

4TH KIND

Autobiography of Dr. Abigail Tyler

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Dead Crow Pictures LLC
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NOTE TO READER:

All **ARCHIVED AUDIO** material provided by Dr. Tyler is underlined.

All **ARCHIVED VIDEO** material provided by Dr. Tyler is **bolded**.

*The interview with Dr. Tyler was done by this
writer/director in one continuous session on
February 18th, 2006.
All interview material is ITALICIZED.*

The ARCHIVED AUDIO, **VIDEO** and *INTERVIEW* materials, have all been described in this text as accurately as possible, and to the best ability of this writer/director.

Any discrepancies between the text and the actual material is purely accidental and unintentional.

FADE FROM WHITE:

ON A WINDING ROAD

lined with a wooden guide rail, FOG rolls by as a FIGURE approaches, obscuring *who* or *what* IT is.

As IT gets closer, its gait can be discerned --

HUMANOID.

ITS build is oversized yet solid -- and ITS face has two LARGE BLACK EYES, that cut clearly through the white snow and fog like miniature black holes.

IT continues to walk closer, and a hand reaches up and PULLS OFF THE EYES -- which are actually GOGGLES -- revealing ITS identity:

FIGURE

My name is Olatunde Osunsanmi, the director of 4TH KIND.

Olatunde continues walking towards us, his heavy winter clothing bulking up his frame.

OLATUNDE

This film will be a dramatization of events that occurred October 1st through the 9th of 2000 in the northern Alaskan town of Nome. To better explain the events of this story, I have included actual archived footage throughout the film. This footage was obtained from Nome psychiatrist Dr. Abbey Tyler, who has personally documented over 65 hours of video and audio materials during the time of the incidents. In an effort to protect their privacy, we have altered the names and professions of many of the people involved.

(pause)

Every dramatized scene in this film, will be supported by either archived audio, video, or as it was related to me by Dr. Tyler herself during extensive interview sessions. In the end what you believe, will be yours to decide.

Olatunde comes to a stop as breath rises from his mouth.

OLATUNDE

Please be advised that some of what you are about to see is extremely disturbing.

CUT TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

IN AN INTERVIEW ROOM.

Several 50 inch WIDESCREEN MONITORS are mounted on the walls, creating a collage of ABSTRACT MOTION on their screens.

THE REAL ABBEY TYLER sits in a chair, the camera frames her from the waist up.

She is a thirty-eight year old female with a good deal of pain evident in her eyes. She's rail thin, edges of bones pushing out her skin like needles under tissue paper.

The left corner of her mouth twitches occasionally as she looks to the right of camera, where the interviewer sits.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Please state your name for the camera.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Doctor Abigail Elizabeth Tyler.

OLATUNDE

Have you provided us with the master tapes from your archive?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes I have.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Is everything you are about to tell me as close to factual as possible?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

(nods)

Yes, yes it is.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Are you willing to submit to a lie detector test to confirm these answers?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes I am.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Thank you...So, where would you like to begin?

Dr. Tyler frowns.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*I guess uh...after what happened
 with Will--my husband. I uh...went
 to my friend...who's also a
 psychiatrist--Dr.[NAME WITHHELD,
 ALIAS--ABEL CAMPOS] because I was
 having trouble dealing with how he...
 (starts to get
 emotional)
 How it happened...and who did it...*

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
 RECORDED: 10-1-00
 LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE

Over black, a poor AUDIO RECORDING is heard, as SUBTITLES follow the dialogue.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
It might be a little too soon.

ABBEY (O.S.)
I'll be fine.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
The pain's still fresh. You don't
 think you might need more time--

ABBEY (O.S.)
--No, this is something--No. I have
 to do this. I--I have to remember
 his face.

FADE IN:

IN DR. ABEL CAMPOS' OFFICE.

Daylight floods the room, warming dark wooden furniture. Seated to the left is ABBEY TYLER, 36, a widow whose suffering has permeated her every being.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as ABBEY TYLER

Across from her is DR. ABEL CAMPOS, 50, a psychiatrist whose disposition is relaxed, composed, and comforting.

On a table between them a portable TAPE RECORDER *records*.

[THEIR DIALOGUE IS REPLACED BY ARCHIVED AUDIO IN AREAS]

ABBEY

It's what I need to heal. I have to
try. And-and I have to know--for
the children
 (sniffles)
--that I've done everything I can to
remember. You know since that night
Ashley still can't see? I don't
think she'll get her sight back until
she accepts what happened--

CAMPOS

--I think you both have the same
problem, different symptoms--

ABBEY

--and it would help if I could...just
remember the face of that guy...so
we could have some chance of tracking
him down--set the record straight,
and have closure.

CAMPOS

(sighs)
Alright, alright...

ABBEY

Thank you.

CAMPOS

Do you want it on video?

ABBEY

(softly)
Yeah.

Campos gets up, aims a VHS CAMERA at Abbey, and hits RECORD.

TITLE -- ARCHIVAL VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-1-00 9:36am

LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE

RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:00:04

CAMERA ANGLE: FROM THE WAIST UP OF ABBEY

SPLIT SCREENS BETWEEN ARCHIVED/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

DR. CAMPOS' FACE IS BLURRED OUT IN ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

CAMPOS

(light hearted)
Counseling another psychiatrist is
like talking to myself.

The REAL DR. TYLER lies further back in her chair and takes
a calming breath.

TITLE: Dr. Abbey Tyler

Campos stands over her and extends a finger.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
Watch my finger as I count back...20,
19, 18, 17...

Abbey's eyes roll up as she follows his finger over her head.
Then slowly, her eyes close.

Campos sits down out of frame.

CAMPOS
(gently)
Abbey, lets go back to the night of
September 9th of this year.

ABBEY
Mm-hmm.

CAMPOS
What was the weather like?

ABBEY
Warm...warmer than normal...even
though it was snowing outside.

CAMPOS
Now...let's go to when you were with
Will -- just before the intruder
entered your room.

ABBEY
OK.

CAMPOS
Describe what you see.

Abbey's eyes are working hard beneath her eye lids, flickering
back and forth. Then her face relaxes and a smile parts her
lips.

ABBEY
We're making love...it was wonderful
kind, gentle...

FADE IN LEFT FRAME OF SPLIT/SCREEN:

ABBEY'S P.O.V. as she leans down and kisses WILL, 35, a man
in love with the woman above him. He gently caresses her
cheek as they make love.

ABBEY (O.S.)
...then we fell asleep....

IN RIGHT FRAME: ABBEY'S NECK goes limp, and her head falls to the side.

TIMECODE: 00:01:45

She's quiet a moment.

CAMPOS
What do you remember next?

ABBEY
We're awake...both of us...wide awake.
..And we're...lying here...

CAMPOS
What woke you up?

ABBEY
I don't...Nothing...we were
just...lying here...

TIMECODE: 00:02:02

IN LEFT FRAME: ABBEY IS LYING

next to Will. His eyes are open, darting back and forth as they study her...

A shadow falls over Will's face, and then

METAL SLAMS DOWN

into his

CHEST,

BLASTING into his SKIN as

BLOOD EXPLODES UPWARDS.

Abbey breaths in sharply and pulls back in SHOCK. She looks up at the INTRUDER -- and FLINCHES back and

SCREAMS --

-- FADE OUT LEFT FRAME --

RIGHT FRAME NOW FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN

Abbey **SHRIEKS**

at the top of her lungs and covers her face with her arms.

TIMECODE: 00:02:43

ABBEY
Oh my God! Someone stabbed him! In
the chest! Oh my G--!

CAMPOS
Abbey! Stay with me! Stay with me!
What do you see?

ABBEY
I don't know! *I--it's too much!*
It's moving so fast, but it feels
like we're frozen-- I can't see it!

CAMPOS
Shhhh. Abbey relax! Calm down, Try
and see the face!

ABBEY
Oh my God not again. *I can't--I*
can't see it! PLEASE STOP! PLEASE
STOP! OHMYGOD! STOP-STOP-STOP-SIOP-
STOP-!! IT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S TOO
MUCH!

Dr. Campos tries to regain control, counts her back out of
hypnosis as she wails uncontrollably.

CAMPOS
--Focus on my voice--

ABBEY
-HE'S BLEEDING EVERYWHERE! THERE'S
BLOOD ALL OVER ME-

CAMPOS
-Focus on my voice, you will be fully
awakened and conscious in 5,4,3,2,1...

Abbey breaks hypnosis, sits up, doesn't remember crying,
wipes tears, sits a moment silently, awkwardly, before burying
her face in her hands and crying.

Campos puts an arm around her shoulders.

CAMPOS
Abbey...

She cries for a little bit longer and then wipes her eyes.

ABBEY
If I could just see his face we
could...I--feel so...He was killed
and I was right there--and I--I--
can't described who did it...!

CAMPOS
It's natural to feel guilt...it's
just as unnatural to feel it was
your fault.

She wipes her face again.

ABBEY
(whispers)
I can't help it.

CAMPOS
You said something there...you said
'It's too much.' What did you mean
by that?

Abbey thinks a moment...and then slowly shakes her head.

ABBEY
...I don't know....

CAMPOS
It feels like maybe it's...something
we should keep an eye on.

Campos holds her hands in a very paternal way, trying to
comfort her.

TIMECODE: 00:04:57

CAMPOS
You should consider taking some time
off -- real time. That two weeks
didn't count. It may help you find
clarity with what happened--

ABBEY
I want to finish the study.

CAMPOS
Which is exactly what I knew you'd
say. Which is what you always say
when confronted with the notion of
spending time away from work. Uncle
Sam isn't exactly beating down your
door for a return on his investment.

Abbey shakes her head.

ABBEY
It meant a lot to Will. He would of
wanted me to finish it as soon as I
could.

Off Campos' look --

ABBEY

I'll be OK.

She stands up abruptly lifting her face out of frame, wiping stray tears, attempting to pull it together

ABBEY

I know you wouldn't, but please don't tell anyone about our sessions.

(small smile)

Wouldn't be good for my practice.

CAMPOS

Of course.

TIMECODE: 00:05:29

He reaches towards the camera, pulls the tape out and hands it to her.

ABBEY

Thanks.

CUT TO:

A RED CESNA

SOARS HIGH above the SNOW COVERED world of Alaska, cutting hard to the left as it ROARS across the afternoon sky.

IN THE COCKPIT

Abbey flies the plane, her face is a little more composed. Flying is the best therapy of all.

A family picture of Will and her two children Ronnie and Ashley decorates the dashboard.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

When I flew, I felt at peace. It was just me, the wind and the clouds.

THE CESNA

straightens out and FLIES over

SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS -- their rolling hills of white are *blindingly* beautiful.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

I think Alaskans are lucky in that way--that flying is one of the only ways to get around the state.

The plane SOARS UP and over another MOUNTAIN RANGE, revealing a town nestled next to the *sparkling waters* of the ARCTIC, and the MONSTROUS *blue-white ice* of a GLACIER behind it.

This is a town on the edge of the wild.

TITLE: NOME, ALASKA

IN THE COCKPIT.

Abbey is smiling.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)
Welcome Ten-twenty-three, you've got
some clear air turbulence ahead,
some cross winds, descend to one-
fifty, hold at altitude.

ABBEY
(to mic)
Thanks--descending to one-fifty and
holding, ten-twenty-three.

Abbey throttles down and the plane begins its descent.

ABOVE NOME

the AIRPORT RUNWAY comes into view as 1023 *glides* towards it, passing over the warehouse style buildings and two lane roadways of Nome.

IN THE COCKPIT.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)
Ten-twenty-three you're clear to
land.

ABBEY
Ten-twenty-three's landing -- have a
good day Ori.

ORI (radio)
You too Abbey, thank you.

She pulls hard to the left,

BANKING THE PLANE

almost sideways in a fighter jet like maneuver. The wing flaps straighten out, straightening out the plane as

IN THE COCKPIT

the RUNWAY lines up directly with the front of the windshield. Abbey throttles down further and tilts the nose up as the

GROUND RUSHES

up to meet her.

MATCH CUT TO:

ABBHEY'S VOLVO ROARS

down Ahkovak Street. Snow covered barrack type buildings dominate both sides of the road. She turns left

ONTO APAYAUK STREET,

heading south as snow falls.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE,

Abbey's car pulls into the driveway of a Victorian styled building, passing a SIGN: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE.

IN THE LOBBY

Abbey strides in fully composed and collected. She passes by her secretary's desk, where THERESA[ALIAS], 50's, a dark haired woman with beauty rarely seen at her age, types on a computer.

ABBHEY

Any messages?

THERESA

No, but Scott's waiting in your office, and you have a four and a five o'clock.

ABBHEY

(nods)

Thanks.

THERESA

How was it coming in?

ABBHEY

Bumpy. You'd think as beautiful as that sky was, the air could never be that rough.

THERESA

The stuff that really shakes us, we seldom ever see coming.

Abbey kind of smiles at that, what it means, how matter-of-factly it was uttered. She walks down a hallway and into

HER OFFICE

to find SCOTT STRACINSKY[ALIAS], 41 -- Troubled. Tense.
Sleepless circles are carved beneath his eyes.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as SCOTT STRACINSKY

Abbey beams, greets him warmly.

ABBEY
How you doing Scott?

SCOTT
Alright.

She closes the door and sets her stuff down on her desk. Wooden panelled bookshelves line three of the walls, and the fourth a wall of windows featuring a vast snowscape outside.

A deep leather couch flanked by two plush chairs are at the center of the room, her desk is off to the side. This is an office of comfort, of trust. One feels at ease within these walls.

ABBEY
Make yourself comfortable.

They sit on the chairs directly across from each other. On the coffee table she pushes eject on her tape recorder and inserts a tape labeled: SCOTT STRACINSKY

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-1-00
LOCATION: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE

ABBEY
(gently)
How've you been sleeping?

He shakes his head.

SCOTT
It's worse. I wake up in the middle
of the night, almost every night
now...and just lie there.

ABBEY
What time does this usually occur?

SCOTT
Around two-thirty, three in the
morning.

ABBEY
And nothing's waking you up?

SCOTT
Nope, nothin'.

ABBEY
(writing, nodding)
Mm-hmm.

SCOTT
Just...there's one thing, there's--

Abbey looks up from her notepad.

SCOTT
...I do remember somethin'...I...

Scott's eyes dart back and forth, searching for something in his subconscious.

SCOTT
....It's an owl. At my window.

ABBEY
An owl?

JESSICA POEMAN[ALIAS],

36, an eskimo like beauty now sits where Scott was.

JESSICA
A white owl. It was just looking at me.

ABBEY
How long was it there?

TOMMY FISHER,

36, white, tall, and has the bearing of solid rock, now sits where Jessica was sitting.

-- WE JUMP BETWEEN SESSIONS --

TOMMY
Hours. No matter what I did it wouldn't fly away. It wasn't scared of me.

ABBEY
What was it doing?

SCOTT
It was just staring at me.

FLASH TO:

A SNOW OWL

fixes its eyes onto us -- into us, regarding us curiously,
knowingly...

