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"Tamam Shud"

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EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - DAY

Beautiful blue water laps against the pristine white sand. Two ten-year-old BOYS race down the beach laughing and kicking a soccer ball when their ball hits --

What looks like the corpse of some large sea creature wrapped in fishnet and other kelp-covered flotsam.

STOCKY KID
That a dead whale?

LONG-HAIRED KID
Or your mom.

STOCKY KID
Dick.

The Stocky Kid is playfully shoving his grinning friend when the fish net starts to rise. It's not a whale. It's an extremely emaciated NAKED MAN.

The man's unexpected movement scares the crap out of the frolicking boys --

STOCKY KID (CONT'D)
It's alive!

LONG-HAIRED KID
Kill it! Kill it!

With all that wet seaweed hanging off his hair and shoulders, the man does look like some horrific sea creature rising from the deep. The boys scramble backwards as --

MAN
(each word a gasp)
Please. Where? Am I? What? Day?

He doesn't finish. The effort to rise was too much and he collapses back onto the sand.

INT./EXT. CHOI'S HOUSE - BETHESDA, MARYLAND - DAY

Dressed in pajamas, REGINALD CHOI (40s, wiry, highly intelligent eyes setback in an otherwise nondescript face), stands by his open kitchen door glaring at a squirrel who's in the process of stealing a persimmon off one of his well-tended fruit trees.

CHOI
(yells out door)
Stay away from my persimmons, you damn rodent!

The squirrel, of course, doesn't listen. Hearing quiet footsteps, Choi turns from the door.

It's his wife EILEEN CHOI (40s, timid, and seemingly recovering from some deep sorrow).

CHOI (CONT'D)

That's the tenth one this week.

Eileen smiles and then nervously runs her hands down her sharply pressed Air Force uniform.

EILEEN

Do I look okay?

CHOI

(surprised by something)

This mean you're going back to work?

EILEEN

Just half day for now.

CHOI

Is there a reason? Or did you just wake up and decide --

EILEEN

I - I thought it was time.

They stare at each other. Like two people who have forgotten how to communicate.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I also packed up Michael's stuff.

Choi's jaw tightens.

CHOI

Without talking to me first?

EILEEN

I gave myself a year. It's been a year.

CHOI

What about me? Did you ever ask yourself how much time I needed?

She avoids his eyes and turns to leave.

EILEEN

I have to go. They're expecting me at the base at nine.

As she exits, Choi turns his attention back to the tree where the squirrel is still perched on a branch feasting on its half-eaten fruit. Cracking open the screen door, Choi slips off one of his slippers and whips it at the mangy rodent.

CHOI

GET OFF MY TREE!

His voice is filled with rage, loss and a deep hurt that we don't need to understand now.

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
So, mid-date, we're like driving
down the road and this chick reaches
into her purse and says, "do you
mind if a smoke?"

EXT. ABANDONED ROLLER RINK - DAY

A government-issued sedan pulls into one of the many opens spots in the parking lot...

And Reginald Choi, now wearing a suit befitting a senior agent in the FBI, exits his car and walks towards the building --

MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
And I'm thinking... what is this,
1982? But she was also like really,
really hot.
(then)
Nailed it. Eight, six.

INT. ABANDONED ROLLER RINK - DAY

The inside of this old rink has been transformed into an FBI situation room, now mostly empty, save for --

Two FEDS with suit jackets off and shirt sleeves rolled up, who are chatting while also playing a heated game of trash basketball from the comfort of their rolling chairs.

The one telling the story is AGENT DOHENY (fresh faced) and the other one is the much older AGENT KING (counting the days until retirement).

KING
Let me guess, you let her smoke?

King takes a shot. Makes it.

KING (CONT'D)
Eight, eight. Rookie.

DOHENY
Well obviously. But here's the thing.
It wasn't a cigarette she lit up, it
was a joint. And I was in an agency
car.

KING
Now you're just messin' with me.

As the men talk, we get a better look at the room.

Positioned near the bathroom is a rolling cork board filled with photographs of 33 PEOPLE... their names and birth dates emblazoned across the bottom of each image.

DOHENEY

Honest to God she did. It was the craziest thing.

Just behind the board is a wall covered in satellite images of a Greyhound Bus, with the number 339 written on the roof, traveling down some desolate stretch of God-forsaken highway.

Another wall has a map filled with pins, representing leads from around the country.

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

Here we go. For the win.

Finally, positioned next to the world map is a piece of paper that says, "**131 Days.**"

KING

(as Doheney throws)

So what happened after? You arrest her?

Doheney misses his shot.

DOHENEY

Dammit. No talking while somebody is shooting.

To prove his point, he stops talking as King takes his next shot... but King misses as well.

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

Let's just say I let her off with a long-lasting and very-thorough... warning.

KING

You're such a dog.

DOHENEY

Learned it from the best. Now shut up so I can concentrate.

Doheney's just balling up another piece of paper when he sees Choi enter the situation room and he abruptly stands up. As does King.

Choi doesn't say a word, just walks over to the wall and rips off the piece of paper that says "**131 Days.**" Beneath is a new piece of paper that says "**132 Days.**"

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, boss. I was about to do that myself.

KING
It's been a slow morning.

CHOI
Any messages?

DOHENEY
Just one...

Choi raises his eyebrows. "Oh yeah?"

DOHENEY (CONT'D)
It was from somebody named "Roswell"
who claims he saw the missing bus
during his last trip to Atlantis.
And that Amelia Earhart, Tupac and
Anthony Bourdain were all on board.

It's hard to tell if Doheney is kidding. Either way, Choi is not amused.

Just then, one of the phones in the center of the room rings. Choi walks over and answers.

CHOI
Choi here.
(then, stiffening)
We got verification of that?

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - DAY

Choi now stands on the same beach where the mystery man recently collapsed. Debriefing him is PATROL OFFICER CHAPMAN (30s).

OFFICER CHAPMAN
Cap said you guys are taking this over?

CHOI
We are.

OFFICER CHAPMAN
It's really him, isn't it? Dean Jameson? That ex-cop or whatever he was from the missing bus? It has to be. You wouldn't be on this otherwise...

CHOI
I'm just here to collect information.

OFFICER CHAPMAN
(happy grin)
Holy shit. My wife's not going to believe I was the first on the scene. She's been following the news like crazy since it happened.

CHOI

Chapman, let's just stick to the facts for now. After asking where he was and the date, did that man say anything else?

OFFICER CHAPMAN

No.

Choi glances down the beach. It's filling with tourists.

CHOI

Where are the two boys who found him?

OFFICER CHAPMAN

They're just kids. I let them go home.

CHOI

But you took down their names, right? So we can confirm their story for ourselves?

Chapman's face darkens and he unconsciously straightens his gun belt --

OFFICER CHAPMAN

Of course I did. This is huge. Like CNN big. I'm not going to be the one to screw it up.

Choi closes his notepad, forces a smile.

CHOI

You did great.

Just then, Choi's cell phone rings. The name "Doheney" flashes on-screen. Answering --

CHOI (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(then)

I figured as much. Thanks

Hanging up, Choi turns back to the patrolman.

CHOI (CONT'D)

No reason not to be up-and-up with you -- the man you found isn't Dean Jameson... and he definitely wasn't on that bus that disappeared. His name's Karl Evans and he's a known con artist.

OFFICER CHAPMAN

(clinging to straws)

But I've seen pictures, photographs,
my wife and I watched the coverage
every day for a month.

CHOI

That call that just came in? It was
HQ. They just verified the prints.
This is not the first time Evan's
impersonated a dead person. There's
big money in that.

(off Chapman)

I'm sorry you don't have quite as
good a story to tell your wife. If
it's any consolation, we've been
after Karl for a very long time. And
you found him. I'm sure she'll be
happy with that.

Agent Choi pats Chapman's shoulder reassuringly and then
turns and heads back toward his car. When he's out of ear-
shot from the other officer, he takes out his phone and dials
Dohoney back --

CHOI (INTO PHONE)

Sorry about that. You were saying?

(then)

Post a guard outside Mr. Jameson's
hospital room and make sure only
certified medical personnel enter...

(beat)

No... No media yet. I'm trying to
keep it that way.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The collapsed man, presumably the Dean Jameson they were
talking about (who will be introduced more fully later), is
now hooked up to a bunch of monitors which beep slowly but
steadily.

He's alive, but looks awful. His cheeks are hollow. Hair
matted. And he's suffering from a severe case of sun exposure.

Dean's eyes flutter open as Agent Choi enters his hospital
room and approaches the bed.

CHOI

I'm Senior Agent Reginald Choi from
the FBI. Before we start, can you
confirm for the record that you're
the Dean Jameson from the missing
bus?

DEAN

(scratchy, faint)

Yes. That's me.

CHOI
And do you mind if I record this
conversation?

DEAN
Sure. Go ahead.

Choi takes out a small recording device and places it on the
bedside table, as Dean glances at a sign on the wall that
says "Arlington Military Hospital."

DEAN (CONT'D)
Arlington as in Arlington, Virginia?

CHOI
That's correct.

DEAN
Where did I wash up?

CHOI
The Outer Banks.

When that doesn't seem to mean anything to Dean --

CHOI (CONT'D)
North Carolina.

Dean's eyes widen almost imperceptibly.

