

MISSING TIME

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In the study of unidentified flying objects (UFOs), a rare phenomenon exists known as 'Missing Time'. It refers to a gap in conscious memory that can last minutes, or up to several days.

Sometimes, the memories of what has happened during these time lapses can be recovered by witnesses, usually through hypnosis.

Stranger, however, is the consistent narrative these people recall.

Their accounts are disturbing and horrifying, but if we take them to be real, they suggest that something absolutely terrifying, inexplicable, and beyond our control is truly happening.

To us.

EXT. ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS - WOODS - DAY

From HIGH ABOVE, we LOOK DOWN on a hiking trail, which winds and curves through lush green trees. On it, move TWO SPECKS --

CHRIS (17), a bit gawky sure, but a confident disposition, and behind, RACHEL (17), whose blonde curls mask a rebellious wit.

TITLE CARD: August 1994

RACHEL

So, I vaguely remember you saying
something about a romantic hike...
But, nothing about an all day trek.

CHRIS

I thought that's what you love
about me. Surprises.

Rachel stops. She needs a sip off her canteen. A long one.

RACHEL

Yeah sure. Surprise jewelry,
surprise clothes, hell, the way my
calves are throbbing, I'd take a
surprise massage... Quick pit-stop?

ON CHRIS - *Sorry.* Rachel frowns playfully. He loves this girl.

CHRIS

Trust me, the view will be worth it.

RACHEL

Thoreau said it's not what we look at
that matters, it's only what we see.

But Chris starts moving again, knowing she'll follow.

CHRIS

Smart guy. He's right. You will see.

They hike a steep incline. Finally coming to a GRAND PANORAMA --

Mountains roll out to a far distant horizon. Rachel and Chris
soak in its beauty. Still. Rachel takes hold of Chris' hand.

RACHEL

I'm so glad you don't listen to me.

CHRIS

Think I'll file that one away for
later... Thought we'd have a little
picnic, drink some bubbly, then
hike down before it gets dark.

RACHEL

... This is good. Even for you.

POP! Chris pops champagne. He pours into two plastic glasses.

CHRIS
You wanted dazzle, I give you
dazzle. Happy Anniversary, Rach.

RACHEL
You're trying to get me drunk...

Rachel smirks. And face-to-face now, Chris kisses her. It's sweet, teenagers in love. It starts getting hot and heavy.

Until- Rachel's eyes SHOOT OPEN in a GASP. Something's wrong.

RACHEL
Whoa... What... what is that?

Rachel moves TOWARDS THE EDGE, staring out at some TREES in the distance. Chris is preoccupied, taking off his sweater.

CHRIS
Aw, shoot. I forgot the blanket --

RACHEL
Shh. Listen. Don't you hear it?
It's like... Something's out there.
Up in those trees...

Chris drops his sweater and moves to her. He looks out at the trees too, swaying in the wind. *Is SOMETHING moving in there?*

CHRIS
Oh, yeah. We call those leaves.

Chris kisses Rachel's neck, until - CRACK - Chris looks up - CRACK... CRACK - as all around them the TREES START BUCKLING.

RACHEL
Don't you hear that?... Listen.

Rachel keeps looking out. And then, yes -- A HUM. Chris turns, hearing it too. HUMMMM... The air full of static electricity. It's hard to place the SOURCE OF THE SOUND. Is it even there?

CHRIS
What's that... hum?

The hairs on Chris' arms slowly stand up. As above, the tree leaves get ripped off branches, SUCKED UPWARDS in a WHIRLWIND.

A few honeybees buzz around them. And then a FEW MORE. BZZZ.

And when Rachel turns, her long hair rises too, unnaturally. They look at each other petrified. And she whispers --

RACHEL
Do you feel it, Chris? It's inside --

FLASH! A MYSTERIOUS WHITE LIGHT CONSUMES US ENTIRELY. Silence.

FLASH! We're SOMEWHERE ELSE. It's BLURRY, we can't get our bearings. Until the world slowly shifts back into focus --

We're still in the woods. Mud, leaves. Chris is lying on rocks BY THAT VISTA. But, he looks pale and thin. And it's raining.

Chris slowly sits up, soaking wet, weak, disoriented... He manages to check his watch. It's stopped. Suddenly, a distant-

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Chriiis!?... Raaaachel!?... Chris?!
Can you heeeaaar meee!?

Chris musters up his strength to stand up. He has a small nose bleed. He can't find his voice. His throat, totally parched.

CHRIS
Ma... mom?... MOM?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Chris!?... CHRIS?! Oh, thank God!

CHRIS' MOM (50s) bursts up onto the highland. Soaked by half-sweat and rain, she collapsing in a relieved hug by her boy.

CHRIS' MOM (FEMALE VOICE)
He's here! My baby's here! Hurry!
Oh, Chris, where have you been?

CHRIS
Mom? What's going on?

A few more members of a SEARCH PARTY arrive.

CHRIS' MOM
You've been missing. For three days!

Chris looks at his Mom for a beat. That makes no sense.

CHRIS
... What?... Where's Rachel?...
Where's Rachel?!

And off his terrified look, we QUICKLY RISE UP OFF that ridge-

SLAM TO BLACK: MISSING TIME

FROM THE DARKNESS BEGINS - AN OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE

GLIMPSES of the aftermath of this mysterious incident -- COPS search the DARK WOODS. A shaken Chris is questioned by police.

A HEADLINE FLASHES: "Girl Still Missing as Mystery Deepens"...

HIGH IN THE CLOUDS, we GAZE DOWN UPON forests, residences,
and roads. Our fragile little existence, exposed FROM ABOVE...

INTERCUT LOCAL TV NEWSCASTS -- "Police remain baffled by what
could have happened" -- "Boyfriend swears he has no memory".

A NEIGHBOR INTERVIEWED: "Whole damn thing's just plain spooky."

IN TIME-LAPSE: The SUN streaks across the sky. STARS rotate
above a lake, CLOUDS roll atop mountains like giant spiders.

Amidst shadowed trees, dawn breaks. Two GANGLY FEET wander...
A HIKING COUPLE stops in their tracks -- finding RACHEL --

Gaunt and barefoot in a stream, with a HORRIFIED EXPRESSION.

PARAMEDICS load Rachel in an ambulance. She's shaking, panicky.
They have to strap her down, just to get her up and inside...

TIME-LAPSED IMAGERY now moves us rapidly through time -- FROM
SPACE -- Cities expand, lakes shrink, coastlines transform --

As grainy UFO NEWSCASTS over the past 20 years bombard our
senses -- "Another apparent sighting", "A mystery in the
skies", "Residents are on edge", "What I saw I can't explain."

Time speeds up again as we sweep across NYC's skyline. Seasons
change. People and cars become a colorful blur. The years slip
by. The cacophony builds to a CRESCENDO -- UNTIL FINALLY --

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

WOOSH! A NYC Metro train shoots by us. We follow it, entering
a crowded TRAIN CAR -- finding CHRIS WACHTEL (who's now 36).

Clean-cut, dressed in a pressed suit, he reads "Think to Win:
The Power of Logic in Everyday Life." He wears a silver watch.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey, mister, you got the time?

In a wheelchair with a U.S. flag, a vet holds out a cup.

CHRIS

(correcting)

Eight thirty-three. Thirty-four.

Chris goes back to reading his book.

TITLE CARD: Present Day.

INT. LOANS OFFICE - DAY

Chris sits at his desk across from KATHLEEN (54), portly, in her best dress. Perhaps meant to hide her desperation.

KATHLEEN

My husband and I, we opened the bakery together in eighty-three. Before long, we had three shops, all up and down Flatbush.

Chris peruses Kathleen's loan application quietly. Methodical.

CHRIS

So, it's a restaurant too then?

KATHLEEN

Oh. Well, no. We closed the cafe when Barry got sick. Then the bread stand last year. Now, it's just me running the bakery.

On her application a photo of a bakery called "Kathleen's".

CHRIS

He named it after you.

KATHLEEN

Yes. Barry was... a romantic.

She smiles sadly. Chris' brow furrows, perusing another page.

CHRIS

But, not much of an accountant. Your revenue's down twenty-two percent the past fifteen months --

KATHLEEN

I just needed time. To grieve. I wasn't... focused on business. But, I'm ready now, ready to make our shop great again.

She searches Chris' eyes for some sympathy. Tough to tell if she'll get any. RING! Chris' phone. He raises a finger. 1-sec.

CHRIS

Chris Wachtel... Hey, birthday boy, how was soccer?... Awesome! Jay, I'm just in a meeting, but we'll talk tonight, okay?... You got it, champ.

Chris hangs up. Smirks for a second. His son lights him up...

Then, slipping back into character, he lifts Kathleen's file--

CHRIS

Miss Jones, unfortunately I, I have to make judgements on the data in front of me. What I can see. Facts, figures. And numbers, never lie.

Kathleen eyes a photo of Chris' family. And leans in close.

KATHLEEN

Neither do I. He was my husband... Please. I can do this.

CHRIS

I'll think about it, okay? I will.

Kathleen nods. And shuffles out. Leaving Chris alone. He leans back, staring out his office window for a long while.

Then whatever he was pondering, he shakes off, and -- STAMP -- He stamps "CLAIM DENIED" on Kathleen's loan application.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Chris opens up the door with his foot, holding a big 'Toys R' Us' bag, a few presents wrapped inside, some balloons, etc.

Their place is homey, modest. LISA (32), a stunner, even in her fudge-covered apron and knotted hair, smiles, helping him.

LISA

(kissing his cheek)

One of those better be for our son.

CHRIS

The line in that place is insane. It's like a DMV for screaming kids.

On cue - JONATHAN (8), their cute, precocious son, rushes in.

JONATHAN

Dad! DAD! Look what I made at school!
It's a dream-catcher. Keeps nightmares away. Here, it's for you and Mommy.

Hands full, Chris kneels. Jonathan places the feathered hoop over Chris' head, giggling, adjusting it around like a hat.

CHRIS

Super-cool, Jay. How do I look?

LISA

(holding back a laugh)

Come on, Geronimo. Dinner time.

KITCHEN - They sit around a half-eaten cake with a big "8" candle in it. Chris pretends to spoon-fling cake at Jonathan.

LISA
Don't! Now seriously, how'd I do?

JONATHAN
Cake was awesome, Mom!

CHRIS
Delicious, hon. But, the fun's not
over yet!

Chris reaches underneath the table, pulling out his last gift.

JONATHAN
Whoa. What is it, Dad?

Chris leans in to tell him --

CHRIS
Well, it's... a surprise, silly.

Chris gestures 'go on'. Jonathan tears the wrapping paper off. Chris smiles at Lisa, pouring himself more red wine.

Lisa watches his generous pour, a bit displeased, as Jonathan stares at his gift -- a complex marble roller-coaster toy --

JONATHAN
SpaceRail?... Cool.

CHRIS
You thinking what I'm thinking?

The boy smirks. Nods excitedly. They fist-bump. Lisa giggles.

CHRIS
After dinner, we'll start building
it. I figure, if we work as a team --

Jonathan reaches for the box, but he tips Chris' wine glass, SHATTERING IT. Lisa GASPS, as Chris jumps back startled --

CHRIS
FUCK! What are you doing!?

Silence. Lisa eyes Chris. He WAY overreacted, and he knows it.

JONATHAN
(nervously)
... Sorry.

LISA
(to Jonathan)
It's okay, sweetie. It's okay.

CHRIS
Ah, yeah... No big deal, buddy.

But, even Jonathan senses something off here as Chris covers.

JONATHAN
... Can I go play in my room?

Lisa nods, and Jonathan scampers off, leaving the box on the table. A beat. Chris gathers a few napkins to clean up. Lisa sits there, just watching Chris clean for a moment.

CHRIS
Had a hell of a day, hon. I'm sorry.

LISA
You always do that. You freak out,
when something startles you.

CHRIS
No, I don't...

Chris keeps rubbing the same spot, until Lisa grabs his arm.

LISA
I'll do it. Go apologize to him.

CHRIS
... You're right.

Chris grabs the box. Moves to JONATHAN'S ROOM. It's messy - toys and clothes, thrown everywhere. He plays with Lego's.

CHRIS
Hey, you forget something? We have an
intergalactic coaster to build here.

Jonathan fiddles with his toys. Chris tries another tactic --

CHRIS
(in full "pirate speak")
'Cause me ship's been marooned a
fortnight, and I want off this
moonrock. What say you, landlubber?

JONATHAN
What's Long John Silver doing in space?

CHRIS
Agh, don't you read the manifest?!
I'm a space pirate now! Pillagin'
scallywags from the Crater Rings to
Asteroid City... I need you, bucko!

JONATHAN
(slowly coming around)
... Aye, aye, Captain. But first,
let's clear the planks!...

IN THE KITCHEN - Cleaning, Lisa hears her guys LAUGH LOUDLY. She smiles. But staring down at the broken glass, she tenses.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan tucked in, the SpaceRail half-built, Chris flicks off the light, moving back to the hallway, as -- ARF! ARF! Chris STARTLES! But, he just stepped on BAXTER, their Golden Labrador.

CHRIS
Sorry 'bout that, Bax. You hungry?

KITCHEN - Dog fed, Chris sees his bedroom light's on. He grabs the wine, two glasses, backing his way into their BEDROOM.

CHRIS
Since it is a party, I thought --

But Chris stops. Lisa's fast asleep with the TV on. He puts down the wine, flips off the TV, and puts a blanket on her.

KITCHEN - Chris flops down at the table. He slides away her glass, pours a nice tall one for himself, and he sips. Alone.

INT. LOANS OFFICE - DAY

Chris sits in a conference room with a bunch of LOAN OFFICERS including his buddy, MITCH (37), and EARL (55), his boss.

EARL
And don't come cryin' to me about percentage abatement without a lock commitment letter! Do I barge into your office with my pants down?

MITCH
There are rumors, boss.

Polite chuckles. Mitch smirks to Chris, who shakes his head.

EARL
But, enough of all that. I know why you're here. Other than I summoned you 'cause I own you all. You want to know, who's it gonna be?...

Chris checks his watch. Somewhere he needs to be.

EARL
... Wachtel. Get your butt up here.

Chris snaps out of it in disbelief. Mitch claps. Chris rises.

EARL

Top earner of the quarter. Last six loans in the green. Make us proud at the convention, son. And regale these sad troops with some pearls.

MITCH

Re-count! I demand a re-count!

More chuckles. Chris slides up to the front of the room. A few co-workers give him fake-jabs or high-fives. Handing Chris a convention ticket, Earl gestures, 'say a few words'.

CHRIS

Thanks, Earl... Look, the key, as I see it. Don't get personally involved. Ever. Let the investment speak for itself. Not the client, not you. Remove the human element entirely. And remember, we are a business too, just like them.

Earl pats Chris on the back, very pleased.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Chris scans the crowded entrance to this Upper East Side staple of the arts, finally finding Lisa sitting on the steps.

CHRIS

Sorry, I'm sorry. Earl wouldn't let up. How 'bout a hotdog, I'm buying... Lis, what's wrong?

Lisa gazes out at 5th Ave. Far away... Something's up. Chris sits by her. Whatever Lisa has to say, this is hard for her.

LISA

... Our son's eight years old, Chris. He sees a lot more now, you know... And last night. Last night, Chris, you scared him. You scared me too.

CHRIS

Hon, I was just wiped. Work's been --

LISA

You always say that... Most of the time, you're the best husband, best father, I could ever ask for. But sometimes... I don't know, it's like this darkness comes over you.

She looks to him. Chris looks down. *He's heard this before.*

CHRIS
I just -- I don't like surprises.
And I lose my temper. I'm sorry...

LISA
It's happening a lot lately. Chris--

CHRIS
Maybe it's time I take my trip. Up
to the lake. I haven't been in
almost a year, I'm probably overdue.
God knows, I could use the break...

LISA
The lake house? Sure. If you think
you need to... So long as it's only
work you need a break from.

Lisa smirks sadly. Chris softens, taking Lisa's hand.

CHRIS
Hey. You know why I go up there.

LISA
Of course... I just hoped that
maybe the next step might be to not
always go there alone...

CHRIS
I don't -- I'm not -- sure I'm ready
for that, hon. Besides, you roughing
it upstate? In nature? With bugs?

LISA
(smirks)
I meant our son. I think it's time he
saw where his Dad grew up... I think
it'd be good. For both of you. He's
barely been out of the city, Chris...

Chris looks at Lisa, for a long beat, debating. Finally nods.

CHRIS
Sure. A little guys trip... Why
not, it'll be fun.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

FROM HIGH ABOVE - Chris' silver Toyota rounds a road through
the lush pine mountains. A shiny speckle amidst the green.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
What's that smell?

INT. CHRIS' TOYOTA - DAY

Chris drives. Jonathan sits shotgun. Staring out the window. Chris inhales big. Ahh! Jonathan smirks. Does it too. Ahh!

CHRIS
Fresh country air. Take a good
whiff! Won't find that in the city.

JONATHAN
How come we never come up here, Dad?

Chris stares at his son for a moment. Then gazes out.

CHRIS
... You see those woods out there?
Well, one time, when I was a bit
older than you, I got real lost in
them, with a friend. I, we, almost
weren't found... And for a long time
after that, coming up here scared me.
So I stopped. But your Grandma always
said that this was still my home. And
when she passed, and I came back, I
knew that she was right. And now, I
don't know what I'd do if I couldn't
come here... You have to face your
fears, Jay. No matter what. Okay?

JONATHAN
(nodding)
Dad? I'm afraid... of Mom's meatloaf.

Chris bursts into laughter. Jonathan chuckles too.

CHRIS
Hey. This weekend's gonna rock.

Chris reaches over, Jonathan smiles, and fist-bumps his Dad.

EXT. CABIN - LATE DAY

Car parked, Chris and Jonathan stand outside a large wooden cabin. Windows dirty, dead foliage on the porch. Chris smiles.

CHRIS
Wish Grandma could see you here... C'mon,
I'll show you how to build a fire.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Chris is on the phone, while Jonathan giggles in the kitchen.

LISA (V.O.)
So, are my two guys having fun?

CHRIS
I taught our son how to pan-fry a
sirloin. He's the next Wolfgang Puck,
I swear. Jay, flip mine, will ya?!

Jay laughs, 'Okay, Dad', flipping Chris' steak with a spatula.

LISA (V.O.)
That's great. I'm swamped tomorrow.
So, guess I'll see you boys Sunday?

CHRIS
Yeah, Sunday... And Lis, thanks. You
were right. I'm glad I'm not alone.

INT. CABIN - THE STUDY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jonathan asleep, Chris turns off some lights. He enters the study. Picks up a photo of CHRIS (10) with his MOM on a desk.

He peruses her shelves: Dried flowers in picture frames, plant anatomy diagrams, gardening books... His Mom was a botanist.

He opens a locked drawer. Filled with articles on the incident: "Teens Vanish", "Girl Still Missing." "Rachel Found Alive". He reads one, stops. Puts it back. Shuts the drawer. *Not tonight.*

He accidentally drops the key. He kneels down, under the desk, spotting a FOLDER. He pulls it out. It's full of DRAWINGS Chris drew as a kid. He sits on a sofa sifting through them, amused.

PICTURES IN CRAYON: of his cabin, race cars, robots, dinosaurs, his school, his Mom gardening, etc. He finally stops at one --

It's an APPLE ORCHARD - Rows of red apple trees, with a large house nearby, two stick figures labeled 'Chris' and 'Rachel'.

He stares at it, noticing writing on the back. He flips it over. It reads: NOBODY CAN KNOW. Huh. As Chris ponders that --

A ROCK slides to the floor. Chris picks it up. Smooth. Almond-shaped. Perfect for skipping. TICK-TICK. The clock reads 1AM.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Chris lugs a heavy fishing boat down to a lake nearby the house. Jonathan watches carrying a box of bait and two poles.

CHRIS
Trust me. Fishing's... cool.

Jonathan awkwardly holds the fishing poles and squints out.

ON THE LAKE -- Sun up, Chris and Jonathan sit in a tiny boat with life vests on. Their poles sit in the still water. Quiet.

CHRIS
(in "pirate-speak")
... Us pirates call these waters the
Dead Seas. Rightly named, eh bucko?

Chris elbows Jonathan, who smirks. Plainly --

JONATHAN
Me thinks it's time for lunch, Captain.

CHRIS
Argh, I... Yeah. Good idea... You
know, Jay, if there's ever anything --

A few BEES buzz by. Suddenly movement from Jonathan's pole.

