

THE UMBRA

by

Steven Karczynski

A RED LIGHT

Beating against the night sky. A beacon. Or, a warning.

A RADIO TOWER

Somewhere off in the desert. That crimson light up top still pumping. Below it, a small building. A single car parked there. We hear someone who has called into a radio station.

FEMALE CALLER (O.S.)

What is wrong with people? It's like everyone is sleepwalking out there.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

A late night DJ at his control board. He massages his forehead. This caller really getting on his nerves.

FEMALE CALLER (O.S.)

Nobody says thank you anymore, no more door holding, everyone cuts you off in traffic, it's like you can't even--

DJ

(cuts her off)

Ok, ok, ok--I get it, lady, people suck, people are rude. But, if you don't like it, move to another God damn planet.

He hangs up on her. Hits a sound FX button. A nuclear explosion heard.

DJ (CONT'D)

Look, people, in case you forgot, the name of this show is Conspiracy Theory. So, stop calling with your B.S. whining about some asshole standing too close to you in line at the grocery store! Because, I don't care! Next Caller. And make it good.

The DJ hits a button, taking the next caller. Silence.

DJ (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Caller.

Heavy breathing. Like somebody has been running.

DJ (CONT'D)  
 What's with all the heavy breathers  
 tonight? You have two seconds, Caller.

MALE CALLER(O.S.)  
 (terrified)  
 Um--ok--don't hang up. They will--  
 triangulate on my position really  
 soon--I--I don't have a lot of time--

DJ  
 Neither do I, so start talking.

The phone crackles. We can't make out what the Caller is  
 saying.

DJ (CONT'D)  
 We have a bad connection. I'm not  
 in the mood for--

MALE CALLER (O.S.)  
 (shouts)  
 Listen to me!

Beat. The DJ straightens up. The Caller has his attention.

DJ  
 I'm listening.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)  
 (frantic)  
 I am--a former employee at the  
 Dulce New Mexico Air Force Base.

DJ  
 Yes, I've heard of it.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)  
 I was recently--let go on medical  
 discharge.  
 (phone static)  
 --I've been criss-crossing the  
 country for--

His phone goes in and out.

DJ  
 Caller? You're breaking up.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)  
 I--um--what all of us are thinking of as--  
 (phone breaks up, pause)  
 --they have infiltrated the  
 military--the govern--

DJ  
 Who has infiltrated the military?

MALE CALLER  
 (static, then)  
 --all my personal records were  
 destr--  
 (breaks up)  
 --that's when I found the--  
 (breaks up)  
 --it has everything on it except--

DJ  
 You need to slow down, Caller.

MALE CALLER  
 (breaks up, silence)  
 I don't have time! They know! The  
 government knows! And they're  
 going to let it happen!

DJ  
 Let what happen?

MALE CALLER  
 Oh, God, they're here--

Dead air. The DJ waits. Listening. Listening.

DJ  
 Caller?  
 (beat)  
 Caller?

And the power goes out. The DJ engulfed in darkness. The only light coming from a window across the room. The station completely shut down. The DJ stands, not sure what to do.

EXT. DESERT - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA - DAWN

The sun flaring the lens. Right at us. It peeks over a mountain, raking a patch of desert. In the distance, we see something moving from left to right.

## CLOSE ON A MAN

Running as if his life depends on it. He's 47, lean, looks as though he hasn't showered in weeks. His filthy windbreaker is torn. His smudged glasses barely clinging to his face. It's the Caller from moments ago. He keeps shooting looks over his shoulders. Whomever, or whatever is chasing him, is closer than we think.

## WIDER - THE DESERT

The Caller sprints toward a residential area.

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - BACKYARDS - DAY

The Caller rips through several backyards. It's as if we're tied to the Caller's back as he runs. He falls. We fall. He stumbles. We stumble.

He dodges a swing-set. Then, a hedge snares him. He fights through like a running back losing tacklers. Hits the ground. Scampers on all fours. And is back up. His exhaustion showing now. He can barely stay on his feet. His mind running harder than his legs.

## EXT. A BACKYARD - DAY

The Caller ducks behind a gas grill. His hand goes down in some wet mud. He listens. Jerks his head around. Eyes darting in every direction. Hears VOICES. They're closing in from all sides. He takes off.

## EXT. ANOTHER BACKYARD - DAY

The Caller tramples through someone's garden. Barrels over a green plastic garbage can of weeds, yard work.