CUT TO:

ABBEY CONTINUES.

ABBEY
Have you seen it before?

JESSICA
Yeah I think so. Once...when I was
a kid.

ABBEY
Before then?

TOMMY
Uh-huh...I guess I've seen it a lot.
You think that's what's keeping me
up?

ABBEY
How much is a lot?

SCOTT
Every night this week.

ABBEY
Every night? You mean, every time
you go to bed?

Tommy nods, rubs his face.

TOMMY
...I think it came inside.

ABBEY
Was the window open?

SCOTT
No.

ABBEY
Then how did it come inside?

JESSICA
I don't know. I remember it looking
down at me.

ABBEY
Over your bed?

TOMMY

I think so...it's really hard to remember. It's almost like it didn't-- didn't happen. You know, like a dream. Like I just dreamt it.

Abbey sits back and regards Tommy carefully.

ABBEY

Would you mind coming in tomorrow?

TOMMY

Sure. I mean, if you want me to, or think it's important.

ABBEY

I do and it's...nothing to be alarmed about at all, it's just...there's some interesting coincidences here and I want to try something different.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

ABBEY

You're not the first patient I've had who has experienced something like this.

TOMMY

Whatever you wanna do Doc, you know I've always really trusted you and Will.

He bites his tongue.

TOMMY

I'm sorry...I-- wasn't...thinking.

ABBEY

I'm fine, it's OK.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

is almost below the snowed horizon as Abbey's VOLVO pulls up in front of a series of COZY BUNGALOWS known as

NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CHILDREN meander about, walking home or waiting for their rides.

IN NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- LOBBY.

ASHLEY TYLER, 6, the cutest, saddest, little girl you've ever seen, sits on a bench looking straight ahead, not seeing the children as they pass by her.

Next to her rests a long white walking stick. This child is blind.

RALPH[ALIAS](6) runs up to Ashley and makes all kinds of faces at her. She whips up her stick and just misses his face.

RALPH

Hey!

ASHLEY

Knock it *off*.

He sticks out his tongue one more time and runs off.

FADE IN TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

I felt so sorry for my baby...and I feel...responsible...it's not a phenomenon that a lot of people understand and we've had to make quite an adjustment.

FADE OUT TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

Abbey enters the LOBBY and walks over to her. She looks at her daughter with sad eyes, but she keeps it from her voice.

ABBEY

Hi sweetheart.

ASHLEY

Hi mommy.

ABBEY

What's wrong?

ASHLEY

Nothing.

Abbey takes her hand and she stands up. They walk out

ONTO THE STREET

and towards her car, Abbey leading the way.

ABBEY

How was school?

ASHLEY

OK.

ABBEY
Yeah? OK? Did something happen?

A beat.

ASHLEY
Ralph called me a 'faker'.

ABBEY
A what? A "faker?"

ASHLEY
He said I could see before and now I was just pretending. He said I just wanted everybody to feel sorry for me because of Daddy.

Abbey blanches, hates hearing this kind of stuff.

ABBEY
Wasn't Ralph the kid your friends caught eating his own boogers?

This makes Ashley smile.

ASHLEY
Yeah.

ABBEY
Then why are we worried about what Ralph's saying. Ralph's got his own problems.

ASHLEY
Yeah mommy.

ABBEY
(bends to tickle her)
Yeah?

ASHLEY
(squirming)
YEAH!

Abbey picks her tiny body up in to her arms and spins her around. The two girls laugh as they get in and Abbey starts the car up.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

It's a two story house situated up on a hill that looks like it's right out of a storybook.

Snow falls lightly as the Volvo pulls up into the driveway, all of Nome can be seen behind it.

IN ABBEY'S KITCHEN

Ashley sits at the kitchen table listening to the Discovery Channel on TV. She passes her hand back and forth in front of her eyes, trying to see it.

Abbey cooks soup and meat loaf behind her.

ASHLEY

Mom?

ABBEY

Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY

When's dinner gonna be ready?

ABBEY

Soon.

ASHLEY

How soon?

ABBEY

Real soon.

The kitchen door opens and RONNIE[ALIAS], 15, walks inside, his boots caked in snow. He's tall for his age, has an athletic build and a huge chip on his shoulder.

ABBEY

Hi darling.

ASHLEY

Hi!

RONNIE

(mutters)

Hey.

Abbey glances over at him.

ABBEY

Your boots.

He sighs, takes them off, throws them next to the door, and walks off into the living room. Abbey watches him go.

IN ABBEY'S DINNING ROOM

the three of them sit at the dinning room table in prayer. Abbey and Ashley's heads are bowed, Ronnie's is not, and his eyes are open.

ABBEY

Lord, thank you for everything we have. Please continue to bless our family. Please help Ashley overcome her loss of sight, help her see again like she did. Thank you, in Jesus' name we pray, Amen.

ASHLEY

Amen.

They begin eating in awkward silence.

ABBEY

(to Ronnie)
How was school?

RONNIE

(shrugs)
It was alright.

ABBEY

Learn anything new?

RONNIE

No.

The silence continues for awhile. Ashley cocks her ear back and forth between the two of them.

ABBEY

(to Ronnie)
What time's your game tomorrow?

RONNIE

Seven.

ABBEY

Who you playing?

RONNIE

I told you already, Browerville.

ABBEY

I'm sorry, I forgot.

RONNIE

Dad never forgot.

That comment stings Abbey.

ABBEY

Well...your dad's not here.

RONNIE

No...he's not.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(looking up, glowering)
Can you accept it yet?

ABBEY
Accept what?

RONNIE
(like stone)
...what happened to dad.

Abbey absently grabs a platter of food.

ABBEY
Not in front of your sister.

ASHLEY
What do you mean?

ABBEY
Nothing honey.

RONNIE
You're never gonna face it are you?

ABBEY
Stop it.

ASHLEY
Face what?

Ronnie turns to Ashley, seems to forget she's only six.

RONNIE
How dad died.

Ashley gasps.

ABBEY
Damn it Ronnie! What's wrong with
you?

Ronnie pushes himself back from the table.

RONNIE
You go around helping other people
with their problems--

ABBEY
--stop it! *Stop it!--*

RONNIE
--and you can't even help yourself.

ABBEY
--What the hell is that supposed to
mean--?

Ronnie walks out.

RONNIE
--Or your kids...

Somewhere in the house, a door slams.

ASHLEY
Mommy...? What did--what does he
mean...?

No answer...

ASHLEY
Mommy...?

Unable to answer Abbey looks at her angelic face...at
innocence only a child can demonstrate.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

the night is complete. An OWL perched on a branch watches
through the windows as lights are turned off. All is still.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
You know...he was right. Not only
could I not help myself, I couldn't
help him either.

IN ABBEY'S LIVING ROOM

she turns off the lights and walks down the

HALLWAY

to

ASHLEY'S BEDROOM DOOR.

She peeks in and sees Ashley lying in bed. The love is
obvious on her face. She continues

DOWN THE HALLWAY

to Ronnie's room. The door is cracked and she peeks

INSIDE.

He's lying in bed as well, the lights are off. She stares,
unsure what to do about him, then walks away.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
 I realized that...for the first time
 as a mother, I became the enemy. I
 represented to him everything that
 was bad in life, and I also
 represented failure.

Ronnie opens his eyes as his mother walks away, then slowly
 closes them again.

ABBEY WALKS BY

another door, hesitates, then goes back and opens it.

IN THE STUDY.

Abbey turns the lights on revealing a rather large room with
 two desks and books everywhere.

She walks over to Will's desk which is covered by papers,
 folders and books in an orderly fashion -- it's as if it
 were still in use.

A book catches her eye...it has a bookmark sticking out of
 one of it's pages...marking a chapter titled: SUMERIAN.
 Written on the bookmark is a name: AWOLOWA ODUSAMI, and
 beneath it a PHONE NUMBER.

Beside the book sits a tape recorder. She considers it for
 a moment, and then presses play.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 9-8-2000
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

WILL (tape recorder)
More and more of my patient population
are complaining of loss of sleep and
insomnia. A small number continue
to experience debilitating sleep
disorders. This seems to be the
trend throughout Nome. The number
has jumped from five to twenty-three
people in less than two months. The
cause remains unknown.

Her eyes begin to well up.

IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM

she sits down on her bed, listening to the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 9-8-2000
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

Will's voice is heard...

WILL (tape recorder)
...Even during the night months they
can't sleep. We've seen over three
hundred people throughout Nome who
are all exhibiting the same symptoms.

She pulls the sheets around her, lies down and continues to listen.

WILL (tape recorder)
Around three in the morning they are
awakened for no apparent reason and
they wake up scared...as if
something's about to happen....
...whether or not this is related to
the missing people...or disappearances
that have been going on...there's
not enough evidence to corroborate
that. But something is happening in
this town, in the middle of the
night....

ASHLEY

Daddy?

Abbey looks over at Ashley at the door.

ABBEY

No sweetie, it's a recording of
 daddy's voice.

Hands outstretched, Ashley makes her way to the bed and
 cuddles next to her mom.

ASHLEY

If he came back would I be able to
 see again?

ABBEY

Honey he can't come back. OK? He
 can't. You'll be able to see
 again...but you have to accept that
 he's gone.

ASHLEY

I miss him.

Abbey sighs and her eyes well up.

ABBEY

I do too sweetheart.

The tape continues to play.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

A SNOW OWL

sits in a tree, the MORNING LIGHT *glinting and sparkling* off the ice coated branches around it.

It flaps its wings and flies, gliding right over TYLER'S HEALTH and CARE.

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE

Tommy lies on the couch, relaxed. Abbey sits in a chair beside him, the video camera is on a tripod and rolling.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-2-00

CAMERA ANGLE: LOOKING AT TOMMY FROM THE WAIST UP

LOCATION: TYLER'S PSYCHIATRIC CARE

RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:02:11

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE OCCASIONALLY

ABBEY

20...19... 18...

She moves her finger up over his head and he follows, and then his eyes close a few moments later.

ABBEY

Tommy, can you hear me?

TOMMY

(vague, but focused)
Yes.

ABBEY

(softly)
Tommy...when was the last time you
had trouble sleeping?

TOMMY

Last night.

A moment passes.

ABBEY

Did you see the owl?

TOMMY

Yeah. (nods)

ABBEY

...And what did it look like?

Tommy's face contorts, confused.

ABBEY

Tommy?

TOMMY

I...don't remember.

ABBEY

You don't remember what the owl looks like?

TOMMY

No...I don't see the owl now. It's not there any more.

ABBEY

Did it fly away?

TOMMY

No...I think it's...I don't really remember it...ever being there.

TIMECODE: 00:03:46

Tommy's eyes snap open but he's still under hypnosis. His eyes are glazed over, darting, wild with fear.

TOMMY

*There's someone outside my door.
They're gonna open it!*

His breathing increases, sweat starting to form.

TOMMY

The door's opening...

He 'sees' what it is and his face bends and contorts as his mouth slowly opens wide and finally sound comes out.

TOMMY

JESUSSSSSSSS! OH MY GOD!!!! NO-NO-NONONONO!

ABBEY

What's wrong?

TOMMY

NONONONO!!! AAAAHHHHHHH! AAAHHHHHH!

ABBEY

Tommy--

Abbey reaches towards him when he rears up suddenly, knocking her back. *SHRIEKING* at the top of his lungs.

He starts

KICKING OUT

with his legs repeatedly, FRANTICALLY, still SCREAMING.

ABBEY

*On the count of three you will return
to conscious thought!*

TOMMY

NONONONONO!

ABBEY

One...Two...Three!

Tommy

CLIMBS BACK

HALFWAY OUT OF FRAME and

over the couch -- trying to get away from whatever it is
that he's seeing --

and HITS

a coffee table HARD,

SHATTERING it

into a million pieces.

CAMERA ANGLE: He can still be seen on video, just behind the
couch.

TIMECODE: 00:04:59

He sobs like a little kid, curls up into a fetal position,
hiding his face, his hands bloodied, smearing it everywhere,
still emitting the most shrill, ear-piercing screams, as if
his soul were being gouged out with a spoon.

Abbey rushes over and kneels next to him, snapping her
fingers.

ABBEY

*Tommy, it's not happening! It's a
memory! Come out of it!*

Theresa hurries into the room, concerned, barely recognizing
Tommy who's been transformed by the hysterics.

THERESA

T-Tommy?

ABBEY

*It's alright Tommy...it's alright.
It's not real.*

Tommy, adamant.

TOMMY

It *is* real.

ABBEY

What did you see?

He looks around the room at the couch -- which has been shoved a few feet back -- he sees the shattered coffee table...his eyes hold no recollection of how it got that way. Finally:

TOMMY

Did I do all that?

ABBEY

Yeah you did, but it's OK.

(beat)

What did you see?

Tommy looks at her hard, intent...then slowly shakes his head.

TOMMY

It was.....Nothing.

ABBEY

But you said you saw something.

TOMMY

No...I didn't see anything.

TIMECODE: 00:06:02

He starts to get up, **STANDING OUT OF FRAME.**

THERESA

I'll call Sarah to pick you up--

TOMMY

No--I can--I'll drive myself.

ABBEY

Please, Tommy. We're trying to help.

TOMMY

Then help me get out of this room --
I just need to get home.

Abbey holds a moment, looking at Tommy. There's still this great sense of fear, circling him, clouding over....

TOMMY

I'm ok...I'm ok.

ABBEY

Who are you trying to convince? Me
or you?

(MORE)

ABBEY (CONT'D)

(pauses)

Tommy, did you see what's been keeping you up? Was it the owl?

Tommy moves as though his skin were crawling.

TOMMY

I need to...

(pauses, can't bring himself to)

Can we talk about it next time?

ABBEY

(sighs, nods)

Sure...if you're ready by then.

TOMMY

(nods)

I am. I will be.

He points to the shattered coffee table.

TOMMY

Do you need me to pay for--

Abbey waves that suggestion off.

ABBEY

No--don't worry--its fine.

And with that, Tommy hastily grabs his jacket and walks out of the office. Abbey closes the door behind him, then leans back on it and lets out a breath. She holds a moment, thinking, before crossing to her desk.

ABBEY

Theresa could you get Tommy's wife on the phone please.

CUT TO:

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*That night at the game...the -
quarterback wasn't able to throw the
ball to Ronnie...*

FOOTBALL FOOTAGE FADES IN LEFT OF FRAME creating a SPLIT/SCREEN with the *INTERVIEW ROOM*.

IN LEFT FRAME: A FOOTBALL FIELD

is LIT UP by gigantic FLOOD LIGHTS as snow falls over the crowd and players.

It's a full house -- everyone in Nome is here.

SCOREBOARD: Nome 0, BROWERVILLE 28.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The QUARTERBACK repeatedly misses his target, throwing balls into the grass, out of bounds, and over RONNIE'S HEAD, who then gets

A HELMET SLAMMED

into his chest. Abbey winces, Ashley is oblivious to what happened.

ABBEY
(to Ashley)
Ronnie just got hit.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*Then I found out it was because their
normal quarterback, Timmy, wasn't
there.*

*She falls silent...reliving a moment, her face growing darker
by the second.*

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Why was that relevant?