JONATHAN
Dad? Dad, Look... Look!

Jonathan's pole bends more. He stands up, grabbing it. As Chris swats a few more bees, annoyingly circling their boat.

CHRIS
That's a bite! Reel him in, Jonathan!

Jonathan begins to turn the handle. Fighting the fish.

CHRIS
That's it. Now turn -- the thing!
Yeah! Now, lift! Lift, Jonathan!

SNAP! He loses the fish. Chris sighs, smiling at his son, but--
Something's wrong with Jonathan. It's his look. His eyes widen with fear. Something's behind Chris. Jonathan's hair rises up.

JONATHAN
Dad?... Dad! What is that?

Some sort of HUM starts emanating. It gets brighter. The hairs on Chris' head stand up, and as Chris whips around we -- FLASH!

A DISORIENTING, FLICKERING, WHITE GLOW ENCOMPASSES EVERYTHING.

FLASH! Chris' eyes open. He's now face down in the mud. He quickly rises up, getting his bearings fast. He's by the --

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

-- but it's now NIGHT. He's ON SHORE. Chris spots their boat floating in the lake, with the two life vests. But no sign of-

CHRIS
Jonathan?... Jonathan?!

Chris moves towards the lake and runs in, shoes on, searching frantically for his son. He combs the water. Scanning.

CHRIS
JONATHAN?! Oh, my God.

Chris dives in and swims towards the boat. A chance Jonathan is inside. He swims desperately and gets to it. It's empty.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

BOOM! Frantic, soaking wet, Chris bursts in the cabin, whips on the lights. The house is silent, bare. He races upstairs --

CHRIS
Jonathan!?... Jonathan!?!

He turns on the lights to the BATHROOM, the BEDROOMS. No one. He darts DOWNSTAIRS to the phone, he picks it up, but --

That's when he sees his son. Sitting in a love seat. Quietly in the dark. Chris races to him, shaking him, petrified.

CHRIS
Jonathan! Where were you? -- What happened!? What happened?

Jonathan stares out eerily and then looks up to Chris.

JONATHAN
I had a dream, Dad.

CHRIS
Are you okay? Are you all right?!

JONATHAN
About... insect people... Did I fall asleep on the boat?

Chris hugs his son tightly, afraid, confused, but relieved.

CHRIS
I don't... Yeah, we must have... Jay, go pack up. We're leaving.

EXT./INT. CHRIS' TOYOTA - NIGHT

VROOM! Their car races through the dark. Jonathan lays curled up asleep in the backseat. Chris' eyes stare out at the road --

The thick woods casting eerie shadows on the winding asphalt.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Chris lays on his couch. He suddenly SHOOTS UP with a start.

LISA
Hey. What are you doing here?

Chris rubs his eyes. He slept on the couch. Groggy --

CHRIS
I didn't want to wake you.

LISA
No, what are you doing back?

CHRIS
Oh, um... Jay wasn't feeling good.

LISA
He's not? Is he all right?

Lisa rises. They turn. Jonathan's up. Standing in the doorway.

CHRIS
Hey, kiddo. You feeling okay?

JONATHAN
... Yeah. My head hurts a little. I
think I had a nose bleed, Dad.

Lisa sees a little blood in one of Jonathan's nostrils and then a little more on his bedside pillow.

LISA
Oh, my God! Do you have a fever?
I'll go take his temperature.

Lisa rushes him to the bathroom. Chris looks on concerned.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa packs herself a lunch, scurrying about the kitchen.

LISA
He's a bit warm so just check on him.
I gotta run. One last Fisher meeting.

Lisa smiles, pooped. Chris nods, looking far away.

LISA
Hey. You okay? You look terrible.
... Hope it's not contagious.

CHRIS
What? No, no, I'm fine. Maybe I'll
start my presentation.

LISA
Wait, you got the Symposium? That's
great, hon. We gotta celebrate...

Lisa hugs Chris, happy. Chris, distracted, forces a smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lisa and Chris dine at a nice Upper West Side restaurant with
Mitch, Chris' co-worker buddy, and his wife, RHINI.

LISA
I swear sometimes, it's like they're
the parents, and we're the kids.
This morning, Jonathan goes, 'Mommy,
you don't look yourself today'.

RHINI
I have this new patient. Takes stock
tips from his third grader. People are
crazy. But hey, it's good for business.

The ladies giggle. Chris looks on, a bit uncomfortable. Lisa
throws his arm around Chris, trying to relax him.

MITCH
So, Lis. Seriously. What's your
secret? 'Cause this streak your boy's
on, it's makin' me look bad.

CHRIS
... Think you're confusing me with
your barber, bro. Just saying.

The ladies laugh. Mitch mumbles 'bastard', shaking his head.
Chris smiles to Lisa, clinks Mitch's wine glass, and drinks.

LATER -- Three bottles of wine drank. Most of the food eaten.

MITCH
--So, Chris, smashed, finishes
gluing their doors shut, but when
we turn around, bam! Two campus
security guards. Lookin' pissed!

Mitch and Chris crack up.

CHRIS
God, I ran my ass off that night...

MITCH
Yes you did! No loyalty! Left his
freshman frickin' roommate behind.
And now I gotta work with the guy.

Mitch laughs. As a WAITER comes out with a roast turkey dish.

LISA
Oh, wow. Baby, will you?

The Waiter hands Chris sharp turkey prongs. Chris takes them.
CLOSE ON -- the TURKEY PRONGS in Chris' hands, as -- FLASH!

FLASH - Suddenly -- we're *SOMEWHERE ELSE* -- Hard to say where -
- as everything around us -- is *OUT OF FOCUS* -- except --

*A different sharp, thin -- METAL TOOL -- rises over our head --
elongating inexplicably -- like liquid -- its razor-edged tip --
Stretches dangerously close -- to our face -- Closer, closer --*

BAM! Chris JUMPS BACK, dropping the utensil to the floor with
a CLANK. Everyone's shocked by his outburst, as patrons turn.

CHRIS
... Sorry. I -- just need the
bathroom. Excuse me.

Mitch stifles a laugh. Rhini elbows him. But Lisa's concerned.

BATHROOM - Chris locks the door, splashes water on his face.

He stares into his reflection. He seems okay... He reaches for
paper towels. But, *holy shit* -- now sees his nose is bleeding.

But like it happened in NO TIME at all. Chris wipes the blood
from his face, frantic. Rinses. Dries. Checks again. He's fine.

He exits the bathroom quickly -- but finds Lisa and company
waiting for him in the hall with their coats on.

LISA
You okay? Another few minutes I was
gonna venture in looking for you.

Perplexed, Chris just nods. *He wasn't in there that long.*

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On his bed, Chris unties his shoes, still flustered. At her
vanity, Lisa removes her earrings and undoes her hair.

LISA
That was fun. Rhini's ridiculous...
Hadn't heard that frat-prank story
before. You two were trou-ble.

FLICK. Lisa kills the lights. Chris jolts. The DARKNESS makes
him uneasy. In silhouette, Lisa slowly slinks into bed,
crawling up next to Chris, flirtatious, whispering --

LISA
Speaking of trouble...

She starts kissing Chris' neck. He's unresponsive, but she keeps trying. Soon, Chris kisses her back. She moves on top of him... Chris tries to, he wants to, but something's not --

CHRIS
Wa-wa-wait. Stop.

LISA
(flirtatiously)
I don't think I can...

CHRIS
I just, I can't. I'm sorry, I can't.

Lisa stops fully. He's serious. Lisa's embarrassed.

LISA
O-kay.

She slowly slides off him, rolling onto her back.

CHRIS
I just, I feel really... strange.

Lisa nods. But doesn't look at him. After a long moment --

LISA
... I am trying, you know.

CHRIS
I know... Lis, I have to tell you something. Up at the lake, something happened. I can't explain it.

It's hard for Chris to say. Lisa sits up, turning on a light.

CHRIS
I think I blacked out... We were fishing, but then, I was back on shore. But, the boat was still in the water. And I couldn't find him.

LISA
Who? Jonathan? You lost our son?

CHRIS
No. He was in the house. But hours had passed. And I don't remember a thing.

Lisa looks at Chris, concerned.

LISA
How much were you drinking?

CHRIS
None. Not a drop, Lis, I swear.

Lisa studies Chris, uneasy. Finally -

LISA
I don't know, Chris. That's weird...
You think maybe you got dehydrated?

CHRIS
No. This was... something else.

Concerned, Lisa takes a second. Then flips back off the light.

Chris stares up at shadows. Then to a dark corner... He GLARES uneasily into the black abyss, for a while... Then turns away.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Darkness. Quiet in the house. Chris tosses and turns in bed.

We hear FAINT WHISPERS. A GIRL'S VOICE. Talking over herself- It's quick, unintelligible. Until, a word is said: '*Inside*'.

Chris SHOOTs UP in bed, sweaty. Lisa lays asleep next to him.

HALLWAY CLOSET - Chris kneels, moving stored junk out his way, reaching for something behind. He finds it: a wooden crate.

He sits on the floor and opens it. Inside, old memorabilia Chris has kept over the years. Trinkets of another life --

Yearbooks, diplomas, letters, etc. He pulls out a leather bound book -- Inside, old photos of Chris as a TEENAGED BOY ('Chris' in our opener), and TEENAGED RACHEL (in our opener).

Chris peruses other photos of the two of them, as LITTLE KIDS:

Goofy carnival photo-booth strips, Valentine Day cards, etc. Clearly, Rachel and Chris were lifelong childhood pals.

LISA (O.S.)
Chris? What are you doing, it's
four in the morning.

Lisa, groggy in her T-shirt and glasses. Chris shoves the book back under clutter, puts the box away. Kills the light.

CHRIS
Nothing. Just looking for
something... Sorry.

Lisa wobbles back to bed. Leaving Chris alone in the dark.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Chris emerges from the bathroom. His small suitcase in the hall. He rolls it past JONATHAN'S DOOR. Sees he's reading --

CHRIS
Hey. Whatchu doing up already?

JONATHAN
Can't sleep. Where you going, Dad?

CHRIS
Pittsburgh. Be back Wednesday. What are you reading? Dinosaurs?

Chris picks up Jonathan's dinosaur book.

JONATHAN
Isn't it weird, Dad? A whole other species used to live here. Here. Giant dragons, spiked elephants. It seems made-up, but it's not.

Chris admires his smart son. Kisses him. Gets up to go and --

JONATHAN
I remember, Dad. What happened. That day on the lake. I remember.

Chris stops.

CHRIS
You do?

JONATHAN
We went up in a rocket ship.

Jonathan's tone is completely serious. It gives Chris pause.

Then Chris eyes his son's 'Star Wars' bed sheets, his Lego Space Station, etc., and he smirks. He's being ridiculous.

CHRIS
Sure we did, kiddo.

The ELEVATING ROAR Of a 747-jet engine taking off is heard.

EXT. CLOUDED SKY - DAY

From high-above, we LOOK DOWN on a 747-JET AIRLINER crawling across white cloud cover, an ant in a marshmallow field.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chris sits in the front row of a small hotel conference room.

"12th Annual Loans Industry Conference" logos adorn a monitor on a stage and binders that seated LOAN PROFESSIONALS carry.

HOST

Our next speaker hails from
LendingHour in New York. Please
welcome Chris Wachtel.

Polite applause from the 20-30 attendees that fill the room.
Chris hops on stage, a laptop waiting for him. He clicks on
his PowerPoint Presentation. On THE SCREEN: 'Lending Smart'.

Chris waits for a dramatic second. Then begins.

CHRIS

Lend me a hand. Lend me a pen. Lend
me some time. We use this word in
our everyday lives, never expecting
to get anything in return. Well...
Friends, lend me your ears...
Because for the next hour, I'm
gonna show you how to make this
word start working for you again.

BOOM. The lights switch off, as a spotlight shines on Chris.
The screen glows. People in the crowd, shadows in silhouette.

CHRIS

With these Five Principles in
Lending, you can rest assured...

Lifting his head, Chris is mesmerized by the bright spotlight.

QUICK FLASH - *SOMETHING ELSE flashes a BRIGHT LIGHT at us -- a
blinding white light that envelops us -- BOOM!* Chris blinks --

CHRIS

(finding his place)
Ah, that any small business loan
you approve will not only yield the
results you desire, but...

He stares out at the crowd for effect. And that's when Chris
sees someone -- A FIGURE standing in the dark corner. This
room isn't that large, and NO ONE was there before.

CHRIS

-- Returns. You can count on...
Number one. Safety. What's the
accountability of your borrower?

This SHADOWY FIGURE now starts to move forward. But wait, it's
too small to be a person. And too thin. Almost like a child.

CHRIS

What's... your client... worth?

But, it's NOT a child either. The head seems far too large
and the body, too frail. Disproportionate. *What the hell?*
This Shadow is something else. It doesn't walk. It *glides*.

CHRIS
 What's his history? His, um, past?
 You have to know...

The Shadow jerks unnaturally. No one else seems to react AT ALL. But Chris starts freaking out. The Shadow jerks again.

CHRIS
 (more fearful)
 ... What you're... dealing with...

The Shadow moves forward. Closer. Chris can't move. He stares at it. This inexplicable contour standing in the darkness.

CHRIS
 I'm s-sorry. What's --

It moves just a little more, into the realm of the spotlight--

Showing just a hint of ITS FACE -- an impossibly LARGE, almond-shaped shiny BLACK EYE: The eye of an all-knowing insect.

CHRIS
 (absolutely terrified)
 Turn on the lights! Turn on the --

Chris backs away from the podium, knocking his laptop off. CRASH! Someone rushes in the back. The lights get turned on.

But the figure's just an OLD MAN. Wearing thick eye glasses, searching for a seat. His movements jerky with his cane.

Flustered, Chris stares out at the room. Attendees look on, shocked. CONFUSED MURMURS rise, as some people stand up.

Feeling sick, Chris takes off, pushing his way through the claustrophobic crowd of judging eyes. He needs to get away...

EMPTY CONFERENCE HALL - BOOM! Chris enters, loosening his tie, trying to catch his breath. He sinks to the rug, in a seated position, gasping. Looks out a window, panicked...

We move in tight ON CHRIS' EYES, until -- VROOM! A loud noise startles Chris! He whips around. Just a janitor vacuuming.

But, it's now NIGHT. Chris has been sitting there for hours. He rises fast. It happened again. *What the hell's going on?*

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Leg shaking, Chris stares out. He rubs his face, exhausted, wired. Lisa sits next to him, worried. Chris swigs coffee.

LISA
Jesus, have you slept? Talk to me...
Baby, what happened at the conference?

CHRIS
I can't explain it... It's ludicrous.

Chris' cell RINGS. Chris reaches, but Lisa stops him gently.

LISA
Wait a minute. You don't call last
night, you fly home a day early,
then pull me outa work, acting like
you've seen a ghost. Chris, what's
going on?... Did you blackout again?

Chris takes a beat. Looks to Lisa. Then nods, scared.

CHRIS
... But, worse than the other times.

LISA
Other times? Wait, you mean besides--

CHRIS
Yes. Up at the lake house. Since it
happened, I've started remembering
that there were other times I'd...
forget. Like a lapse. But it stopped.

LISA
Chris?! Why didn't you tell me --

CHRIS
... 'Cause I knew you'd worry.

LISA
Yeah, I'd worry. Was it ever
diagnosed?

Chris shakes his head. He gazes out, struggling.

CHRIS
It's like, one moment, I'm fine.
But then, the time's just gone. The
world vanishes. It makes no sense.

LISA
Where, where do you go?

Chris shakes his head. Lisa softens, taking Chris' hand.

LISA
Okay... First off, you're calling in
sick today. Screw Earl.
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)
 Second, I'm finding us a neurologist.
 Get you an MRI as soon as we can.

CHRIS
 MRI? Lis. Maybe we're overreacting--

LISA
 I don't care. Better that than you
 walking around with an aneurysm...

CHRIS
 You're cute when you play doctor.

Lisa breathes. Chris is trying to add a little levity.

LISA
 ... You need to take better care of
 yourself. In fact, there is something
 else, Chris. Just hear me out, okay?

INT. JONATHAN'S SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

MISS YELLEN (20's), a 2nd Grade teacher, glides between desks,
 head in a stack of math tests she's returning to her STUDENTS.

MISS YELLEN
 Stanley. Not bad, careful with your
 subtraction... Peter, drawing a
 robot is not an acceptable answer.
 Jonathan, very well done, except --

Except Jonathan is not in his seat. Miss Yellen looks around.

MISS YELLEN
 Class?... Where's Jonathan?

Murmurs in the class until -- PETER (8, glasses) points.

PETER
 There he is!... What's he doing?

Miss Yellen looks out a window to the PLAYGROUND COURTYARD --
 Where Jonathan stares up, neck craned to the sky. Weird...

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Lisa and Chris walk down Manhattan's busiest thoroughfare.

CHRIS
 Hon, a doctor's one thing, but I'm
 not seeing some wack-job therapist.
 What's next, a horoscope reading?

LISA

She's a hypno-therapist, and supposedly the best. Her specialty's memory lapses, which can occur even decades after a trauma --

CHRIS

How'd you even find -- Wait... You told Rhini about this? I don't believe you, Lis.

Chris huffs on ahead. Lisa stops. Then calls out to him --

LISA

I had no choice! You shut me out. Chris, I see you... Looking through those old photos, in the middle of the night. You're still not over that day. All those years ago. That hike... Sometimes, you act like it was nothing. It's not nothing--

CHRIS

Lis, you don't understand.

Lisa moves in close to Chris.

LISA

But, I do. What happened to you in those woods was awful. For years, you ran away from it, numbed it with booze, work... And yes, you've made strides. But going to that house isn't enough. You need to let that day in, Chris, or you'll never let it go.

CHRIS

No... This is about that day on the lake. Ever since... all I can think about is her. And I don't know why.

That's a surprise. And it hurts Lisa.

LISA

Rachel?... Then, it's important you find out. Important for both of us.

Confused, Lisa backs up a bit from Chris, as WE CUT TO --

BACK OUTSIDE IN THE PLAYGROUND - Jonathan still stares up at the clouds. Miss Yellen approaches. The class watches from the window inside. The wind picks up, as she kneels to him...

MISS YELLEN

Jonathan? Hey, kiddo. You okay?

She reaches for the boy's arm - suddenly recoiling, as -- the hairs on her arm and hair rise up, feeling the static.

JONATHAN
Do you hear it, Miss Yellen? It's
voices. Up in the sky...

A beat. She startles up. Just moving clouds. A bit freaked --

MISS YELLEN
Come on. Think a storm's coming...

JONATHAN
I saw a strange man. But he's gone now.

WE CUT BACK TO BROADWAY - Chris moves to Lisa, consoling her.

CHRIS
Lis, I love you. You... So if you
want me poked, prodded, if that's
what you want, then baby, I'm in.

Chris half-smiles, but Lisa turns to him - serious.

LISA
For once, I just wish you'd, do it
for yourself... and not for me.

And with that, Lisa goes down to THE SUBWAY. Chris watches her go, standing on Broadway with his suitcase. The wind picks up.

CRACK. Above him, a tree buckles. Then -- CRACK! Crack...

Chris follows this CRACKING sound with his eyes, to the trees along Broadway's divider. They buckle, as if an invisible force pulls at them, twisting their branches. Until he finds--

A FIGURE, dressed in a black suit, standing still amidst the trees on this divider on Broadway. We'll call him the ODD MAN.

His face is pale, his eyes big, teeth sharp, lips bright red. His eyebrows, very fine, and he appears bald under his fedora.

He's been watching Chris from afar -- with a fervid, unnerving intensity. And those eyes. Something's not right in those eyes.

Chris stares at this Odd Man, unable to look away... Until a bus passes in front of this man, and he's gone. Chris scans the busy street, finding nothing. Unsettled, he finally goes.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAY AND NIGHT

At HIGH-SPEED, the sun passes, setting into night, before rising over the city again. A day's passage in mere moments.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

HISSss. Chris flips some burning eggs onto a plate. Pours OJ.

CHRIS

Jay! Come and get it! Yo. Let's GO!

Running late himself, Chris checks on Jonathan in HIS ROOM --

Where Jonathan is building, focused. The SpaceRail they were working on is disassembled. Coil and track all spread out now.

CHRIS

Hey... I thought we were gonna make it together.

JONATHAN

(not looking up)

... I'm building something else now.

CHRIS

Oh. Okay. Well, wash up. Your breakfast's getting cold.

Jonathan nods. Chris leaves. Jay stares back at the SpaceRail pieces, and the large CIRCULAR STRUCTURE he's begun erecting.