## EXT. SIDE OF A HOUSE - DAY

The Caller sprints along side a house. We follow him. From behind. He heads straight toward--

## A MAILBOX

White. Perfect green trim. Address in Apple Chancery font.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Caller runs right up to the mailbox. Throws something inside. Slams the mailbox door. And runs. We stay right here. On the mailbox. Looking at his muddy hand smear on the side. A moment. Then, the people chasing him blast by. We don't see them. Just the blur and sound of their dark clothes ripping past. There was maybe three of them. And we continue to hold on the mailbox. We hold. And hold. A long, long silence. Then, a distant POP. Like a tire blew. A moment. Then, BLINDS are yanked up revealing one of the backyards we just saw--

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A MAN, 39, with his back to us. He's peering out his bedroom window. Has his eyes glued to his tipped over garbage can. Sees four pairs of footprints trampled through his garden. This is DAVID UNDERWOOD. And FAST BREATHING takes us to--

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

David running right at us. As if chasing us. Or being chased. He's breathing hard. Really working. He's fit, but not muscular. Runs four to five days a week. Sometimes more. His eyes focused. As if he sees something we don't. We only hear his breathing as we go into his memory of--

A WOMAN

We're moving towards her. She's at a bedroom window. Morning light wrapped around her like a blanket. As we get closer, she looks right at us, smiling. Then, turns away quickly, as if embarrassed. Then, we're back--

ON DAVID RUNNING

He kicks it up a few gears for one last sprint. Arms pumping. Then, he slows. And we slow with him. He comes to a stop, catching his breath. He sees a bunch of rocks on the sidewalk. Kicks them away so that no one else steps on them. Then, he reaches down, adjusting a knee brace on his right knee. Comes with age, man.

David heads up his driveway. Scoops the morning paper, moving toward his front door. And we glide over to--

DAVID'S MAILBOX

It's the one from the opening. The muddy hand smear on the side.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

David has already showered. He's flossing. Meticulous. A CLANK above him. He looks up at the ceiling fan. Flips a switch repeatedly. Nothing. Broken.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David staring into his closet. It's in perfect order. Business shirts lined up. Shoes lined up below. He pulls out a pair of black dress shoes. Sets his running shoes inside. Closes the closet.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

David dressed and ready for work. A crisp white shirt, dark slacks, a plain blue tie. A leather work bag slung over his shoulder. He's pouring coffee into a travel mug. The last part of his morning routine. Several cars speed by out front. It's loud enough to get his attention. He stares toward the front door. Unusual for this quiet neighborhood. A moment. Then, David snaps the lid on his travel mug.

CLOSE ON AN END TABLE

Car keys laying next to a folded piece of paper. The corners of the paper are worn. Like it has been slide into someone's pocket a thousand times. A hand grabs the keys--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

David flips the keys in his hand. Eyes that folded piece of paper for a brief moment. Then takes it. Slides it into his back pocket. Opens the front door.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

David wheels his garbage and recycling bins to the curb. There's somebody shouting in the distance. It's a block or two away, but it's carrying. Sounds like an old woman arguing with someone. David gives a quick look around.

## INT. DAVID'S GARAGE - DAY

David seen through the windshield of his Ford Taurus. He keys the ignition and backs out of the garage. We stay right here, watching him back down the driveway. And just as he pulls into the street, a car races past. David locks the brakes. It almost hit him.

## INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David watches the car head down the block. It disappears around a corner. He draws a breath. Then, throws the car back in gear.

## EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

David backs all the way into the street. And pulls away. A moment. Then, David backs the car into frame. Lowers his window. He's looking right at us. Right at--

## HIS MAILBOX

David sees that muddy hand smear on the side. Annoys him. He also notices the mailbox door is slightly ajar. He reaches. Opens it. Stares. Sees whatever the Caller threw in there. Just stares at it. And we hear the sounds of a busy office as David reaches into the mailbox--

## INT. OFFICE - DAY

We dodge through people milling about. Carrying paperwork, almost like they are chasing each other. Lots of phone chatter about money management and fund purchasing this and that. And we arrive at David's desk. He's on a call. He has a very calm, laid back sales approach.

DAVID

(into phone)

No, no, not at all. I'm a patient guy, but I like answers. So, if you could please give me an answer today I'd really appreciate it. Yes. Thank you.

David hangs up. And immediately takes another call.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Sorry to keep you waiting, sir.  
 Now, you were interested in the  
 Vantage Fund, correct?

Eyes his computer screen. An e-mail has come in.

DAVID'S COMPUTER SCREEN

The e-mail reads: DID YOU GET THE PACKAGE?

DAVID

Clicks on the e-mail. Opens it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, it starts at a management fee  
 of one point five, then is reduced  
 to a half a percent once you go  
 over a million.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The body of the message is empty.

DAVID

Types a reply: What package? Who is this? Hits SEND.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Only A shares. If you decide to  
 get out early, there is a penalty--  
 but, there's no penalty if you stay  
 within the same family-fund. Yes,  
 that's correct.

A FEMALE CO-WORKER

Steps up beside David's desk. She's holding a package. A padded manila envelope. She's mid 30's, cute, but would be more attractive if she didn't try so hard. She has an air of loneliness about her, but she's definitely more outgoing than David. She is at least trying to make human contact, unlike David. Meet ANGELA SAWYER. David nods, acknowledging her. Angela waits.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I personally would like to see around twenty-five percent of your portfolio in the International sector. The current rate of return is higher than most of your U.S. funds. The risk is average. There's a few out there where it's a bit high, but it depends--tell me how much risk you can handle?

