaves between police cars and fire trucks. With flashing lights and sirens, firemen coordinate the evacuation of a California suburb.

CLARA'S MOM (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(through tears)
This is it! Yes! It's happening! I'm going to really need you, okay? Yes! Yeah, I can see the fire from here, and... well, you know something? Believe it or not, it's beautiful!

Christopher Rose

INT. DROPSHIP HANGAR DECK - SHALLOW ORBIT - PLANET ILLYRIA

CLOSE ON: ARMORED HANDS

From behind, we see them locking a HELMET onto HULKING SHOULDERS.

SHIP'S SPEAKER
ALL UNITS CONFIRM DROP STATIONS...

Pulling an ASSAULT WEAPON out of a RACK, this soldier turns--we can't see him yet, call him HUNTER.

Stepping away, his leg armor FLASHES OPEN and HOLSTERS his weapon, and he's once again hands-free.

SHIP'S SPEAKER
ECHO DROP COMMENCING IN T MINUS 30...

He climbs easily down a ladder. The hangar deck is SWARMING with activity. More SOLDIERS, different AIRCRAFT, a PILOT yelling something at his FLIGHT CHIEF on the deck beneath him--

SHIP'S SPEAKER
...T MINUS 15...

He crosses to one of the LAUNCH PODS lining the wall.

INT. LAUNCH POD - CONTINUOUS

He steps into the the TWO-MAN POD. The size of a cramped elevator. His WINGMAN is already strapped in below and briefly looks up. Hunter reaches for his harness and ALARMS BLARE OUT as we hear--

SHIP'S SPEAKER
...LAUNCH IN 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

--and <u>BOOM</u>, the hatch SLAMS SHUT right as the pod LAUNCHES out of the BELLY OF THE DROPSHIP.

SPACE - SHALLOW ORBIT

A shotgun blast of pods ERUPTS from the the ship. Almost immediately they hit the atmosphere and begin to BURN like TRACERS--

--and just as quickly FLARE OUT at they ROCKET DOWN toward the VAST, GLITTERING METROPOLIS below.

INT. LAUNCH POD - CONTINUOUS

The WALLS of the pod REVERSE POLARIZATION and BECOME TRANSPARENT, almost like we're in open air--

An advanced HEADS-UP DISPLAY lights up the interior with all kinds of READOUTS FLASHING: ELEVATION, TARGET LOCATION, PROXIMITY ALERTS, and more.

Dropping through THICK CLOUDS, WATER STREAMING off the WINDSCREEN--

WINGMAN
-- Glide slope to 15 --
-- 18 percent.

HUNTER
-- Make it 18 --

The pod JERKS as it rapidly brakes--

--and now TWO OTHER PODS come into view.

WINGMAN
MANPAD! Flares, flares--

A SERIES OF FLARES flash out the sides as a MISSILE trails up at ANOTHER POD and-- BOOM!!
That pod EXPLODES.

SHRAPNEL hits the SECOND POD, sending it FLAT-SPINNING into the SPIRE OF A TOWERING HIGH-RISE--

Just as we SLAM into the DECK--PUNCHING OUT a huge CLOUD OF STEAM as water-brakes absorb the shock.

RAMPS DROP and they're out--as TRACERS STREAK IN from every direction--

HUNTER
Down!

<u>Hunter's Wingman is instantly killed</u> as ENEMY SOLDIERS rush in through the gray steam cloud--

But Hunter is a DEVASTATING GOD OF WAR--impossibly fast, efficient--he drops FOUR MEN with POINT-BLANK RIFLE BURSTS as he races through the killzone.

Hand-to-hand fighting now as Hunter brutally crushes ANOTHER MAN into the sidewalk.

The steam clears, and the bombed-out city street appears around him... empty.

CONTINUED:

Eerie quiet. The sound of DISTANT GUNFIRE echoes down the block.

Peering through the rubble, we feel the menace of an UNSEEN ENEMY lurking somewhere beyond.

Hunter's still scanning the street... then hears a FOOTSTEP.

He DIVES behind a car as he trades VICIOUS BURSTS of automatic fire with the enemy.

It's a cat and mouse game now--Hunter's trying to work the angles, sliding along his cover, reaching down to reload--

--and something settles at his feet--it's a GRENADE--

BOOM!!

EXT. VENIA CITY BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Meet GRACE SHAW, 20s, panting for breath. She keeps her rifle aimed at Hunter's motionless form as she picks her way toward him with caution.

Hunter's helmet has been blown off--REVEALING:

He was a fucking robot.

She reaches down and RIPS the power link out of his throat as PICKUP TRUCKS with SQUADS OF MILITIAMEN pull up. The leader, DECK, 30s, starts barking orders:

DECK
Let's go boys, I want MANPADS on both corners--Tommy get your team and check for wounded... You okay?

GRACE
Pull everyone back. Deck, now.

Another wave of pods SHRIEK in like incoming arty rounds, SHAKING THE EARTH as they impact down the block.

MILITIAMAN (O.S.)
More from the south!

TITLE CARD: PARTISAN

EXT. PARADISE POINT - DAY

A remote maintenance wharf for patrol ships hidden along the crystal blue waters and white sands of a tropical island.

Clint Fletcher

LOSERS ASSEMBLE

Written by
Clint Fletcher

INT. COMIC CITY BREAK ROOM- NIGHT

Toby towers over his staff of 8 behind a podium. Draped over the podium is a flag bearing the Justice League logo. They all perk up in their chairs.

TOBY
Alright, guys. First order of business. Where the fuck is Owen?

COLE, 30 and the largest of them all, sits in the front row sporting a Mighty Ducks jersey and bandana.

COLE
He'll be in later, boss.

TOBY
God damn it.

COLE
It's Tuesday, so he's drunk.

TOBY
And last night when he called out?

COLE
It was Monday, so he was drunk.

TOBY
Forget it. Let's start over. Just horse shit.

He takes a breath and practices a brief meditation exercise.

TOBY
Greetings, staff. Tonight is Discount Night, so count on staying late.

Petite hipster chick MADISON, 27, butts in.

MADISON
Is it cool if I bail early? I have a date. Then I'm supposed to meet these other guys at this roller derby thing.

TOBY
Since none of that is true, you'll be staying 'til the wee hours like the rest of us.

Cole creeps up on him from below and slips him a piece of paper.

TOBY
Thank you, Cole. I've just received word that our very own Doug Bennett just experienced his first kiss last night. Great news. Give it up for Doug, everybody.

The staff claps as baby-faced DOUG, 21, salutes from the last row.

TOBY
Give this fucker a button.

Toby hands Cole a button to pass back that reads "Shawarma After".

TOBY
Details!

DOUG
Well, I, um, well, I was in my room. We were in the room. The both of us.

TOBY
Naturally.

DOUG
And it was great.

TOBY
Yes.

DOUG
And the screen tasted lovely.

TOBY
Screen?

DOUG
I mean her lips.

TOBY
Were you skyping, Doug?

DOUG
No.

TOBY
You were skyping.

DOUG
I was.

TOBY
Cole, take the button back.

Cole rips the button off a devastated Doug.

TOBY
Disappointing. I can't even look at you. Any real updates?

DANNY, 28 and super scrawny, raises his hand. His dark beard compliments his stained Dr. Who shirt.

TOBY
Yes, Danny. That's what I'm talking about! Give me the goods. Is it on?

DANNY
It is so on.

TOBY
Show me.

Danny opens an engagement ring case to reveal the glow of the Green Lantern power ring. Everyone surrounds him in awe as if he were holding the baby Jesus.

DANNY
Isn't it beautiful?

COLE
So romantic.

TOBY
How long has it been?

DANNY
Three weeks. The best of my life.

TOBY
She's going to love it, man. We're all looking forward to the wedding on The Prison Planet.

COLE
I hope she'll know to re-charge the ring every night.

TOBY
She'll have all the power either way.

Cody Pearce

TRANSMIT

"Pilot"

by

Cody Pearce

codypearce1987@gmail.com

TEASER

CLOSE ON:

A pair of gloved HANDS...

One grabs a leather satchel.

The other clutches a gnarled stick, the tip of which has been sharpened into a fire-hardened SPEAR.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS, RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Nestled among tall, quiet pines. The cabin looks rotten, like it might collapse any second..

The front door CREAKS open. Out steps...

THE HERMIT, age unknown, wearing a tattered overcoat, his face hidden beneath a large hood.

The hermit takes out a pair of EARPLUGS and sticks them in his ears. We never see his face.

The hermit sets off from the cabin using his spear as a walking stick.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS - DAY

The hermit moves swift and silent through the dense forest.

He carefully steps past a series of BEAR TRAPS half-hidden among the leaves.

Continues walking.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

The hermit leaves the shady forest and starts down an empty dirt road.

EXT. PINE BRUSH TOWN - DAY

The hermit arrives on the outskirts of a small town. Passes a hand-painted sign: PINE BRUSH, Pop. 12,301.

The buildings of Pine Brush haven't been updated in decades. Most are abandoned, businesses closed and boarded up. A few old, beaten-up cars scattered about.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The hermit walks down a cracked sidewalk. A FAMILY coming from the opposite direction crosses the street to avoid the scary-looking individual.

A group of KIDS watch the hermit from afar, snickering.

YOUNG KID 1
(pointing)
Look. It's him.

YOUNG KID 2
Shh...He'll hear us.

YOUNG KID 3
He eats children, ya know. Sleeps on a bed made of their bones.

YOUNG KID 1
You're lying.

YOUNG KID 3
Know why he always wears a hood over his face?

Young Kid 1 shakes his head "no."

YOUNG KID 3 (CONT'D)
Cause it got burned off in a coal fire.

Young Kid 3 pulls back his eyelids in an attempt to gross out the others.

YOUNG KID 1
Ewww.

Suddenly the hermit pauses and looks in the kids' direction. They scatter like rats.

INT. CRAPPY GENERAL STORE - DAY

The place is empty except for BOB: 30s, balding, fat. He sits behind the grimy counter reading a hunting magazine.

DING!

The hermit enters. Bob looks up from his magazine, smiles.

BOB
Howdy stranger. Been a while.

The hermit doesn't speak. Sets his leather satchel on the counter. Grabs a few items from the shelves: bars of soap, Aspirin, tissues, candy bars.

The hermit opens his satchel, pulls out a stack of musty old bills. Roughly $10.

BOB (CONT'D)
That'll just about cut it my friend.

Bob bags up the items the hermit grabbed when the phone RINGS. Bob picks it up.

BOB (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Bob's General Store, how can I hel--

BOB'S POV: *An eerie, high-pitched SQUEAL emits from the receiver.*

This is THE SIGNAL.

Bob's mouth falls slack. Spittle drips from his lips. His eyes dim in color. His skin pales.

The hermit backs away from the counter, but Bob grabs the hermit before he can escape.

Bob rips the drifter's hood off, revealing...

MICHELLE, late 20s, cute but weathered, bangs covering her forehead.

Bob smiles. When he speaks, his voice is strange, metallic, as if coming from a phone speaker.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh Michelle, You look terrible.

Michelle hits Bob's arm, causing him to let go of her coat. She points her spear at Bob, backing towards the exit.

Bob drops the phone and lunges over the counter with inhuman strength. He charges Michelle, knocking her flat on her back.

She drops her spear. It slides down one of the aisles of the store.

Bob crawls on top of Michelle, pinning her to floor beneath his immense weight. He reaches for Michelle's ears.

He wants to pull out her ear plugs.

David Gutterman

FADE IN:

INT. CREEPY HALLWAY - MORNING

POV - UNASSUMING MOTHER, 42, sweet voice, walks slowly down the hall.

UNASSUMING MOTHER
Time to get up everyone. Rise and shine.

The Unassuming Mother arrives at a door on her left, with a sign that reads, “Dead End”.

UNASSUMING MOTHER (CONT’D)
It’s time to get up sweetheart.

She TAPS the door twice.

UNASSUMING MOTHER (CONT’D)
You awake?

She slowly puts her hand on the door knob and turns.

The door opens and the Unassuming Mother sees a scene of utter horror.

A dead, blonde haired girl in her twenties is covered in blood as a zombie, lying on top of her, opens his eyes and looks to the doorway.

Blood drips from his mouth.

UNASSUMING MOTHER (CONT’D)
How many times have I told you?

We finally see the Unassuming Mother is VICTORIA SEABROOK, 42 years dead, heavy-set zombie lady standing in the doorway.

VICTORIA SEABROOK
No eating in bed! Now she’s spoiled. Get up.

WADE SEABROOK, 16 years dead, pale with dark hair, lays his head back down onto the corpse and closes his eyes.

WADE SEABROOK
Just give me five more minutes.

VICTORIA SEABROOK
It’s your brother’s first day at Macabre Hills. I don’t want him getting lost and being late.
(MORE)

VICTORIA SEABROOK (CONT'D)
You know how he is. Now go wash the blood off your face.

Wade slowly sits up and stretches, while yawning.

WADE SEABROOK
Fine. Thank you. Adieu my good lady.

Wade waves her off. Victoria leaves.

Wade falls right back down on the corpse and closes his eyes.

VICTORIA SEABROOK (O.S.)
Danny, time to get up! I'm making scrambled brains rancheros for breakfast.

One of Wade's eyes pops open in interest.

INT. SEABROOK RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

GRAPHIC (RED 70's FONT): TEENAGE ZOMBIE

MUSIC UP: "CHICAGO - 25 OR 6 TO 4"

Wade stands in front of the mirror and brushes his teeth, half awake, blood still covering his face.

CUT TO:

DANNY SEABROOK, 14 years dead, dark haired scrawny zombie brushes his hair and starts lip syncing into the comb along with the music.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

A metal knob is held up to a young man's mouth and he breaths heavily onto the trinket.

The knob is shined up nicely with a cloth.

ADAM FRANKENSTEIN, 16 years dead, stitch scars covering parts of his body looks at himself in the mirror. He takes the knob and screws it into the side of his neck.

With both knobs screwed in, Adam unplugs himself from a power outlet and puts on his glasses. He looks at himself in the mirror and smiles at his reflection.

CUT TO:

INT. REDDING RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

An electric razor goes against the skin of a leg, shaving off a large amount of red hair.

A normal razor follows this up to make sure the leg is nice and smooth.

GWEN REDDING, 16 years old, red hair pops up from bending down and washes off her razor in sink. Red hair clogs the sink.

She looks into the mirror and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. HARKER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

A tongue touches the ends of extra long and sharp “eye” teeth.

BRAM HARKER, 16 years dead, slicked back long hair, good looking, brushes his fangs, making sure that his perfectly white teeth stay that way.

There is no mirror in the room.

Bram takes out his jet black shades and puts them on against his chalk white skin.

CUT TO:

INT. BELL RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - MORNING

SALEM BELL, 16, beautiful young woman looks back and forth between two lipstick colors, once in each hand.

Black in her right and light pink her left.

As Salem looks to the pink lipstick her hair stays blonde and she wears a cute green short sleeve shirt with tight blue jeans.

Salem looks to the black lipstick and her hair turns black along with her shirt and jeans.

She looks back and forth between the two lipsticks a couple of times.

Salem looks in the mirror smiling as her face reveals heavy dark eyeliner and a cute stud in her nose....along with black lipstick.

CUT TO:

Derek D. Bullard

GET IT WHILE YOU CAN

written by

Derek D. Bullard

AN ORCHESTRAL YANKEE DOODLE PLAYS. EMPTY WORN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM. WE FLOAT TOWARD THE PRESS BOX. AN ENORMOUS UNITED STATES FLAG HANGS FROM IT, ILLUMINATED BY A LONE LIGHT. SLOW ZOOM INTO THE FLAG--

SIMONE (V.O.)
Every year in the grand ole U.S. of A about 3 million people graduate from high school. You figure at least 1.5 million of these graduates are females. Of these female graduates, an elite remnant are bound to become professional jersey chasers...therefore my competition increases.

EXTREME CLOSE ON THE FLAG. INSTEAD OF 50 STARS IT IS PATTERNED WITH 50 HIGH HEELS.

FADE IN:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

DOORS OPEN. We see the silhouette of a woman, obscure to us because of the dimly lit room.

SIMONE (V.O.)
So I stay on top of my game. Dress no bigger than a size 6.

EXTREME CLOSE as curvaceous hips swivel into a skin tight dress.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Fingers forever fresh with sparkles, perfectly manicured.

EXTREME CLOSE on meticulously manicured diamond encrusted nails.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Hair and weave never cheap. Always top notch.

EXTREME CLOSE on jet black long silky hair, she styles it gently.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Because in this world, the world that really matters, that can be the difference between the sweet thrill of victory...

CUT TO:

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

From behind we see a gorgeous woman. She's surrounded by an infinite number of one hundred dollar bills. She throws bills into the air, makes it rain, drops to her knees in total bliss.

SIMONE (V.O.)
Or the agony of defeat.

INT. HIGH FASHION CLOTHING STORE - DAY

From behind we see the same gorgeous woman, fur coat in hand. She stands before a cashier ready to check out. She swipes her credit card through the Card Reader.

The display reads "DECLINED".

The woman totally devastated, bows her head in shame.

BACK TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

ALL LIGHTS UP. Head on we finally see SIMONE LADEAN, late 20s, caramel skin, a captivating beauty, wearing a skin tight midnight blue dress.

SIMONE (V.O.)
So I focus in. I keep my eyes on the prize. The prize that all us women want. The most coveted object in the game...I'm talking about the ring.

INT. BIG WHITE ROOM - DAY

Empty except for a HUGE LARGE-SCALE DIAMOND RING, center room, **$** sign engraved on it.

SIMONE (V.O.)
And not just any ring, but the ring of a highly successful filthy rich pro athlete. And I'm willing to do almost anything to get it. So as they say in the athletic world..."Let the games begin".

A WHISTLE BLOWS.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Beautiful women come from out of nowhere. They rush toward the mega diamond. They push, they pull, some even bite at ankles. It's pure chaos in this free for all.

The ring close at hand, many stretch toward it with all strength, striving to grasp it like a running back reaching for a 1st down--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. LUXURIOUS MIAMI HOTEL - NIGHT

We glide through the lobby passing legions of gorgeous groupies, eyeing a select few multimillionaire athletes. We hear several SNIPPETS OF CONVERSATIONS as these beautiful masters of manipulation go to work.

Nearby we see JA'DARIUS SMITH, late 20's, dreadlocks, tattooed neck, in a suit tailored to a tee. He looks at his platinum watch.

Enter Simone, breath taking in every way imaginable. ALL EYES ON HER.

She makes a beeline toward Ja'Darius. They meet. He greets her with a modest kiss on the cheek.

JA'DARIUS
(scanning her body)
Hey there thick.

SIMONE
Good evening. Ready to talk terms?

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Simone and Ja'Darius sit across from each other, separated by a long table. In front of each of them a lap top, a short stack of documents.

Simone reels off facts--

SIMONE
Last season: yards per catch- down. Receptions over 50 yards- down. Touchdown receptions- down. Also an FYI, I know about the monthly child support payments to Aubrina and Luciana *and* the failed investments in inflatable water rafts.

JA'DARIUS
What that got to do with us?

SIMONE
Helps determine your net worth, which in this case equals more leverage for me.

Drew Bennett

Carne Vale

by Drew Bennett

Scriptnotes Three Page Challenge

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CUT IN.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO, CARNIVAL - DUSK

Crowds of people swarm the city street:
Dancing to loud music amidst Brazilian Carnival.
People wear costumes and hold drinks:
Laughing and holding each other closely.
When through a pack of bodies, a Brazilian Boy (8) appears:
A shoebox held in his hands, its base scattered by coins.
All of the bodies seem to tower over the disheveled child:
Some faces looking down only to then ignore.
The people continuing in their party, moving down the street:
While nearby, the Boy stands alone in his ragged clothes.
He shakes the shoebox in his hands and the coins jingle:
His face somewhat disappointed with the day's catch.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO, STREET, ELSEWHERE - DUSK

The street is covered with the excrement of fiesta:
Papers and streamers vomited upon the pavement.
As the Brazilian Boy pries through a garbage can:
Finding a small bite to eat — then swallowing it.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO, STREET, ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

A WOMAN pushes her GIRLFRIEND against a building's wall:
As they kiss passionately in the newborn dark.
Nearby, the Brazilian Boy eyes them and then walks past:
Nearing an entrance to an alley, down which he turns.
BARK! BARK! A rabid dog jolts out from the side.
The Brazilian Boy scared back, cautious as he heads away:

Til there he sees it – a large, overflowing dumpster.

His hands placing the box of coins onto the ground nearby:

As his fingers go to grace the metallic rim – digging in.

From afar, the Boy is small and vulnerable on the empty lane:

Becoming larger as if someone's view steadily approaches.

The Brazilian Boy continues to dig and dig:

Smelling some of the items – then tossing them away.

When from afar, the stalker closes in – his victim so near.

The Boy pulls out a shiny RED LOLLIPOP from the can:

Til JANGLE – a LARGE GOLD COIN drops into the shoebox.

And the Boy's face turns, surprised and thankful:

His frame small against the foreground of a body in black.

BRAZILIAN BOY
(in Portuguese)
Obrigado– Obrigado demais.

BRAZILIAN BOY
(English translation)
Thank you– Thank you so much.

NOTE: The film should NOT feature subtitles.

The Boy's eyes look up with wetness, such appreciation:

When suddenly, a silver blade crosses over his mouth.

VOICE
Shh–

The Boy stares up at he who wields the knife downward:

The voice continuing to purr in steady repetition.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Shh–

The blade slowly descends from the mouth.

And the Boy's upward view finally reveals what's above:

A GOLD TRAGEDY MASK.

A long pause – the Boy plagued by uncertainty:

Until the GOLD MAN takes the Boy's hair in his hand.

The Boy beginning to struggle — SCREAMING in panic:
The red lollipop flown onto the ground where it breaks.
The Woman and Girlfriend make out in the distance, unaware:
And the dog barks loudly, threatening in defense.
The knife raises — then descends:
One slow jam into the Boy's gut.
The Boy cries out, but the killer only continues:
Taking out the knife and plunging it in again.
All so slow, over and over:
The knife pulled out, shoved back in — out, back in.
The murder lasts uncomfortably long:
Til the Gold Man finally releases the Boy, who moves away.
Nine holes inside of him, as he creeps down the path:
Turning a corner and passing by a bulldozer, sitting perched.
His feet taking him as far as he can go — not far.
And with harsh graffiti sullied on the wall behind:
The Boy's chest and then back succumb against it.
The blood wiping along the painted colors:
The Boy's eyes cold as his feet slump onto the ground.
And by the shoebox of coins, blood seeps onto the pavement:
The lucky dog finding the liquid — lapping it up.