INT. LOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

In his office, Chris sits with Earl. Neither speaks.

CHRIS

Really, I'm fine. Between the kid, Lisa, five-hours of sleep, fifteen-hour days, I just, I blew a fuse. I'm sorry I let you down.

EARL

You really scared some folks down in Pittsburgh, Chris. Investors.

CHRIS

I know. I'll call Roger and --

EARL

It's handled. Said you switched meds for a heart condition.

Chris smirks, but Earl still looks a bit uneasy.

CHRIS

Earl, I'm the same cutthroat bastard you trusted yesterday. This will not happen again.

EARL

It can't... Consider it buried.

Earl gives Chris a pat on the back, and he goes.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Chris roams the alleyways of Chinatown, crammed with merchants, bicycles, the aroma of Peking Duck. He cradles his cell --

MITCH (V.O.)

-- well, good. I'm glad you two kids made up. 'The hell are you anyway?

Chris turns a corner, cutting across traffic. HONK! HONK!

CHRIS

Nowhere. A client meeting. Hang on.

Chris stops. Reaching into his pocket for a paper reading: "Dr. Hopkins, Hypnotherapist, 435 Pell St. #6, Chinatown, 2PM."

Chris gets his bearings, re-pockets the paper, and cuts across traffic, towards a NARROW STREET of rundown buildings--

MITCH (V.O.)

Look, man. Rhini told me that you're thinking about therapy. I've been there. If you ever want to talk...

Annoyed, Chris finds the building he's looking for - 435.

CHRIS

Thanks... Look, Mitch. I gotta go.

Chris hangs up. Sighs. And heads up the steps, inside.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

SOOTHING MUSIC plays. A hallway of abstract art. Chris moves through the tranquil space, meant to help clients relax.

He finds DR. HOPKINS (mid-50s), long curly hair, in a colorful business suit, high up on a ladder changing a light bulb.

HOPKINS

Oh, you made it! Gimme just a sec.

Chris regards Hopkins. Her Alabama-sweetheart twang is not what Chris expected. He looks around, uncomfortable.

INSIDE HER OFFICE -- Hopkins sits on her couch. Chris stares at the leather-recliner in the center of the room. Hesitant.

HOPKINS
It's not gonna bite 'cha. I promise.

But, Chris stalls, perusing her wall diplomas instead.

CHRIS
American Society of Clinical
Hypnosis... That a PhD program?

HOPKINS
Certificate. But, I like to think I
was top of my class.
(she winks)
Please... How can I be of service?

Chris awkwardly sits in the chair, facing her. He breathes.

CHRIS
I'm having blackouts... Minutes or
hours will pass, and I have no
memory of it. When I finally do
come to, I feel sick, nauseous...
A week ago, I blacked out. On a
fishing trip with my son. My wife
thought this was a good idea...

Mm-hm. Hopkins scribbles in her notepad, Chris' frustration
seeming to not affect her. Finally, she stops, leaning in.

HOPKINS
Hypnotherapy. What I do here, it
requires we be completely honest
with each other, okay?... Cause I
can quit your smoking, cure your
bed-wetting, or squash your
irrational phobia of mustard, but
you have to tell me the truth.

CHRIS
No problem.

HOPKINS
Great. So, what aren't you telling
me, Chris? What're you afraid to say?

Hopkins is far more perceptive than she appears. Tougher too.

CHRIS
(softening)
... I'm seeing things.

HOPKINS
What kinds of things?

CHRIS
... I don't know. I don't know...

HOPKINS
Any history of childhood trauma?
Abuse? That you can remember.

CHRIS
Not abuse, I... When I was sixteen,
my girlfriend and I, we were stalked,
attacked. She was kidnapped.

HOPKINS
Where?

CHRIS
Hiking in the Adirondacks. I was
hit over the head, left to die on a
ridge, but, they took her. Away.

HOPKINS
I see. And was she ever found?

Chris looks very uncomfortable. He shifts.

CHRIS
A week later, two hikers found her,
in nearly the same spot she was
taken. But, she wasn't the same
after that. She couldn't... even
look at me. They said she'd been
raped... Family moved away right
after. I tried looking for her for a
few years, but they were just gone.

HOPKINS
I'm sorry, Chris. Did they ever
find out who did it?

Chris holds back some emotion. He shakes his head.

HOPKINS
And you... feel responsible?

CHRIS
I took her there. It was my idea.
But, I didn't... After a while, you
put it behind you. But lately, I...

HOPKINS
You can't stop thinking about her.

Chris looks at Hopkins. And nods.

HOPKINS
And you're worried I'm going to
take you back to that day... But, I
won't. Not unless you want to.

CHRIS

I don't want to. I just want to
know what's happening to me... I
doubt I can even be hypnotized...

HOPKINS

Why don't we start with the blackout
with your son.

MOMENTS LATER -- The shades are drawn, the lights have been
dimmed, Hopkins sits beside Chris now, who lies still.

HOPKINS

... And another deep breath. And as
you exhale, this wave of relaxation
sweeps over your body, allowing you
to drop even further. That's good...

Hopkins lifts up Chris arm, which she gently waggles. Loose.

HOPKINS

And starting now, I'll count down
from one-hundred. Ninety-nine,
deeper and deeper, ninety-eight...

Hopkins slowly lowers Chris' arm, as she keeps counting. WE
slowly ZOOM IN on Chris. His eyes move in rapid REM. CLOSER --

HOPKINS (O.S.)

... And now, I want you to take me
back to the lake. Back on that boat
with Jonathan... Can you do that?
Jonathan almost reels in his catch.
Now, tell me, what happens next?

We ZOOM INTO CHRIS' EYES, and in a FLASH, we're back on the --

EXT. LAKE - DAY (HYPNOTIC REGRESSION)

NOTE: All HYPNOTIC REGRESSIONS ARE IN CHRIS' POV.

*We're in -- the boat with Jonathan -- He pulls -- his fishing
pole -- The line goes slack -- Jonathan looks up -- eyes wide--*

CHRIS (V.O.)

He's scared... Something's there!...

*Jonathan's SCARED FACE -- His hair standing up -- That HUM --
HMMMMMMM -- We don't move -- scared to -- Utterly frozen --*

HOPKINS (V.O.)

What's there? What do you see?

CHRIS (V.O.)
 I hear a hum. The hair on my head
 stands up. That sound, I know it. I
 -Oh God, how I have forgotten this!?

HOPKINS (V.O.)
 What? What is it? What's there?

Slowly -- we turn -- as before us -- above our heads -- is
 this -- LARGE OBJECT -- rotating SILENTLY -- hard to see --

It's metallic -- bell-shaped -- it shape-shifts -- hovering --

CHRIS (V.O.)
 I don't, I don't know what this is!

This THING -- doesn't belong -- just hangs in the sky -- it's
 just -- so strange -- and then it starts -- to APPROACH US --

RIPPLING THE AIR -- like water -- almost translucent -- WOOOSH!
 -- it gets CLOSER -- its bottom -- PITCH BLACK -- and then --

Something's happening -- It's somehow changing -- BRIGHTER --

CHRIS (V.O.)
 This can't be real. This can't be!--

WOOSH! - It flies up - high into the sky -- Flickering --

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Oh God, it's doing something! It's --

WOOSH! -- BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT -- shines down -- We LIFT NOW --
AS VIOLENTLY -- IT SUCKS US UP -- TOWARDS IT -- Jonathan too! --

The lake -- the boat -- disappearing below -- we reach out --
 for Jonathan -- who cries -- so scared -- as -- "DADDY!"--

SLAM CUT TO - DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - Chris rolls, screaming.

CHRIS
 Jonathan!! JONATHAN!

CLAP! CLAP! Hopkins claps her hands together and Chris SHOOTS
UP awake. He sits up fast. Both look to each other. Spooked.

LATER -- Chris stares out a window. Hopkins closes her file.

HOPKINS
 Listen, Chris. I'mma do whatever I
 can to help you. But, I need to be
 up front here... My training, isn't
 really specialized for this.

CHRIS
 For what?... Specialized for what?

HOPKINS

There's a psychopathology. A rare form of false-memory disorder. It's called 'alien abduction syndrome'.

CHRIS

What?... Look, Doc, what the hell just happened to me!?

HOPKINS

You created a false recollection. To repress whatever's really going on. Whatever happened. On that boat.

CHRIS

You're saying I made all this up to hide something else? That's ridiculous.

HOPKINS

Not consciously. Your mind's just protecting itself. But, we can uncover what this is really about.

CHRIS

This is insane. I don't know what you just -- I'm fucking outa here!

With concern, Hopkins watches Chris rise and leave in a fury.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - AFTERNOON

Chris walks fast. Feeling uneasy. After a moment, he stops. And turns round. But... no one's there. Just empty streets.

Chris takes a long look, scanning. Something bothering him... *The sense someone is there.* He shakes it off. Keeps moving.

MISS YELLEN (V.O.)

Mister Wachtel?...

EXT. JONATHAN'S SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY

Chris stares out at the drove of CHILDREN as they file out of school. Miss Yellen moves into Chris' POV. Chris snaps to.

MISS YELLEN

Mister Wachtel? Hi. Susan Yellen. We met at parent-teacher night?

CHRIS

Of course. Good to see you.

MISS YELLEN

Listen, I -- I don't mean to pry, but
has Jonathan been sleeping okay?

CHRIS

Sure. I think so. Why?

MISS YELLEN

He just seems a little agitated
lately. Zoning out in class...

Jonathan runs up to them, hugging his father.

JONATHAN

Dad, dad?! Hey! You never pick me up!

CHRIS

Heya, champ. I got off early.

MISS YELLEN

... Or I'm totally overreacting. I'm
sorry... See you tomorrow, Jonathan!

JONATHAN

Bye, Miss Yellen!

She smiles, goes. But Chris watches her, zipping up Jay's coat.

EXT. WEST END AVENUE - LATE DAY

Jonathan walks, holding Chris' hand. Chris looks down at him.

CHRIS

So, I was just talking with your
teacher. Everything okay at school?

JONATHAN

I guess so... Dad, do you think it's
possible to time-travel? Like jump
ahead in time... But in your mind?

Jonathan hops forward. *Chris doesn't like the sound of that.*

CHRIS

I don't -- Why? Why do you ask?

JONATHAN

(shrugs, hopping again)
I wanna know if it's real.

CHRIS

Listen, Jay. I was just wondering.
Up at the lake, how exactly did you
end up back in the house?

Jonathan shrugs. At the cross-light, he presses the button,
but that's when Chris notices -- a small, circular SCOOP-MARK
indentation behind his son's ear. He kneels to examine it...

CHRIS

Hey! What is this? Jay, what happened
here?... Have you always had this?

JONATHAN

Had what? What is it, Dad?

Chris goes over the circular groove with his thumbs. It could
just be a pock mark. Except it's literally a perfect circle.

INT. METRO BUS - NIGHT

Dressed for a night on the town, Chris stares off, riding with
Lisa on the public bus. Over-dressed amidst the PASSENGERS.

LISA

... So, how'd it go today?

CHRIS

Hm? Oh God, don't ask. Can't believe
Rhini recommended such a quack!

LISA

So, what are you going to do?

Chris shakes his head. Doesn't want to talk about it.

CHRIS

She also told Mitch. I'm already on
thin ice. Last thing I need is Earl
knowing I'm seeing a goddamn shrink!

LISA

Mitch is your friend, he wouldn't --

CHRIS

That doesn't mean you tell them
every aspect of our personal life.

LISA

Fine, I won't bring it up anymore.

Lisa shakes her head. Chris breathes, calming himself down.

CHRIS

You're just too open sometimes.

LISA
Too open for you.

CHRIS
... You notice anything different
about Jonathan lately?

LISA
No, like what?

CHRIS
(pulling back his ear)
He had this little like, circular mark.
(off her quizzical look)
Forget it, it's nothing. Hey. This
your big night. Let's go enjoy it.

Chris smiles, switching gears. Wraps his arm around his wife.

INT. FISHER ESTATE - NIGHT

A hopping party at a lavish downtown town house. Chris and Lisa mingle with MR. & MRS. FISHER (70's), its former owners.

LISA
Well, Mr. Fisher, I'd say we took 'em
for quite a ride... To Connecticut.

Lisa clinks his glass. Chris pours himself more champagne.

MR. FISHER
Still, gonna miss the old joint. To
old memories too, eh Mr. Wachtel?

CHRIS
Not sure I trust my memory these
days, sir. But, why not.

Chris clinks Mr. Fisher's glass. Confused, Mr. Fisher turns--
He greets new arrivals. A subtle glare from Lisa.

CHRIS
What? Sorry, just had a weird day.

LISA
(re: the booze)
Just take it easy tonight. Wait
'til you see the upstairs.

ROOFTOP DECK - MOMENTS LATER - Lisa leads Chris onto a roof
patio that any New Yorker would envy. The view is incredible.

LISA
Kinda makes you unappreciative of
the things that you have, huh.

Chris regards Lisa. Amidst the twinkling lights, she's radiant.

CHRIS
Not where I'm standing... Lis, I'm
sorry I've been such a spaz lately.

LISA
Lately?

Lisa smirks. T-T-T-T. Above, a HELICOPTER FLIES OVER THEM...

MRS. FISHER
That's one thing I won't miss! The
god damn traffic-copters!

The HELICOPTER circles the sky with a strobe light. The light
beam flashes over the party. Some CHEER. Whoo-hoo! Another --

PARTYGOER
Shut up! We're getting drunk here!

T-T-T-T. Chris stares up at THE HELICOPTER. Its LOAD ROAR is
unnerving. Something's not right here. T-T-T-T-T! He stares.

Chris turns, back to the party. They all move in SLOW-MOTION --
- T-T-T-t-t...t...t. The SOUND DISAPPEARS until IT'S SILENT.

CHRIS IN HIS OWN WORLD. Lisa mouths something unheard, as --

*Chris looks back up -- it's NOT A HELICOPTER -- It's a PITCH-
BLACK TRIANGLE -- IN THE SKY -- an eerie-light in its center --*

That flickers -- in total silence -- the crowd -- is FROZEN --

*WOOSH! - a large BLUE BEAM - SHOOTS DOWN ON THE ROOF - MOVING -
CLOSER AND CLOSER -- OVER THE PEOPLE -- still like statues --*

*Until the BEAM - BATHES US - the CRAFT in SILHOUETTE -- WOMP! --
A VIOLENT BLUE PULSE -- SHOOTS RIGHT AT US -- as WAM!*

Chris falls back to the patio floor. The ROAR AND CHATTER of
the roof-party returns. But, people stop. Lisa rushing over--

LISA
Chris! Jesus, are you okay!?

CHRIS
(mumbling)
It's not a helicopter! It's not a...

But, it is a helicopter. It flies off over Lisa's head.

MR. FISHER
Mister Wachtel, are you all right?

Chris looks up at them, lost. Lisa, embarrassed, helps Chris
to his feet, as a sudden wave of nausea passes through him.

CHRIS
I, oh God, I don't feel so good.
I'm sorry. I, think I need to go.

LISA
... I'll get my coat.

CHRIS
No! I know this is important. Stay.
I just, need to go lay down.

LISA
Chris, we... Okay. See you at home.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Party still going strong upstairs, Chris exits the town house, bracing himself down some steps, feeling dizzy.

He stutter-steps into AN ALLEYWAY -- and promptly throws up. Regaining balance, Chris spots a taxi cab stop at a red light.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER - Chris stares out the cab window, watching the streets pass by. Park Avenue, cold and empty.

INT. CHRIS' BUILDING - NIGHT

THE LOBBY -- Chris gets onto their old fashioned ELEVATOR, one with a door that you open and close. He rides... Up... Up...

But suddenly, the sound of A FORCE. SHOOTING UP the elevator shaft extremely fast. It nears. Chris hair rises, as WOOSH! -

Then it's gone. Chris gasps. Dizzy. *The hell WAS that?* DING! His FLOOR. He exits, seeing in a hall mirror, his nose bleed.

HALLWAY - Chris cleans himself up. Gets his balance. Opens up his APARTMENT DOOR -- but there, inexplicably inside is Lisa.

She sits on the couch in the dark, the cordless in her hand.

LISA
Chris!? Jesus. You said you were going straight home. Where were you? Do you know what time it is?

CHRIS
(checks his watch, baffled)
How did you-- I, um... I decided to walk... I just needed some air.

Lisa eyes him, unsure whether he's lying, drinking, or what.

LISA

Well. Jonathan had a dream you were kidnapped. I got really scared...

Chris moves INSIDE - and sees Jonathan staring at him from the darkness of their hallway... They lock eyes for a long, strange beat... Then Jonathan sinks away, going back to bed.

CHRIS

Nothing to be scared of. I'm fine.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATE NIGHT

From HIGH-UP ABOVE, Riverside Park and the skyscrapers of the Manhattan loom below. New York. Glittering in the moonlight.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Inside, the house is quiet. TICK-TICK. A clock. It's after 3AM.

Baxter sleeps on his doggy mat in the kitchen. In their bedroom, Lisa's turned away from Chris. All's quiet. Then --

SOMETHING's outside. A DEEP ORANGE GLOW illuminates Chris and Lisa in bed, basking them and the room in its amber gleam. The brightness awakens Chris. He squints as the light fades.

Something's not right. His clock stopped. Every shadow, drawing fear. The sense - *someone's inside his home*. He shoots up --

CHRIS

Honey... Lisa? Wake up.

Chris shakes Lisa, but she just turns over, deep asleep. He puts his feet to the floor. CREAK. He moves past Lisa's vanity.

The sight of his near-naked reflection unsettling in the dark. The dreamcatcher Jonathan made twirls slowly, as he moves to --

THE HALLWAY - The apartment is quiet and empty. Then, the sound of WHINING. Chris looks. But, the dog isn't on his mat.

Chris searches, finding Baxter curled up, beneath a counter, behind the trash can, scared to move. He kneels down, alarmed.

CHRIS

Baxter? Bax, what is it, boy?

Then, BAM -- SHADOWS! Long thin shadows. Scurrying. Almost insect-like. Coming from under the door of JONATHAN'S ROOM.

Chris rises. He can't even breathe. He grabs a wooden broom from the corner and slowly creeps towards his son's bedroom...

Closer, closer, the Shadows move quickly, deliberately. Chris gets to the door. Hand on the knob. He can't open it. He won't.

BAM! Chris swings the door open. A HISSING SOUND fills the air.

As these IMPOSSIBLE THINGS -- with sheer silvery skin and huge black eyes, quickly vanish into the walls, like ghosts.

Chris blinks, scared stiff. *WHAT did he just see?* But, wait. There. By Jonathan's lamp. Is... Is SOMETHING there?

He raises his broom. Just a shadow? Too hard to tell... Until THE SHADOW moves VANISHING back into the wall! Chris swings at the lamp with a terrified yell. As PSHH! The bulb shatters!

CHRIS

Stay away! Stay away from us!

BAM! BAM! BAM! Chris beats this lamp to death. Until a light flips on, Lisa at the door. Jonathan in his bed, terrified.

LISA

What THE HELL are you doing!?

Chris stops. Silence. Jonathan bursts into tears. Lisa shocked, carries out her son, calming him, giving Chris a fearful look.

Chris is left alone. But, that's when he takes in THE ROOM --

FLAWLESS IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT: Books stacked to form perfect pyramids, his toys arranged exquisitely, but nonsensically--

As all the objects in the room are arranged in CROP-CIRCLE LIKE FORMATIONS - symbolic, like a pictographic language.

Crayons aligned into complex shapes. Balls column-stacked delicately atop each other. Micromachines in a cube formation-- Even the furniture in odd feng shui. But, it's all so STRANGE.

In the corner, a huge black TANGLED TOWER. The RE-ASSEMBLED SPACERAIL. No longer a roller-coaster, but an intricate spire.

Chris backs away into the LIVING ROOM. Jonathan in Lisa's arms.

LISA

God, Chris! What's wrong with you?

CHRIS

Lis. Something was in that room...

LISA

What? What were you doing in there!?

CHRIS

No, I -- They were just... Jesus Christ, they're real. I saw them.

Lisa looks flabbergasted. Jonathan can't look at his father.

LISA
It's okay, baby... It's okay.
Chris, you need help!

CHRIS
Lis... I'm not -- They were here!
They were coming. For Jonathan...

LISA
Stop it! You're scaring him! That's
it, Chris!... We're going to that
neurologist in the morning.

Chris sees Lisa's look. Jonathan's too. He pulls her up.

