

Thursday:

Today school stopped.

Miss Ersey cried.

The sirens are still loud and she said they would not end ~~the~~ because of the sickness.

I hope we get to return soon.

I will ~~miss~~ ^{miss} my friends.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

It's bright. Sunlight cutting into our eyes through the windows.

MOM (V.O.)
A long, long time from now in a
place you call home...

Only when they pass a TREE do we find refuge of shade. Strobes of shade giving us a silhouette of its passengers:

NOAH (8) sits in the backseat running his hand up and down over the passing trees, pretending to jump them. Beside him is his baby brother SAM (4), safely secured in a CAR SEAT. Noah squints up to the front to see his MOM and DAD, a smile across his lips.

Dad rubbing his head.

Mom smiling.

But... Neither of his parents hands touch each other. They rest on the seat in front of him. Inches...

His mother moves away.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/DINING ROOM - DAY

Daylight cracks through BOARDED WINDOWS.

A DINING ROOM TABLE set with DINNER. Unfinished PLATES of FOOD left behind.

Suddenly, the boarded windows begin to rattle from SOMETHING outside trying to get in. We HEAR FLIES BUZZING.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah is frozen with horror, standing in a bedroom closet with little Sam held tightly against him.

Mom, flushed with terror, attempts to console them.

MOM
Now be a good boy Noah and watch
your brother. You take care of
him, okay? You're the man of the
house now. You're the man of the
house.

Mom shuts the two of them in the closet.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/MOM'S BEDROOM/CLOSET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah and Sam waiting... waiting... waiting... We HEAR a CRASH, SCRAPE, their Mom SCREAM! We hear RUNNING footsteps THUD, THUD, THUD... Noah exits in caution.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, Noah nears his Mother as she crawls backwards through the door. Her body BLOODY. Her eyes never stop staring down the hallway.

MOM

Get back in there, Noah!

Noah disobeys, still walking to her as she stares forward, eyes glazed. A FLY lands on her face, yet she doesn't even flinch... It stays there, crawling.

At the doorway, Noah looks out and sees-

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

-nothing. But, we stare with him for awhile. Until...

From the stairway rushes an UNWELCOME. Human. Or once was. Emaciated. Skin grey with LESIONS across it. Though they look a bit worn, his SUITPANTS and TIE make it seem he's normal. The long NAIL in his hand says otherwise.

For a moment he stares. His TEETH slapping together with a loud wet crunch. Almost as if he is trying to speak without lips or tongues. Tribal. Rhythmic. Then he twitches and runs towards Noah and his mother.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/MOM'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah is unmoving in the doorway, though not out of bravery. It's primal shock.

The Unwelcome barrelling into him, uninterested. He pushes him aside and with the rusty nail cuts into Mom... Drinking from the wound!

Noah watches in HORROR as the Unwelcome rises when finished. Staring into him, their eyes are locked. The Unwelcome's lesions suddenly ooze BLACK BLOOD. A HOWL emanating in Noah's head! DEMONIC, OTHERWORDLY, NUMEROUS SOUNDS from the Unwelcome. Noah still covers his ears even though the SOUND is coming from within.

And the Unwelcome rushes out of the room. Sunlight from the window behind him stabbing into Noah's eyes-

INT. NOAH'S HOME/NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

-the way it is even now. Violently awakening Noah. He's much older now (17) and recovering from his nightmare. He looks to his window, a dilapidated piece of cardboard in it instead of glass. A hole letting yellow LIGHT in from outside.

Noah is completely clothed. A COAT around his shoulders, torn GLOVES over his hands. He rises. Removes his coat.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Noah checks on his sleeping brother, SAM (13), who is also completely clothed. Curled up into a fetal position, he looks younger than thirteen.

Noah then pushing his coat over him, trying not to wake him. Finding an OBJECT wrapped in FOIL on his bedstand. Noah shakes his head in frustration, grabbing the object. Exits as we notice CRAYON DRAWINGS all around the room's walls.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Foil unwrapped now we see a DEAD BIRD inside.

NOAH

Damn it Sam.

Noah throws it away, washes his hands. He then turns his attention to filling up WATER BOTTLES from a JUG.

Moves to stabbing a spoon into a freshly poured BOWL of CEREAL. He leaves one of the BOTTLES beside the dry breakfast. Scribbling a note beside it that reads: SAM, DON'T CRY OVER THE SPILT MILK SINCE YOU SPILT IT. NOAH.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

The entire street is suburban with a few minor oddities. Every house has BUG ZAPPERS, FLY STRIPS and ZIPLOC BAGS of WATER hanging from the PORCH. Some of the windows have been boarded up.

KIDS play SOCCER in the street. Some play hopscotch while others in raggedy COSTUME MASKS run up porches, knocking and running away.

Older kids opening the door.

There are no ADULTS to be seen.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/GARAGE - DAY

From behind a stagnant STATION WAGON with its HOOD up, Noah plucks out his SKATEBOARD. Slapping it on the floor. On his side, he wears a CRACKED IPOD. Adam and the Ants "Kings of the Wild Frontier" playing as he turns it up.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skating out of the garage, water bottles in tow.

HAWTHORNE (20) is outside his home, two younger BOYS around him... We will know their names later.

As for Hawthorne, there is darkness under his eyes from lack of sleep. He seems to stink of inner torment hidden beneath anger. Pounds of muscle and wrath, a tribal TATTOO on his neck.

HAWTHORNE

Where ya goin' gayboy? Takin'
your boyfriend some water?

Noah ignores him, leaving behind him their wicked grins...

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Pushing with his foot, Noah skates down the streets of his neighborhood, between the young kids playing and the older ones watering their plants or attempting to mow their lawns.

Noah's wheels going faster once he's at the end of the street, passing a street sign: BREYTON AVE.

But, we don't stop there.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, the world around Noah changes. Abandoned homes with domesticated animals running freely. CATS. DOGS. LAMBS. GOATS. ALL TYPES of different PETS.

Long dead grass in front yards... Windows broken open, doors left open... Age old spray paint on many of the sides... No person in sight, but Noah still skates through all of this as if it were normal.

Finally making his way to a large concrete wall and gate. We pull back to reveal this neighborhood is part of a gated community. Once very modern and suburban. Now an empty bleakness settles over.

EXT. GATE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The top of the concrete wall is covered in GLASS and BARBED WIRE while across it is the sentence: SECOND STAR ON THE RIGHT, STRAIGHT ON TIL MORNING.

Noah snaps his board up into his hand, approaching a rag tag group of OLDER BOYS wearing BOWS AND ARROWS, carrying KNIVES, BASEBALL BATS and CROSSBOWS. Many have HOMEMADE WEAPONS. Their clothing is worn by the seasons and sun, yet still youthful. *You may have seen boys dressed similarly in foreign countries. They belong to ruthless militias.*

MARSHALL (20) wears an ARMY HELMET over his smile. Clearly the oldest, he walks with presence, the other boys looking to him when he speaks. He leans over an older boy while he patiently holds a NEEDLE to his ear.

MARSHALL

What do you think of the War Chest, Noah?

Noah gathers his water bottles from the back-pack. Passing them out to the older boys.

NOAH

The what?

MARSHALL

Or the Colony. We're talking names for the community.

OLDER BOY #1

Don't forget Black Book.

MARSHALL

I like New Jamestown. I don't like Black Book, Benjamin.

Marshall pushes the Needle into (Older Boy #1) Benjamin's ear.

BENJAMIN

Oww! Jesus, Marshall! No warning?

Moving away from him, Marshall pats Benjamin's back.

NOAH

What's wrong with Indigo Valley?

Marshall snatches the water out of Noah's hand.

MARSHALL

The N on Indigo fell off. Can't find it anywhere.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

We figured we could replace it
with any letters we wanted.

Benjamin pushes an earring into the fresh hole in his
ear.

BENJAMIN

Just-aaah-just get 'em from signs
in town.

MARSHALL

Name the community whatever we
wanted.

NOAH

I'd say jus' fix the N. It's less
to search for. But, whatever you
guys do, I'll help out if ya need
help-I'll help. If ya need it.

MARSHALL

Of course.

Marshall slaps him on the shoulder, rubs his head.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Thanks for the water, boss.

The group disperses as Noah searches his mind for
something to say.

NOAH

Hey, wait! You guys see any
action lately?

MARSHALL

How many times you gonna ask that,
Noah?

BENJAMIN

There ain't been nothin' since
Kevin Goodrich.

NOAH

(BEAT)
Well, I know I was just curious
that's all.

Noah's shoulders sink as they return to their points.
Noah left standing alone. Staring out the front of the
gate.

Strand after strand of FLY TRAPS hanging from the metal
bars.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Finally, we see outside of Indigo Valley. And it is certainly unexpected, shocking even.

Littered trash rides the wind.

Cars overturned. Abandoned. Black. Burned by flames years ago.

In the distance, between the SOUNDS of NATURE, there is a HOWLING. An OTHERWORLDLY WEeping. SOUNDS of the UNWELCOME.

EXT. RECREATION CENTER - NIGHT

GENERATORS, several of them, GROWL to life.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
 Eight years... Eight years to the day that we brought you here. Started this place. A shelter from the Unwelcome. A home.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

All the YOUNGEST of the CHILDREN are lined up against a wall while the OLDER check behind their ears, check their fingernails, making sure they are clean.

Some of the CHILDREN sniffle, noses red and runny.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
 I know that there have been whispers 'round the neighborhood as to whether it was ever a good idea to stay behind these gates. The Matures watching over Todds. Wipin' their noses from colds.

A string of LIGHTS have been run along the room. The illuminance strong then dim from generators.

SHEEP, DOGS, CATS etc. running free between the crowd.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - NIGHT - LATER

Hawthorne stares up at Marshall, a look of disgust and disagreement across his face.

Marshall stands before the group. Behind him is a CHALKBOARD reading: SUPPLIES NEEDED...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

Yes, the search for gasoline has brought us further and further away from home, battery supplies have run thin, our livestock too small to even live off of... Hell it's times like these I whisper the same words.

KIDS squirm between each other, FOLD OUT CHAIRS, and a few random SCHOOL DESKS to find SEATS. Settling...

Noah, sits beside Sam, having Sam blow his nose into a KLEENEX.

NOAH

(whisper)

You feeling okay today?

Sam, reading his lips, nods his head.

MARSHALL

Once upon a time our mothers baked our lunches, now we grow our own crops. Once we had fathers that showed us how to shave. Now we teach ourselves. And some of us still have the scars.

Hawthorne shakes his head, his leg bouncing up and down. He's impatient. He sure as hell doesn't want to be here.

Marshall turns to a YOUNG MAN flirting with a PRETTY GIRL.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

While mowing, we have to see the areas of the lawn we missed on our own... Poop Tooth.

The Young Man smiles, revealing his brown tooth. Poop Tooth.

The pretty girl beside him blushes at her boyfriend.

Laughter filling the room.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

But, on this anniversary let me remind you it is for this reason we cannot be discouraged. We are family now.

That does it, Hawthorne stands up with his two friends and leaves the speech. This is ridiculous. He's dramatic with his exit, shaking his head...

Marshall noticing him, but paying him no mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Hawthorne leaves, he passes a concerned young woman, MADELINE (16) that catches Noah's eye. She is vulnerable, she is introverted, and she is beautiful. She tries to stop Hawthorne, but he pushes past her. Shyly, she makes her way back to her chair.

And from Noah's face, we know he's in love.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Needless to say we can only continue if there are those of us mature enough for the Gathering. And I believe it is close to the time to decide a new member. Those who feel they are ready, be prepared. It will be those that I consider.

Madeline scoots to the edge of her seat, ready to speak.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

As always be sure to grab your batteries here at the end tonight. Replenish the ones in your flashlights and bug zappers first. Do not swap or trade. It'll be those that aid the younger in this that will catch my attention for the Gathering in a couple days.

MADELINE

While the girls wait and clean clothes?

MARSHALL

Madeline, please, there's a time and pla-

MADELINE

No girls ever go on the Gathering. Boys get less domestic positions. You're traditionally keeping us girls 'safe'.

There are girls here that agree, though not many. Some just play with their ORIGAMI FORTUNE TELLERS, unaware of the meeting.

MARSHALL

Don't use book-words they can't understand.

MADELINE

I mean you're even getting what would otherwise be considered male supplies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Madeline opens her mouth to speak more, but her brow narrows as she is cut off.

NOAH

(shy)

That's not true. Um, last time they went out, they... uhm they gave you wood. Wood would be considered... masculine.

Some of the Matures giggle.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I-I only say this because, I needed it for my damaged floors and well, you got it for your cello.

Marshall attempts to return to normal processions while Madeline stares into Noah with both intrigue and curiosity.

And giggling girls show Madeline the Origami Fortune Teller's reveal.

Madeline giving a nervous smile to Noah.

MARSHALL

As I was saying, there is a time and place for these talks. If you have a concern, please don't wait to bring it up after the meeting.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME - NIGHT

Under a flickering light Hawthorne sits with the two younger boys from earlier. In his hand he has a TATTOO GUN and he tats his own arm as they talk.

The first of these boys, the oldest, is LONDON and like his name suggests, he has an English accent.

As for OSCAR, he's just happy to have friends. Wiping his RUNNY NOSE every so often from a cold.

LONDON

What do you mean what's a panty tree? It's exactly what it sounds like, you dipshit mongoloid.

OSCAR

It sounds like a tree that grows panties and I know that ain't true.

HAWTHORNE

Is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR
What's a mongoloid?

LONDON
(to Hawthorne)
So it is a tree with panties on
it?

OSCAR
That's a mongoloid?

HAWTHORNE
No, you idiot.

OSCAR
Come on guys stop playin'.

HAWTHORNE
Kevin Goodrich told me about it
back when he was breathin'. Some
of the older boys, before
everything, they would take girls
up there. And if the night turned
right they left their panties
hanging from branches as proof.

London and Oscar laugh with excitement.

OSCAR
That sounds made up.

LONDON
You're just fuckin' scared, you
Todd. You're afraid of the
Unwelcome.

Oscar pushes London.

OSCAR
I ain't no Todd! And I ain't
scared, ya piece of shit!

LONDON
Alright, alright. So you're with
us then?

OSCAR
Of course.

Hawthorne finishes his tattoo. A TRIBAL coil, random
lines.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Just tell me what you mean by if
the night turned right?

London and Hawthorne laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWTHORNE

You ain't no Mature that's for
sure.

Suddenly, London and Oscar's watches begin BEEPING.

OSCAR

Oh, shit.

HAWTHORNE

(disgust)
Curfew?

LONDON

Marshall says it saves us gas.

HAWTHORNE

(frustration)
He's gonna end up letting this
place crumble. He's concerned
about all the wrong things.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

LIGHTS dying.

BUG ZAPPERS are the only GLOW left.

Winds begin to pick up.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Outside Sam's window, Noah watches as the last of the
neighborhood lights shut off. He turns to Sam, who is
crawling into his BED.

Noah snaps out the BATTERIES from various LAMPS and BUG
ZAPPERS in the room and tosses them in a BAG that reads
RECHARGE.