DEAN
Not too long ago I would have said
that's impossible.
(then)
What day is it?

CHOI
October 30th.

DEAN
Year?

CHOI
2018.

DEAN
Jesus.

Dean seems to be doing some mental calculations in his head.

CHOI
You seem surprised by my answers...
Is there a reason you no longer know
the date? Or even what part of the
United States you're in?

Dean's barely listening.

DEAN

Can I borrow a piece of paper? And a pen?

When Choi hesitates.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Please. It's important.

Choi rips out a sheet of paper from his notebook and passes it to Dean, along with a pen. Dean glances at the wall clock -- it's 11:29 am -- before doing a handful of quick arithmetic. When finished, Dean circles his answer: **31:04**.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(filled with despair)

31 hours and four minutes left. That's cutting it too close.

Dean struggles to sit up, but he's too weak. Frustrated, he collapses back into the hospital bed as Choi takes back his paper and pad.

CHOI

Too close for what? Are the people on the bus in danger?

Dean doesn't say anything.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Are they even alive?

Still no answer.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Did you do something to them, Mr. Jameson?

DEAN

No. Of course not.

(then)

I understand your need for answers, but every second that goes by is a second that I should be trying to get back to them, trying to save them.

CHOI

Save them from what?

Dean tries to sit up again, but again it's too much for him.

DEAN

Fuck. FUCK.

CHOI

Even if you weren't wanted for questioning, you're in no condition to travel. I spoke to the doctors outside. Your spleen and liver are dangerously swollen. Not to mention you're extremely malnourished and dehydrated. They say it's a miracle you're still alive.

DEAN

(under breath, as if realizing something)
Tamam Shud. The Somerton Man.

CHOI

The Somerton Man?

DEAN

Nothing. I'll be fine.

By the look on Choi's face, he's not so sure.

CHOI

Where are the 32 other people that went missing with you on that bus? If they're in danger, we can help.

Dean laughs darkly, but in his weakened state, it quickly turns into a coughing fit.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Something funny?

DEAN

You're asking all the wrong questions.

CHOI

What are the right questions?

Dean doesn't reply. Annoyed, Choi slaps closed his notepad --

CHOI (CONT'D)

Mr. Jameson, where are the people from that bus?

Dean just shakes his head.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Don't you think their family members deserve to know where they are, god dammit?

Dean suddenly realizes this is intensely personal for Choi.

DEAN

It's not that I don't want to answer your questions... it's that I can't.

CHOI

Why not?

DEAN

Because you're asking me to pinpoint a five-dimensional location on a two-dimensional map.

Choi's face tightens. He's done with this bullshit.

CHOI

I'll come back when you're ready to cooperate. Until then, consider yourself under arrest and confined to this room.

He closes his notebook and is just reaching for the recording device when --

DEAN

I'm not trying to be obtuse. It's just that there are so many things that are nearly impossible to explain... so many things I still don't know. And the odds of you actually believing what I tell you are slim to none.

(makes a decision)

But what I can do is establish a timeline, starting with the moment we all got on the bus... That's got to be good for something, right?

Choi returns to Dean's side and reopens his notebook.

CHOI

On June 21st, 2018, you and thirty-two other people went missing while on a cross-country bus trip from Chicago to Portland. Take me through the journey. When did things start going wrong?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 - DAY

Greyhound Bus 339 churns down the busy interstate which bisects Wyoming --

INT. BUS - DAY

Inside, 32 PASSENGERS are all tucked in for a long ride as the driver, CARLOS (50s), expertly drives the large vehicle.

We pan lazily over the travelers. Your normal assortment of old, young, eager and bored before landing on a...

Little girl. MAZZY WINTERS (6).

Mazzy's eyes are fixed on her GRIZZLED NEIGHBOR'S waistband, where she can just make out the butt of a menacing-looking Glock 22 with a serial code etched onto the bottom of the handle:

110N1182925W

Equal parts fascinated and scared, Mazzy continues to stare at the man across the aisle.

It's Dean Jameson (40s), whom we finally get to meet for real. And you realize how much Dean has changed in the time that he's been missing.

This Dean is at least 20 pounds heavier and strong-looking, in mind and body, dangerous even, with a hard-traveled face and well-worn leather jacket.

Glancing down, Dean notices where Mazzy's looking.

DEAN

You weren't supposed to see that.

MAZZY

Is that a gun?

DEAN

Good eye. You a cop?

MAZZY

No! I'm only six.

(then)

Are you a cop?

DEAN

Used to be. Now I'm more of a private investigator.

Mazzy now stares at him like he's the coolest guy in the world.

MAZZY

(whispering)

Is the gun for the bad guys?

Dean nods seriously.

MAZZY (CONT'D)

Are there any bad guys on this bus?

Dean nods again. Mazzy's head jerks around as she takes another look at the passengers. A quiet Native American teenager. A homeless-looking vet. An annoyed business man tapping away on his cell phone. A sleeping European man. A young hacker type. A Muslim couple. An elderly black couple.

MAZZY (CONT'D)

Who?

But Dean just smiles and, noticing the fuzzy multicolored "Hatchimal" doll in her lap, smoothly deflects --

DEAN

You have a penguala. Nice. They're my favorite too.

Mazzy's eyes widen, now even more impressed with him.

MAZZY

You know about Hatchimals?

DEAN

All 41 different species.

Just then, the bus slows to a crawl. Outside, a ROAD CREW diverts traffic off the highway due to what looks like an overturned tanker in the distance. Dean frowns but doesn't say anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Why are we slowing down?

This is Mazzy's mother, ANNIE WINTERS (30s), hard muscled albeit soul-weary, with a clear 'don't fuck with me' edge. You can also just make out a make-up covered shiner beneath the aviators she's wearing.

DEAN

(glancing out window again)

Looks like some sort of accident has blocked the road.

From across the aisle, Annie nods tiredly.

ANNIE

Just my luck. Hopefully we won't be delayed for too long.

(then)

You're good with kids. You have a daughter?

DEAN

Nah, I just collect Hatchimals for fun.

Dean then smiles to show he's joking.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Her name is Sylvie. And she's...

His face darkens momentarily.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's been awhile since I've seen her.

Annie senses there's more to the story, but doesn't push.

INT./ EXT. BUS - DAY

It's about two hours later and the bus is now driving down a lonely desolate stretch of Wyoming highway known as the Barrens. And when I say desolate, I mean there's nothing but dirt, shrubs and ribboning asphalt as far as the eye can see.

Miles and miles of nothingness.

Even scorpions die of boredom out here.

CARLOS

(over PA, filtered)

Hello, everyone. Just thought you should know that this detour hasn't delayed us by more than an hour. If all goes well and there are no other delays, we should be disembarking in Portland at around nine o'clock tomorr --

Carlos doesn't finish as the intercom suddenly goes on the fritz, as do the pair of ceiling-mounted televisions that were silently broadcasting the local news.

MALE VOICE

This is bullshit.

The angry voice comes from TREVOR MADDING (30s), fratboy type, handsome save for his extremely punchable face.

TREVOR

My wifi just cut out.

You can see Carlos trying to speak into his receiver, but it's still not working, so he just yells out over his shoulder --

CARLOS

Sorry about that, folks. I'm sure our service will return when we rejoin the interstate again in about thirty minutes.

TREVOR

You FUCKING kidding me? I got like a hundred emails to write before then.

Annie turns to glare at him --

ANNIE

Hey! Language!

Treavor doesn't acknowledge her. His eyes are still fixed on the bus driver.

TREAVOR

Yo, ese.

He says ese the way somebody else might say shithead.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)

How about we get off this shit hole road, so I can get back to fucking work?

The driver doesn't respond. Just keeps driving. Dean crosses over to Treavor's seat.

DEAN

Lady said enough.

TREAVOR

If she doesn't want to hear swearing, then maybe she shouldn't take the fucking bus.

Dean grabs Treavor by the throat and slams him back against his seat. He then shows him a set of handcuffs attached to his belt.

DEAN

Hard or easy? Your choice.

TREAVOR

Fuck off.

More exhausted-looking than annoyed, Dean sticks his thumb against Treavor's carotid artery, instantly cutting off the blood supply to his brain.

After a few panicked moments, Treavor slumps forward, unconscious. Dean then gently releases pressure and returns to his seat.

DEAN

Easy way. Great.

As Dean sits down, Annie's not sure how to deal with that brief bout of violence, but since it was on her behalf --

ANNIE

Uhhh... thanks?

DEAN

I hate buses.

Annie laughs at Dean's unexpected candor. Mazzy looks on, fascinated.

MAZZY

He's the bad guy, isn't he?

DEAN

Bingo.

Almost inadvertently, Dean glances at the European Man, before returning his gaze toward Mazzy... She doesn't notice.

MAZZY

What if he wakes up and does something else in the middle of the night?

DEAN

Don't worry. I never sleep.

Judging from his weary eyes, that's probably the truth.

CUT TO:

E.C.U -- Dean is sound asleep. A beam of sunlight hits his face and he twitches awake. WIDENING, you realize that everybody else on this bus is asleep as well.

And the Greyhound is stopped, engine off.

And it's morning.

But this isn't Portland. Just some weird, seemingly abandoned old-fashioned town.

Dean gets up to talk to the bus driver, but Carlos's seat is empty. So he yanks open the passenger door and exits --

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Dean steps off the bus, the first thing he notices is the dirt. The streets of this town aren't paved. He then glances around at the rough hewn clapboard buildings.