The corner of her mouth begins to twitch again.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
He was...uh...Tommy's son.

IN LEFT FRAME: The lights go out on the football field, and the image FADES TO BLACK.

IN RIGHT FRAME: The video lingers a moment on Abbey, then FADES OUT.

IN THE BLACK

a phone call is heard.

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-2000, 2:34 AM
LOCATION: NOME 911 EMERGENCY

TEXT OF THE DIALOGUE SCROLLS UP THE SCREEN

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)
911, what's your emergency?

A WOMAN is crying, sobbing.

WOMAN (phone)
(desperate whisper)
Please help me!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)
Ma'am what's the problem?

The WOMAN breathes hard then holds her breath.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)
Ma'am?

WOMAN (phone)
I think he's gonna kill us.

A GUNSHOT GOES OFF,
distorting the audio!

WOMAN
Aaaaaaahh--!
(begs)
Please stop!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
All available units respond
to shots fired 2323 Aivik
Street. Suspect on
premises, armed and
dangerous! Ma'am are you
with me?

MAN
GET OVER HERE!

WOMAN (phone)
Why're you doing this?

MAN (phone)
(CRYING)
I DON'T WANT TO! BUT I DON'T HAVE A
CHOICE!

The WOMAN'S SCREAMING and KICKING as she's dragged away from
the phone.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
Ma'am? Ma'am? They're on their
way, hold on!

CUT TO:

A POLICE TRUCK CAMERA

bounces chaotically as it shows the HOUSE at
2323 AIVIK STREET.

The image is dark, pixelated and black and white.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-3-00 COP TRUCK

CAMERA ANGLE: WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE, PIXELATED BLACK AND WHITE

LOCATION: HOUSE ADDRESS: 2323 AIVIK STREET.

RUNNING TIMECODE: 02:25:15

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

MUZZLE FLASHES can be seen popping off through the windows.

IN SHERIFF AUGUST'S POLICE TRUCK,

SHERIFF AUGUST[ALIAS], 45, a man with a beard and chin length hair, he looks like he's fought animals in the wild and won.

He drives intensely as his emergency sirens *flash*. He's *yelling* into his cell phone.

AUGUST

Cut in now and transfer me into that house!

The **COP CAMERA** continues bouncing roughly as the cop truck comes to a stop, aimed at the **HOUSE**.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00, 2:31 AM

LOCATION: NOME PHONE ARCHIVES

The phone rings in August's ear. Someone answers.

MAN (phone)

Yeah.

AUGUST (phone)

Tommy!

(softens his tone)

What's going on in there?

TOMMY (phone)

August?

AUGUST

Yeah it's me.

TOMMY

I need to talk to Abbey Tyler.

AUGUST

Abbey's not here, but I can help you.

TOMMY

I have to talk to her!

Gunshots BLOW OUT

two front windows.

SCREAMS of his WIFE and CHILDREN can be heard over the phone.

TIMECODE: 02:26:07

AUGUST

OK! OK! Give me some time to get
her up here.

Tommy hangs up on him.

AUGUST

Damn it!

August speed dials.

DISPATCH (phone)

Yes, sir.

AUGUST

Transfer me to Abbey Tyler.

CUT TO:

ABBEY'S PHONE RINGS

in her bedroom, waking her up. She answers it.

ABBEY

Hello?

AUGUST (phone)

I need you down here now!

ABBEY

August?

AUGUST

Tommy's gone crazy! He's asking for
you--he's got his family hostage!

Abbey snaps wide awake--

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF TOMMY'S HOUSE

Abbey pulls up next to the cop trucks and gets out. August
meets her at her door, his hands covering a cell phone.

AUGUST

He's got Sarah, Timothy, and Joe
lined up in the kitchen with a gun
to their heads.

August points to the kitchen, **and Abbey can see all**

THREE OF THEM,

SARAH(36), TIMOTHY(15), and little JOE(5).

TIMECODE: 04:01:07

Tommy has a gun pointed at them with one hand, and the other on the house phone. He yells through the window.

AUDIO, **VIDEO ARCHIVES**, INTERVIEW and NARRATIVE MATERIAL ARE USED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH MULTIPLE SPLIT/SCREENS.

COP CAM FOOTAGE fades in to the TOP LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from behind, and Tommy's house in front of her in the background.

ANOTHER COP CAMERA fades in to the BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from the side, and all the cop trucks.

The BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: contains the narrative footage.

All these frames constantly FADE IN AND OUT and GROW IN SIZE -- LARGER OR SMALLER contingent on emphasis.

TOMMY (phone)

Abbey!

In the TOP RIGHT FRAME: IN INTERVIEW ROOM

*THE REAL DR. TYLER
It was completely...surreal. To be
there in the middle of the
night...with all those police
trucks...*

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Shocked by what she sees, ABBEY takes the phone from August.

ABBEY

Tommy...what's happening here?

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

TOMMY

I'm so sorry, but I've gotta do it!

ABBEY

Do what?

TOMMY

I-I--I don't have a choice.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME:

ABBEY

There's always a choice Tommy...We
always have a choice.

TOMMY
Not this time.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

He grips the gun TIGHTER finger firmly around the trigger.

SARAH PLEASE! TOMMY! TOMMY! JOE Daddy please stop!

ABBEY
Yes you do Tommy, you have a choice
right now. You can choose to put
the gun down--it's within your power.
Someone is going to get hurt Tommy.
Look at your wife, look at your boys.
You would never let any harm come to
them. You love them...

He shakes his head and makes direct eye contact with her
through the broken glass.

TOMMY
I know what keeps us up at night.
And if you saw what I saw...you would
understand.

ABBEY
What did you see?

Tommy shakes his head.

TIMECODE: 04:02:02

TOMMY
It doesn't matter 'cause we're never
gonna see it again.

ABBEY
(voice shakes)
Tommy...Tommy...okay, we're gonna
talk for as long as we need to...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME:

August jumps on his radio --

AUGUST
If anyone's got a clear shot take it
now!

OFFICER RYAN[ALIAS] (on radio)
That's a negative sir.

OFFICER GREGORY[ALIAS] (on radio)
I've got nothing!

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

Abbey is crying, her voice is cracking.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...He wasn't listening to me...and
they were gonna kill him...and...

IN TOP LEFT FRAME & BOTTOM RIGHT:

TOMMY
Do you know what
 (he can barely
 pronounce it)
ZIMABU ETER, means?

ABBEY
I didn't und-- can you
repeat it?

AUGUST
Anyone got a shot! Anyone!

TOMMY
ZIMABU ETER! ZIMABU ETER! What the
hell does it mean?

ABBEY
I can find out for
you.

AUGUST
Anyone goddamn it!

TOMMY
I need to know now! Right now!

ABBEY
I need a little time! Just a--

TOMMY
Then you can't help me.

ABBEY
Tommy--I can help--I just need a
little bit of time to--

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK!!!

Through the pixilated image we see

BULLETS

TEAR THROUGH Sarah's head and BLOOD ERUPTS from her SKULL
as she COLLAPSES --

CRACK!

A BULLET RIPS TIMOTHY'S CHEST

WIDE OPEN

staggering him backwards --

JOE

DADDY!

CRACK!

Joe is

FLUNG

back against the kitchen wall,

HITTING IT HARD.

And then Tommy turns the gun on his own head

and FIRES,

BLOWING a HOLE

into the left side of his face, PROJECTING a SPRAY of

BONE and BLOOD

everywhere as his BODY falls forward and HITS the sink HARD.

Abbey's LEGS GIVE OUT and she collapses to the ground as the POLICE rush the house, swarming through the FRONT DOOR and into the KITCHEN.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

Dr. Tyler is crying harder.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

It was--I couldn't believe--I didn't understand how he could--I'd never--

She can't finish.

IN THE OTHER FRAMES:

AUGUST

Move, move!

Abbey climbs back up to her feet and runs towards the door, but then an OFFICER

GRABS HER

from behind, lifting her off her feet and pulling her back. She lets out a

SCREAM

as her arms and legs FLAIL WILDLY through the air.

AUGUST (on radio)
GODDAMN IT! They're all dead.
They're all gone...
(voice cracks)
All of them...

TIMECODE: 04:04:37

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

NOME POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER.

Abbey sits at a plain table across from Sheriff August.

She's pale and her hair is stringy and unkempt -- August has large circles under red eyes -- they've been through the worst night of their lives.

A RECORDER rests on the table, recording.

TEXT -- AUDIO RECORDING
 RECORDED: 10.3.00, 4:45 AM
 LOCATION: NOME POLICE STATION

AUGUST
You don't know what he saw?

ABBEY
He wouldn't tell me.

AUGUST
What *did* he tell you?

ABBEY
That whatever he thought he saw wasn't
an owl. It was something else.

AUGUST
And that's what's been keeping him
up at night?

She grinds her teeth, rubs her forehead.

TRANSITION FROM ARCHIVE AUDIO TO NARRATIVE AUDIO

ABBEY
Yeah.

AUGUST
So he was under hypnosis and that's
when he saw what he saw?

Father comits murder-suicide

By Kate Ripple
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska -- Tommy Fisher murdered his wife and two children before committing suicide yesterday night at approximately 3:30 AM, following several hours of hostage negotiations. Authorities have yet to determine motivation and no note was left behind.

Neighbors have commented that Tommy frequently complained of insomnia and had paid regular visits to a psychiatrist. Homicide in Nome is higher than the state average due to multiple unsolved murder and missing person cases dating back to the 1960's.

ABBEY

Yeah.

AUGUST

How do you know what he saw was real?

She's quiet a moment.

ABBEY

I don't know that it was.

AUGUST

So what you're telling me is that Tommy might have done all of this based on something that may not exist at all.

ABBEY

All I know, is that he believed what he saw. And I saw more fear in his eyes than I've ever seen in my life.

AUGUST

Had you not hypnotized him, would he have done these things?

ABBEY

What do you mean?

AUGUST

If you hadn't hypnotized him, would he have murdered his family?

ABBEY

That's a ridiculous and offensive questi--

AUGUST

--*What's ridiculous and offensive* is that an entire family is lying in the morgue from a murder suicide and the last meaningful contact the murderer had, was with you.

ABBEY

What happened last night would have manifested itself eventually. Whatever it was it was something he'd been suppressing. In eleven years of practice I've never--

AUGUST

--Why didn't you notify us? If you suspected that he was unstable, after an admittedly violent episode, in your presence, in your office--

ABBEY

--When he left he was perfectly coherent. I called his wife and asked her to keep an eye on him.

AUGUST

And now she's dead.

Abbey rises to her feet, her eyes *blazing*.

ABBEY

I'm not gonna sit here--

AUGUST

Sit down.

ABBEY

--and listen to your theories on how hypnosis induced murder--

AUGUST

Sit! Down!

ABBEY

--caused this--

AUGUST

I'm trying to figure out what caused one of the worst homicides in the history of Nome--

ABBEY

--There's something going on in this town that we *don't understand*. *There's something happening* to people when they sleep--

AUGUST

--I deal in what I see, not *hallucinations*. Not visions in the ether, but real *flesh and blood* things, four of which are lying on slabs next door--

Abbey SLAMS her fist onto the table.

ABBEY

How *dare* you-- my husband was lying on those same goddamn slabs, and you still haven't found his killer--

AUGUST

--*WHAT?* You know goddamn well what happened to Will--*the case is closed for Christ's sakes--*

ABBHEY

No--No--you can't just file these things away without getting to what *really happened*. There are more unsolved murders and missing people in Nome than any other city in Alaska--three years of which have been under your watch! Whatever is happening in this town is real, is dangerous, and must be *dealt with*!

August glares at her hard, then pushes stop on the recorder and stands up, towering over her.

AUGUST

As Sheriff of this town I'm warning you professionally. As a citizen and someone who grew up here, I'm warning you personally. Stop. Whatever governmental study you're conducting, whatever you and your husband were after, is bringing nothing but bad things to a town that's had enough. Now if I decided to press, I could make you an accessory to a multiple homicide. I don't want that...just like I don't want whatever you're doing to continue. So, in fairness, let this be understood...you've been warned.

CUT TO:

ABBHEY'S HANDS SHAKE.

She balls them up in a fist and holds them tight. She's sitting on her BEDROOM BED, and tears are rolling silently down her face.

Fully clothed she lies down and curls into a little ball. She stays in that position, her eyes darting back and forth...thinking, thinking.

FADE IN RIGHT FRAME: THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE CAMERA is closer now, FRAMING Dr. Tyler in a CLOSE UP. Her eyes are red from crying, but her cheeks are now dry.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

You know...at the time...this was the worst day of my life...No matter what I told myself, no matter what excuses I came up with...there was so much guilt--guilt on top of guilt I already had...I felt responsible for Tommy's death--and his family's.

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
*And at the time, after all that
 happened, I still didn't know why he
 did it.*

RIGHT FRAME -- INTERVIEW ROOM: DISSOLVES AWAY

FULL SCREEN:

Abbey reaches over to her nightstand and grabs her portable recorder which sits next to a PICTURE of WILL.

She checks the tape in it then hits record.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
 RECORDED: 10-3-00
 SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER
 LOCATION: ABBEY'S BEDROOM

ABBHEY
All of the patients have reported
 seeing the same 'white owl'. Tommy
 mentioned his memory of the owl was
 wrong, that he didn't see it
 anymore...it seemed to be some sort
 of false recollection.
 (doses off)
...The question is, if under hypnosis,
 will the others feel the same way?
 And will they see what he saw?

She doses off again, and then her eyes flash open.

ABBHEY
...we'll have to proceed with extreme
 care...What's happened here is tragic,
 but remains unexplained...and worse,
 unsolved...Like Will...and...

Her eyes close and her hand goes limp. She starts snoring
 softly.

CUT TO:

THE MORNING SUN RISES

above Nome, blazing rays off the snow and ice, and revealing a SNOW OWL sitting on a tree branch -- it's eyes boring right into us.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S OFFICE, DRIVEWAY.

Light snow falls as Abbey drives up to find Theresa talking quietly to someone unexpected -- Dr. Abel Campos. She kills the engine and gets out.

ABBEY

Abel?

CAMPOS

...I heard what happened. I wanted to make sure you were OK.

ABBEY

You came all the way up here?

He opens his arms wide and gives her a warm hug. At first she resists and then relents while fighting back tears.

ABBEY

(sighs)
You didn't have to, I'm fine.

CAMPOS

You want to talk?

She pulls away and digs in her purse.

ABBEY

I can't--not now. Theresa could you transcribe this for me?

She hands her the PORTABLE RECORDER, and starts to head inside.

THERESA

(watches, inspects
her)
Do you want me to cancel your schedule--

ABBEY

No-no-

THERESA

--I'm sure they'll understand...

CAMPOS

...Abbey...

She finally turns back around.

CAMPOS

How you feeling?

ABBEY

(lies)
Ready to get the day started.

CAMPOS

A lot's happened. None of it good. You think maybe it's time to take a step back, maybe consider a sabbatical.