NOAH

Stop using the fresh ones during
the day, Sam. I won't tell you
again.

Pulling from a PAPER BAG that reads FRESH, he slides them
into the BUG ZAPPER. He then sits at his brother's bed.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What kinda story you wanna hear?

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

The trash beyond the gates spiral between charred CARS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tormented trees sway back and forth.

Somewhere is the SOUND of the UNWELCOME.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A GROUP of BOYS back away from the front gate. A look of fear across their faces. WEAPONS drawn.

Benjamin pushing to the front. A born leader...

BENJAMIN
 Watchers, hold your stations!
 It's fine! It's just wind. Don't
 worry. Look...

He points to the gate.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
 There aren't any flies... We're
 safe.

They look to the front of the gate. Long, sticky FLY STRIPS bouncing against the metal bars. Glowing BUG-ZAPPERS slapping into each other. There are that many.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Sam chews his cereal, dropping the SPOON into the bowl. Using his hands to speak, we realize he's DEAF. His words SUBTITLED.

SAM
 (sign language)
*I didn't spill the milk, Noah! It
 went bad!*

Noah adjusts the settings on an SL-R 10.1 CAMERA.

NOAH
 I didn't say anything!

SAM
But, you're thinking it.

NOAH
 Either way, stop gripin' about the way the damn cereal tastes with water. Don't use the water if it tastes so bad. Eat it dry.

Noah exits.

Sam rolling his eyes as he takes in a giant mouthful of cereal and water. With disgust he opens his mouth at his older brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah enters again, holding his hand over his mouth where his deaf brother can't see his mouth:

NOAH (CONT'D)
The cereal is expired too.

Sam mockingly laughs at Noah's hidden joke.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME/ROOF - DAY

Grains of ROOF TILE roll down the slanted roof beneath Noah's feet as he scales the top of his home, finally resting at the tip. With his camera he watches his neighbors. Zooming in for a better look.

ONE NEIGHBOR uses a green plastic watering can to water weeds with very few wilting FLOWERS. The WATER is BROWN.

Noah scans the street, watching the kids play soccer. In the backyard across the street, he watches TWO KIDS jump on their trampoline.

Then, he hears what he's been waiting for. The slide of a door... He leans forward, over the edge, for a better look...

NOAH'S P.O.V.: Madeline exits her home wearing mismatching BRA and PANTIES. Her fingers are wrapped around a worn copy of H.G. Wells' THE TIME MACHINE. Sunglasses cover her large wet eyes.

Curiously, she steps around the bend of her empty, underground POOL, moving to a LAWN CHAIR between brown and yellow leaves. She sits, carefully bending open the book, running her finger over each sentence.

Noah watches her longingly... And though he's a teenage boy his eyes don't pour over the usual spots. He notices the way she pushes her hair behind her ear. Her eyes. Her ankles... But, of course he can't contain himself and moves to the classics...

HAWTHORNE (O.S.)
Madeline!

Her eyes jump from the page... to see Hawthorne standing in the back doorway of their home.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
How many times have I told you!
Don't come out here dressed like
that!

MADELINE
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWTHORNE

You're in your skimps!

Madeline rolls her eyes.

MADELINE

I need sun.

HAWTHORNE

For what?

Madeline makes an attempt to argue, but her jaw offers nervous bounces and no words. She relents. Heading towards the house.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Look at yourself! People could see you.

Madeline rolls her eyes as she enters their house, Hawthorne looking up to Noah furiously.

But Noah has already realigned himself to look as if he's staring out into the street. His camera nested beneath his butt cheek and the roof top. He avoids Hawthorne's stare and in his nervousness, nudges the hidden camera... black metal and curved glass rumbling loudly down the roof.

Hawthorne stares daggers. His index finger stabbing in the air toward Noah.

Suddenly, in the distance we HEAR a SOFT SCREAM.

Noah frowns as he looks to the neighborhood. That's odd.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

A group of Todds and Matures have gathered between houses at something on the lawn.

Marshall moves toward them.

MARSHALL

Being at the gates is very important, perhaps the only important thing, I hope that this-

His expression becomes grave as he divides the group.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Who found this?

Poop Tooth shyly raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOP TOOTH

I didn't want to tell anybody.
Harmony promised she wouldn't
scream.

Harmony looks down with disappointment.

MARSHALL

It's a good thing she did.

It is hard for us to see between all the tiny legs and feet. But, when we do it's recognizable: a DEAD CAT.

INT. RANDOM HOME - DAY

Secluded from everyone else, Marshall and IRISH (17) discuss the cat.

Todds and Matures looking in on them through the window.

IRISH

All the blood is missing?

MARSHALL

Go out there and feel it. Its skin's a potato sack.

IRISH

How long ago?

MARSHALL

Had to be last night. At least it's one of the strays, not a pet. I don't wanna explain death again.

IRISH

Does this affect the Gathering?

MARSHALL

We need food don't we? Too many are sick with the cold. We need good supplies.

Unexpectedly, Hawthorne bursts through the door.

Marshall already holding out his hand.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I don't have time for this.

HAWTHORNE

Is it true? Is it?

Marshall doesn't respond.

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CONTINUED:

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

So it's finally happened. Like I
always thought it would.

MARSHALL

We can't say that for sure,
Hawthorne, you can't-

HAWTHORNE

They've finally broke the wall,
Marshall. They coulda kissed any
of us. But, we won't know who it
is til it's too late.

IRISH

What are you talking about?

HAWTHORNE

You didn't spend a lot of time out
there before we found this
place... the lesions only form to
release dead blood. The old blood
has to die over time. The skin
opens wounds for release, but by
the time we actually see a lesion
it's been sick for a while. You
could be one of 'em for a while
and no one know except the kisses.

IRISH

Kisses?

HAWTHORNE

Feedings.

MARSHALL

Enough! I've made my decision.
We need more time.

Hawthorne shakes his head with anger. Leaves.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - DAY

Madeline scrubs the edge of her CELLO with sandpaper.
From the lack of polish, it is clear that she's replaced
the damaged side.

We watch her tedious work. Carefully, she ties and
twists the last STRING. Plucks a CHORD, listening
intently. Running her hands over the smooth wood. Her
finger running along the curved edge.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DAY

Sam is weeping, tears streaming down his face. He wraps
the drained DEAD CAT in FOIL.

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CONTINUED:

Noah coming up behind him, sighing.

NOAH
You can't keep doing this, Sam.

SAM
It deserves one.

NOAH
I know, Sam. They all do, it's just this is how people get sick.

Noah kneels down beside him.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Animals are dirty. You understand? You can't get their blood on you.

Sam looks back down at the cat, crying.

SAM
It didn't deserve this, Noah. It deserves better than this.

NOAH
(sighs)
OK, but this is the last one.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - DAY

Interrupting Madeline, Hawthorne steps in, Oscar and London coming in behind.

HAWTHORNE
(to London, Oscar)
That's not the point. We won't know who it is til it's too late.
(to Madeline)
There any beans left or did you eat 'em all?

Madeline doesn't look up at him, her attention on the cello.

MADELINE
You know where to look.

Hawthorne moves to an UNPLUGGED REFRIGERATOR. There isn't much inside, but there are a few CANNED GOODS.

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CONTINUED:

HAWTHORNE

The point is if it isn't some fox
or wolf, if it ain't some damn
coyote that forgot to gnaw the
meat and just swallow the blood
then for the first time our
borders have been breached. Like
I told him it would before he
kicked me outta the Gathering.

Madeline continues working, pretending not to listen.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME/BACKYARD - DAY

Noah and Sam stand before a freshly DUG GRAVE. A SMALL
piece of PAPER with the name BUCK written on it.

Noah is obviously uncomfortable. Weary of this trend.

NOAH

Here lies Buck.

Noah stops, squinting in the sun at his brother. Buck?

NOAH (CONT'D)

You sure you want Buck?

Sam nods his head.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Buck just makes this seem less
serious.

Sam stares at him, unwavering in his ways.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Here lies Buck. Fearless feline.
We give him now his final
farewell. Perhaps he was once
someone's world entire... Or he
was a solo adventurer, maybe...
prowling the lands of Oklahoma,
loving each mouse he tasted, each
ball of fur he vomited. May he
rest in peace after such
rambunctious days.

(disbelief)

Buck.

After Noah's speech, we notice SEVERAL other graves in
their backyard. All tiny. All with PAPER GRAVESTONES.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Now, come on Sam.

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CONTINUED:

Sam suddenly notices a FLY spinning around his freshly dug grave. He freezes in fear, slapping down his hand, cupping the fly underneath. With his free hand he signs:

SAM
Can I have a second?

Noah rolls his eyes.

NOAH
Just make sure you wash your hands.

But, Sam has already turned away. Unable to see his brother's mouth. He squashes the fly, wiping his hand off on his shirt.

Noah turns towards the house, noticing across the way, Hawthorne and his gang on their porch.

His fist clenches...

EXT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME - DAY

The boys make loud, wet spins with their SPOONS in the BEANS. Those that have neared the end of their meal clanking loudly in their CANS.

Hawthorne notices Noah walking up.

HAWTHORNE
What is this? Do me a favor would ya, London? Grab my sister...

London leaves as Noah steps up to the house.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
What do you want gayboy?

Noah tries to find the words. His fists unclenching... he wipes his sweaty palms against his pants.

NOAH
Listen, in the past Sam has buried... What I mean is, I know you had a pet bird that disappeared.

Hawthorne stands, towering over Noah.

NOAH (CONT'D)
And I'm not... I'm just saying we've found the turtles with holes drilled into its shell.

HAWTHORNE
What about 'em gayboy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

I just want to know if this is
some sort of prank? If you did
this?

Hawthorne stares into Noah.

HAWTHORNE

You come to take another peek at
my sister?

NOAH

What?

Hawthorne smiles sinisterly.

Madeline and London coming back.

MADELINE

What do you want? I've got a lot
to do?

HAWTHORNE

Noah here has somethin' to tell
ya.

Madeline looks to Noah. Her eyes kind, but Noah can only
shake his head.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Well tell her...

NOAH

(timid)
I didn't say anything about her.
(to Madeline)
I don't have anything to tell ya.

HAWTHORNE

Apologize you shit!
(to Madeline)
You see, I guess he overheard me
sayin' this morning I didn't want
ya to be outside in your skimps.
Seems he wants ya to keep
sunbathing.

Madeline searches Noah for the truth.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

I guess he likes to jerk off to
ya.

The other boys laugh out loud at Noah, who is petrified
with fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

And he had the sack to brag about it.

LONDON

That's what he told me.

Hawthorne pushes Noah.

HAWTHORNE

Now apologize to her you pervert!

Noah's jaw quivers.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

I said apologize!

Hawthorne punches Noah in the face, sending him to the ground. He kicks him in the stomach.

MADELINE

Hawthorne stop! I said stop it!

Hawthorne spits on Noah's face. Leaning over him. Hand pushing Noah's head into the ground.

HAWTHORNE

(whispering)

You were nothing when we all first came here! A scared little Todd with dead parents and a retard brother. And you are still a nothing. Don't ever come to me with clammy hands again.

Hawthorne snatches his sister by the arm, leading her back inside the house.

Noah. Alone. Defeated. He looks to a house across the street with CURTAINS split open... A YOUNG BOY IN A GAS MASK watching serenely. This is THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES, his finger writing in the dusty glass: MUST LEARN TO TALK.

Noah's vision moving to a PINK FLAMINGO in the yard as he avoids the boy.

NOAH

Thanks, asshole.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A PHOTO of Noah and Sam with their MOTHER and FATHER... It shakes in Noah's grasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With his fingertip he cleans the dust from the corners of the FRAME and sets it back up on a SHELF with numerous CAMERAS and a bound copy of THE TIME MACHINE. His hand moves over to his chipped SL-R 10.1.

Sam steps into the room. Silent concern on his face.

Eyes rolling, Noah sighs and turns to him, signing angrily as he speaks.

NOAH
It didn't even hurt that bad.

SAM
I didn't say anything.

NOAH
(smiles wryly)
Did you mean that as a joke?

Sam smiles tenderly.

SAM
Red means you're scared.

Noah places the SL-R 10.1 back on the shelf. Looking to his MOOD RING.

NOAH
I'm not so sure it still works.
It kinda sucks.

SAM
Like your fighting?

Noah smiles at that one. Holds up his hand. The Mood Ring is yellow.

NOAH
So you made it turn yellow. Very good.

SAM
You have a guest.

Noah scowls.

NOAH
Well I hope they can't read your hands.

Marshall steps from around the corner.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Marshall? What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHALL

You heard?

NOAH

I saw it, yeah. Sam wanted to have a ceremony, I hope that's okay.

MARSHALL

It's fine.

(smiles at Sam)

How is he doing by the way?

NOAH

The cold isn't as bad as it used to be. He sniffles still, but that's it. Still obsessed with burying roadkill.

Sam smiles.

MARSHALL

(short)

Listen, I wanted to know if you'd join me tonight.

NOAH

Join you, like hanging out? Are we gonna hang out?

MARSHALL

There's something I need to talk to you about.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

One by one lights die again across the neighborhood.

Windows are shut.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT

The Boy with the gas mask, The Boy That Never Leaves, watches out his window. Drawing the CRACKED BLINDS so no one can see in. The glass of his dusty window reading: IT'S IN THE THOUGHTS.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Carrying a SHOVEL and PITCHFORK, Oscar and London follow Hawthorne in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR

(whisper)

Are you guys sure tonight's the best night?

LONDON

(whisper)

There's no better time.

OSCAR

(whisper)

I just mean everything with the stray and the Unwelcome.

Hawthorne stops. A BEAM of light suddenly shooting from his FLASHLIGHT.

HAWTHORNE

It's because of that, Oscar, there's no better time.

His flashlight dies again.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

Irish with a BOW AND ARROW slung over his shoulder wears a thick sweaty nervousness over his face. He makes his way up to Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

What are you doing away from your post, Irish?

IRISH

Tyler's coverin' it. I had to come to ya. I didn't want to scare anyone else-it's probably nothin'-but... it's probably just my imagination, but I think there might have been something at the west end. I heard it.

Benjamin stares at Irish with contempt.

BENJAMIN

If this is another escaped herd or something...

IRISH

Well, it's probably nothin', I hope it's nothin'. I'll cover your post. You're better at tracking than I am, Benji boy.

BENJAMIN

OK, alright. Just stay awake while you're here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Benjamin relents. Trekking off toward Irish's supposed sound.

Hawthorne, Oscar and London appearing beside Irish.

HAWTHORNE
We just crawl over?

IRISH
(defeated)
Ya. And swiftly.

Oscar and London push a SHOVEL and PITCHFORK through the openings of the metal bars.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Listen, Hawthorne. Gettin' back in is a little harder. There's a tree at the south end. It's a giant jump, but you can make it.

Hawthorne nods, not really listening. He holds up a BUG ZAPPER as if it were a lantern. He turns it on.

IRISH (CONT'D)
And Hawthorne...

Hawthorne stops.

IRISH (CONT'D)
I don't owe you anythin' after this. I don' care who knows. Tell whoever you want.