Where the hell are they?

To give you some perspective, this whole place looks and feels like one of those Gold Rush era frontier towns made famous by any of a number of Hollywood westerns and are now duplicated all across the midwest to separate bored tourists from their hard earned money.

Dean's eyes land on each of the signs hanging from each of the storefronts: "Arcadia Bank"; "Arcadia Saloon" and "Arcadia Jail", all in clear view.

Yep, looks like a tourist trap. *Feels* like a tourist trap...

Except there are no people. Anywhere.

Dean clocks that and then notices something even stranger on the dusty ground surrounding the bus --

Leaving the Greyhound is only one set of footprints.

His own.

Dean walks over to the driver's side.

On this side, he spies hundreds of tracks, but none of them human...

Dean follows these strange tracks back to the passenger side of the bus when Treavor exits, palms up, conciliatory.

TREAVOR

Look. Sorry about what happened yesterday. I was drinking, and I'm kind of a dick when I drink. I also just lost a big case and --

And, what he doesn't say, but it's written all over his smarmy face -- *and you just kicked my ass so I better be nice.*

DEAN

(barely looking up)

Fine.

TREAVOR

Good. Great. That out of the way, I gotta ask: did you knock me out or something? Last I remember is you getting in my grill and then... nothing until a few minutes ago.

(then, bad joke)

Where are we anyway? Has Portland so embraced the hipster culture that it went a hundred years back in time?

Dean doesn't answer, he's still staring at the prints on the ground.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

DEAN

Bird prints. The entire street is covered in them.

TREAVOR

That mean something to you?

DEAN

Yeah... There are birds here.

Sensing that Dean's not eager to talk to him, Treavor wanders off as Annie and Mazzy then exit the Greyhound, both shielding their eyes against the blazing sun. They pause when they get to Dean.

ANNIE

Last time I blacked out I was
seventeen.

MAZZY

What does black out mean?

ANNIE

Nothing, hun, let the adults talk.

DEAN

Happened to me too. And him.
(points to Treavor)
Possibly happened to everybody.

ANNIE

Where are we anyway?

DEAN

Don't know.

ANNIE

Where's the bus driver?

DEAN

Don't know that either.

Dean glances up at the nearby saloon.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to look around. Holler if
you see the driver.

ANNIE

We're coming.

DEAN

I'd prefer if --

Annie interrupts, clearly worried. She now speaks so only
Dean can hear.

ANNIE

Please. My mama instincts are going
haywire right now. Something's not
square here.

Dean gets it. He feels the same way.

DEAN

Keep your daughter close. I'm not
sure what we'll find inside.

Dean's quiet, focused, in work mode. He walks towards the
nearby saloon and pushes through the heavy double doors (they
open right up) as Mazzy and Annie follow right behind.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Dean glances around, but it's hard to see much in this dimly lit room.

He walks over to the nearest window. The heavy wooden shutters are nailed closed. He then looks around and realizes they're *all* nailed closed.

ANNIE

Who nails their windows shut?

Dean yanks the shutters open, letting more light into the bar. He then examines one of the nails.

DEAN

Cast iron. No rust.

With calculating eyes used to casing crime scenes, Dean takes everything in --

Like the rest of this town, this place looks straight out of the 1800s. There are even copper spittoons pulled up next to some of the barstools. But everything shines spotlessly.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Too clean. I don't like it.

Dean notices three half-full whisky tumblers sitting on the edge of the bar. He lifts the nearest towards the light.

DEAN (CONT'D)

No dust on these either.

ANNIE

Your take away?

DEAN

Somebody was here recently. More than one person actually. Three people. Drinking. And maybe one more cleaning up the joint.

Annie notices that one of the tumblers has a lipstick smudge on it.

ANNIE

Nice choice of color.

Dean turns to her, not following.

DEAN

Excuse me?

Annie reaches into her purse and takes out a small tube of lipstick. Removing the cap, she marks the same tumbler. It's a perfect match... or at least very similar.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Is that a common shade of lipstick?

ANNIE

Relatively.

DEAN

Were you in this saloon thirty minutes ago?

ANNIE

No.

DEAN

Then it wasn't you.

Annie tries to figure out if Dean is joking or not, but he's already moved on.

Next to the tumblers is an old fashioned candelabra. The candles have burned down to the nubs leaving small pools of wax on the otherwise spotless bar. Dean touches the wax. It's still slightly warm.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We missed them by only a few minutes.

ANNIE

I don't get it. It's been light for at least two hours... Why didn't they open the windows instead of wasting all those candles?

Before Dean can answer, Treavor enters the saloon.

TREAVOR

Boozing already? Great, I'm in. What are we all drinking?

Dean glances up at Treavor for a brief annoyed moment, before returning his gaze to the tumblers filled with whisky.

DEAN

Two guys and a woman... drinking straight rye at around seven in the morning. All out of unmarked bottles...

Annie glances at the shelves filled with alcohol... he's right, none of the bottles have names on them.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And then...

He crosses the room to the door. Looks outside. No footprints besides their dusty, easily visible prints heading up the steps to the bar. And all the bird prints, of course.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Nada.

Dean then walks around to the service side of the bar.

ANNIE

Maybe there's a back entrance
somewhere?

Dean doesn't answer. He's staring at something intently,
something that's blocked from view from the other side.

TREAVOR

I know what this is... It's one of
those prank shows. It must be.
(to whomever he thinks
is listening)
Game's up, guys!

Treavor starts stomping around looking for hidden cameras.

TREAVOR

I know you're in here somewhere!

Mazzy chases him, giggling.

MAZZY

What are you looking for?

TREAVOR

Cameras. Wires. Production assistants.
Wanna help?

She stops short.

MAZZY

I can't. You're the bad guy.

TREAVOR

I'm not a bad guy, I'm the *best* guy.
Now how 'bout it? Wanna help? Uncle
Trev makes everything fun.

Treavor sounds sleazy even when he's trying to be nice. Annie
overhears --

ANNIE

Mazzy, stay close.

She then approaches Dean who is still staring at something
on the service side of the bar.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Dean just points. On the floor is a gigantic puddle of blood
mixed with small clumps of blond hair. The blood is
everywhere. On the floor. On the back side of the bar. Oozing.

Fresh. Disturbing.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
MAZZY! GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

More people exit the bus --

We WATCH as a homeless-looking vet steps off clutching his army duffel and mumbling to himself.

This is AUSTIN (30s but looks 50, with eyes that have seen way too much, and a beard that covers the rest).

AUSTIN
Watch stopped at 6:33. 33 people.
June 21st. That's 621. Three divides
into that 207 times. Three goes into
that 69 more times. Minus three and
you got 66. Add one more six to 66
and that's...

We lose his seemingly nonsensical thread as Austin wanders past the Native American teenager, CODY (18, large for his size), who is now on the street as well.

The European, OSLO (40s) is next off the Greyhound.

Oslo is classically handsome besides a very scarred-looking left eye... but there's something about him, a chilliness, that makes you feel like you stepped on a grave at midnight.

OSLO
Unscheduled stop?

CODY
Apparently.

Shrugging, Oslao removes a cigarette from a small leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

Meanwhile, the Muslim couple exits the bus both wearing Disneyland shirts over otherwise traditional Islamic clothing. The man HAKEEM (45) and his wife SHADI (35) head towards the saloon speaking in quiet Arabic.

HAKEEM
(subtitled)
It's my fault. I should have set a
second alarm. I let you down.

SHADI
(subtitled)
I *did* set a second alarm but neither
went off for some reason.

We don't hear the rest of their conversation as they also wander off.

Two sisters -- ALABAMA (22) and JOSEPHINE MCCLUSKY (20) -- now exit the bus. Alabama has dark hair and Josephine is a blonde but otherwise these two look extremely similar. Same beautiful eyes. Same perfect, clear skin. Clear winners of life's genetic lottery.

JOSEPHINE
(shielding eyes)
This sun is brutal.

ALABAMA
Pretend you're in Cabo.

JOSEPHINE
I hate Cabo.
(looking around)
Where do you think they keep the
Diet Cokes in this place?

As Alabama and Josephine head towards town, a GLAMOROUS-LOOKING WOMAN steps off the greyhound --

This is RUBY FUENTES (late 30s) aging TV star. She's followed by a beast of a human being, THOR MAGNUSSON (30s). Ex-world's strongest man and now her handler.

RUBY
Thor, get Dan on the phone. I only agreed to this trip because he said there'd be no stops. This. Is clearly. A stop.
(looking around)
Where's the freaking bus driver anyway? Did he dump us in some kind of tourist trap? They get paid to do that, you know. Don't buy anything. Probably costs ten times more than normal.

Thor stares at his cell phone blankly.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Well..?

THOR
(light Icelandic accent)
No service.

Ruby just looks at him --

THOR (CONT'D)
I'll go find a land line.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Dean's still examining the blood. Annie is now back across the bar. She keeps a firm hand on her daughter so she doesn't get an accidental glimpse of what is on the other side.

ANNIE

The bus driver?

DEAN

He didn't have blond hair.

(then)

This amount of blood... it should have left a trail. But there's nothing.

TREAVOR

What blood?

Nobody answers him. Dean stands up and re-examines the bar glasses and nearby area.