CHRIS
Lis, please... Just look at his
room for crying out loud --

He drags Lisa to Jay's room to show her, but now the room is
back to NORMAL. Except for the damaged lamp and the toy tower.

Lisa pulls away. Now, Chris is really freaked, and has to ask-

CHRIS
Jonathan... Did, did you see them? --

JONATHAN
(through tears)
Mommy, I'm scared!!

LISA
Chris! Just leave him be.

Lisa hugs her boy tighter, as all Chris can do is go. Jonathan
gives Chris an intense watery-eyed look, as Chris slides away.

He moves back into the HALLWAY, back towards their bedroom...

Until he stops. Noticing Baxter still WHIMPERING in the dark
kitchen corner. He stares at Baxter. Who stares back at him.

INT. LOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Looking straggly, exhausted, Chris sits in a staff meeting.
He sketches in his note pad, as Earl blabbers up front.

Chris draws the BIZARRE SYMBOLS and SHAPES that he saw in
Jonathan's room. He's already sketched those DARK BLACK EYES.

EARL
Chris, how's it coming with the
Sabelhaus particulars?... Wachtel!

CHRIS
(snapping to attention)
Oh... Yeah, the deal's done. We're
proud Kentucky farm lenders.

EARL
Done? No, we can't make a deal until
its defeasance is appraised. Chris --

CHRIS
Shit. Of course. I'll -- I'll fix it.

Earl looks disappointed. Chris sneaks a glance around the
room. Mitch looks down. His co-workers know something's up.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Jonathan brushes his teeth. He spits. Turns off the faucet. We
hear Lisa in the living room on a call with Jonathan's school.

LISA (O.S.)
Yeah, no, I'm sorry. We're just -- It
was a rough night, but, he's coming.
... Yup, before recess, you got it.

Jonathan opens the BATHROOM DOOR - and standing in the hall,
hair on end, is BAXTER... He GROWLS deeply at Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Hey, Bax... Baxter?...

He steps out towards his bedroom, but Baxter GNARLS at him,
moving closer. Drooling. Lisa continues on, oblivious nearby...

LISA (O.S.)
No, I understand school policy...

JONATHAN
... Baxter? It's just me, boy. Sit.

Jonathan tries moving again, but Baxter won't let him. Rabid,
snarling, as if he's a stranger. He starts BARKING- BARK! BARK!

JONATHAN
Easy, boy... Easy. Mom?! MOOOM!!

Baxter moves closer to Jonathan, seeing red. They lock eyes.
Until he leaps right at Jonathan, just as Lisa grabs him back!

LISA
No, Baxter! NO! BAD DOG! BAD!

Lisa pulls Baxter away. As a scared Jonathan holds back tears.

INT. MRI OFFICE - DAY

Shirt off, Chris lays on an MRI bed, trying to remain calm.

From an OBSERVING ROOM, Lisa and DR. TANAKA (40s, Japanese), a kind, capable neurologist, watch Chris through the glass.

LISA

I was doing some research on-line.
There's a condition called syncope,
sometimes associated with trauma?

DR. TANAKA

Spontaneous fainting, sure. But
that wouldn't explain the paranoia,
and hallucinations you described.

LISA

Right. What about alcohol?

DR. TANAKA

Severe drinking can cause early-
onset dementia, but, is your
husband an alcoholic?

LISA

... Depends who you ask.

Chris' bed retracts into the claustrophobic MRI CHAMBER. The walls on all sides make Chris uneasy. He shuts his eyes.

As back in the OBSERVING ROOM --

LISA

He's never been violent before.
Ever. It's like, he's... There's
something he's not telling me.

Embarrassed, Lisa wipes away an escaped tear.

DR. TANAKA

We'll get to the bottom of this. If
it's neurological, I'll find it.

INSIDE THE MRI CHAMBER -- Chris has his eyes shut. He begins to hear the rhythmic WHOOMP-WHOOMP of the machine at work. He lays there, peacefully, WHOOMP-WHOOMP, and then -- FLASH --

Chris tosses a bit with his eyes closed, as if FIGHTING A MEMORY BUBBLING to the surface. FLASH -- FLASH -- And then:

FLASH -- We turn over -- TEENAGED RACHEL lies trapped -- in a bizarre CLEAR TUBE -- naked and absolutely petrified -- as --

FLASH - We're trapped too -- also in a CLEAR POD -- We push at its walls -- frantic -- hard - smooth -- and inescapable --

-- No way in or out -- BANG! BANG! -- we POUND -- terrified -- hovering -- encased -- inside a ROOM -- of PITCH-PURE WHITE --

BACK IN THE MRI CHAMBER -- Chris' eyes shoot open. And he goes ballistic in the MRI bay, BANGING on the walls, panicking.

CHRIS

Let me out! LET ME OUT!!

OBSERVATION ROOM - Lisa and Dr. Tanaka continue, oblivious.

DR. TANAKA

Any family history of schizophrenia?
Just as a pre-caution.

BANG! BANG! Chris continues, frantically, in full panic mode.

As in the OBSERVATION ROOM - Chris' legs kick and twist, but it's barely perceivable from their view. All appears normal.

LISA

... If there is, he never mentioned
it. But, I don't know.

Suddenly, Dr. Tanaka glances at the monitors and sees the erratic brain activity. He darts over to take a closer look.

DR. TANAKA

What in the world?

He turns, sees Chris is struggling. Tanaka bursts into the MRI LAB, manually retracting the MRI bed from the machine.

Chris shakes, twitching uncontrollably, his neck and arms spasming, in the midst of some sort of seizure. Worse -- Chris groans a horrifying MOAN, that won't stop. AAAWwwwww.

DR. TANAKA

Mister Wachtel? Mister -- Let's get
a medic in here! Can you hear me?!

A MEDIC blows by, as Lisa can only look on in total horror.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - MRI OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Chris stares out the window. Far away, but looking better. Lisa sits by his bed side. For a while, neither speaks.

LISA

They're gonna run some more tests.
We'll figure this out. I promise...
I won't let this family come undone.

Lisa tears up. She reaches out to Chris, who grips her hand, eyes on the city below. When he speaks, it's in a whisper.

CHRIS
I felt this wave of dread. This
need to escape. I didn't know where
I was. The panic was so... strong.

LISA
What are you so afraid of, baby?

Chris finally turns to Lisa. Truly frightened. He swallows.

CHRIS
... That I may be losing my mind.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Hopkins sips her coffee, reading a issue of "Southern Living".
BZZ-BZZ. Her front door. She opens it up --

HOPKINS
You must have a very persuasive wife.

CHRIS
She doesn't know I'm here. I'm
sorry, I should have called first.

Chris sits. Drops his head in his hands. Hopkins studies him.

HOPKINS
It's okay, my morning's open...
Look Chris, if we do this, I'm
gonna need your complete trust.

Chris sits up. Finally nods.

CHRIS
I just want it to all go away...

MOMENTS LATER -- Chris lays in the chair, the lights dimmed.

HOPKINS
I want to go a bit further this
time. Back to that day on the lake.
You see something, up in the sky.
Jonathan, he calls out to you...

We ZOOM IN on Chris. Getting CLOSER AND CLOSER... FLASH --

FLASH - The lake, the boat -- disappear below us -- as we're
SUCKED UP INTO THE SKY -- We reach out -- for Jonathan but --

He's SUCKED AWAY from us -- into THE LIGHT -- it goes dark --

HOPKINS (V.O.)
Then what happens?

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE - DAY (HYPNOTIC REGRESSION)

A glow -- a GIANT ORB-SHAPED ROOM -- domed ceiling above -- walls translucent -- color-changing -- a liquid kaleidoscope.

CHRIS (V.O.)
It's cold. I'm naked! Why am I naked?

We ARE naked - coated in a STICKY CLEAR SLIME - atop a HOVERING table - A massive drop below -- we fall, we're dead - Suddenly-

The walls SHAPE-SHIFT -- morphing -- into a dark TUNNEL -- We stare -- into the abyss -- the DARKNESS -- Then movement --

CHRIS V.O.)
Something's there. Oh, God. They're there. I feel them!

SHADOWS stand together -- in the dark -- with big black eyes -

HOPKINS (V.O.)
... Who? Who's there, Chris?

And then -- ONE FLOATS IN -- silver-grey skin -- GIANT oval head -- slit for a mouth -- huge, slanted, JET-BLACK EYES --

We CAN'T look -- too scary -- but we FEEL it -- move closer --

CHRIS (V.O.)
It's -- They're not us! I've seen them before, I... I can't move!

THOSE EYES -- penetrating, infinity-pools -- of vile wisdom -- It tilts its head -- WAM! -- Our legs are -- FORCED OPEN.

CHRIS (V.O.)
They're in my head!

RiiiiiINGING -- like the SOUND OF MINDS -- many minds at work -- connecting -- as more GHOSTLY GREYS -- float in -- encircling--

HOPKINS (V.O.)
... Where's Jonathan? Where's --

WAM! -- JONATHAN -- There -- above us -- encased in glass -- screaming, banging -- trapped -- He SHOOTS UPWARDS -- Gone --

CHRIS (V.O.)
No! Where are they taking him?!

The table morphs -- a BULBOUS MASS BLOOMS -- It moves quickly -- in between our legs -- CLOSER and CLOSER -- what is it!? --

From up above -- a shiny MIRROR-PLATE -- descending fast --

It stops -- our PETRIFIED FACE -- seen inside it -- The mirror-plate glows -- we can't look away -- as FLASH --

HOPKINS (V.O.)
Chris, what's happening?!

Then -- the mirror-plate flies -- The table retracts -- SHADOWS advance to us -- with that METAL UTENSIL -- we've seen before --

CHRIS (V.O.)
No, no! OH, GOD!! NO!

Elongating like liquid -- sharp tip stretching -- closer and closer -- until it's inserted -- up INTO OUR NOSE -- as --

DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - GASP! -- Chris shoots awake in a panic.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Chris dabs a small nose bleed, nervously, looking down at the floor. Hopkins sits at her desk. She stirs her coffee.

CHRIS
You don't believe me, do you?

HOPKINS
It's not about belief... Back in Birmingham, I had a patient. She came to me, convinced her neighbor had molested her for years. My hypnosis corroborated her story. She even passed two polygraphs...

Hopkins sips her coffee slowly. Chris listens.

HOPKINS
With my testimony, she won the case. The neighbor, committed suicide in prison. A year later, my client's mother calls me, admitting it was her husband who did these things. She knew it all along, but couldn't turn him in.

CHRIS
... What's your point?

HOPKINS
That the daughter believed her own lies. Rejected her father's crimes, unconsciously. That, as difficult as it is to accept, we too must identify the truth here.

She puts her coffee down and faces Chris.

HOPKINS

During these blackouts, you believe you're taken. Whisked away. But when you awaken, you're right back where you started. How? Why?... Aliens? Time travel? No. It's because you never actually go anywhere, Chris. Your mind is fabricating this 'abduction scenario' to cope with your childhood trauma. Recognizing that is the first step.

CHRIS

... But, why now!? Why concoct these events on a fishing trip with my son?

HOPKINS

Because your son, and your time spent with him, reminded you of that other day... All alone in the great outdoors, with a loved one? In the same hometown where you were once attacked?... Where you could barely go yourself until recently. Let alone bring anyone else. What more do you need?... We need to re-visit your abduction, Chris. The real one. Once you see the faces of the people who took Rachel, this'll all go away.

Chris stares off. He shakes his head, getting up. He stops.

CHRIS

You listen to me. These things... happened. To me. They're happening to my son! I don't care how crazy it sounds. It's real.

INT. JONATHAN'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Chris sits on a small bench in the hallway of Jonathan's elementary school. His knee restless, he looks anxious.

Jonathan takes a tentative seat next to Chris. This is hard.

CHRIS

I'm sorry I scared you the other night, bucko. I was only doing what I thought I had to, to protect you.

Jonathan sits quietly. Fidgets.

JONATHAN

... You scared Mommy too.

CHRIS

I know... But, Jonathan, the other night, when I came into your room, you... weren't alone. Were you? Do you know what I'm talking about?

Jonathan stares ahead. A silent moment. He shakes his head.

CHRIS

It's okay, Jay. I believe you now. Because... I saw them too...

Jonathan swallows. Chris struggles with his words.

CHRIS

I saw those... beings.

JONATHAN

NO! You're -- making this all up! Why are you doing this, Dad?

CHRIS

Jay, it's okay. I swear, I won't let anything happen to you. I just need to know, that you saw them. I need to know... I'm not crazy.

Jonathan starts breathing heavily, tearing up.

JONATHAN

They're just nightmares. Mom says --

CHRIS

But you know the truth. Please. It's important. Please! Jonathan, tell me!

Chris snaps, grabbing Jonathan, so he'll look at him.

JONATHAN

NO! I don't want to remember!... Mom says you're sick. I don't wanna be sick too!... I'm scared, Dad!

Chris' anger subsides. And only now does Chris really see it:

Jonathan is afraid of him. Chris realizes what he's done, as--

MISS YELLEN (O.S.)

Mr. Wachtel? Is everything okay?

She stands by a classroom door, concerned. Chris looks up, still gripping Jonathan, who looks terrified, tears in his eyes. Chris lets him go, as Jonathan races back into class.

CHRIS

Jonathan. Wait!... I'm sorry.

INT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN DINER - NIGHT

Chris stares out, hyper-aware: of PEOPLES' MOUTHS MOVING, the CLINKING OF SILVERWARE, the CONDENSATION on his water glass.

Chris sneaks a nervous flask pour into his soda. A hand on his shoulder makes him JUMP -- Mitch. He sits, eyeing the flask.

MITCH

Whoa. It's just me... What are you doing here? The whole office is --

CHRIS

Mitch. I need your help. You still have that friend? In NYPD. Helps you run traces for loan-jumpers?

MITCH

... Unofficially, sure. McKinsey. Chris, what's going on? Earl's been--

CHRIS

I need you to track someone down.

Chris slides over an old photograph of RACHEL (16).

CHRIS

Her name's Rachel Mary Kincaid. She'd be about thirty-five now.

MITCH

This is that girl you grew up with? Your first love. The one who --

CHRIS

Yes. It's not what you think.

MITCH

Okay... What is it then?

BUZZ. BUZZ. Chris' iPhone vibrates on the table. It's Lisa. A Caller ID SNAPSHOT of Lisa with Jonathan. He stares at it...

CHRIS

... A favor, Mitch. It's a favor.

EXT. CHRIS' BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

BOUNCE! BOUNCE! Jonathan bounces a soccer ball. Chris holds a blanket, eying him cautiously. Lisa finishes tying her shoe.

LISA

All right, who's ready for a little family picnic action, huh?

Both are silent. She senses the tension, picnic basket in hand.

CRACK. Chris squints up, the nearby tree buckles a bit. CRACK!
Some leaves fly up in a whirlwind. It's familiar somehow...

LISA
(aside to Chris)
Hey. You sure you're up for this?

Chris eyes Jonathan, who stares up then back at him. To Lisa --

CHRIS
What? Yeah... Sure.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Jonathan plays soccer with some KIDS. Lisa watches them from a blanket sprawled out on grass. Chris is with her, staring off.

Chris picks up his FOOTBALL. Studies it. *Something about it...*

FLASH- A PINKISH FOOTBALL-SHAPED LIT-UP OBJECT in the sky. BAM!

Chris jumps, as Lisa touches his shoulder. He tries to relax.

LISA
Hey. I was thinking, maybe we could
take Jay to the Statue of Liberty.
Ride the ferry, Ellis Island, what
do you think?

He picks up the football again. She stops him, taking his hand.

LISA
Or maybe a trip. Just the two of
us? Remember that spa in Sedona?
With that steamy outdoor jacuzzi?

Chris smiles sadly, still looking down.

CHRIS
Seems like a lifetime ago.

LISA
But, it wasn't. Baby, it wasn't.

Lisa strokes his back. Chris nods. *He's ready.*

CHRIS
Lis, there's something I...

But, suddenly, a HUM -- It grows in the distance. Chris stops.
CRACK! The hairs on Chris' arms rise. A bee BUZZES by. CRACK!

Chris scans through the crowd of people and kids -- until --

There! Amidst THE TREES: *The ODD MAN stands with Jonathan!* They
don't speak. Just stare at each other. As Chris gets up fast.

LISA
 (craning her neck)
 What is it?... Chris? What's wrong?

The Odd Man turns to us, his gaze unyielding. Jonathan turns. He waves. But Chris sees Jonathan's hand drips with that eerie translucent SLIME. And from his nose, trickles a bit of BLOOD.

CHRIS
 No... You stay away from him...

BAM! The Odd Man suddenly takes off with Jonathan, sprinting further INTO THE PARK! Chris BOLTS OFF after them, as --

LISA (O.S.)
 Chris?!... CHRIS?!

RIVERSIDE PARK -- Through the trees, down a hill, Chris races after the Odd Man, who glides swiftly, holding his son's hand--

HUDSON RIVER PATH -- Chris sprints, almost slamming an ONCOMING BIKER. Chris is fast... But somehow, they remain steps ahead -

They dart left up a hill faster. Chris follows, losing sight of them! He huffs it across a BASEBALL FIELD, game in session.

Frantic, scanning, he CAN'T find them! Wait -- There! Somehow, now further way -- Jonathan -- on the other side of a FENCE...

Odd Man spots Chris, and limberly CATAPULTS himself over it too, landing easily. Chris follows. He slams into the fence.

As Odd Man leads Jonathan into a DARK TUNNEL -- Chris hoists himself up over the barrier, but slips to the gravel hard -- WAM! Chris winces, his ankle twisted, as he limps towards the--

FREEDOM TUNNELS - A dank underground set of train tracks that run underneath Riverside Park. The refuge of the damned.

Inside, a CARDBOARD CITY built by homeless. Sunlight creeps though the grates above. Chris searches, passing vagrants, as -

CHRIS
 Jonathan!? Where are you?!

No one... Until there -- between the two train tracks, stands the Odd Man with Jonathan. Both with their backs to Chris.

CHRIS
 Jonathan? JONATHAN?... Let him go!
 Who are you?! What do you want!?

Odd Man slowly turns around. That deep unblinking gaze -- He squints at Chris, like he's TELLING HIM something, as --

RIiiiiiiING... An intense MENTAL CONNECTION forming as --

IN QUICK FLASHES -- *Jonathan laughing - Playing - Running - Living - MEMORIES OF JONATHAN FROM CHRIS' MIND FLASH BEFORE US-*

WOOSH! We're back in those TUNNELS. As Chris realizes --

CHRIS
... No. NO! You can't have him...
He's my son. He's my son!

Chris charges the Odd Man, but TOOT! TOOT! Headlights. It's an oncoming train coming up fast... The ground shakes.

CHRIS
Jonathan! RUN!! JONATHAN?!!

But Jonathan keeps his back to us, as Odd Man leers at Chris. Stepping onto the track with the boy, INTO its oncoming path!

CHRIS
No, no!! NO!!! JONATHAN!!

TOOT! The train approaches. TOOT! TOOT! Coming too fast... Watching in sheer horror, Chris is forced to hug a wall, as --

WOOSH! -- Odd Man and Jonathan just step out of its path, as-- The train shoots by and a violent rush of air smacks Chris.

Our view blocked, as train cars blow by... Then it's GONE. But so are Odd Man and his son. He races to where they were--

CHRIS
Jonathan!? JONATHAN?!!

No one. But that odd translucent SLIME covers the tracks. Chris kneels to it. It's gooey and moist... And now, Jonathan's gone.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

BUM! BUM! BUM! Lisa opens up the door, as Chris bursts inside.

CHRIS
They took him! He fucking TOOK him!

LISA
Chris. What's going on? Why'd you --

CHRIS
We need to call the police! Did you call them? Lis, did you CALL THEM!?

LISA
Chris, what are you talking about!?

CHRIS
That man! He took Jonathan!

Chris grabs the cordless, dials 9-1-1. Pacing.

LISA
Chris, stop. You need to calm down.
Jonathan's here. We're both here.

Chris holds the phone, *what?* But looking past her. He stops.
Movement in Jonathan's room. Humming. The playing with toys...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
9-1-1, what's your emergency?...
9-1-1, hello, can you hear me?...

Lisa hangs up the phone. Chris slowly moves towards Jonathan's room, in a trance... As yes, somehow, JONATHAN is back here.

LISA
We didn't know where you went...

Ignoring her, Chris moves inside JONATHAN'S ROOM. Staring.