There's a grin that bends between Hawthorne's lips. He makes a mock kissing face at Irish. Winks with a bully's contempt.

IRISH (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
Watch out for poison ivy.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Noah finishes surrounding Sam's bed with bug zappers.

NOAH
I can't leave them on all night. We need to save batteries. But, I won't turn them off til I'm back.

Sam is being tucked into bed by Noah.

SAM
Stay with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

I can't. I'm hanging out with
Marshall tonight.

SAM

*Just til I fall asleep? I don't
want any dreams. If you're here,
I won't have the dreams.*

NOAH

What dreams, Sam?

SAM

*Of what's gonna come. In my
dreams there are voices. I can
hear them talking to me.*

NOAH

You hear them talking to you?

Sam hugs Noah. Noah concerned for his brother.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'll be here. I'll stay til
you're asleep.

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHTS in hand, Marshall and Noah make their way
through the LIVESTOCK AREA. Fences with various animals.
Chickens, cows, etc.

Marshall leans against a fence, watching baby chicks.

MARSHALL

How many more days til they're big
enough ya think?

NOAH

It's past curfew are you sure we
should be out here?

MARSHALL

(ignoring him)
Everything's sick isn't it?

Marshall smiles faintly. Continues his walk.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Runny noses and coughs on the
Todds and I can't even feed them
properly, because the animals
aren't old enough.

(BEAT)

Eight years. Lotta nights to
wonder if this was the best idea.
Starting all this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

You were this big when I first found you here. Hard to imagine huh? I remember first coming out here to try and decide what to do.

NOAH

Why did you decide to do something?

MARSHALL

I was the oldest.

NOAH

And that gave you the sack?

MARSHALL

Where'd you learn that word?

(BEAT)

I've never been brave, Noah. I've been the oldest before, yes. Before everything I mean. Being the oldest isn't what gives you strength.

(BEAT)

There was an adult back then that was hurting some of the younger boys. I knew... But, I did nothing.

NOAH

You were a Todd.

MARSHALL

They finally caught them because someone else stood up. A Todd. That's what makes a Mature, Noah. Are we bystanders or are we active? Are we gonna stand up when our time comes?

Marshall stops on a small GOLF COURSE. We realize the CORN has been planted on what used to be a GREEN.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Here we are.

He hands a CLUB to Noah.

NOAH

I watched it happen to my Mom, ya know? Did I ever tell you that? It attacked her and then just looked at me. It didn't do anything to me. Like I was nothin'. And I did nothin'. I was supposed to be the man of the house, but I'm just a kid.

(BEAT)

Why are we the only kids left?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marshall lets the BALL in his hand drop on the green, lines up his shot.

MARSHALL

I want you to go with us on the Gathering.

Noah is frozen with emotion. Out of excitement he lets the light fall.

NOAH

Do you... I don't know-do you think I'm ready?

Marshall, always patient, lifts the light back up to where it needs to be. Takes the shot.

MARSHALL

I don't know why you weren't attacked after your mother, Noah. They seem smarter than we ever thought. Maybe, if we could communicate. They were once like us, right?

Reaching into his pocket, Marshall pulls out an EARRING.

MARSHALL(CONT'D)

Strength, Noah, is more than muscle. It's caring for those that can't care for themselves. It's the ability to hold them all up when they're tired.

NOAH

(re: earring)
Is that gonna hurt?

Marshall laughs.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

CRACK! Branches snap loudly in the wind, echoing into the night.

Hawthorne is still in the lead, his face glowing beside the bug zapper, his FLASHLIGHT pushed out into the dust and darkness. Behind him, Oscar and London. At this point they have changed their demeanor. They are gravely serious as they pass cars on the side of the road.

LONDON

It smells horrible out here.

Oscar sees a SKELETON in the DRIVER'S SEAT of a CAR. A BABY SKELETON in its arms. A horrible death from years ago revealed by his FLASHLIGHT. He jumps, screams...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR

How much further?

Hawthorne looks forward.

HAWTHORNE

Why? Can't handle it?

We HEAR the UNWELCOME. Their howls are soft, distant.

Hawthorne's taunt stops. He looks to his bug zapper. It is clean.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Just make sure you remember the way we came. It's easy to get lost out here.

Oscar grips his shovel tighter.

London's eyes scouring the wooded area.

They walk...

Finally arriving at the TREE.

Beams of their LIGHT washing across the faded, torn, PANTIES dangling from branches.

All three stare in awe.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Look at that, he wasn't lying.

One by one they study the limbs and their contents.

OSCAR

I'm not gonna lie, it's kinda disgusting.

LONDON

I think I see K.S. You think that could be Krystal Simpson?

OSCAR

No, you Mary, she would have been a Todd at the time.

In the wind, we watch this TREE of youthful sexuality. An image of intrigue, repulsion... violence.

ZAP! The SOUND stuns the boys. A mild HUM as a FLY slowly dies in Hawthorne's bug zapper.

Hawthorne's eyes grow wide...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

London and Oscar backing away from him... Their flashlights dying.

Hands shaking, Hawthorne sets the zapper down onto the ground...

Oscar and London hide behind TREES. BUSHES. In the darkness.

HAWTHORNE

Don't be so scared, you Todds.

Suddenly, a RABBIT runs out of the darkness... Followed by an UNWELCOME...

...the action is quick, but we are allowed the chance to view this Unwelcome intimately in SLOW MOTION. Like a lion chasing an antelope, except suddenly, we realize there is a CHAIN attached to his leg.

In his hands, he holds a TORN CAN that he uses to cut the rabbit's jugular when at last he catches him...

And from the VEIN he DRINKS.

Heavy breathing from Hawthorne as he watches. Confidence building inside him with each suck of air. He snatches Oscar's shovel from his hands, rushes out toward the Unwelcome.

The Unwelcome shrieking at its hunter. An animal. It drops its food, turning to Hawthorne...

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

It's injured!

Hawthorne smashes the shovel against the side of its skull, sending it spinning. He smashes at it again, again, again... Its cries wild! Finally, breaking free from Hawthorne's blows, running in the opposite direction.

Hawthorne laughs.

London shoving his Pitchfork into the Unwelcome's thigh.

It howls in pain, pushing London into a tree. Holding him there by the neck. His lesions losing blood more and more.

Hawthorne diving into him. He stabs at the Unwelcome with the shovel, bats at it with the handle.

The Unwelcome falling once again to the earth.

They have the upper-hand now.

Hawthorne turning to Oscar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Oscar scared. Still hiding.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Get over here! Now!

He kicks the Unwelcome.

Oscar timidly moving from the bushes.

Hawthorne holding out the shovel.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Hit him.

Oscar trying to speak, but he can't...

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Hit him!

Oscar snatches the shovel slamming down on the Unwelcome... Each blow becoming stronger and stronger.

He stops. Terrified at what he's done.

Hawthorne looking to him smiling.

Oscar throws the shovel back at Hawthorne.

OSCAR
There.

Hawthorne stabs down at the Unwelcome with the shovel.

The Unwelcome grabbing it, holding it back with all its strength. Screaming defiantly...

They struggle, muscles flexed...

Then suddenly the Unwelcome laughs. A WICKED bellow.

Hawthorne shoving down with all his body strength. CRUNCH! Hawthorne's body rests over the shovel that is now stuck clean through the Unwelcome, into the ground.

Blood splashing up on his SHIRT!

Black oozes from every lesion...

Stumbling, Hawthorne backs away from his kill, looking to London and Oscar.

HAWTHORNE
Did any get on me?

He removes his SHIRT, checking his body for BLOOD. There isn't any on his flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Hawthorne stares up at the panty tree, looking down only to step back away from the Unwelcome's blood.

Oscar and London watching him.

LONDON

This is why you brought us out here, isn't it? You chained him up!

Hawthorne listens to the SNAPPING of the TREES in the wind.

HAWTHORNE

Why was it laughing?

More and more FLIES quickly begin to circle the zapper...

Hawthorne turning to look at London and Oscar.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Run.

They're confused.

More and more flies...

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

(terrified)

RUUUUUNNNN!

And many more UNWELCOME twist from out of the tree. What we once thought were part of the TREE LIMBS and discarded CLOTHING were actually Unwelcome hiding. Their TEETH chatter, wet slaps and crunches. Are they talking to each other?

The three boys run! Leaves and twigs crunching beneath their hurried legs!

The Unwelcome tearing after them!

Oscar is the furthest behind, struggling to keep up with them. He falls further and further back.

The Unwelcome gaining on him. Attacking him.

We don't see it, there are too many. But, we can HEAR his SCREAMS.

Hawthorne and London running faster and faster.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT - SAME

COILS of metal burn slowly orange. The inside of a LIGHTBULB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A RECORD PLAYER spins... A lonely VOICE bellowing out of the CRACKLING record.

Madeline running her finger along the edge of her cello. Picking it up, she rests it between her legs. Grabbing her BOE... She begins to play.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT - SAME

Noah skates up to his driveway just in time to notice the generator growling at Hawthorne's home.

He sees the LIGHT on in the garage. Makes his way over.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT

Madeline finishes the last of her song. The record player spinning incessantly. Thuh-thunk, thuh-thunk, thuh-thunk...

Suddenly, she hears a noise at the garage door. She's startled. She reaches up and turns off the light. She waits, hearing it again... She steps to look out the dusty windows:

EXT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

To see Noah pacing back and forth, talking to himself. Fidgeting with his painful new EARRING.

NOAH

I just wanted to let you know-I wanted to tell you. I just wanted to let you know I'm part of the Gatherers now. I'm part-Marshall asked me. Personally. But, that's not why I'm here. I'm here because...

He looks to the window.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT - SAME

Madeline hiding from him, only to realize he can't see inside. She rises back up for a better look.

EXT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

NOAH

I just wanted to tell you in case something happens...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)

I just didn't want to go without
letting you know...

Noah finally gives in to his insecurities. Walking away
disappointed.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT - SAME

Madeline cleans the dusty window with her hand. Watching.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Noah is down the street now. He stops.

The SOUND of something being dragged.

He nears the home to see The Boy That Never Leaves
dragging a TRASH BAG up his driveway. Gas mask still on.

They stare for a moment.

Noah, frozen in fear that The Boy That Never Leaves is
actually out.

Until suddenly, the trash bag begins to move!

Noah, terrified, runs toward his house.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Noah slams the door behind him, breathing heavily.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/MADELINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madeline puts away her ALBUM when she hears a noise.
Louder than normal.

MADELINE

Hawthorne?

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CRASHES and THUMPS... Madeline nearing her brother's
room, the SOUNDS growing more and more intense.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Noah pushes against his window, hoping to see The Boy
That Never Leaves.

Instead, there's nothing. No one in the driveway.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HAWTHORNE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Upon entering, Madeline notices the mess first. DRAWERS overturned. BOXES emptied. A single LANTERN swaying in the center of the room. The light swinging... CLOTHES. TOYS. Hawthorne! London standing behind him.

Madeline jumps and screams. Scared by their presence suddenly revealed in the light.

HAWTHORNE

What are you doing in here?

MADELINE

I heard you come in. I just didn't know where you've been, wanted to make sure you were OK.

Hawthorne is silent. Staring at his sister sinisterly.

Madeline backing away from him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

OK. OK. Just get some sleep.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Madeline continues backing away, the swaying light still seen through a cracked door.

Silence...

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HAWTHORNE'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Hawthorne hasn't moved. Staring forward at the half closed door. A TATTOO GUN in his hand. His eyes iniquitous.

EXT. BREYTON AVE - DAY

Another day of GAMES and DUTIES. Some watering, some mowing, some playing...

INT. NOAH'S HOME/GARAGE - DAY

Garage door open, Noah works on their father's station wagon with Sam.

Sam looking through an older, worn AUTO MANUAL. Pointing at the section Noah should be reading from.

Noah tries to focus, arms deep in the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
I don't think that's right.

Sam puts the book down.

SAM
That's what you read, right?

NOAH
Try it out then.

Sam smiles, turning toward the driver's side door.
Sitting inside the car. He tries to turn the engine.

Ruhm-ruhm... Errr-ruhm... Nothing.

Sam slamming his fist down on the steering wheel.

Noah laughing.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Told you.

Sam's face suddenly shifts from frustration to blank.
His eyes locked on something or someone behind Noah. He
exits the car, still staring...

As Noah turns to see Madeline.

MADELINE
What's finger talk for I don't
bite?

NOAH
What? Oh, uh, it's um... We made
our own... our own version.

Madeline opts for waving.

MADELINE
I'll do this then.

Sam waves back, his cheeks red.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Did you teach him?

NOAH
Yeah, my mother started him, but
after... I taught him.

An awkward moment of teenage silence... Then finally:

MADELINE
I saw you last night. Outside my
house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
No you didn't.

MADELINE
That wasn't you?

NOAH
I didn't... I wasn't... My
mother played the violin, my
father wrote music.

Noah turns toward Sam, attempting to wave him off.

Sam defies his brother's suggestions at first, then gets
back in the car.

NOAH (CONT'D)
They have a lot of records, I like
music.

MADELINE
I have a record player.

NOAH
OK.

MADELINE
I just thought we could play them
sometime. Share collections.

NOAH
What makes you think I want to
share them?

MADELINE
Oh. OK. I better get back then.

Madeline starts to walk away.

NOAH
(wait...)
I'm going with the Gatherers!

Madeline stops.

MADELINE
I saw the earring.

NOAH
So I guess if you wanted to see
which ones you want... the
records. If somethin' were to
happen to me, you could keep them,
I mean.

MADELINE
(awkward)
Tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NOAH

Tonight you come over or tonight I
leave?

MADELINE

Well, I guess either one.

Silence. Again.

NOAH

Tonight, when you bring the record
player. I have grape juice. To
drink. We don't leave till
tomorrow.

Madeline smiles, walking away.

MADELINE

Good. I like grape juice.

Madeline finally turns, heading back to her house.

Noah slapping his forehead. Upset at his awkwardness.
He turns to the station wagon.

Sam wearing a grin across his face.

SAM

I have grape juice?

And Sam starts the station wagon. The engine rumbling.

NOAH

You're kidding me.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Noah and Sam are covered in FLOUR. Random ITEMS lay out
on the counter. They're attempting to cook. BOWLS,
PANS, and POTS covered in FOOD.

NOAH

How many cups of flour are we
supposed to use again?

SAM

*We didn't use as many as it said,
but it says four.*

As Sam signs four, he throws BATTER onto his own face.

Noah laughing.

SAM (CONT'D)

*You asked that again on purpose
didn't you?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah is still laughing.

Sam throwing BATTER on him.

An EGGTIMER goes off.

NOAH

Shit.

Noah runs over to a CHARCOAL GRILL set up in the middle of the KITCHEN, beside an open WINDOW.

Opens it. Inside, over FOIL he's baking BATTERED CHICKEN. Slides his finger across it, sucks his fingertip. His face confused.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You sure this is Mom's lemon chicken recipe?

Sam holds up a ROLODEX.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I guess we're improvising a bit.

And Noah slams the cover back down.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/MADELINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Madeline stands in front of a mirror, plucking her fingertip with a NEEDLE. Brushing the blood on her cheeks and lips.