CUT TO BLACK.

Dugan Bridges

ONE WORLD WAR

Written by

Dugan Bridges

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CUT FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. JUPITER'S SURFACE - DAY (DREAM)

Red sands splash like waves. Orange-white dust clouds fall like rain. GARRET, a handsomely grizzled American in his early 50's, stoically stands in place. He wears a simplistic blue uniform without need of an oxygen mask.

He stares through the haze at a FEMALE HUMAN FIGURE. Raising one arm, she BECKONS him to come closer.

Trying to walk toward her, sand slides from under his feet. With each stroke his ankles sink deeper. Then Garret notices a SLEEK WHITE ROWBOAT to his right. He eagerly hops in.

The vessel GLIDES across the red desert grains like water. With each stroke, the shape of the woman becomes CLEARER. Garret looks up. He's enamored with the HEAVENLY WOMAN'S face. With an outstretched arm she tells him--

HEAVENLY WOMAN
We have almost arrived at our *final* destination.

2 EXT. SHAWN MAOW VILLAGE HUT - DAWN (REALITY) (QINLING, CHINA)

GARRET WAKES UP in a cold sweat...He lies on a hammock in blue jeans and a tank top. Is surrounded by deciduous jungle and small thatched huts. He's still on EARTH.

3 EXT. SHAWN MAOW VILLAGE - DAWN

LABORERS wear conical hats to shield from the sun and traditional long-sleeved shirts as they work the hillside.

4 I/E. COMMUNAL SHOWER - DAWN

Clustered bamboo sticks work as walls, the chilly morning sky as a ceiling. The shower turns off and JINJING, a cute Asian boy with animated smile, runs off in a towel.

Garret leans in and turns on the mountain water. A toe pokes in and jerks back. It's freezing. He cups the shower water and wipes off his face with grimy hands.

6 EXT. QINLING MOUNTAIN FOREST - DAY

Garret walks carefully through the brush with JUSTICE, his red pitbull terrier. Taking a knee, he sights a LARGE FURRY CREATURE SWINGING IN A NET. To the right hang two more bodies: POACHERS swinging back and forth by their ankles.

GARRET
Go check it out.

Justice races through the brush. Garret can hear her walking around SEARCHING for something. A few moments later, Justice returns with a RIFLE in her mouth.

GARRET (CONT'D)
Good girl. Good girl.

Walking into the open, Garret discovers the captured animal is a rare BROWN PANDA. The gentle giant MOANS for help with sad soft eyes.

Taking out a bowie knife, Garret cuts the creature loose. She falls with a dull THUD. Slowly rolling to her feet, the panda looks at Garret endearingly and walks off into the brush.

Turning to a poacher, Garret sticks the rifle in his face--

POACHER
Please, don't shoot! Don't shoot!

GARRET
There's only a few of them left.
But there's way too many of you...

POACHER
No hurt panda! We promise!--

Eyes roll into the back of his head. The poacher faints with fear. Garret takes a picture of his two stranded trophies. Hand winds to the next shot. Zooming the lens, Garret notices a FRAYED ROPE behind the hanging poachers...ONE HAS CUT FREE.

A BLAST FIRES. The sound ECHOES from every direction.

Garret drops the rifle and retreats. Justice BARKS at the ghost. Garret sees a BLAST erupt from a cluster of bamboo. The bullet GRAZES his tree. Garret pulls out a COLT 45 and returns FIRE.

Justice takes off toward the sniper. She vanishes in the leaves. Garret chases after her--

GARRET
Justice, get back here!

Garret follows the sound of a GROWLING DOG and SCREAMING MAN. Justice rips the HUNTER'S ARM TO THE BONE. Garret aims but can't get a clean shot.

He switches out the colt for his bowie knife. Leaps on the hunter. Holds the knife to his throat. And CUTS THE JUGULAR.

With her opponent now limp, Justice lets go of the mutilated arm. She warmly licks Garret's face with a bloody mouth. He pets her back--

GARRET (CONT'D)
Don't ever do that again.

CUT TO:

There are now two more EMPTY ROPES. The hanging poachers GOT AWAY during the fight.

Suddenly, a WATERFALL OF WIND pours over the leaves with gradual force. The sound of a GRAVITY GENERATOR MUTES THE FOREST. A BLACK HELICOPTER-LIKE MACHINE, without moving blades, descends on Garret.

TWO POLICEMEN jump out of the unmarked copter dressed in black uniforms and matching helmets. One takes out a piece of glass that identifies the face of "Garret Addams".

GARRET (CONT'D)
This man shot at me. I was only defending myself.

7 I/E. COPTER - DAY

The prisoner sits silently with FOUR POLICE. Their uniforms wear "ONE WORLD" BADGES.

Facing out the window, Garret watches SEOUL, KOREA. Everything looks fabricated. Buildings sterile and unworn. Identical cars of varying colors hover along the ground.

One of the policeman holds Garret's handgun--

OLD POLICEMAN
When you think this was made--
1900's?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
(shrugging)
I don't know. It's old.

E.J. Heimgartner

LAUGH OUT DIE

Written by

E.J. Heimgartner

INT. BUTLER'S ROOM - DAY

A painting,

STUDY AFTER VELAZQUEZ'S PORTRAIT OF POPE INNOCENT X

lures Emely's TEARY EYES. Breathing HEAVILY, she lands on

THE LURID FACE

PAINTING (V.O.)
(think H. Fierstein)
He's coming stuuuuuupiddddd!

EMELY
(under her breath)
Fuuuuuuck.

She RIPS a DRAWER from the ROLL-TOP DESK and dumps it and the contents on the floor.

EMELY (cont'd)
Where is it? Come on...come oooooon!

Nothing.

The TAMBOUR! LOCKED.

KICK! KICK! KICK! KI...The tambour falls clean OFF.

The painting CHANGES to:

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S, *THE MUSIC MAN*

as Emely ransacks every crevice and cubbyhole.

She finds...

FUCK ALL!

PAINTING (V.O.)
(like a 7-year-old)
You're never gonna find it! Never gonna find it. Never, never, never, never -

EMELY
- Shut up you <u>miserable</u> bitch!

She picks up the DRAWER and HURLS it at the painting.

EMELY (cont'd)
Shut up, shut up, shut uuuuuuuup!

Emely almost gives up but notices something PECULIAR...

A TEAR in the painting reveals a small CELL PHONE JAMMER.

Emely flutters a FUNKY END ZONE DANCE, grabs the jammer, and proceeds to spike it, BUT...

A HAND GRABS HER WRIST

SHIA
(Timberlake's hook)
AAAYO, I'M TIRED OF USING TECHNOLOGY!

He squeezes as hard as he can. Emely screams and releases the jammer. Shia stashes it in his BACK POCKET.

EMELY
It's not your fault! She tricked you! Listen goddammit!

SHIA
Hey, I wanna believe you, trust me. I've wanted to believe you from the beginning, so here's what I'm gonna do. I'm going to chop your head off, or at least try.
(chuckles)
After that, you need to find her and have little sesh, powwow, "whateves." <u>Then come back and haunt the fucking shit out of me!</u>

Shia raises the ax, BUT...

GABE
SHIA.

Shia FREEZES then SMILES.

SHIA
Yours for mine? Or have they <u>both</u> been yours all along?

GABE
Let's talk about this. Please.

SHIA
Fuck you, "please." Your sick little <u>games</u> end here! It's ironic you know. Bree was always telling me to stand up for myself, so I did.

Gabe LASHES OUT at the room, THE MANSION.

GABE
Come out! Come out you stupid fucking cunt! Show him how much of a douche he really is! Make us all laugh!

A beat for Lilith. Anything? What was that?

Zilch.

SHIA
Looks like -

Emely interrupts with a FIRST STRIKE to Shia's NUTS.

Gabe TACKLES him.

As the two dudes struggle, Emely SNATCHES the AX.

EMELY
Prop him up!

On his back, Shia wraps HIS HANDS around Gabe's THROAT.

Emely RAISES the AX.

Gabe ROLLS Shia into POSITION.

GABE
Now!

She swings, BUT...

Lilith MATERIALIZES as THE GOOEY ONE-EYED BEAST!

LILITH
(think Fran Drescher)
Boo.

Only Emely sees her and freaks. She looses her grip...

The ax TWIRLS through the air NICKING Shia's ear then BURIES DEEP into Gabe's FACE.

Smiling, Lilith VANISHES.

SCREAMING, Emely drops to her knees.

Shia feels his EAR then looks at his BLOOD. Then to Gabe.

SHIA
Ouch. Now that's killin' a room.

He tries to free the ax. IT ISN'T EASY.

Eric Webb

IMMORTAL COIL

Written by

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EXT. SEATTLE, WA - SUNSET

Winter scenes of a city transitioning into night intercut with THE SUN setting behind the Olympic Mountains.

Businesses in Pike Place Market being shuttered for the day.

The slog of rush hour traffic.

College students building snowmen in the U District.

As the sun dips out of sight, igniting the sky with a BLAZING RED LIGHT, the muffled chimes of a CELL PHONE ALARM can be heard as the last sliver of light moves off the face of the skyscrapers.

jingle jangle jingle (O.S.)

From the waters of Puget Sound, we see lights across the city flicker to life. The sound of the alarm INCREASES as we travel east toward its source, past downtown, across to:

EXT. CENTRAL DISTRICT - DUSK

A pockmarked street lined with shabby apartment buildings and decrepit houses inhabited by students, bohemians, working poor, and a host of undesirables.

Jingle Jangle Jingle (O.S.)

The alarm grows LOUDER as we approach the second story window of a rundown tenement.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

The phone sits on a nightstand next to the bed, its pulsing light hinting at a room filled with stacks of boxes.

JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

A FORM shifts under heavy covers. The only other light in the room is a temperature controller for an electric blanket, dangling off the side the bed. A hand emerges from between the layers of bedding, grabs the phone, and silences the alarm. Days of unread alerts can be seen on the phone screen.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From behind, we see the occupant of the bed throw open a set of black-out drapes revealing make out a man’s silhouette against the battered blinds that cover the windows.

He parts the flaps of the blinds. Close on his eye, as he peers out at the last embers of daylight in the west.

From behind, we see him lingers a moment before pulling the drapes closed and leaving us in total darkness until...

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE BEHIND MIRROR

A light turns on, BLINDING us, before fading to reveal KALEB walking toward us. He looks to be in his early twenties with pale skin, a slender build, and long jet-black hair.

He is half undressed, his crumpled clothes twisted at awkward angles around his frame from having been slept in. He is covered from head to toe in SPLATTERS OF BLOOD, but no wounds are apparent.

He squints at the light. As his eyes adjust, the mirror in front of him comes into focus. He stands in silence, staring straight ahead, shattered by the sight of his own reflection.

There are channels cut into the crusted mask of blood that covers part of his face, carved by tears when the blood was fresh. New tears now trace those same paths.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of the shower is DEAFENING.

Angle on Kaleb’s upturned face as blood washes away.

Angle on Kaleb turning the hot water on full blast.

Steam envelopes Kaleb’s naked body as the SCORCHING JETS of water BLAST the blood away.

Angle on the blood-soaked water spiraling down the drain.

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE BEHIND MIRROR - LATER

Kaleb wipes condensation away from the mirror revealing himself to be naked, clean, and most definitely injury free.

THE BLOOD WAS NOT HIS.

He stands there, studying himself, his gaze eventually moving to his own piercing eyes as if searching for something. A faint glimmer of reflectivity can be seen in his pupils.

INT. KALEB'S APARTMENT - LATER

The now visible studio apartment is illuminated by three table lamps precariously positioned atop the sealed cardboard boxes that fill most of the room.

Faded lime-green wallpaper barely clings to the mildew-lined walls. The orange shag carpet has all the appeal of roadkill trampled by decades of foot traffic and smells about as good.

Kaleb grabs clean clothes from a hamper next to the bed and begins to dress. He starts with a layer of thermal underwear followed by slacks, a button-up shirt, and a hoodie.

He pulls on a black blazer, completing a stylish but casual outfit that suits him well.

On his way out the door, he stops in front of a full length mirror. He runs a hand through his hair and glares at his own reflection.

KALEB
(to himself)
You forgot something.

Kaleb puts on his final accessory, an IRRESISTIBLE SMILE.

KALEB (CONT'D)
(dropping the smile)
Fuck you.

He walks out, pulling the door closed behind him with a...

EXT. BELLTOWN - STREET - NIGHT

SLAM!!!

Kaleb closes his car door and moves into a throng of people on their way to or from one of many nightlife destinations. Rock salt CRUNCHES underfoot. The sidewalk is lined with patches of snow.

Angle on Kaleb, his head slightly downturned. His eyes, peaking out from beneath his hoodie, dart back and forth, stalking the crowd.

Close-ups on EXPOSED SKIN peeking out from under layers of winter clothing intercut with a close-up on Kaleb's eyes - reflecting the light from a passing car with an INHUMAN GLOW.

Kaleb INHALES, taking in deep the SCENT OF FLESH around him. His eyes roll back in DRUNKEN ECSTACY.

Erick Thorpe

Club Prophecy

by

Erick Thorpe

Three Page Challenge

04/21/14

FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Bleacher trash, football programs, and various school flyers blow around the lot. It's empty except for a couple of cars.

INT. PARKED SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

TERRI
Y'know you ARE the Janitor. You might want to clean some of this shit up.

CHUCK THE JANITOR
CUSTODIAN. I got all night for that, baby. This is OUR time.

Slouched in the passenger side of the warn out nineteen seventy something buick is TERRI(17). Cute, in a menacing way. Hair dyed jet black. Too much red lipstick. Skirt so high, the slightest knee flexing shows her panties. Shows off the Betty Boop tattoo on her thigh. CHUCK THE JANITOR (43), leers all in her space. He swears he's still cool, like his car. Starting to comb his hair forward over his bald spot.

TERRI
(coy)
Is this where you bring all your jail bait?

CHUCK THE JANITOR
(wry)
Just on game nights. On school days it's under the auditorium stage. So you want to make out or what?

He grins devilishly. She looks at him repulsed, then SMACKS him in the face. They start to make out.

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

DEAFENING BOOM. Bright light comes from the football field.

INT. PARKED SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

The car windows SHATTER. LOUD SCREAMS. Can't tell which is Terri.

TERRI P.O.V. FOOTBALL FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The two hastily exit the car and run to the field. The fifty yard line is giant crater. At the bottom of the crater

stands a figure. ISO(18). Big guy. Fancy hooded cloak. Even through the cloak he has linebacker shoulders. He pulls back the hood enshrouding his face. Long silver hair dramatically catches the breeze. He looks up at the freaked out couple.

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

CHUCK THE JANITOR
He SEES us!

The two start to run. Chuck unchivalrously leaves Terri in the dust.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The dirt begins to move under the big guy's feet. Like a conveyor belt, it lifts him out of the crater.

He reaches the parking lot fence. With a simple hand gesture, the FENCE SPLITS OPEN. In no hurry at all, he enters the lot watching Terri and Chuck running off.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLVOX RECORDS, MELROSE AVE -- CONTINUOUS

It's a small joint. One of LA's hidden treasures for scoring vinyl. Wall to wall records. In the basement it's the same. A sanctuary for derelict wax. Filing records like an old lady librarian sits EXO(18). Big guy, like our friend from the field. Same face. Could be twins. Shaved head with silver stubble defining his hairline. He RAISES HIS HEAD QUICKLY, like he just received a mild shock.

EXO
Shoot.

He grimaces disappointed.

EXO
(Under his breath)
He's here.

He gets up slowly. Zips up his hoody. Admires a record, Donald Byrd's "Dominoes". Begins to hum the tune. He makes a slight hand gesture. RECORD CRATES MOVE APART creating a walk way for him.

BACK TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Terri hunches over gasping for air. The mysterious man is almost upon her. Freaked out by his mobility, she tries to scream, but she's too damn tired and out of breath. Chuck is almost out of sight.

TERRI
(gasping for air)
Please...please don't hurt me.

He looks at her with sympathy.

TERRI
Some boyfriend...jerk.

The big guy WAVES HIS ARM. The ground CRACKS OPEN like an earthquake crevasse rapidly chasing down and enveloping Chuck. His faint scream fades as he falls into it.

TERRI
Wow. That was cool...What's your name?

ISO
Iso.

TERRI
Terri.

She begins to nervously twitch, like she's on a first date.

TERRI
Where are you from?

ISO
(grinning)
Not from around here.

TERRI
You need a place to stay?

He nods.

She takes him by the arm.

TERRI
My parents keep giving me crap about the type of men I bring home. Wait until they see you! If they give us any lip, feel free to put them in a hole too.

CUT TO:

Ian Slater

FADE IN:

Slow descent on Washington D.C. metro at night accompanied by the voice of a girl in her 20s: LIZZY, an experienced escort, your girlfriend, your weekend fling; playful and unexpected.

LIZZY (V.O.)
Never tell them your real name.
Even when, and especially when,
they ask. And they will ask...

Street-level. Small shops with apartments above. A town car pulls up and drops Congressman DAN TAYLOR (42).

LIZZY (V.O.)
Maybe not on the first date, but
eventually they'll realize you have
other clients, like the congressman
on the other side of the aisle, or
their daughter's high school
English teacher...

An apartment door swings open on a warm room, candles lit. Dan moves inside, loosening his tie. A girl, lithe, in cotton. Throws her onto the bed. Foreplay ensues...

LIZZY (V.O.)
And you know how men are,
competitive as all hell, looking
for any reason to think they're
special. And they are...for about
ninety minutes.
(beat)
Some are into some kinky shit...

A leather crop smacks the girl hard across the face.

LIZZY (V.O.)
But they'll pay extra...

Dan, showered, is driven off in his town car. Stops at a red light. Sees out his window a "Taylor for Senate" bench ad.

LIZZY (V.O.)
And they don't really want you to
be their girlfriend...

Congressman MICHAEL RICHARDS (52), resting alone in a dark office save a muted television, taps a business card against his desk. The card reads: "The Scarlet Collection"

LIZZY (V.O.)
They just want to take the fantasy home with them and have it replace whatever's there. Or not there... But what they don't realize is, if that moment comes, that's when the fantasy dies.

Michael opens a drawer, drops the card inside, shuts it.

LIZZY (V.O.)
It's about giving them exactly what they don't know they need. Validation...

Something on the TV screen catches Michael's attention.

LIZZY (V.O.)
That who they are and what they do are the most amazing and interesting things you've ever heard.

It's his own face, in a "Richards for Senate" campaign spot.

LIZZY (V.O.)
But whatever you do, be careful. This job will crush your spirit, if you let it. It'll wring out every last drop of real joy you have.
(beat)
Save something for yourself.

Michael shuts out a desk lamp. Darkness.

TITLE ON SCREEN: "One Week Earlier"

INT. RICHARDS HOME, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Moving down the entry hallway of a luxurious Arlington townhome. On the wall is a progression of photographs: MICHAEL RICHARDS, posing with wife MELISSA and daughter KATE, having just won election to various political offices.

Zero-in on Kate's age progression throughout:

Kate is 4; Michael is Mayor of Newport News.
Kate is 8; Michael is Mayor, again.
Kate is 12; Michael elected to Congress.
Kate is 14; Michael re-elected.
Kate is 16; Michael is 3rd Term Congressman.

Studying the photographs is a brisk REPORTER (early-30s) from the Daily Press, a local paper out of Newport News.

Michael enters the hallway and joins him.

MICHAEL
Sorry to keep you waiting.

The reporter keeps his eye on the most recent photograph.

REPORTER
That's alright, Congressman.
(taps Kate with a pen)
Grew up on the campaign trail, did she.

MICHAEL
What's that.
(seeing what he sees)
Oh, yes.

Michael offers a handshake.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(double-checking)
Who's the story about.

The reporter smiles and takes Michael's hand.

REPORTER
You tell me.

SUDDENLY, the front door flies open and KATE RICHARDS (18), blonde, rude, attractive, shoots up the stairs. Just before she's out of earshot...

KATE (O.S.)
(calling out)
I got a C minus.

Michael, masking his displeasure with a smile--

MICHAEL
Would you excuse me a moment.

KATE'S BEDROOM

With MICHAEL in the doorway.

MICHAEL
They'll revoke your admission.

KATE is applying red lipstick in a mirror.

James H. Kelly

First

"Pilot"

Written by
James H. Kelly

For the johnaugust.com Three Page Challenge

TEASER

EXT. SPACE

A ship slips through empty space. Quiet.

Teardrop shaped, the smooth hull shimmers a metallic blue. Its most distinctive feature, the glowing, donut-shaped ring that circles its midsection.

The light from the stars around the ship is distorted, as if it were in a space-time bubble.

The only markings on the ship: **Aurora Nova 001**

INT. BRIDGE : AURORA NOVA 001

The bridge is small, round, with a dome above covered with thick metal plates. Eight reclining chairs hug the walls.

Seven gleaming **CREW MEMBERS** in fancy uniforms watch a holographic projection of a countdown clock.

One seat is empty.

The clock hits 1:00. The **XO** nods to the **COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST** who twitches his head to open up a channel.

COMM
Captain. It's time.

A moment later, **CAPTAIN JOYCE STARR** strides in. She's the pride of the fleet. Everyone knows it.

STARR
XO. Start your banter.

XO
Aye, sir. All stations, prepare for drop from superluminal. Hardware?

HARDWARE
All systems go.

XO
Software...?

Starr watches her crew as they run through their checks. A smile of pride crosses her lips.

XO
All stations return green, Captain.

STARR
Excellent. Here we go...

The crew watches the countdown with quiet anticipation:

0:03, 0:02, 0:01, 0:00...

STARR
Hardware. Drop us out.

HARDWARE
AB drive spooling down...

A hum we hardly noticed subsides.