ABBEY

I love that word, it doesn't sound anything like what it actually means, which is "time off."

CAMPOS

Then call it a "break."

ABBEY

I did a lot of, thinking, a lot of soul searching about...what I'm doing here, about myself, Will.

She shakes her head slowly.

ABBEY

I would have never, ever thought, in a million years, that Tommy, would do what he did and wipe out his entire existence.

CAMPOS

--Abbey--

ABBEY

--Nor would I have thought, that I'd be sitting here as a widow when less than a month ago I was happily married and raising two healthy children, one of which has now lost their sight as a result of all this...

CAMPOS

--you need to step away...for perspective--clarity on what happened. You can't continue--

ABBEY

--No Abel. I can. And have to. That's the only thing that's still possible, within my power... *Continuing.* Finding out what's caused this. I don't believe that what happened to Will and what happened to Tommy and his family are unrelated. I don't think that five people slain in a little over three weeks can be chalked up to simple coincidence-- especially in a town that has a *history* of death and disappearance.

Campos says nothing, staring at the snow.

CAMPOS

Then would you mind if I stayed on for a bit?

(MORE)

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

Kept an eye on you, since you don't
seem too keen on doing so yourself.

Abbey can't help the tears, she embraces Campos. He holds
her fast.

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER

Abbey walks in to find Scott Stracinsky and his wife
CINDY[ALIAS](31) seated on the couch. Scott is clearly
agitated, having trouble sitting still.

ABBEY

Good morning.

SCOTT

Hey.

CINDY

'Morning doctor.

Abbey sets her things down and then sits in the chair next
to them. They are clearly tense. Abbey does her best to
ease into things.

ABBEY

So...lots to talk about.

Scott, anxious, chomping at the bit.

SCOTT

(almost blurting out)
What happened to Tommy?

ABBEY

I can't really discuss another
patient's--

SCOTT

--*He's dead.* You should be able to
discuss everything!

Abbey relents a bit.

ABBEY

It was something--I believe--to do
with his sleeping habits.

Cindy caresses Scott's shoulders. He is inconsolable.

CINDY

We're really worried, obviously.
It's the second suicide in a month...

ABBEY

I understand.

SCOTT

We want you to hypnotize me too. We need to know if there's anything I'm not remembering. I feel like--we feel like--that the best thing to do is to face it.

ABBEY

If you want to undergo that, it has to be done very delicately.

(beat, then)

Is it alright if I have Dr. Campos come in to observe? He's a visiting doctor that I trust, and I think we should have another pair of eyes and ears in here.

The couple look at each other and nod in agreement.

SCOTT

Sure.

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER.

Scott is

HYPNOTIZED

on the couch,

and Abbey is sitting in a chair right next to him.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-3-00, 10:26 AM

CAMERA ANGLE: OVER ABBEY'S SHOULDER, LOOKING FROM THE WAIST UP AT SCOTT

SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO CAMERA

LOCATION: TYLER PSYCHIATRIC CARE

RUNNING TIMECODE:00:01:35

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

Campos and Cindy sit behind a little distance away. **The video camera is ROLLING.**

ABBEY

When was the last time you had trouble sleeping?

SCOTT

Last night.

ABBEY

Do you remember seeing anything unusual last night?

He's quiet for a moment.

SCOTT

Yes.

ABBEY

What did you see?

SCOTT

An owl.

Abbey looks over at Campos.

ABBEY

Tell me about the owl.

SCOTT

Its a white owl...its eyes are big,
like...I don't know, it doesn't look
like a normal owl....

He trails off and stops, confusion crosses his face.

ABBEY

Scott?

His head turns to the left, then to the right, as if on
strings.

SCOTT

There is no owl.

He grows alarmed.

SCOTT

Honey, wake-up. Did you hear that?

Scott pushes the couch on his left side, as if trying to
wake up his wife.

SCOTT

Wake-up! She's not waking up.
Someone's outside the door.

*Then he freezes and sucks in his breath hard and sharp, and
his face contorts in complete and absolute terror.*

He WHIMPERS and starts to hide behind his hands.

TIMECODE:00:02:46

ABBEY

(softly)

Remember Scott, none of this is
happening right now, OK? Tell me
what you see.

SCOTT
 (whispers)
Something's out there.

ABBEY
 Can you see who it is?

SCOTT
*Not who, WHAT. I know what they
 are. They come all the time, since
 I was little.*

ABBEY
 'What' are they?

SCOTT
*They're gonna open the door...How'd
 they get in without setting off the
 alarm? I armed it! I know I did!*
 (he shivers)
*I thought they only come when I think
 about them. I wasn't thinking about
 them tonight!*

He puts his hands together in prayer.

SCOTT
*Our father which though in heaven,
 hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom
 come, thy will be done--give us this
 day our daily bread, forgive-- They're
 not going away!*

Then he jerks back VIOLENTLY and

SHRIEKS!

SCOTT
AAHHHHHHH! NOOOO! AAHHHHHHHHH!

ABBEY
 On the count of three you're waking
 up! ONE, TWO, THREE!

Scott gives a final yell and then jumps to his feet. He
 looks around at them in complete SHOCK.

TIMECODE:00:04:01

SCOTT
 God...

He sinks back to the couch, holding his stomach, then GAGS
 and THROWS UP

all over the floor. Abbey rubs his back, trying to relax him.

ABBEY
It's OK...it's OK...

SCOTT
(crying)
It's unbelievable. It doesn't make any sense!

ABBEY
You don't have to rush. Whenever you're ready you can tell us what you saw.

Campos hands him a tissue and he wipes his mouth then starts making strong gestures.

SCOTT
(harsh whisper)
Abbey...these...I saw them.

ABBEY
Who are them?

SCOTT
They're not from here.

ABBEY
What do you mean?

SCOTT
(crying)
They're not from here, they don't look like you! They don't look like us. They're tall, like six and a half feet, and really skinny,
(gestures to her)
like half as wide as you. And their skin is this-this-this beige color, like the color of an egg and they've got these gigantic heads, that make a point in the back...
(pauses)
And their eyes. They're black, and so huge--

He cups his hands together making a GIANT OVAL. Abbey can't disguise her disbelief, as she slowly pulls away from him.

SCOTT
And they're slanted so they fit their head--and I remember the smell--like a-a-a putrid, cinnamon--do you UNDERSTAND what I'm saying?
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

And the worse part was the voice in my head--cause they talk so you can hear them, but they also talk INSIDE of your mind. Like-like-like you're connected or something...and then they take me away, to somewhere--b-b-but I can't remember where, I-I-can't remember what they DO to me....I--

He can't go on, convulsing hard as he cries. And no one can even move to comfort him. His own wife Cindy, immobilized with fear and disbelief

Abbey and Campos exchange looks -- what the hell is going on here?

ABBEY

That will be enough for today.

Cindy goes over to her husband and hugs him.

CINDY

I'm sorry...

ABBEY

Now, because of the circumstances I'm going to have to inform Sheriff August that we met. That we had this session.

CINDY

Yes, yes, please do.

Scott takes a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm himself down.

TIMECODE:00:06:57

SCOTT

(to Abbey)

Now I know why Tommy did what he did.

ABBEY

Why?

SCOTT

You have to have seen it.

(pauses, wipes tears)

What it is.

ABBEY

And what is it?

SCOTT
...the worst...

ABBEY
Of what?

SCOTT
(looking up at her)
...anything you've ever seen.

An awkward moment. Abbey trying to process the larger meaning when:

CINDY
Come on, let's go home.

Scott stands, steps around the vomit.

SCOTT
I'm sorry--

ABBEY
It's OK--

SCOTT
--if you need me to--

ABBEY
--don't worry about it, we'll get it
cleaned up--OK?

SCOTT
(takes a breath)
...OK thanks.

Scott walks out of her office, with Cindy's help. Abbey glances over at Campos who is still glued to his seat, his eyes pinned to her.

CAMPOS
What the hell was that?

TIMECODE:00:07:39

She walks over to the camera and switches it OFF. She sits on the couch and takes a deep breath.

ABBEY
Have you heard of abduction theories?

CAMPOS
Abductions? Like kidnappings?

ABBEY
Yeah, but...no. Abductions as in...

Abbey, leading him along. Campos' face suddenly falls.

CAMPOS
Wait, like "alien"? Alien abductions?

ABBEY
I'm pretty sure that's what we just heard.

Campos, shaking his head in disbelief, disdain.

ABBEY
If you look at the statistics
...they're impressive. Will was
into that a little bit...

She trails off, recalling...processing...

ABBEY
He did a little research and found
that there are ninety million people
worldwide who have reported seeing
or know of someone who saw a UFO
since 1930.

CAMPOS
(dismissive)
The idea that any of that is real...

ABBEY
Come on Abel, you're not going to
take the classic scientific stance
against something that boasts ninety-
million witnesses? That many people
wins any court case in the world.

CAMPOS
There are just as many logical
explanations and reasons. Weather
balloons, atmospheric effects, optical
illusions...We have to deal in hard,
empirical evidence, not--

POUND-POUND-POUND--someone's knocking on the door. Theresa
barges into the room breathing hard, her eyes wild, her manner
unhinged.

THERESA
You're retape have you heard your tape!?

ABBEY
Slow down, what's wrong?

THERESA
You're tape-- the one you gave me to-
transcribe, *have you listened to it?*

ABBEY
What is it?

IN THE OFFICE LOBBY, MOMENTS LATER.

Theresa grabs the PORTABLE recorder off her desk and hits REWIND. Abbey and Campos stand next to her. Abbey looks deeply concerned...and a little scared.

THERESA

I don't know what it is, what's going on. I'm just going to hit play okay?
(pauses, looking back at Abbey)
I don't want to hear it again.

Theresa hits

PLAY

and then hurries out of the room.

Abbey's voice can be heard on the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00

SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER

LOCATION: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER

ABBEY (tape recorder)

...The question is, if under hypnosis,
will the others feel the same way?
And will they see what he saw.

...Abbey, listening to herself from the previous night, leans in closer...

ABBEY

...we'll have to proceed with extreme
care...What's happened here is tragic,
but remains unexplained...and worse,
unsolved...Like Will...and...

Static...white noise...we hear the rustling of sheets, then
more tape noise. Then we begin to hear her breathing slow,
and develop into a SOFT SNORE.

Abbey looks at the recorder intensely, unblinking.

NOTE TO READER: AT THIS POINT THE RECORDING BECOMES
INEXPLICABLY WORSE. WE CAN STILL HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT
A LOW PITCHED STATIC SLOWLY GROWS LOUDER.

...more snoring, snoring...

Then, in the background, a

CREAKING DOOR

is heard OPENING.

Campos, engrossed--

CAMPOS
What-the-hell...

SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS

patter on her wooden floor.

Abbey's heard taking in a

DEEP BREATH

almost choking on it and then she

SCREAMS!!!!

AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS!

TOTAL, COMPLETE, and ABSOLUTE FEAR

SHREDDING her THROAT--

ABBEY (tape recorder)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BED SHEETS RUSTLE

violently as she

THRASHES BACK and FORTH.

ABBEY (tape recorder)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

She continues

SHRIEKING,

barely stopping to take a breath, her voice

DISTORTING

the SPEAKER.

ABBEY (tape recorder)
GOOOO0DDD HELP MEEEEEEEEEE!!!! MAMA!
MAMA! MAAAMAAAA!!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Abbey starts BACKING AWAY

from the tape recorder,

HORRIFIED --

she doesn't understand, can't *comprehend* her voice doing these *things*.

ABBEY (tape recorder)
AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHIIIIIIII!

Then a

LOW METALIC

almost

ELECTRONIC but ORGANIC

VOICE

cuts through it all, in a

COMMANDING, AUTHORITATIVE tone--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)
E.NE.NE...ME.NA.AM...ME-EN-DE
...KI.ULUTIM

A low BREATH INTAKE is heard, then--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)
IGI KAR...A E...SA.

And FINALLY--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)
ZIG...KAE...SUG.SAG GU.

Then a

HEAVY RUSTLING

is heard as ABBEY's SCREAMING

becomes more

DISTANT -- she's being taken away!

And then, we can't

HEAR HER AT ALL.

Silence plays on the recorder, and then it reaches the end of the tape and CLICKS to a stop.

They continue to stare at it for SEVERAL MOMENTS.

No one moves.

Campos's eyes rotate up and *lock* on Abbey.

But Abbey's eyes remain glued to the *recorder*.

She lets out a

whimper

and then GRABS the

TAPE RECORDER

with both hands and physically tries to

CRUSH IT,

shaking UNCONTROLLABLY

with the

EFFORT.

ABBEY

AAHHHGGGGG!

```
-- FREEZE FRAME --
```

-- ZOOM IN TO HER FACE --

OLATUNDE (V.O.)

What are you thinking?

MATCH CUT HER FACE TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

The real Dr. Tyler cries as the corner of her mouth twitches uncontrollably. The TAPE RECORDER is in Olatunde's hand...and her screaming can be heard.

He hits stop and rewind.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

That's my voice on there. That's me--
and when you hear yourself doing
something you had no previous
recollection of doing--it's scary--
it's terrifying.

(she's forceful)

I've never screamed like that before--
my voice doesn't--I've never--ever,
even...

OLATUNDE

After you heard it...did you...
remember it happening?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*Oh God yes. Emotionally I was...
After the initial shock, I was in
denial--it couldn't be me--my voice--
the scientist in me wanted--needed--
another explanation. I went through
what I could hold onto, which were
the facts.*

FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE LEFT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey is sitting uncomfortably at the edge of her bed, listening to the portable recorder.

Behind her the comforter is intertwined with the bed sheets -- it's a complete mess.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Olatunde hits play, and we hear Dr. Tyler snoring softly...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*(takes a breath)
So...I went home...to try and recount
what happened during the recording
...I was sleeping in my bed...when
my door opened.*

...we hear the door creak open on the recorder...

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks up at the door, and the blackness beyond.

IN RIGHT FRAME: We hear the sound of feet against wood. Fear contorts Dr. Tyler's face.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*And...
(emotional)
...someone--or something came in my
room...that wasn't supposed to be
there.*

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey GRABS the bed sheets in her fists as she looks down at the wooden floorboard.

IN RIGHT FRAME: On the recording we hear Abbey take in a sharp breath, and then she screams at the top of her lungs.

We hear the METALLIC ORGANIC VOICE over her screams.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*Something was there--something--there,
inside the room with me--right next
to me.
(whimpers)
And I didn't know what it was. Why
it came--*

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 --what it was going to do to me.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey grabs the sheets and slowly pulls them closer to her as she looks back at her open door.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 And then...
 (chokes up)
 ...whatever it was--it grabbed me--
 and I fought it, but it was too
 strong.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey SLAMS the BED SHEETS DOWN over and over, letting out all of her frustration.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 And it took me away...

Her screaming grows increasingly distant as we hear her being taken away...and dragging scratching sounds can be heard...

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 You know...the moment it became...too
 real..was when I looked down at the
 floorboards...