JONATHAN
Hey, Dad. Wanna play Pirates?

CHRIS
Where did... Where did you go?

JONATHAN
I was with Mommy the whole time.
Playing soccer. Where did you go?

Jonathan looks up to a worried Lisa, hands to her face, just watching Chris, confused. Chris rises to the door. To Lisa --

CHRIS
Just give us a moment, okay?

She reluctantly nods. Chris shuts the door, kneels to Jonathan.

CHRIS
Jay. Tell me what just happened...

JONATHAN
(playing, not looking up)
I don't know what you mean, Dad.

CHRIS
Jonathan!... Who was that MAN!?

JONATHAN
Oh. You need to forget him now...

His 'play' grows more rough. He smashes his Lego's together.
HARDER. More. Until they break apart, as Chris grabs him --

CHRIS

No! I know you know what's going on!
That day on the lake, you said you
saw something! You said, we went up
in a rocket ship... Did we!?

JONATHAN

(almost jokingly)
Daddy, I never said that...

CHRIS

Stop lying! I KNOW WHAT YOU SAID!

Chris shakes Jonathan harder. But Jonathan looks up at him.

JONATHAN

I never said that. Let. Me. Go.

The SLICING EERIE WAY Jonathan speaks those words stops Chris cold. Jay tilts his head, staring into his father, whispering-

JONATHAN

... I don't like you looking at me
like that. I don't like, what you're
thinking... MOMMY! Mommy! Help!...

Lisa opens up. She never left. She sees Chris holding Jonathan.

LISA

Chris! Jesus, let go of his wrists!

Chris does. Jay looks scared. But, off Chris' REAL fear, we--

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Chris heads inside the largest collection of knowledge in NYC.
FROM HIGH ABOVE- just a singular speck in a vast concrete maze.

INSIDE -- THWACK! Chris dumps a large stack of books on a table
on UFOs, alien abduction, and other paranormal phenomena.

MONTAGE - CHRIS INVESTIGATES THE UFO CONSPIRACY

- He flips through a book called, "The Undeniable Evidence".
WORDS FLASH BY: "no sound", "strange hum" "it just vanished".

- Next up, PHOTOGRAPHS - of the most documented UFOs on record:
The disks, cigar-shaped UFOs, triangular craft, strange lights.

- In another, "The UFOs are Real", allegations of a cover-up:
MJ-12, Project Bluebook, and Roswell. Chris takes notes.

- He reviews sketches from abductees of creatures and crafts.
A sketch of a man, resembling Odd Man, labeled "Men in Black".

- He picks up "Communion", with its iconic GREY ALIEN cover...
- Finally, finding "Children of the Sky" full of colorful drawings, made by children of their abduction experiences.
- He reads: "Evidence suggests this phenomena is generational and perhaps genetic in nature." Chris circles "generational".
- He flips to a photo of circular scoop-mark. *Just like the one on Jonathan.* He reads: "skin samples are often removed."
- Flipping to the back cover, Chris views the author's name, photograph, and bio -- "STANTON FOWLER" "Hoboken, NJ."

EXT. FOWLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside a rickety home, Chris knocks, holding Fowler's book.

FOWLER (O.S.)
Janine, I told you, the masks won't
be ready 'til --

STANTON FOWLER (60s) opens up. Zany hair, thick glasses. Blue feathers stuck to his fingers, speckled red paint in his beard.

Fowler sees Chris clutches his UFO book. An awkward pause.

CHRIS
Mister Fowler, I'm Chris Wach --

FOWLER
How'd you find me?

CHRIS
I lied to your publisher. Said you
owed my company money.

FOWLER
(re: his appearance)
I build costumes. For a theater
company in -- what do you want?

CHRIS
It's my son. Please, I need your help.

INT. FOWLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Pack rat is an understatement, as we PAN OVER the books in Fowler's house, on every topic of the paranormal imaginable.

Other than books, half-made theater costumes fill the space, angel-wings, masks, animal suits, etc. His home, his studio.

Chris sits with Fowler in his LIVING ROOM, nursing a drink.

CHRIS

I met my wife ten years ago at a bookstore in Soho. She slipped, spilt a cup of hot chocolate in my lap... She's fetching napkins, apologizing, this... angel. So, I told her I tripped her on purpose, so we'd meet. And she smiled... Truth was, it was an accident. Best damn thing that ever happened to me. She used to love that story, now she can hardly look at me.

FOWLER

I wish I could say it gets easier...

Chris stares back down into his drink. And takes a long sip.

FOWLER

They call it 'missing time', your blackouts. It's well documented. Seems to be some type of memory wipe. Residual blackouts are common after an encounter... Contact often begins in childhood. When did yours start?

CHRIS

I thought maybe first as a teenager. But now, I think, much younger.
(realizing)
Around eight. The same age as my son.

FOWLER

(nodding)

That's when mine started too... Family cases are often cyclical. Across generations. Repeated. It was just a matter of time... It's not your fault.

CHRIS

Except my son's in danger 'cause of me... You hear the stories, about UFOs, alien abduction, and it all seems so... Just lonely people vying for attention, searching for meaning.

FOWLER

Right. But then it happens to you. And you pray you're still right. That it can't be this, can't be...

Fowler seems to know exactly what Chris is going through.

CHRIS

What are these things? What do they want?... Why my son? Why me?

FOWLER

If I knew that, I'd write a best-seller... There's no simple answer. May not even be the right question.

CHRIS

Please. My son, he's not himself.

FOWLER

And you are? You have to remember, you're perceiving these events through your own -- limited interpretation. Instead of 'why us', maybe it's 'why them'? Why do they look like they do... to you? Are these encounters 'abductions'? Or an attempt at communication? Did what you think happen, really happen? Or is it the only way your mind can make sense of what did? All we can know, is that we don't know. So you, and even your son, have to choose how you look at all this. Because in the end, you determine what it means.

CHRIS

'What it means'? I'm seeing things that make no sense! I didn't ask for any of this. I don't want this!

FOWLER

Want? They can manipulate space. Stop time! What you want is irrelevant!

CHRIS

... My son. Jonathan. Something horrible is happening to him. I... I have to try.

Chris looks away, dejected. A beat. Fowler finally relents.

FOWLER

All right, I'll show you something. Just -- What time is it?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits in a bare conference room with Fowler and a group of individuals, their chairs all situated in a circle.

They include: an ASIAN COUPLE, an OLDER BLACK LADY, a pony-tailed MUSICIAN, a FAT WAITRESS, an INDIAN BUSINESSMAN --

As well as a QUIET MAN and a JACKED HISPANIC gentleman. Chris eyes them all, normal enough. Still, it's uncomfortable.

CHRIS

You're saying all of you. All of you have had... these experiences?

FOWLER

It's a support group, Chris. And not the only one. We come here to share our stories, our feelings. When we feel like we have to. We're pretty private, as you can imagine.

They all give Fowler the deadpan stare. *Yeah, private. Jerk.*

CHRIS

How could -- how could this be happening to so many people, without anyone ever --

MUSICIAN

Oh, they know. Government's been covering it up for years since Roswell. See, the short Greys, are from the Zeta Reticulum star system. And the tall Greys are from Orion --

ASIAN MAN

God, you don't know that, Russ. Not everything you read on the Internet--

MUSICIAN

It's fucking documented, Mike! It's not too hard to find, if you look.

Asian Man (Mike) shakes his head.

OLDER BLACK LADY

They ain't aliens, child. No such thing. These visitors. Are demons. The bible's clear as day. "And it came to pass, that the evil spirit from God descended upon Saul" --

MUSICIAN

Jesus, Doris, give it a rest.

FOWLER

(quietly, to Chris)

You can see why I love coming here.

FAT WAITRESS

She's right. Kings, Two Eleven: "Behold, there appeared a spinning chariot of fire, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven!"

INDIAN BUSINESSMAN

Just because it's in your Bible,
doesn't mean -- It just means they
saw what we saw. That is it.

FAT WAITRESS

Bible's the word of God, Raj. And
it's not my bible, it's the bible.

The group sits in silence for a moment, like a dysfunctional
family at Thanksgiving. Finally, Jacked Hispanic, to Chris --

JACKED HISPANIC

In my home town in Mexico, they
call it Chubacabra. They say it
lives underground, in the Earth,
come up to eat our livestock, take
our blood. They're like vampires --

FOWLER

The point is, we can't know what
they are. The beings, UFOs, even how
they appear seems to depend on who's
looking and when. It's not what we
see, but how we choose to see it.

ASIAN WOMAN

I read a theory. That the beings
are spiritual in nature. They have
no material form. Some even think,
they're from another dimension.
Another plane, on top of ours,
almost like, it's their planet too.

MUSICIAN

Yeah, they were real spiritual when
they were pickin' my nose with a
metal Q-tip. You're so naïve.

Chris turns to the Musician, surprised.

CHRIS

That's... I think that happened to
me too... Maybe.

Musician looks at Chris. A small nod of acknowledgement.

ASIAN MAN

Look, some say this could all be in
our heads. Actual para-physical
objects created by the collective
unconscious. Many people report the
same dream, doesn't mean that it
actually occurred. Fowler's right,
we can't ever know. It's like life.
It's not the point to know...

FOWLER

Anything you'd like to share, Chris?

CHRIS

I, ah, want to know what he thinks.

Chris gestures to the Quiet Man, who finally looks up. He stares at Chris for a long beat. Then, finally --

QUIET MAN

Why do you think they look like us?
Two arms, two legs, two hands, two
eyes? They're not aliens, or
demons, vampires, or angels...
They're us. UFOs are time machines.
We've changed ourselves somehow,
messed with our DNA, merged with
our technology, I don't know. But,
they need something inside us. They
need us, to get back what they've
lost. And just like us, they'll do
anything to get what they want.

Quiet Man stares at Chris, letting that sit. This theory seemingly new to everyone else too. Then he looks back down.

EXT. HOBOKEN STREETS - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The group disperses, back to their 'ordinary' lives. Chris walks out in a daze, as Fowler catches up with him.

FOWLER

Look, the group can be tough. But,
the key thing is, you're not alone.

CHRIS

Thanks. But I'm seeing someone. She's
helping me put the pieces together.

FOWLER

What? You never said that. Who?

CHRIS

Just a hypnotherapist, Dr. Hopkins--

Fowler stops.

FOWLER

You shouldn't do that. Look, social
support, even petty theorizing is
one thing. But you're talking about
remembering. Chris, you gotta trust
me. Missing time is no accident.
Whatever they are, they don't want
us to know. And the more you notice
them, the more they'll notice you.

CHRIS

There's something else. There's a man. Following me, he... God, I don't even know if he's real... Do you think it's possible people are helping them? Taking some of us, changing us somehow. My son, he --

And now Fowler looks REALLY paranoid. As Chris realizes --

CHRIS

... You've seen him. The man in the suit, you've seen him, haven't you?

Now, Fowler backs away from Chris.

CHRIS

Who is he? What is he? Tell me! --

FOWLER

Don't you get it? You can't fight them! You have to STOP! I gotta go --

Chris pulls Fowler back by his coat.

CHRIS

No! This man... Please, I think he did something to my son! He's after my son!

FOWLER

Then he's gonna get him. Stay the fuck away from me!

And Fowler shoves Chris off, leaving him in the dark.

EXT. HOBOKEN FERRY - NIGHT

Chris stares out at the Manhattan skyline, as they leave New Jersey. He takes a long sip from his flask. His hands shaking.

He looks out to the PASSENGERS. People, going about their lives, oblivious. And somehow, Chris will never be the same.

The FULL MOON rising, a glowing white orb behind thick cloud cover. Chris stares up at it. *The dark mystery of it all...*

FERRY DRIVER (O.S.)

Hey! You can't be here.

Chris turns to the FERRY DRIVER, who ropes the boat. The passengers all GONE. They're docked in Manhattan...

Time missed. Again.

EXT. BATTERY PARK STREETS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

FROM A BIRD'S EYE - Chris, a lone black fleck, inches up a long city block. FROM A NEARBY BRIDGE - a SHADOW emerges from the darkness, scrutinizing Chris on the street below -- Odd Man.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Looking ragged, inebriated, Chris stares at Jonathan asleep in his bed. Just watching him in the dark. It's eerie. He swigs his flask hard, thinking. Then finally turns to go...

At the door though, Chris stops, sensing something. As OUT OF FOCUS behind him, Jonathan sits up in bed... BLURRY, faceless.

CRAaAaCK! His NECK CONTORTS, as he reaches out for Chris, as -- Chris spins around! But Jonathan still lies asleep in his bed.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

FROM THE KITCHEN - we hear typing. It's Chris on his laptop. His eyes glazed, near exhaustion. He clicks another link.

Finding photos of a long CYLINDRICAL UFO in China that shut down Xiashan Airport in 2010 (NOTE: True. Google it).

He compares it to photos of a V-SHAPED CRAFT in Phoenix, seen by ten-thousand in 1997, known as "The Phoenix Lights".

Chris stares out at the kitchen fridge. Covered in Jonathan's art work. Then he TYPES THE WORDS: "My son is not my son."

He stares at this search. Too scared to press return. He slowly deletes the words. His eyes start closing with fatigue... AS--

QUICK FLASHES - Images -- RACHEL AT VARIOUS AGES - as a LITTLE GIRL in an APPLE FIELD -- Then older -- UP ON THAT RIDGE --

Chris, opens his eyes, shaking it off. Quiet. And that's when he hears it, that UNMISTAKABLE VOICE again, whispering --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Insssiide.

Chris jolts. It came from the hallway. Baxter BURSTS around, away from there, scared. *The hell?* He moves TO THE HALLWAY -

But, all he finds is that CLOSET. He stares at its handle...

CHRIS
(to himself)
Inside?... Something inside?

He opens the closet and -- nothing. Except for those boxes.

LATER - Rummaging. The entire closet's contents sprawled out. Chris quietly digs through his old memorabilia, searching...

The crate empty, he stops himself. *What's he doing?* Until, he spots A PHOTO stuck inside a groove. Unnoticed until now:

It's Rachel (17) in a pick-up truck, waving from the driver's seat. He looks closer. He can read the truck's LICENSE PLATE. That's it. Chris rises to the kitchen, staring at the PHOTO...

IN THE BEDROOM - Lisa's eyes stare out. She's been awake all this time... As in JONATHAN'S ROOM - his eyes are OPEN too..

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

RUF! BARKS, GROWLS awaken Chris in the kitchen. It's morning.

IN THE HALLWAY - Baxter growls at Jonathan's door. The door's shut. Lisa is in the shower, steam wafts through the cracks. Chris knocks on Jonathan's door. KNOCK-KNOCK. No answer...

Baxter SNARLS, backing away, hair on end. *Something's not right behind that door.* Chris quietly opens it. Moving into the dark.

CHRIS

Jonathan? Are you awake?...

He flips a light switch. It doesn't work... He moves further into the blackness. The shower hiss fades. He hears WHISPERS.

NONSENSICAL MURMURS that speak extremely fast. Then SOMETHING MOVES past Chris - startling him. He hears that RiIiIiIing...

Our eyes adjust, as we see what appears to be a SMALL FIGURE in the dark. It tilts its head at us -- HUGE INK-BLACK EYES --

Chris panics and flips on the lamp light. BAM! But that figure is just JONATHAN -- head still tilted, staring. Through us.

CHRIS

Jesus Christ!... I heard whispers.
Who - Who were you just talking to?

JONATHAN

... Why do you ask questions, you
already know the answers to?

It's that look. Like Jonathan's studying him. The bedroom door slowly shuts. *Just a draft?* Chris swallows.

CHRIS

Jonathan. What's happening to you?

JONATHAN

... Nobody can know...

We QUICK-FLASH to Chris' APPLE ORCHARD DRAWING. Those words.

WAM! - Jonathan sticks out his fist to FIST-BUMP his father. Confused, Chris does so too. But within Jonathan's fist oozes some of that translucent slime, and when he touches his son--

A CONNECTION FORMS. Chris' arm hair stands, blood trickles from his nose. *FLASH!* Chris staggers back - but now LISA IS THERE. Towel in her hair. Staring at Chris in fright.

CHRIS

Lis? What, what's wrong?

LISA

Oh, God... Chris...

JONATHAN

... Daddy had an accident.

Blood all over his face, spaced out, Chris looks horrifying. Chris moves, but Lisa jolts in front of Jonathan, protectively.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cleaned up, Chris sits on the bed. Lisa, still in her towel.

LISA

I called your office. They said you haven't been in all week? Chris?! I can smell the booze from here...

CHRIS

I don't care about work! None of that matters! Not anymore.

LISA

What about us? Do we matter? Do you even -- consider us at all!?... What are you hiding?... WHAT IS IT?!

Lisa's anger startles her too. Lisa sits by him, pleading. Chris looks at Lisa, tears in his eyes now. Ready.

CHRIS

Something's happening to me, Lis... Maybe, it was always there? I think it was... But that day on the lake, at the cabin, it all came back.

LISA

What? What came back?

CHRIS

Them... The monsters. Those things,
that took me and Jonathan away.

Lisa takes a moment, trying to understand.

LISA

... Monsters? Like in your head?

CHRIS

No, real ones. In space ships. They
came down, and took us. They're not--

Chris struggles for words. He bangs his head in frustration
with his fists. Lisa's officially freaking out now.

CHRIS

I wish -- I could -- remember! If
you knew what I'd seen, Lis. Seen
what I saw! I know it sounds crazy.
I look at you, you look so afraid
for me, and it kills me.

LISA

You're not well, Chris. And I don't
know how to help. The doctors wanna
run more tests, but you won't even--

CHRIS

Doctors? This is beyond 'doctors'...
No one's safe! Jonathan, he -- he's
different now. Can't you see that?!

Lisa searches Chris' eyes. CREAK. Jonathan opens their door.

LISA

No Chris, it's you who's different.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

... Mommy, what's going on?... Dad,
what's going on?

Lisa only hears his innocent concern, but to Chris it's like
a threat. Lisa hugs Chris, so her son doesn't see her crying.

LISA

I need you to come back to me.
Please. I need you to stop all this.

Chris stares at Jonathan intensely, while holding Lisa.

CHRIS

... I'm working on it.

INT. LOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DING! Chris moves quickly through halls towards a CONFERENCE ROOM. He opens a door, interrupting Earl in a staff meeting.

EARL
It's called profit participation! --

Earl stops, seeing Chris. Murmurs from coworkers.

CHRIS
I'm sorry. I need to talk to Mitch.

EARL
No, you need to talk to me. Now.

Chris ignores him, handing Mitch the PHOTO from his closet.

CHRIS
This was Rachel's Dad's truck. Find him. Please. He'll know where she is.

Earl grabs Chris' arm, as Mitch can only nod to his friend.

EARL'S OFFICE - A large corner office with great view of midtown. Earl sits behind his mahogany desk, at a loss.

EARL
Gimme something. Anything.

Chris looks down at his fist. A GLIMMER of sunlight reflecting off Earl's metal coffee table hypnotizes him for a moment --

CHRIS
... I can't. I'm sorry.

EARL
So am I... You were my ace, kid.
But, I'm gonna have to let you go.

CUT TO - SCHOOL - Jonathan sits in art class. Staring straight forward. Small globs of clay are passed around by the kids.

PETER
(trying to pass him clay)
Hey, Jay?... Earth to Jonathan?
What's going on with you?

He turns to Peter blankly. Peter drops his clay on his desk.

MISS YELLEN
Now create. Let your minds roam free!

CUT BACK TO - EARL'S OFFICE - Chris stares, cocks his head, drawn to the light's source - a crystal glass bowl on a table.

CHRIS

Eight years, Earl. Just like that?

Chris stares at his fist again. Where Jonathan fist-bumped him earlier. *It tingles*. And then, his arm hairs start to rise...

EARL

I'm removing the human element. Like you said... Look, take a vacation. Regroup. I promise, I'll help you find another job. When you're ready.

Earl rises, moves to his door. But, Chris kneels to the glass bowl, staring at its reflecting rainbow shards of light...

WHILE AT SCHOOL - Jonathan, almost robotically, starts molding the clay into an ALMOND-SHAPED MASS. Using a sharp tool, he adds grid-lines. We MATCH CUT off his eyes - to Chris' eyes --

AS IN EARL'S OFFICE - Chris reaches into the bowl. It's filled with almonds. He picks one up. Studying THIS NUT in his hand.

AS AT SCHOOL - Jonathan sculpting intensifies. The boy's hair starts to rise. WHILE IN THE OFFICE - Chris' hair rises up too. *A connection*. Chris holds the nut up to the sun, and...