EXT. SPACE

The glowing ring dims. The space-time bubble fades and the ship slows to coasting.

INT. BRIDGE

NAV
We have flat space, sir.

XO
Position?

NAV
The map lines up. We're one hundred AUs from USM 708-1395. Right on target.

STARR
Let there be light...

The **PILOT** twitches and the plates over the dome slide off.

Everyone leans back to admire the cool **blue star** directly overhead.

STARR
There she is... Savor this moment, gents. You'll tell your great, great, great grand kids about this as you bask in this sun right here on one of these planets.

She nods to the XO.

XO
All stations, start your sc--

NAV PILOT
What!? Jesus.

Alarms blare. The crew jumps into action.

EVERYONE BUT STARR (AD LIB)
Can’t get a reading... Unknown composition... A direct course... Hardware, fire us up... There’s no time... Alert Command...

STARR
STOP!

Starr lifts out of her chair, looks up at the curios shape forming above the dome.

A tiny sliver of what looks like glass pops through the dome and slices through everything in its path, cutting a hole in the floor.

Air hisses out the pinprick above.

Another shard whips in at another angle, slicing through Starr’s empty seat.

The next one **cuts right through the navigator’s arm**, slicing bone and muscles so cleanly he hardly feels it. Just watches his arm slough off and thud on the deck.

He looks to his captain in terror.

Panic as glass rips through the crew. The artificial gravity gives way and a beautiful, sickening ballet of blood and body parts floats over the bridge.

But Starr ignores it all. Calm in the middle of the chaos, she addresses her crew.

STARR
Gents. It’s been an honor serving with you.

A deluge of glass churns through everything.

Starr is the last to go. She looks up to see the dome **shatter** out into the vacuum of space as the cloud of black glass thunders in and tears her to pieces.

EXT. SPACE

A black swarm of millions of tiny glass shards rips the ship to shreds. In just a few seconds, **there’s nothing left.**

Jamie Ware Billett

Road Sign Rage

By Jamie Ware Billett

Apr 24, 2014, 3:50:10 PM

FADE IN: OPENING CREDITS

Satellite view of New York City at night. We zoom in toward the tangled spaghetti of highways surrounding Manhattan.

We swoop all the way down to street level on the Van Wyck Expressway and move north rapidly. Street signs flash past by the dozen: LIE, Grand Central Parkway, Tri-borough Bridge, I87. We fly along the Cross County Parkway and the Hutch.

Signs for the New York/Connecticut boarder, The Merrit Parkway, Exit 15, Greenwich CT... We slow to a stop in front of a Greenwich home.

INT. GREENWICH HOME, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

BRITTANY (32), in pajama bottoms and pink argyle sweater, is lit by a computer screen in the dark living room. She nurses a four day old baby.

Moving boxes are piled all around her.

She types with her free hand, entering search terms into google.

CU: "New York Road Signs administration"

The baby starts whimpering. Distracted, Brittany looks down to see the he isn't latched. She gets the baby back on the boob and then re-focuses her attention and types.

CU: "Department of New York Road Signs supervisor"

The baby cries and FRANK, 35, enters.

FRANK
Hun. Really? It's your first night home from the hospital.

BRITTANY
I'm just looking up some stuff.

FRANK
I think your son wants you to focus on feeding him.

BRITTANY
Oh, if he's so hungry he should stay latched and suck.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK
He's four days old. Can you lie down and rest? After what you've been through?

BRITTANY
In a second.

She stares at the search result on the screen.

FRANK
This again? When are you gonna let it go?

CU: "BARRY STONEBREAKER - NYC DEPT OF SIGNAGE"

Brittany smiles and absent-mindedly strokes her blond ponytail.

BRITTANY
(whispers)
I'm gonna get you sucka...

EXT. OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING, NYC - DAY

A WHITE VAN screeches to a halt disgorging a paramilitary TEAM from the back. They charge through the front doors of the building, a blond ponytail dangling from the balaclava of one particularly short member.

INT. ELEVATOR

Crowded into elevator. BLOND PONYTAIL presses the button for the fifth floor.

Ding.

INT. NEW YORK SIGNAGE OFFICE

City employees work behind desks.

The calm is shattered when the Team charges into the office straight past the front counter.

At an office door, Blond Ponytail holds up her fist and the Team halts.

CU: A SIGN stenciled on the door: BARRY STONEBREAKER - ROAD SIGN COMMISSIONER

INT. COMMISSIONER OFFICE

The Commissioner sits behind his desk holding a sandwich up to his open mouth.

The Team bursts in and slams a burlap sack over his head, zip ties his hands, bodily lifts him into the air and carries him out of his office.

Co-workers watch in amazement as he is hustled out into the hallway.

EXT. OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING

The Team piles back into the white van with the commissioner.

They peel out.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL -- JFK

The door to the white van slides open. Brittany, dressed in black but without her mask, climbs out. Her now three week old baby is in a sling on her chest.

Over her shoulder, in the otherwise empty van, Stonebreaker is bound with rope, duct tape plastered on his mouth.

Brittany slides the door closed. The baby fusses, and she coos to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREENWICH HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Three weeks and four days earlier.

Moving boxes are piled up on the floor, paintings and mirrors lean against the wall.

Brittany, very pregnant, sits with her feet propped up on pillows. She is reading a copy of "Hedge Fund Weekly" magazine.

She grimaces and rests the magazine on her belly. She breathes rapidly, lamaze style.

MARTA the nanny is gathering her coat and purse.

MARTA
OK, Mrs. I am sorry to make you get up, --

Sees Brittany breathing.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

BRITTANY
Contractions...

Jarred Hodgdon

THINGS ARE GONNA CHANGE AROUND HERE

By

Jarred Hodgdon

(c) 2014 Jarrhod@gmail.com

FADE IN

EXT. ROLAND'S BACKYARD - DAY

Finches, parakeets, and other birds fly around the aviary. A rat crawls along the back fence within the enclosure.

POP.

The fire of a BB gun sends the birds into a frenzy, the rat doesn't seem to notice.

MAURICE (70), a curmudgeon, cocks the gun while sitting in a plastic lawn seat. He steadies the barrel for his next shot.

ROLAND
At it again?

ROLAND (29),an odd guy mentally situated somewhere on the autism spectrum, stands in the porch doorway.

MAURICE
Rats... Goddamned rats.

ROLAND
Or maybe it's the neighbor's cat you're shooting at again?

MAURICE
I was only puttin' steam in its ass.

ROLAND
And like last time, the steam will come right out the neighbors ears.

MAURICE
They'd never have known if the pellet didn't get caught in that turd's mangy fur.

ROLAND
How about I just set a trap?

MAURICE
Horse shit! It's just a pellet, would barely hurt a flea. Look.

Maurice points the gun a foot from his left hand and fires.

POP.

(CONTINUED)

MAURICE
Hungh.

ROLAND
Oh.

Maurice grimaces. Blood trickles from the wound as he makes a fist.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
That was stupid. Why would you do that.

MAURICE
(through gritted teeth)
Been around a lot longer then you for you to tell me how to conduct myself.

ROLAND
We don't even have any bandages.

Maurice fiddles with his wound.

MAURICE
(sotto)
Yep, yep, yep. Things are gonna have to change around here.

ROLAND
Can you give me a ride to work?

INT./EXT. MAURICE'S VAN - DAY

Maurice and Roland sit in the captain seats as Maurice drives down the street. Maurice has a tube sock tied around his hand.

MAURICE
Can't drive himself to work. I could drive when I was twelve.

ROLAND
I can drive. I don't drive.

MAURICE
It's just as easy to die in that seat as this one.

Maurice lights a Virginia Slim cigarette.

ROLAND
I'll have Dale pick me up tonight.

MAURICE
That's all I'm good for, a roof and a ride.

ROLAND
Why don't you just kick me out already?

MAURICE
You have a strange conception of family kiddo.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER/COMMON AREA - DAY

Roland's work- a large/open human warehouse, with linoleum floors and chipping paint.

JOYCE (85), hunchbacked and disheveled, plays "I WAS BORN UNDER A WANDERIN' STAR" on an out of tune piano. ASSORTED HOMELESS people sit and mill about.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER/FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Roland is playing solitaire. LINCOLN (55) approaches the desk.

LINCOLN
Can I get a towel?

ROLAND
What happened to yours?

LINCOLN
I don't have one.

ROLAND
You've been here a month, didn't you get one when you arrived?

LINCOLN
No. I never got one.

Roland stands up and pulls keys from his pocket.

ROLAND
What have you been using?

Jax Medel

ACT ONE

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5

INSERT: 241 years later...

Waves crash onto shore. Beyond the coastline in the distance we see a large grey dome, a lone habitat amongst a post apocalyptic wasteland.

Close in on YOUNG JACK (16), who sits on the beach looking out onto the water. His motorized bike is parked next to him in the sand with tire trails behind it.

Jack throws a stick for his robot, MAC, (a Mobile Automated Companion), that is fashioned to look and act like a dog. The android puppy jumps and runs after the stick.

The dog runs by a sign on the beach : *FORBIDDEN ZONE 2 - RADIATION LEVEL UNSAFE: NO TRESPASSING*

Mac runs toward the stick and trips over a smooth black object jutting up from the sand. It gets up, turns and stops. *

MAC
(robotic)
Sensors detecting foreign material beneath surface. Possible danger. Scanning.

Jack sits up lazily and looks at a DISPLAY on his armband.

JACK
(to armband)
Check radiation levels.

MAC (O.S.)
Levels within normal parameters in surrounding area. Material determined to be metallic, composition unknown.

JACK
Scan object and display shape.

MAC (O.S.)
Working....

Mac emits a beam from his collar and walks along the sand.

On Jack's armband, the outline of a spaceship is coming through.

MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Complete.

Jack looks down at his armband, astonished.

DISPLAY: A graphic of the Marauder buried underneath the sand. *

YOUNG JACK (TO HIMSELF)
Marauder class. *
(beat)
Holy...

Jack runs toward Mac, trips over himself, and falls next to the robot. He starts digging bare handed and the robot starts to mimic him.

MONTAGE

The two dig and the hole slowly gets larger.

The sun sets, the digging continues into the night. *

The hole grows to be a few meters down on one side of the spacecraft. Sand is thrown up from the hole next to the exposed corner of the ship. *

END MONTAGE

Jack turns to Mac, out of breath.

MAC
Surveillance drones will be in range in approximately ten minutes.

Jack climbs out of the hole and Mac follows.

JACK
(panting)
Will it notice the ship?

MAC
If we are not present, it will not.

JACK
Then let's get out of here.

6 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 6

Jack flies down the abandoned road on his electric motorbike toward the dome. Mac sits behind him.

There is a tall metal structure on the left side of the road, and as they approach it, Mac launches something into the air.

Jack looks at his bike's console.

The display shows the projectile hitting its target.

JACK
Nice.

7 EXT. CAMERA TOWER - NIGHT 7

We see a close up of security cameras on top of the tower. They are covered in a thick black goo and sparks fly out of them. *

8 EXT. SECURITY ACCESS DOOR-CONTINIOUS 8 *

A large row of metal stairs leads up to a small access door on the outside of the dome.

Jack walks his bike over into its place and covers it. *

Jack and Mac quietly walk up the stairs. Mac goes on ahead to the door and places its paw in the crack on the bottom.

Jack stops and looks at his armband.

DISPLAY: A camera view of the inside of the access door. Overlay of security encryption being hacked. *

Jack looks up and nods at Mac.

Mac opens the door and Jack enters quickly with the robot.

9 INT. ACCESS TUNNEL 9

The door slides shut behind them. Jack and Mac quickly run down the access tunnel and around a corner as a few security patrol DRONES hover past the access door.

JACK
Whew. That was close boy. Let's go.

10 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACKDOOR - NIGHT 10

Jack and Mac walk up and into the house quietly.

MATCH CUT:

11 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 11

The sun rises over Jack's house, its rays reflect off the bio dome's translucent cover.

Jeff Sangwan

Viral

by

Written by
Jeff Sangwan

04/24/2014

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

5:37 PM. Los Angeles. Wilshire and 25th.

A police car turns up the street only to be stopped by a line of traffic.

The car finds an open spot in the string of cars parked along the curb. Albeit a red zone, the driver of the police car doesn't seem to care.

The two officers get out of the car. The driver, a little portly and your stereotypical officer, JOHN MEYERS (late 30's) yells over to his partner.

MEYERS
I think we can patrol on foot for a bit. What do'ya think Torres?

His more athletic built partner, VICTOR TORRES (late 20's) looks around at the gridlocked traffic.

VICTOR
Not one of your worst ideas.

Meyers walks over to the curb checking out a pair of YOGA MOMS who've just finished their exercise, he leans against the car.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
By patrolling on foot, you mean standing here?

MEYERS
You didn't think I'd want to walk somewhere in particular?

They both chuckle it off.

MEYERS (CONT'D)
That's the problem with you Hollywood types. Always needing to look good. Stay in shape.

VICTOR
Not trying to look good. Just trying to do my job better.

MEYERS
I can do the job.

VICTOR
Whatever gets you to sleep at night.

A voice comes in over their radios.

DISPATCH
All units in the Douglas Park area please respond. We just had an 11-44 called in.

While the dispatch is talking, a women shrieks in the distance. They begin to look around.

MEYERS
This is Officers Meyers and Torres. We're already in the park.

A crowd starts to form. Without hesitation they break into a brisk jog.

VICTOR
(Playful)
C'mon, that's all you got Johnny?

They look back up in time to see a BLURRY FIGURE speeding towards them.

In an instant Meyers is knocked to his ass and has a blood stain on his uniform.

Victor immediately breaks stride to chase the blur.

The blur runs through an intersection only to be stopped by the sound of CRUNCHING METAL, GLASS SHATTERING and followed by BRAKES SCREECHING.

The blurry figure goes flying through the air, being hurled from the car that just hit it. It lands on the ground. A HOMELESS MAN lays in the street, lifeless. He has fresh blood still on his lips.

Victor stops in his tracks. Trying to process what he's just seen and then running back to Meyers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You okay?

MEYERS
Just knocked me over. What was that?

Their conversation interrupted by a WOMEN CRYING FOR HELP.

They walk over to the crowd, pushing people away to see what's going on.

TWO WOMEN, college-aged, are on the ground. One is hysterical while she's holding the other girl who convulses in shock.

The convulsing woman is missing an ARM. Her FACE mangled. She has various cuts and scratches.

Victor is first to notice her arm laying with BITE MARKS a few feet away from the women.

VICTOR
Holy-

MEYERS
We're gonna need multiple ambulances. And some back up.

The crying woman tries to talk to her friend.

Meyers attempts to push the crowd back to give them room. One of the MEN in the crowd has his PHONE out and his filming the whole scene. Victor takes a second, he stares in disbelief...

The picture starts to pixelate.

THE SCENE PLAYS OUT FROM THE CAMERA PHONE POV.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)
This is the third time in a month an incident has been reported-

The red headed, female reporter, STACEY BRIDGES (22), is now on screen standing in front of a digital backdrop.

STACEY (CONT'D)
-within the vagrant community. Still the mayor of Los Angeles, refuses to recognize this as an epidemic for the city. Hopefully, with-

The video is interrupted by a TEXT NOTIFICATION from AMANDA.

AMANDA (TEXT)
You see the pics of that girls face?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ISAAC TORRES (18) lays on top of his bed fully dressed holding the phone. He has his HEADPHONES in and the HOOD of his sweater up when he ignores the pop-up.

Jeff Zuschlag

NO ONE LIVES

by

Jeff Zuschlag

BLACK

"WE R WHO WE R" by Ke$ha is playing. The sound quality is distant and faint, much too subdued for the anthemic lyrics.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues.

JACKIE WILCOX (28) sits in her unlit car. Her face is pretty, but cold and sharp.

She frowns and turns off the music. Her gaze is pinned somewhere in the distance.

EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Jackie's car sits along an empty suburban street. Scattered porch-lights illuminate the clean, white facades of wealthy housing.

It's eerily quiet without the Ke$ha.

I./E. JACKIE'S CAR/WEALTHY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

The SCREECH of tires rips through the air.

Jackie tenses. The hum of an engine grows louder.

A SPORTS CAR wobbles by. It lurches and swerves from sidewalk to street. Jackie watches it go, her expression electrified.

The sports car parks on the lawn of an enormous house. The headlights go dark and the engine cuts.

Jackie sits up, her skin pricking with tension. She leans back to grab something from the back seats.

A DRUNK MAN in an expensive suit stumbles out of the sports car. He's swings a briefcase wildly as he staggers onto the lawn.

DRUNK MAN
(singing)
I kin feelit...COMIN' in de aaaaiirr toniiiggghhhhht. Bluh.

Jackie returns from the back seat. Her gaze locks onto the man.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Sometimes you have to take a step back and ask yourself how you got where you are.

She puts on a blood-stained DOE MASK.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is not one of those times.

Jackie exits the car, pulling a BASEBALL BAT out with her.

The drunk man fumbles with KEYPAD outside his door. Jackie stalks him in the background.

DRUNK MAN
(singing)
Well I've been WAITIN'...ah...fer dish MOM'ENT..fer all...

Jackie picks up the pace. Breaks into a sprint.

The door BEEPS. The drunk man grabs the handle and pushes.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)
(still singing)
HOL' ON!

Jackie SLAMS into him.

INT. DRUNK MAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The drunk man CRASHES through the doorway, SLAMMING his head against the hard wood floor. He gasps, stunned.

Jackie looms over him, bat at the ready. A small trickle of blood slides down the drunk man's head.

JACKIE (V.O.)
But as I watch the first signs of everything-is-not-okay drip from his skull, I can't help but ask myself...

Jackie raises the bat.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
..."how the fuck did I end up here?"

The drunk man tries to drag himself away. Jackie brings the bat down HARD. It slams into his back. CRACK.

The drunk man cries and wheezes in pain.

Jackie steps forward and adjusts her aim. This will be the killing blow.

She raises the bat again.

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe this is all started with Dad...

FLASH TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

JACKIE'S FATHER, dressed in hunting gear, smiles at a PRETEEN JACKIE. They stand next to an idyllic RIVER.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Though that was so long ago.

Her dad holds up a HUNTING KNIFE.

FLASH TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

The drunk man looks over his shoulder at Jackie. His eyes widen in terror.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Maybe the club's to blame.

FLASH TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Adult Jackie is sprawled on a NIGHTCLUB dance-floor. Her nose is bleeding. With a snarl, she grabs a nearby BOTTLE from a table and whirls around to attack.

JACKIE (V.O.)
But by then it was too late.

FLASH TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Jackie's at the apex of her wind-up.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Okay how about this: the reason I'm bashing this guys skull in -- the reason he has to die -- it's all thanks to Pill_Princess69.

TIME SHIFTS BACK TO NORMAL.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That seems fair.

Jackie swings. THWACK. A fresh coat of blood splatters across her mask.

Jesse Bernstein

Fortune & Fate

by
Jesse Bernstein

EXT. ROC ISLAND - DAY

GREY SMOKE FILLS OUR VIEW.

We DESCEND into it... and find we are ABOVE A ROCKY PLATEAU dotted with BOULDERS and dozens of six-feet tall NESTS, each filled with EGGS the size of a toddler...

... the area around the nests seems to SPARKLE as if from a thousand stars...
...and as WE CONTINUE TO DESCEND, we see this sparkle is from the THOUSANDS OF DIAMONDS AND JEWELS that litter the ground.

Crawling among this treasure trove is an international band of modern-day PIRATES AND MERCENARIES. They shove fistfuls of jewels into bags, pockets, even down their shirts and pants.

They work quickly, fueled by something more than greed -- a sense of danger.

Among them we find REIS (40s), the crew's fat first mate.

REIS
(loud whisper)
Quick as you can, now!

Near him, a young VIZIER (magician) uses chalk to write glyphs on small stones that he then tosses into the air, where they BURST INTO GREY SMOKE. The smoke expands around them like a fog, hiding them from any watchful eyes above.

Reis is about to go back to his own gathering when something -- *someone* -- catches his eye:

ONE MAN is not scooping up diamonds. <u>We see him only from behind</u>, but two things we quickly note: his clothes (a unique mix of boating-apparel-meets-REI) and the mysterious, EMERALD-GRIPPED GUN at his hip.

The Man manipulates an ancient-looking variation of a sextant, checks its readings against a small map. He disappears around one of the large nests...

Reis, curious, follows.

At the far side of the nest, The Man stops. Eyes the ground.

He pulls a maglight from his pocket and passes the beam over the diamonds at his feet. Suddenly, from under a pile of jewels, A PURPLE LIGHT BEGINS TO GLOW. The man crouches down, and in the purple light we get our first glimpse at the face of:

SINBAD CHALACK. A modern-day incarnation of that famous sailor. Mid-to-late thirties, stubbled, swash-buckling and cool. Indiana Jones meets Danny Ocean.

His eyes shine with a light of their own -- *"Gotcha."*

He digs among the jewels and at last pulls out a TWENTY SIDED DIAMOND the size of a man's fist. Its purple glow fades.

REIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Tupelo Diamond!

Sinbad spins, alert, as Reis stumbles out of the fog:

REIS (CONT'D)
(excited whisper)
That is the Tupelo Diamond -- !
We shall be *rich*, Captain! Richer and more powerful than --

SINBAD
"We" nothing, Reis.

Sinbad shoves the diamond into a pouch and cinches it shut.

REIS
But, Captain, don't be *greedy*! That diamond is worth more than ten men could spend in ten lifetimes.

SINBAD
I've been looking for this for twenty years. It's worth more to me than money.

REIS
(not listening:)
First, we kill the crew --
(then, realizing:)
What do you mean? A thing like that -- to simply sit in your *collection*?!

SINBAD
Reis, you've got enough diamonds in your pockets for you to propose to all of your girlfriends and still have some left over to give to their sisters.

REIS
Listen to me, Sinbad --

But they're interrupted by an agitated MERCENARY rushing up to them --

MERCENARY 1
Captain Sinbad!

ELSEWHERE AMONG THE NESTS:

The SMOKE IS THINNING as several of the crew crowd near one of the nests, straining to see up into it. Sinbad and Reis arrive.

SINBAD
What's going on -- ?