Angela sets down some papers for David. She mouths "You left them in the meeting room." He mouths back, "Thanks." She mouths, "Lunch?". He mouths back, "I can't." Points to the phone where we hear the customer going on and on. David mouths, "Maybe tomorrow. I know, I said that yesterday." He eyes the package in her hand, cups the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That for me?

ANGELA

No.

She starts to leave. David cups the phone again, shouts after her.

DAVID

Hey--

(she stops)

Do you have a cassette player in your car?

Angela shakes her head and keeps walking. David hops back on the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, no, I completely understand. Yes, I agree--I'm not a huge risk guy either.

David reaches forward, lifting something off his desk. It's an old, black, unlabeled CASSETTE TAPE. Some dirt on it. He rotates it in his hand.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

David snaps the cassette in an office boom-box that is clearly on its last leg. Hits play. Nothing. Tries again. Still nothing. Opens and closes the cassette casing. Tries again. Nothing. This is getting annoying. David faces a few co-workers sitting at the break room table.

DAVID

Anyone have a cassette player?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

David at his desk. Staring at his computer. He can't concentrate. His eyes keep finding that TAPE sitting beside his travel mug. A long moment. Then--

EXT. BEST BUY STORE - DAY

David exiting with a clear plastic bag dangling from his wrist. A bag of food in one hand. A soda in the other. Sips from the straw. Just a normal day. A car locks its brakes. Almost crushes David who has a rare burst of anger.

DAVID

Watch it, you fu--!

WE CUT before he finishes--

INT. DAVID'S CAR - BEST BUY PARKING LOT - DAY

David climbs in. Tosses the clear plastic bag on the passenger seat. There's an old school Sony Walkman inside.

David reaches in his food bag. Takes out a chicken sandwich. Takes a bite, looking around. Eats.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - BEST BUY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

David tears the Walkman packaging open.

CLOSE ON THE WALKMAN

Batteries popped in. Headphone jack stabbed into its port. The tape slid in. And the casing door snapped closed. He presses PLAY.

ON DAVID

He slides the headphones over his ears. Drinks his soda. We hear the hiss of the tape. David adjusts his headphones. Still only hiss. Then, a quick fumbling sound. Like somebody is preparing to record something. Then, a burst of sound as we are--

EXT. STREET - DAY

We're across the street from the parking lot. We can see David in his car. A busy street in front of us. Cars rocketing by so fast they're a blur. We hear honking, voices, the sounds of life. David takes another sip of his soda, eyes looking around like this is any other day. Just any other day. Then, he stops drinking. It seems he just heard something he definitely didn't expect.

David doesn't move. His eyes now fixed on the dashboard. This is clearly not some old mix tape. David's expression slowly shifts. Becomes more and more concerned as the sounds of traffic rise. And rise. And crescendo to an ear-shattering level. And--

CLOSE ON DAVID

No sound. His eyes focused. Thinking about what he just heard. His wheels clearly turning as he stares at--

INT. OFFICE - DAY

--a copy machine. Still no sound as David stands stock still. Staring. People passing by behind him. His eyes finally rise up to--

ANGELA

She's beside him. She's asking him something, but we only see her mouth move. Still no sound.

DAVID

Just stares at her. Then, finally, the sounds of the office come back.

ON SCENE

ANGELA

You ok?

Beat.

DAVID

Yeah.

Angela doesn't believe him.

ANGELA

See you tomorrow.

Angela reaches and hits COPY for him. David watches her go. His eyes drop to the copy machine.

CLOSE ON THE PAGES

Shooting out. Churning. Louder. Louder. LOUDER--

INT. OFFICE - LATE DAY

We see the entire office. Empty. Quiet. David at a window on the far side of the room.

ON DAVID

Staring down at the empty parking lot. Obviously still thinking about what he heard on that tape. He closes his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. We hold on him. Then, we see--

THAT WOMAN

The one from before, by the window. Only now she's on a bed. On her side. Under the covers. She's peeking over a pillow. Staring right at us. Daring us to look away. Her eyes, hair, this look, is so inviting.

WOMAN

No regrets?

A moment. The Woman reaches her hand out, as if to pull us in. And a tapping sound takes us--

INT. OFFICE - LATE DAY

David seated at his desk now. Tapping his pen. Stares at his computer screen.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A new e-mail. Another one titled: DID YOU GET THE PACKAGE?

DAVID

Leans back. Thinking. Thinking. His eyes go to a desk drawer.

THE DRAWER SNAPS OPEN

That Walkman laying inside. David fishes it out.

ON DAVID

Sets the Walkman on his desk. Slides on the headphones. Hits REWIND.

THE TAPE

Spins. Spins. Spins. Stops.