QUICK FLASH- *That ALMOND-SHAPED -- football-like -- flickering PINKISH CRAFT -- in the sky -- what Chris glimpsed earlier.*

CHRIS

(to the almond)

Yes. I've seen this before...

Chris rises fast, meeting a confused Earl in the doorway.

EARL

My God, you really have lost it.

CHRIS

Not lost, Earl. Forgotten...

BOOM! Chris SHOVES Earl out his office door and locks it.

LATER - OUTSIDE EARL'S OFFICE - Co-workers chit-chat, as THUMP! THUMP! - A loud RUCKUS comes from inside Earl's office. Mitch stands with Earl, who shakes his head at Mitch gravely.

MITCH

Maybe he's just... redecorating?

A BUILDING ATTENDANT arrives, handing Earl some keys. Earl marches quickly towards his office door, as Mitch follows. Earl opens the door. But his office is ENTIRELY TRANSFORMED:

As Chris has constructed a giant almond-shaped COCOON made of books, furniture, files, cushions, paper, etc.

Actually rather impressive, if it wasn't so damn crazy.

EARL

Wachtel?! What the hell is this!?

Chris stops, with two massive loan books in his hands, alive with a fiery intensity we haven't seen in him before.

CHRIS

... What nobody can know.

AT SCHOOL - Jonathan finishes his creation: A perfect almond-shaped clay form with complex geometric grid-lines. *What Chris built in Earl's office.* A few kids watch him, freaked.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris paces in Hopkins' office, trying to get it all out.

CHRIS

-- It was pinkish-white, huge!
Almond-shaped. Jonathan helped me
remember it. 'Nobody can know'! It
was like, a force came over me! --

HOPKINS

Chris, you need to calm down --

CHRIS

Is it a message? Some kind of code?
What's Jonathan trying to tell me?
I wrote those exact same words, on
an old drawing of mine. But, why?

HOPKINS

Chris!... Do you hear yourself?
(trying another tactic)
Okay. What was the drawing of?

CHRIS

Just Rachel and me. At some house,
lined with apple trees, but, I don't--
Unless... Wait a sec, apple picking...
I think we did that one summer. Yes!
You could take me back there! --

HOPKINS

What? No, I can't. Chris, I won't.

CHRIS

No, don't you see!? It started far
earlier than that day in the woods.
I'd forgotten, but Jonathan's showing
me. It's connected somehow, I know
it. Maybe it's the way to help him!

Hopkins doesn't like the sound of this. She shifts gears --

HOPKINS
Why don't we talk about that day? The
day you and Rachel were assaulted --

CHRIS
No! I'm close. And if I figure this
out, maybe I can still protect him.
Please! My son needs my help!

HOPKINS
No. Chris, your son is fine. It's
transference. What you're doing is --

CHRIS
Remembering. Just like you said to!

HOPKINS
-- You're giving power to fantasy!
Chris, I'm worried these blackouts
are a condition I failed to
diagnose! Epilepsy, PTSD? They're
just hallucinations! You can't take
them literally, you're mind's just--

CHRIS
Blocking something else out! I agree.
So, let's find out what. Please.

Silence. Hopkins shakes her head, unsure of the right call.

MOMENTS LATER - Lights dimmed, Chris is relaxed in a hypnotic
state. Hopkins looks down at him, concern on her face...

HOPKINS
I want you to go back. To that apple
orchard. Rachel and you, apple
picking. You're just a little boy...

Chris furrows his brow, as WE ZOOM IN on Chris' eyes - FLASH!

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - LATE DAY (HYPNOTIC REGRESSION)

FLASH! White clouds -- blue sky -- we sit up -- in an ORCHARD
-- lined with apple trees -- next to us -- YOUNG RACHEL (8) --

YOUNG CHRIS (O.S.)
I think we should head back.

YOUNG RACHEL
Back? We just snuck away, silly.
Come on, it's just over the hill!

She helps us up -- close to us now -- speaking those words --

YOUNG RACHEL
My secret place. Nobody can know.

She smiles. Grabs our hand -- pulling us ahead -- down a hill
-- We follow Rachel -- Down to a RIVER -- She picks up a
rock -- She skips a rock -- across the river -- BOP-BOP-BOP --

YOUNG RACHEL
Now, you try it. It's easy.

We toss our rock -- but it STOPS IN MIDAIR! -- Hanging over the
water -- other rocks start to RISE -- up out of the water as --
Something SHIMMERS -- in the river -- A PINKISH-WHITE LIGHT --

YOUNG CHRIS (O.S.)
... Rachel, look. Do you see that?

It's awfully bright -- but this LIGHT -- is NOT in the water --
-- But ABOVE US -- That giant -- ALMOND-SHAPED BLIMP -- lit up-
Featureless -- not of this world -- Its surface ripples --

Strange colorful energy -- WOOSH -- it sucks the ENTIRE WORLD
-- into itself -- including us! -- and everything vanishes --

We walk -- down a LONG CORRIDOR -- walls of liquid-plasma --
Our hand held -- by something INHUMAN -- IT'S ONE OF THEM --

A colorful -- SHAPE-SHIFTING ROOM -- other CHILDREN there --
standing in a circle -- backs to us -- holding METAL WANDS --
Playing a game -- with complex BLOCKS -- on silver floor --

HOPKINS (V.O.)
Remember, this is all in your mind.
Where's Rachel, Chris? Where's she now?

The CREATURE -- hands us a wand -- flickering lights on it --

The being leans down -- staring into us -- RIIIIING -- OUR
reflection -- in its INSECT EYES -- A CONNECTION FORMING --

CHRIS (V.O.)
It says I can move things with it. It
runs on thought. It wants me to play
with the others. I don't want to!

This Grey -- grips our arm -- pointing the wand -- at a CONE-
SHAPED BLOCK -- the wand flickers alive -- the cone hovers --

CHRIS (V.O.)
I'm -- a part of it somehow.

-- Suddenly SOBBING -- near those children -- in their shiny
garments -- Backs to us -- they huddle -- in a circle --

It opens -- as curled in a ball -- lies RACHEL -- gripping a
wand -- eye sockets BLOOD-RED -- pale and weak --

YOUNG RACHEL
Chris... h-help me...

THESE CHILDREN -- Something's not right -- Their eyes human -- but too far apart -- too large -- heads far too big -- Patchy hair -- They stare at us -- and then - BLINK IN UNISON - as -

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GASP! Chris awakens fast -- What. The. Fuck... MOMENTS LATER -
- Hopkins brings Chris some water. He gulps it down, gasping.

CHRIS
That was the first time they took us.
I was eight. Like Jonathan... It's
gotta be, some sort of life-long
genetic cross-breeding program...

Chris takes that notion in. Trying to make sense of it.
Hopkins can barely look at him. Chris starts panicking...

CHRIS
I was... connected to them. They're
searching. For something... Oh God,
what if it's our children? What if
they kept him?! What if... that boy
in my house, is something else now?

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jonathan sits in the kitchen alone, dressed in his soccer uniform, putting on his cleats... Suddenly, a LOW GROWL... As from the living room, Baxter approaches, his hairs up on end.

He GROWLS a deep guttural snarl at Jonathan. GRRrrrr... But unlike before, Jonathan now looks calm, emotionless. Baxter barks. BARK! And the boy rises OUT OF FRAME towards the dog --

INT. DR. HOPKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris looks at Hopkins. Hoping for some answers.

HOPKINS
Look, Chris, I, I'm not going to be
able to continue these sessions.

CHRIS
What? No, you're the only hope I got!

HOPKINS
... Your condition is far worse
than I initially assessed, I...
(MORE)

HOPKINS (CONT'D)
 I just don't know the kind of
 mental damage I may be causing... I
 think you need professional
 psychiatric help... I'm sorry.

It sits there. Hopkins looks afraid. Betrayed, Chris gets up.

CHRIS
 You're wrong. About all of this.
 About everything.

Chris thinks about saying more, but doesn't. He just leaves... Hopkins rises, breathes. Then slowly nods to herself. *She made the right call.* She moves to her window and stares out... BUT-

Doesn't see a FIGURE emerge from her office shadows behind her. Watching HER now. It's the ODD MAN. A few bees buzz her window pane. *Weird...* Suddenly, she spins round. But no one is there.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS - DAY

Chris exits the building. It's windy. BRRRING! His phone. ONE LONG RING. A BLOCKED CALLER. He picks up. STATIC on the line.

CHRIS
 Hello? HELLO?!

A BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
*... Daddy... Help me... I... don't
 know... where I am.... I'm so
 scared... That man... in the
 tunnel... He took me!*

The static cuts in and out - BOP! BOP! BOP! Then it's gone.

CHRIS
 Jonathan?!... JONATHAN!? --

DR. TANAKA (V.O.)
 -- Mister Wachtel? Hello? It's Doctor
 Tanaka -- We, ah, got your MRI chart
 here, and well, I was hoping you could
 come in today... Mister Wachtel?

Chris hangs up, dials Lisa. Scanning the streets, worried.

CHRIS
 Lis, something's wrong, Jonathan
 just called me. He's in trouble!

IN RIVERSIDE PARK - Lisa watches Jonathan play soccer, side-lined with other PARENTS. Jonathan suddenly looks up at her.

LISA
 What are you talking about? I'm with
 him right now. We're at soccer.

CHRIS
Well, take him home. Right away!

CHRIS - Scans the streets, that sense someone is watching him.

LISA (V.O.)
What? But the game's already --

CHRIS
Just do it!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

VROOM! Chris rattles along, seated in the subway car, still flustered by that hypnosis session. RATTLE, RATTLE -- WOOSH!

FLASH - We stand before -- a long LIQUID-MIRROR -- Our 8-YEAR-OLD REFLECTION -- shimmers and ripples -- it BECOMES --

-- YOUNG RACHEL'S REFLECTION -- we reach out -- touching her fingers -- the mirror lights up -- a CONNECTION is made --

VROOM! Chris back on the TRAIN jolted by that memory. Chris holds his head in his hands, a head-ache coming on... FLASH -

FLASH -- A CAVE -- BAM! -- GREY FACES -- SO CLOSE TO US -- ONE GIANT EYE -- then MORE -- like a giant bee-hive -- BZZZ --

TRAIN - VROOM! Chris holds his head. And then the RINGING is heard. RIIIIING. As trickle of blood runs from Chris' nose.

Chris looks around at other PASSENGERS. The train has an ALTERED HUE now. A glow to it. Chris HEARS SOMETHING --

It's VOICES. Yes, voices. Coming from other passengers, but, wait, their LIPS AREN'T MOVING... *What in the world?...*

Chris stares at FAT PLUMBER sitting across from him, and BAM!

FAT PLUMBER (V.O.)
... Those pricks better tip me this time, trooping my ass uptown...

Chris turns -- a RED-HEAD reads, "*The Secret* by Rhonda Byrne"

RED-HEAD (V.O.)
... Food's not responsible for putting on weight. Your thought 'that food is responsible for putting on weight' puts on weight..

As suddenly, a CACOPHONY OF VOICES fill Chris' head... The THOUGHTS OF EVERYONE on the packed car infect Chris' mind -

It hurts, it -- wait. ONE MAN. Standing in between the cars. HIS RINGING drowns everyone out. It's the ODD MAN --

The hairs on Chris' arms rise and a subtle HUM purrs, as -
WAM! The VOICES DISSIPATE. BAM! Chris starts towards Odd Man -
- with a look of determination he hasn't shown before: Rage.

Odd Man turns fast, opening the next car door. Chris follows,
pushing his way in-between cars and into the next train car --

The train stops. 14TH STREET STATION -- Odd Man hops off
fast, but Chris does too. As Chris begins to dash after him--

CHRIS
STOP HIM! Hey! STOP!

He chases Odd Man out the 12TH STREET EXIT, up stairs, and --

EXT. LOWER WEST SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! Chris emerges onto 7TH AVE. He turns, catching Odd Man
running quickly DOWN 12TH STREET -- Chris sprints after him.

Whipping out his cell, frantic, dialing as he runs. BEEP --

OPERATOR (V.O.)
If you'd like to make a call.
Please hang up and try --

BAM! Chris trips over a trash can, his cell phone FLYING onto
6TH AVE, CRUSHED by traffic. He rises fast, never stopping --

Passing brownstones, frantic, scanning. The Odd Man up ahead,
moving swiftly, almost gliding. Chris turns a corner, and --

IMPOSSIBLY - Odd Man's TELEPORTED UP THE STREET -- Chris
follows him, SCREECH! He's nearly hit by a cab! Continuing --

Chasing him down an ALLEY WAY -- Odd Man is cornered. His back
up to a wall... As Chris lifts up a nearby plank of wood.

CHRIS
What did you do to my son? What the
fuck are you DOING TO MY FAMILY!?

Odd Man smirks eerily. Then FREEZE! The city goes absolutely
silent... EVERYTHING STOPS. Time stands still. Except for --

The Odd Man, who slowly DEMATERIALIZES into the wall... The
ROAR OF MANHATTAN RETURNS, as Chris stands alone, horrified.

INT. MRI OFFICE - DAY

Chris peers out Dr. Tanaka's office window. On edge, paranoid.

DR. TANAKA
Sure you don't wanna sit down?

Chris doesn't budge, ignoring him, petrified. Eyes darting.

DR. TANAKA
We found an anomaly, Mister
Wachtel, in your MRI scans. We're
frankly a bit baffled, actually.

Tanaka produces a few MRI IMAGES of Chris' skull. Black and white photographs of inside Chris' brain. Chris finally turns.

DR. TANAKA
You see this here?

The Doctor points to a noticeable shape in the MRI scans -- a thin STRUCTURE about the size of a small toothpick.

It's lodged up Chris' nasal cavity at the base of his skull. This toothpick-shaped object has small thorn-like appendages.

DR. TANAKA
Do you have any idea what this is?
Any idea how it got there? It
appears to have bonded itself to
your brain tissue somehow.

Chris gapes down at the images, then back to Tanaka, freaked.

CHRIS
Can, can you remove it?

DR. TANAKA
Chris, it's like it's a part of you.
I've never seen anything like it.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - LATE DAY

SHHH! Lisa starts the washing machine. She adds detergent.

Tossing clothes in, Lisa reaches for Jonathan's dirty soccer uniform. And that's when she notices, that it's STICKY...

Covered in some weird translucent film. She reaches for more of Jonathan's clothes, and she sees that they're sticky too.

What the hell? She shakes her head, dumping them all in...

When she notices a whole pile of clothes unseen before along the floor in the corner... She sighs, starts picking them up one-by-one, until - she startles back, with a YELL!

As there, under a mound of clothes, lays BAXTER. Only his pale head exposed. The rest of his body still hidden... Dead.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

In the shadows, Chris stands at a pay-phone. Lisa's crying...

LISA (V.O.)
 ...They said it was likely natural
 causes. He was old... But, I think
 Jonathan may have found his body...
 Just please, Chris. Come home, okay?

Chris' mind races. He peers out at a nearby ATM machine at a bank across the street. The night, frigid and windy....

EXT. HARLEM GUN SHOP - NIGHT

Hands in his pockets, Chris treads a rough neighborhood, towards a sketchy private-security and arms GUN STORE, as --

INSIDE - Jingle-jingle, Chris eyes the LARGE OWNER. A Latino man, chew stick in his mouth, squints at Chris coldly.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris carefully, quietly, slides a small duffle-bag under their living room couch. Its flaps hiding the bag entirely.

Safely hidden, he gets up. At HIS BEDROOM DOOR - Lisa lays curled up in bed, reading Jonathan a book. Shel Silverstein's "Where the Sidewalk Ends". She blows her nose. Chris stops.

He can't go in. Instead, he listens through the door's crack. Lisa sees him though, they lock eyes. And then, she reads:

LISA
 There is a voice inside of you that
 whispers all day long. / "I feel
 this is right for me." "I know that
 this is wrong." / No teacher,
 preacher, parent, friend, or wise
 man can decide. What's right for you
 -- Just listen to the voice that
 speaks inside. / Just listen to the
 voice that speaks... inside.

Teared up, Lisa snuffles, looking at Chris. *She needs him here.* Jonathan gets up near the door to bring his Mom a tissue, but that's when Chris sees it: The SCOOP-MARK BY HIS EAR IS GONE.

It's totally smooth. Jonathan hops back into bed with his Lisa. Chris looks at his wife in fear, but she doesn't understand...

JONATHAN
 ... I can't hear my voice, Mommy.
 But, I want to... Where's Daddy?

Lisa looks to Chris. But he sinks back into the dark hallway.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lisa lies asleep in bed alone. It's late. IN THE KITCHEN - Chris sits in a chair, exhausted, but on guard. Still.

On the ceiling, squares of light from cars below crisscross in shadow. Chris drifts off... As the ceiling lights *DISTORT*-- CREAK. Chris SHOOTs up. *What was that?*... Chris gets up fast.

CREAK. Something, CREAK, by the FRONT DOOR! - Chris scrambles into the LIVING ROOM, reaching under the couch for something--

It's a small PISTOL, which he cocks, and aims into the Dark abyss by his front door. CREAK, closer... His hands shake --

CREAK -- Chris readies the trigger as the figure slowly steps into the moonlight. But, it's just -- JONATHAN.

CHRIS

Jonathan!? Jonathan, go to bed...

But Jonathan just stares at Chris, with an unsettling gaze we've seen before -- that cold unblinking depth.

Chris can't quite find the reason to pull his gun away. He quivers. CREAK. The boy moves closer. Calm, eerily so.

CHRIS

Jonathan. Stop it!... What're you doing? -- Jonathan!?

He moves a step nearer. That RIIiINGING now in Chris' head.

CHRIS

NO! No. Please, stop. Say something!

Something's not right, here. It LOOKS like Jonathan, but --

CHRIS

You're not him. I know you're not him... You're NOT MY SON!

Petrified, Chris' steadies his aim. A hair's trigger away. And beyond the front door, ORANGE LIGHT creeps through the cracks.

JONATHAN

If you love him. Prove it.

CHRIS

PLEASE!! I don't understand. Just give my real son back to me!!

And IN A FLASH -- Jonathan's eyes STRETCH APART. Chris is about to fire as -- FLICK! The lights go on. Lisa gasps!

LISA

Oh my God! -- What are you DOING!?

Jonathan now appears HIMSELF. Chris' gun still pointed at Jonathan, at her son. Lisa races to him, petrified.

LISA

Jonathan??! Oh, God! My baby!

Lisa holds him. She snatches the gun from Chris' limp grip. Lisa starts shaking Chris. But he just stands there, numb.

LISA

What were you doing!? Chris?! CHRIS?!
Why do you have gun in our house?!
What were you gonna do!? Answer me!
I can't take this! I, I can't...

CHRIS

(in a terrified whisper)
... It - He isn't Jonathan.

Lisa backs away freaked, holding her son, gripping the gun.

LISA

Oh, my God. Oh, my God...

Clutched tightly, Jonathan stares intensely at Chris. And now, Chris grows DIZZY... He backs up, collapsing to the couch, staring at Jonathan, dazed. And then, Chris shuts his eyes...

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Morning. Chris' eyes slowly open. Still in a seated position on the couch. A NOTE left for him on the coffee table reads:

"I don't know what else to do. You need help. Please, Chris."
Inside the paper slip, Lisa's WEDDING RING slides to the table.

Chris pauses. Rises. Searches. Lisa's gone. JONATHAN'S ROOM -- no one. But that eerie massive SPACERAIL STRUCTURE remains...

Chris reaches for his home phone, and dials. It rings, it picks up, but it's only violent STATIC. BAP-BAP-BAP!

CHRIS

Lisa? Lis? -- I -- Can you --

SHHH! The line goes DEAD. *Dammit*. Chris dials again. More LOUD STATIC! Chris listens to it. Then a PEIRCING RiiiiING!!

Chris recoils. Click. The line DEAD AGAIN. *It's like it won't LET him call her*. THEN BRIIIING -- The phone. Chris answers--

CHRIS

Lisa, please. Just let me explain!--

MITCH (V.O.)
Chris, it's me. You lose your cell
or what? Listen, man. I found him.

CHRIS
... Rachel's father... Where?

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - CHRIS' CAR - DAY

FROM HIGH ABOVE - Chris' Toyota races through the rural back-roads of a once thriving, now forgotten Hudson Valley town.

He passes a rickety sign reading: "Welcome to Poughkeepsie". Chris stares out at the road, sheer determination. VROOM!