Over the rim of the nest comes the crew's pockmarked Quartermaster, MARSEI (early 30s, lean and wiry). In his arms: one of the giant eggs.

SINBAD (CONT'D)
Marsei -- are you insane? Put that back!

Ignoring him, Marsei jumps to the ground, starts stuffing the egg into a large bag.

Sinbad yanks him up by the arm -- their eyes lock --

-- suddenly there is a PREHISTORIC ROAR from above. Everyone freezes in fear -- even Sinbad. All eyes turn skyward.

MERCENARY 2
... The roc...

REIS
The smoke -- it's lifting...!

ON THE VIZIER: his smoke-stones used up, he's now on his hands and knees, stuffing diamonds into a pouch. Absorbed in making up for lost looting-time that, he's missed the first roc cry -- but he definitely hears THE SECOND ROAR!

A WIND blows away the last of the protective smoke -- a wind generated by the giant batting wings of...

THE ROC. Creatures twice the size of a man, with avian heads and wings but leathery bodies. Huge talons. Beaks *and* teeth.

This incursion into their territory has them pissed.

They attack --
-- living dive-bombers, tearing men to shreds --

John Kane & Dave Schulz

The Last Celebrity

Written by

John Kane

&

Dave Schulz

WGAw Registered: 1602949

EXT. STREET - DAY THAT WE ALL KNOW IS COMING

OBLIVIOUS PEDESTRIANS fixated on their MOBILE DEVICES, crowd a busy sidewalk.

DANNY (30's), aka "Rat Tail Boy", decked out in a dated track suit, blows through the riff raff, pinballing off their shoulders, his beady eyes buried in the TEXTSPEAK APP of his MYPHONE.

DANNY
I said "ayight!"

Danny's phone responds.

ROBOTIC DANNY VOICE
(well annunciated)
Alright.

Gripping the phone as if he were choking it.

DANNY
Nah man, AHHH...IIIT.

ROBOTIC VOICE DANNY
Alright.

Danny steps into the cross walk and starts across the street.

DANNY
Respect the tail, man.

A couple of people jog past Danny, trying to make it to the other side of the street.

ROBOTIC VOICE DANNY
Respect the tail, man.

DANNY
That's my line!

SPLAT!!

Like a freight train screaming over a field mouse, a city bus PLOWS over Danny, his MyPhone scuttles down the street.

To add insult to injury, a funeral procession following close behind bounces over him one car at a time...hearse...follow car...THUMP THUMP...THUMP THUMP.

Bewildered and bemused pedestrians pull out their camera phones.

BEMUSED PEDESTRIAN
Oh my god!! Check it out!

BEWILDERED PEDESTRIAN
Isn't that that guy??

Within moments dozens of phones are put to use. People trying to get a good angle on what's left of the poor guy.

A YOUNG GIRL tweets at lightning speed.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

ON PHONE: "OMG. I THINK I JUST SAW DANNY D. DIE!!! :x"

A DIFFERENT YOUNG GIRL looks up from her phone, mouth agape, and shows it to her FRIEND.

The friend whips out her phone and starts typing furiously.

MONTAGE

--tweets upon tweets spreading the news

--videos and pics flood the WWW

--ZMT.COM post: "Rat Tail Boy Flattened By Funeral Procession"

--USMAGAZINE.COM post: "Former Child Star Dies...Just Like Us!"

--INFOWARS.COM post: "Danny Dietermeyer Dead From Overdose!"

--NYTIMES.COM NEWS-GOSSIP VIDEO JOURNALIST MANDA BILLINGSLEY:

MANDA
And today's "OMG Minute: MidTown Edition" - Horror on the west side today as has-been Danny Deitermeyer, known as the star of the fleeting smash hit show "I Once Had a Rat Tail," was smushed by rush hour traffic.

INT. NY TIMES - OMG MINUTE MIDTOWN DESK - CONTINUOUS

MANDA (mid 20's) hip and headstrong, in front of her webcam.

MANDA (CONT'D)
In a cruel twist of fate for down and out Danny, he had just joined the 21st century by setting up the TextSpeak app on his phone when he was run over by a funeral procession for someone with a lower Q rating than him. TTYL, Danny. This is your favorite girl Manda, signing off.

Manda clicks off her cam.

Next to her, HOLDEN (20's) the office snark, bounces on his SWISS BALL over to ADAM KLEIN (20's) another young reporter who tries hard and fails harder.

HOLDEN
Change your headline to "Cat Ordained As Priest". You're writing for pet lovers, you gotta dumb it down. That should be easy for you.

ADAM KLEIN
You're right.

Manda slides over in her chair and looks at Klein's monitor.

MANDA
Don't listen to Holden, you're first instinct was correct, "First Feline Frocked as Father Whiskers". Remember Klein, we hold ourselves to high standards. We're the New York Times News Gossip section.

ADAM KLEIN
Gee, thanks Manda.

MACNAMARA (60's), a fast talking old warhorse from a bygone era comes in, MyPad in hand.

MAC
Stellar reporting on Rat Tail Boy Manda, stellar!

He gives her a slap on the back.

MAC (CONT'D)
C'mon, got a crack assignment for you.

She follows after him through the newsroom.

John Wikstrom

BK

Written by

John Wikstrom

Based on the True Story

Jtw439@gmail.com

EXT. BURGER KING DUMPSTERS - MORNING OF A WORK DAY

A barrel chested man in his fifties, BENJAMAN KYLE, sprawls between two dumpsters. Exceedingly ordinary, he looks like he could be your dentist, if your dentist was naked and covered in blood.

Benjaman's arm slowly moves, but stops midway, as if it forgot what it was doing. His eyes open, and his neck turns.

With great effort, he sits up, and stares straight ahead. Covered in dried blood and sunburns, he's only wearing a pair of briefs.

A young Burger King employee rounds the corner with a bag of trash. She SCREAMS. The trash falls to the ground and bursts.

Benjaman looks ahead, oddly tranquil, with an expression that looks vaguely like concern.

SUPER: RICHMOND HILL, GEORGIA. AUGUST 2004

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Benjaman, cloudy and dazed, is framed by NURSES and WARD CLERKS. A pair watches from the doorframe.

WARD CLERK
--he doesn't recollect a thing?

TIRED NURSE
No memory, no cards, nothing.

WARD CLERK
Like a big stray dog.

TIRED NURSE
Can't list him as John Doe, we've already got two in intensive.

WARD CLERK
They found him next to a Cracker Barrel, right? Arby's or something?

TIRED NURSE
Burger King.

The ward clerk writes something on the door's whiteboard.

WARD CLERK
Someone will come. They always do.

The door closes, revealing 'BK DOE' on the whiteboard.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
A brutal attack left him with a form of amnesia--

Voices from local news anchors echo over the following--

EXT. BURGER KING DUMPSTERS

Someone in a HAZMAT SUIT cleans up the blood.

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)
--A blank slate, without the slightest idea of who he was--

A garbage truck removes the trash from the dumpster.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
--Who is the man who woke up?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Suburban corner store. DAWN, 16, drops a newspaper, revealing a young, round face.

DAWN
You see the article about this amnesia guy?

TAYLOR
Yeah. Crazy.

Taylor is a familiar-looking 16 year old whose easygoing hoodie and sneakers conceal a powerful and unpredictable resolve. He wouldn't describe himself as anxious, but people notice he doesn't like to sit down.

He plops quarters into a metal newspaper dispenser for the SAVANNAH GAZETTE.

DAWN
Like he fell from the sky.

TAYLOR
Sounds like some X-Files shit.
(then)
Isn't that a little *unrealistic?*

Taylor opens the dispenser, snatching the entire stack of papers.

DAWN
What are you doing?

TAYLOR
I told you, the article is in this issue.

DAWN
Are you making a quilt? Keep two.

Taylor shoves the paper in Dawn's hands, and jabs at an article.

TAYLOR
Look.

ANGLE ON the article. *Local High School student starts internet uproar to get his phone back.* It's a small blurb in the "News of the Weird" section.

DAWN
Oh. You were hoping for a full piece.

TAYLOR
They could have at least mentioned my name.

DAWN
So what, you're going to take them all and send them back?

TAYLOR
I'm not going to send them back. If the first batch all gets taken, they'll have to do a reprint.
(then)
And, maybe they can add my name.

DAWN
Isn't that a little *unrealistic?*

RING. Dawn takes out a clunky flip phone. A minivan pulls up. Dawn's ride. She pockets the phone.

DAWN (CONT'D)
I know it was you.

She kisses him on the cheek, and runs off into her mom's minivan.

Still holding the stack of papers, Taylor opens the trunk to his car. It's filled with multiple stacks of the same newspaper, fresh from different dispensers. He plops it next to the others.

Jon Labrie

ALIMNAL

Jon Labrie

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CREDITS ROLL ON BLACK

SOUNDS of an ACTIVE BRIDGE aboard an UNDERSEA CABLE REPAIR SHIP slowly FADE UP. Ultimately, one conversation dominates--

AMY (O.S.)
Won't budge.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Not at all?

AMY (O.S.)
No sir.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
How big is it?

AMY (O.S.)
Hard to tell...nine, maybe ten feet across...wait a second, it's not - that can't be right.

PULL BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL

The BLACKNESS we've been staring at is actually a BLACK DISC-SHAPED OBJECT centered on a MONITOR displaying a live VIDEOFEED of the ocean floor--

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
What's wrong?

AMY (O.S.)
Sidescan can't see it.

INT. CABLE SHIP *CS DEFENDER* - BRIDGE - NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

Six crew members, including the CAPTAIN (50s) work to keep the ship on station while AMY MARTIN (30s, smart, fierce) drives a REMOTELY OPERATED VEHICLE from her CONSOLE--

CAPTAIN
What do you mean? At that range sonar should resolve anything bigger than a goldfish.

The Captain walks over to glance at Amy's MONITORS - CONTROL, VIDEO, and SIDESCAN SONAR. Amy points at a GRAINY sonar image of the cable on the seafloor, with a CIRCULAR SECTION missing-

AMY
No signal return at all. It's like a dead zone.

CAPTAIN
(louder)
Davenport. What do you make of this?

DAVENPORT (40s, efficient) is the EXECUTIVE OFFICER (XO). He crosses the bridge, examines the screens--

DAVENPORT
Might be malfunctioning.

AMY
It's fine. You can see everything else.

DAVENPORT
Maybe we should get Lang up here.

AMY
(*no no no no*)
We don't need Lang. I'm telling you, there's nothing wrong with the sonar.

The Captain raises an eyebrow - and that is not good--

AMY (CONT'D)
Sorry Captain. I'm just sure the problem is with-
(points at screen)
-whatever that is and not with us.

CAPTAIN
I'm sure you're right, Ms. Martin.
(to Davenport)
Weather holding?

DAVENPORT
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN
We'll just have to cut around it. That work for you, Ms. Martin?

AMY
Yes, sir. Two cuts.

CAPTAIN
How long do you need to set up?

AMY
Just a few minutes.

Amy yanks back on her control yoke and starts FLIPPING SWITCHES--

CAPTAIN
Perfect. Plenty of time for the ship's engineer to check out the sidescan.

Amy grimaces. The Captain nods to DAVENPORT, who thumbs the RADIO-MICROPHONE clipped at his shoulder-

DAVENPORT
(into radio)
Lang to the bridge.

INT. CS DEFENDER - BRIDGE - A MINUTE LATER

ANGLE ON a scowling Amy working a little too hard to set up for the cable cuts as WE HEAR the bridge door opening--

NICK (O.S.)
Captain.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Mr. Lang. We're having some trouble with the sonar on the ROV. Need you to verify it's working properly.

There's a slight hesitation in Nick's reply - which turns Amy's scowl into a smirk--

NICK (O.S.)
Alright.

NICK LANG (40s) steps up behind Amy, posture and tone carefully neutral--

NICK (CONT'D)
What's up?

AMY
Nothing's up. Sidescan just doesn't see this thing.

Nick leans over her, examining her screens. It's awkward - there's obvious tension between them--

NICK
What thing?
(beat)
What is that?

AMY
You tell me.

NICK
Up.

Joseph Bodner

UNMASKED

PILOT:

"*L'homme au masque de fer*"

By Joseph Bodner

Bodner.joseph@gmail.com
310-384-3985

CLOSE ON:

A BODY. Seemingly floating. Naked. Male. The feet. The shin. Moving up now. Torso. Thigh. And now one lone drop of blood across its white skin. Angelic. Quiet.

FEMALE VOICE
What prompts beauty in one over another?

Moving up to the HEAD -- where the skin has been completely removed. The face now unrecognizable. Nothing but blood and bone. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

EXT. PLACE DE GREVE / HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS - NIGHT

Chaos. The naked man with bloodied face hangs down from the city center for all to see. Suspended in mid-air. The SCREAMS and SHOUTS and petty quarrels of the common people below. A time when only kings and nobles knew of civility.

FEMALE VOICE
There's the Oriental belief in *Xi-Shi*, who killed every fish in the sea with nothing but a glance.

INSPECTOR GASTON LEMAIRE (late 50's), stands transfixed by the dead man dangling from above. Lemaire uses a cane to walk. A heavy limp. Fellow OFFICERS block out the CROWD...

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
The Greeks bow down to Aphrodite, an ideal for mortals to strive for.

The body DROPS to the FLOOR. *Thud*. Horribly contorted. It provokes the crowd further. A BEGGAR takes the opportunity to pick-pocket an officer. The officer BEATS him in return.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Dazzling as they are, an astute man could never mistake these fictions for facts.

The peasants break the officers' enclave. An all out brawl ensues. RISE UP over the dead body. The blood and the grime and the dirt and the terror of 17th century Paris below...

INT. PALAIS DES TUILERIES, PARIS - GRAND SALON - NIGHT

King Louis XIV. The Sun King. Surrounded by his closest ADVISORS. The excessive wealth and splendor that would soon become his demise. Lemaire storms in, SCREAMING.

FEMALE VOICE
Truth be told, the greatest beauty the world could ever lay claim to...

Move THROUGH THE WALL to FIND --

INT. PALAIS DES TUILERIES, PARIS - ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

A WOMAN. Hauntingly pale. Dark brown eyes. Jet black hair. She commands our observation. Like a piece of art. Like she were *created*. Like she were *ageless*.

FEMALE VOICE
Came from the darkest of places.

The muffled conversation of the King seeping in through the walls. She stares out her window, to the chaos on the right bank. The city center now going up in flames. Pleased.

TO BLACK.

CHYRON: **20 YEARS EARLIER.**

The words fade, replaced with --

CHYRON: **FRANCE, 1661.**

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

CLARALISE FORNIER. Her big brown eyes. 13 or 14 years old. Her hair cut short, dressed in boy's clothing. You'd be hard-pressed to believe that she will one day grow up to be the strong woman we met in our opening.

CLARA
(desperately trying)
Help...

Clara collapses to the ground. Her hands chained together. Her feet chained to the wall. She sees a small locket of her own hair stubbed in the wall. Something about it makes her --

CLARA (CONT'D)
SOMEONE HELP!

A SCREAM BACK. Then ANOTHER. Two MALE PRISONERS. The ongoing SCREAMING from the lunatics in adjacent cells that hasn't stopped since she got here.

As she continues to cry, losing her mind we PULL BACK --

INTO THE HALLWAY

The cells are all along the same side, leaving the hallway very narrow. There is no division in the cell bars, only walls within separate the prisoners. We move to --

THE LAST CELL

Where a MAN sits quietly in the dark. We don't fully see his face yet, but we do notice -- he isn't chained. Over the SCREAMS and HEAVING, he sits silently -- exempt from whatever the others were given. We'll know him simply as "M."

CUT TO:

PITCH BLACK

Faintly illuminated by a LIGHT. Moving in the distance. Approaching us. TWO FIGURES. Can't make them out yet.

INT. DUNGEON - M'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BLADE. Small. Slim. Quietly rubbed back and forth against the concrete wall. M's sharpening a knife.

ON M'S ARM -- CUTS. Maybe 20. Self-inflicted.

ON THE WALL -- Maybe 50 MARKS. Small vertical lines.

We HEAR the solitary DRIPPING of water into a puddle. The distant, muffled BARK of a DOG.

INT. DUNGEON - CLARA'S CELL - NIGHT

Clara sits in the corner, her head in her lap. Her ratty hair has grown longer. Time has passed. Then she hears --

FOOTSTEPS. At that, she lifts her head. Blood-shot eyes, she hasn't slept in days. She's lost weight, her cheek bones sharper through her skin. Her eyes shift. Nervous.

She can see the LIGHT emanating from the CANDLE coming closer, reflected in the small PUDDLES OF WATER in the hall.

TWO SETS OF FEET

One much larger and barefoot is covered in MUD. It is missing two toes. Splashing through PUDDLES. Belonging to --

Karin Lee

FADE IN:

EXT. HAMMOCK AREA - NIGHT

Early stages of sunset illuminate the broad, pastoral expanse. A mid-seventies estate and a farm stand above an orchard stretching into the horizon.

Near the farm, there is a tall sycamore, a hammock strung from it. Near the hammock, we find two beautiful girls, LARA (11) and JENNY (9), playing on the grass. *

Lara dangles a CHEAP POCKETWATCH in front of Jenny.

LARA
You're cold, very cold... it's dark, you can barely see... but you see an anthill, and it's bright and warm, and you just want to stand on it...

Jenny slowly stands up, starts walking towards the anthill.

LARA (CONT'D)
It's warm there, it's your home...

Jenny walks to the anthill, is about to step onto it--then GIGGLES.

JEN
Ooohh, I'm sooo hypnotized!

LARA
Jenny! That should've worked...

Jenny extends her arms out and goose-steps, zombie-like.

JEN
Soooo hypnotiiized... must eat brains.

LARA
Stop it! Why didn't that work?!

JEN
Yummm... brains...

Jen goes in to bite Lara's skull.

LARA
STOP IT!

Jen pauses. Some venom in that yell.

LARA (CONT'D)
Just quit it! It's not funny. That should've worked.

Lara slumps down, crestfallen. Jenny leans in, grinning, little sis cheering up big one.

JEN
I still wanna eat your brains.

LARA
You know you can't do anything under hypnosis that goes against your morals. So you're saying you want to eat my brains normally.

Jen shrugs.

JEN
Yeah. Can we draw now? I'm tired of playing hypnotize.

LARA
One more time.

JEN
Nooo, I wanna draw now.

LARA
Come on Jenny, no one else wants to do it with me.

A heavy sigh.

JEN
One more.

LARA
Thank you thank you!

Lara picks up the watch, begins its sway.

LARA (CONT'D)
Stare deeply into the watch... you're getting sleepy...

DAD (O.S.)
Jesus Christ!

The girls freeze, look at each other. Jen looks worried, but Lara giggles conspiratorially.

DAD (30's, worn in an oil-streaked wifebeater), approaches the girls.

He holds a MANGLED, DEAD CAT by the scruff of its neck. The cat has been ruthlessly tortured--its intestines hang out, its whiskers are plucked, its paws broken.

Dad looks at the girls with a mixture of fury and disbelief.

Jen looks sad, scared to have been caught. Lara looks up at her father blankly. Then to the cat.

LARA
Hi Chester.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lara stands near a rusty old truck, hands sullenly jammed into her pockets. Just out of earshot, Dad kneels in front of Jen, who sits on the front steps.

DAD
Did you like doing what you did to Chester?

Jen looks down, face tear-streaked, and shakes her head.

JEN
No.

DAD
Baby I... I know you get those thoughts sometimes, like your sister does, where you want to hurt things, to do bad things. It's okay if you get those thoughts. You can't control that. But you know those things are bad, don't you?

Jen silently nods.

DAD (CONT'D)
You don't have to be a bad girl, baby. You can be a good girl. Do you want to be a good girl?

Jen finally looks up, blubbering, and nods furiously, throws her head into her father's shoulder.

JEN
Yes I do! I'm sorry. I didn't like it. I'm sorry.

Dad kisses the top of her head, hugs her reassuringly.

Kerry Kazmierowicztrimm

GROWTH

Written by

Kerry Kazmierowicztrimm

CLOSE ON A BLOODY LEFT FOOT

It's unnaturally silent as we see congealed blood hanging from the foot's wound: a human bite-mark. The skin directly surrounding the wound is green. Decomposing.

ANGLE ON the face of ADAM, mid-20's. He looks at his wounded foot with more clinical curiosity than fear.

PULL BACK to reveal Adam, wearing a blue button-down and khakis, is sitting, leaning against a bolted door in:

ADAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

A large bedroom lacking that "personal touch." The room is very neat and very clean and not very welcoming. Antiseptic.

The only stain on the perfect cleanliness is a streak of blood starting several feet into the room and stopping at the far end of the room - where a machete lies, abandoned.

A bloody seashell necklace is tangled around the machete.

We HEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME as the SCRAPES and GROANS of zombies come from the other side of the door.

Adam removes the shoe from his right foot. Then his sock. He puts the sock in the shoe. Places them in the nearby corner.

ANGLE ON CORNER: Adam's right shoe sits next to the left shoe, which has a large hole in it and blood on it. A torn, bloody sock sticks out of the left shoe. Adam shifts the right shoe so it's perfectly parallel to the left.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam moves his legs so his feet are pressed up next to each other.

ANGLE ON ADAM'S FEET: starting with his right foot, Adam flexes all ten of his toes, one at a time. *Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineteen.*

ANGLE ON ADAM as he slowly stands. Looks toward the machete.

He puts weight on the left foot. Takes one step.

Beat.

A second step. A third. A fou-

THUD! His foot giving out, Adam falls.

CUT TO:

SHING! The same machete cuts something in half on a kitchen counter.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Jesus!

PULL BACK to reveal HEATHER, early 20's and tomboy-cute, recoiling from the counter. We are in:

ADAM'S KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Nothing fancy, but nice, and again - very clean.

Adam, shoes and feet intact but otherwise the same, stands at the kitchen counter, holding the machete. He uses the blade to slide something into the counter's sink. THUD.

He sets the machete down. Picks up something else:

The top-half of a dead rat, its mouth and eyes hanging open. Adam holds a large wad of paper towel in his other hand to absorb the blood pouring from the rat's severed mid-section.

Heather puts her hand over her mouth to keep from vomiting.