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey gets on her hands and knees between the bed and the door, and sees SLIGHT SCRATCHES in the wooden floor.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 ...and I saw scratches in the
 floor...leading all the way to the
 door.

She shakes her head and her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 Were those there before? Or did I
 do that--when they were dragging me?
 Was I trying to claw my way back?

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks at her nails.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*But I uh--you know--I put myself
 back together. I was determined to
 know, to figure out what it was--*

Her eyes harden.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*--what came in my room--what it was
 saying--where it took me--and what
 it did to me. I listened to that
 tape over and over.
 (cracks)
 It was hard...but I did it. To find
 anything, something to explain...what
 it was.*

4 SPLIT/SCREENS DISSOLVE IN

EACH SCREEN GROWS LARGER OR SMALLER and ROTATES POSITIONS in
 A COLLAGE OF *MOVEMENT*

depending on which one needs the most EMPHASIS.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Abbey hits PLAY on the tape recorder and listens to the tape.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: The TAPE RECORDER fills the entire
 frame as it plays.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey can barely listen to her screams,
 biting her lip harder and harder...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: We see her entire room, as she listens.

The 4 FRAMES ROTATE

positions, *moving*

COUNTER CLOCK WISE

as Abbey rewinds and plays the tape again, while writing
 notes down, trying to decipher what it is she's hearing --

as she REWINDS BACK,

ALL THE IMAGES OF ABBEY SIMULTANEOUSLY REWIND

as well, and then

PLAY

as she listens to her SCREAMING and the VOICE again.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Abbey's pen writes down phonetic syllables of what's being said. The 3 other

FRAMES REWIND AGAIN then PLAY

while the

BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Plays normally, and her pen continues to write down SYLLABLES.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey shakes her head -- they don't make sense.

They REWIND AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN,
then PAUSE.

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: CUT TO -- THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*It wasn't Latin--wasn't Greek--it
wasn't any language I had heard
before. But I felt it was...the key
to everything that was happening...to
me to Will and everyone else in Nome--
if I could decipher what--it was
saying.*

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN: IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

OLATUNDE

*Why didn't you take it to a linguistic
or a phonetics specialist?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*I wanted to--to take it to the college
but...that was my voice on the tape--
I mean...*

(searches for words)

*Something like that would of destroyed
my reputation in a heartbeat. Doctors--
scientists work to maintain a safe
detachment from this type of thing
because of those reputations. Since
I've come out I can't possibly explain
to you the ridicule I've endured--*

Her voice cracks--she can't finish.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*So at the time, I needed someone
outside of the community who wouldn't
know me...*

FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE IN LEFT FRAME.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey sits at Will's desk in their study.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*Then I found exactly what I was
 looking for.*

IN LEFT FRAME: She picks up the book[TITLE BLURRED AT WRITERS REQUEST. THIS BOOK FOCUSES ON DEAD LANGUAGES]

The author can be seen -- [NAME OMITTED at writers request. His Alias is AWOLOWA ODUSAMI.] His photo is on the cover flap--a sharp looking Nigerian man in his mid thirties [PHOTO BLURRED.]

She turns to the book marked page with the SUMERIAN heading. Her fingers travel down the bookmark, passing his name and stopping on the scribbled writing of his phone number.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*Someone will must have contacted. A
 linguist who is one of the best in
 the world. He's a professor on
 sabbatical out of [UNIVERSITY OMITTED]
 in Canada.*

FADE OUT RIGHT FRAME. LEFT FRAME FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN.

Abbey picks up the phone--hesitates.....then dials--it rings...

MAN'S VOICE (phone)
 Hello?

ABBHEY
 (swallows)
 Hello is...
 (can barely pronounce)
 ...Doctor A-w-olowa there?

AWOLOWA (phone)
 This is he.

ABBHEY
 ...are you familiar with a man by
 the name of Dr. William Tyler?

AWOLOWA (phone)
 I am not.

ABBHEY
 Oh...OK--well...thank you--

AWOLOWA (phone)
May I ask who's speaking?

ABBEY
I'm uh...uh...

AWOLOWA (phone)
...work for the CIA?

ABBEY
...no...do you?

AWOLOWA (phone)
Yes.

ABBEY
Excuse me?

AWOLOWA (phone)
(chuckles)
I was kidding. What is your--

SHE HANGS--stares at the phone as if it were a snake.

The PHONE RINGS--and she knows who it is, who it has to be.

ABBEY
Hello...?

AWOLOWA (phone)
But there was a man who called from
this number...He called himself John.

ABBEY
There's no John here.

AWOLOWA (phone)
Exactly...

ABBEY
What did he...why did he call you?

AWOLOWA (phone)
He wanted a history lesson...on
ancient languages.

Abbey absorbs this, takes it in--makes a decision--

ABBEY
...look I uh--that man you talked
to...?...he was...murdered and uh...I
need you to hear me out...

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
*Doctor [NAME OMITTED] listened to
me...he didn't judge me--or try and
(MORE)*

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*analyze me...he just listened...and
 then he flew up to Nome...*

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

a COLD BLUE SUN

rises over Nome, *igniting* the snow white horizon with the
 light of dawn.

IN THE MIDDLE FRAME: The sun rises again, turning the frame
 from black to bright blue as the sun caresses the horizon.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME: A third time it rises, and then all the
 frames

JOIN AS ONE,

creating ONE SUN that *shines* incredibly BRIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

FALLING SNOW SLOWLY DISSOLVES IN,

hiding something...then an

EYE OPENS,

the GIGANTIC YELLOW EYE of an OWL, and then slowly, it CLOSES,
 disappearing from sight.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

OVER WHITE,

we hear Awolowa's voice --

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
 I thought it was Akkadian but it's
 not, it's Sumerian...I'm sure of it--
 it's widely considered by my peers
 to be the "Holy Grail" of dead
 languages--but we still haven't
 deciphered the entire lexicon--

We hear the

CLICK of a tape recorder starting...

and the MAN'S voice is heard...doubling the VOICE on Abbey's
 recording. His PRONUNCIATION is close -- but not perfect.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
 RECORDED: 10-3-00
 SOURCE: ABBHEY'S TAPE RECORDER.
 LOCATION: ABBHEY'S OFFICE

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
<u>E.NE.NE... Me.NA.AM...</u>	E.ne.ne...Me.na.am...
<u>ME.EN.DE.EN KI.ULUTIM.</u>	Me.en.de.en KI.ULUTIM.

As they speak their WORDS move towards us out of the WHITE,
 as if they were specters *drifting* out of FOG.

TEXT FADES IN -- E.NE.NE UD.ME.DA ME.EN.DE.EN KI.ULUTIM.

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
 "Our creation"-- are the last two
 words, don't know the first two--

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
IGI KAR...A E...SA...	Igi kar...a e...sa...

TEXT DISSOLVES IN: IGI KAR A E SA

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
 "Examine" --is the first word.

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
ZIG...KAE...SUG.ZAG GU.	Ie...kae...sug.zag gu.

TEXT DISSOLVES TO: ZIG A E SUG.ZAG GU

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
 The last word is, "ruin" or...
 "destroy."

TEXT FADES OUT

DISSOLVE TO:

A MOUTH

moves as we PULL BACK from it revealing AWOLOWA ODUSAMI a
 Nigerian man in his early 40's, with a full head of hair,
 and a neatly-trimmed beard. He's sitting in ABBHEY'S OFFICE
 with Abbey and Campos.

Abbey is absolutely floored, Campos slowly shakes his head.

AWOLOWA
 "Our creation." "Examine." "Ruin"
 or "destroy."

ABBHEY
 Ruin? Destroy? *Who?*

AWOLOWA

It's an incomplete translation--we don't know for sure what's being said.

ABBEY

Whatever it said...sounds aggressive.

CAMPOS

(can't process)
This isn't making sense.

AWOLOWA

If this is authentic, then it's the first ever verbalized recording of the Sumerian language. We're talking about the oldest language in human history--

--he holds up the tape recorder--

AWOLOWA

--with a key on how to speak it.

ABBEY

But what was happening in my room?
What was being done to me?

AWOLOWA

What's unsettling...is that whatever it is...it's vocals...it doesn't sound.....ordinary...

ABBEY

You mean human?

CAMPOS

Stop. Stop. Stop. Let's not fuel any more of these fires.

(to Awolowa)

There's any number of reasons for the distortion in that voice.

AWOLOWA

I'm not jumping to conclusions, but *her* voice sounds fine.

CAMPOS

The tape could have been recorded over and part of the old recording is still heard--

ABBEY

I don't recycle tapes.

CAMPOS

Well maybe you did this time!

AWOLOWA

That still doesn't explain why that voice is speaking a language that pre-dates Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Campos can't respond.

AWOLOWA

I've researched the Sumerian civilization for the last fifteen years of my life...and the things I've found in--in relation to this issue--are intriguing.

As Awolowa talks ARCHIVAL IMAGES *flash* across the screen --

AWOLOWA

You can go into any Sumerian exhibit and see what I'm about to tell you. Drawings of rockets--like Apollo--launching into the sky.

IMAGE 1: A DRAWING OF SUMERIANS IN CEREMONY AS BEHIND THEM A ROCKET LAUNCHES INTO THE SKY.

IMAGE 2: A DRAWING OF MOUNTAINS AND TWO ROCKETS TOWERING OVER THEM.

AWOLOWA

Etchings and sculptures of men in spacesuits, and what look like oxygen masks.

IMAGE 3: A DRAWING OF A MAN WEARING A SPACESUIT AND AN OXYGEN MASK.

IMAGE 4: A SCULPTURE OF A MAN IN A SPACESUIT AND MASK

AWOLOWA

All of this art was created in four-thousand B.C.
(emphasis)
Four-thousand years before Christ walked the earth.

IMAGE 5: PAGES OF CUNIFORM WRITINGS NEXT TO BIBLICAL TEXT OF GENESIS AND NOAH'S ARK.

AWOLOWA

Genesis, Noah's Ark--to name a few. Both of these stories existed in Sumer six thousand years before the Bible was written. Genesis came from the the Sumerian Epic of Creation. Noah's Ark came from the Sumerian's Deluge.

(MORE)

AWOLOWA (CONT'D)

The Alien-God legend has it's basis,
it's origins, in Sumerian history.

Astounded they look at Awolowa, trying to process the flood
of information. The phone is *ringing* but no one hears it.

AWOLOWA

You can find everything I've described
in a museum right now.

CAMPOS

Bullshit.

AWOLOWA

And you're entitled to that reaction.
I stated from the beginning that I
would draw no conclusions, I am giving
facts. Proof, from thousand of years
of data collection and research.

Campos turns to Abbey.

CAMPOS

It's one thing to entertain a wild
theory, it's quite another to invest
in it. You honestly believe you
were forcibly taken from your bedroom
by members of an alien race?

Abbey, flummoxed, frustrated. The phone continues to ring
incessantly. Abbey reaches over wearily, picking up the
receiver.

ABBEY

(she listens)

Cindy? Sweetie, take a breath and
try and calm down. Do you think
he's a threat to you, or to himself?

Abbey eyes lock on Campos.

ABBEY

Good, where is he? OK, OK. Just
stay there. Don't call the police.
Not yet.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE A TWO STORY BROWN HOUSE.

Snow falls as the Volvo pulls into the driveway, and the
three of them hurriedly get out of the car and walk up to
the door.

Abbey knocks, and Cindy answers. Her eyes fall questioningly
on Awolowa.

ABBEY
This is Dr. Odusami. He's here to help.

AWOLOWA
Good morning.

She nods -- too impatient to argue.

CINDY
Come in.

They walk

IN SCOTT'S HOUSE,
and follow Cindy down

A HALLWAY

and into the

MASTER BEDROOM

where Scott is lying in bed.

His skin is pale and clammy -- this man is not well.

ABBEY
Scott?

SCOTT
What took you so long?

ABBEY
I'm sorry I got here as fast as I could.

SCOTT
Last night was--was--

He's on the verge of tears, she puts a hand on his shoulder.

ABBEY
Calm down...it's ok.

SCOTT
Calm down?

ABBEY
Scott?

SCOTT
How can I--Y-y-you d-don't--

ABBEY
Scott!

His teeth clench, air pushes through them like he's hyper-ventilating.

ABBEY

I'm here now...alright? Take your time...breathe for me, just try to keep yourself calm, I won't be able to help you if you're worked up.

He swallows, bites back a flow of tears that seem to have sprung from nowhere.

SCOTT

...I don't want to talk about it, but I have to. I have to, Ihaveto-Ihaveto...

ABBEY

I'm gonna set up the camera, alright?

SCOTT

No, I don't need anyon-- I don't want this getting out or--

ABBEY

--Scott, I need to make a record of this, I need to record your session for study, so we can find out what's going on with you.

A reluctant Scott nods and Campos sets-up the camera on the tripod.

SCOTT

I don't want to go under.

ABBEY

Then let's not do that. You relay as much as you can remember.

SCOTT

There's things...that I-I-I h-have to remember...But I can't, without...

ABBEY

Scott, I can put you under a very light hypnosis, if you're worried about...

SCOTT

I have to-- I have to remember, I have to get this out of my head, it feels like it's just dug in there. I can't think straight anymore.

(long pause, sighs)

I--I--fine...Do it.

Abbey studies him carefully -- then looks at Campos who looks right back.

CUT TO:

TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
 RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM
 SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER
 CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM
 LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE
 RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:03

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.

 ABBEY
 (soothingly)
 Eight, seven, six, relax...there's a
 lot of people in the room with you
 now...you're not alone...relax...
 ...relax...by the time I reach one,
 you will be asleep... Five
 ...Four...Three...Two...One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at each other -- what next?

 TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, piercing their ears.

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical bars of chaos. It is impossible to decipher anything.

[NOTE TO READER: ELECTROMAGNETIC INTERFERENCE (EMI) SCRAMBLED THE IMAGE BEYOND ANY RECOGNIZABILITY. THE SOUND IS ROUGH AND FULL OF STATIC, BUT CAN STILL BE UNDERSTOOD]

[NOTE: "-----" means the audio is too distorted or is untranslatable by the Sumerian experts.]

 TIMECODE: 00:08:41

ROLLING BARS OF DISTORTION ARE ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN.

The rustling of bed sheets can be heard...

...and then a *heavily accented* METALIC VOICE *speaks forth with:*

ALIEN VOICE
 ABBEYE TYLEREY.

A woman *SHRIEKS* and is heard running out of the room.

ALIEN VOICE
 ABBEYEA ELIIZABETHHAY TYLEREYH. DI!

Abbey is quiet for another moment, and then words tremble out of her mouth.

ABBEY
Deliver us from evil, for thine is
the kingdom, and the power--

ALIEN VOICE
 "-----" A AG SU MU, "-----" GU.E.

Someone is heard stumbling backwards--and then bed sheets rustle again. The ROLLING DISTORTION is moving faster than ever.

TIMECODE: 00:09:17

Abbey's sniffing and whimpering uncontrollably.

ALIEN VOICE
GE.SHUR NAM NU HUR BUR. -----
TEN ZAE AL.TAR A.DA.----- BI!!!