MADELINE

Like this?

Finally, we see Mary Beth sitting on Madeline's bed. Her pet Chihuahua in her lap. A NOTEBOOK in her hands that she doodles in.

MARY BETH

It's kind of gross I know. But, thank the Gatherers for only grabbing pads and pons and not lipstick.

MADELINE

(embarrassed)
Sssh. Hawthorne'll hear you. He doesn't like that kind of talk.

MARY BETH

What talk? Talkin' about being a girl talk? Talkin' about pads and pons talk? That kinda talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE

He says that's what started this whole mess with the Unwelcome. Fluid swapping.

MARY BETH

I think there's another word for it. Isn't that right, Amiga?

Mary Beth uses the feet of her Chihuahua like a puppet.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

That's right. And it's fuuuunnnn.

MADELINE

Besides, I don't think lipstick is high on the survival list.

MARY BETH

In the old world there were people like your brother. They even believed warm breakfast made people horny. So they invented cereal and their name is Kellog. True story.

Madeline rolls her eyes, looking into the mirror.

MADELINE

This is stupid, it isn't me.

Mary Beth stands up from the bed, walking over to Madeline. She grabs her finger and pushes it to her lips.

MARY BETH

No, it is. Just not in the same way it's me.

Madeline smiles.

MADELINE

Thanks for doing this.

MARY BETH

Hey, you promised...

Mary Beth then holds up the notebook. Showing her drawings and writings. LITTLE HEARTS with Noah's name and Madeline's name.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

Just tell me what it's like to kiss the dreamy freak.

MADELINE

Mary Beth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two girls giggle, till Madeline sees Hawthorne in the doorway.

Mary Beth hides the notebook.

HAWTHORNE

What's going on?

MADELINE

Mary Beth and I are just hangin' out.

MARY BETH

I uhm, I think she's probably gonna stay at my place tonight, Hawthorne. If that's okay.

Hawthorne comes deeper into Madeline's room, straight to her drawer. Snatches up a handful of PENS from a CUP.

HAWTHORNE

I need to borrow these.

Then he exits the room.

MARY BETH

OK, he is genuinely creepy.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HAWTHORNE'S ROOM - DAY - SAME

Hawthorne steps inside. His room still ransacked.

He proceeds to snap every PEN in half, letting the INK drip down into a small VIAL he's set up on his DRAWER.

London is there. Face pale and sweaty.

LONDON

Look, Hawthorne how long do you think we have before they start looking for Oscar? How long do you think we have before the Unwelcome find us here?

HAWTHORNE

They already have! What do you think the stray was, huh? A warning. I injured and caught one of theirs.

LONDON

So you brought this on us?

HAWTHORNE

No. What happened to Oscar wasn't supposed to happen, but, what you did last night was special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONDON

What are you talking about?

HAWTHORNE

When Marshall and I first brought everyone here, he and I agreed that we'd be a team. A family. Strong together. We were the Matures after all. It was our duty to form this neighborhood. Take care of each and all the little Todds. But, after... after time, I grew strong. A threat to him. When he took me off the Gathering I told him there'd be a day when I found those just as strong as I am. Ready to fight death. Today is that day. Are you ready to join me?

London nods, holding his arm out for a TATTOO.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DUSK

An OPEN BOOK, HANDWRITING ACROSS the front:

ALL MATURES SHOULD KNOW ALL BOOK-WORDS. ESPECIALLY GATHERERS. -MARSHALL

Noah shuts the book: THE TIME MACHINE. He then places it on the shelf with his CAMERAS. Turning to an old dusty mirror, he picks pieces of LINT off his clothes, looks to his ear as he checks himself. Pride. Then horror. A PIMPLE on his chin! He rolls his eyes. Exits.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

He checks every room as he walks through the hall. Clearly, he's looking for Sam. Then we HEAR a KNOCKING.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DUSK

Madeline waits patiently beside her RECORD PLAYER, checking her face in the reflection of the DOOR KNOCKER.

The door opens... startling her.

Noah.

MADELINE

Oh, hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
 Hi.
 (BEAT)
 Are you alright?

MADELINE
 Ya. Why?

NOAH
 Your lips are really red... Are
 they chapped?

MADELINE
 (embarrassed)
 No. That's how they always look.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/DINING ROOM - DUSK - LATER

Noah has led Madeline into the dining room, her waiting behind him. She wipes her lips furiously. Then she sees the TABLE. FOOD, PLACEMATS, and CANDLES.

NOAH
 I haven't turned on the generators
 yet.

MADELINE
 Am I early?

NOAH
 No.

Again, the two of them stand in silence. Nervous energy.

NOAH (CONT'D)
 I'll go turn on the generators.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DUSK

Noah starts up the generators. Looking out at Buck's makeshift grave.

He can HEAR FLIES as he steps closer to the grave, but a generator STOPS.

Noah's attention going back to the generators. He starts it again and returns inside while we move closer and closer to Buck's grave... The SOUND of FLIES swelling.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/DINING ROOM - DUSK

Noah anxiously re-arranges the FORKS, checking the GLASSES for smudges...

INT. NOAH'S HOME/BATHROOM - DUSK - SAME

Madeline wipes away the RED on her lips and cheeks.
Looking at herself in the cracked MIRROR.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/DINING ROOM - DUSK - SAME

Noah sits at the table waiting patiently... An idea
crawling into his head! He stands... Pulling out her
chair, standing behind it. He debates... Shakes his
head, it's too much...

He sits back down. And sees Sam in the doorway.

We HEAR the bathroom DOOR creaking open.

NOAH
(whispering)
Go away.

Sam smiles as Noah tries to shoo him away.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I'm serious, don't do this.

But, it's too late. Madeline has joined the ruckus.

MADELINE
Has he eaten already? He can join
us.

Sam has already read her lips, sitting in the CHAIR Noah
had pulled out.

Madeline pulling out her own chair at the other end of
the table.

Noah visibly disappointed.

NOAH
You need to at least wash your
hands.

But, Sam isn't paying any attention.

NOAH (CONT'D)
(to Madeline)
He buries roadkill. Dead animals
he finds, but he never washes his
hands. I keep telling him that's
how people get sick.

Noah slaps his arm to get his attention and we see his
hands covered in DIRT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey! You need to go wash your hands, you're filthy.

Sam rises and leaves.

Noah and Madeline quiet.

MADELINE

I think it's sweet that you take care of your brother. I like that.

Noah perks up with the compliment.

NOAH

(bragging)

Well, I'm his older brother. It's what I'm supposed to do. I mean what would he do without me?

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

Marshall is at the gate with Benjamin, Irish and other Watchers. Faces warmed by the LIGHT of a FIRE.

IRISH

I've been meaning to ask you, Marshall.

MARSHALL

Ask me what?

IRISH

Why do you think it is, we've never had an incident til now?

BENJAMIN

What about Kevin?

IRISH

Kevin Goodrich snuck out, it doesn't really count. What I mean is none of them have crossed the gate. We're the only survivors. No one else was found...

MARSHALL

Maybe the same way we're scared of their kiss, they're scared of yours.

The boys laugh.

Irish is stunned. His cheeks red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRISH

How did you guys...

MARSHALL

Look, it doesn't matter. You are who you are. We love you. And your secret's safe with us until you want people to know.

Irish smiles. Relaxed.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

But, I can't tell you why they haven't attacked us, Irish. I wish I could.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah sits beside Madeline, both of them holding a SERIES of PHOTOS.

A WIND UP RECORD PLAYER sits beside them, playing a RECORD. Beside the record player a MASON JAR of FIREFLIES.

Madeline staring at a PHOTO of SAM in a SHEET tied around his neck. A makeshift superhero.

NOAH

It's supposed to be like a comic book. Each image tells a part of the story.

MADELINE

And the story is?

NOAH

He saves the roadkill. Animals that didn't get a chance.

Madeline frowns. Confused.

NOAH (CONT'D)

It's because of my mother. She used to stop on the highway when we were younger. She gave them ceremonies. I think he does it to feel close to her.

MADELINE

You've taken pictures of everybody in the neighborhood?

NOAH

I don't know about everybody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Madeline finds a PHOTO of The Boy That Never Leaves.
Holds it up, brow bent in a questioning glance.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I haven't made a story for him
yet.

MADELINE

He's never left. In eight years,
he's never left the house.

NOAH

Maybe he sneaks out when no one's
looking?

MADELINE

To look for his long lost
girlfriend. He still believes
she's alive and waiting.

NOAH

(BEAT)
That's good.

Madeline smiles flipping through more PHOTOS. Finding
one of herself SUNBATHING. She stares at it.

MADELINE

Not everybody, huh?

NOAH

(embarrassed)
That's not supposed to be in
there.

MADELINE

What's this girl's story?

NOAH

(struggling)
She haunts me.

MADELINE

Oh, that's nice.

NOAH

(struggling)
I mean... her smell. Uh, the
smell of her clothes and hair.
It's in uhm, it's in every other
girl I pass. Uhm, it's others
passing... but I don't ever see
anyone else, but her.

MADELINE

This is just a comic book
character?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

Yeah, of course.

MADELINE

You don't know her?

NOAH

I'd say she doesn't know me. I know her. I know she frowns when she's thinking and her lips move when she reads... She's also very capable of carrying on ridiculously long conversations with cats and dogs.

Madeline awkwardly beams with each line of praise. Leaving a long silence...

MADELINE

She sounds familiar.

NOAH

I want to show you something.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Sam's BUG ZAPPERS are set around his mother's room, their dim light dying slowly. Nervous, he snaps out the dead BATTERIES and throws them in the FRESH paper bag, unaware of his mistake.

Scared and alone, he backs into the closet with a JAR of FIREFLIES and a PICTURE of his MOM.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME/ROOF - NIGHT - SAME

Carefully, the record player leans against the GUTTER. MUSIC begins to play over the small scratchy speaker.

Noah sits beside Madeline, his SL-R 10.1 in hand. In her hands is the second JAR of FIREFLIES.

NOAH

And if you look you can see outside Indigo Valley.

Madeline carefully swaps with Noah. Looking through the camera.

NOAH (CONT'D)

It might not work, cuz I dropped it.

MADELINE

No, I can see the guards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Only the flash was working
earlier.

Noah unscrews the lid of the mason jar. Fireflies slowly
exiting.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I come up here sometimes. Catch
fireflies or let them go.

Madeline points up at the stars with the camera.

MADELINE

I swear there weren't that many
stars when I was younger.

Noah watches Madeline, not even looking up.

NOAH

Yeah, it's really pretty.

Madeline senses his stare, putting the camera down.

MADELINE

When I was younger, I used to lie
down and look at all of them. I
would try to connect the dots and
make drawings with whatever I saw.
Come on...

Madeline lays her head down on Noah's shoulder as they
lean back. The two of them looking at the stars...
Their hands mere inches apart. Music playing. Fireflies
crawling across their skin and clothes.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I think I can make a rabbit.

NOAH

All I see are squares.

MADELINE

Oh, and look a ghost. Girl ghost.
(playful)
'She haunts me.'

One firefly stubbornly stays on Noah's finger, he
twitches... closer... closer to Madeline... until he
finally holds her hand, firefly taking flight...

...and we leave them be, staring for ourselves up into
the night sky. The stars suddenly connecting with
rudimentary drawings of elephants, rabbits, ghosts, etc.
as the music erupts and we...

INT. NOAH'S HOME - DAY&NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...are with a Younger Noah, watching his father work on the station wagon...

-Overhearing his mother and father arguing in their bedroom, his father exiting and rubbing Younger Noah's head... Younger Noah and Younger Sam watch their father walk out the front door...

-His mother holding back her tears as she tries to read for the night.

MOM

A long, long time from now in a place you call home, there lived a Prince just as scared as you or I of the Unwelcome...

EXT. NOAH'S HOME/ROOF - MORNING

Noah awakens, still on the roof. Madeline beside him.

The Record Player skips.

A soft ruckus can be heard swelling down below.

Sending GRAINS of TILE over with each movement, he leans off the house to see Hawthorne holding Sam forcefully by the arm, a GROUP of KIDS congregating around.

HAWTHORNE

Get your ass down here now, Noah!
Now, before I twist the hands off your tard brother!

Noah scurries toward the WINDOW.

Madeline awakening.

MADELINE

What is it?

NOAH

Your brother.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Exiting, Noah rushes Hawthorne and his crying brother. Madeline standing in the doorway.

NOAH

Let go of him! His hands, he has to have them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hawthorne breaks his grip from Sam, pushes Noah to the ground. Kicking him.

MADELINE
Stop it now! You asshole, stop
it!

Hawthorne looks down at Noah.

HAWTHORNE
Do somethin' about it, Noah!

Noah, though still on the ground and backing away, his anger growing.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
What? You gonna cry?

Noah clenches his fist. Ready to jump Hawthorne...

MARSHALL (O.S.)
Stop it! Hawthorne. Now.

Marshall has joined the crowd.

Hawthorne, for the first time, shows a small amount of restraint.

HAWTHORNE
This is none of your business,
Marshall. This is a family thing.

MARSHALL
I understand you being angry.
I'll talk to Noah. If you hurt
him permanently, I won't be able
to use him today.

HAWTHORNE
He's going with you on the
Gathering?

MARSHALL
Yes. I made my decision.

HAWTHORNE
And that's all that matters,
right? You decide who can go and
who has to stay in these walls.

MARSHALL
You can always leave. But, you
either stay there or here. It's
not a revolving gate, Hawthorne.

HAWTHORNE
Just like we decided together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hawthorne stands defiantly staring at Marshall. Speaking to the crowd around him.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
 This is what he does. Why should he get to have the final say? Just because he's always told you what to eat, how to live, how to be safe, you believe him? He's the same as you or I. Just as scared.

MARSHALL
 But, when I'm scared Hawthorne, I don't leave anyone behind.

HAWTHORNE
 That's not fair.

MARSHALL
 They were Todds!

HAWTHORNE
 It was a Gathering, I was concerned about the supplies. For everyone's survival here.

Finally, Irish comes up beside Marshall.

IRISH
 You were concerned about yourself.

Hawthorne stares into Marshall.

HAWTHORNE
 I was not nearly as strong then as I am now. Even stronger knowing everything I've warned you about has occurred. You can't ignore me any longer. I'm not your servant anymore.

Angrily, Hawthorne pushes his way out.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
 Come on, Maddie.

Madeline moves over to Noah.

MADELINE
 I'm not coming with you, Hawthorne. You're not the same.

HAWTHORNE
 Come on, Maddie!

She doesn't leave Noah's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Stick with him then. You're more
like him anyway. You're weak.

Hawthorne leaves. London following.

Marshall seeing their new TATTOOS.

MADELINE
Are you okay?

NOAH
Yeah, I'm fine.

Sam looks to Noah and Madeline. Betrayal in his eyes.

SAM
Where were you?

NOAH
That's not fair.

SAM
*You're gonna be like him. Chasing
after a girl instead of being
here. She's all you think about.*

NOAH
That's not fair. Dad didn't know
what was gonna happen when he
left!