Adam walks toward Heather - and past her - to the trash can.

He uses the foot-pedal to open the can. The bag is empty. He drops the top-half of the dead rat into the bag. THUNK.

He pulls the bag from the can. Ties it shut.

He opens the freezer door to the kitchen's refrigerator. Places the bag inside. Closes the freezer.

Adam turns back to Heather.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
The hell, Adam?! What are-

SHING! SHING-SHING! The sound of something scraping against metal.

Heather turns toward the sink, alarmed. Adam doesn't move.

Slowly, she walks toward the sink. Looks inside...

HEATHER'S POINT-OF-VIEW: the bottom-half of the rat, with a large bite mark in its lower-back, attempts to *walk*. However, with only two legs left and no center of balance, the feet simply scrape against the bottom of the sink.

BACK TO SCENE

Heather, stunned, looks at Adam to see he's watching her.

Beat.

Adam turns his gaze back to the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Adam, having just fallen, lies on the floor. He looks toward the machete, twelve feet away. He looks at his left foot.

ADAM'S POINT-OF VIEW: It hangs motionless. Pressing his legs against each other again and starting with his right foot, Adam flexes his toes one at a time. *Onetwothreefourfive...*

The left foot doesn't move.

Adam starts with the right foot again. *Onetwothreefourfive...*

Nothing. Lifeless.

HEATHER (V.O.)
How is it still alive?

ADAM (V.O.)
Not "it."

CUT TO:

PLOP. Adam sets the zombified lower-half of the rat back on the counter. From the gaping wound the blood hangs, congealed. The two legs continue to flail.

SHING!

SHING! Adam cuts off the zombified rat legs.

HEATHER
(annoyed)
Will you stop doing that? *Fuck.*

Using paper towels, Adam places the two zombified rat legs back in the sink.

Adam talks to Heather without turning his gaze from the sink.

ADAM
Watch.

Kristian Meyer

FADE IN:

1 INT. COLD OPEN, BEDROOM - MORNING

MUSIC CUE

As the clock turns to 8:00 AM, the alarm starts playing "Beautiful Day" by U2. KENNY HARRIS begins to stir in his bed. Kenny is a baby-faced, yet handsome man in his mid twenties. As he wakes, we begin to explore Kenny's dingy room.

KENNY (V.O.)
Confucius once said, "Genius is one-percent preparation and ninety-nine percent perspiration." Or was it, "He who stands on toilet is high on pot?" Anyways...

PAN:

Across his dresser we see a framed photograph of Kenny in graduation robes, with a "Class of 2013" tassel hanging strategically from the wooden frame.

KENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've spent the last eight years of my life preparing...
(beat)
...and coincidentally high on pot.

PAN:

We scan his wall to find a beautifully framed degree from Stanford Law School prominently perched upon a bookcase full of legal manuscripts.

KENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I did my time. I'm ready to give all the perspiration they can handle. There's only...
(beat)
...Edison. It was Thomas Edison who said that.
(beat)
As I was saying...

PAN:

We come to Kenny's desk. Beyond his out-of-date laptop computer we move across a stack of bills showing hundreds of thousands of dollars in student loans, and utility bills with the words, "PAST DUE" stamped exclamationally in red.

KENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's only one problem.

CUT TO:

Kenny's hand slams down on the alarm clock, turning the inspirational music off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP:

Kenny's eyes fill the frame

ZOOM OUT:

Kenny sits on the side of his bed in full red and black regalia of a VERIZON WIRELESS employee.

KENNY
No one's hiring!

END OF COLD OPEN

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

2 INT. WESTBROOK MALL, VERIZON KIOSK - DAY

The VERIZON kiosk sits dead center in the middle of a rundown mall, which is clearly "the mall the rich people USED to go to." Kenny appears to be holding down the counter with his elbows, staring at an unopened envelope addressed to him from the California State Bar Association.

KENNY (V.O.)
Yep, this is my job. Hocking cellphones to ungrateful teenagers.

A teenage mall PATRON rushes by.

KENNY
(monotone)
Switch to Verizon and get a free phone.

The Patron is already twenty yards away by the time Kenny finishes his "pitch." His eyes never waiver from the letter.

KENNY (V.O.)
Not exactly what I planned on doing right out of college, or so my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KENNY (V.O.) (cont'd)
parents like to remind me on a daily basis.

Behind Kenny, in the kiosk, stands ADAM, an uninspired man-child in his twenties, wearing the same Verizon uniform as Kenny. Adam grabs one of the display smartphones and begins thumbing through the screen. He punches in a couple keystrokes before landing on the "ACROBAT MILFS" web page. Adam slowly scours the site.

KENNY (V.O.)
Oh, this is Adam. He's my best friend and roommate. Yeah, he's a bit of a freeloader, but I've known him my whole life. In fact, I got him his last three jobs, including this one.

Adam turns to Kenny with the smartphone.

ADAM
Dude, check this out. Look what she can do to herself with her tongue.

Kenny doesn't flinch, transfixed on the envelope.

ADAM
Kenny, your vagina's on fire.

Still nothing.

ADAM
(chuckling)
I had my way with your sister three times last night...and once this morning.

Kenny is lost in his own thought. Adam finally matures long enough to realize something's eating at Kenny. He places the smartphone back on the display stand and walks to Kenny.

Adam puts his hand on Kenny's back, snapping Kenny out of his trance.

ADAM
Kenny, you stare at that envelope any harder and it'll file sexual harassment charges against you.

KENNY
(dazed)

(MORE)

Kurt Porter

NEGATIVE SPACES

by

Kurt Porter

Darkness. High-pitched ringing and low-end rumbling sounds. The noise slowly builds as we see quick cuts of:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. A man stumbling through a crowd holding a bleeding gut
2. Dirt thrown on the face of a body in a shallow grave
3. A sidewalk covered with a woman's splattered remains
4. A naked middle-aged woman in a pool of blood
5. A police detective bending over a bullet-ridden body

Under this we hear an audio collage:

Half the heroin in Asia was right fucking here yesterday.
There are a hundred different gangs in this city.
I never thought they'd have the guts to do it.
We can run —— we'll have to.
I don't know what it means —— I can't figure it out.
This is what happens when you try to cross us.
He died like a coward, begging for his life.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

A 7-year-old girl runs, pulls on the handle of a locked door, then turns to look over her shoulder as the rumbling is joined by horse's hooves and white light fills the frame.

FEMALE VOICE
When I find them? I'm going to kill them.

EXT. TOKYO STREET - DAY

The hazy afternoon sky comes into focus behind a mess of telephone wires and neon signs. Voices yell in Japanese as a dazed ANNA sits up on a street littered with rubble, her dyed blonde hair bloody, matted to her face.

Anna is in her 20s with sharp, angular features —— the kind of girl who could squash you with a look if she thought it was worth the trouble.

Her face is bruised and her left arm is in a sling. In front of her is a charred office building.

She stands as a SHIRTLESS MAN covered in soot stumbles out of a doorway in front of her. Three ONLOOKERS rush to help her but scream and retreat when she brandishes a gun.

She staggers forward, shoots the shirtless man twice and ENTERS the building.

INT. ANNA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna sits on the edge of the bed looking at a small television playing a black and white SAMURAI FILM.

It's a slashing, slice and dice action sequence and she copies the main character’s movements exactly.

ANNA
Serizawa! Kondo wa doko da?!!

She mimics the action, sweeping her arms in big slashing strokes. She ends in mid swing, freezing on the final frame then turns off the TV.

She turns on a record player and puts the needle to vinyl —— an old movie soundtrack plays through a single speaker.

INT. GRANDFATHER’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KATSU sits on the arm of the sofa. He’s 65 and still burly with a boxer’s nose and a mischievous smile. In one hand he holds a drink, in the other he spins a poker chip.

Anna's GRANDFATHER ENTERS knotting his tie. In his 70s, handsome, with a smile that has bent the world to his will. They speak in Japanese, subtitled.

KATSU
There’s our star, like he just walked off the screen. Young ladies —— guard your hearts.

GRANDFATHER
True, I dress for the young ladies, though only seniors will show up.

KATSU
(laughing)
Don’t pretend like you’re not proud. A retrospective is a big deal, right?

GRANDFATHER
So they tell me.

KATSU
Well, since it’s in the papers the place won’t be completely empty. I bet you’ll have a handful of women afterwards standing around to ask you questions.

GRANDFATHER
(smiling)
A handful?

KATSU
Four. No, five or less.

GRANDFATHER
2 to 1 there's six or more.

Anna walks past, beer in hand, and laughs.

KATSU
No comments from the teenage alcoholics, please.

ANNA (O.S.)
I'm not a teenager anymore.

KATSU
To me you're still in grade school. I'll take those odds. And how much of your money will I be taking off your hands?

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna ENTERS, cracks her beer and sits at her desk. An antique Graflex camera is in pieces in front of her. She begins assembling it, humming along with the music.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
Anna! Are you ready to go? Train's leaving.

ANNA
Almost!
(under her breath)
Why don't you bet on how long this will take me?

EXT. DESERTED DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A 1960s Monaco bounces past dilapidated buildings and their gated store fronts. Anna sits in the back, her grandfather and Katsu in the front.

Mark J. Howard

TECTON

by

Mark J. Howard

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Establish a small, rural university.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Establish a large, poorly lit college lecture hall.

In the back sits a handsome, jagged man at a desk. ASHTON looks to be the age of a college student, but seasoned.

Being well built, he uncomfortably adjusts his knees to fit under the pull-up tray of the desk.

The CHATTERING of his fellow students grows louder as the lecture hall fills.

The PROFESSOR CLEARS his throat.

PROFESSOR
Good morning class.

Shuffled and indistinguishable responses fill the hall from the responding students.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
For those few who may be lost, this is Criminal Psychology 312 and I am KAI JOHNSON.

A flustered girl in the front stands up, grabs her bag and makes her way to the door.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)
There's always one, every semester.

The professor walks toward the front row of the lecture hall and passes a student a stack of paper.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)
This is the syllabus, which is more like a guideline. It has the list of books you will need to purchase for...

Ashton looks distracted, not bored or discontent with his surroundings, just distracted. Ashton looks down at his leg. He pulls back his shorts.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(clearer and more audible than it should be)
...cheaper, but may take longer to arrive and assignments are due by the...

On Ashton's right thigh is a crude bandage and an attempt at stitches, fifteen or so, fresh blood trickling from the bottom and drying as it wraps under his leg.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A close up of Ashton's right thigh reveals a large, black SHARD sticking out of it.

Moving out from Ashton's thigh, it is revealed that he is wearing a jet black mask trimmed with red, a matching motorcycle flak jacket with long sleeves, and black pants.

Two other MEN are a foot away on either side of him. One man, scrawny and timid, is waiting for direction from the other burlier man.

Behind all three men is an open sliding, glass door. The interior of the house is disheveled, indicating the fight originated in the house.

Ashton avoids taking a knife to the face with ease, as if the burlier man was moving in slow motion.

BURLIER MAN
Shoot 'im damn it. Shoot 'im.

SCRAWNY MAN
I don't do the killing, not me. You do the killing.

BURLIER MAN
It's gonna take both of us to kill this one. Now shoot him.

BANG. The gun fires and appears to miss its target completely.

SCRAWNY MAN
Grab 'im. Hold 'em still. He's too fast.

In a blur, Ashton is behind the scrawny man. Ashton grabs the gun, breaks it into several pieces.

Ashton picks up the scrawny man and throws him in the direction of the burlier guy. Ashton is already by the burlier man as the scrawny man crashes into him and takes him down.

Ashton jumps on top of the burlier man and in slow motion, smashes the man in the face with his fist, crushing the guy's nose. Ashton's fist caves into the man's face.

The sound of BREAKING BONES can be heard.

The guy's lower eye sockets and upper jaw press in. Skin stretches until it can go no farther and tears, ripping skin and flesh from the man's skull.

SQUISH, as Ashton's fist enters the man's brain.

With remarkable speed (speed up camera), Ashton retracts his bloody fist and hanging from his knuckles is flesh from the man's face and a tooth pressed into the side of his hand.

Ashton stands up quickly. In the same fluid motion, grabs the scrawny man by the collar of his shirt with one hand and effortlessly lifts him off his knees and into the air.

Ashton holds him suspended in the air. He looks up into the man's eyes. The scrawny man urinates in his pants.

SCRAWNY MAN
Please. Please. It was all him. He makes me do it. I don't enjoy it. He makes me do it.

ASHTON
Nonetheless.

Ashton shrugs.

ASHTON (CONT'D)
Your motivations do not interest me. Do you know what motivates me?

SCRAWNY MAN
Whhhaaattt?

ASHTON
The cries of the helpless, the innocent, and the wronged. The bellowing of the unfortunate; those who are in danger.

Matt MacDonald

VECTOR

written by

Matt MacDonald

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A PERFECT SUNSET.

Swirls of pinks, purples, and orange stretch far across a vast sky, looking down upon a--

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

--where a rocky cliff face stares proudly out to sea.

A delicate, melancholy MELODY sweetly plays beneath the majestic beauty of crashing waves and sea foam rings.

DRIFTING DOWN THE SHORE

Smooth, white sand GLISTENS in the sun's rays.

Large rock formations jut from the earth. Waves CRASH AGAINST THEM, spraying water -- the drops TWINKLING in the sunlight.

Seagulls soar through the air.

The moment is warm. The moment is perfect.

The tide rolls in, splashing against HELD HANDS, clenched tight, belonging to a YOUNG COUPLE. They lay in the sand, his arms wrapped tightly around her.

GLIMPSES OF LOVE flash past -- sparkling eyes -- laughter -- skin caressing skin.

He leans down, kissing her forehead. She closes her eyes, breathing in the moment. Bliss embodied.

...until the image begins to DISTORT.

A deep, rhythmic, ELECTRONIC PULSING sets in just as

PIXELS FLICKER -- GLITCH -- ARTIFACT.

An array of DIGITAL INTERFERENCE corrupts the imagery. Multi-colored lines and static pop around the screen -- like a loose cable desperately clinging to the back of a television.

TWITCHING IN AND OUT, the image of three menacing

MASKED MEN IN TRENCHCOATS. THE BIOS.

Fleeting visual bursts of black leather, imposing hoods, and long, snout-like masks suggest a less-than-friendly disposition.

The distortion escalates, FLASHING to--

INT. SHITTY LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sparse concrete room, illuminated only by the soft blue glow of computer screens and NEON STREETLIGHT BUZZING in through the open window.

Blinking LED lights dance across several stacked computer towers strewn about, a nest of cables and wiring between them.

A WOMAN sits against the wall, her back turned. She stares ahead into thin, translucent panes of glass -- advanced computer monitors, configured haphazardly around a desk.

ACROSS NUMEROUS SCREENS

download progress bars tick away. Text scrolls through browser windows: parsed computer code strings, programming language markups, endless rows of hyperlinks:

- *cArd c0unt3r v1.2b* -

- *teach3r $exx fantasy 3.0* -

- *faery DuST* -

The woman swipes at a metal plate on the desk in front of her, controlling the cursor on screen. A message prompt pops up:

“Execute user download?”

She taps “*YES*.”

She reaches for a pair of large can headphones and places them on her head, the padding completely covering her ears.

“WARNING: Unknown origin. Serious health risks may occur.

Proceed?”

She taps *“YES”* and leans back in her chair.

For the first time, her face becomes clear: TERA (late 20s), the young woman from the beach. The happiness and youth once flush throughout her face now nothing more than a memory.

With the headphones on, a blue computer tower LED blinks rapidly, syncing in pace with a matching LED on the headphones.

A deep, bass DRONING SOUND sets in, morphing to a cacophonous, electronic tune.

Tera relaxes her body, leaning farther back.

She grips the chair -- eyes flutter -- pupils roll white.

She's getting high.

TITLE: Vector

WOMAN TESTIMONIAL (PRE-LAP)
With soccer practices and grocery shopping, it feels like I'm...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

A fogged up mirror, WIPED AWAY by Tera's hand.

She stands in a towel, head still dripping wet, combing out the knots of her hair. Embedded into the mirror glass, an LCD screen rolls a glossy corporate ad.

WOMAN TESTIMONIAL
(on screen)
...always running, trying to keep track of my day. That's why I use Memorite.

KID TESTIMONIAL
(on screen)
Memorite helps me with my homework!

MEMORITE ANNOUNCER
(on screen)
Improve your memory tenfold! Memorite version three-point-oh. Available now for download in the--

Tera taps an area of the glass and the screen shuts off.

EXT. A BRIGHT BLUE SKY - DAY

Clouds drift peacefully, until we PULL BACK to--

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

--Tera reaching and SLIDING the sky to the side, revealing a rather ordinary bedroom closet behind.

She grabs at a few tops before SLIDING IT BACK. She taps at the sky and watches it DISSOLVE to a mirror -- the closet door nothing more than a large screen.

She pulls a shirt on over her exposed bra and stares at herself blankly.

Matthew Dixon

LONGRIDER

written by

Matthew Dixon

The world is seldom what it seems; to man, who dimly sees, realities appear as dreams, and dreams realities.

-- Samuel Johnson

OVER BLACK

The CLANG of spurs under heavy steps before we FADE UP ON:

EXT. PLAIN - MORNING - 1865

The sun backlights a COWBOY HAT rising where blue sky meets green land.

His head slumped. Muscular form. Uniform grey and dirty.

This is JOHN WESLEY (30), tired and broken, plodding towards a small HILL topped by trees.

Wesley is not a man to be trifled with. Not a man plagued by conscience. That man was left behind on the battlefield.

EXT. BASE OF THE HILL - MORNING

Wesley arrives. Glances at the ground.

Etched neatly into the overgrown grass is the OUTLINE of a SHACK, a burnt foundation its only testament. His home gone.

He unburdens his weary shoulder of a PACK.

Then turns his attention to a plot of earth almost six-feet in length. Rectangular dirt with weeds sprouting up.

It troubles him.

But before he can give it another thought...

LILY (O.S.)
John?

He looks over his shoulder to find, coming down the hill from the trees with sticks in her arms: LILY (27), a fair woman in a modest blue checkered dress. Pretty as a daisy.

She lets the sticks fall, eyes lost in disbelief.

LILY (cont'd)
... John?

He walks up the hill as she gathers her tattered dress in one hand and hurries down --

LILY (cont'd)
JOHN!

They meet. Lily doesn’t touch him; he doesn’t reach for her. Their eyes simply soak in one another for a long moment.

WESLEY
I’m home, Lily.

Finally, she hugs him, loving and soft at first, then her grip strengthens as if she might never let go. Not again.

The subtlest of smiles perches upon his lips and as he takes her hand in his... JOHN WESLEY WAKES...

EXT. THE GREAT OPEN - DAWN

... lying face-up among leaves and twigs, clean shaven, arms crossed over his chest like a corpse.

Fists cling to PISTOLS, thumbs on their hammers.

A caterpillar crawls along his shoulder; a spider over his throat.

And as the sun peeks over the horizon...

TWO HOOVES LAND WITHIN INCHES OF WESLEY’S HEAD.

Hot SNORTS blow down, but he’s imperceptible in the grass.

The unseen RIDERS above spur their mounts and when they clear...

WESLEY RISES AT THE WAIST. Arms unfurl, pistols aim, and a SHOT RIPS OUT OF EACH.

The HORSES REAR and KICK their Riders free before falling alongside.

The Riders gather up and when they turn towards the dawning sun...

... they find the silhouette of John Wesley, standing like a warden of the reaper, pistols by his side.

Before they catch a breath... Wesley SHOOTS ONE RIDER square in the chest.

The other Rider scrambles for his belt but finds an empty holster, gun lost in the tumble.

RIDER
Hear me out!

Wesley holsters his pistols...

RIDER (cont'd)
It ain’t as you think!

... and UNSHEATHES AN AX strapped to his back.

The Rider’s lips quiver as he searches for what will most certainly be his last words.

RIDER (cont'd)
Y-you...

THE AX SWINGS DOWN. A sickening CRUNCH as flesh and muscle are cleaved from bone.

It’s over quick. Two men dead.

Wesley searches the bodies, taking anything he can carry.

But pauses to roll up their sleeves... and finds a TATTOO on their forearms, that of a snake outlined red.

Wesley breathes in a long, deep breath.

Then stands as the sun screams its glory over the horizon.

Wesley turns as if his glare alone might make the star heel, then tilts the brim of his hat, shielding his eyes as he walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLS - JAIL - MORNING

MIKE COLLIER’S (18) groggy eyes wake under the broken shadow of prison bars.

He swigs from a whiskey bottle.

The sun filters in from a high window as Mike stands, beams shining off the DEPUTY’S BADGE pinned to his shirt.

Another glorious day.

He pulls an odd-shaped SKELETON KEY from his back pocket and frees himself from the cell.

INT. OFFICE - JAIL - MORNING

Mike stares out warped windows at the motionless town of Amber Valley.

Over his shoulder stands a three-legged desk and a metal SHERIFF’S STAR at its edge.

He glances back at the engraved tin like it might have killed his dog.

Then yanks the Deputy’s Badge from his shirt, ripping a swath with it, and tosses the badge to the desk alongside the star.

Max Kleinman

HUM

Written by

Max Kleinman

(Pages 3-5)

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EXT. PEACH ORCHARD - TREE - CONTINUOUS

Gerald finally gets within reach of the peaches. He's about to grab one when he YELPS in pain.

His hand shoots to the back of his neck. When it comes back, it has BLOOD on it.

The HUM is even louder now.

He looks up to find a hummingbird FLOATING in front of his face.

GERALD
You again. You happen to see what just...

He trails off as TWO MORE HUMMINGBIRDS arrive behind the first one. Like backup.

The leaves around him RUSTLE as more of the birds show up. They come from all sides. From above and below. Their collective hum is nearly deafening.

He's completely surrounded.

He starts to move. They LUNGE as we

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACH ORCHARD - DUSK

Wide on the orchard again, with the town in the distance. We hear Gerald's MUFFLED SCREAM.

MAIN TITLE CARD: HUM

FADE TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

Two square blocks of sidewalks, shops, and parking spaces.