THE ROLLING BARS STOP -- CLARITY IS RESTORED.

SCOTT lies crumpled in the bed, completely limp and unconscious.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING their eyes out -- and crying hard.

TIMECODE: 00:09:55

-- FREEZE FRAME --

-- ZOOM IN UNTIL IMAGE PIXILATES --

...as we hear a *CHORUS OF SOUND*...

SLOWLY ZOOM OUT OF PIXILATION...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

*They sit in the stillness, in the quietness of the room.
Dr. Tyler's eyes are red, and her cheeks puffy.*

ABBEY

...God.

OLATUNDE

*I have something you've never seen
before. And I'd like to show it to
you.*

ABBEY

*(hesitant)
...is it..?*

OLATUNDE

Something that might upset you, yes.

A moment. Dr Tyler considers this.

OLATUNDE

*Footage that you gave me-- restored
footage--of what happened in [NAME
WITHHELD] room.*

Dr. Tyler's brow furrows.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Restored?

OLATUNDE

*We translated it, and our engineers
were able to minimize the effects of
the electromagnetic interference.
And if you look carefully, you can
actually see a little bit of what
happened.*

She's quiet a moment, then slowly starts to shake her head.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I--I can't watch it.

OLATUNDE

I just want to play--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*There's no reason for me to--I can't
relive it.*

OLATUNDE

*I thought if you could walk us through
like you did with the audio recor--*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I said no.

An intelligible male voice is heard off camera. Olatunde looks towards the voice.

OLATUNDE

I want the audience to be able to experience it with her--so they know what it was like--so they can feel what she went through at the time. Is that--

The voice interrupts, utters something unintelligible.

OLATUNDE

(to voice)
That's all. We only do it once.
(to Abbey)
Is that OK with you?

The male voice speaks again and Dr. Tyler turns her head awkwardly to look at him, and then back to Olatunde and nods.

ABBEY

(sighs)
OK.

OLATUNDE

Thank you.
(to Abbey)
Thank you for agreeing to this.

Olatunde indicates a monitor to the right of where he sits.

OLATUNDE

Alright...here's the restored footage.

Dr. Tyler sighs and nods.

SPLIT SCREEN: INTERVIEW ON RIGHT/RESTORED FOOTAGE ON LEFT

IN LEFT FRAME:

TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM

SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER

CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED, AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM

LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE

RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:14

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.

ABBEY
 (soothingly)
 Eight, seven, six, relax...there's a
 lot of people in the room with you
 now...you're not alone...relax...
 ...relax...by the time I reach one,
 you will be asleep... Five
 ...Four...Three...Two...One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at each other -- what next?

TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, hurting their ears.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler is breathing harder and harder, approaching hyperventilation.

IN LEFT FRAME:

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical bars of chaos.

However this time due to the manipulation of our engineers, a *WARPED, TWISTED* IMAGE can be seen, and *BARELY DECIPHERED* in the middle portion of the chaos:

TIMECODE: 00:08:41

Through the GRAIN and DISTORTION,

Scott SITS UP TOO FAST, EERILY FAST,

and his head starts to rotate UNNATURALLY to the right, away from the camera, while his torso remains pointed straight ahead.

The head is TURNING FARTHER

than a human head should, until he seems to be looking right at Abbey.

THIS IS NO LONGER SCOTT.

[NOTE: "-----" means the audio is too distorted to be deciphered, or unable to be translated by the Sumerian experts.]

HIS mouth *opens* again...

...and a heavily accented METALIC VOICE *speaks forth with:*

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles) "-----" ABBEY TYLER.	ALIEN VOICE "-----" ABBEY TYLEREY.
---	---

Paralyzed with fear where she sits, Abbey can say nothing.

Cindy *SHRIEKS* and can be heard running out of the room.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler breaks down and cries.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Oh my God...oh God!

IN LEFT FRAME:

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles) ABBEE ELIZABETH TYLER. RESPOND!	ALIEN VOICE ABBEEYA ELIIZABETHHAY TYLEREYH. DI!
--	--

Abbey cannot move, total and unbridled terror controls her.

ABBEEY
(mumbles)
Deliver us from evil, for thine is
the kingdom, and the power--

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles) "-----" NO NEED TO PRAY, I "-----" AM HERE.	ALIEN VOICE "-----" SU MU, "-----" GU.E.
--	---

PANICKED, Abbey pushes the chair backwards into the wall behind her--and through the distortion, we can barely make out

SCOTT'S body

JITTERING, SPASIMING, UNNATURALLY, VIOLENTLY

as if being jerked around by puppeteer strings from above, moving like a demonized flesh toy.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

Dr. Tyler SCREAMS and screams. She closes her eyes and looks away from the monitor.

She's trying to talk, trying to say something, but everything comes out as a whimper.

IN LEFT FRAME:

Abbey staggers out of her chair, away from the bed, practically off screen.

TIMECODE: 00:09:17

The LIGHTS

FLICKER MADDENINGLY,

STROBE like, BURNING their eyes.

ALIEN VOICE
END THE "-----" STUDY
"-----"!!!

ALIEN VOICE
A."-----" AL.LA."-----"!!!

SCOTT'S BODY goes limp

and CRUMPLES

back into the bed.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING -- and crying hard.

TIMECODE: 00:09:55

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler shakes her head and cries, sucking in huge intakes of air before each sob.

She tries to say something but can't, falling apart and continuing to cry violently.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM

her suitcase is out and she's frantically stuffing clothes into it as Ronnie and Ashley watch in disbelief. The house phone rings incessantly.

RONNIE
 But where are we going?

ABBEY
 North Carolina.

ASHLEY
 North Carolina?

RONNIE
What's in North Carolina?

ABBEY
Us by tomorrow.

Ronnie looks at her incredulously -- she's serious.

RONNIE
But I have a game tomorrow!

Abbey points at him.

ABBEY
Pack, your bags.

He can't believe this. The phone stops ringing, then starts again--he picks it up.

RONNIE
(to phone)
Hello?

ASHLEY
Mommy?

ABBEY
Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY
What's wrong?

ABBEY
Nothing baby, we're just gonna take a little break. I'll help you pack in a second.

RONNIE
(to Abbey)
It's Abel.

ABBEY
I'll call him back.

RONNIE
(to phone)
She'll call you back.
(listens, to Abbey)
He says he has to talk to you.

ABBEY
(snaps)
I'll call him back!

RONNIE
(to phone)
You heard that.

He hangs up.

RONNIE
He's coming over.

Abbey sighs, and slams a wad of clothes into another suitcase.

ASHLEY
Are we going to see grandma and grandpa?

ABBEY
No honey. They're not here anymore, remember?

ASHLEY
Yeah, they're with daddy. I mean grandpa and grandma Lilly.

Abbey sighs deeply. The phone rings again.

ABBEY
We're not seeing them either.

ASHLEY
Why not?

ABBEY
'Cause they don't talk to me anymore.

ASHLEY
Why?

ABBEY
(snaps)
Go to your room and pack.

ASHLEY
OK...

Ashley turns and fumbles out of the room, Abbey watches her go, wishing she hadn't snapped at her.

RONNIE
It's 'cause of Dad, huh?

Abbey doesn't respond as RED and BLUE lights flash through her window. Ronnie looks outside.

RONNIE
Mom...what did you do?

ABBEY RUSHES INTO

her living room -- SOMEONE IS POUNDING on the front door.

ABBEY

Hold on!

She opens the door, and August *charges* right in, followed by THREE DEPUTIES including DEPUTY RYAN[ALIAS], 32, bearded.

August approaches her and *launches an assault* --

AUGUST

What happened to Scott Stracinsky?

ABBEY

I didn't do anyth--

AUGUST

He's paralyzed from the neck down!
Three of the vertebrae in his neck
are completely severed!

ABBEY

He's para--?

AUGUST

YES goddamn it!

ABBEY

I don't know--I don't know--

AUGUST

You were there-- *tell me what happened!*

ABBEY

But it wasn't--he was saying things.
He was saying--he was--

AUGUST

How'd he brake his back?

ABBEY

I can't explain it--it's--

AUGUST

You'll explain it NOW!

ABBEY

S--Something was inside of him, and--
and it twisted his body--an-and that's
probably what did it. It was--it
was--

She's at a loss for words...

August is very still, very rational -- but his eyes are firing into her like the bullets of an Ak-47.

AUGUST
(quietly)
Something was inside of him. It
twisted his body.

It takes her a moment to answer--

ABBEY
(pained)
Yes.

AUGUST
And you have proof of this.

ABBEY
It didn't record, it's all distorted--
The rage drains from August...

AUGUST
Abbey...how the hell do you expect
me...

...and is replaced by sorrow...

AUGUST
...how in God's name am I supposed
to believe this?

ABBEY
I know what I saw...

AUGUST
I know you just lost Will, and I'm
sorry about Ashley--my heart goes
out to you-- it does. But you have
to understand that what you're doing
is hurting people, *horribly*. It's
time you face the reality at hand.
Know I don't want to do this, but
you've forced us to this situation.

August moves, putting his hands on her.

ABBEY
What?

As he turns her around and begins to handcuff her.

AUGUST
You have the right to remain silent.

ABBEY
What are you doing?

AUGUST

Anything you say or do can and will
be used against you in a court of
law.

The deputies move towards her.

ABBEY

Sheriff... August...

AUGUST

You have the right to an attorney.

ABBEY

Please.

AUGUST

If you can't afford an attorney, one -
will be appointed for you.

ABBEY

You can't take me away from my
children.

(begs)

August...

CAMPOS (O.S.)

August!

Campos hurries into the room, panting, out of breath. He
steps up to the Sheriff.

CAMPOS

I know what it looks like--but I was
there, saw it with my own eyes.

AUGUST

Saw what?

CAMPOS

He--he--Scott--

Campos can't find words that make sense, he looks at Abbey
then back at August.

AUGUST

(to deputies--no
patience)

Get him out of my sight.

The deputies grab Campos and pull him back.

CAMPOS

I watched you grow up with her--both
of you, in this town--*together*. You
knew her father--you know her family!

(MORE)

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

She committed no physical harm to that man--never touched him! She's not capable of it!

AUGUST

I don't know what--

CAMPOS

You know her! You know she couldn't! What's happening in Nome is terrifying-- I know it is--But whatever you do, you can't--you *can not* arrest her because of something you don't understand--because your terrified!

AUGUST

Goddamn it man--!

CAMPOS

You're taking her from her children! For their sake, leave her be!

August looks from Ronnie to Ashley -- seeing them for the first time. He runs a hand through his hair -- it shakes, betraying nerves, indecision.

ABBEY

Please...

CAMPOS

Don't do it.

AUGUST

(sighs)
I'm putting you under house arrest.
(a breath, not meeting
her eyes)
You'll be under twenty-four hour supervision and aren't allowed to leave these premises. Campos, you're coming with me.

August grabs Campos by the arm and strides out of the house with his deputies, leaving Abbey and her children alone.

Ronnie looks at her as if she were mad, he's at a complete loss for words.

ASHLEY

Mommy? Are you OK?

FADE IN TEXT -- THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
 (shaky)
 Sometimes...when I care for a
 patient...I realize they're different
 from all the others...

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE

the cop trucks crush snow as they drive away from the house.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
 It's a...it's a shock every time--as
 if I'm seeing it for the first time...

A ways down the road, DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK makes a U-Turn
 away from the other trucks, and pulls off to the side of the
 road, facing Abbey's house.

IN DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK.

Deputy Ryan turns off his truck, from here he can see her
 entire house with ease. He grabs his radio mic.

RYAN
 This is Ryan sir, I'm stationed in
 front of the Tyler home.

AUGUST (on radio)
 Roger that, you're out there all
 night Ryan.

Ryan sighs.

AUGUST (on radio)
 She so much as opens that front door,
 you arrest her. And don't request
 anything from her. Order it. Clear?

RYAN
 Copy that, sir.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

*Abbey's eyes are bloodshot, tears rimming the bottom of each
 eye. Her cheeks are puffy and red.*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...You see it in their eyes, in their
 mannerisms. You can tell by what
 they're saying, that something isn't
 right.*

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(pauses)

And then all of a sudden you realize
that the person sitting across from
you is insane.

(breath)

I became that person...to everyone
else--they thought--they think I'm
insane. And the thing is...how can
I blame them? What I'm saying is--
is...I wish I had made it all up.
Because at least that way, I could
walk away--with all the things that
I lost--

(she grows more
emotional)

--and I could continue to live my
life...but I can't.

(quietly)

'Cause...'cause, I didn't make up
any of it.

Olatunde nods, understanding.

FADE IN LEFT SPLIT/SCREEN, UPPER & LOWER FRAME

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And...then uh...Campos and Awolowa
were both questioned...by August...

LEFT LOWER FRAME: August questions Awolowa, who glares at
the Sheriff.

LEFT UPPER FRAME: August interrogates Campos, towering over
him as he verbally attacks him.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Campos reminded him about the
disappearances, and--

OLATUNDE

What about them?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Homicides, missing people, dozens of
them. It's been going on here since
the 1960's and the FBI has been
dropping in from time to time.

OLATUNDE

What did they find?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Nothing...it's inconclusive. To
this day nothing's been solved.

OLATUNDE

You mentioned the situation dated back some time, 1960's, that's forty years.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...there's a lot of government activity up here...I mean, they had a couple of Blue Book cases back then too...

Olatunde is writing all of this down.

OLATUNDE

What do you think all this means?
How do you put it in perspective?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

They have categories for these types of things--different levels--

OLATUNDE

--Explain...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

An encounter of the First Kind...that's when you see a UFO. The Second Kind? It's when you see evidence of it, crop circles--radiation...Third Kind is when you see an alien. But the Fourth Kind...there's nothing more frightening than the Fourth...you see, that one's when they abduct you.

She looks at Olatunde hard.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I think it's all part of the same thing, it's all connected...to Will--the missing people--to everything in Nome.

(her mouth twitches)

You see...this kind of thing...what's happening to Nome--to me?... I think it's happening to other people...not just there...but all over the world...in towns, cities--most of them don't even know it.

OLATUNDE

Know they're abducted?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

How could they know?

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

*How could they remember what they're
being forced to forget? Unless
they had help.*

(forceful)

*And I tried to give that help to as
many people as I could--no matter
what they say about me--I tried and
maybe failed, but I did try.*

This floats in the air a couple seconds.

OLATUNDE

*So what happened with the Sheriff's
interview of Campos and Awolowa?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*August told them to stay away from
me--and I told them to go back home--
so I wouldn't...drag them into this
any further but...they--uh--they
told me they weren't leaving until
they were sure I was alright. But
that night just got worse...*

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

3:33 AM

is the time on Deputy Ryan's dashboard as he snores.

And then he wakes up.

For a moment he stares straight ahead, and then he starts looking around frantically as if he missed something, but there's nothing.

He rubs his head and sets his head back against the headrest -- at that moment he see's it, just under his rear view mirror, out the window, and above Abbey's home.

RYAN

What the hell?