DEAN

They were here. Somebody got hurt. And then they just upped and disappeared.

TREAVOR

What blood?

They still ignore him.

ANNIE

Or somebody was real careful not to leave any tracks.

Dean looks at Annie curiously, as she seems to be talking about more than just this situation, but she averts her eyes.

DEAN

Or that.

Treavor walks around to the far side of the bar. His smug smile only grows larger when he sees the large pool of blood.

TREAVOR

Oh *that* blood. Come on... you're not buying it, right?

DEAN

Buying what?

TREAVOR

All of this. These people will go to huge lengths to fool somebody.

(MORE)

TREAVOR (CONT'D)

One time, they staged a UFO crashing onto the side of the highway during rush hour traffic. Another time they totaled a Bugatti.

DEAN

They?

TREAVOR

The people who produce this kind of stuff. *Hollywood.*

Without waiting for an answer, Treavor turns on his heel and continues his search for hidden cameras.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)

I don't consent to be filmed!

He walks up to a large mirror behind the bar and puts his nose right against it, like it's two way glass.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)

You hear me? I don't consent. I'M NOT CONSENTING.

Annie turns to Dean.

ANNIE

What are you thinking?

DEAN

That I've never wanted a drink more than I do now.

ANNIE

Knock yourself out. I won't tell.

But Dean just shakes his head --

DEAN

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change.

(grim smile)

And all the related bullshit that comes with that.

Annie nods, realizing. *Dean's an alcoholic.*

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The people we've already met mill around as more passengers pour off the bus.

Next off is KNOX WENTWORTH (20s, very white skin like he never goes outside). Knox is wearing a 4Chan shirt and, lost in his own head, he bumps right into Ruby. He then grins awkwardly as he recognizes her.

KNOX

You're Ruby Fuentes. Star of that hacker cop show, The Server, right?

Some actors hate being recognized. Others revel in it. Ruby's the reveling type.

RUBY

Was on The Server. I'm researching a film right now. That's the only reason I was on this damn Greyhound anyway.

KNOX

That's too bad. You were good on that show.

He's about to walk off when Ruby notices the worried look on his face --

RUBY

Hey, do you know what's going on here? Why we're stopped?

KNOX

That's the thing, before getting off just now, I tried to access the bus's internal LAN with my laptop, but I kept getting a 404 return. All these Greyhounds are linked to a centralized system designed never to fail. Yet this one failed...

RUBY

You lost me at internal LAN.

KNOX

You spent five years on a show about hacking and you don't know what a LAN is?

She looks at Knox blankly, so he explains another way.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Remember that episode in The Server where you found that dude living off the grid?

RUBY

Of course. It was the season four premiere. I researched the hell out of that one.

KNOX

Great. Then you should already know how unrealistic that storyline was...

Ruby's starting to look annoyed, but Knox doesn't notice --

KNOX (CONT'D)

Maybe like ten, twenty years ago somebody could be off the grid. But not anymore. Not with over 1100 satellites circling earth at all times.

RUBY

What's your point?

KNOX

We're off the grid.

ANGLE ON - OSLO

Ruby is not the only person watching and listening to Knox, so is Oslo.

Finishing his cigarette, Oslo then tosses it to the ground and turns to Cody who is standing, arms crossed, against a nearby hitching post.

OSLO

Hey, Tomahawk. What do you say we go look for that bus driver?

CODY

Cody.

Oslo could care less what the teen's name is.

OSLO

You want to come with me? Or would you rather stay here and continue staring at that movie star's tits?

Cody reddens as that's exactly what he was doing.

CODY

I'll come.

We FOLLOW as they walk away from dusty main street to the back side of the deserted town.

In the near distance are a number of small, equally deserted-looking clapboard houses, all lined up in a row.

As Cody walks, he notices that this town doesn't look very lived in.

CODY (CONT'D)

Weird.

OSLO

Weird that we've been abandoned here? Or weird that we've somehow ended up in an episode of Little House on the Prairie?

CODY
Both. Everything.

Oslo gives Cody a curious once over.

OSLO
Juvie or gen pop?

CODY
Huh?

OSLO
Kid prison or adult prison?
(off Cody's surprise)
You have that cagey look people get
after being locked up for a bit.

CODY
Juvie. I was there for 36 months.
Just aged out.

OSLO
Three years is a long stretch for a
kid. What did you do, blow up your
neighbor's teepee?

Cody scowls. *Yeah, fuck you too.*

OSLO (CONT'D)
Come on. Now I'm curious. My brother-
in-law is American and his youngest
nearly killed his math teacher with
a ballpoint pen and he only got nine
months probation.

CODY
What I did is nobody's business but
my own.

OSLO
That's your first mistake. Wear that
shit like a fucking badge. Not
everybody's survived the dark side
and lived to tell about it.

Cody's scowl deepens. There's something about Oslo's
amiability that puts him on edge.

CODY
You serve time?

OSLO
22 years. You could say I aged in.

They've reached the nearest rough-hewn clapboard house.

OSLO (CONT'D)
 Well lookie here... Did you RSVP?
 Because I certainly didn't...

Cody's eyes go wide as he sees what Oslo is pointing at.

EXT. SALOON/MAIN STREET - DAY

Dean exits the saloon with Annie and Mazzy. Treavor follows shortly after. At this point, everybody is out of the bus. Hakeem steps forward --

HAKEEM
 (accented English)
 Where's the bus driver? When are we leaving?

DEAN
 You're asking the wrong guy.

HAKEEM
 But you're a cop, right?

DEAN
 Not anymore.

Alabama and Josephine approach from their stroll around town.

JOSEPHINE
 This some sort of cow poke religious holiday? There's not a single person here.

Dean doesn't answer either of them, just brushes past Hakeem and enters the --

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Dean spies the keys dangling from the ignition. Relieved, he turns the key, but the Greyhound doesn't start.

He tries again.

Nothing.

DEAN
 Christ.

Dean pockets the keys and exits the vehicle.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

He faces the crowd.

DEAN
 Anyone here have a class 3 drivers license?

Alabama is the first to speak.

ALABAMA
No bus driver? Still?

DEAN
No bus driver.

JOSEPHINE
This is BULLSHIT.

The elderly couple standing next to the bus exchange glances. This is FELIX and GEORGIA MOORE (60s, salt of the earth type folk). Felix speaks up.

FELIX
I was a commercial truck driver for twenty-five years. These passenger buses run slightly different, but I think I'd know how to operate it.

DEAN
Think or know?

FELIX
Know.

DEAN
Good. Maybe you'll have more luck starting it than I did.

Removing the keys from his pocket, he tosses them at Felix.

INT. BUS - DAY

Felix is now in the driver's seat while Dean stands next to him. Felix tests the ignition, but nothing happens. He tries it again, pumping the gas this time.

FELIX
Sorry, friend. Battery's dead.

Dean rubs his eyes. Shit.

DEAN
Can you jump start these things like normal cars?

FELIX
I suppose. But you'd need another vehicle to do that... And I haven't seen a tire track here, much less another car.

He's right. There are no other cars in this town. At least not that they've found. Or jumper cables. Or anything else that might help start this bus.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What else is going on? That look on your face -- it can't be just because this bus won't start.

Dean decides to confide in the old man.

DEAN

There was blood in the saloon. Lots of it.

They're interrupted by a voice from outside.

OSLO (O.S.)

Hey, Mr. Copper Man. There's something you need to see.

Felix and Dean exchange a troubled look before exiting the bus.

EXT. BACK SIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Dean walks with Oslo and Cody. They're heading back toward the row of clapboard houses.

OSLO

I'll be the first to admit that this whole cat and mouse thing has been fun. But it's probably best we stop pretending we don't know each other. Present circumstances and all.

Voice deceptively casual, Dean keeps walking --

DEAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

OSLO

So it's mere coincidence that you've been in my rear view mirror ever since I arrived in this country? How do your bosses -- or should I say ex-bosses? -- feel about that anyway?

Dean still refuses to engage. The sun beats down mercilessly as they continue walking.

OSLO (CONT'D)

Fine, well, how's your daughter then? Last I heard, she wasn't doing so hot. What was her name again? Sylvia? No, Sylvie.

Like lightning, *angry lightning, furious lightning*, Dean grabs Oslo by the collar and slams him against a nearby tree. He's fast. And strong. Oslo doesn't stand a chance.

DEAN

Go ahead, Oslo. Mention my daughter again. I fucking dare you.

Despite their obvious difference in size, Oslo doesn't seem at all worried about Dean's show of aggression. In fact, he seems to enjoy it.

OSLO

Hey, I was just making small talk. But I'm glad you finally admitted you know me.

Dean shoves him back against the tree one last time before releasing his shirt.

DEAN

What did you want to show me?

They're approaching the row of houses. Cody points to a sign above the door of the first house.

CODY

That's my full name. At first I thought they might be talking about another Dakota Greenwood, but --

OSLO

I'm number five.

DEAN

Hell.

Dean stares at his own name, which is carefully painted above the second door.

CODY

Our guess is that everyone on the bus has their own place.

OSLO

Which means somebody or *something* knew we were coming.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Annie is sitting with Mazzy on the stairs to the saloon when Georgia approaches.

MAZZY

Hi, I'm Mazzy. I'll be seven in January.