A large BANNER is hoisted into place in front of the clock tower:

100th ANNUAL HAMILTON COUNTY PEACH FESTIVAL

Below, flannel-clad VENDORS setting up booths and stands. Signs advertising peach everythings: tarts, pies, candies, gummies, jams, croissants, sodas, honeys, yoghurt, liqueur...

Everything.

Two orange-vested WORKERS lug a SIX-FOOT-TALL PEACH SCULPTURE onto the roof of a pagoda.

Sleepy-eyed GARDENERS plant flowers along sidewalks.

In the grass, automated SPRINKLERS turn on. And we're

INT. DINER - MORNING

With MITCH DRISCOLL, 36, staring out the window, watching all happen.

He's got a solid frame, but he's let himself go. Bags under his eyes. Wrinkled shirt. Unkempt beard.

He stirs his coffee.

CHUCK (O.S.)
So?

Mitch turns his attention back to CHUCK, 37, sitting across from him. Chuck's a little smaller than Mitch, and more put together.

MITCH
Huh?

CHUCK
Are you gonna come?

MITCH
To dinner?

CHUCK
Yeah.

MITCH
No.

CHUCK
Come on.

MITCH
I'm not-- If I'm not going to the ceremony, why would I go to a pre-ceremony dinner?

CHUCK
Who doesn't go to the opening ceremony? It's the best part of the festival. The whole damn town goes.

MITCH
The whole damn town impeached me.

A WAITRESS appears and refills his coffee.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(To Waitress)
Tina.

WAITRESS
Sheriff.

He rolls his eyes. She goes.

MITCH
(off "Sheriff")
It's like rubbing it in.

CHUCK
So what are you gonna do?

MITCH
Tonight?

CHUCK
Yeah.

MITCH
I'm gonna go next door, I'm gonna get some whiskey, I'm gonna go home, and I'm gonna drink it.

CHUCK
You know Karen's coming into town?

This stops him.

MITCH
Then I'm gonna get even more whiskey.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - MORNING

A silver Prius pulls up in front of a cute little cottage.

KAREN MURPHY, 35, gets out. Jeans & blazer, practical shoes, beat-up messenger bag.

LUCY DRISCOLL, 11, emerges from the passenger side.

Michael Ouellette

PETER THE BEAST

Written by

Michael Ouellette

FADE IN:

EXT. BARN -- EARLY MORNING

The first hint of dawn creeps across a Scottish countryside, barley stalks cowering in the breeze.

TITLE: SCOTTISH LOWLANDS, 1902

SEAMUS (8), a small, sullen boy, sits on a stone walkway outside the barn, knees held to his chest.

From inside comes a sweet, sad lullaby.

SEAMUS'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Rest tired eyes a while. Sweet is thy baby's smile.

INT. BARN -- EARLY MORNING

Seamus shuffles in and sees his MOTHER sitting next to a small water basin, cradling the lifeless body of PETER (12). She dips a cloth in the water and runs it along his neck.

SEAMUS'S MOTHER
Angels are guarding and they watch o'er thee...
(looks up)
Come, Seamus.

Humming, Mother dips the cloth in the crimson water.

Seamus inches forward and sees Peter's neck, torn and bloody, the remaining skin pale. Mother cleans the wound tenderly.

SEAMUS'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Kiss Peter goodbye.

Seamus nervously kisses Peter on the forehead, just as--

PETER'S EYES SPRING OPEN --

SEAMUS
Mama...

And Peter smiles a MOUTH FULL OF FANGS.

SEAMUS'S MOTHER
(quietly)
Seamus... *Go*.
(he's frozen in terror)
GO!

A surge of adrenaline -- Seamus RUNS -- ducks behind an animal pen, just in time to hear --

SCREAMING. Flesh ripped from the body. Scratching and scraping and gurgling of blood. And then --

PETER (O.S.)
Seamus, do you want to play?

Seamus peers out. Mother is slumped over the chair, her head bleeding into the water basin. Half of her neck gone.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You won't believe it, Seamus!

The barn door swings open and SEAMUS'S FATHER runs in, carrying a knife. He sees his wife's body and freezes.

SEAMUS'S FATHER
Moira...

Peter emerges, bloody and wet, wearing puppy dog eyes.

SEAMUS'S FATHER (CONT'D)
What is this madness? Dear Lord--

PETER
Papa? What's happened, Papa?

Father drops to his knees in shock. Peter takes him in an embrace. As his Father begins to sob, Peter SNAPS HIS NECK.

Seamus lets slip a CRY. Looks back. Peter is gone.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brother!

HANGING FROM A CEILING BEAM, Peter drops down on Seamus. Seamus scrambles out of the pen, just missing Peter's grasp.

PETER (CONT'D)
Look at these games we can play!

Peter pushes Mother into the dirt, scarlet water soaking in.

PETER (CONT'D)
I don't mean to hurt you, brother.

Seamus crawls toward the door. Peter POUNCES --

PETER (CONT'D)
I just mean to share with you this lovely gift.

Peter pushes him down, SNAPS HIS JAW at his brother's neck. Seamus rolls onto his back and raises his arms as a shield.

PETER BITES SEAMUS'S LEFT HAND -- Flesh rips away like paper.

With a last burst of energy, Seamus reaches toward his Father's corpse and grabs the KNIFE. PLUNGES IT deep in Peter's stomach.

Seamus pulls open the heavy door, and a bright ray of sunshine hits Peter. He SHRIEKS.

EXT. BARN -- CONTINUOUS

Seamus doesn't look back. He runs straight for the sun. The remnants of his hand pour a trail of carnage over the barley.

INT. BARN -- CONTINUOUS

Safe inside a shadow, Peter watches Seamus run far, far away.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE:

-- DAY: Seamus collapses in the street of a small village.

-- NIGHT: A NUN treats Seamus's rotting hand inside a church. A SHADOW moves outside the stained-glass window.

-- DAY: Tired and shivering, Seamus sits on the side of the road in the city of HULL. A horse-drawn carriage stops.

-- NIGHT: Seamus lies on a surgical table, sweating and pale, his mangled hand outstretched beside him. A DOCTOR'S AIDE inserts a tube into his mouth. The DOCTOR picks up a SAW.

-- DAY: Seamus stands at the edge of a small FISHING BOAT, looking out at the overwhelming CITY OF LONDON.

-- NIGHT: Seamus runs from SOMETHING. Toward a large Victorian building. He passes through an iron gate toward ST. NICHOLAS ORPHANAGE and KNOCKS REPEATEDLY at the heavy wooden door.

SMASH TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The FRANTIC KNOCKING becomes a CRASH OF THUNDER and the sting of rain falling on the cobblestones below.

TITLE: LONDON, 1918 -- THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

A dozen CHILDREN lie two to a bed in a cramped, dimly lit room, a large picture window behind them. They pay rapt attention to MISS ALVERSTON (55), hare-lipped and hunchbacked.

MISS ALVERSTON
But Peter the Beast found poor Seamus, you see. Found 'im in this very room.

Michael Patrick Spillers

WHITTIER BOULEVARD

Written by

Michael Patrick Spillers

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OVER BLACK: We hear the voice of JOSÉ (17 years old).

JOSÉ (V.O.)
She ain't guitar. She's piano.

CELL PHONE CAMERA POV:

Shaky lo-fi video. Tight glimpses of a beautiful WOMAN (20s), fixing her hair and make-up while riding on a Metro train.

JOSÉ (V.O.)
She ain't my father's music. She's my mother's. She's brown-eyed soul.

INT. EAST L.A. - METRO TRAIN - NIGHT

A gritty urban landscape rushes by outside the window, as the Beautiful Woman uses her train seat like a dressing room. She transforms from "girl next door" to "glamorous retro *chic*" in a series of JUMP CUTS:

She pulls a pin curler from her ebony hair. It falls in finger curls across one eye. Street lights bounce against her compact mirror as she steadies herself, deftly applying old-school WINGED EYELINER and gothic RUBY LIPSTICK.

JOSÉ (V.O.)
...But her man? This *vato* she's dating? I seen him. And he's bullshit. Doesn't appreciate her.

WIDEN OUT to more of the train car. Quiet. Almost empty.

JOSÉ sits a few rows back. Hunched -- watching her. He's a brooding CHICANO REBEL. Greased pompadour. Leather jacket. Cuffed jeans. And he sports a fresh, shiny BLACK EYE.

JOSÉ (V.O.)
Her *vato* doesn't celebrate her. Treats her like shit. Doesn't give a damn about what's inside her. But I do. And one day I'm gonna know her. Like he ain't never known her.

José is secretly FILMING the Beautiful Woman with his cell phone. A GUITAR CASE is propped beside him. His name is stitched into the case: *JOSÉ.* But black tape covers something just to the right of his name. He's hiding something.

As José rotates his camera, he notices BLOOD.

Trickling down his arm, dripping from his hand. Spilling onto his phone. He winces with pain, wipes it off onto his jeans.

EXT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

The train SQUEALS to a stop. Doors open. The Beautiful Woman steps out, like a vintage Hollywood fashion plate, sprung to life on the streets of East Los Angeles.

And José follows her. Out the train doors, a few steps behind. He takes a deep breath -- speeds up, intercepts her. Time freezes as she stops in her tracks, finally noticing José. She's unsure what to say. So is he. AWKWARD SILENCE.

JOSÉ
You... have never been in love.

She sees his black eye -- then notices the blood. She nervously dodges past him, walking off into the night.

Embarrassed, José trudges off in the other direction.

EXT. JOSÉ'S HOME - NIGHT

The house squats humbly on a block that has seen better days.

The garage door is open, revealing warm light and lots of clutter. A shiny 1960 IMPALA is parked among the mess.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

ARTURO (late 40s, Mexican-American) sits in the clutter, strumming a Stratocaster electric guitar on low volume. He hums along to the melody. Stops, shakes his head. Adjusts the tuning. Tries again... unhappy.

ARTURO
Chingada...

José sneaks into the garage and tries to tip-toe behind Arturo. It looks like he'll get away with it -- then:

ARTURO
Want to tell me where you've been?

JOSÉ
Out.

ARTURO
This audition is our last shot. If you don't learn the vocals, we don't have a song. Where were you!

JOSÉ
Out, Pops! I was out.

José steps out of the shadows, revealing his black eye. His father reaches for him, concerned -- but José jerks away.

ARTURO
Who did that to you? Tell me! What did I say you about you going to the Boulevard dressed like that?

JOSÉ
It's nothing! I handled it --

Arturo grabs José's guitar case, ripping away the black tape. José grabs the case back, protective.

ARTURO
And stop covering up your name! Walking around like you're some kind of mistake --

JOSÉ
Not a mistake! I'm just your son --

ARTURO
You are *not* my son!

Arturo turns away coldly. José takes this in, saddened.

INT. JOSÉ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT casts a strong shadow on the wall behind José, as he sits alone on his bed. He stares at his cell phone, replaying his footage of the Beautiful Woman.

Then -- he grimaces with sudden pain. He slowly takes off his leather jacket. Underneath is a BLOOD-SOAKED t-shirt. He peels that off too, revealing a NASTY CUT on his arm.

A swath of thick FABRIC is bound tightly around José's chest. He begins to carefully unwrap the binding as WE MOVE AWAY --

-- To the GUITAR CASE across the room. With the tape ripped away, we now see José's full name. The name he was born with.

"JOSÉFINA"

The SHADOW of José's body is cast on the wall above the guitar case. As he unwraps the binding in silhouette, his biological gender is revealed.

A young woman's BREASTS... Feminine curves...

José BREATHES sharply, heavily -- Fighting layers of pain.

Michel Hulsey

Written by

Michel Hulsey

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INT. UNLV CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Seats everyone. We've got a very special guest today.

The PROFESSOR (60s, female) and EVELYN SHERMAN (49) walk into the room. Evelyn is a once-upon-a-time beauty but now has the face of a senator. Though politically correct, she is not.

EVELYN
Who's got cash? Come on, who's got money? Hold it up.

Lindsey dares not hold up his just-earned drug money.

A student in the front row, JON (22) and cocksure, holds up a wad of about $200. He sits right in front of Lindsey.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
What's your name?

JON
Jon.

EVELYN
Alright Jon, put a dollar down.
(pulls out a deck of cards and deals)
Texas Hold 'em. You know it?

JON
'Course.

EVELYN
Your bet.

Jon checks his cards then pulls out a --

JON
Five.

EVELYN
I raise it twenty.

She pulls out her much bigger wad. Jon looks around. *Is she serious?* Then back at his hand. Lindsey peaks. Pocket Aces.

JON
(fuck it)
Call.

Evelyn turns over The Flop. There's an ace. Now Jon has three of them.

EVELYN
Bet.

JON
Twenty.

EVELYN
Call.

She places the fourth card -- The Turn. It's low. No chance for a flush or a straight. Evelyn stares. Jon studies his cards. He's holding The Nuts -- the best possible hand.

JON
Forty.

EVELYN
(not missing a beat)
Hundred.

Her poker face burns holes into his.

JON
Call.

Lindsey reacts as if it were his money playing. *Good call!*

Evelyn turns over the last card, The River. All five cards are out -- a chance for a straight, but odds aren't good.

JON (CONT'D)
Forty. That's all I got.

She tosses her wad on the table.

EVELYN
Two grand.

Jon looks down and the large lump of fifties.

JON
Are you serious? That's all I had.

EVELYN
You have savings?

JON
A little.

EVELYN
Can you cover two grand?

Any cockiness he had before is laying flat on its face.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
My two grand against whatever you have in savings. I'll trust you for it. And no, I am not fucking around.

He stares down at his pocket aces. Long beat.

JON
Fold.

Lindsey shakes his head. He knows it was the wrong move.

Evelyn throws her cards face down on the table. We don't see her hand. Jon meekly sets his cards face down as well. She gathers up all the money, including Jon's $200. It sinks in that this wager was for real.

EVELYN
Two lessons I want you to take away from this. One, this is Las Vegas. This is not the minor leagues, and we're not playing games. You want to work and succeed here, you better come to the table with a real big dick. And if you don't have one, put a Magnum in your wallet and make me believe that you do. That goes for the ladies too. The way you carry yourself is everything. And whether you like it or not, big dicks run the show.

She tosses her business card in front of Jon. Her title reads: ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR CAESARS PALACE.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Two, never underestimate the power of money. Johnny Boy here hit three aces on the flop. After the turn, there was only 9% chance I'd hit a straight and beat his hand. And I didn't. My money beat his money.

Jon stares up awestruck. He never showed his cards!

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Yes Jon, I stacked the deck. Lesson three, never let anyone deal you cards from a stacked deck.

The class laughs. Lindsey is elated. Evelyn has his complete attention.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Alright, let's talk career paths.

Michelle Burleson

KIMCHI RHINESTONE

Written by

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SUPER: “It wasn’t God who made honky tonk angels - Kitty Wells.”

INCHON, SOUTH KOREA. 1996

EXT. BUPYEONG STREET - 2:00 A.M.

A YOUNG KOREAN WOMAN (early 20’s) kneels at a weathered guitar case. Chokes down sobs. Shoulders quake.

Steady now.

She’s popping each latch slowly, patiently, *shhh*. Lifts out a beat up ACOUSTIC GUITAR. Lays it gently on the sidewalk, but even still:

TWANG! Out-of-tune strings snap the silence. UMPH. She muffles them instantly, eyes darting. Coast still clear.

She unties a traditional Korean papoose strapped to her back. In it:

A sleeping INFANT.

She tenderly nestles her newborn into the guitar case. Quivering lips press to the tiny forehead. *Please forgive me.*

Tucked into the swaddling: a JADE TURTLE NECKLACE.

FIVE FEET UP

A rusty sign on a rustier gate. In Korean and English it reads: “ST. ALOUICIOUS’ HOME FOR AMERASIAN ORPHANS. INCHON, KOREA.”

BLAAAAAAAG! A grating, shrill gate buzzer. The baby wakes, wails. Kid’s got some pipes.

The Young Korean Woman’s rapid footstrikes fade as she sprints away. The infant won’t be alone for long as...

...windows -- some broken and covered with *The Korea Herald* -- light up inside the orphanage. First one, then many.

EXT. NAMDAEMUN MARKET - SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA - (PRESENT) DAY

Manic urban chaos. Hectic haggling over food cart fare, designer knockoffs, pirated movies and music. Cases of blackmarket booze.

In the midst, the AMERASIAN ORPHAN GIRL (now a scrappy 18) shreds a twelve bar blues intro.

EXT. NAMDAEMUN MARKET - STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Her filthy fingers work the fretboard of a tinderbox guitar. She belts righteous, oh-my-soul delta boogie.

Her voice? Grade A brass-n-sass.

THE ORPHAN
(crooning)
"How my mama met my daddy I don't know/ She was a Korean girl, he was a G.I. Joe..."

The Orphan's exquisite jade turtle necklace clashes against her ratty t-shirt. Too much tomboy to be a beauty. Too hungry to care. She plays to an audience of none, until:

An off-duty U.S. ARMY SERGEANT (30's) struts by. *Whoa. What the...?*

THE ORPHAN (CONT'D)
"...Nine months later and full of disgrace/ I was dumped at the orphanage in his guitar case..."

His head bobs along. Groovin. Whips out an iPhone:

YOUTUBE APP. Click.

RECORD:

THE ORPHAN (CONT'D)
"...half-breed blues, nobody wants you around/ even though you're taller, people always look down/ Half-breed blues, every door is shut/ to a symbol of shame, yankee-gook mutt."

UPLOAD VIDEO. Click.

In the "Title" field he types:

"Kimchi Rhinestone - A Seoul Miner's Daughter"

SHARE.

The Sergeant drops a five into her guitar case -- the same one she was abandoned in years ago.

SERGEANT
(in clunky Korean)
Kam-sa-hab-ni-da.

THE ORPHAN
(bowing)
Thanks, man. You, too.

He winks with a playful two-finger salute.

SERGEANT
“Half Breed Blues,” huh? That’s a honky tonk hit if I ever heard one.

EMCEE (O.S. PRELAP)
By a vote of nearly One! Hundred! Million! America’s new Honky Tonk Angel is...

INT. AMERICA’S HONKY TONK ANGEL STAGE - NASHVILLE, TN - NIGHT

A center stage spotlight shines on two barely legal BLONDE SOUTHERN BELLES. They cross fingers. Hold hands. Fidget. Left foot. Right foot. Please God, please.

EMCEE
...going...

Every mini rip into the envelope an eternity.

EMCEE (CONT’D)
...to...

Sweet torture.

EMCEE (CONT’D)
...be...

The Emcee flashes a salesman smile.

EMCEE (CONT’D)
...announced after this message from Honky Tonk Angel creator, J. Randall Hays!

Najeeb Tarazi

Haymaker

written by

Najeeb Tarazi

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - MILWAUKEE, WI - PRESENT

The unrisen corpse of Milwaukee.

Storefront windows are broken, the Best Buys looted. Unmoving cars fill the streets. The parks and churches and endless blocks are silent -- save one seething bastion of life:

EXT. HARRIS BRADLEY STADIUM - DAY

...where SANDBAGS, BARBED WIRE, and TANKS guard the entrance. An enormous convoy of PASSENGER BUSES is pulled up behind the stadium. The roof is dotted with **NATIONAL GUARDSMEN** posted as guards from an as-yet-unknown threat.

EXT. STADIUM ROOF - DAY

CU on a MACHINE GUN NEST where **PRIVATE GALE** and **PRIVATE WALLACE** are stationed. Gale is nodding off at his gun, blinking himself back into waking. A radio drones...

GRAINY RADIO
...seven bodies, four clicks south, headed west...
...three bodies, three clicks south, headed west...

Gale fully closes his eyes and rests his chin on the gun.

GRAINY RADIO (CONT'D)
Irregular event...a scattered group...wide area, still waiting on a count... the top is 200 meters south...headed west.

C.O. (RADIO)
Wallace, you catch that? Over.

WALLACE
Yes sir, over.

C.O. (RADIO)
Two hundred meters south, you have first sight. Over.

WALLACE
Copy.

GALE
(Trying to stay awake.)
...they groan, huh?

WALLACE
Yeah. You won't hear it while they're passing by. More like a hum.

GALE
A hum?

WALLACE
Yeah, almost like a - a choir.

GALE
(Beat.)
Do you know how fucked up that is what you just said? A choir?
(Beat.)
I'm scraping bottom.

WALLACE
You're fine. The folks downstairs are scraping bottom.

INT. HARRIS BRADLEY STADIUM - NIGHT

WIDE. A mini-city of beaten souls fills every inch of the Harris Bradley stadium, from the stands to the STAGE. The jumbotron is off. Cots fill the floor, and National Guardsmen stand at the exits. A beehive of voices reaches to the high ceiling.

Down in a small alcove, men sit hunched like pill bugs against the wall. These are the ones who have it the worst: no families and nowhere to rest. One in particular is at the end of his rope. A **WIRY MAN** who hasn't shaved in a couple weeks, hungry and tired and paranoid. He's rambling...

WIRY
...I'm just saying, why are they locking us up in here? Is it for our good? Or is it to keep the enemy's numbers down...

Above them sits a FEMA POSTER, which reads (with graphics):

Is your LOVED ONE INFECTED?
JUST REMEMBER: RUN
R - Is there a red RING on the back of their head?
U - Are they UNABLE TO FEEL PAIN?
N - Do they make a NNNN sound instead of speaking?
If so, RUN, then contact local law enforcement.

WIRY (CONT'D)
Y'know what I heard?
(MORE)

WIRY (CONT'D)
Over in Cathedral Square there's like a tent village...people are just living out in the open - HAH! - waiting to get chewed up, ground beef...a commune, y'know! Hippies! Make great cows 'cause they only eat grass, y'know? Ha!

Across from him sits a bearded **GRUFF MAN**, 42.

GRUFF
(Sick of it.)
Hey man.

Wiry shuts up.

A few feet deeper into the alcove sits a **DARK FIGURE IN A HOODIE**. An emergency light shines over him. He wears a leather jacket and his hood is pulled tightly over his head. He looks up in the direction of the main floor, through a forest of people, where a **WOMAN NURSE**, 29, tired but keeping it together, visits a patient.

After a long beat:

WIRY
Z-words, guys... hard to believe - you believe it? I heard they form packs, attack in packs. Like wolves, ha ha! But they're basically you and me! Attack in packs...sounds like my sisters.
(Indicating Gruff.)
Guy right here even looks like a wolf, kind of! Say, what temperature does blood freeze at?