DAVID

Takes a moment. Considering something. Then, hits PLAY. We hear the hiss of the tape again. It lasts eight, maybe ten seconds, followed by that fumbling sound we already heard. Then--

A Man's voice. It has authority, but is on edge. He speaks as if he doesn't want someone to hear him. It sounds as if he's in a tin can. There's an electric hum in the background.

MAN'S VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

Today is--May 19th, 1979. It is  
10:18 p.m. My name is Michael  
Lazar. I am an advanced jet  
propulsion physicist and chemical  
biologist with a level eight  
security clearance. I am at my  
station in a remote facility in the  
North Western mountains of New  
Mexico.

We're closer on David now. Closes his eyes. Listening.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

I am currently working on a--  
(choosing his words)  
--"project" that is--  
(pauses, takes a breath)  
It was supposed to be a technology  
exchange program, but, I am gravely  
concerned that it has turned into  
something else--something I am--  
deeply disturbed--and ashamed--to  
have been a part of.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - LATE DAY

David crossing the parking lot. His leather work bag dangling from his shoulder. We're watching from the backseat of a car. As we pan around, the edge of a FIGURE'S head comes into frame. The Figure watching David. The tape continues--

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
 Because of the--increased security measures after the most recent "incident", I do not know if I will be able to remove this tape from the facility. But, if this information were to be made public, I do believe, it could very well one day, save the human race.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DUSK

David driving home as the tape continues.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
 I can only imagine what you must be thinking right now. I am sure if I heard what follows, I would not believe it myself. But, it is all true.

INT. DAVID'S GARAGE - DUSK

The garage door slides up. Headlights blinding us. David coming up the driveway. Pulls into his garage, right up to us. Kills the engine. The headlights pop off.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
 (pauses)  
 What you are about to hear is a meeting between several senior ranking military officials, CIA, as well as the heads of the NSA and the DIA.  
 (deep breath)  
 There will be about sixty seconds before it begins.

We hear the HISS of the tape. Then, Michael Lazar is heard getting up, walking through a door, and heading down a hallway.

David staring out the windshield, right at us. A moment. Another moment. The sixty second pause ticking down. The hiss of the tape and the walking the only sound as we are back--

INT. OFFICE - EARLIER THAT DAY

A half hour ago. We're looking right at David. His headphones on.

CLOSE ON THE TAPE

Rotating. Hissing. The sixty second pause almost up.

ON DAVID

Deciding. Deciding. And he hits the STOP BUTTON. A moment. He quickly yanks the tape out and tosses it into a garbage can under his desk. A long moment as he just sits there. Thinking. His hand gripping the arm of his chair. And we cut to--

DAVID'S HAND GRIPPING THE STEERING WHEEL

as we are back--

INT. DAVID'S GARAGE - PRESENT - DUSK

David sitting there. Gripping the wheel.

And on the passenger seat is his open work bag. Inside we see some paperwork, pens, that Best Buy bag, the Walkman, and... the tape.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

David walks down to get his garbage and recycling bins. Grabs one. It's heavy. Flips the lid open. It's full.

VOICE (O.S.)

You'd think it was a holiday or something.

David looks up to his neighbor coming down his driveway with some garbage bags. He's a big guy who has a few kids and his own construction company. This is TODD SANDERSON.

TODD

Funny thing is, I saw them earlier today do a few homes, then leave. I can't figure these guys out. You know how much you make driving a garbage truck?

DAVID

Not really.

TODD

A lot more than I do. So, you  
heard all that this morning, right?

DAVID

Yeah, sort of.

TODD

They said the guy escaped from the  
mental facility up in Harrison.  
Ran right through our neighborhood.  
Can you believe it? Happened two  
blocks away. What's her name saw it.

Beat.

DAVID

Saw what?

TODD

You didn't know? They shot him.  
Right on what's her name's lawn.  
Why can't I remember her name?  
They've been coming around asking  
everyone questions.

DAVID

Who's 'they'?

TODD

Security from the facility.

Beat.

DAVID

What about the police?

TODD

(beat)

Haven't seen them.

The neighbor starts up the driveway.

TODD (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah--hey, what a--what package  
were you talking about?

DAVID

Sorry?

TODD

The e-mail you sent me. You wanted  
to know if I got some package.

David stares at him like he just took a gut punch. Then, covers.

DAVID

Oh, sorry--I--must have sent that to you by mistake. Have a good night. Say hi to Melissa.

David hurries up the driveway. Todd watches him go.

AN END TABLE

David's keys land in their usual spot--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

David standing there. Thinking. Pulls that worn, folded piece of paper from his back pocket. Sets it carefully beside the keys. His mind racing. A moment. Then, a metallic clanking sound as we see--

A DINNER PLATE

Chicken breast, green beans, rosemary potatoes. Nice meal. Only no one is eating it. A fork clanks down onto the plate, in a slow repetitive manner. Clank. Clank--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

David seated at the dining table. Alone. Staring at nothing. He slowly clanks his fork down.