Sam rushes into the house.

Marshall turning to Noah.

MARSHALL
You should probably be getting
ready. We're gonna be leaving
soon.

Noah nods, heading inside. He stops when he hears
Marshall's voice. Turns back.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Noah. I need you to do
something... It's not a small
job.

NOAH
(excited)
Whatever you need.

MARSHALL
I have to leave Irish behind.
Meaning I need you to handle the
batteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Noah tries to hide his excitement, looking to Madeline with pride. She's not paying attention though, watching in the distance as Mary Beth walks around, searching for something.

MARY BETH

Amiga? Amiga? Come here honey.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Noah finishes the last bit of packing. Checking the bottom of his bug zapper. Batteries gone.

Madeline stepping in his doorway.

NOAH

You can stay here for as long as needed. My mother's room is very nice.

MADELINE

Thank you.

He moves over to a DRESSER DRAWER, opening it. It's empty.

NOAH

Damn it Sam.

But as the words exit, Sam is in the doorway. The BAG of BATTERIES marked FRESH in his hand.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Did you use these?

Sam shakes his head NO. Hands them to Noah and rushes out of the room. Clearly still angry.

MADELINE

Aren't you at least a little bit scared?

He looks down at his mood ring, seeing it is red. He smiles shyly. Removes his mood ring.

NOAH

I was thinking... Maybe you could hold on to this until I get back.

He hands it to Madeline. Beat.

MADELINE

Just going to the Gathering doesn't make you one of the Matures ya know.

Madeline realizes it stings Noah's feelings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE (CONT'D)

What I mean is that there are those here that think you're already really... great.

Noah smiles. Beat.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I meant to use a different word besides great.

NOAH

Like what? Neat?

They laugh.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - DAY

Marshall and Benjamin pick up a list of needed items from the porch before the closed door and place a small stack of BATTERIES.

The Boy That Never Leaves stands in the window, looking out at Marshall. The GLASS now reads: GERMS CHANGE THEM

Marshall waves.

BENJAMIN

He always had a thing about germs. Always with that stupid mask. Have you even seen him without it?

MARSHALL

He's had it pretty tough with his brother dying.

BENJAMIN

How long you think he'll stay in there?

MARSHALL

Till he's ready, I suppose.

The front door then opens, a GLOVED HAND stretching out to grab the BATTERIES. Then quickly slamming it shut. The force causing a PLAQUE that reads GOODRICH FAMILY to swing.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

Along the streets, various older boys prepare to leave for the Gathering.

Standing outside now, Noah and Madeline look back at Sam who's at the porch. Refusing to come down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
He likes cereal in the morning.

MADELINE
You're making it sound like you
won't be coming back.

Down the street we find Marshall driving a rusty SCHOOL BUS. Smoke billowing from the groaning rear end.

He stops at every house.

Gatherers climbing aboard.

NOAH
You have to promise to take care
of him, Madeline.

MADELINE
(nods)
Call me Maddie.

The school bus stops at Noah's home.

Marshall sliding open the door.

MARSHALL
Hop in champ.

Noah steps inside, lets the door shut in front of him and he watches her as they drive off.

EXT. GATE WALL - DAY

The school bus rumbles through an open gate.

Irish and various other guards waving to them as they leave. Quickly shutting the GATE as they exit.

EXT. & INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Noah is wide eyed. For the first time in ages, he sees the world.

His face against the glass. He sees black, burned CARS along the road. Sees abandoned STORES after awhile. His face quickly pulling away from the glass when he sees a MCDONALD'S PLAYPEN. Warped. Dusty. Sun faded.

NOAH
I used to love that place.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HAWTHORNE'S ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne continues tattooing himself, staring off into the distance. BOTH of his ARMS are completely covered in TRIBAL TATTOOS and bloody SCABS.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Noah stands beside Marshall as he drives.

The back of the bus silent. Somber.

Noah watches the trees as they blur by and again he holds out his hand like he did as a child. Making it roll over the trees in the background, one eye pinched closed.

Marshall looks to him smiling.

MARSHALL

I used to hold my breath between driveways or billboards.

Noah smiles nervously. Stopping his little game. Looking behind him at the Gatherers.

Poop Tooth smiling at him.

The others talking amongst themselves.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The school bus tears down the cracked and littered road. Leaves and trash swirling.

Suddenly, from the trees come the Unwelcome. SEVERAL. All adults. Gallantly running beside the bus.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - SAME

Immediately, Noah grabs the BAT beside him.

But, Marshall stops him.

The Gatherers in the back push their faces against the glass for a better look.

Noah looks to Marshall confused.

MARSHALL

You'll see. This is your first Gathering.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - SAME

The Unwelcome suddenly break away chasing after something in the woods. Their jaws and teeth slapping together.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - SAME

NOAH
Why'd they break?

Marshall shrugs. He's visibly uncomfortable.

MARSHALL
I couldn't say. It's odd.

NOAH
(BEAT)
You know don't you? That's what you meant the other night about trying to talk to them.

MARSHALL
(shakes head, no)
I was just talking.

NOAH
(BEAT)
Are you afraid of anything?

MARSHALL
(laughs)
You shouldn't let death scare you, Noah. It can only grab you once and you won't remember. If there's anything else after, well it didn't really grab you did it?

Noah stares into him.

Marshall looking into the rearview mirror.

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/GARAGE - DAY

Madeline gathers her CELLO from the garage.

EXT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME - DAY

She struggles to carry it out.

Sam watching from the yard. He finally moves over to help her.

Madeline smiling at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly... A far away agonizing SCREAM!

EXT. GATE WALL - DAY - SAME

Irish nears a FLYSTRIP dangling from the gate. Seeing TWO LIVING FLIES stuck to the paper.

And he too... can hear the SCREAM.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

Mary Beth is screaming from deep within. Tears streaming down her face.

Madeline rushing up beside her...

To see her pet Chihuahua dead on the ground. Drained of blood.

EXT. SAVE-SMART - DAY

Empty. Barren. Littered.

Their school bus arrives. Barreling through the junk. Stopping once they are in front of the store.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Including Noah, Marshall, Poop Tooth and Benjamin there are TEN Gatherers. Each armed with HOMEMADE WEAPONS, BASEBALL BATS, BOWS AND ARROWS ETC. In their other hands they have empty CLOTH SACKS.

Marshall drops his MAP, turning to the team.

MARSHALL

Alright everyone, listen! We're in section 17. This is further than we've ever gone before. I don't even know if there will be anything inside, I don't know what will be inside. But keep close and please, please stay tight. Find a partner and... I don't know, hold their hand as you cross the street or something.

Noah turns the bug zapper on, the LIGHT humming to life.

The team, including Benjamin, try to hide their fear. Gripping their weapons tightly.

Noah wipes his palms on his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Marshall leads them out.

EXT. SAVE-SMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The wind rising as they make their way to the store.

INT. SAVE-SMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's dark inside. Years of cobwebs and dust. There are holes in the ceiling, shafts of daylight pouring in.

Quietly and strategically the group moves to various aisles, collecting as many CANNED ITEMS and VARIOUS other things in their CLOTH SACKS.

BENJAMIN
This food smells horrible.

MARSHALL
Grab only the canned goods.

BENJAMIN
Not much here. And why is it so warm in here?

Marshall looks to the back.

Noah scans the room, seeing a THIN BEDSHEET dangling from the doorway of the backroom. His bug zapper DIMMING and then rising. He quickly shakes it, scared that some of the others may see the blue light dying...

INT. HAWTHORNE'S HOME/HAWTHORNE'S ROOM - DAY

Hawthorne still stares off into the distance.

London rushes into his room, breaking his concentration.

LONDON
You should probably come see this.

EXT. BREYTON AVE - DAY

A crowd has formed around the DEAD CHIHUAHUA.

Mary Beth weeping.

Hawthorne follows London. Staring at Irish who has tried to be the authority in the situation.

IRISH
How long has she been missing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY BETH

I put her to bed last night. So,
um, so this morning?

The WIND picks up. Hawthorne staring into Irish. Beat.

HAWTHORNE

Oscar is missing, too.

London turns to look at Hawthorne. Stunned.

The crowd rumbling in panic.

INT. SAVE-SMART - DAY

Noah and Marshall move deep into the store.

MARSHALL

Benjamin! Everybody! I'm not
going back there alone.

The Gatherers come around the corner, standing behind
Noah. Armed with their WEAPONS.

Noah holds up the zapper... The light dimming. But,
they still move forward.

And we finally see what they don't: The boys at the rear
have backs covered in FLIES.

INT. SAVE-SMART/BACK ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The room is large. PALETTES spilled. There are
SPIDERWEBS they have to push their way through. They
spit, pulling strands off their skin and clothes.

Finally, Benjamin sees a dusty stack of TWINKIE BOXES.

BENJAMIN

Yes!

He begins loading his sack, smiling back at the group.
He rests his CROSSBOW on the palette, loading up his bag.

Marshall moves past Benjamin to a series of thin, worn,
BEDSHEETS dangling from ROPES deep in the backroom.

The sunlight allowing for hints of shapes.

Suddenly Marshall stops.

MARSHALL

(whispering)
Everyone be completely still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah moves to Marshall's side, eager and disobedient. He sees what Marshall sees. ROW after ROW of makeshift beds between bedsheets. The Unwelcome lying sickly in each bed.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

It's some sort of hospital.

Marshall pushes forward slowly. There is something at the end of the room, something glimmering in the sunlight.

NOAH

(whispering)

Why are you walking towards it?

Noah follows, terrified.

The sick Unwelcome weakly watching their every move.

Marshall stopping once he realizes what's at the end.

A GURNEY. TWO to be exact.

On one is a BOY strapped down, unrecognizable. On the other, a YOUNG GIRL (5).

Benjamin is the first to recognize the boy.

BENJAMIN

(whispering)

Oh, my God. Is that Oscar?

The three of them nearing the two gurneys.

It IS Oscar! Unconscious.

NOAH

(whispering)

How is there a little girl? I thought there weren't any more Todds.

TUBES run into the NOSTRILS and MOUTHS of Oscar and the Young Girl. Other than that, they seem unharmed. Clothes soiled, but they are unharmed.

BENJAMIN

(whispering)

It's like a hospital. Are they smart enough for that?

Marshall is lost in the thought.

The remaining Gatherers staying behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHALL

(whispering)

They're sick. What if what gives us runny noses, does something worse to them? What if the cold kills 'em? They'd try and understand what it is, don't ya think?

Marshall looks up into the SHELVES. The healthy Unwelcome waiting there.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't make any quick movements.

Noah gets closer to Oscar, examining his body, the tubes...

OSCAR COUGHS! GAGGING ON THE TUBES! He pulls at them!

Benjamin freaking out, he accidentally FIRES his CROSSBOW!

The healthy, strong, vile, Unwelcome fall on the crowd!

The remaining Gatherers fire ARROWS into the darkness out of fear.

It's chaos. Panic. Red with blood.

Flies spinning in the air are seen briefly between shafts of light. We can't see much, but God, oh God what we HEAR is terrifying.

Flashes of battle in the darkness show us images of violence and suffering.

Noah is knocked to the ground, he crawls behind a WOOD PALLETE.

Benjamin flopping against the wooden barrier.

BENJAMIN

Help me! Help me!

And he's gone. Pulled into the blackness. A THIN RED LINE of BLOOD coiling out of the darkness toward Noah.

Suddenly, Marshall slams against the pallete, pulling it away from Noah.

MARSHALL

Come on!

And just as Noah crawls out from his shield, Marshall is attacked by an Unwelcome using a thin piece of METAL to cut across his jugular. A FOUNTAIN of BLOOD pouring!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Unwelcome drinks. But, SHE stops. Suddenly shifting toward one of her sick.

Noah backs away slowly.

Marshall's dying eyes watching as the Mother Unwelcome nears the sick and begins vomiting fresh blood into his mouth. Their lips finally meeting as she heaves into his throat!

The Sick's lesions release dead blood. His eyes twitching over to Noah... He stares... A small line of Marshall's red insides dripping down his cheek.

Eyes locked, Noah hears a HIGH PITCHED OTHERWORLDY HOWL, very similar to what he HEARD at the start of our story. It holds him in a trance until-

-the Young Girl rushes past Noah, tripping.

NOAH

(groggy)

Hey, come with me! Don't leave!

But, she doesn't listen. Leaving behind her SHOE.

Noah grabs it and runs! Dropping the bug zapper.

Many of the Unwelcome twisting toward him. Rushing him.

Then from the darkness Poop Tooth and another Gatherer jump out, trying to escape... And if it weren't for them, the Unwelcome may have actually reached Noah and the Young Girl.

But the Gatherer behind gets the worst of it... Torn and devoured. Then Poop Tooth. His body slamming to the ground. His brown rotting tooth shooting from his mouth.

POOP TOOTH

My tooth!

And as the words exit an Unwelcome pulls back his neck and-

INT. SAVE-SMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

-Noah slams through the doors and sheet. He falls. Slides across the dusty tile.

He looks around for the Young Girl, but she is nowhere to be seen.

THREE UNWELCOME bust in behind him, interrupting his search.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah cuts away from them, down the aisle, clutching the shoe to his chest.

The Unwelcome tearing after him. ONE jumping across the top of the SHELVES, aisle to aisle...

Then suddenly, Noah cuts the corner toward the door.

A surprised Unwelcome smashing against the shelf.

EXT. SAVE-SMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside now, Noah rushes toward the bus...

The final two Unwelcome fiercely running after him...

He slams up the bus stairs!

INT. BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tripping over the final step. The shoe spinning down the bus aisle.

His foot's grabbed! A foul pale Unwelcome pulling him halfway out of the bus.

Noah struggles to free himself, hanging onto the HANDLE that shuts the DOORS... the doors squeezing his midsection. It holds him for just long enough and he kicks free! Lets go of the handle, doors releasing his body. He slides into the bus.

Shutting the doors.

The Unwelcome slamming against it. Frothing.

Noah starts the bus, its engine groaning. But, he can't shift into gear! His other hand still holds the handle so that they don't force open the doors. He holds for a moment.

Being puzzle solvers, clearly smarter than we thought, an Unwelcome moves to the front of the bus, crawls up.

Noah quickly shifting into gear.

The bus is slow, but it's moving.

And though they just got to the hood of the bus, the Unwelcome rushes back against the door, pushing half his body through.

Noah returning his hand to the handle. Struggling. A battle of strength! The Unwelcome wiggling in panic!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

So Noah lets go of the handle. Doors OPEN.

The imbalance of weight forcing the Unwelcome to fall under the bus. There's a bump... a thick, wet, crunching bump.

Noah gaining speed as he moves away from the Save-Smart.

EXT. SAVE-SMART - DAY - CONTINUOUS

While from a hidden position, we find the single shoed Little Girl, watching in fear as he drives away.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

Silence. Toys left turned over. A BICYCLE sits in the middle of the street, its wheel turning.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

Irish stands in front of the chalkboard. Rapping his fist against it, he knocks off a piece of CHALK.

The gathered crowd is chaotic. Panic stricken.