GRUFF
Hey man, would you just shut up?

BYSTANDER
You're doing it again.

BOOM! Suddenly the doors at the end of the alcove swing open and two **GUARDSMEN** come out. Through the doors we catch a glimpse of a hallway under the stadium. **GUARDSMAN #1** steps forward - he, too, is exhausted.

GUARDSMAN #1
Sorry fellas, you need to find somewhere else to be.

Nicholas Wagner

INT. THE CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS - DAY

Dust swims in the dying daylight that’s pouring through the window. It’s a simple room, bookshelves lined with all manner of military history, poetry, philosophy - a marble bust of Andrew Jackson on horseback in the far corner. At the table in back, an old bald soldier inks a letter with a quill pen. There’s a sorrow to the pen strokes. His name is MCINTYRE. We hear the creak of a door followed by heavy bootsteps. We see a slight smile emerge and fade on Mcintyre’s face before we finally meet WALTER WALLACE, the broken down old gunfighter. He has a thick, bushy white mustache and a wild tangle of hair to match. He has the impatience of a younger man. Wallace motions to the letter.

MCINTYRE
Back East.

WALLACE
The boy?

MCINTYRE
Fits won’t give.

WALLACE
I had a cousin...

MCINTYRE
Didn’t like how that story ended the first time.

Wallace motions to his head.

WALLACE
It slips.

McIntyre laughs.

MCINTYRE
Makes it easier. The guilt.

Wallace shakes his head.

WALLACE
No. That part stays. Just can’t place what for.

McIntyre keeps writing.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
What’s this about?

MCINTYRE
You didn't take *another* piece out of him, did ya?

McIntyre touches his own ear derisively.

WALLACE
(scoffing) He don't belong anywhere near there.

MCINTYRE
You came, didn't you?

WALLACE
Let me know it's serious?

MCINTYRE
Yeah.

WALLACE
Why?

MCINTYRE
Because it's fuckin' serious. Scout came back...went to Cheyenne Falls for supplies.

INSERT: Through a thick screen of smoke we see a young Hispanic soldier, LALO, running with heavy breaths before falling abruptly...

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)
Ashes, Walter. Ashes.

INSERT: As Lalo rises, we see the remains of a dozen charred bodies face down in a circle.

WALLACE
Send in the pups.

MCINTYRE
I am. They'll be following you.

WALLACE
I'd just slow 'em down.

MCINTYRE
That's what I'm counting on. Spry bunch - but dumb sons a bitches. Overeager. With the exception of...

McIntyre touches his ear again.

WALLACE
We let a lot of things go unsaid.

MCINTYRE
What’s your point?

WALLACE
That’s not what’s gonna happen
right now.

MCINTYRE
It’s the kid.

INSERT: Shot of Wallace pulling a NATIVE AMERICAN CHILD out of a muddy embankment in pouring rain.

WALLACE
How do you know?

MCINTYRE
They found this...

McIntyre pushes forward a black and white photograph of a building marked with four dark, dripping crosses.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)
Brings to mind somethin’, don’t it?

Long, heavy silence.

WALLACE
What now?

MCINTYRE
For men like us ... we are defined,
I have found, by our sins.

WALLACE
And so...

MCINTYRE
I find it appropriate that it has
found us. Finally. We’re no longer
beneath the disguise, as it were.
The mask of a good deed. Because
men like us don’t do good deeds.

Nick Baker

FADE IN:

EXT. JOHN AUGUST'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot of a quiet, peaceful abode.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Stuart. It's Craig...

INT./EXT. TESLA - SAME

CRAIG MAZIN (40s) speeds down a suburban Los Angeles street. SMARTPHONE in hand. Looking anxious.

CRAIG
(into phone)
... I'm pulling in right now. Give me a call, man - let me know what the hell's going on.

He hangs up, spins the wheel, and turns the car into -

EXT. JOHN AUGUST'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

where he parks. Exits the Tesla. Rushes across the front lawn and --

<u>- trips on a GARDEN GNOME</u>. Face-planting into the US Verde Buffalo Grass.

Craig grimaces. Sits up. Looks back in utter confusion.

CRAIG (V.O.)
(prelap)
Since when do you have a fucking *garden gnome*?!

INT. JOHN AUGUST'S HOUSE, OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

JOHN AUGUST (40s) glances up from his cluttered, disaster area of a desk. Looking equally anxious.

JOHN
What??

CRAIG
On your lawn? The garden gnome?

John shrugs. Shakes his head. Hardly listening as he rummages through the crap on his desk. Half cleaning. Half searching.

JOHN
(sotto)
Where is it... come on...

Craig clears off a chair. Sits.

CRAIG
So what's the deal?
(re clutter)
Still no Stuart?

JOHN
Still no Stuart.

CRAIG
Haven't even heard from him?

JOHN
Haven't even heard from him.

Building impatience in John's voice.

CRAIG
No episode tonight, then, I take it?

JOHN
No, Craig... no episode tonight.

A beat. Craig broods.

CRAIG
Were you mean to him or something?

John pauses. Looks up. GLARES at Craig.

Then - in a sudden FIT OF RAGE - he HURLS a massive handful of papers and yells -

JOHN
MEAN TO HIM? MEAN TO HIM?! I'M NOT MEAN, CRAIG! I'M A NICE, SWEET, FRIENDLY FUCKING GUY! OKAY?! OKAY?!! DO YOU EVER HEAR ME ARGUE? YOU EVER HEAR ME FIGHT? NO!!! I'M CALM, CRAIG - I'M FUCKING CALM!

Craig looks stunned. A deer in headlights.

CRAIG
John, I'm sorry, I just -

JOHN
- SORRY SCHMORRY, CRAIG!
(points to the door)
GET OUT! GO FIND YOUR OWN ONE-COOL-THING FOR ONCE!!

A beat.

CRAIG
What happened to us, John? What happened to the way it used to be?

JOHN
Ha! When it was just a podcast about screenwriting and things that are interesting to screenwriters?

CRAIG
Yeah. The good old days.

JOHN
(shrugs, nonchalant)
Beats the shit out of me.

Craig shakes his head in disappointment. Stands.

CRAIG
See you in one hour. When you beg me to come back.

JOHN
See you *never*. When I *don't*.

Craig exits, slamming the door behind him. John softens.

OVER BLACK:

TITLE CARD: <u>ONE HOUR LATER</u>

INT. JOHN AUGUST'S HOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT

John and Craig sit back-to-back in their UNDERWEAR, tied up with rope. Both wear POINTY GARDEN GNOME HATS and EXTRA SMALL UMBRAGE-ORANGE SCRIPTNOTES T-SHIRTS.

JOHN
I am going to kill Stuart.

Nick King

Donors

By Nick King

April 28th 2014

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INT. A BED - DAWN

A WOMAN's face in profile rests on a pillow. A cascade of black hair obscures her features. Morning light paints her pale skin with subtle warmth.

We become aware of a SOUND. An edge-of-consciousness SCREAM, almost too soft to hear.

The Woman moves. Some hair slips aside, reveals more -- closed eyes, a shimmer of a smile, a ghostly beauty.

Later, we'll recognize her as MARLA (20s).

INT. A DARK ROOM

A powerful overhead light flicks on, illuminates a NAKED BODY lying face down on a cold hospital gurney.

A FIGURE -- barely in the light -- stands over the Body.

That invasive SCREAM lingers.

Two tight SNAPS and the Figure's got some latex gloves on.

Next to the Body -- an empty tray. The Figure's piano player hands lay out: forceps, scissors, scalpel.

The Figure sponges the Body, traces a line from the base of the skull and on down the spine.

The Figure steps into the light. He wears a tuxedo protected by an apron, not scrubs. This definitely isn’t a hospital.

EXT. HUGE CITY - DUSK

We glide over a dense metropolis from far above. A mess of black pockets and neon streaks.

DOWN AT STREET LEVEL, in the dim alleyways and nooks, the urban microcosm BUZZES -- drowns out the SCREAM.

IN AN ABANDONED LOT, a HOMELESS MAN CLANGS around inside a dumpster.

Elsewhere, IN AN ALLEYWAY, the echoed and distorted sounds of anger and violence.

This is a contemporary city, much like Los Angeles. Familiar. Recognizable. And yet not. Something is different. Something is wrong. The dark shadows you sometimes catch in the corner of your eye are bigger here and harder to ignore.

EXT. BACK ALLEY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A beat-up van pulls to the curb, its side door opening. SOMEONE within launches a bucket full of something horrific onto the pavement.

The van screeches away. Gone.

We're left with the slimy shit as it oozes from pavement to gutter. It's mostly thick and viscous, but mixed within are some solid chunks:

A lifeless fish eye, a gill flap and something that still twitches.

A SKETCHY MAN appears from within a shadowy doorway. He moves -- furtive, silent -- across to the ooze. He squats. His filthy hands reach in, searching.

RUN OPENING TITLES.

EXT. DISUSED COMMERCIAL WHARF - NIGHT

At the end of the wharf, a portable light tower illuminates a HUGE TRUCK with a CRANE on the back. Its thick steel hoist rope -- stretched tight -- runs down into the water below.

A crew of WORKMEN crowd the machinery and check the rigging. The crane's diesel engine strains to life and pulls.

A UNIFORMED COP bears witness as a car emerges from beneath the surface of the water.

The car's cabin drains. The lifeless, ghost-pale body of a YOUNG WOMAN blurs into visibility behind the wheel.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

The WHITE-NOISE DRONE of freeway traffic fills the pitiful space. Bare walls, discount furniture, a pile of unwashed laundry. A naked bulb in the ceiling fights the gloom.

In the corner, on a drop-sheet, are pieces of a broken combustion engine and some tools.

Out through the cracked window a freeway overpass looms.

We hear the unmistakable sounds of someone vomiting. Then a toilet flush.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

SAM WEST (mid 20s) sits on the edge of the bath, a glass of water between his feet. He's got delicate features, scruffy hair, bright eyes.

There's a stillness to him. He seems utterly apart from his surroundings. Outside of the moment.

He cracks two aspirins from a blister pack. They splash into the glass of water and start to FIZZ.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - DAY

Sam heads down the dim tunnel towards a stairwell. He's dressed in jeans and a plain black t-shirt. A satchel over one shoulder.

The sounds of small children -- LAUGHTER, PATTERING feet -- echo through the hall.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Sam strides away from his building. Up ahead, an ambulance is pulled over in front of a decaying bungalow.

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel a stretcher out onto the street. Strapped down on it is a SINEWY MAN (40s). He looks 60. His whole left forearm is bound up in a bandage.

Sam slows so the Paramedics can pass. The Sinewy Man is rigid, bug-eyed and dead still as if frozen solid.

Suddenly the Sinewy Man SCREAMS -- loud, horrific -- and lashes out at his restraints. He forces his head towards his cuffed hand and scratches at his eyes.

The Paramedics rush to hold him down.

Sam turns away and walks on briskly.

INT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY

A bare bones departure lounge in a glorified hangar. Two dozen PASSENGERS. They mill or sit, buried in iPads, dozing.

Sam's hunched forward in a seat, eyes fixed on nothing in particular. The listless tempo of the airport doesn't touch him. He takes a bite of a sandwich and ruminates.

Across the lounge, right in Sam's line of sight, are PASSENGERS who've just come off a flight. There are reunions with loved ones. Hugs, kisses, warm smiles.

Nick Rheinwald-Jones

THE ACADEMY

"Pilot"

by
Nick Rheinwald-Jones

TEASER

EXT. LONG BEACH - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Flying past beaches, boardwalks, the Aquarium of the Pacific -- the nice part of Long Beach.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
My name is Cora Vasquez, and my story begins on the day I made the biggest mistake of my life.

A few blocks inland, a massive PARKING GARAGE looms.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - ROOFTOP - DAY

A royal blue MAYBACH sits proudly in a space, surrounded by three guys we can take to be GANGBANGERS.

Banger #1 tries to slip a slim-jim under the window as the other two nervously stand watch.

BANGER #2
(checking his watch)
Shit, man, three minutes now, you know someone's called it in.

BANGER #1
(frustrated)
You wanna take a turn?

SIRENS sound, not far away. They all react.

BANGER #3
Jura, dog! Pack it in!

Suddenly the car ROARS to ignition, lights come on, and all four doors UNLOCK.

Banger #1 raises an eyebrow. No way his slim-jim did this.

And now FEET SLIDE OUT from under the car, followed by a body, followed by the face of a TEEN GIRL.

Meet CORA VASQUEZ, 18, holding a SOLDERING IRON.

CORA
Get in, *cabrones*!

The bangers pile into the car.

CORA (V.O.)
And no, this right here is not the biggest mistake of my life. Boosting some rich guy's car? Not even close.

EXT. LONG BEACH - DUSK

The Maybach rolls past graffiti and broken street signs. We're no longer in the nice part.

INT./EXT. MAYBACH

Banger #1 drives, with Cora shotgun and the others in back.

CORA
(to Banger #1)
You better not jump credit for this boost.

Banger #1 shakes his head.

BANGER #1
Chale! I say this was me, Romeo sends me out solo to do it again.

CORA
You scared of Romeo?

Banger #2 pipes up from the back --

BANGER #2
Don't even joke, *mami* -- even Darth Vader scared of Romeo.

BANGER #3
(also in the backseat)
Man, what's that thing he always say when he wanna make you piss yourself? Uh...

BANGER #1
Agua calda, yo.

BANGER #3
Oh yeah.
(deepens voice)
"You really in the *agua calda* now."
Damn.

CORA
That's it? He tells you you're in hot water?

BANGER #2
(laughs)
It's all in the way he says it.
You'll see.

A PHONE BUZZES in back. Banger #3 checks it --

BANGER #3
(to Banger #1)
Pull over, dog.

BANGER #1
How come?

Banger #3 passes him the phone. Immediately the car screeches to a stop along the curb.

Banger #1 reaches into his pocket, takes out a BLACK HOOD.

He drops it in Cora's lap.

BANGER #1 (CONT'D)
Put it on.

CORA
Why?

BANGER #1
Cause he wanna see you.

Cora looks out the window, allows herself a brief smile before putting the hood on.

She taps her left jeans pocket -- the handle of a SWITCHBLADE barely protrudes from it.

EXT. LONG BEACH - DUSK

The Maybach cruises past an OLD CHEVY, parked at the curb.

INT. OLD CHEVY

The DRIVER, face unseen, touches an EARPIECE and speaks:

DRIVER
(British accent)
They're taking her now.
(beat)
I don't know. He's got two houses that way. A mile apart.
(beat)
Have to take my best guess. If I'm wrong? Then I move on to Dallas.
(MORE)

Nick Tierce

THE CANCERIAN

by

Nick Tierce

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FADE IN:

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW of cellular mitosis. The division of a single cell gives way to a vast, kaleidoscopic field of biological growth.

This symphony of vibrant warmth is bisected by the veined appearance of a single ABNORMAL CELL. Its sinewy reach expands, dividing into more bulbous, deformed aberrations.

The process accelerates. The warm sea of healthy cells is consumed by the darkness of the fully-formed CANCER CELLS.

They further congeal into the venomous heap of a TUMOR.

A shining BLADE descends like the Hand of God, meeting the tumor at the top of its grasp on the healthy tissue. With incredible precision, the scalpel begins to carve off the clinging abnormality.

Slowly the detail of this micro-reality fades into the pixelated minimalism of a digital representation ...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The digital tumor fills a translucent glass-screen monitor.

The image is intermittently obscured by two GLOVED HANDS with complex tracking mechanisms attached to each digit. Their movements remotely guide the scalpel represented on the screen with a practiced precision.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel continues to slice, making its way down the length of the tumor. It slows to a stop.

Past the steadied blade, the scalpel is attached to a CLAWED ROBOT. An arsenal of miniature medical instruments adorn its crab-like appendages.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The gloved hands freeze. Something DRIPS onto them ...

Beads of sweat slide down the face of DR. ALEXANDRA “LEX” GALEN, 30s. Expression resolute, her breath sprays the drops collected around her mouth.

A NURSE’s hand swoops in and taps her face dry with a towel.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel makes it about halfway down the tumor before JARRING on a dramatic tangent into healthy tissue.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Panic overtakes the room. From the white curtains that encircle the entire operating stage, TECHNICIANS rush to check equipment towers, and NURSES huddle around Lex.

She repels them with an outward flex of her elbows.

A Tech inspects the wired connection between the equipment towers and her gloves. He gives her a "thumbs up."

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

As the scalpel resets its position to continue cutting, the already severed section of the tumor flops over enough to reveal a glistening SHARD of hardened, crystalline tissue.

It sits right where the blade veered off course.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

On the screen, the shard is represented by an empty spot of unrendered data. A black cluster of unidentifiable mystery.

Confused, Lex’s brow furrows.

The BEEP of a heart monitor quickens. Behind her, in the center of the room, a coffin-sized capsule sits on the operating table. Lightly frosted glass obscures the face of her patient.

Lex closes her eyes, toning out the rest of the room. She takes a few breaths to focus. Opening her eyes into a stare more resolute than before, she continues ...

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel attempts to cut around the shard.

Just as it picks up speed, the blade VEERS off again. The tissue pulls back further, revealing DOZENS MORE SHARDS.

Scraping down the length of the shards, the scalpel embeds itself deep into the healthy tissue.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The the heart monitor's beep FLATLINES.

Its deathly tone cuts through the silence of the room.

LEX (V.O.)
My name is Doctor Alexandra Galen.
My patient needs little introduction.

Tossing off her gloves, Lex walks over to the capsule. Her patient exhales a final breath, melting the window's frost enough to reveal the dignified face of MR. GATES, 40s.

INT. SUSPENDED ANIMATION CHAMBER - DAY (PAST)

Mr. Gate's face is warm with the glow of life. Behind him, the capsule is propped up in a cavernous medical chamber.

LEX (V.O.)
Forty years ago, Mr. Gates famously participated in an early suspended animation trial.

Mr. Gates embraces, MRS. GATES, 30s, before stepping into the open capsule. Contemporary DOCTORS surround them.

LEX (V.O.)
His hope: to be revived in a future when a tumor as rapidly developing as his didn't spell death.

Mrs. Gates gives Mr. Gates and final kiss and joins the Doctors behind a control panel.

LEX (V.O.)
Decades of traditional research have not fulfilled that hope.

The doors of the capsule slide shut.

LEX (V.O.)
Today, we take a radical step forward.

Mr. Gates smiles to his wife through the glass. He mouths something to her. She cries.

LEX (V.O.)
Today, we return Mr. Gates to his wife.

Paul Yoshida

Zombie With a Gun

By

Paul Yoshida

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EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN MOTEL - HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

A pair of NEON PALM TREES flickers in the sky. Below, a red-neck PICKUP is parked in front of one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The owner of the truck, a scum-bag with “WHITE POWER” tattooed on his neck, INHALES a line of coke off a hand-mirror. This is LOU (30s).

An ASIAN HOOKER emerges from the bathroom.

ASIAN HOOKER
You save me some?

LOU
This is comin’ out of your pay, you know...

He hands her the mirror, walks over to the mini-fridge, and grabs a beer.

ASIAN HOOKER
(to herself)
...Prick.

She snorts a line. Lou shotguns his beer and throws the can across the room.

LOU
Alright, let’s fuck.

He takes a seat on the edge of the bed and kicks off his cowboy boots. The hooker climbs onto his lap and opens her blouse.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A BLACK 1978 PONTIAC TRANS-AM pulls into the lot and parks next to the pickup. The driver, a HOODED MAN, steps out and stuffs a GLOCK PISTOL into the back of his jeans.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and the hooker are now grinding away on the bed, the hooker on top. Suddenly, there’s a LOUD POUNDING at the door.

ASIAN HOOKER
(freaked)
Who’s that?

LOU
Fuckin' christ...

Lou tosses the hooker aside, grabs his REVOLVER from the dresser, and goes to the door.

He looks through the PEEPHOLE and sees the Hooded Man standing in front of the door, his face hidden in shadow.

ASIAN HOOKER
Is it the cops?

LOU
(through the door)
Wrong room, asshole!

Lou watches through the peephole as the Hooded Man turns and walks away. Satisfied, he tosses his gun onto the dresser and climbs back into bed.

LOU
Now, where were we?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Outside, the Trans-Am reverses into the middle of the parking lot. It's pointed directly at the motel room.

The Hooded Man puts it into neutral and REVS the engine. The car RUMBLES with power.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and the hooker are at it again, this time doggy-style.

ASIAN HOOKER
Yeah! Yeah! Right there!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Hooded Man put the car into gear and STOMPS ON THE GAS. The Trans-Am PEELS OUT, laying rubber. It flies straight towards the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, Lou and the hooker are totally oblivious to what's coming.

ASIAN HOOKER
Don’t stop! Don’t--!

BOOM! The Trans-Am comes CRASHING through the wall. Broken glass and debris fly everywhere.

Lou and the hooker dive behind the bed for cover as the car comes to rest halfway inside the room.

As the dust settles, Lou and the hooker poke their heads up from behind the bed.

The car door opens. The Hooded Man steps out. He walks towards them, gun in hand, his face still hidden in shadow.

ASIAN HOOKER
P-please, don’t hurt me!

The Hooded Man raises his gun and points it at Lou.

HOODED MAN
(to the hooker)
Leave.

She scrambles to her feet, collects her clothes, and tiptoes past the car and exits through the giant hole in the wall.

Meanwhile, Lou looks down and spots his revolver lying close by underneath the bed.

Still pointing his gun, the Hooded Man takes a PHOTOGRAPH out of his pocket and tosses it at Lou.

It’s of a YOUNG COUPLE with a BABY GIRL in their arms.

LOU
What the fuck is this?

HOODED MAN
You pigs murdered them. Shot ‘em dead in their home.

LOU
Bullshit. I didn’t murder nobody.

HOODED MAN
Yeah, you did, Lou...

He pulls back his hood, revealing the GREY AND ROTTING FACE OF SEAN WALKER (30s), the young man in the photo.

Lou can’t believe his eyes.