GEORGIA

Hi, Mazzy. I'm Georgia. And I'm too old to count.

MAZZY

Really?

GEORGIA

Lost track at 111.

She's clearly joking as she doesn't look a day over 75, but Mazzy doesn't know that.

MAZZY

Wow. That's older than great grandpa.
And he's older than the world almost.

Annie smiles, introduces herself --

ANNIE

Annie Winters.

GEORGIA

Pleasure all around.

(then)

So any idea what's going on here?
It's been well over an hour and there
is still no sign of the bus driver.

ANNIE

I just hope it all works itself out
soon. We need to get to Portland
before tonight.

Georgia notices Annie has a number of bruises on the side of her neck and a fading shiner, all hidden by heavy makeup.

GEORGIA

You have friends in Oregon?

ANNIE

Something like that.

MAZZY

We're going on an adventure. Like
Moana. That's my favorite movie. She
left in the middle of the night like
we did.

Georgia takes another glance at Annie's bruises. Annie sees where she's looking, shakes her head imperceptibly --

GEORGIA

(back to Mazzy)

Moana was very brave. I bet you're
brave too.

MAZZY

I am.

Georgia glances at her watch.

GEORGIA

Do you know what time it is? My watch seems to have stopped.

Annie pulls out her cell phone and frowns... "6:33 pm" is blinking on the screen and it otherwise doesn't seem to work.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

6:33 pm. That's what my watch says as well.

KNOX (O.S.)

Sorry for butting in, but did you just say your watch and cell phone clock both stopped at the same time?

Annie and Georgia turn to see Knox standing there.

ANNIE

Yeah. Is that as weird as I think it is?

KNOX

Weirder.

Knox reaches into his pocket and pulls out his own phone. "6:33" is blinking on his home screen as well.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Once is no big deal, twice could be coincidence... but three times?

INT. CODY'S HOUSE - DAY

Cody, Oslo and Dean are now inside one of the houses. Similar to the rest of the town, there is no modern technology or appliances in this place.

CODY

After going to the bus driver's house, we came to mine.

(glances around)

The old-timey vibe isn't the only thing that's weird here.

He walks over to the pantry and opens it up. It's filled with food items. But nothing packaged. There's fresh fruit, tins of dried meat and glass containers filled with preserves.

OSLO

Yeah, no freaking Oreos. Can you believe that?

CODY

Food's fresh. We checked. But who stocked it all? There's nobody here. And then there's this...

Cody walks over to the closet. Inside are a number of hand-sewn, beautifully made Native American outfits. He picks up an Indian headdress.

CODY (CONT'D)
My grandparents didn't even wear
shit like this.

He then nods toward the kitchen table which has a small pile of western style clothes stacked on the surface --

CODY (CONT'D)
And those came from your house...

Dean picks up the tasseled vest and hand-stitched shirt, but his eyes are immediately drawn to the sheriff's badge and six shooter.

DEAN
(picks up badge)
My name's on this...

OSLO
Your name's on a lot of things.

He hands Dean a leather journal. On the cover, in carefully inked letters is: "D. Jameson III."

DEAN
I've never seen this before in my
life.

Dean opens the journal to the inside cover and sees a long series of seemingly random numbers and letters:

998xvWssrkC0009CCVsqewkza77xwwz

DEAN (CONT'D)
This is just gibberish. Although
that certainly looks like my
handwriting.

CODY
Look at the next page.

Dean then turns his attention to the first page. It's the date followed by a line-drawing of a thunderbird.

Something about the thunderbird seems to really bother Dean, but he doesn't comment on it. He then turns his attention to the date. "June 21, 2018."

DEAN
That's today.

CODY
It gets stranger.
(MORE)

CODY (CONT'D)

The entries go 32 days into the future
and then just stop.

Dean flips through the pages... Cody's right, there are thirty two more pages, each with the date clearly marked and a line drawing of some animal.

CODY (CONT'D)

33 people on the bus. 33 pages in
that journal. I'm pretty sure the
bus has the number 33 on it as well.
And that's besides all the other
weird stuff going on.

DEAN

Like what? What else have you noticed?

CODY

Everything's too clean. Look around,
this is a desert, dust should be on
everything... but it's not. And there
are no animals. Not that I've seen
anyway. No scorpions, no cicadas, no
bugs... No prairie dogs. Besides all
those strange bird prints in town,
there's no sign off life at all.

(shakes head)

And then there's this.

Cody strides out the door leading outside. He's back seconds later holding a half-eaten apple.

CODY (CONT'D)

I left this outside earlier. Should
be crawling with ants by now... but
besides some dirt, it's as clean as
the moment I dropped it.

Off Dean. WTF?

INT. SALOON - DAY

The saloon is filled with all 33 members of the stranded bus, minus the bus driver who is still missing. Dean and Cody have just finished telling everybody about the clothes and the houses.

ANNIE

What about Mazzy? Does she get a
house too?

CODY

Families seem to bunk together...
There are 21 houses total. We counted.

Austin's head jerks up from where he's sitting in the corner. The number seems to mean something to the homeless vet.

AUSTIN

(to himself)

21 divided by seven is three. Repeat that twice to make six. That's the third six. THE THIRD SIX!

CODY

What do you mean the third six?

But Austin's head is already back down.

DEAN

I don't think you'll get much out of him.

ANNIE

I don't get it... if our names were on those houses that means --

DEAN

Somebody was expecting us.

RUBY

Impossible. I booked the bus trip yesterday at noon. Under a pseudonym. The only person that knew I was going to be here was my agent. And Thor, of course.

Ruby seems pale and a little shaky, like somebody who's three hours past their daily dose of xanax.

CODY

Your name was definitely on there. House number 12.

DEAN

Bus companies keep manifests. And there are a hundred other ways to track people's movements.

ANNIE

But you said the closets had clothes in our sizes... How did they know what I wear? Even my ex...

She sees Mazzy looking at her and quickly covers --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Even my husband doesn't get my size right.

DEAN

If you've ever ordered something online, there's a record of that order, including your size.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

Whoever's doing this has a lot of info on who we are. They know what we do. What we wear. Whether or not we were going to be traveling alone.

TREAVOR

Yeah, like some prank reality show. It's so obvious.

KNOX

Reality shows don't knock their contestants out... or have them play a game against their will. Not any reality show in this country anyway. Besides, I asked around, not only did we all pass out, but everybody's watches and cell phones seemed to have stopped at exactly the same time. 6:33 pm to be exact. You can't pull that trick off without some serious hardware at your disposal...

CODY

Another 33.

KNOX

What?

CODY

Just lots of 33s. It's weird. That number keeps repeating.

RUBY

Why oh why haven't you seen those rambunctious twins, Jill and Bill?

All eyes turn to Ruby, who is now standing up, shaking out both hands like they've fallen asleep.

DEAN

Excuse me?

RUBY

WHY OH WHY HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THOSE RAMBUNCTIOUS TWINS, JILL AND BILL?

She's now pacing. The people in the room exchange worried looks --

THOR

(to others)

She does this before a performance to help calm her nerves.

RUBY

DON'T TELL THESE FREAKS ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

(then)

WE'RE GOING TO DIE! WE'RE ALL GOING
TO DIE! WATCHES DON'T JUST STOP!
PEOPLE DON'T JUST GO UNCONSCIOUS!
NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE!

ANNIE

Hey! HEY!!!

Annie grabs her by the shoulder --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

ENOUGH! You're scaring my daughter.

Ruby's mouth immediately snaps closed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

We're not going to die. We just need
to figure out what the hell is going
on.

Ruby doesn't say anything, just sinks back into her chair as
Knox steps forward --

KNOX

I've been thinking. Either we've
just entered the Twilight Zone or
the government's involved. My money's
on the government. They're the only
ones with enough juice to make this
all happen. Maybe we're supposed to
be guinea pigs for something --

OSLO

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ten points to the
nerdy kid.

(then)

This is where our new sheriff steps
forward and tells us everything he
hasn't told us so far.

Dean crosses his arms.

DEAN

If you have something to say, just
say it.

Oslo shrugs. Sure. To others --

OSLO

This man's name is on more than a
few things here. Plus he used to
work for the U.S. Marshals. Until he
was dishonorably discharged. And by
that, I mean brutally fired for cause.

(MORE)

OSLO (CONT'D)

Although that didn't stop this nutcase from continuing to follow me around the country. Point is, ex-Officer Jameson knows exactly what the government is capable of... And what they've done in the past.

DEAN

All of our names are on things here. And the government's done a lot of terrible things. But kidnapping 33 people, many of them Americans, isn't one of them.

(then, to others)

If you're going to be worried about anything, worry about him.

He gestures toward Oslo, who just continues smiling.

OSLO

Pot. Kettle.

ANNIE

Wait, you guys know each other?

DEAN

I was investigating Oslo when I lost my job. For reasons not worth getting into here, I decided to keep following him after I was terminated.

FELIX

What did he do?

You can see Dean's eyes land on Oslo's satchel, which the creepy European seems to carry everywhere, but all he says is --

DEAN

You'll need to ask him that.

Oslo's not so reticent.

OSLO

A better question is what did our disgraced marshal friend do? Go ahead, Dean-y boy, fill these nice people in on all the sordid details about how and why your longtime bosses, *your longtime friends in many cases*, took your badge and ended your career.