IRISH

As for what caused this, that ain't the question!

HAWTHORNE

What do you mean it ain't the question!

IRISH

What can and can't be done should be our only concern! What we need-

TODD #1

Is to lock ourselves in our houses!

MATURE

We should stay together, that way we know whoever sneaks off is the one!

MATURE #2

We have to sleep sometime!

TODD #1

We could look for lesions.

The crowd appreciates this one. Nodding and shouting out their agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam desperately attempting to read the lips of the shouting crowd as he makes his way between them.

HAWTHORNE

It's still too early to find lesions! It could be anyone.

Madeline makes her way to Sam's side. Taking his hand.

The crowd dying down a bit.

IRISH

It could be you. Weren't you the one that used to sneak out with Kevin Goodrich?

Hawthorne is stunned. No one has defied him in this way. He thinks long as the crowd whispers amongst themselves.

HAWTHORNE

You all listened to me once when you were younger. Hear me again. We are not safe as long as we don't know where or who this Unwelcome is. With Oscar's disappearance, we're all worried.

TODD #1

It's Oscar! Why else would he disappear?

London looks to Hawthorne.

LONDON

It's not Oscar.

HAWTHORNE

It could be Oscar. It could be. He's our strongest suspect.

London stares into Hawthorne with that one.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

But, we can't be too careful. We should look for signs on those here.

IRISH

You just said it's still early.

HAWTHORNE

For the lesions, not the feeding.

Mary Beth weeps.

Hawthorne stepping closer to her. Putting his arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
 Amiga died early this morning. By
 nightfall this Unwelcome will need
 to feed again.

The crowd erupts.

MADELINE
 You don't know that! You don't
 even know for sure it's in the
 gates.

HAWTHORNE
 Even if it's not here now sis it
 figured out a way of coming in
 without Irish or the Watchers
 noticing.

IRISH
 I notice everything.

Hawthorne digs into Irish with his eyes.

HAWTHORNE
 Is that right, puff?

Irish looks away from Hawthorne sheepishly. His eyes
 looking to a MALE Mature. They make eye contact, then
 quietly break it.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
 Does anyone here have as much
 experience as I do outside these
 walls?

MADELINE
 I've been with you since the
 start.

HAWTHORNE
 And when I was fighting them off,
 which cupboard were you hiding in
 again, Maddie?

MADELINE
 I told you-

HAWTHORNE
 Marshall is too concerned about
 all the wrong things. He wants
 you to guard your batteries,
 measure your gas... He wants you
 to simply exist. Allow him all
 the decisions that he takes his
 time to decide. We don't have the
 luxury of time. Not anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IRISH

What are you saying?

HAWTHORNE

We need a new chief. A leader strong enough to defeat this plague once and for all.

IRISH

And who would that be?

HAWTHORNE

Let them decide.

(to Crowd)

Who will you follow? Who is strong enough to do anything? Are you really ready to no longer live in fear? We need someone who can make decisions, whose already made these types of decisions. Who all of you owe your life to for starting this neighborhood.

Irish shakes his head when Hawthorne points at him.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Or you can have a Watcher that's embarrassed himself with stories of groaning sheep and chickens he mistook for monsters.

IRISH

What do you want them to do?

Hawthorne picks up the piece of chalk from the floor. Drawing a line down the middle of the chalkboard. Writing Irish on one side, his name on the other.

HAWTHORNE

Vote.

Irish watches in horror as one by one, the timid crowd marks a line beneath Hawthorne's name.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

Irish is watching the gate with the Watchers once again. A look of frustration across his face for being at his old job.

INT. RANDOM HOME - DAY - SAME

A Mature with his two Todd siblings back away from their locked front door. PUPPY and KITTENS in their hands.

EXT. GATE WALL - DAY

Irish and the other Watchers begin to open the gate.
Looking out into the street.

The dilapidated school bus arriving through the fog...
Pushing through the open gate, tires squealing to a stop.

Noah exits, frantic. He runs back toward the gate.

IRISH

Where is everyone? What happened?
Noah, what happened to everybody?

Noah doesn't answer, rushing to the gate. He attempts to
close it with his own strength until the others help him,
frightened by his wily behavior.

In shock, he falls to the ground once it's closed. A
sense of peace in his wild eyes. A soldier returning
home with unexplainable stories.

EXT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

A MATURE, panic stricken, rushes past the gathering crowd
of Todds and Matures. Many of them weeping, buried in
each others shoulders. They are mourning.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

Noah is sitting at a DESK, Madeline bringing him a fresh
cup of COCO. There is trauma on his face. Overwhelmed
by the crowd.

The Mature busting through the doors, pushing his way
through. It's standing room only.

MATURE #1

The bus-I saw the bus! Do you
have medicine for my brother's
cold?

TODD #1

What about batteries?

MATURE #2

Food? Soup? My sister is sick.

HARMONY

What about P.T.?

Noah shakes his head. Still too shaken up to speak.

Harmony pushes her face into Madeline, weeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hawthorne, Irish, and London watching the crowd combust into cat calls of ESSENTIAL ITEMS for their lives.

IRISH

Quiet! Listen! Let him speak.

NOAH

(low)

It was some sort of hospital. There were several of them, I couldn't count. Benjamin got scared and that's when they attacked Marshall.

Grief grows around the room with each revealed detail.

HAWTHORNE

And howd'ya get away?

NOAH

What? What do you mean? I told you.

HAWTHORNE

You came back empty handed?

NOAH

(frantic)

I-I was attacked! We were attacked! They were just lying there.

MADELINE

Who? Who was lying there?

IRISH

Give him time and air.

Hawthorne watches Noah quietly. The room dissolving into grief.

NOAH

(frantic)

Oscar was there-they were just lying there with things going in and out of him-the other one ran-

LONDON

Oscar was there?

HAWTHORNE

What other one ran?

Noah looks to Hawthorne. Attempts to calm himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH

(lying)
No. It was just Oscar. They were
studying him or something.

IRISH

Which means he couldn't have been
here this morning.

Hawthorne looks to London, swapping an understanding
stare.

IRISH(CONT'D)

How long has Oscar been missing?

HAWTHORNE

I only noticed this morning.

Irish looks to London, who takes his time to answer.

LONDON

I saw him last night.

HARMONY

Which means whoever killed Amiga
is still here.

Irish is suddenly reasonable.

IRISH

Look at them. They're grieving,
they need time. We all do.

Hawthorne is the only one not showing signs of grief.

HAWTHORNE

I'll be strong enough for all of
them. Let them grieve.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

Hawthorne and London with THREE Matures parade the
street, watching various houses. Watchers in the street.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Noah finishes tucking Sam into his bed. Kisses his
forehead and finishes folding the top of a BAG marked
RECHARGE.

A look of sadness is over Sam's face as he looks to
Madeline watching from the doorway.

NOAH

There's no way you could have
known.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)

It was just an accident Sam. I
grabbed the wrong batteries.

SAM

(crying)

*This is what the voices said would
happen, Noah. I can hear them.*

NOAH

What voices? What are you
hearing?

SAM

*I don't believe what they say.
You won't give up Noah.*

NOAH

What do you mean I won't give up.

SAM

*It's not just flies and darkness.
Remember that. Remember the
little girl.*

NOAH

How do you know about the little
girl?

SAM

She can show us a way out of here.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - DAY

Noah shuts the door behind him.

NOAH

There was a little girl with
Oscar.

Madeline's confused.

MADELINE

What do you mean little girl? Like
one of the Todds Hawthorne left
behind?

NOAH

No, a little girl I've never seen.
A Todd, a for real Todd. I didn't
say anything, because I don't know
what Hawthorne is going to do.

MADELINE

Do about what?

NOAH

I brought back proof, Maddie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE

What are you saying? It's been years, we looked—we searched for other communities.

NOAH

Survivors, Maddie. She was never in our neighborhood. There are other communities.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Madeline and Noah stand in the bus with FLASHLIGHTS.

The shoe in Noah's hand.

NOAH

I had to hide it.

MADELINE

It's so small.

They stare at the shoe for a moment, lost in thought.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't they have just fed on her? On Oscar?

NOAH

They were sick.

MADELINE

Then why wouldn't they just kiss those of us that aren't sick?

NOAH

I've wondered ever since I was a boy why it didn't take me. Not instead of my mom, I mean why it looked at me in the eyes and ran away... They didn't even attack us on the bus, Maddie, they didn't attack til Benjamin attacked first.

(BEAT)

Marshall acted like he knew something the rest of us didn't. As if he knew why we were still alive and it terrified him.

Madeline begins to put the shoe in her SATCHEL. Opening the flap, she adjusts for room beside THE TIME MACHINE.

Noah removes the book.

MADELINE

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Did Marshall give you this book?

MADELINE

Yeah. Why?

NOAH

He gave me one after making me one of the Gatherers.

MADELINE

So? He found a box of 'em. Gave them to Matures...

NOAH

Maddie, in the book... The children were called the Eloi.

INSERT FLASHBACK: EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

MARSHALL

Runny noses and coughs on the Todds and I can't even feed them properly, because the animals aren't old enough.

INSERT FLASHBACK: EXT. CORN FIELDS - NIGHT

Marshall points down to the animals.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

How many more days til they're big enough, ya think?

INT. BUS - NIGHT

NOAH

The Eloi, the children, thought they were the ones in control. But, it was the Morlocks that were letting them live so that they could live off them.

MADELINE

It's a book, Noah.

NOAH

So, the Unwelcome are waiting for us to get bigger. That's what he knew. We grow bigger and they can feed on more. That's why there's other communities. They're farms, Maddie. They're just waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE
 (terrified)
 If that's true, then I don't want
 to grow up.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

The Matures in charge watch the darkness. A dog's soft barking in the background.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Between the SPRAY PAINTED ABANDONED HOUSES, alone in the darkness, we catch the shape of a DOG, barking endlessly.

The shadow of a figure moving over the dog. The dog whining. BLOOD. Blood spilling from the darkness in tiny streams.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Silently, Noah and Madeline sneak through the neighborhood, sliding into their home.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

To find Sam, dripping with BLOOD... A look of HORROR across his face.

Madeline retreats in terror. Stepping back.

Noah rushing to Sam. Grabbing him just as he faints.

NOAH
 Sam!

SAM
They were sick. They were the ones making the others sick. I was helping.

From a safe distance, Madeline watches his hands, his hands moving too quickly. She can't read them.

MADELINE
 What?

SAM
The animals. They brought the germs in. They were making the Todds sick. I was getting rid of sickness, not just hurting animals. I wasn't just feeding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And that's when Noah sees it. Lesions formed in the PALM of his HANDS.

Noah hugs his brother, veins bulging from his concern.

Madeline still watching the two of them from against the wall with a look of concern and bewilderment. Still wary, her heart finally breaks for the two of them, and she moves slowly toward them.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

It's just Noah and Madeline now. A JAR of FIREFLIES on the TABLE in Madeline's hands.

Noah paces, frantic. This is all so much so soon.

NOAH

(frantic)

He never washed his hands. No matter how many times I told him to!

MADELINE

It's not your fault.

NOAH

I could have watched him better-I wanted so much to be a part of the Matures... I didn't pay attention to things.

Noah stops, feeling the full weight of everything.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I didn't pay attention to the batteries.

Noah drops to the floor.

NOAH (CONT'D)

They're dead because of me. I didn't pay attention.

Madeline moves over to his side.

MADELINE

Noah, I need you with me right now. I need you to focus.

NOAH

What about Hawthorne? How do we keep him from finding out? What is he gonna do?

Madeline moves down to Noah and abruptly kisses him. The only way to get him to focus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE

That? My brother believes that is what caused all of this. That that is what made the world end.

Madeline kisses him again.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I want this. Even if this is what made the world end then at least we are here together. And we won't ever have to say goodbye.

They hold each other at the table... The MOOD RING on her finger changing from RED to YELLOW.

NOAH

(low)

I guess I should cry in front of you more often.

She laughs, pushing her forehead against his... The two of them staying in each others eyes for a moment.

But, it's just a moment, because then Sam appears from around the corner wearing GLOVES.

SAM

I washed my hands.

He moves to the CUPBOARD and pulls out the CEREAL.

Noah tries to think of something to say...

NOAH

Did you need something, Sam?

Sam joins the table. Pouring himself a BOWL of cereal.

Noah tries to hide his pain, pretending everything is normal.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

For a moment they are all silent, Sam staring at the BOWL of CEREAL in front of him. He can't bring himself to eat it.

Noah looks to Sam, whose face is frozen in fear.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Look, we're gonna figure this out, buddy, I promise. Sam? Sam?

Finally, they realize he's staring out the window. Todds and Matures running frantically toward their home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sam, go to your room.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Standing in the window, The Boy That Never Leaves stares out his gas mask into the neighborhood. Watching...

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT - SAME

As London moves amongst a small group of kids, checking their hands and teeth. Eyes. Patting their pockets.

LONDON

Where have you been tonight? Were you near someone who can vouch?

Noah and Madeline have joined them now.

NOAH

What's going on?

MADELINE

London, what is this?

HAWTHORNE

(O.S.)

Another stray. Found them at the edge of Breyton.

They turn to see Hawthorne. Every inch of his skin is covered in Tattoos. His skin SCABBY and BLEEDING.

MADELINE

Jesus Christ! What is going on?

London and new recruit Matures continue their pat down.

HAWTHORNE

Do you know where your family was?

MADELINE

This isn't right. I don't know what way we should be doing things, but this isn't it. You're not okay.

HAWTHORNE

We're nearly outta gas, Maddie. Besides the farm, our food is low and the cold keeps spreading from Todd to Mature. The animals aren't even big enough to eat! What more reason do you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

We should form another Gathering.

HAWTHORNE

With who? If we form a Gathering before knowin' who the Unwelcome is, then we might have another incident. Do you wanna get more people killed, Noah?

NOAH

(defeated)

Of course not.

HAWTHORNE

Then get back in your house. Stay there or help us.

Hawthorne turns his back to them, continuing down the street.

Noah and Madeline in shock as they watch the Matures inspect the others. Some joining along side of them after they've been examined, others being pushed into their homes.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madeline sits on the couch with Sam, Noah pacing back and forth.

MADELINE

He's not as strong as he thinks.

NOAH

It's not his strength that scares me.

MADELINE

They just want family. They don't know how they voted. With Marshall gone, they'll listen to anyone. They want someone to promise them it's gonna be okay. Someone to put the band-aids on skinned knees. You can be that someone.

NOAH

If we can just protect Sam, until I can find that little girl. In the new towns, maybe someone can help him.

Abruptly, Sam shoots up from the couch. He's staring off, away from where they are standing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah turns. Jumping when he see's The Boy That Never Leaves standing in his home! Gas mask still on.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What... What are you doing here?

The Boy That Never Leaves motions with his hand for them to follow him.

T.B.T.N.L.
I can show you how to help Sam.

For a moment, there is only eerie silence as an answer-

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-but, they follow The Boy That Never Leaves. Watching silently over their shoulders for Hawthorne's Matures.

INT. BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, they cling close to each other, scared of the dark corners in his home as he leads them through.