Rafael "Hayz" Cruz

Saint Rox

Rafael "Hayz" Cruz

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hayz_one@yahoo.com

Second Draft
4/30/2014

SUPER: OCTOBER 7, 1985 7:44 PM

BLACK.

Then, like a switch is thrown-

INT. RUBY OCASIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- is the inside of a CLASS 5 TORNADO contained within a small BEDROOM. It's walls are stripped down to sheet-rock by the scouring winds. The TORNADO-HOWL seems as loud as a jet engine.

The room is lit by an ICY BLUE glow, and a fast-revolving radiant YELLOW BEAM, like a lighthouse on overdrive.

THREE PEOPLE dressed in orange SAFETY-VESTS, two with HARD-HATS, huddle together at the bedroom door. A little alcove there keeps them mostly safe from the objects whipping around the room. They look like HURRICANE REPORTERS, forced to stand in the path of destruction to deliver the news.

Professor ROBERTO X. TOMAS- 50's, tall, dark, and intellectual. He is the picture of professional ecstasy. Grinning like a fool. A tape recorder is slung at his side.He holds a mic in one hand, while the other jams the hard hat onto his head.

TOMAS
Not your normal poltergeist!

-- he shouts over his shoulder at the young woman just behind him.

ANGELA CARLING, late 20's. Instead of a hard-hat like the other two, she's wearing an old Phillies cap, her blonde pony-tail pulled through the back, whipping with the wind.

She shouts back. It's the only way they can be heard.

ANGELA
You think?

TOMAS
Angela, when you call out the readings please make it loud, so I can hear you...

Angela looks at the box in her hand. The needle on its face is going crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMAS (cont'd)
Wedge... Wedge!

Just behind Angela is a skinny TATTOOED young man, Carrying an 80's style vid-cam, his back against the bedroom door. He's all leather and zippers under his reflective vest.

WALTER "WEDGE" WILLINGHAM - early 20's. Punk photographer.

And scared absolutely *shitless*.

TOMAS (cont'd)
Wedge! Video first. Get everything, but always the girl, yes?

Wedge's head wobbles. Yes? Tomas claps him on the back.

TOMAS (cont'd)
Deep breath now, *mi'ijo*. You wanted me to show you something tonight, remember? Now it's time to focus on the job.

Tomas squeezes the younger man’s shoulder. Wedge nods, stupefied.

Tomas sets his shoulders, then inches into the maelstrom--

--Until Angela grabs his arm. She's holding it together, but she's a little green around the gills. This is way more than she bargained for.

ANGELA
You’re not going in there. We need to re-group here, Professor...

Tomas flashes a wide, confidant smile.

TOMAS
(against her ear)
We need to help her. You get the readings. And look out for the boy. He’s about to pee his pants.
(taps her instrument)
Readings, eh?

We can see the source of the revolving light now. A LAMP, that manages to shine on unplugged with an unnatural brilliance. The cord trails behind like a balloon string.

Shreds of a young girl’s life, POSTERS, MAKEUP, CLOTHES, and TOYS, whirl around the room.

CONTINUED:

We see her in full for the first time. RUBY OCASIO, 17, a big girl, BLOATED even, wearing a filthy, tattered nightgown.

She FLOATS about a foot off of her bed.

TOMAS (cont'd)
(edges forward)
Ruby... It's Professor Tomas. I visited with you earlier today.

Her head is THROWN back, mouth agape, eyes shine from inside black holes. She GLOWS, an eldritch blue bio-luminescence, like a creature risen up from the black depths of the sea.

TOMAS (cont'd)
I need you to wake, Ruby... your family misses you... your little girl misses you...

The ear-splitting racket dies down. The movement of the flying debris slows, the objects in the air reduced to a crawling orbit around Ruby. Even the ghost-light seems to dim.

TOMAS (cont'd)
(soothing)
There we go Ruby...

Tomas eases around the hovering wreckage of this girls life. In front of his face floats a STUFFED DINOSAUR, missing one button eye. Tomas edges it aside.

TOMAS (cont'd)
...come back to the people who love you, Ruby...

Then the light *changes*. The blue glow BLAZES back to life. The floating refuse spins again, faster than before.

The lamp makes one more circuit around the ceiling, then it whips down, SMASH! across the side of Tomas skull. His head SNAPS sideways.

ANGELA
Tomas!

Tomas falls, SUPER SLO-MO, into...

BLACK.

Rick McGovern

PUSHER

by

Rick McGovern

screenwriting@cheerful.com

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

A bloody hand print on a dirty as shit wall.

We follow a trail of them toward the sound of what can only be someone in torment. Brutal fucking torment.

What gives that away:

MOANS. A BODY SLAMMING AGAINST SHIT. A SCREAM THAT IS CUT SHORT. AND THE PLEAS FOR IT ALL TO END.

Still following the trail of bloody hand prints:

MAN IN PAIN (O.S.)
Please. Stop. I'm sorry. Please.

PUSHER (V.O.)
There's nothing like a man begging for his own life. To hold the power of life and death in your hands. Makes you feel like... God.

We reach the bleeding MAN IN PAIN, crawling on his hands and knees. His face is fucked up. Twisted and grotesque.

His front teeth are knocked out. Blood pours from his mouth. One eye is swollen shut. Puffy as if from a bee sting.

A golf club SLAMS into his back. Man In Pain crumbles to the ground. Bloody tears roll down the sides of his cheeks.

MAN IN PAIN
Please. I'll change. Just... stop!

We pan up to the man swinging. In mid swing, we FREEZE FRAME:

PUSHER (V.O.)
That's me. And I'm not a nice guy.

He is: PUSHER, Italian, 30's, blue collar, rough around the edges. Definitely... <u>definitely</u> not a man whom you fuck with.

BACK TO SCENE.

PUSHER (V.O.)
But this fucking guy... he murders hookers because of his limp dick. Tortures them. I may be an asshole, but I sure as hell ain't that kind of asshole. Even with daddy issues.

He stops swinging. Throws the golf club. It BANGS against the wall of bloody hand prints. ECHOES in the vacant room.

The man looks up as Pusher takes a gun from his waist. Aims.

MAN IN PAIN
Please...

and... BOOM!

Gunshot to the head and it's all over for this dude.

He looks over to his right. On an ugly puke-green sofa sits a box of hefty bags and a saw. The kind of saw that cuts people into little bitty hefty bag size pieces.

PUSHER (V.O.)
If there's an easier way to dispose of a body, please share.

EXT. FOREST - WILDLIFE RESERVE - NIGHT

An old 70's LANDROVER four wheels between the trees.

Hefty bags lie in the back. An arm slips out of one and slides around, leaving streaks of blood.

Pusher pulls over and opens the back. Looks at the bloody mess the arm left. Throws it back into the bag.

PUSHER
Fuck you.

He grabs the Hefties and throws them onto the forest floor.

A sudden ROAR.

Pusher looks over and a TIGER stands a hundred feet from him on the other side of a thick fence. Her little CUBS play beside her.

PUSHER
There you are. Brought you dinner.

He throws the bags over the fence one by one. The tigers rip into them immediately.

PUSHER (V.O.)
I used to take out the garbage. No pun intended. So much so that they nicknamed me the Garbage Collector.

INT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

Pusher pushes a MAN against a wall with obscene graffiti.

PUSHER
This is for Tony. He loves you, but you shouldn't have fucked his girl. Or stolen all his fucking money.

Pusher takes out a blade and sticks it in his belly. Twists.

PUSHER
You're his brother, so he said to make it quick and easy. But I ain't no Betty Crocker.

The Man grimaces from the pain, dying slow.

PUSHER (V.O.)
I got paid... and paid well, to take out other people's garbage. And I was good at my job. The best. When you saw me coming...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A different MAN runs through a kitchen, through CHEFS, turning over pots and pans cooking steaming hot food.

Pusher chases him.

PUSHER (V.O.)
...you knew to run. Except I always caught up to you eventually.

Pusher breaks off to the left. He runs right beside the Man, separated by metal grate shelves, which hold plates, pots, pans, and various other cookware.

Pusher rams into the shelf with all his strength. The Shelf topples over, CRASHING over the Man, trapping his beneath.

A silencer equipped pistol comes out of Pusher's jacket. A quick PFT PFT to the guys chest.

Pusher waits for blank eyes to stare up at him from under the grate... One final blink. And one final PFT for good measure.

Satisfied, Pusher walks past the HEAD CHEF, mouth dropped.

PUSHER
Take care of that for me, will ya

Pusher leaves out the back door, swallowed by sunshine.

PUSHER (V.O.)
But that's only part of what I do.

Rick Thomas

DEFIANT

by

Rick Thomas

a_fathersluv@yahoo.com

EXT. OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA - DAY

A buoy floats in the calm water.

A doll is tied to it with an **X** sharpied to its forehead.

A GUNSHOT ECHOES.

Within seconds a bullet pierces the **X** and comes out the other side of the doll's head and splashes into the water.

A RIFLE BARREL

There is a CLICK as small fingers load a bullet, then--

BOOM!

A bullet spits out the barrel. We TRACK it to the--

THE DOLL HEAD

Where it rips through the doll's right painted blue eye.

RIFLE SCOPE

A tiny eye peeks through. Belongs to PAIGE, 11, cute as a button, orange highlights in her hair. She lies on her belly on the bow of a 17 foot fishing boat with her rifle aimed.

Her dad, LUKE looks through binoculars, smoking.

He's in his 30's. Has long hair pulled back in a pony tail, revealing a face blanketed with thick stubble, in dire need of a shave. He Wears surfer shorts and a muscle T-shirt.

He puts the binoculars down. Grabs a beer from a cooler where Coors and chocolate milk poke out of the ice. Takes a chug.

LUKE
That's one way to get rid of all your dolls.

PAIGE
I'm too old for dolls.

Paige pulls the trigger. The bullet rips the doll's head from the buoy. SPLASHES into the water. He grins.

LUKE
You're just about as good as your old man!

Paige, soaking in the praise, grabs a chocolate milk from the cooler and chugs it down like her dad. Looks at her shooting.

A dozen buoys float around their fishing boat, all populated with headless dolls and their bullet tattered bodies. Dolls of all kinds, from every era of childhood.

A sliver of Santa Monica sits in the far distanced horizon.

Two fishing poles are harnessed to the deck, fishing lines in the water.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Okay, now stand up.

PAIGE
C'mon dad, do I have to?

LUKE
Hey, practice makes--

PAIGE
...perfect, I know. Fine. But don't blame me if I hurt you.

Luke laughs. Funny girl. Paige stands up and stands in front of Luke with a sigh. She knows the drill.

Luke puts down his beer. Grabs Paige and puts her in a choke hold. Grabs one wrist and brings it behind her back.

LUKE
Okay. I'm a child molester trying to kidnap you. You only have a five second window before you're gone forever. What do you do? What do--

Before he can finish, her right elbow rams into gut, and twisting out of his grasp, kicks his feet out from under him. He tumbles backward against the boat railing and falls overboard, splashing into the ocean, spitting water.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Damn it, Paige!

She knows she shouldn't, but LAUGHS anyway. She may be enjoying this a little too much. She throws him a life ring.

PAIGE
Sorry.

LATER

All the buoys are aboard the fishing boat. All the headless corpses swim in the ocean as Paige fishes them out of the water. Luke watches as he reels in the last of the fishing lines. Paige sees him watching her. Smiles.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
That was fun.

LUKE
Yeah. It was. Just play nice next time. Jeez.

Paige wears a shit-eating grin: *Maybe I will, maybe I won't!*

LUKE (CONT'D)
Of course, it would have been nice to catch at least *one* fish.

EXT. SANTA MONICA HARBOR - SUNSET

The fishing boat floats into dock. Luke jumps out and ties it down while Paige gathers their things together.

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A fully restored blue Chevy Nova, Luke's pride and joy, RUMBLES up into the driveway next to a green minivan. Luke and Paige exit the car, tired as hell. Walk toward home.

PAIGE
Mom's gonna be mad. We were supposed to be home before dark.

LUKE
It's all good. I'll just blame you.

He nudges her arm playfully with his elbow.

PAIGE
Like she'd ever believe you.

Luke stops suddenly, dizzy, in obvious pain. Has to hold onto Paige so he doesn't topple over.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
You okay, dad?

LUKE
Yeah. I just...

He shakes it off. Finds his balance. Sees her concern and hides the pain beneath a forced smile.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm good. Promise. Now let's get in before we really get into trouble.

Ron Pivo and Richard Older

Ron Pivo and Richard Older

COLD OPEN

INT. SUBURBAN MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

CYNTHIA GLASSER, mid 30's, lays in bed reading a book. Her reading glasses are halfway down the bridge of her nose and even without makeup she is very attractive.

TODD GLASSER is in the adjoining bathroom.

TODD (O.S.)
What did you have for lunch today?

CYNTHIA
I don't know. A salad.

TODD (O.S.)
That's it?

CYNTHIA
(still reading her book)
Is this a test?

TODD (O.S.)
Could you come here a minute?

CYNTHIA
Why?

TODD
Just humor me, OK?

Cynthia shakes her head and puts her book and glasses on the nightstand.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Todd, mid 30's, is a former college athlete and still in good shape.

Todd appears a bit disheveled wearing his boxer shorts and grey T-shirt standing beside the toilet.

Cynthia walks into the bathroom.

TODD
There's no way you just had a salad.

CYNTHIA
Okay. Guilty. I also had a corned beef sandwich. What's gotten into you?

TODD
What's gotten into me? I should ask you the same thing.

Todd points a judging finger at the toilet.

TODD (CONT'D)
This is not just a salad.

Cynthia walks up to the toilet and looks inside the bowl.

CYNTHIA
At least I didn't have Mexican.

TODD
As I've said a hundred times before, a courtesy flush isn't too much to ask.

Cynthia reaches to flush the toilet but Todd pushes her hand away.

TODD (CONT'D)
No. We're going to stand here and analyze this.

CYNTHIA
Should make for a riveting evening.

Cynthia starts to walk out of the bathroom.

TODD
So you don't want to look at what's become of our marriage?

CYNTHIA
If you want to white glove me on this one, then you better put on your seat belt and buckle up, because I have got a long list of complaints about you too.

TODD
So you want to turn this into a comedy routine?

CYNTHIA
Hey... try the corned beef... I'll be here all night.

TODD
This is perfect. As disgusting as it looks it's a symbol of where our marriage is right now.

CYNTHIA
I think it's more like a symbol that I need more roughage.

TODD
The fact that you didn't have the courtesy to re-flush makes me think you have no respect for me.

CYNTHIA
Sweetie, if I didn't respect you I wouldn't have turned on the fan and shut the door. But I get it. From now on you'll get a courtesy flush. I'll even burn a match if that will make you happy.

TODD
(folds his arms)
Now you're just patronizing me.

They both start to leave.

Cynthia immediately turns back towards the toilet and begins to flush it multiple times.

CYNTHIA
How's this? And this. And this. Enough courtesy flushes for you?

TODD
Well now you're just wasting water.

Sloan Inns

David King of Promise

By Sloan Inns

May 1 2014

sloan@bmgvisuals.com 616.481.7953

FADE IN:

EXT. ENDOR, WOODS - NIGHT

Israel -- Ancient woods of Endor.

Spring 2000 B.C.

Breathless screams shrill through the cold air followed by pounding footsteps. A young handsome man, DAVID, sprints through the dense woods, chased by phantoms.

His agile body slips in between trees, narrowly dodging deadly spears and arrows. Suddenly he breaks through into an opening, his momentum carrying him forward as his feet land in quicksand.

The mud envelopes his ankles, causing his body to lurch, tumbling into the sand. David is instantly overcome with fear. His muscular body struggles uselessly, causing him to sink faster. He is now almost fully immersed.

Out of the woods rushes a thick gelatinous river of blood, covering everything, swirling around the only part of David still free... his face.

Only moments left... as the blood encloses his mouth, David cries:

DAVID
Yahweh!

INT. TOWN OF SHILOH, SAMUEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Candle Light flickers, illuminating the old prophet SAMUEL and his young protégé GAD digging through stacks of ancient SCROLLS.

The room is dusty and covered with parchments. The two men, unkempt and free from the bounds of societies norms, focus intently at their task.

GAD
Master... I believe I've found something from Israel's great Exodus.

Samuel stops zealously flipping through papers and listens.

GAD (CONT'D)
"Never forget what the Amalekites did to you as you came from Egypt..."

As he reads from the scroll the words come to life.

EXT. WILDERNESS OF REPHIDIM - DAWN [FLASHBACK]

Six million unarmed ISRAELITE FAMILIES make their way through the wilderness, they are following MOSES to the promised land.

Out of the dawning sun, a large band of AMALEKITES attack the rear.

Chaos ensues.

These Amalekites are the crudest band of men imaginable -- Their bodies lanced with scars from cuttings made to their gods -- tattoos riddle their mutilated flesh, pierced through with bones and trinkets. They assault without mercy.

The first to fall are the children and their mothers who try to protect them. But, like wolves after a pack of deer, the Amalekites easily overcome the weak.

GAD (O.S.)
“They attacked you when you were exhausted and weary, and they struck down those who were straggling behind. They had no fear of God."

INT. TOWN OF SHILOH, SAMUEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The vision ends suddenly, leaving Samuel and Gad shaken. Samuel tears the manuscript out from Gad's hands and continues to read:

SAMUEL
“Therefore, when the Lord your God has given you rest from all your enemies in the land he is giving you as a special possession, you must destroy the AMALEKITES and erase their memory from under heaven."

A beat.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
“Never forget this..."

The wise old prophet looks fervently into Gad's eyes.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Get my horse ready.

EXT. SAUL'S CAMP - AFTERNOON

King Saul, imperious and handsome, is helping with the construction of his new palace. In the distance he sees Samuel riding manically toward him. Saul sets out to meet him.

SAUL
What brings you here in such haste my old friend?

SAMUEL
First some water for a weary traveler.

Saul's SERVANT responds, and Samuel splashes his dust covered face with the water.

King Saul leads Samuel through the ragtag camp. SOLDIERS who look more like farmers are stationed throughout, guarding the camp with hoes and picks.

The two friends walk up a steep embankment; Saul assisting Samuel.

SAUL
Just out for a ride pretending to be young again?

SAMUEL
(smiles)
Nothing of the sort!

SAUL
Well... have you caught your breath enough to tell me some news?

A beat.

SAMUEL
God has revealed to me what holds you back from establishing Israel as a powerful nation.

SAUL
Now you have my full attention...

SAMUEL
(leans in)
You must destroy the Amalekites, wipe them off the face of this earth.

Woody Henkel

TEASER

EXT. GERMAN STREET - NIGHT

A man in his early 40s, square faced, barrel-chested, whose eyes emit a sharp intellect even though he's already drunk, stumbles up to a large wooden door: the entrance of a pub.

SUPER: GERMANY, 1777

The man, BARON DE STEUBEN, wears a military jacket, on which shines a large, white 8-pronged star over his left chest. The rest of the jacket's been mended so often it's patchwork.

Steuben collects his confidence and pulls the door open.

INT. GERMAN PUB - CONTINUOUS

Steuben takes in the scene: the pub is hopping.

MONTAGE: accordion players goad on drunken singing to a rhythm of glass clinks and boot stomps. Bartenders rush to meet the patrons' demand. Dirndls and lederhosen everywhere.

Steuben's face glows in the lamp light. From Steuben's face

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDYWINE CREEK, PA - MORNING

CLOSE ON GEORGE WASHINGTON, 45-years-old, a man whom we instantly recognize. His blondish white hair pulled back to a loose ponytail under his tricorn hat.

His caterpillar eyebrows furrow-- the most we can expect from his characteristic stoicism.

SUPER: PENNSYLVANIA, 1777

Horseback on a hill overlooking the battlefield, Washington sees the loosely formed rows of American soldiers line the Delaware River. Their filthy brown, mismatched farmers' outfits make them a sad sight.

The continental soldiers stretch out along the shore, their guns ready to shoot across the river.

Washington rides down the hill, General THOMAS CONWAY, 42, in tow. As they gallop:

CONWAY
Sullivan returned. Right flank's clear. We're holding the left.

WASHINGTON
Casualties from your men?

CONWAY
None so far.

WASHINGTON
The British will ford the river. We have men at every crossing?

CONWAY
Yes sir.

At the bottom of the hill, Washington breaks from Conway and speeds along in front of the line of troops. He and his horse reflect off the Delaware River.

He shouts to the soldiers, swinging his sword above his head:

WASHINGTON
At last, *this* is the turning point, men! We win here, we win the war!

Washington slows down, turns to face the New Jersey side of the river. He waits a moment until...

In the distance, a very small number of British soldiers in their red coats and white breeches make their way through the trees, out into the open.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Take aim and ready!

His eyes dart left and right.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GERMAN BAR - LATER

Steuben's eyes dart left and right. He stands at the bar with a stein of his own and surveys the pub. He locks eyes with a gorgeous man in his 30s: PETER BURDETT, a British map maker with the darkest hair in the pub.

Peter looks down and up-- Flattered. Interested. Coy.

Steuben smiles, satisfied-- he's got him.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDYWINE CREEK, PA - DAY

Washington smiles, satisfied-- he's got them.

He watches the Americans shoot at the British attempting to cross the river.

Only a handful of British soldiers wade through the river. The Americans pick them off with ease. We hear SHOUTS followed by the PLOPS of their bodies hitting the water.

Behind Washington, General Conway's horse gallops toward him at breakneck speed.

CONWAY
(out of breath)
Sir, these men are decoys. General Howe crossed further up-river.

WASHINGTON
There are no fords up-river.

Conway rides up against Washington, gets up in his face.

CONWAY
(through gritted teeth)
They're coming at us from above. It's a pincer formation.

Just a quick flash of panic in Washington's eyes. He kicks his horse's side and tears off.

CONWAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
General Washington!

CLOSE IN on Washington's face, hard, determined, bouncing up and down with the horse's gait.

He reaches the apex of a hill. From his new vantage point he looks out and sees thousands of uniformed British in professional military echelons marching toward him.

ZOOM IN on the British soldiers swarming the unsuspecting American troops along the river bank.

MONTAGE: The MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, a 20-year-old French import to the American cause and Washington's favorite soldier, is shot in the leg;

next to him in rapid succession, an American's head is blown off;

a row of British fire their muskets in unison;