EXT. A BACKYARD - PAST - THIS MORNING

We only hear the sound of David's fork clanking as we're behind a MAN being chased. We're running with him. He keeps shooting looks over his shoulder. We see his face. It's the CALLER from the beginning.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - PAST - THIS MORNING

The CALLER runs up beside David's house. Looking around frantically. We see his hand is gripping something like a hand grenade. It's the TAPE. He turns and runs.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - PAST - THIS MORNING

We're running behind the CALLER again. As he sprints up to David's mailbox and tosses the tape inside we cut back to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

David sitting there. Eyes not moving. Thinking.

CLOSE ON THE CLANKING FORK

Going up. And down. Up. And down.

EXT. A BACKYARD - PAST - THIS MORNING

We're again following the running CALLER. He never looks back. Just keeps running. We still only hear the clanking fork as--

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

They shot him.

A gunshot rings out. The CALLER flexes his back and drops straight below us. And we hear a doorbell ring.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We're staring down at the dying Caller. Gasping. Tensing up. And the doorbell rings again, taking us back to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

David looks toward the front door.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens. Two MEN are there. Both in casual clothes. Khakis. Polo shirts. But, these are not salesmen. They are serious. One of them seems more friendly than the other.

MAN #1

Hello, Mr. Underwood. We're from the Harrison Psychiatric facility.

(flashes a security badge)

I don't know if you're aware of the incident in your neighborhood this morning--

DAVID

Yes, I am.

MAN #1  
We'd like to ask you a few  
questions if that's ok?

DAVID  
Sure.

David stands there, blocking the door. A moment.

MAN #1  
Can we come inside, Mr. Underwood?

DAVID  
Sorry.

David steps out of the way, letting them in.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Man #1 is seated on the couch. David across from him on a chair. He's trying to hide how nervous he is.

Man #2 is standing off to the side. He's casually looking around the house as if he's window shopping.

David tries to watch both Men without being suspicious. He notices Man #1 twisting his gold wedding band. Then, his eyes find Man #2 who is studying some photos on an end table.

DAVID  
Well, I heard somebody knock over a  
garbage bin in my yard--was loud  
enough to wake me up. I also heard  
shouting. I don't know what they  
were saying.

MAN #1  
Did you see anything when you heard  
this shouting?

Man #2 picks up a photo. It's a black and white of the Woman we've seen from David's memory. She's in profile, looking down, smiling like she's trying not to laugh.

DAVID  
No. Nothing. Only the footprints  
trampled through my--please, be  
careful with that. It's an old  
frame.

Man #2 gently puts the frame down.

MAN #1

Is there anyone else who might have  
seen something?

(pauses)

That woman in the photo maybe?

DAVID

(immediate)

No.

Man #1 pauses. Takes a mental note of David's pointed response.

MAN #1

(beat)

Did you--find anything outside your  
house?

DAVID

No--like what?

Man #2 sees something. It's David's work bag hanging on a chair. The Best Buy bag on the chair's seat. The receipt still inside. Man #2 moves towards it. David glances at him, trying not to look too long.

MAN #1

We're not sure. We think the  
escaped individual might have  
stolen something from the facility.

Man #2 tilts his head to read the receipt. He can't make it out through the bag.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Would you mind if we took a look  
around your yard?

DAVID

As long as you don't ruin anything  
else.

Man #1 forces a smile. Man #2 doesn't.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

We're peering out the back sliding glass door. The back porch light is on.

David watches the Men walking across his yard, brushing their feet along the grass as if to detect something.

Man #2 snaps on a small pen-light, probing the garden area with it. The light stops on something we don't see. Man #1 moves up beside him. They exchange a few words we don't hear.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Man #1 hands David a business card. Man #2 in the background, looking around. Still searching.

MAN #1

If you find anything, or remember anything else, please call me.

DAVID

I will.

MAN #1

Appreciate your time.

Man #1 turns and heads toward the driveway. David closes the door. Locks and chains it. Stands there. Eyeing the business card.

CLOSE ON THE CARD

Plain white with: Robert McCleary - Special Security. And a phone number.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

We're looking through a slit in the curtains. We watch the two Men at the bottom of the driveway, poking around with their pen-lights.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Man #1 checks out the mailbox and the ground surrounding it.

Man #2 has his hand resting on top of David's garbage bin. He gives a definitive look down the street, then taps the garbage lid twice with the palm of his hand. We swing around to see David watching out the front window.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David opens the top drawer of his dresser. Stares inside for a long, long beat.

INSIDE THE DRESSER DRAWER

That Walkman partially covered in socks.

ON DAVID

Draws a breath. Then, reaches in. Lifts the Walkman out.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David closes the door. Locks it. Walkman in hand.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A clock on the wall reads: 8:12 p.m.

David seated on the closed toilet. The Walkman in his right palm. Resting on his knee. We can see the tape inside.

David tapping his left foot on the tile. His face intense. Deciding. Deciding. Deciding.