INT. BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Moving deeper into the garage, The Boy That Never Leave's foot slaps into a GENERATOR of which he fidgets with and brings the LIGHTS to life.

All around the room are some type of NOTES, SENTENCES, CRAZY RAMBLINGS SCRIBBLED across the walls.

Noah and Madeline amazed at the sporadic insanity. Then they see it... A DEAD UNWELCOME lying on a GURNEY in the middle of the room.

They jump back.

The Boy That Never Leaves holding out his hand for them to wait.

T.B.T.N.L.
He's dead. He can't kiss you. He can't talk to you anymore.

NOAH
Talk?

Sam pulls on Noah's shirt to get his attention, but Noah ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T.B.T.N.L.

I've been locked in here for eight years. Leaving only to gather more information. Gather more to study. Losing Kevin in the process...

MADELINE

What are you talking about?

T.B.T.N.L.

Research. Leaving messages on the glass for Marshall.

NOAH

You know? About the waiting. About why they haven't attacked us here...

T.B.T.N.L.

There is a way to defeat them.

Sam is still pulling on Noah.

NOAH

(annoyed)
What?!

Eyes staring at the dead Unwelcome he slowly signs:

SAM

The Unwelcome are coming.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

Hawthorne's Matures roam the streets. Fresh Tattoos on their skin. They are watching. Waiting. Policing. Eyes scanning the streets.

Silence.

Stillness.

Interrupted by the shadowed form of Oscar limping from the darkness. He is weak, his eyes black from lack of sleep... But, his skin is clean... No scratches...

London starts to move toward him, but stops. Horror on his face. Is this a trap?

LONDON

Everyone inside now!

The Matures turn to see what it is that terrifies London. Their faces growing pale:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For every house that Oscar passes, BUG ZAPPERS crack from FLIES. The CRACKS and ZAPS nearing Oscar... Getting closer and closer.

There is an UNWELCOME somewhere in the darkness.

Oscar barely staying ahead of the warnings.

OSCAR
(whimper)
Help.

ZAP... CRACK...

Hawthorne's Matures rush into their homes, one by one.

Leaving Oscar alone.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Somebody help me!

More and more flies fill the bug zappers, over running the blue light. The bug zappers malfunctioning from the overhaul.

Oscar frozen in fear, he looks to the houses.

Kids watching from their windows.

Oscar limps towards London's house.

London looking out at him.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Let me in! Please, let me in!

London locks his WINDOW LOCK.

Oscar looking around frantically.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Somebody let me in!

He begins to pull on a CINDER BLOCK from the garden, but he's weak.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
(whimper)
Somebody...

The Unwelcome finally showing himself from the blackness. It's the same that devoured Benjamin. Eyes locked on Oscar.

INT. BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Noah sees Oscar outside the window, he's terrified, unaware of what to do. He looks to Madeline and Sam.

The Boy That Never Leaves at the front door.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

His front door cracks open. The Boy That Never Leaves stepping out. He waves for Oscar to join him.

Oscar hopping toward the house as fast as he can. Teeth gritted.

The Unwelcome behind him, rushing.

Oscar limps closer and closer and closer. But, the Unwelcome gains on him. Brutally attacking Oscar, tearing into his flesh!

The Boy That Never Leaves stepping from his porch, but what can he do?

SCHLUCK!

A MACHETE blade stabs through the Unwelcome's chest. He falls to the ground.

Hawthorne standing above him.

Todds and Matures watching from their window.

Oscar convulses through his words, dying:

OSCAR
(low)
The... little girl...

Hawthorne nears him. Bends over him.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
(low)
There was a little girl.

Oscar dies.

Hawthorne rising back up, plucking the machete out of the dead Unwelcome. He looks to The Boy That Never Leaves, still standing on his porch.

Did he hear?

Madeline and Noah appear from behind The Boy That Never Leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Oscar!

They rush to Oscar's body.

London exiting his home and taking Hawthorne's side.

Madeline dropping beside Oscar. It's been a while since she's seen death.

Noah touches her shoulder. What words can he say?

HAWTHORNE

You see what Oscar allowed into these walls? He's brought the Unwelcome!

One by one the residents of Breyton Ave. exit their homes.

London turns to the residents.

LONDON

You see? You see how Hawthorne protects us?

NOAH

You thought Oscar was one of 'em!

HAWTHORNE

I never did! I have always known they were in here. Still in here. It was Irish that had doubts. It was Irish that let them passed the walls.

EXT. GATED WALL - NIGHT

Irish sits before Noah and Madeline. A crowd Gathering around them.

Hawthorne is there. Watching silently. Ominously.

IRISH

Yes, we are tired, I'll admit that. We haven't had a rest at our post. But it's impossible that we were asleep. Nobody came through here, I swear it. Nobody. Not an Unwelcome. Not Oscar.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

The Boy That Never Leaves is still outside, kneeling beside Sam. He removes the gloves over Sam's hands. Seeing the lesions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T.B.T.N.L.
 (SIGN LANGUAGE)
*I know you can hear them. We need
 you now more than ever.*

The Boy That Never Leaves points up to the BOARDED
 WINDOWS of Noah's house.

T.B.T.N.L. (CONT'D)
*Can you remember when your mother
 boarded the home when you were a
 child?*

Sam nods, sliding his GLOVE back over his hand.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT - SAME

IRISH
 I don't understand.

NOAH
 Is there anyway he could have
 gotten in without you knowing?

IRISH
 (lost in thought)
 Maybe... maybe the side entrance.

Hawthorne's eyes narrow.

NOAH
 There's a side entrance?

IRISH
 Sorta, yeah. There's a tree at
 the south end. You have to jump.
 He only would've used it if he
 didn't want to lead anything here.

HAWTHORNE
 Good use that was.

Hawthorne cuts into Irish with a stare.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
 We're bringin' our own Watchers in
 now, we have more numbers.

IRISH
 No, you're not.

NOAH
 You can't just relieve him.

MADELINE
 Hawthorne-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWTHORNE

I am Chief!

MADELINE

They don't understand how they voted!

LONDON

Oh, we understand Madeline. If it weren't for him, that Unwelcome woulda killed us all.

The surrounding crowd nods and murmurs in agreement. Mary Beth appears from the crowd.

MARY BETH

Madeline, he's right. We don't really have a choice. There's something else in here.

MADELINE

You always have a choice.

HAWTHORNE

If we don't find the diseased among us, we'll all be polluted!

The crowd erupts in support.

NOAH

You don't understand.

HAWTHORNE

No! You don't understand!
There is death among us now.

INT. RANDOM HOME - NIGHT

London and TWO MATURES rough their way through the home, spilling over DRESSERS, checking in CLOSETS.

EXT. BREYTON AVE - NIGHT

Todds and Matures wait in the street.

Madeline and Noah watching them.

The FLIES from the Unwelcome still flying above the lawn. They haven't left the neighborhood.

INT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT

Hawthorne searches throughout Harmony's home, pouring out the contents of DRAWERS and CLOSETS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harmony stepping from around the corner. Arms crossed.

HARMONY
What exactly are you looking for
that shows our blood is dying?

Hawthorne turns to her. He has an idea.

EXT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT

Harmony runs out of her house, clutching her hand, her
palm BLEEDING. She's screaming.

Hawthorne exiting behind her, BLOOD between his fingers.
He inspects it.

London looking to him with confusion.

HAWTHORNE
Look for anything thick or black!

Hawthorne hands a BLADE to Mary Beth waiting beside
London.

She looks to Harmony, clutching her hand. She
understands. Debating, as she puts the blade to her
palm.

MADELINE (O.S.)
Mary Beth!

Mary Beth stops. Looking up to Madeline.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Hawthorne, this is insane!

HAWTHORNE
It's the only way to know.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

One of Hawthorne's Matures, one with an EYE PATCH,
notices The Boy That Never Leaves putting LUMBER up in
the windows. Nailing them there.

EYE PATCH
What's this?

EXT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

MADELINE
How are you certain enough time
has passed for the blood to
change?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWTHORNE

We'll check every day.

MADELINE

What?! You can't be real.

Mary Beth is silent. Looking to Hawthorne, then Madeline.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Eye Patch is at the front door, kicking.

EYE PATCH

Open up!

The wood begins to splinter and snap.

EXT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

HAWTHORNE

Look! There are still flies here,
Madeline! Death is in these
walls!

Hawthorne grabs the blade from Mary Beth, attacking Madeline. He grabs her hand, quickly slicing into her palm.

She screams.

Noah rushing Hawthorne. Stopping just before attacking him. His breathing erratic.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

We've been here before haven't we,
clammy hands?

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Eye Patch has nearly kicked the door through.

EXT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Noah's anger rises.

Hawthorne's fierce stare cutting into him.

Madeline hugs into Noah. She pulls him away from her brother.

MADELINE

Let's just go inside, Noah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking back to Mary Beth, Hawthorne hands her the blade.

Mary Beth watching Madeline and Noah. She sighs.
Gritting her teeth and cutting into her palm.

Noah stops.

NOAH

You next! Show them you aren't
one!

Hawthorne grins. His teeth white beneath his tattooed
flesh. He runs his hand across his BLOOD SOAKED SHIRT
and then shows his red hand to Noah.

HAWTHORNE

We know I'm not the problem. I am
the solution.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

WHAM! Eye Patch has kicked the door open completely. A
look of proud delight on his face. He stares into the
dark open doorway... Waiting for his eyes to adjust...

BAM! The flowering bright SHOT of a SHOTGUN BLAST.

Eye Patch coiling back like a rag-doll.

The ECHO of the BLAST jamming into our ears.

EXT. HARMONY'S HOME - NIGHT

It is the jarring SOUND of a GUN that quiets the
neighborhood. Everyone is frozen. Everyone is stunned.
A SOUND from the old world. A SOUND of power.

A SOUND that makes Hawthorne rush to the house.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Boy That Never Leaves steps out. SHOTGUN in hand.
He's terrified. The eyes of his GASMASK fogging up.

Hawthorne defiantly rushes him.

Click.

He reaches into his pocket with a quivering hand to
reload.

But, Hawthorne snatches the shotgun from his grasp.
Smashing the butt into his face. Over and over again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELINE

Enough!

Hawthorne slaps her away. Pointing to the dead body of Eye Patch.

HAWTHORNE

Enough?!

Hawthorne reaches down and removes the mask of The Boy That Never Leaves to show us... the face of an old man. Small, teenage sized body, but wrinkled and frail face.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

What-what are you?

T.B.T.N.L.

Please. You don't understand these things.

A crowd gathers around. Gasping at his features.

HAWTHORNE

You're old?

T.B.T.N.L.

My kidneys. They made me stay small. I could hide here and find a way to help...

Hawthorne looks up to London. He understands.

He rushes inside with a group of Matures.

HAWTHORNE

What are you trying to hide? What have you brought in here?

INT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

London and the Matures tear through the house, shouting back out at The Boy That Never Leaves.

LONDON

What's in here?!

London finds THREE SHOTGUN SHELLS. Pockets them.

London finds a GAS CAN.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Maybe we'll just torch the place if you don't tell us what we want!

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Flies begin to swarm around the lawn.

HAWTHORNE

See what has happened to our
neighborhood?

Sam rushes outside.

Noah's eyes widening when he sees his brother.

NOAH

Sam, go back inside!

Hawthorne ignores them, looking down at the The Boy That
Never Leaves.

HAWTHORNE

It can't be taken back! This is
what you've done!

INT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT -
SAME

London opens the door and immediately holds his nose.

LONDON

You've got to be kidding me.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Hawthorne loads the shotgun.

T.B.T.N.L.

Listen to me. They aren't just
beasts. They're methodical.
Sophisticated. You can't control
them. You need something more
than weapons.

Hawthorne pushes the barrel into The Boy That Never
Leaves chest.

Sam attacks Hawthorne. His weak arms barely affecting
him.

NOAH

Sam!

Hawthorne smashes into Sam's face with the gun.

Noah kneeling beside Sam, checking his smashed nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

London exits, a GAS CAN in his hands.

LONDON
You're not gonna believe this!

Behind him, the Matures drag a black TRASH SACK out.

Hawthorne holds the shotgun in place.

T.B.T.N.L.
No... You don't understand...

London rips open the SACK for all the residents to see a DEAD UNWELCOME.

They burst into shouts!

T.B.T.N.L. (CONT'D)
I was a scientist. In the old world. I was studying it. They're sick. They could even be dying.

LONDON
No more!

London won't listen, pouring the gas all over him.

The crowd erupting in screams and shouts.

London removing a LIGHTER.

TODD #1
Burn him!

Noah lifts Sam up and sees blood coming from his nose. It's BLACK! He turns to check the CROWD, preoccupied.

CROWD
Burn him! Burn him! Burn him!

T.B.T.N.L.
Please! We have to learn to talk to them! Tell them they have no place here!

London ignites the lighter.

HAWTHORNE
It can't be taken back. You brought it here.

Noah's thoughts are foggy. He's conflicted. What can he do?

Then suddenly The Boy That Never Leaves locks eyes with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

T.B.T.N.L.

Protect him, Noah. Protect him!

NOAH

Wait!

But, it's too late.

The Boy That Never Leaves goes up in flames! Twitching, he tries to run away. A BALL OF FLAME sprinting down Breyton Ave.

Madeline shields her eyes from the gruesome sight.

Finally, he falls. Dead.

Immediately, Hawthorne grabs his head, SOUNDS emanating inside his head. He screams, hearing the otherworldly HOWL Noah heard from the Unwelcome at the start of our film.

Except this time it's coming from Sam.

Sam staring into Hawthorne with anger, black blood dripping from his nostril.

The crowd stops cheering, seeing Hawthorne writhe in pain. Hawthorne falling to the ground.

Noah grabs Sam and with Madeline rushes inside their house, knocking loose the psychic hold Sam had on Hawthorne.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Noah slams the door behind them. Locks it.

NOAH

I told you to stay in your room!

Sam is terrified of his brother.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You never obey me!

SAM

I'm sorry.

Madeline hugs Sam.

NOAH

What was that? How were you doing that?

MADELINE

Noah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noah looks to the front door. Underneath, flies are crawling through.

NOAH
They're gonna attract attention
now.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Hawthorne finally comes to, his eyes squinting. He moans.

HAWTHORNE
That sound? Who sent off that
sound?

EXT. GATED WALL - NIGHT

Irish and the Watchers stare at the gate.

WATCHER #1
Look!

There are FLIES.

IRISH
They're from Oscar and the
Unwelcome.

WATCHER #1 points, still.

WATCHER #1
No. Look!

And Irish turns pale as he sees what the Watcher is seeing.

IRISH
Sound the alarm.

Another WATCHER accidentally dropping a KEYLESS CAR ENTRY to the ground as he fumblingly attempted to push the BUTTON.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Huddled together, Noah tries to think. Watching the flies crawl into his home.

He looks to the WINDOWS. They're BOARDED UP already. He see's the LUMBER. NAILS. HAMMER. Turns back to the door to see flies still coming in from under the door. But, it is in the midst of the FLIES there are suddenly FIREFLIES. Blinking bright between the black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH
(realization)
It's not just flies and darkness.