INT. FOWLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Meanwhile, Fowler sits in his studio, painting a mask, total focus. He stops himself... Shakes something off, continues...

Painting around the mask's eye delicately. He stops again. He stares at the mask. It's silver with red feathers, huge holed gaps for its eyes. He stares into the MASKS' SOCKETS... BAM!

As in his periphery, a BLURRY FIGURE emerges from the shadows. As suddenly, one-by-one, the hairs on Fowler's arms stand up. Slowly, a dull HUM is heard, and his nose starts to bleed.

FOWLER
(shutting his eyes)
... Oh, no.

EXT. BACKWOODS CABIN - DAY

Chris by his car. Before him, an isolated, dilapidated cabin.

ON THE PORCH - Chris knocks, tentative. A welcome mat at his feet reads: "My House Shall Serve the Lord, Joshua: 24:15".

KINCAID (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Chris turns. RICHARD KINCAID (70s), short, with thick eyebrows.

CHRIS
Mister Kincaid? It's Chris. Chris
Wachtel?... Rachel's old friend...

A pause. Kincaid's eyes widen in recognition.

KINCAID
Chris? How did you find me?

CHRIS

I've searched. For a long time...
We need to talk. It's about Rachel.

KINCAID

Of course, please come inside.

INSIDE - Christian art adorns the walls: a wooden sculpture of Jesus, a painting of the Last Supper, a large Crucifix hangs --

In fact, Christian paraphernalia clutters this whole house:
This isn't a man of faith, it's a zealot obsessed.

Chris sits down at a small table, the Jesus manger scene depicted on its tablecloth. Kincaid sits across from him.

CHRIS

... I don't know how to say this. I
don't even know where to begin...

KINCAID

'Out of the overflow of the heart,
the mouth speaks.' Luke 6:45. You
don't read the Bible, do you, Chris.

CHRIS

No. No... Mr. Kincaid... Some things
have been happening to me lately.
Impossible things. Memories. About
Rachel. About that day in the woods.

Kincaid fiddles with a cross bracelet on his wrist.

CHRIS

... I, I don't understand them, I
don't even know what they are. But,
they're what's lead me here. To you. I
don't -- trust myself anymore...

KINCAID

(in a whisper)
'Mysteriously doth the Lord work'...
What have you come to tell me, Chris?

CHRIS

That we were wrong. That on the day
Rachel went missing, I don't think we
were attacked. That wasn't it at all.

Kincaid nods, understanding somehow.

KINCAID

There never was a stalker, was there?

CHRIS

No... I don't think there was.

KINCAID

... I prayed. I prayed that one day,
you'd come. I'd almost given up hope.

CHRIS

What about Rachel? Where is she?
Does she remember what happened?

KINCAID

... All too much, son. All too much.

Kincaid rises, moving to a pantry by a window, looking out.

KINCAID

But, I put my faith in Jesus. And
now, He's answered me... No one else
believed me, but I knew... I always
knew. You should read your Scripture,
Chris. For it says, 'Guilt, it feeds
on the soul of man... But, the only
cure for Sin most foul --

Kincaid swings round, his loaded SHOTGUN pointed at Chris.

KINCAID

... Is the righteous hand of Death.'

EXT. HOBOKEN FERRY - DAY

Fowler stares out at Manhattan. His cell phone to his ear.

FOWLER

Chris, call me when you get this!
There's something you have to know.
You're in danger. Please. Call me.

INT. KINCAID'S BACKWOODS CABIN - DAY

Chris sits frozen, as Kincaid holds his shotgun at him.

KINCAID

Now. You tell me what you did to her.
Repentance is your only salvation!

CHRIS

What? No, Mister Kincaid, I --

KINCAID

You were the only one up there! She
loved you, protected you! Her stories
of Demons. But you were the real Demon.

CHRIS

No, you got it all wrong, I never
laid a hand on her! I swear to God--

SMACK! Kincaid whacks Chris' face hard with the shotgun.

KINCAID
How dare you speak thy Lord's name!
Repent to Jesus! Or burn in Hell...
'Cause I don't need your forgiveness.
Nor does Rachel... We need you dead.

CHRIS
Wait, Rachel's here? Please! Let me
talk to her! I can explain everything --

Kincaid moves closer to Chris now, preparing himself.

KINCAID
You ruined her! You took away, all
I had. My family... You gotta pay
for that, son. You gotta pay!...

CHRIS
Don't. Please, you don't understand!
I need to see her! This is beyond --

Kincaid takes off the safety. CLICK. Game over.

KINCAID
Lord in Heaven, please forgive me.

Chris suddenly jumps up, grabbing the gun barrel back, as -
BOOM! - the shotgun blows a huge hole in the ceiling!

Kincaid and Chris grapple for the weapon! But Chris has age
and strength on his side. He wrestles the gun from Kincaid --

And getting a handle on it, points it at Kincaid, wide-eyed--

CHRIS
Where is she?... WHERE IS SHE?!

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

BANG! BANG! Hopkins opens her door, dressed as always in her
colorful attire. Fowler's there, in his dingy overcoat.

FOWLER
Ms. Hopkins? My name is Stanton
Fowler. You recently serviced a
patient, a Chris Wachtel?

HOPKINS
Yes. What's this about? He okay?

FOWLER
No. No, I don't think so, ma'am.
Please. We don't have much time.

EXT. KINCAID'S BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Now tied to a chair with his tablecloth, Kincaid can only watch out the window, as Chris makes his way to A BARNYARD --

Its wooden door flaps in the wind... Chris slowly opens it entering THE DARK EMPTY STABLE. With hay bales stacked high.

Chris slinks through the barn. An eerie shelter of empty livestock cells and sharp farming equipment, glistening... Beyond is a high ladder to an upstairs landing. Chris looks up.

THE LADDER - Chris climbs, rung-by-rung. Dark. He nicks his palm on a rusty nail. AT THE TOP - Chris peers into the dark--

-- Startling back, as his eyes adjust to a PALE WOMAN in the shadows. Her head down, stringy hair covering her face: RACHEL.

Chris swallows, and now he sees the MADNESS all around him... THE WALLS - are covered with angry black-coal scribblings:

IT LIVES INSIDE ME. NOBODY CAN KNOW, THEY TOOK US, CHRIS, CONNECTED FOREVER, WHAT ARE THEY, INHUMAN, ABDUCTION

That **GREY FACE** drawn over-and-over, with its pitch black eyes.

Slowly, Rachel sniffs the air. Then she crawls a bit closer. Almost like a dog. She keeps her head down. Still. Silent.

CHRIS

... Rachel? Rachel, it's me. It's Chris. From Hudson Falls... Oh, God, what have they done to you?

No response. She doesn't move. Chris inches forward...

CHRIS

I tried to find you. I didn't know where you were. I'm so sorry... It's happening again. Rachel, you're the only one who knows, who understands. I don't know what to do. Please. Help me.

Rachel's hands close into fists. Then, her *ANDROGYNOUS VOICE* --

RACHEL

Come closer.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

A confused Hopkins sits with Fowler in her office.

HOPKINS

What are you tryin' to say?

FOWLER

You've opened a doorway. In Chris' mind. It wasn't meant to be opened.

HOPKINS

They're just false-memories. Coping mechanisms for the trauma he's --

FOWLER

No. No. They're real. It's all real.

HOPKINS

... You believe him. Why?

FOWLER

Because I've seen them too. Because I lost someone, just like he did. Just like he will. His son is in grave danger. And now, so are we.

HOPKINS

What the hell are you talking about?

FOWLER

If he's found me, he's found you... You need to know. Give me your hands.

RACHEL (V.O.)

... Come... Closer...

INT. KINCAID'S BARN - DAY

Unsure, Chris approaches Rachel. Hair over her face. Still... SLAM! -- She grabs Chris hard, at last lifting up her head.

RACHEL

Chris. Look at you. It's been so long.

RACHEL -- Her ghostly pale dry skin, splotchy with red sores, almost like a rash. Teeth yellowed by years of neglect. Her eyes near black, the whites of her eyes red. She hisses --

RACHEL

You don't remember, do you? What they did. What they did to us.

Chris stares at Rachel petrified. She smiles, lifting up her ragged T-shirt, showing a SMOOTH SCAR across her stomach.

RACHEL

They connected us, Chris. Forever. You and I, we're the same...

Chris stares into Rachel's eyes, terrified. And then he hears RACHEL'S VOICE -- even though her lips don't move a muscle:

RACHEL (V.O.)
... Innnnnsssssiiiiide.

Chris startles back - Rachel was just IN HIS HEAD.

INT. DR. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Fowler now holds Hopkins hands in his.

FOWLER
 I want you to sit real still.

HOPKINS
 If you're trying to hypnotize me,
 you should know --

FOWLER
 Just listen! Now wait... Just wait.
 Let it come to you. But, whatever you
 see, keep looking at me. You must
 please, keep looking at me...

Fowler stares at Hopkins. And she at Fowler. And then slowly,
 yes, out of the corner of their eyes, they do see something -

A FIGURE. Suited, skinny, unnatural. Arising in the corner,
 the shadows. The periphery, just beyond view. Watching them.

HOPKINS
 What the --

FOWLER
 No! Don't look!... You see him too,
 don't you?

Hopkins nods petrified, her eyes staying on Fowler's. In her
 office corner is a man who wasn't there before: the ODD MAN.

HOPKINS
 Who -- Who the hell is that?

INT. KINCAID'S BARN - DAY

Rachel's pale face stares into Chris, entrancing him. As he
 FLASH, looks back in her eyes, FLASH! Something's happening...

RACHEL
*You tried to forget, Chris. But, you
 can't. Because they're in you...
 Just like me. I can take you back.
 I can show you... Connect to me.
 That's it... Connect to me...*

A MENTAL CONNECTION - FLASH - forming as -FLASH-FLASH- BOOM! -

EXT. ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS - WOODS - DAY (SHARED MEMORY)

THRUST BACK TO -- that clearing -- that day -- that hike --
those WOODS -- OUR OPENER -- RACHEL stares out -- scared --

HUUMMM -- She turns to us -- 17 -- gorgeous and petrified --

RACHEL

Do you feel it, Chris? It's inside.

We look out -- as rising -- above the trees -- a hovering
PITCH-BLACK CUBE -- the size of yacht -- rotating -- hanging --

Silent -- it starts -- unfolding itself -- like origami --
3-D becoming 2-D -- until it's just -- a giant FLYING-MIRROR --
reflecting forest -- Reflecting us -- Turning blinding white.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Rachel?! ... RACHEL!!

A CIRCULAR WHITE ROOM -- with Rachel - both of us NAKED -- The
lights -- pulse on-off -- disorienting -- as we approach -- we
kiss Rachel -- in groping lust -- raw adrenalized sex --

Flickering FLASHES -- the walls vanish -- SHADOWS watching --
The sex grows -- more intense -- impulsive -- unconscious --
Confusion and horror -- but -- we CAN'T stop -- it CLIMAXES --

FLASH! -- We lay trapped -- in a glass tube -- hovering in --
the white room -- Rachel to our left -- in a glass pod --

We bang hard -- on glass -- reaching for her -- no use --
GREYS encircle her -- her silent screams -- DISTORT her face --

A GREY -- holds a DEVICE -- sharp, metal -- filled with --
yellow fluid -- it gets inserted -- Between Rachel's legs --
She SCREAMS -- as horrid liquid -- is plunged -- into her --

At our feet -- the glass vanishes -- a BLACK HOLE opens -- in
the white wall -- Our tube tilts -- at an angle -- dumping us--

Into that bottomless pit -- We panic -- looking for GRIP --
there's nothing -- as we glimpse -- one last look at Rachel --

Greys holding her down -- as we slip -- into the void.

INT. KINCAID'S BARN - DAY

FLASH! We're back in that barn, that hellhole. Rachel with
tears in her eyes, knowing Chris just re-lived it all.

RACHEL

They kept me six months. But when I
returned, they said it'd been a week.
Chris, they made us a baby. But the
best surprise, they saved for last...

Rachel leans into Chris, smiling like she knows a secret.

RACHEL
*Because that baby, Chris. Our baby.
 It wasn't... really... A BABY...*

FLASH -- A FETUS -- being taken -- out our stomach -- but the baby -- has impossible -- huge - JET-BLACK EYES -- A HYBRID --

THE BARN - Chris repels back, sharing that memory with Rachel.

CHRIS
 I've always... felt you with me.

RACHEL
*I needed you here to see. Oh, Chris.
 If only our baby had survived...*

Rachel's grip on Chris' hand becomes a caress. But with her yellowed teeth, and hollow cheeks, it's downright creepy.

CHRIS
 Rachel, they're back. For my son.
 They've done something to him or --

RACHEL
*Your son isn't your son anymore. It's
 what they do, Chris. They take...*

CHRIS
 Then I have to get him back!

Rachel grabs Chris violently, her face right up against his.

RACHEL
*It's too late! You belong here,
 with me. Don't you see? They
 brought us back together.*

CHRIS
 No, I have a family. A wife --

RACHEL
*... But not for long. They're gonna
 take her too.*

Rachel smirks. BOOM! Chris tries to pull away, but Rachel grips him hard -- Rachel digs her nails into Chris' flesh --

RACHEL
*No! I can't go out there. They'll
 come for me! We have to stay here.
 In the dark, it's safe.*

CHRIS
 ... No, Rachel. I CAN'T! --

RACHEL
(hysterical)
No! NO! I WON'T let you go!!...

And now, she grapples Chris, who has to heave Rachel off him.

CHRIS
Oh, God. I'm so sorry...

Rachel reaches for him, but Chris flies down the ladder.

RACHEL (O.S.)
CHRIS?! NO! PLEASE! DON'T GO!!

But, Chris races out towards the door, he SLAMS it shut as --

OUTSIDE - He finds a bolt lock, an obvious fail-safe put in by Kincaid. Chris locks it shut, as he starts to inch back -- Silence. BAM! BAM! Rachel pounds on the door, trapped inside--

RACHEL (O.S.)
You can't save them! You hear me!! YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM! You belong -- to me!!

BAM! BAM! BAM! Chris backs up, then sprints towards his car.

INT. HOPKINS OFFICE - DAY

Hopkins still gazes at Fowler, in fear. She grips Fowler's hands so tightly, it's making him visibly uncomfortable. Right by her side, is the ODD MAN. Moving closer, closer...

HOPKINS
... He's right next to me. He's touching me! I feel him. I FEEL HIM!
I have to -- I have to see! --

FOWLER
Don't look at him. Don't look at him!

She lets Fowler go. And whips around. But, no one is there.

HOPKINS
... Where'd he go? Where'd he go?

Fowler breathes, looking very relieved.

FOWLER
I don't know. But, he's gone.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

FROM HIGH UP ABOVE - Chris' car races back to Manhattan. It dodges, weaves. A mechanical bug unwilling to stay in line.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY - VROOM! Chris' car races past. As ODD MAN steps into view, from out the trees, watching Chris go.

FOWLER (V.O.)
I call them Watchers. But they have many names. Vessels, Men In Black, Guardians, Descenders. Their connection to UFO phenomena is largely unexplained, undocumented.

IN HIS CAR - Chris zips through traffic, frantic. HONK! HONK!

CHRIS
Come on! COME ON!

FROM A HIGHWAY BRIDGE - We see Chris' car make a dangerous move into oncoming traffic. Odd Man watches him. Somehow THERE now.

FOWLER (V.O.)
The common misconception is that they're agents. People. But, their existence... is something else.

We LINGER ON Odd Man's stoic gaze for an uncomfortable moment. But then GO WIDE - as NO ONE stands on that bridge now.

INT. HOPKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Hopkins listens to every word, riveted.

FOWLER
They're not physical exactly. But spectral, psychogenic. Existing on a different reality plane. Tracking those who know more than they should. ... I hadn't seen one in years, until this morning in my studio. That's when I knew, he'd seen you too...

AS OUTSIDE HIS BUILDING - Chris double-parks his car, exiting fast. We INTERCUT with Hopkins and Fowler at HOPKINS' OFFICE.

HOPKINS
You're saying, what, this man, this thing, is coming for me now?

Chris races towards his building, entering, as we see Odd Man standing in the distance on a street corner, watching Chris.

FOWLER (V.O.)
Yes. But, we're not the door. It's Chris who's open now, to the things he's not supposed to see...

HOPKINS (V.O.)
So, what do we do?

AS BACK AT HOPKINS' OFFICE - Fowler leans closer to Hopkins.

FOWLER

We need to shut the door, Doctor. We need to help him now.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Chris slams the elevator door, pressing the button a dozen times until it goes... He paces, but gazes down, suddenly --

As an extremely bright ORANGE LIGHT seeps in from the shaft -- The elevator gets lit up like a Jack-O-Lantern. DING! The door opens to nothing... But orange light. A SILHOUETTE emerges --

ODD MAN. Chris tries to move, but he's frozen stiff, his whole body shaking. Odd Man grips a sharp thin tool. It glows white.

Odd Man approaches Chris, pushing that thin metal rod up to Chris' spasming face. Then he rams it hard up into Chris' nose.

Chris tears up, convulsing, as Odd Man, like an automaton, now thrusts the rod out of Chris' nose. Attached to its end -- The strange TOOTHPICK-SHAPED IMPLANT seen in the MRI scan.

It's covered in mucous and blood. He moves close to us now. And when he speaks, his androgynous, metallic voice comes, but he doesn't move his mouth at all --

ODD MAN (V.O.)

It ends now. He is ours.

Odd Man backs into the light. The doors slam. Then open to his NORMAL FLOOR. Chris collapses, gasping. Then staggers off...

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

BOOM! Chris throws open his apartment door, panicked.

CHRIS

Lisa?... JONATHAN?!! LISA?

On the hall table by Jonathan's room, the answering machine blinks. A single message. He slams play.

LISA (V.O.)

Chris, it's me. I tried your cell, but, maybe you needed to be alone.

Chris pounds the table in frustration. *He lost his cell.*

LISA (V.O.)

Jay's with me. I couldn't leave him there. I hope you understand that.

(MORE)

LISA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He had an idea, actually. Somewhere
 we could go for a few days, so...

Chris turns to the machine with grave concern. Then he races into JONATHAN'S ROOM and begins to search it. *Go? Where?*

LISA (V.O.)
 Chris, whatever's going on, you can't
 run from it anymore... You can't.

Static on the message starts to pick up. SHH. SHHH. More violent static on the phone. *What the hell?*

SHHH! SHHH!!! We can hear Lisa talking, giving valuable information, but it's INDECIPHERABLE -- SHHHH -- until --

LISA (V.O.)
 Okay, Jay wants to say something.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
 ... Bye-bye, Daddy.

CLICK. Quiet. IN JONATHAN'S ROOM - Chris stands. He eyes a FAMILY PHOTO on his son's wall, happy. Mocking him -- WHAM!

Chris slams the photo! Shattering it. Upturns a table. CRASH! As Chris collapses to Jonathan's bed... utterly defeated.

He stares up at the massive SPACERAIL SCULPTURE in the corner. Intricate, precise, otherworldly. Almost watching over him.

Slowly, Chris approaches this once-birthday gift for his son. Now a rigid, bumpy complex mass of plastic track and coil. Beyond explanation. Chris runs his hands over it. And then --

Chris spots a WAND-LIKE DEVICE made of the spiraled SpaceRail supplies hidden in Jonathan's Dinosaur book. He picks it up --

CHRIS
 (Jonathan's words)
 It seems made-up, but it's not.

QUICK FLASH - As a boy -- we grip that -- odd metallic wand --

Chris holds the wand out to this mass. He shuts his eyes... Focusing, but... *Nothing*. He drops. Completely out of ideas.

But there, spots a HOLE in the bottom of this spire. Could it be? He inserts the wand into it... CLICK. The MASS OPENS up!

Splitting apart, like a Venus fly-trap. Inside... On perfect display, sits a SHINY RED APPLE. Chris picks it up. Staring...

CHRIS
 You wanted me to find this... So I
 could find you... Where it all began.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

Apple trees. Jonathan leads Lisa through rows and rows of them.

JONATHAN
Come on, Mommy. We have to hurry.

LISA
But, everyone's back by the house.
Jay, how do you know where to go?

JONATHAN
From Daddy... Look! It's just over
there. Come on! We have to go now!

Up ahead, is that river -- but Jonathan's face *bothers* Lisa.
Something about the INTENSE LOOK that he's giving her...

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

BOOM! Chris bursts outside, racing to his car. He stops
short. Hopkins and Fowler -- waiting for him by his Toyota.

HOPKINS
You don't answer your calls, email.
Fowler, I think he's avoiding us...