He slides the headphones on with urgency. Immediately puts his finger on the PLAY button. Holds it there. So many thoughts running through his head. Just sits there for the longest time. Staring. Staring. We see his thoughts--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

We see Man #2 turning his head trying to read the receipt in the Best Buy bag. We hear his neighbor's voice.

TODD (O.S.)

The e-mail you sent me. You wanted  
to know if I got some package.

EXT. DAVID'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

We're close on the two Men speaking. We can't hear them. Just Man #1 from before.

MAN #1 (O.S.)

We think he may have stolen  
something from the facility.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The two Men inspecting the mailbox area. Man #2 slowly taps his palm on David's garbage bin as we hear Michael Lazar from the tape.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
If this information were to be made  
public, I do believe--

CLOSE ON MAN #2'S HAND

Slowly tapping the garbage bin lid. Tapping. Tapping.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It could very well one day, save  
the human race.

CLOSE ON THE WALKMAN

The PLAY button is pressed.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David draws a deep breath, listening.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
There will be about sixty seconds  
before it begins.

The HISS of the tape. And again, we hear Michael Lazar get up and walk through a door, and head down a hallway. His footsteps echoing. We hold on David's face. And hold. Hold. His eyes snap over to the bathroom clock.

THE CLOCK

The second hand sweeping around. The sixty seconds almost up. Twenty-six, twenty-five, twenty--

DAVID

Moves his finger over the STOP button. Hovers there. His adrenaline kicking in as he hears Michael Lazar's footsteps stop. A beeping sound. Michael Lazar heard passing his ID card through a security slot. We wait. Nothing but the HISS of the tape.

ON THE CLOCK

We're counting down... eleven... ten... nine... and a door is heard unlocking. It opens--

## THE WALKMAN

The tape rotating slowly. The HISS getting LOUDER. The door heard closing.

## DAVID'S EYES

Panic swirling. Swirling.

## THE CLOCK

Three... two---

## DAVID

Hits the STOP button just as someone starts to speak. A moment. His eyes focused. We only hear his breathing. Then, he gets a quick FLASH OF--

## EXT. A BACKYARD - DAY

The CALLER being shot. Hitting the ground. We hear David's breathing. It's almost in sync with the Caller's last few breaths as he fades. Fades. Breathing. Breathing. Breathing. And CLICK--

## INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David presses PLAY again. No going back now. His expression is serious--scared--so many things as he listens. A voice:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Good evening, gentlemen.

## CLOSE ON THE TAPE

Rotating. We hear rustling sounds, like fabric rubbing against plastic. Like this is being recorded in someone's pocket. We hear people sitting down.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Let's forgo introductions and get right to it.

And silence. We only hear the sounds of the bathroom now.

CLOSE ON BATHTUB FAUCET

A faint, faint, dripping.

CLOSE ON THE OVERHEAD LIGHT

An ever so slight electrical buzz.

DAVID'S FACE

We hold on him as the information comes at him. We can barely make out the voices leaking from the headphones. David's eyes stay in one place as he listens. Listens. It doesn't seem that bad at this point. He appears calm. Just listening. Listening.

CLOSE ON THE WALL CLOCK

Reads: 8:19. A few minutes have passed. Second hand ticking. Ticking.

ON DAVID

Still relatively calm. Focused. Listening. Then... it happens. We notice his face begin to change. The information is heading in a new direction. And what he's hearing now is clearly not pleasant.

DAVID'S HAND

Holding the Walkman. It starts to shake a little.

DAVID'S FOREHEAD

Sweat beading up.

ON DAVID

He goes through a gamut of emotions--concern--shock--utter horror. Then, his eyes start to tear up. He closes them, not wanting to hear this part. But he keeps listening. He has to at this point. And his eyes pop open. They are pools of tears. He let's out a quick, terrified GASP as we cut to--

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silence. Calm. We're facing the house. Nothing moves. Nothing.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom clock now reads: 10:27 p.m.

David sitting there. Has been for awhile. He's peering over his finger-tips. Hands cupping his face. The headphones horseshoed around his neck. What he's just heard seems to have paralyzed him. He doesn't move. Just stares. And we hold on him. And hold. And hold. And hold. And he throws up as we cut to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

We're looking straight down at David curled on the bathroom floor. Asleep.

CLOSE ON DAVID

His mouth open a bit. Dead to the world. Then, he wakes with an explosion of terrified shouting. We cut away as he's still shouting--

CLOSE ON A CLOCK

7:12 a.m. The second hand TICKING away. It's loud. Exaggerated.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The clock on a night-stand. The TICKING the only sound.

David on the edge of his bed. Staring at the floor. His hands gripping the side of the mattress. Thoughts rippling through him. Then, we hear hollow LAUGHTER. His eyes rise to his closet. We see his row of ultra organized shirts. The perfect row of shoes below. This seems to trigger something. More laughter. The TICKING clock still the only sound over--

INT. AN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PAST - DAY

That same Woman we saw before tosses an arm full of clothes and shoes into a very messy closet. David reaches in frame, grabs her, and pulls her onto a bed, tickling her. She squeals. Not really fighting him. They wrestle playfully like couples do. Laughing. Then, they stop. And kiss. A moment between them. Her eyes seem to be waiting on him.