Dean doesn't reply, just turns and heads towards the door.

ANNIE

Where are you going?

DEAN
To find the the nearest highway and
flag down help.

FELIX
But the bus is broken... how will
you --

Dean interrupts the aging truck driver --

DEAN
My feet aren't.

He exits the saloon. After a quick glance at his wife who
mouths "go", Felix follows --

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Dean walks back down onto the street, taking a moment to
study those strange bird tracks in the dirt, as Felix
approaches --

FELIX
I didn't want to mention anything in
there, people are too on edge as it
is, but Georgia and I have another
theory about what's going on...

Dean's knees crack as he stands up. He winces, straightening
them out.

DEAN
Yeah?

FELIX
I grew up in these parts. Well,
Wyoming anyway. And right 'bout the
time we all blacked out, the bus was
smack dab in the middle of something
called the Devil's Triangle -- with
Devil Falls to the east, Devil Flats
to the west and Devil's Tower to the
north.

DEAN
And that means something?

Felix knows what he's about to say will sound really crazy
to somebody not from Wyoming, but he goes for it anyway.

FELIX
As a boy, I remember a few cases of
things just up and disappearing in
this area. A farmer vanished in his
biplane. More than one car filled
with people was never seen again.
(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

And probably two dozen hikers over the last 40 years.... also just gone. And, if I'm not mistaken, even a wagon train filled with settlers once went missing out here. But that was over 100 years ago.

DEAN

None of that made the news? Because I don't remember reading anything bad about this area...

FELIX

For some reason, the Bermuda Triangle gets all the attention while nobody ever talks about the Devil's Triangle...

(shakes head)

Truth is nobody really cares what happens out here. 50 people could go missing and the rest of the country would barely lift an eyebrow. Or 33...

Dean takes that all in.

FELIX (CONT'D)

And there's one more thing...

(off Dean's nod)

I've traveled this highway hundreds of times in my life. And I've never heard of a town called Arcadia, not within a thousand miles of where we're supposed to be anyway.

Dean doesn't react for a long moment. He just takes off his leather jacket and ties it around his waist. Finally --

DEAN

I'd appreciate if you didn't tell anyone what you just told me.

FELIX

You don't believe me?

DEAN

I don't know what I believe right now. But you're right, these people are scared. Let's not make it any worse.

Dean starts walking again, following the dirt road out of town. Felix follows. As the two men walk out into the uninviting desert, we --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Dean is now propped up by pillows as Agent Choi just stares at him. Choi looks more annoyed than incredulous --

CHOI

So what happens next? Santa Claus flies down with his eight magical reindeer?

DEAN

If you don't believe this part, you'll definitely not believe what comes next.

CHOI

I don't know what game you're playing... but as of this second, I'm considering you the primary suspect in the disappearance and possible murders of 32 other people.

Choi turns off the voice recorder and walks toward the door.

CHOI (CONT'D)

(as he exits)

I suggest you get a lawyer. A good one.

INT. ABANDONED ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

A clock reads just past 11 pm and Choi is staring at the board covered in photographs of the missing people on the bus (whose faces we now mostly recognize).

CHOI

(this fucking case)
God dammit.

Doheney enters from a side room.

DOHENEY

I think I have something... two things in fact.

Choi turns to him.

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

I looked over the transcript of your conversation with Mr. Jameson...

CHOI

And?

DOHENEY

Taman Shud and the Somerton Man both reference the same thing -- a seventy-year-old cold case out of Australia.

Choi just stares at him. Go on.

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

In December of 1948, a man was found lying on the beach in Somerton. No wallet or I.D. Just a slip of paper in a hidden pocket referencing an old Persian poem, "The Tamam Shud."

(beat)

Like Jameson, the Somerton Man's spleen and liver were enlarged. Unlike Jameson, the man died before help could get to him. And nobody's ever figured out who he was or exactly what killed him...

CHOI

Was this case well-publicized in the states?

DOHENEY

I never heard of it until today, but supposedly it got a good deal of press at the time.

(then)

And then there's this...

Doheney removes a folder from his desk.

DOHENEY (CONT'D)

The hospital just dropped it off. Apparently, after you left, Mr. Jameson asked that the doctors do some sort of special bone aging exam. Osteon counting or something? He thought it would help you believe his story.

Choi reaches for the folder and opens it.

CHOI

Osteon counting by microscopy is the way Forensic Anthropologists... or doctors... test the true age of the human body. It's mostly used to date bone fragments, but can also be used on...

Choi trails off, eyes narrowing, as he reads something in the file.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Impossible.

Doheney glances at the results. We catch a glimpse of what he's looking at: **32d. 18h. 11m.**

32 days, 18 hours and 11 minutes old.

DOHENEY

How often is the test wrong?

Choi doesn't answer at first. He's staring up at the wall, at a long string of satellite images taken seconds apart that show Greyhound Bus 339 traveling across Wyoming... and then just seemingly vanishing into thin air.

CHOI

Never.

The phone ominously rings from Choi's desk in the center of the room...

What now?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Choi enters Dean's hospital room. The bed is empty. A hospital administrator, SHARON, stands there, looking embarrassed.

CHOI

I was told he'd be bedridden for days, if not weeks.

SHARON

Three hours ago, that man was in no condition to walk unassisted to the toilet, much less leave the hospital.

CHOI

And the guard?

SHARON

Apparently Mr. Jameson slipped out while he was using the bathroom.

Choi rubs his eyes. *This case...*

CHOI

Lock down the hospital. Without clothes, shoes or money, he can't be very far. And then I want to talk to you about those osteon results.

SHARON

(even more embarrassed)
Yeah, well, about that...

PRE-LAP: THE SOUND OF SIRENS BLARING.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

A pair of speeding COP CARS race by a nearly empty bus depot on the outskirts of town...

As the squad cars disappear down the street, we focus on one Greyhound in particular, which is just closing its doors as it prepares to leave.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

Now wearing a set of clearly stolen scrubs, an exhausted-looking Dean sits alone at a window seat in the far back of the nearly empty bus.

As they exit the depot, Dean stares out the window at a blinking neon cactus fronting a nearby Mexican restaurant, as WE --

MATCH CUT TO:

A real cactus this time. Then we see Dean and Felix's dusty shoes as they walk past. WIDENING --

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dean and Felix are walking due south. Behind them, the frontier town is just beginning to fade into the distance. To the east is nothing but scrubland. Same with the west.

To the north is an imposing mountain range tipped with snow.

The sun hovers at about 2 pm.

FELIX

Is it true what he was saying? That you were a cop?

DEAN

Marshal.

FELIX

How did you lose your job? If you don't mind me asking...

Dean just shakes his head.

DEAN

Long story.

FELIX

Fair enough. Can you at least tell me what that European man did and why you're following him?

DEAN

That's an even longer story.

FELIX

I'm not the kind of man to push when another man doesn't want to be pushed.

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

But considering the circumstances, I think we have the right to know if we're stranded here with a murderer.

Dean shrugs. Fine.

DEAN

You're stranded with a murderer.

FELIX

What?

Before he can pry further, they both see something half-buried in the sand.

FELIX (CONT'D)

(horrified)

That the --

DEAN

Bus driver?

Dean bends down and we finally get to see who they're talking about, a man wearing a tattered bus driver uniform is lying on his back.

The reason they can't tell if he's the bus driver or not is that something has eaten the man's face clean off. And most of the flesh on his body as well.

Dean doesn't seem to mind the carnage. He flips the dead man's lapel to reveal his name tag -- "Carlos."

DEAN (CONT'D)

At least that answers that...

(then)

That Native American boy was right earlier. You'd think there would be more flies buzzing around. Or carrion-eaters.

FELIX

That's an awful clinical thing to say. This man is dead.

DEAN

And no doubt that's a damn shame. But there's not much we can do about it now.

Felix kneels down to examine the body --

FELIX

What do you think happened to him?

Dean glances at the nearby terrain. He spies a number of large bird prints.

DEAN

My guess is he was looking for help
and met up with a flock of predator
birds.

Felix stares up at the sky uneasily. Meanwhile, Dean's looking
at something else --

All around the corpse are groupings of carefully placed white
rocks, but from the ground, it's hard to tell exactly what
they form.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(spying a nearby tree)
Hang tight.

Dean crosses to the tree, now burned to a crisp by some
ancient lighting strike, and quickly climbs up --

From his position in one of the branches, Dean can now see
that the rocks are placed in such a way to create the giant
outline of a thunderbird with the corpse of the bus driver
in the bird's mouth.

It's the same thunderbird he saw in the journal.

Dean then jumps down from the tree and walks towards the
rock outline of the gigantic bird --

The moment his foot steps into the bird's mouth --

There's a FLASH OF WHITE and both the thunderbird and the
corpse suddenly disappear...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

In fact, the whole desert disappears and Dean is now standing
in the back yard of a suburban house. *His house* by the looks
of things.

Dean glances through the window into the house. A woman,
presumably his wife, is standing stock-still in the middle
of the living room. She's smoking a cigarette and her hair
is a mess, like she hasn't brushed or washed it in weeks.

Dean then hears the voice of a YOUNG GIRL coming from a swing
set at the far side of the yard --

YOUNG GIRL

(oddly flat affect)
Mom hasn't gotten over it, you know...

Dean turns and sees a SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL wearing a witch
costume gliding back and forth on one of the swings.