Hopkins gives that Southern Comfort grin of hers.

CHRIS
What, what are you doing here?

FOWLER
We came to help. Going somewhere?

INT. CHRIS' TOYOTA - WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

VROOM! Highway. Chris drives. Hopkins next to him, Fowler in
the backseat. Fowler notices Kincaid's shotgun in the back.

FOWLER
(re: the shotgun)
Won't do us any good, unfortunately.
Their laws of physics are
completely different than ours.

Chris eyeballs Fowler in his rearview. Then the shotgun.

CHRIS
So I've noticed... Hopkins, what in
the world brings you uptown?

HOPKINS
You wouldn't believe it. I -- I
don't believe it...

Chris switches lanes, speeding up. Hopkins' words:

CHRIS
It's not about belief, right Doc?
... Welcome to the mind-fuck.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - DAY

DOWN BY THE RIVER - Jonathan looks up to the sky, waiting. His strange intensity unnerves Lisa. It gets really, really quiet.

CRACK. The apple trees. CRACK. Start buckling in a rising wind.

LISA
Okay hon, Mommy's getting cold.
Come on, it's time to head back.

JONATHAN
(Young Rachel's words)
Back? We just snuck away, silly.

LISA
What? Jay, what's gotten into you?

Gripping Jonathan's hand, Lisa notices it OOZES a translucent slime. Then an intense PINKISH-WHITE GLOW above bathes Lisa... We don't see it. Just Lisa looking up... Her jaw slowly drops.

Lisa turns to Jonathan, still gripping his HAND. But it's silvery and leathery now. Because, it's NOT JONATHAN anymore--

It's A BLACK-EYED GREY. And at that, Lisa lets out a SCREAM.

EXT. FARMLAND ROAD - CHRIS' CAR - DAY

VROOM! LATER - Chris' car cruises towards golden orchard farms.

HOPKINS
... I was wrong to doubt you, Chris.
I got butterflies worse than my
debutante ball, and I tore my dress
that night. I'm sorry.

CHRIS
Hey, I wouldn't have believed me
either. Not for a second. You're the
reason I got this far. Thank you.

Hopkins nods, graciously. They drive on in silence. Chris eyes Fowler in the rear-view. Fowler looking more nervous.

CHRIS
I need to know, Fowler. What
stopped your search for answers.
What scared you away?

FOWLER

I think you're about to find out.

Fowler offers a defeatist smirk. Chris waits. Finally --

FOWLER

Six years ago, I married... Peggy. She was the best... After we wed, I, I decided I'd share my experiences with her. To tell her the truth. Whatever truth I knew... Soon after that, I started seeing -- him.

CHRIS

The suited man?

FOWLER

I needed her to understand, so, I told her about him... Before long, she began seeing him too. The 'Odd Man' she'd call him, who'd follow her in the park, stalk her in the grocery store, then vanish into thin air... In time, she began having... encounters with otherworldly beings.

HOPKINS

She was... abducted?

FOWLER

It became too much for her. She hated me for it. For pulling back the veil she never knew existed. So one day, she left. Two weeks later, they found her in the East River. I should have never let her see...

Chris looks at Fowler, who's teared up.

CHRIS

Hey. You were honest with those you loved. That's better than most... That's better than me.

HOPKINS

(to Fowler, scared)

But you let me see him... Why?

FOWLER

Through Chris, he found me. So, I knew he'd seen you too. I knew you were in danger. They do whatever they want whenever. That's the game. I didn't want you playing blind.

Hopkins takes that in. Up ahead, SIGNS for different orchards. A fork to go right, left, or straight. Chris slows the car.

He stares out, unsure which way to go. Until -- BZZZZzzz!
Hopkins cranes her head, as up above, BZZZ! AN UNNATURAL
SWARM OF THOUSANDS OF HONEYBEES flies eastwardly overhead.

HOPKINS
What in the world?...

Chris gazes up. *Bees again.* He guns the engine, determined to follow their path... But then he stops, turning to them.

CHRIS
Look. Whatever's waiting down there, it's my wife and my son they got. This isn't your fight.

HOPKINS
I have to know... I have to see.

Chris looks from Hopkins to Fowler, who too finds his courage.

FOWLER
Hey. You read my book, what else can they possibly do to me? I actually don't want to know the answer to that.

They're in. Chris guns it, driving, following the swarm.

HOPKINS (O.S.)
Bees migrate by detecting magnetic fields. Something's attracting them.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD FARM - DAY

Chris' car climbs a long dirt road. The sun setting. The massive bee swarm circles the MANSION ESTATE in the distance.

The nearby fields lined with rows-and-rows of apple trees, the scene just like the drawing Chris drew as a child.

CHRIS
I remember this place now. They can never fully erase... any of it.

A glance to Fowler. He nears the mansion. The energy strange. Still. Electric. Chris' arm hair rising, detecting static. That HUUMMMMM. Hopkins' hair stands up. Fowler looks freaked.

HOPKINS
... Do ya'll feel that?

And then - KER-PUT. Chris' car engine suddenly dies. Silence.

CHRIS
Jesus. The engine just --

Chris turns. But, Hopkins is slumped over, unconscious.

In the backseat, so is Fowler. Chris shakes Hopkins. She's out.

Chris stares out, he's alone. He gets out of the car. He glares at the setting sun. It doesn't move. Everything totally still.

His watch has stopped. And around him, BEES FROZEN IN FLIGHT. Chris slowly makes his way up towards the orchard mansion.

INT. APPLE ORCHARD - MANSION - DAY

CREAK... Chris enters a lodging for visitors. He notices the hallway grandfather clock. Its pendulum frozen mid-swing.

Chris moves to the DINING ROOM, where he sees THE IMPOSSIBLE -
- GUESTS, CHILDREN, PEOPLE all FROZEN in suspended animation.

Some in the midst of speaking, others laughing, or about to eat. A man in mid-step, unmoving, a drink half-way poured.

CHRIS
(in whispered awe)
Missing time...

Wax statues out of time. But no Lisa or Jonathan among them.

STAIRWELL - Chris creeps upstairs, finding a BEDROOM with Lisa's things, his son's toys. A dinosaur doll at his feet.

He picks it up, as RIIing. And then, a VOICE. Like ten voices speaking at once. ANDROGYNOUS, UNCARING, NON-HUMAN --

THE VOICE
Outside. Come outside, ChrisWachtel.

Out the bedroom window, an unnaturally BLUISH-WHITE GLOW beams from the valley beyond the trees. And then --

Chris turns, sensing movement. As suddenly, hovering ghostly GREYS slowly materialize right through the bedroom walls!

Chris backs away as they emerge, whipping out the shotgun in fear. But WOOSH! - the gun is TELEKINETICALLY ripped away, as-
BOOM! - It bursts through the wall of the mansion, long gone.

Those Greys closing in, Chris races outside the mansion, onto the grassy front lawn - where he cries out to the fields --

CHRIS
LISA?! JONATHAN?!

His cries ECHO UNNATURALLY into the dusk. But no reply. Then -
- WOOSH! An invisible FORCE lunges Chris forwards. What the --

WOOSH! Another hard push, as Chris is telekinetically forced down the ravine, closer to that bright blue light. WOOSH!...

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD VALLEY - DUSK

Chris enters the lit-up valley, moving slowly through rows and rows of apple trees, towards the mysterious blue glow.

CHRIS
Jonathan? Lisa? --

WOOSH! The invisible force thrusts Chris onto the dirt face-first. He sits up, as suddenly below, the blue glow dims out.

Silence. Then, like an EARTHQUAKE, the ground starts shaking-- As somehow, all the apples around Chris LEVITATE UP, hovering to his eye-level. Chris gazes skyward, as --

A MASSIVE PITCH-BLACK TRIANGULAR MASS emerges out of the ravine with three circular blueish-white lights on its corners.

The thing is un-Godly huge. It floats over Chris silently. It's an awe-inspiring site, otherworldly, inter-dimensional.

The corner lights suddenly brighten, triangulating on Chris. He shields his eyes, staring into this gigantic geometric anomaly, until its eerie BRIGHTNESS CONSUMES EVERYTHING.

INT. UNKNOWN SPACE

We awaken. In a space like nothing we've seen before. We slowly rise to get our bearings -- but's that's IMPOSSIBLE --

As all around us, above and below, are rippling, shape-shifting walls, that flicker with different VISIONS OF SHIPS. Maybe 'walls' is the wrong word: they seem to create reality:

An electric ripple flutters -- TRANSFORMING THE SPACE into a massive, cold, METALLIC CRAFT, with endless silver corridors.

In an instant, another ripple METAMORPHOSIZES the environment into a smaller, more ORGANIC SHIP-SPACE, with pods and ooze --

Until another ripple manifests a new vision of an ALIEN CANVAS - a MASSIVE SHIP OF STONE, hieroglyphics, and water.

IT'S AS IF THE PHYSICS OF THIS SPACE ARE CONTROLLED MENTALLY -
- ABLE TO BE BEND TO ANY WILL, LOOK AND BECOME ANY THING.

-- It appears this way, because it *is* this way.

CHRIS
Lisa!? Jonathan!? WHERE ARE YOU?!

A sudden GRAVITATIONAL SHIFT causes us to violently fall and fall, down an endless, nonsensical KALEIDOSCOPIC CORRIDOR --

A powerful sense of movement, against a backdrop that repeats over-and-over, like a nightmarish pinwheel, until -- BAM!

We stop. Suspended. Hovering, unable to move. Below us, an evil SHIMMERY BLACK POOL, soup-thick, almost like velvet.

We float in a MASSIVE COPPER ROOM - faint ORANGE TWINKLES of light line the walls, like stars. Beautiful and terrifying.

And along the edges, FIGURES, many of them - GREYS IN SHADOW. And now A VOICE: THEM. Like a thousand robots in unison -

THE VOICE
Don't be afraid.

From the masses, one of them glides forward. A SLENDER GREY. In its immense OWL-LIKE EYES, we see ourselves in reflection, trapped in suspension, dangling to its whims. And then --

IT shape-shifts into a more HUMAN FORM, incredibly becoming -- the ODD MAN. It looks at us, black suit, lips never moving. And again that VOICE, everywhere and nowhere at once --

THE VOICE
It has to be this way.

CHRIS
M-my wife, my son --

THE VOICE
We mean them no harm.

CHRIS
Where are they? WHERE ARE THEY?!

THE VOICE
Close.

Chris stares out at the faceless unmoving SHADOWS. Hundreds.

CHRIS
What do you want? He's just a boy...

THE VOICE
*No. He's more than that now. He is.
Just like you, ChrisWachtel.*

CHRIS
... Why are you doing this?

Chris stares into the cruel eyes of this robotic Odd Man guise.

THE VOICE
You already know. You always knew.

And then from behind the Odd Man -- JONATHAN steps forward. Chris' eyes light up, as he reaches for his son --

CHRIS
Jonathan?!... JONATHAN?!

But this "Jonathan" slowly SHAPE-SHIFTS into a GREY. Then it shape-shifts again into "Chris". In an eerie mirror-image.

CHRIS

NO! What have you done to them?!
They're my family! PLEASE?!...

THE VOICE

*We tried hybridization. We tried
replication. Nothing worked.*

CHRIS

...I want to see you. I want to see
the real you... Do you HEAR ME?!

The Odd Man tilts his head. He re-shapes back into a ghostly GREY. It gets closer to us. It's petrifying, but still --

CHRIS

No. Show yourself, you coward!

The Grey looks coldly, then shape-shifts again, its humanoid features deteriorating, becoming more and more insectoidial. Akin to a six-foot PREYING MANTUS. It's absolutely petrifying.

CHRIS

(terrified whisper)
It's a lie... It's all a lie.

The Preying Mantus shifts back into its GREY FORM. Those eyes.

THE VOICE

We have no true form. Not anymore.

CHRIS

... What are you?

THE VOICE

Beyond what you can understand.

The Grey tilts its head, slowly gliding back into its flock.

A BLUE LIGHT SHINES DOWN above us, through our body, and into the black reflecting pool, as something begins to happen --

THE VOICE

But we, understand you...

Chris stares down, as IMAGES form within the black pool.
They're MEMORIES of Chris' entire life. They PROJECT RAPIDLY--

*Chris as a boy. With his Mom... With Rachel, from ages three
to sixteen... With Mitch in college... Meeting and falling in
love with Lisa. Them having a baby... Jonathan growing up...*

Chris watches his life flash before his eyes. Vivid and real.

THE VOICE

*There is a light, ChrisWachtel.
Inside of you. In all of you. It is
always there. It will never leave.*

Chris looks up, and within the host of Greys, being glided towards him is JONATHAN and LISA. It's REALLY THEM this time.

THE VOICE

*We do not have this light. We do not
have it. And we do not know why.*

They look so scared. Jonathan grips Lisa's hand, fearful looks on their faces. Lisa sees Chris, so much love still there --

THE VOICE

*The light in you. It is in your son
now. We need him. To find this light.
He chose her. To come with us.*

Chris sees his son, his mirror-image, his flesh, realizing --

CHRIS

... You're searching for our souls.
Because you've lost yours.

A strange MECHANICAL RIPPLE OF ENERGY shoots through the emotionless Greys. As Chris sees them now. For the first time.

CHRIS

That's why you make us forget...
Missing Time. You're afraid of the
emptiness we'll see. Inside you...

The FLOCK OF GREYS just stare at Chris coldly. Circling now.

CHRIS

I can give you what you want! Let me
say good-bye... You want that light?
Let me see my family one more time.
And then, I swear, you can have me.
... I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT!

A long beat... And Chris is freed from levitation, floated towards his wife and son, as the SHIP WALLS MANIFEST A NEW REALITY -- That of CHRIS' APARTMENT. Their home. Until...

The three stand in their 'LIVING ROOM'. Dimly lit, warm, and cozy. Slowly, Lisa and Jonathan come to, waking up.

LISA

Chris? What's going on?... OH GOD!--

CHRIS

No, it's okay. You're safe now,
you're safe. Don't worry anymore.

LISA

I was somewhere else... It was --

CHRIS

Yes. But, it's over now... I love you, Lis. I love you so much.

LISA

You do?

Lisa looks up at us. Chris takes her hand. He smiles sadly.

CHRIS

Since hot chocolate. I never let you in 'cause I was so... scared of what you'd find. But, I'm not anymore.

Chris kisses Lisa. It's passionate, the kiss of a heartache good-bye. Then he turns to Jonathan. Kneeling to him.

JONATHAN

You found me, Dad. I had a nightmare... My dreamcatcher, it didn't work.

CHRIS

'Cause they're not dreams, kiddo. They're a part of you. They're a part of me too. But, it's okay, because you're strong. So much stronger than I ever was. Promise me, Jay. Promise you'll take care of Mom.

JONATHAN

But, that's your job, Dad. You're the Captain. I'm just your first mate.

Chris tears up. And forms a huddle with his wife and his son.

CHRIS

(in a whisper)

Always remember, the time I'll miss the most, is with you...

WAM! Suddenly, Chris is thrust back, as the walls start closing in. A VIRTUAL DIVIDER separating Chris from his family forever.

The floor extends, the walls narrow, Lisa and Jonathan recede further and further away until- BOOM! A wall seals them off.

Chris waits a long beat. And then -- ORANGE LIGHT creeps in from under his 'FRONT DOOR', almost like an invitation.

THE VOICE

Now go.

Chris nods. He moves to the door. It opens to a WORLD OF LIGHT-

THIS REALM OF LUSTER SHINES IN -- Thick and vast. He takes one last look back at his 'home'. Then, speaks directly TO THEM --

CHRIS

What you're searching for... You're never gonna find. Because it isn't inside any of us. It's between us.

And with that, Chris walks bravely into the ethereal light. It consumes him in entirety and WAM! The DOOR IS BLOWN SHUT -- as the APARTMENT DEMATERIALIZES in a massive wave.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - DUSK

Jonathan awakens on the grass. BIRDS CHIRP. The sun sets. Lisa lies next to him. She suddenly shoots up with a GASP.

LISA

NO!... I -- Did I fall asleep?

JONATHAN

No, Mommy. It was real. Look!

Jonathan points up. Lisa turns, seeing the MASSIVE TRIANGULAR MASS hovering, completely awestruck. It starts rippling like water. And then its corners come towards one another --

Like it's SHIFTING INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION, the massive craft zipping itself up into nothing-nesss. Whoompf. And it's GONE.

Lisa turns to Jonathan, shaken. He holds her hand. Then -- movement in the trees, as Fowler and Hopkins emerge, winded. Each looking a little shell-shocked and totally out of it.

HOPKINS

What happened? Where's Chris!?

FOWLER

How long were we out? You see that?!

Lisa doesn't understand who these people are. Fowler and Hopkins look to Jonathan. Lisa slowly looks to Jonathan too. But Jonathan can't look at them. As Lisa pieces it together -

LISA

He... He's gone, isn't he?

Jonathan looks down, nods, processing that. Lisa puts her hand to her face. She can't believe any of it. A long pause.

LISA

Oh, my God... He's gone.

Jonathan hugs his Mom. They hold each other tight. For a long time... And then -- A RUSTLING -- CRACK -- They all slowly turn, as CHRIS emerges from the trees. With a big fat smile.

JONATHAN
... Dad!?!... DAD?!

LISA
Chris?... CHRIS!

They practically run him over, hugging him as tight as they can. Chris hugs them back, eyes shut, in pure perfect relief.

LISA
I don't understand. I'm so scared --

CHRIS
I know. But, I got you. I got you both.

Fowler and Hopkins grin, as Chris slips Lisa's wedding ring back on her finger. Jonathan sees this, smiling up to his Dad.

EXT. MANHATTAN FERRY - DAY

Chris gazes out at the Hudson Bay, aboard a ferry. Manhattan in the distance. Fowler comes up, joins him. Admiring the view.

FOWLER
... I always thought how strange it was after an encounter, how life just sort of goes on. Guess it has to. How you been holding up?

CHRIS
Okay. I have my family back... I been thinking a lot about belief. How it can start off one way, end so differently... I don't know what they are, Fowler... Why they came, whether they're good, evil, man, or God. My only power is choosing what I believe... You were right.

Chris turns to Fowler.

FOWLER
That's true about a lot of things. Damn near everything, in fact.

CHRIS
And I was thinking, maybe that's why they really come. So we'll make a choice about them. Give them their meaning. Since, they have none... So, what do I choose to believe about them? I think they threaten those we love most to see how hard we'll fight for them. To glimpse the light within us they've lost. And if they do?... Maybe they let us stay.

Chris gazes back at Jonathan and Lisa in their seats. Lisa, arm around her son, points, talking. She catches Chris' eye. Smiles. Fowler watches this exchange, with a tinge a sadness.

FOWLER

What if you have no one to fight for?

CHRIS

Well then, that depends. On you. On pushing on, searching everyday, for meaning and joy out there... Because I was wrong. Despite the data, the numbers do lie. We never know what's coming next. And you were right: 'In the end, you determine what it means'.

Fowler's words. Fowler takes a beat to digest all that. Then he nods. Hopkins interrupts them in her orange sun dress.

HOPKINS

What are you two chinwaggin' about?

CHRIS

Nothing... Fowler was just saying how pretty you look. Excuse me.

Chris walks away, raising his eyebrows secretly at Fowler. Fowler turns red, as Hopkins can't help but smile, embarrassed. And maybe only now do we notice it - A SPARK between these two.

Chris sits down between Lisa and Jonathan, his family, watching Fowler make Hopkins giggle with a satisfied smirk.

STATUE OF LIBERTY closing in. Suddenly, the FERRY HORN TOOTS! It makes Lisa jump. But noticeably, NOT CHRIS. Instead, Chris puts his arm around Jonathan, gestures towards Liberty Island.

CHRIS

The great unknown, eh, bucko?

Jonathan gazes out. Then nods bravely, smiling up to his Dad. Chris smiles back, then breathes in the fresh sea air, as Lisa and Jonathan share a knowing look - *Dad's gonna be okay.*

And from THE FRONT OF THE FERRY, we now SLOWLY LINGER AWAY --

DRIFTING FURTHER BACK, down rows of benches, past passengers. We SLIDE TOWARDS the FERRY'S REAR -- until we find a fedora.

As standing on the far side, amidst the crowd is THE ODD MAN. Pale, suited, knowing. Always watching. Always waiting.

He gazes at us. His terrifying, unblinking leer. And then a PASSENGER passes in front of him, and like that, he's GONE.

SNAP TO BLACK.