WOMAN

Is that a yes?

David's face is so full of life. A stark contrast to who he is now. And we're back--

CLOSE ON DAVID - PRESENT

Eyes lost. Ashen. He could breakdown at any moment. And the sound of rapid breathing takes us to--

EXT. STREET - DAY

David running right at us as hard as he possibly can. Dripping. Soaked in sweat. Faster. Faster. FASTER--

A SHOWER HEAD

Pouring down like a thundershower--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Running shoes and workout clothes piled on the bathroom floor.

We can see a sliver of David's face through the edge of the shower curtain. His eyes are closed. He's letting the shower blast the top of his head as if to wash this shit out of his brain. All sound is gone. The HISS of the tape rises. A voice.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

Good evening, gentlemen. Let's forgo introductions and get right to it.

(beat)

It seems we have reached a--

(beat)

--"critical" point with Project--

CLOSE ON A PEN

Writing the word: UMBRA.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

David standing by the counter-top. Staring. Dressed for work. The coffee machine brewing beside him. A moment. Then, he sets his pen down.

CLOSE ON A NOTEPAD

The words: Project Umbra - Michael Lazar.

DAVID

Staring at the notepad. Thinking. Thinking.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A laptop computer. The Walkman on the table beside the computer. David seated there. Seems to be deciding to do something. Really considering something. Then, he hits the ENTER button on the keyboard. And presses PLAY on the Walkman. We see the Walkman headphones are up against the laptop's built in microphone.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

We see it's recording. Recording. An MP3 file named TAPE appears.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David stands in his living room. Work-bag over his shoulder. Travel mug in one hand. The Walkman with the life altering cassette inside in the other hand. He looks around his home. Where do I put this? Where do you hide something like this? He closes his eyes. It's all just too much.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David sets the Best Buy bag on top of his dresser. Opens his sock drawer and sets the Walkman inside. Closes the drawer and walks away. We hold on the drawer. A moment. Another moment. David comes back. Opens the drawer. Grabs the Walkman.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

David standing on the toilet, unscrewing the ceiling fan. He lifts the fan up, slides the Walkman inside, lets the fan settle back down. Loosely screws it back in.

INT. DAVID'S GARAGE - DAY

David sets his coffee and work-bag inside his car. Then, looks out the back window. Sees his garbage and recycling bins at the curb. The lids on both bins flipped back. They're empty.

EXT. DAVID'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

David heading down the driveway. Looking around. He's definitely on edge. Everything enhanced in his heightened state.

He can hear his neighbors arguing about some bill they forgot to pay.

Someone is having car trouble a block away.

And as he gets to the garbage bins, he notices the red flag on his mailbox is raised slightly. Like someone touched it.

David closes the lids on the empty bins. Starts to wheel them toward his garage. Then, stops. Notices something.

His neighbor's bins are both still full. As are the neighbors two doors down.

David stands there. Staring. And all sound fades out as we are--

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David just staring forward as he drives. Really out of it. His eyes not moving much. The HISS of the tape fades up.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

It seems we have reached a--"critical"  
point with Project Umbra.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

We only see a mahogany table. And a hand with its fingers on a document. A government looking symbol on it. The title page reads: PROJECT UMBRA. As the hand gestures, we can see a dark green jacket sleeve at the edge of the frame. It looks military in nature. The only sound is that of the tape.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

We had, as most of you know by now,  
an incident two days ago between  
the RT7's and the HT1's. Seems a  
few HT1 workers got curious, as  
they seem to frequently do, and  
went below to LV8.

(beat)

They are still missing.

(MORE)

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And at this time, the RT7s and the  
RT9's are not responding to our  
inquiries about their whereabouts.

A BLARING CAR HORN--

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David is at an intersection. The car behind him wailing on the horn. David staring at nothing. The car keeps honking until David snaps out of it. Looks up. The light has been green for God knows how long.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David driving. His eyes on nothing. Glances in his rear-view mirror. Notices a car not far behind him. Two Men inside. Can't make them out. Keeps driving. Takes a turn. A moment. Glances back again. The car is still there.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

David pulls into a parking space. And watches the car that was following him disappear down the block. The Men inside never look over.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

David staring out a window. His back to us. He's looking for that car. The office humming behind him like all is normal in the world. Then, a Co-worker walks up and slaps him on the back. Startles him. And we CUT TO--

A COMPUTER SCREEN

A search engine. The words: PROJECT UMBRA typed in. The mouse clicks SEARCH. The spinner searching. Searching. Searching. NO INQUIRES FOUND comes up.

INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S DESK - DAY

David takes a moment. Then, just types in the word UMBRA.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A definition appears: The umbra (Latin: "shadow") is the darkest part of a shadow. From within the umbra, the source of light is completely blocked by the object causing the shadow.