He looks to Madeline.

EXT. THE BOY THAT NEVER LEAVES HOUSE - NIGHT

Hawthorne notices the swarming mist of flies around Noah's home.

HAWTHORNE
They're drawn to them.

Hawthorne touches his temple as if remembering something.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Sam...

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Noah pushes Sam and Madeline into the room.

NOAH
We board you up. No one can get to you.

MADELINE
What about you?

NOAH
I have to make sure no one gets up here.

MADELINE
And I just stay here? Be the girl and do girl stuff? The hell with you!

Noah sighs. There's not enough time to argue.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

ARROWS fly into oncoming Unwelcome. Numerous. Impossible to count in the darkness.

Stones smash against their flesh.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

Irish and the Watchers fire everything they have. ARROWS. SLINGSHOTS. More Watchers behind them with HOMEMADE WEAPONS await.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Hawthorne nears the home. Watching cautiously. He turns to London. Holds his hand up for the crowd to see. With the other, he points the SHOTGUN towards the house.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Noah pushes the last bit of LUMBER into the room. Hands the HAMMER to Sam.

NOAH
You understand?

Sam nods.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

With a swift kick Madeline snaps the LEGS of Noah's charcoal grill. Lighting the COALS. Embers burning. She moves to the DRAWERS picking up various KNIVES.

Checks beneath the sink. COBWEBBED, DUSTY supplies still in there. Frowning, she picks up an OLD AEROSOL CAN of COOKING OIL.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

London is at the side. Waiting by the running Generators.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

NOAH
Do you remember that story mom used to read to us? The story she used to tell us.

Sam nods.

NOAH (CONT'D)
A long, long time from now in a place you call home, there lived a Prince just as scared as you or I of the Unwelcome. Yet, though he was scared, so full of fright, he found that remembering love gave him strength and might.

Sam smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

*That's not how it goes. That's
stupid.*

NOAH

Well that's the way it is tonight.

And Noah shuts the door.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

He moves down the hallway, tripping again on the loose board.

This gives him an idea.

And his HOUSELIGHTS die.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

They break through! The Unwelcome scaling the walls. Grabbing the SHARDS of GLASS at the top as weapons.

Watchers fighting them off with all their strength.

Many of them losing.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sam is alone in the dark. Scared. Shaking as he turns toward his bedroom window, looking out.

Beneath him, he can see the crowds gathering.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Noah slowly uncoils the STRING from Madeline's CELLO.

Madeline moves to the shelf and grabs ALL of his CAMERAS.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Noah wedges a FORK between the WALL and SIDING. Testing its strength. Then coiling Madeline's Cello String around it, the other end around the STAIRWAY RAILING.

In the loose floorboard, Madeline wedges a KNIFE.

They both look to Sam's door. Then towards the SOUND downstairs of-

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

-Hawthorne kicking at the front door. He fires the shotgun into the door, but it still won't break free.

HAWTHORNE
Give me Sam! Give them their own!

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We see the front door has been boarded shut. Madeline terrified.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hawthorne looks through the dark hole in the door.

HAWTHORNE
Olly olly oxen free!

London comes from around the corner.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Shells?

London empties his pockets. THREE SHELLS.

Hawthorne staring at him with contempt.

LONDON
A lot has happened tonight.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Madeline is still by the door. Whispering to herself.

MADELINE
(whisper)
Shit, shit, shit, shit. Please
don't do it, please don't do it.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

London lights his lighter. Nearing the door, looking in through the hole.

A BALL of FLAME! It spews from the hole, encompassing his face-

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

-courtesy of Madeline's Aerosol Oil Can. She falls back, weeping at what she just had to do.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

London falls back in agony!

Hawthorne reloads.

HAWTHORNE
Well these kids just play mean
don't they?

Hawthorne nods toward the crowd.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Bring them out! Bring me Sam!

They pounce the house, smashing WINDOWS, trying to find their way in. Smashing at the BOARDS, they begin to loosen them.

He waves in front of the hole in the door. Cautiously nearing it.

Until, suddenly Madeline's hand slides out waving a Kitchen KNIFE. Twisting and spinning.

Hawthorne laughs manically, attempting to grab her hand, but his hand is cut instead.

Her hand then slides back into the door. Disappearing.

Hawthorne firing into the door with frustration.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)
Bitch! I should have left you
with Mom!

Around the house, more and more Todds and Matures attack the house, looking for ways in.

London leading the attack at the front window. His eyebrows singed, face red. He pulls at the barrier.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT - SAME

A BROKEN DOWN RUSTY CAR. Watcher #2 crawling toward it, the electronic KEYLESS ENTRY in his bloody hand.

An Unwelcome pounces him, flipping him over. Eyes locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His face begins to shake. Frothy spit falling from his lips and gritted teeth. He HEARS the same SOUND that Sam gave Hawthorne. But, this is coming from the Unwelcome.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Watching the rapping at the boards, Madeline backs away into the house.

Noah suddenly beside her.

She looks to him, bringing her hand up to show him the mood ring. It's RED.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam watches outside his window. In his hands he holds a JAR of FIREFLIES that move against the glass toward him. Drawn to him somehow.

Watching out the window, Sam sees Mary Beth standing in the street. A witness to the madness.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Mary Beth looks up to see Sam in the window. After a moment, taking a step back... away from the nearly penetrated home.

MARY BETH

(whisper)

I'm sorry.

And she runs...

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

One of the boards snap free, nails squeaking loose with each punch and kick.

Another BOARD.

Madeline and Noah look to each other.

It's now we realize what they've been doing as they wait. Setting TIMERS on the cameras.

NOAH

(whisper)

Time-lapse. Don't forget to set up time-lapse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Madeline nods, the two of them disappearing back into the shadows.

As we turn back to the window and see the charcoal grill simmering beneath.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Whispers and howls mix into one overbearing hiss, rising louder and louder as Sam sits in the middle of his room rocking back and forth. Finally, he covers his ears.

EXT. GATE WALL - NIGHT

Irish fires arrows into the Unwelcome. He is the last of the Watchers.

Howls of otherworldly pain breaking from their mouths as they pluck them from their pale bodies. Black blood oozing from their open sores.

SNAP! The string of Irish's bow breaks free.

The numerous Unwelcome darting towards him.

Struggling, Irish removes the remaining TWO ARROWS from his SATCHEL. One for each hand. He takes his stance, ready for attack, bum rushing them.

SLINK, SLUNK! Like they're swords, he stabs into the Unwelcome with the arrows.

Some fall. Some howl.

He fights harder. Both hands clasping his arrows tightly. He tears, skewers and cuts into each pale monster. Adrenaline rising.

There are just too many however.

Irish breathing heavy. Muscles tense. He looks down at the dead Watcher, KEYLESS ENTRY in his palm...

The Unwelcome soon overcome him. His body lost in a sea of drab flesh. His arm reaching out toward the Keyless Entry... He grabs it... Sending the SOUNDS of a CAR ALARM into the neighborhood...

As a myriad of Unwelcome run in.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

They've broken through! Pushing through the broken WINDOW and lumber BARRIERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hawthorne stops for a moment when hearing the ALARM.

HAWTHORNE
(fearful)
Sam! Give them their own!

He elbows his way to the front.

London already one foot in.

Hawthorne pushes him.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

And he loses his balance, falling into the charcoal grill pit. Screaming. Rolling out of the glowing ash.

Hawthorne worms in behind him, avoiding the coals and metal.

EXT. BRETON AVE - NIGHT - SAME

HAVOC! The Unwelcome reeking savageness in the streets and lawn!

Todds and Matures alike destroyed.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Marauders outside the home, though different in face and feature, now all have the same look: Panic.

They scatter from the home...

Some debating whether they should follow Hawthorne inside or not. But, they don't debate for long. Survival is far more important to them than allegiance.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hawthorne stands, shotgun in hand, London still squirming on the ground.

It's eerily still.

London whimpers.

Hawthorne bringing a finger to his lips. Shhhhh.

The SOUND of a RECORD skipping fills the home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Creek! Hawthorne's steps crack the warped floor as he moves deeper in. He tiptoes. Eyes searching the nooks and crannies.

London moves slower, still nursing his wounds...

...as Noah watches from somewhere, his face illuminated by the moon only for a moment.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hawthorne steps into the kitchen, eyes darting back and forth.

Above him, he HEARS someone running. Footsteps.

Silence... Silence...

INT. NOAH'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

London lets his eyes adjust to the darkness. He sees movement in the shadows. Squints.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

A WIND UP TOY from Sam's collection walks out into the floor.

Hawthorne confused.

The RECORD suddenly jolting into LOUD MUSIC.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Hawthorne turns and fires! Realizing only after, that he's been had.

CAMERAS sit alone on the counter. Circling him all around the room. But, London is dead in the doorway. Face bloomed by Hawthorne's itchy trigger finger.

He's terrified. Somehow in all this madness, he's twisted with emotion. Sadness. He screams into the house:

HAWTHORNE

It can't be taken back! Don't you see it can't be taken back?!

(whimper)

Just give them their own! So they'll leave!

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT - SAME

Suddenly, through the streets drives Irish, barrelling down in the BUS, running over crowds of Unwelcome until he mistakenly hits a home.

INT. BUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Stillness. Irish now terrified as the surviving Unwelcome bang against the glass... Crawling up the sides.

He rushes to the back, but it's too late. Several of the Unwelcome worming through the ROOF HATCH.

Even now, Irish hasn't stopped fighting, swinging and punching!

But, he can only fight so long... Eventually there are too many... his screams filling our ears and we see BLOOD coiling down the aisle.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Hawthorne rises from beside London's dead body. He rushes through the house, reloading. Terrified. Angry.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT - SAME

He comes to the stairs.

A shift in the shadows.

FLASH!

Hawthorne's eyes squint. He rubs them, blinded. He hears a noise above him. Looks.

FLASH! Again.

He fires the shotgun, eyes adjusting. We HEAR the ring in his ears carried over:

INT. NOAH'S HOME/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam crawls out his window, FIREFLIES still in hand. Watching:

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT - SAME

In silence as some of the Matures have cornered an Unwelcome, beating it senseless with BASEBALL BATS. Though they have the upper hand only for a moment.

More Unwelcome swiftly moving in for the kill.

It's insanity. Yet, in the midst of carnage the Young Girl from the hospital walks quietly down the street. She looks up to SAM.

INT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Noah slams his fist into Hawthorne's jaw, the shotgun spinning away from his clasp.

They fight. Viciously slamming fists into one another as the CAMERAS around the house FLASH continuously.

Noah gaining on Hawthorne because of his knowledge of the camera's placement, his back purposefully to the Flash. He punches. Flash. Punch. Flash. Kick...

Hawthorne drops to the ground, snaking toward the shotgun, his hand wrapped around the barrel, he swings it around... The butt smashing Noah in the face.

Hawthorne rises, shielding his eyes from the flashes.

Noah gone.

Hawthorne begins to smash all the cameras... Darkness. Stillness. Hawthorne moves up the stairs.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shotgun aimed.

Another shift in the shadows, but Hawthorne's prepared, he fires into the shadow, his shot nearly disintegrating the wall.

Noah falls. His leg injured from some of the shot.

Backing away, he slides against Sam's bedroom door.

Hawthorne rushes Noah.

Madeline suddenly appearing in the hallway as Hawthorne nears the Cello string pulled tight at ankle level.

FLASH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hawthorne trips, falling onto the wedged blade. Stuck straight into his chest. He winces.

Madeline watching in horror.

Noah limping over to Hawthorne. Lifting him over.

He's still alive. Barely. His breathe a wheeze. His face solemn.

MADELINE

Oh, God Hawthorne....

Hawthorne looks to Noah. He's silent for a moment, then:

HAWTHORNE

(weak)
Look at you all grown up.

Noah doesn't respond.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

(weak)
You do what you have to do to stay alive.

He looks to a weeping Madeline.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

I left our mother screaming and calling for help. Because of these... Unwelcome beasts.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

The Unwelcome corner the last few survivors.

Nearing... Nearing...

HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

I have seen them in my dreams.
There were times when I began to believe that's where they started.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madeline moves close to her dying brother.

HAWTHORNE

You hear that? Flies...

Hawthorne dies.

Madeline howling into the house with sadness.

INT. NOAH'S HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Noah and Madeline enter Sam's room. The lumber still on the floor, unused.

His window open.

They near it and look out...

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - NIGHT

Still holding his jar of fireflies, Sam holds his lesioned hand out toward the unmoving Unwelcome.

The last few survivors behind him.

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Noah and Madeline exit and watch the Unwelcome hiss and howl, but not attack.

Their eyes locked with Sam's.

They squirm as if in pain, some grabbing their skulls. Their teeth are chattering.

Sam's teeth DOING THE SAME.

Suddenly, there is the SOUND. Otherworldly. High pitched. Demonic.

The Unwelcome writhing in pain from Sam's mind.

MADELINE

Noah, what's going on?

NOAH

(BEAT)

He's speaking to them. Telling them they don't belong here anymore.

From between the crew of Unwelcome, walks the Young Girl toward the group of Todds and Matures.

Taking Sam's side. Scared.

Finally, the Unwelcome break away. Limping, some running, out of the neighborhood. Terrified...

Sam falls to the ground, fainting. His JAR of FIREFLIES shattering, sending the beaming bugs into the night.

Noah and Madeline take Sam's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The living Todds and Matures, though few, carefully peeking out from around their homes to see if it's safe.

Noah shakes and hollers at Sam to awaken...

Madeline holding the Young Girl. The newest Todd in the neighborhood. Her gentle face buried into Madeline. Is Sam dead?

NOAH (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me. Not now.

Noah closes his eyes. Holds his brother tight.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hear me Sam. Hear my voice. Hear me Sam. It's not just darkness. We don't need to be scared anymore. We don't need to be scared.

Slowly Sam looks groggily up to Noah. Signing:

SAM

Is it finished?

Noah smiles, looking up at the FIREFLIES swarming them.

NOAH

Yeah, buddy, I think it might be.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

Noah and Madeline stand together at the front. Todds and Matures sitting before them.

MADELINE

I know that there have been whispers 'round the neighborhood as to whether it was ever a good idea to stay behind these gates. As to whether or not we wanted to grow up here. Stay here in fear. Terrified of death.

Madeline looks down to the Young Girl sitting in the front row.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

But, we don't have to whisper anymore. There is somewhere else we can go. Increase our way of life. If you so wish to join me.

The Todds and Matures nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

A friend of mine once told me that death can only grab you once and you won't remember, so why be scared of it. If there's anything else after, well it never really grabbed us.

Noah looks down at Sam.

NOAH (CONT'D)

But, now we have a means to hold it off. For us, there's no place for fear.

EXT. BREYTON AVE. - DAY

Noah drives his renovated station wagon out of the neighborhood. Madeline in the seat beside him.

Sam and the Young Girl sitting in back. Her hands riding the tops of trees as they drive. Just like Noah did.

We see all of them in silhouette between the shade from trees... Noah reaching over and taking Madeline's hand.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

The station wagon exits. A damaged, rusty school bus following behind.

THE END