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-5-00, 3:01 AM

**CAMERA ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD AT ABBEY'S HOUSE WHICH
IS IN THE DISTANCE**

QUALITY: BLACK & WHITE, PIXILATED

SOURCE: DEPUTY RYAN'S PATROL TRUCK CAMERA

LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

RUNNING TIMECODE: 05:57:53

The image TWISTS and BENDS as what appears to be

Disappearances or suspicious deaths in Nome

Unofficial list from Kawerak, Inc.

NAME	AGE*	HOMETOWN	DETAILS	DATE
Eric Apatiki	21	Gambell	Missing	Oct. 2004
Sonya Ivanoff**	19	Unalakleet and Nome	Found dead	Aug. 2003
Ivadel Kazingnak	unknown	Diomedes	Found dead	March 2002
William Tyler	35	Nome	Found dead	Sept. 2000
Male***	59		Found dead	June 1999
Archie Henry Jr.	49	Gambell and Koyuk	Missing	Oct. 1998
Jeffrey Komonaseak	in his 20s	Wales	Found dead	Aug. 1998
Olin Apatiki	40	Gambell	Found dead	Aug. 1996
Male***	unknown		Unknown	Dec. 1990
Justina Kunayak	unknown	Diomedes	Missing	Nov. 1990
Elmer Campbell Jr.	unknown	Gambell	Found dead	Nov. 1990
Mathew Towarak	unknown	Unalakleet	Found dead	Nov. 1989
Male***	unknown		Found dead	May 1988 after being reported missing seven months earlier
Ernest Saccheus	unknown	Elim	Missing	Sept. 1987
Ward Olanna	unknown	Brevig Mission	Missing	Aug. 1984
Nathan Anungazuk	unknown	Wales	Found dead	1982
Donald Adams	unknown	Koyuk	Missing	Oct. 1976
Raleigh Iyapana	unknown	Diomedes and Nome	Missing	1970s
James Moses	unknown	Elim and Nome	Found dead	late 1960s
Aurora Escholt	unknown	Nome	Missing	Aug.-Sept. 1966
Beverly Immingan	unknown	Nome	Found dead	1960s

*Ages are according to public records and reflect the person's age at the time of disappearance.

** Name added by the Daily News

*** Name withheld per family's request; do not want case re-opened.



RON ENGSTROM / Anchorage Daily News

"We want people to feel someone took a good hard look into their family member's case—whether they were drinking or not, whether they were from a village or a city, whether they were from a wealthy family or a poor family. Justice should be served."

— Melanie Edwards, Kawerak executive vice president

"We're trying to separate this urban legend from fact."

— Nome Police Chief Craig Moates

SOMETHING LARGE

moves over Abbey's house, and then the

VIDEO COMPLETELY DISTORTS

and becomes absolutely unwatchable. Only sound is heard.

TIMECODE: 05:58:01

The VIDEO SLIDES to the left side of the screen, as SUBTITLES OF RYAN'S CONVERSATION *scroll* on the right side.

Archive Video and Audio play simultaneously.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00

SOURCE: NOME POLICE COMMUNICATIONS RECORDER

LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

RYAN (on radio)

(urgent)

Dispatch, this is Deputy [NAME
WITHELD].

DISPATCH (on radio)

Go ahead.

No response from Ryan.

DISPATCH

I said go ahead.

RYAN (on radio)

Uh...I--I--

(pauses)

God almighty...

(frantic)

I need back up now! We have a
situation at the Tyler residence on
Hunting Road.

DISPATCH (on radio)

Clarify the situation, sir.

RYAN (on radio)

There's some kind of machine--a ship
flying over her house and--and--and--
pulling someone out, oh Christ it's
insanity--its not making any sense.
It's pulling them out of Abbey's
house. Into the-the-the thing! I
don't know what it is! I--I--just
get them over here--

The VIDEO DISTORTION clears up. In the pixilated black and white image, nothing can be seen in the sky over Abbey's house.

Whatever was there is gone.

Officer Ryan stands on the left side of the screen talking into his mic.

TIMECODE: 06:00:18

RYAN (on radio)
Mother of God! It's gone, it just--
it's gone, I didn't see it, it--
something flashed and it's fucki--
oh-my-God, my God, they took 'em,
they--you gotta--I can't believe--
they're gone I--I-- don't know where
it went!

He stumbles down to a knee, leaving only his head in frame.

RYAN (on radio)
I can't believe what I just saw! I
can't believe it...

-- FREEZE FRAME --

The PAUSED VIDEO FADES OUT as...

INTERVIEW ROOM

FADES IN:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Did you--were you able to...

OLATUNDE
*--we weren't able to pull anything
 out of this one--*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
--but this is when they took her--

OLATUNDE
*--I'm sorry-- we tried, but there
 was no more information to pull out,
 only the beginning--*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*I just want to see her-- I want to
 see what happened--*

OLATUNDE
We don't have anything else--

THE REAL DR. TYLER
--where it took her--

OLATUNDE
--there's nothing except for what
you saw...

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Just, maybe--

OLATUNDE
Dr. Tyler. There's nothing else
there...We tried everything we could.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(shaking, eyes watering)
I was hoping...

OLATUNDE
...I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE, LATER.

Four patrol trucks with their sirens BLAZING arrive,
surrounding a deeply shaken Deputy Ryan. Sheriff August
steps from one of the trucks.

AUGUST
Where are they?

RYAN
I-I-I don't know--I tried t-to tell
you--

August doesn't break stride, hurrying towards the house.

AUGUST
I want that video played back.

RYAN
Sir, it didn't record, it--it did
but nothing came out--

AUGUST
Ah--bullshit! C'MON!

RYAN
I-I-It's--

AUGUST
RYAN! Pull it together man!

August rushes

INSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE,

with his OFFICERS in tow, and RUSHES past the rooms till he see's Abbey in

ASHLEY'S ROOM

and enters.

Ronnie and Abbey are the only ones in here. Abbey is on the floor crying and Ronnie's trying to calm her down. Chaos pours from her mouth.

AUGUST
What the hell happened?

ABBEY
They took my baby.

RONNIE
Mom shhhhh! Mom!

AUGUST
Where's Ashley?

Abbey points upwards.

ABBEY
They took her.

RONNIE
Stop it!

AUGUST
(to Ronnie)
What's she talking about?

RONNIE
Someone kidnapped Ashley.

AUGUST
(to radio)
I want this entire house searched, I want everybody outside, inside, going through this residence top to bottom.
(to Ronnie)
What the hell did you see?

RONNIE
Nothing, I came in here and she was gone.

ABBEY
She's not here! They took her!-- they took her into the sky--up there! I saw it!

AUGUST
Through the *ceiling?*

ABBEY
*Yeess! A beam of light
 came down and--and--
 pulled her up--oh my
 God!*

RONNIE
 (desperate)
*Mom! Why are you saying
 this?*

AUGUST
What the hell are you saying?

ABBEY
*I saw it! It reached
 down and grabbed her!
 It took my baby! I
 couldn't stop it I
 couldn't move I was
 frozen! They took
 her!*

RONNIE
 (desperate)
Stop it! Please stop!

AUGUST
 Alright clear the room! Everyone
 out!
 (to Ronnie)
 You too.

RONNIE
 Why--?

AUGUST
 Out!

ABBEY
 He doesn't leave my sight!

AUGUST
 I need you alone!

ABBEY
*I'm his mother--he's not leaving my
 sight!*

The deputies leave the room leaving the three of them alone.
 August slams the door.

Sniffling, Abbey sits on Ashley's bed. August spins a chair
 backwards and sits on it, his face less than two feet from
 hers. Ronnie looks between the two of them.

AUGUST
 Less than five hours after I arrest
 you, your daughter goes missing.

ABBEY
 You gonna arrest me again?

AUGUST
 (quietly)
 Where is she?

ABBEY
I just told you what happened--

AUGUST
That horse shit--

ABBEY
You had an officer outside my--

AUGUST
He couldn't show me shit on video--

ABBEY
It's true! I saw--

He stands and SLAMS the *chair* down.

AUGUST
Where is she goddamn it!

ABBEY
I don't know--!

AUGUST
What did you do with her?
 (to Ronnie)
Where's your sister?

ABBEY
 Don't yell at him!

AUGUST
 (to Abbey)
Where is she--WHERE IS SHE!

He hurls the chair behind him -- it *splinters* into the wall
 and bounces back out of shape--

AUGUST
 GOD DAMN IT! WHERE THE HELL IS SHE???

ABBEY
I--I told you!

RONNIE
 (to Abbey)
Why are you saying this?

ABBEY
Honey--I'm not-- I'm not--

RONNIE
 What's wrong with you? What happened
 to you!

ABBEY
 Baby...

That hit her harder than ever.

ABBEY

Baby--I...

Breathing hard, seething air between his teeth.

AUGUST

You haven't been right in the head
since Will.

ABBEY

You haven't found the killer--

AUGUST

No Abbey...we did--

ABBEY

--he's still out there--!

AUGUST

--and you know I speak the truth.
There's a thin line between reality
and fiction, and you've crossed over
to the wrong side.

August nods at Ronnie.

AUGUST

I'm removing him from your custody.

ABBEY

You are not taking my son.

AUGUST

I am. And come tomorrow morning,
for your sake Abbey, have a lawyer
present. That's how we're doing it
from here on in.

Abbey rushes over to Ronnie and grabs onto his arm.

AUGUST (to radio)

Guys get in here, we're removing
Ronnie from Abbey's custody.

The door bursts open and the DEPUTIES rush in, swarming around
Abbey and Ronnie.

ABBEY

NO!

They try and separate her from her son but she is not letting
go!

RONNIE
 (to Abbey)
 Let me go! Let go!

ABBEY
 No!

RONNIE
 Mom! Let go--let go of me!

The sound fades out as her mouth moves...she continues to struggle to know avail.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
 (crying)
 That was the worst day of my life.
 I lost my baby...

DISSOLVE TO:

THEY PULL

Ronnie away from her and towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

ABBEY'S CRYING

alone in the room.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
 ...lost my son...

FADE IN ABBEY'S INTERVIEW RIGHT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

IN THE RIGHT FRAME: THE REAL DR. TYLER'S face glistens with tears and her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
I was alone...completely alone. I can't describe how that felt. What that experience is like. To have your kids ripped away from you. Ashley without any explanation...and then Ronnie just not wanting anything to do with me. Going with the police of his own free will. The kind of pain that creates, it just--it stays there and just gets stronger.

She cries for a moment in silence.

OLATUNDE
So...What did you do next?

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Narrative Abbey rises to her feet.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*I realized...that they weren't going
 to be able to find her...that I would
 have to do it on my own.*

OLATUNDE
But you couldn't leave.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*That's not what I mean, I had to...to
 find a way to go directly to the
 them...directly to the source.*

OLATUNDE
Who's them?

She pauses for a moment, carefully looking at him.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Whoever took my daughter.

OLATUNDE
How...?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces around Ashley's room.

CUT TO:

RONNIE'S ROOM.

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces back and forth next to his bed.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...figure out-- I had to try and--
 and determine where they might have
 taken her...by figuring out where
 they took me.*

OLATUNDE
*You mean hypnotize yourself, and go
 back to the night they took her?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 (shakes her head)
*No-- the night they abducted me,
 when it got recorded on my tape
 recorder--*

OLATUNDE

--Right.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*If I could figure out where they
took me...then maybe--*

OLATUNDE

*--you could figure out where they
took her.*

The corner of her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*...and find a way to communicate
with them, talk to them.*

CUT TO:

THE STUDY -- IN THE LEFT FRAME:

She stands at the doorway, looking in.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

OLATUNDE

Talk to...whoever took Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes.

OLATUNDE

...and how?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: Abbey walks into her study and sits down at her desk.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*I had already seen it done--with
Scott. They can communicate with
you when you go under hypnosis.*

OLATUNDE

*You were going to try and initiate
this on purpose?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Exactly.

OLATUNDE

*And you knew at the time that Scott
was paralyzed?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I knew I'd do anything for my
daughter. For one of the two things
I really love in this world.

Olatunde nods.

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Abbey picks up the phone, dials and starts talking.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I called the two I knew I could trust--
even though August warned them to
stay away--they came over, like true
friends.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
 Abbey...are you sure you want to do
 this?

ABBEY (O.S.)
 I don't have a choice.

FADE IN:

IN ABBEY'S STUDY,

she sits in a leather chair. Campos sits across from her,
 and Awolowa is behind him, hand holding the camcorder, and
RECORDING.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-6-00, 7:01 PM
CAMERA ANGLE: HAND HELD, LOOKING AT ABBEY FROM THE WAIST UP
QUALITY: FAIR, COLOR
SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER LOCATION: ABBEY'S STUDY
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:09:20

SPLIT SCREEN NARRATIVE/ARCHIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

She's slumped in her seat, and her head is hanging to the
 side.

The CAMERA BARELY KEEPS HER FRAMED, allowing too much
 headroom.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
 Abbey.

ABBEY

Yes...

CAMPOS

Let's go back three days...to
Tuesday...when you were giving
dictation in your bedroom....

ABBEY

Yes...

CAMPOS

What happened after you finished
your dictation?

ABBEY

'...remains unexplained...and worse,
unsolved...Like Will...and...'

She trails off into nothing...

CAMPOS

Are you sleeping?

ABBEY

...yes...

TIMECODE: 00:9:20

CAMPOS

What happened next?

Her head slowly, quietly, rolls groggily to the right...

ABBEY

...The owl...it's looking down at
me...

CAMPOS

Is this the same owl your patients
see?

ABBEY

...yes...but it's.....smiling...
(rising panic)
...I don't like when it smiles...

CAMPOS

What do you mean, 'smiling'?

ABBEY

I don't know what I mean...I don't
want to know...

CAMPOS

It's too late to forget what you
already know. Tell me what you see.

Her lips tighten, a part of her unwilling to part with her next words--

ABBEY
(whispers)
It's not an owl...

Abbey's eyes gradually open...looking hard at something we can't see above her and she starts to whimper, starts to cry-- as fear melts her features.

ABBEY
Oh God...God--

CAMPOS
Relax, we're here, it's OK. None of this is happening right now.

ABBEY
GOOOOODDD HELP
MEEEEEEEEE!!!! MAMA!
MAMA! MAAAMAAAA!!!!
AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII--

CAMPOS
(tries to talk over her)
Abbey! Detach the emotion!
It's not happening right now--

ABBEY
--aaaaaAAAAAHHHH!!!

Abbey SLAMS HER BODY

back into the chair and goes rigid, her face screwing up as if something were pushing on her, SMOTHERING her body with an immeasurable amount of pressure.

She exerts quick rapid breaths, trying to breath. Campos watches her helplessly.

CAMPOS
What are they doing to you?

ABBEY
(clenched teeth)
--Taking me out-- up-- up--
(desperation)
God I'm so high, I'm so-- it's not stopping-- it's not safe--AHHHHHH!

She lifts her back out of the chair, then COLLAPSES back into it as if whatever vehicle she thinks she's in stopped.