DEAN

(gut punched)
Sylvie?

Dean deals with a hundred conflicting emotions at once as he inexplicably comes face-to-face with his dead daughter.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What is this? What's happening here?

Dean looks around, discombobulated. As this is no dream. Or hallucination. Meanwhile, Sylvie keeps swinging and talking in a flat, emotionless voice.

SYLVIE

Mom thought I went to bed. She didn't even know I was outside, but you and I always go trick-or-treating together... and I didn't want to go to sleep without going to at least one house with you.

Seemingly now crying, Sylvie drops her head. Dean rushes over to console his daughter...

DEAN

I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry.

As he pulls her into his arms, Sylvie's head jolts back up... but instead of tears, blood now flows from her eyes.

SYLVIE

I'm not.

Sylvie's body then turns into a column of blood and gore, covering Dean's arms, face and body with wretched putrescence.

DEAN

SYL!!!! --

EXT. DESERT - SAME

Dean, screaming, is once again back in the desert, vigorously rubbing his arms and face as if he's still covered in gore...

DEAN (CONT'D)

-- VIE!!!!

But his daughter is gone. As is his house. And all of that blood. Felix grabs him.

FELIX

Dean! What is it? What's going on?

Suddenly sick to his stomach, Dean rushes over to the base of the tree and throws up all over the roots. After a long moment of retching, he wipes his mouth and turns back to Felix --

DEAN

Fuck this shit.

Clearly shaken by... whatever that just was, Dean starts walking back toward town.

FELIX

Where are you going? What about the highway?

DEAN

What highway? There's nothing out here. No power lines. No planes in the sky. There's not even a damn scorpion or lizard.

Dean starts walking towards Arcadia again.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Best I can figure is we're all dead. Because nothing else makes any sense.

FELIX

What do you mean, we're all dead?

When Dean doesn't stop --

FELIX (CONT'D)

Hey, come on... What happened over there? You weren't so freaked out a second ago.

Felix needs to jog to catch up.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Slow down, man. Talk to me. What did you see? WHAT THE HELL DID YOU SEE?

CUT TO:

C.U. of a whisky bottle being slammed down. Widening, you realize we're back in the --

INT. SALOON - LATE AFTERNOON

And Dean is perched at the bar drinking whisky straight from the bottle while the rest of the group sits in scattered chairs. Felix's addressing the group --

FELIX

It looked like the bus driver. Right size. Right name tag.

GEORGIA

What got to him?

She seems horrified.

FELIX

We don't know.

CODY

And then you just turned around
instead of looking for the highway?

FELIX

I would have continued going for a
little while longer. Dean on the
other hand... He saw something that --
Well, it's for him to say.

Annie turns to Dean, who's throwing back another long swig
of whisky.

ANNIE

Finally got that drink I see.

No answer.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Want to share what you learned with
the rest of us?

Still no answer.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Dean? DEAN? Please, we really need
you right now. I need you...

He finally turns to her --

DEAN

Fine... You want to know what I
learned?

He throws back another long swallow.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I should never have stopped drinking.

Annie stares at him for a long beat.

ANNIE

Well that's just great.

She returns to Mazzy as Treavor stands up --

TREAVOR

I want everyone to know that as soon
as we're out of here, I'm personally
going to initiate a class action
suit against these mother...

(glances at Annie)

Er, effers responsible for keeping
us here. I'll give you all my card
as soon as we're back on the road.
Trust me, we'll all make a bundle
off this when this is over.

ALABAMA

Great, our own personal lawyer. That's exactly what we need right now.

Treavor doesn't pick up on her sarcasm. He just smiles.

TREAVOR

Somebody messed with the wrong counselor this time.

Pleased with his own show of bravado, Treavor sits back down as Felix takes back control of the meeting.

FELIX

It's going to get dark soon and I think it's safe to say we're going to be here for at least one night... So we have a choice, either we all stay in this saloon together. Or we all go to those houses they set up for us. My vote is we stay here. Whatever Dean saw really spooked him and --

OSLO

It was his little girl.

ANNIE

His what?

OSLO

Fun fact: Johnny Q. Lawman over there was briefly thrown into a loony bin for claiming to see his dead daughter wherever he went. Ten cents says it's happening again.

And just like that, Dean launches off his stool and slams his fist into Oslo's face. It's fast and brutal.

Oslo takes the punch, but instead of punching back, he makes a move for a hidden gun.

Dean, seeing where he's going, whips out his gun as well. It's a stand off.

OSLO (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Dreams do come true. I've always wanted to be the villain in an old-fashioned western.

Before Dean can reply, Annie rushes between the two men.

ANNIE

(to both of them)

Stop it!

The rest of the group stares at Annie, surprised. It takes a lot of guts to step in the middle of something like this. Josephine turns to Alabama --

JOSEPHINE

Tough chick. I like her.

Meanwhile, Oslo just grins as he re-holsters his gun.

OSLO

I'm fine. It's that madman you need to talk to.

Annie turns to Dean.

ANNIE

You okay?

DEAN

(holstering gun as well)

No.

Dean returns to his stool and takes another swig of alcohol. Annie approaches --

ANNIE

My twin died when we were 22, yet I still can't imagine what it would be like to lose a child... but drinking's not going to help anything right now.

Dean's in no mood to be mollified --

DEAN

Annie, you're starting to sound a lot like my ex.

ANNIE

That doesn't change the fact that we need you sober right now. Night's coming quick and --

DEAN

You always bet on the wrong man? Because I'm starting to guess that's your thing.

Ouch. But Annie's not one to take a hit without firing back.

ANNIE

And do you always give up when something reminds you of your daughter?

Dean's eyes flash.

DEAN

This didn't just remind me of my daughter. This was my daughter. Staring at me. The same daughter who died three years ago after being crushed under the wheels of my truck.

Dean stares at the whisky bottle, gathering himself, before continuing his story --

DEAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, maybe I saw her before. But you think I can't tell the difference between an alcohol induced hallucination and this?

(beat)

I don't know what this town is... I don't know what's happening here, but I do know that as much as I wanted to see my daughter again, really see my daughter... dead things should just stay dead. And so I'm going to drink. Drink until I can't see anymore. Drink until I can't remember anymore. And maybe tomorrow I'll be able to convince myself I made this whole damn thing up.

(looks around)

How 'bout it? Anyone want to join me?

(when no one replies)

Nobody? You sure?

Nobody says a word, so Dean returns to his half-empty bottle of whisky --

DEAN (CONT'D)

(to bottle)

Just you and me, baby.

Annie also doesn't know how to respond, so she returns to Mazzy --

ANNIE

Come on, hun. Let's get some air.

MAZZY

What happened to his daughter, Mommy? Did she die?

Annie doesn't say anything, just ushers Mazzy out of the building.

EXT. SALOON/MAIN STREET - SUNSET

Cody is already outside as Annie and Mazzy step onto the porch. Knox is outside as well with a shit-eating grin plastered across his face.

Annie seems annoyed by his good humor after everything that just happened inside.

ANNIE

Weird time to be smiling.

KNOX

Doucheface lawyer was right about one thing... Do you have any idea what kind of ridiculous payday we're all going to get from the government when this is all over?

ANNIE

After everything you heard inside, you still think the government's involved?

KNOX

Yep. Absolutely. Because of a little something called MK Ultra.

ANNIE

MK what?

KNOX

MK Ultra was a series of top secret experiments spearheaded by the CIA to test human behavior. They were dosing people with LSD, subjecting others to sensory deprivation, hypnosis, verbal and sexual abuse, you name it -- all without ever letting the test subjects know they were part of a huge experiment. Can you imagine what it would be like to be dosed with acid without knowing somebody gave it to you?

(then)

And that was in the 60s, when government oversight was at an all time low... Now? With 9/11? ISIS? The war on terror?

(beat)

I don't know about you, but I plan on getting a Ferrari when this is all said and done.

Annie notices that Mazzy has slipped off and is heading towards the bus.

ANNIE

Mazzy, where are you going?

MAZZY

I left Cindy on my seat. I need her.

ANNIE

Hun, stay with mom --

MAZZY

But the bus is right over there.

Mazzy gives her mom the kind of look that six-year-olds give when they don't want to be thought of as five anymore. Besides, she's right. The bus is close.

ANNIE

Okay. Go. But don't take too long.
And don't look at anyone else's stuff.

MAZZY

I won't!

Mazzy runs off toward the Greyhound.

CODY

So what role are you supposed to play?

ANNIE

You mean the clothes we had in the closet?

CODY

Yeah.

ANNIE

Deputy sheriff. Which is weird as I'm a nurse back home. They even --

She never gets to finish as a LOW RUMBLING SOUND fills the air. Almost like thunder, but it just goes on and on and on.

KNOX

What the hell?

Annie goes pale as she notices the setting sun get covered in some sort of inky blackness.

And then the whole western horizon becomes equally dark.

And the rumbling grows even louder.

ANNIE

Mazzy!!!

She runs to the bus, followed closely by Knox and Cody. But the heavy passenger door is closed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

MAZZY! OPEN UP!

Annie has to yell, as that rumbling sound, whatever it is, is getting louder by the second.

Terrified, Mazzy presses her face up against the glass.

MAZZY
The door's stuck.

ANNIE
Pull on the lever.

MAZZY
It doesn't move.

The darkness and rumbling continue moving quickly. At least half of the sky is now pitch black. People begin to gather on the porch of the saloon, staring at the sky --

ALABAMA
What is that?

Josephine shakes her head as she stares at the approaching darkness.

JOSEPHINE
Trippy.

Back at the bus, Annie continues to pound on the glass as Knox then Cody takes a go at the door. It won't open for any of them.

ANNIE
COME ON!

Cody tries punching one of the glass panes, but only ends up hurting his hand --

CODY
OW! SHIT!

KNOX
I'll try the other side.

He runs around to the driver's side door --

MAZZY
Mommy, I'm scared.

Annie tries the door again. Nothing. And the darkness has now filled three-quarters of the sky. Whatever that thing is, it's coming fast. Knox runs back shaking his head.

KNOX
Locked.

Annie's starting to panic --

ANNIE
WE NEED HELP DOWN HERE!!!

On the porch, Ruby turns to Thor --

RUBY
Go help them!!!

But before Thor can move, Dean bursts through the door of the saloon holding a broken chair leg --

DEAN
EVERYBODY!!! INSIDE!!! NOW!!!

Dean doesn't wait to see if anyone has listened to him. He sprints down the stairs towards the door of the bus.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Mazzy! Stand back!

Mazzy does what he says. Dean slams the chair leg against the door of the bus, but nothing happens. The rumbling's now nearly deafening.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(to trio by bus)
GO INSIDE!

Knox and Cody don't need to be told twice. They bolt inside. But Annie stays put --

ANNIE
I'M NOT LEAVING MY DAUGHTER!

DEAN
I'LL GET HER OUT! GO!

Annie rushes back to the saloon as Dean turns his attention back to the door.

He hits it again.

Nothing.

And again.

Snap! The chair leg breaks in half.

Mazzy's nearly beside herself with fear.

MAZZY
Mommy!

Dean throws away the stick and starts to kick the door with the heel of his boot.

Bam! Nothing.

Bam! Nothing.

Bam! Finally, a crack.

Dean kicks it again and this time the door shatters, but by now the darkness is almost on-top of them.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Dean enters the bus and pulls Mazzy close.

MAZZY

I want my mommy!

DEAN

I know you do, but we're safer in here...

Dean kneels down and pulls her close. Clutching her Hatchimal doll against her chest, Mazzy leans into him.

EXT. BUS - SUNSET

Outside, the noise has reached a fever-pitch and for the first time, you realize it's not rumbling but flapping, like tens of thousands of birds are all flying overhead at the same time.

Then -- SMASH! One of the windows on the bus shatters.

Then another. Then another.

And the birds are in the Greyhound.

Giant BLACK CROWS with razor sharp beaks.

And they're pecking at Dean. Pecking at both of them.

Mazzy screams, blood flowing from her cheek.

MAZZY

They're hurting me!

Dean takes off his leather jacket and wraps her in it.

DEAN

(gentle)

Close your eyes. Everything's going to be okay.

He then sweeps her into his arms and --

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- leaps out of the bus as Annie watches, horrified, from the doors of the saloon. Besides Dean and Mazzy, she's the only one left outside.

ANNIE

Please... God... Please...

With his free arm, Dean covers his face as the birds are now everywhere. They're slamming into him. Pecking his hair. Pecking his forehead. Pecking his arms.

They're also pecking the parts of Mazzy that have been left exposed. Mostly her legs and feet. The noise of her screams gets drowned out by the flapping of the birds.

Dean keeps moving as large droplets of blood discolor the dirt by his feet.

What took him mere seconds to cross only moments before, now takes an agonizingly long twenty seconds.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
MAZZZZZZYYYYYYY!!!!

Dean's now ten feet away, the birds coating him like a feathery blanket of death.

Five feet. Dean's now staggering.

Two feet.

With the last of his energy, Dean tosses Mazzy to Annie as the weight of the birds takes him down.

DEAN
Close... doors...

ANNIE
Dean.

She doesn't have much time as part of the flock is now heading right towards her --

DEAN
DO IT!!!

Sobbing, Annie slams the heavy saloon doors as a dozen snapping crows crash into the frame.

Mere feet away, Dean's curled up into a fetal position as the ferocious crows keep coming...

And coming.

And coming.

And now they start to feed.

They eat the flesh from his face. From his arms. From his body.

Just when you think it's over for Dean, Austin comes flying out of the saloon, holding a jagged knife in each hand.

Feathers fill the air as Austin plunges the tip of his knife into the neck of the nearest crow.

As Dean bleeds out on the desert floor, Austin continues to kill crows. Slashing. Cutting. Ripping them to shreds with his bare hands when he needs to.

He's not just good at this, he's awe-inspiringly good, moving like Baryshnikov, except with a blade instead of ballet shoes.

Finally, the birds move away for an easier target as Austin drags Dean into the saloon and re-closes the door.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Treavor's watching, open mouthed, from the window that Dean wrenched open earlier, when the birds turn and head straight for him.

TREAVOR
(shrill shriek, all
bravado gone)
They're coming! They're coming!

He slams the wooden shutters closed as a mass of ferocious crows slam into the pane.

Treavor leans against the shutters, but he's not strong enough to keep them shut.

A crow pecks his hand, tearing open the flesh.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh! Fucker!

Alabama and Josephine rush over to help as the birds start to flap their way inside.

ALABAMA
Jo! The table!

Working together, they flip over one of the tables, and lift it against the window, barricading the opening.

But the birds keep coming.

Scratching.

Hissing.

Snapping.

Meanwhile, Annie rushes over to Dean, who's lying on the ground, moaning, catatonic, blood oozing from a thousand wounds.

ANNIE

Somebody give me their shirt and
belt! Now! I need to control this
bleeding.

Austin tears off his shirt and belt (his muscular body is covered in scars and tattoos) and passes them both to Annie who expertly turns them into bandages and tourniquets and starts to treat Dean's wounds. At the same time, Shadi and Hakeem rush over --

HAKEEM

We're doctors. If you handle the
femoral artery, we'll work on the
carotid and brachial.

ANGLE ON - WINDOW

Where Alabama and Josephine keep the table pushed up against the shutters... But these giant man-eating devil crows don't seem to be giving up.

JOSEPHINE

(struggling)
I can't hold it.

ALABAMA

You better, sis.

The birds continue to push... the table slides away from the window long enough that --

Three make it inside. Then seven. Then ten.

ALABAMA (CONT'D)

WE NEED HELP OVER HERE!

Cody and Oslo rush over to assist and slam the table back against the window, as the rest of the group backs away from the ten killer birds who are now flapping around the saloon --

Two approach Mazzy causing her to scream, terrified --

MAZZY

MOMMMMY!!!!

But Austin, using his twin blades, jumps into action again and soon the ten birds are reduced to blood and floating feathers.

Job done, he then pockets his knives and rushes over to help Alabama, Josephine, Cody and Oslo who continue to hold the table in place as the ravenous birds keep trying to get inside.

Just when it looks like the birds will get in and all will be the lost --

The crows lift away from the window and fly away. It's sudden. Abrupt. Unexpected.

ALABAMA
 (can't quite believe
 it)
 They're gone...

Everybody in the saloon holds their breath as the flapping fades to rumbling and then to nothing.

Cody's the first to find his voice. He turns to Knox.

CODY
 Still think you're getting that
 Ferrari?

The rest are too horrified to speak.

The only sound we hear is Dean's loud moans as Annie, Hakeem and Shadi fight to keep him alive.

EXT. SALOON - SUNSET

Moving almost as one, the flock of carnivorous crows fly away from the town and towards the high mountain range in the distance.

MATCH CUT TO:

A similar set of snow-capped mountains.

But as we WIDEN, we see that this mountain range has a highway and long rows of power lines cutting across its foothills.

EXT. SMALL RURAL HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN WYOMING - SUNSET

We're back in the present as Dean, still in scrubs, stands in the middle of the desolate highway. He's looking for something.

DEAN
 I don't understand. It has to be
 here. 6:33. The Barrens. Right
 mountains. Exactly 33 days.

A car races up, but Dean doesn't notice. He keeps on searching for... whatever he's looking for.

Meanwhile, the speeding sedan keeps coming. And coming. Just when you think the car is going to hit him, a siren CHIRPS and the vehicle skids to a halt.

The door opens. It's Choi and Doheney. Gun drawn, Doheney's on Dean in a flash.

DOHENEY

Flat on the ground! Now! With your hands on the back of your head!

Dean lies down on the asphalt as Dohenev quickly handcuffs him and then starts to pat him down.

CHOI

(approaching)

You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

Dean doesn't fight back. Or even protest.

DEAN

Lock me up. Kill me. It doesn't matter anymore...

From Dean's pocket, Dohenev removes three boxes of antibiotics --

DOHENEY

Hey, buddy. What were you planning to do with these?

DEAN

What does it matter now? I missed it. It's over.

DOHENEY

Missed what?

CHOI

There will be time for questions later.

(then, fed up)

Put him in the car.

Dohenev is just yanking Dean to his feet when there's a rumbling in the sky. It's a flock of giant black crows and they're heading right towards them.

DEAN

(cowers with fear)

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The last shot we get is birds everywhere, filling the screen...

Bird upon bird upon bird.

Until all that's left is...

Darkness.

END EPISODE