Eyes closed, her head is making jerky movements to the left and right as if it took great effort to move it.

CAMPOS

Keep talking to me-- keep talking--
what do you see?

Her arms raise into the air, and with the motor skills of someone who appears drugged, she seems to be swatting something away. Her face is contorted into a flesh mask of fear.

ABBEY

(silent tears)
What are you...? What are you doing
to me...?

CAMPOS

Who are you talking to?

ABBEY

The things...the--the--people,
operating on me--I'm on a table.

CAMPOS

People? Like you and I?

ABBEY

No--they don't look like you...they
don't look-- they're not from
here...not human--NO!

She keeps swatting at thin air, trying to get something away from her.

ABBEY

They're all around me-- too many of
them--their minds--it hurts--ahhhh.

Suddenly her body goes STIFF, her head snaps back into the headrest--her arms slam down, and her

LEGS spread OPEN.

ABBEY

Oh God! Nonononono stop it
pleeeeeease! Don't let it-- don't
let it--

She squirms as if restrained, trying to twist back further up the chair, her eyes are focused down at her crotch.

ABBEY

--Ahhhhgg! They're putting it in me--
(high pitched)
It hurts--oh God!

CAMPOS

What is it?

BARS CONVULSE, BEND, STILL NOTHING CAN BE MADE OUT.

ABBEY

What does that--what do you mean--?

VOICE

"-----" ISH SAR.
[DISTORTED] ZU.

VOICE

(subtitles)
"-----" NOT FOR MY WORLD
TO [DISTORTED] KNOW.

ABBEY

Give me my baby! *Why can't you give
her back to me?*

VOICE

"-----" NU "-----"

VOICE

(subtitles)
"-----" CHILD "-----"

ABBEY

She's my child! Give her to me!
Give her--

VOICE

A' ZAE A'E "-----"
"-----" MEN.ZEN.

VOICE

(subtitles)
CHILD "-----" NEVER "---"
RETURNED.

ABBEY

*No! You can't do that, you can't do
that to us.*

VOICE

A'E "-----" A'AS
TIL.

VOICE

(subtitles)
MY "-----" WILL DONE.

ABBEY

Please! Please! Don't do this!
DON'T DO THIS!

No answer.

ABBEY

*What are you? Why are you doing
this?*

TIMECODE: 00:13:16

We hear flesh colliding with wood -- Abbey falling onto the floor.

VOICE

ME.EN.NE.EN ILU
"-----."

VOICE

(subtitles)
I AM YOUR GOD "-----."

ABBEY

*You're not! I reject you! You're--
you're--y--ahhhhhhhh!*

Abbey

WITHERS in PAIN,

GRUNTING and SHRIEKING.

ABBEY
S-S-S-STOP IT!

VOICE
"-----" .NA DA "-----"

VOICE
(subtitles)
"-----" **TRUTH REMAINS**
"-----"

Louder than ever, assaulting -- *DISTORTING* the speakers.

VOICE
 "-----" ME.EN.NE.EN
 "-----" AYA. MEN.ZEN!
ILU!

VOICE
(subtitles)
I "-----" SAVIOR. "---"
FATHER! I AM GOD!

For a moment there's no sound save for the hiss/static of the tape...

...as if the last proclamation of the VOICE silenced
everything...it's claim...HANGING, FLOATING on the air...

...VIOLATING it, DEFILING it...

A - - Abbey? **AWOLOWA (O.S.)**

TIMECODE: 00:14:26

CAMPOS (O.S.)
You see that...? Out...on the
horizon. What is it?

Distortion bars roll...

AWOLWA (O.S.)
My God . . .

CAMPOS
It's coming...here...?

The camera is

DROPPED

onto the floor,

HITTING IT HARD.

(NOTE: AUDIO HAS BEEN TRANSCRIBED AS BEST AS POSSIBLE)

SCREAMING,

distorting the audio, all of them, yelling at the top of their lungs--

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
OTI-OTI-OTIOTI!
RUNMILOWO GAAAWDOTIIII!
KO NI SHELE Mo-LAI -
LAI! FI MI SI LE!

CAMPOS (O.S.)
N000000! GAAAAAAWWWD---!
I'M PARALY--

ABBEY (O.S.)
NOT AGAIN! NOTAGAIN!
GETAWAYFROMME! GETAWAY FROM ME!
AHHHHHHH--!

THE SCREAMS GROW EVEN LOUDER AND MORE DESPERATE, OVERLOADING THE SPEAKERS IN A WALL OF NOISE!

ALIEN VOICE (O.S.)
...ZIMABU--FRANEVEYRY...

THEN A

WHOOSHING SOUND

IS HEARD THEN

DEAD SILENCE RULES.

Our IMAGE CLEARS UP, the DISTORTION IS GONE...giving us a perfect view of a room that looks like

A TORNADO

walked though it.

COUCHES at odd angles, CHAIRS against the walls, BOOKS on the floor, but NOTHING is near the window--almost as if something CLEARED that area away.

NO ONE is in THERE now--

not Awolowa, not Campos, not Abbey.

The tape rolls for some time...and then...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Dr. Tyler is speechless, not breathing as her mouth twitches uncontrollably. Behind her the monitors are black.

OLATUNDE
 What the hell happened in that room?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...they came...and we were-- we
 were...*

Now her whole face is twitching, her left eye blinking with every movement.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...They abducted us, all of us-- but
 eventually brought us back, but we
 don't remember where they took us--
 even with hypnosis it's black--*

The twitch has become a tremble, making it difficult for her to form her words.

OLATUNDE
Are you OK? Do you need a break?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
No, I'm fine.

Dr. Tyler takes a couple of breaths, steadying herself.

OLATUNDE
*Why would...another entity not from
 this world do these things? Help us
 understand the reasoning behind it.*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*God I don't know--how can we know?
 If humans can mystify other humans...
 on a daily basis...then--I--I think
 we can conclude that something from
 another world...can mystify us as
 well.*

The import of her statement hovers in the air.

OLATUNDE
*You're voice--it's voice...it said
 it was...God...*

Dr. Tyler's face twitches--doesn't respond.

OLATUNDE
*What do you believe...? Are
 they...was it...God...?*

*She can't meet his eyes...eyes that have something terrible
 welling within them--something worth hiding.*

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...I believe...I don't know what I
 believe...the things I've seen...the
 presence...I felt inside of me...is
 (MORE)*

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
*beyond anything we can imagine...and
 God...if that were God--what God
 is...then he is.....
 hopelessness...it cannot be God...it
 can't be....*

OLATUNDE
And what about Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*(shakes her head)
 She...I had to recover from that
 night...took me a couple days to
 wake up--and as you know I-I was
 changed forever. August couldn't
 bring me into the station so he...he
 came to me.*

She looks down at the table...not wanting to say these next few words.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
*...he talked to me about Ashley...and
 about Will.*

CUT TO:

IN A NOME HOSPITAL ROOM.

Abbey sits in bed...her back against the headboard...her hair stringy, moist, unkempt. She's lost too much weight...bone is pressing against her skin...an empty shell of a once strong, healthy woman.

Her body is very still, unmoving.

August sits in a chair next to her, a MANILA FOLDER in hand.

AUGUST
*I hate to ask you these questions--
 now, while you're in this condition
 your in--but this is one of those
 things in life that can't wait.*

Abbey nods weakly, quietly.

AUGUST
*Abbey. What happened to your
 daughter?*

ABBEY
*(quietly, weakly)
 I told you...*

AUGUST
What you told me and what actually
happened are two different things.

ABBEY
No--they're the same.

AUGUST
OK...you want to play this game?

ABBEY
It's not a game--

AUGUST
How did Will die?

She hesitates, pulls back--stunned by the question.

AUGUST
C'mon....Answer it.

ABBEY
He was murdered.

AUGUST
No Abbey. What you're telling me
and what happened are two different
things. Now one more time: How did
Will die?

Her eyes are darting around...she's breathing harder...her
skin is losing it's color...panic is welling in her throat.

ABBEY
Why are you asking me this?

AUGUST
(yells)
Campos! Get in here!

A deputy opens the door and Campos walks in, circles to the
other side of the bed and kneels next to Abbey.

ABBEY
What is this?

CAMPOS
It's OK...It's OK...

AUGUST
No it's not OK. We're getting to
the bottom of everything now. Again:
How did your husband die?

ABBEY
I *told you*, an intruder entered our
house and killed him.

August and Campos exchange looks.

CAMPOS

He's going to show you something
that will upset you. But it has to
be done, understand?

She doesn't understand. With what strength she has left,
she looks at Campos hard.

August opens his file...and holds up

a PHOTO

for her to see...

She gasps--half SCREAMS, doesn't have the strength to scream
again--her face is a perfect mask of revulsion, of
tears...anguish.

ABBEY

...why...?

THE PHOTO is of WILL TYLER--with a BLOODY HOLE in the side
of his head the size of a GRAPEFRUIT.

AUGUST

This is the head of a man--

He holds up a SECOND PHOTO, this one of a 9mm PISTOL.

AUGUST

--who used this gun, to blow his own
brains out.

Abbey can't stop sobbing--her eyes are closed, her head turned
away--whimpering. Campos is caressing her face, almost
protecting it from the photos.

CAMPOS

I'm sorry...

August shakes the photos for emphasis.

AUGUST

This is how you do it--and he did it
right. Suicide Abbey. That's how
your husband died.

ABBEY

...stop.

AUGUST

He took a pistol and shot himself in
the head--there was no knife, no
intruder--just him and his own gun
at the edge of your bed.

ABBEY

--he's not that man--he wouldn't do that to us, to his family--

AUGUST

--I've seen it before, I'll see it again--

ABBEY

(to Campos)

Tell him...tell him he's wrong. I would have known he was gonna--*I'm a psychiatrist---Christ----*I would have known--!

Campos holds her close, trying to comfort her.

CAMPOS

You can't blame yourself for what was going on in his head. Who knows what he learned, what he didn't share...what finally broke him--

ABBEY

No...no...

CAMPOS

Sometimes the closest signs, the ones closest to us, are the hardest to read.

AUGUST

(to Abbey)

Now you know the reality.

August puts the photos down...and leans in.

AUGUST

And for the last time. Tell me what happened to Ashley.

She can't answer.

AUGUST

Tell me.

CAMPOS

You have to tell him...for Ashley.

Tears wetting her cheeks, she pulls away from Campos and looks at him...softly.

ABBEY

You know what happened. You experienced it. Except we came back...she didn't.

Campos' eyes lock on hers...and then they give in, looking down to the bed. He can't refute her words...not after what he's seen. Not after what they've been through.

ABBHEY

(to August)

I swear to you--I swear it. She was taken, by-by something...something not from here.....I swear it....

August looks between the two of them, his face like a bull ready to charge--but unsure which bulls eye to hit first.

AUGUST

(then quietly)

It's difficult to go back.

He arranges the pictures and closes the files just so.

CAMPOS

Go back?

August takes his time, doesn't rush it.

AUGUST

Back over the line, from fiction to reality. You can't just stop being insane whenever you want to. It's the kind of thing that stays with you forever.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Abbey is quiet...lost in the memory.

OLATUNDE

So Will committed suicide?

...the kind of thing one would not want to admit...would not want to say out loud...but she does--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...yes.

OLATUNDE

Your credibility....How do you expect me-- the audience-- to believe anything you have to say, after you were hallucinating the murder of your husband?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

They weren't hallucinations--I just couldn't--it can be difficult to
(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
 face the truth, and with Will, that's
 how I dealt with it. And....no matter
 what you believe, the recordings do
not lie. You can doubt my words--
 you would doubt me even if I were a
 saint, I mean we're talking about
 things that--that aren't normal--but
 what you cannot doubt are the
 recordings--t-the other people--their
 stories. [name removed] is dead,
 [name removed] back is broken-- a-
 and Ashley...she's still gone. These
 are hard facts.

OLATUNDE
 They appear to be--

THE REAL DR. TYLER
 (twitches)
No goddamn it, THEY ARE. You can
 sit there and speculate but I have
 to keep hope alive...I have to believe
 in what were doing--this film--my
 story--that it will help. I have to
 believe she's still alive somewhere,
 that she's safe...that there's a
 chance I'm going to see her again--
 hold her again--
 (starts to cry)
 --hear her voice...I--I just want my
 little girl back! She's all I have.
 I can't bring back Will, Ronnie he--
 he--he--blames me for everything--he
 shut me out of his life! Mothers
 shouldn't be alone. We shouldn't be
 without our children...
 (desperate)
 I just want my baby back...I just
 want her back...

Tears glisten off her cheeks as her face continues to twitch,
 but she's somehow holding it together, somehow preventing
 the complete emotional collapse you'd expect.

OLATUNDE
 I think we can stop here.

The camera's slowly zoom out in farewell...and for the first
 time we see that Dr. Tyler is in a WHEELCHAIR with ARMS and
 LEGS so WITHERED away, they don't look like they've moved in
 years...

CUT TO:

STILL IMAGES

of the TYLER FAMILY dance across the screen.

OLATUNDE (V.O.)
With no credible evidence, kidnapping
charges against Dr. Tyler were
dropped. Her daughter Ashley has
not been found.

**An image of ASHLEY SMILING zooms towards us, it morphs into
an OLDER VERSION of her -- approximately 7 years older.**

OLATUNDE (V.O.)
If you have any information about
Ashley Tyler that may assist local
authorities please call toll-free 1-
800-MISSING.

TITLE: 1-800-MISSING

DISSOLVE TO:

ON A HILL OVERLOOKING NOME,

Olatunde stands, looking directly at us.

OLATUNDE
Someone else is interested in Nome
as well. Since the 1960's, there
have been over 2,000 visits to Nome
by the Federal Bureau of Investigation --
the highest in Alaska. Second is
Anchorage, with a population 76 times
larger than Nome. The FBI has paid
them only 353 visits.

The camera begins craning back, bidding us adieu.

OLATUNDE
In the end...what you believe, is
yours to decide.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

Psychiatrist released from custody, child not found.

By Kate Ripple
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska - The only suspect in the disappearance of 5 year old Ashley Tyler was released from custody yesterday, with all charges dropped after spending 2 months under house arrest for her daughters disappearance on the morning of October 10th.

"We've got nothing on her, and we haven't found the girl," chief Moates said. Asked if he believed Dr. Tyler was guilty, he stopped short of saying she was innocent. "There's no motive, no evidence, and no girl. On paper there's no reason she should have kidnapped her own daughter. But she's not here, and we have no idea where the hell she is."

Reports speculate that Ashley's disappearance could be related to the hundreds of people who have disappeared in the city, which has cases going back to 1960 and occurring as recently as last month. Most of Nome's missing person cases have gone unsolved, as have most missing person cases throughout Alaska due to the severity of the land.

Residents questioned psychiatrist Dr. Tyler's mental state after reports surfaced she believed Ashley had been taken by a light in the sky, and that her scientific study on sleep disorders in Nome were yielding 'alien abduction' stories from her patients. Chief Moates refused to comment on these reports, and calls to Dr. Tyler's office were not immediately returned by print.