DAVID

Stares. Thinking. Types some more.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

In the search engine box the words: MICHAEL LAZAR PHYSICIST  
NEW MEXICO. The arrow clicks SEARCH.

DAVID

Leans back, waiting. Someone drops some paperwork on his  
desk. He thanks them. His eyes go right back to the  
computer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Again: NO INQUIRES FOUND.

EXT. OFFICE - FOUNTAIN - DAY

David seated on the lip of a fountain by himself. He's  
trying to eat a chicken salad sandwich, but can't get  
anything down. Just sits there. Thinking. The fountain  
waters surging behind him. He looks around. Notices Angela,  
his co-worker, sitting alone in an outdoor patio area.

EXT. OFFICE - PATIO AREA - DAY

Angela reading a magazine, eating her lunch.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I forgot to ask.

Angela looks up. David standing over her.

ANGELA  
What's that?

DAVID  
If you wanted to have lunch. You  
asked me yesterday--I said maybe  
today.

ANGELA  
Right.

DAVID  
Can I--?

ANGELA  
Sure--I'm almost done.

Angela moves her purse off the other seat.

DAVID  
So, how's--business?

ANGELA  
Fine. I'm just dealing with one of those clients who call you every twenty minutes to see if they've lost money. I'm tempted to just tell the guy that he's wiped out. That everything--all his money--gone.

DAVID  
(not really listening)  
Do you still know that guy who can get information?  
(beat)  
Sorry--that was really rude.

ANGELA  
That's ok. We don't need to talk about work. Yeah, my cop friend. What do you need?

DAVID  
I just wanted to find someone--an old friend. We haven't spoke in years. Just make amends--you know?

ANGELA  
Sure--sure. Well--we--kinda had a falling out. But, I could try him. Can't guarantee anything.

DAVID  
I'd really appreciate it.

Angela gathers her things.

ANGELA  
And so you know, if I do get a hold of him, he's not cheap.

EXT. ATM - DAY

David plugs in his security code. He notices a Man standing about twenty yards away. He's listening to a Walkman. Same old school kind he has. The Man just stares straight ahead. There's no bus stop there. Nothing. There's actually no reason for him to be standing there. David takes out the daily three hundred dollar max and leaves. The Man never looks over.

EXT. STREET - DAY

David heads back toward his office. Passes a Woman with a stroller. She's on a cell phone. David glances over, noticing there's no baby inside the stroller. He hears the woman say something into her cell phone. He thinks she said, "He's here."

David looks back at her. She makes brief eye contact, smiles, keeps moving.

David walks faster. Seriously paranoid now. He sees a couple arguing across the street. Somebody forgot to call somebody. The Arguing Man casually glances at David in the midst of his fight. His stare lingers too long.

David turns quickly to cross the street. He almost collides with a Jogger.

David watches the Jogger head into the distance. Keeps watching. Watching. Then, the Jogger finally glances back. And jogs away.

David is completely freaked out now. He hurries across the street as we hear the sounds of the office--

CLOSE ON AN ENVELOPE

As it's handed to--

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

--Angela. She and David are getting come coffee.

DAVID

How long?

ANGELA

He said twenty four, maybe forty eight hours. I'll let you know as soon as I hear back from him.

DAVID  
Thanks again.

Angela starts to leave with her coffee.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey, I was wondering--if you--  
maybe--wanted to grab dinner  
tonight, or something.

ANGELA  
(beat)  
Can't. I kinda have plans.

DAVID  
A date?

Angela doesn't answer. Just leaves. David glances at a Co-Worker on break reading a paper. The Guy smiles. He knows this rejection well. David looks away. Then, notices--

OUT THE BREAK ROOM DOOR

A Copy Repairman is on his knees, fixing a copy machine. David catches the guy looking right at him. The Repairman immediately lifts his tool box and moves out of view.

ON DAVID

He's quickly at the break room door. Looks in the direction the Repairman went.

A STAIRWAY DOOR

Is closing. Descending footsteps heard just before the door closes.

DAVID

Scans the office. Everyone is just going about their business. David takes several deep breaths to calm himself. Closes his eyes. A long moment. Then, all sound is gone. The HISS of the tape is heard.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
They are still missing. And at  
this time, the RT7s and the RT9's  
are not responding to our inquiries  
about their whereabouts.

(pauses)  
We sent a security team in at 0400  
hours to try and retrieve the  
missing workers.

(MORE)

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

They were not successful. There  
were--casualties--

(beat)

If we--can even call them that at  
this point.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

We're at TABLE LEVEL. We see someone's military blue elbow.  
Several FIGURES in the background around the table. They are  
all completely out of focus.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

How many were lost?

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

Forty seven on our side, eleven on  
theirs. But, what is...  
disconcerting is the fact that--  
they didn't kill anyone.

(beat)

They just took them.

A SPLASH OF WATER

Douses David's face--

INT. OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

David letting the water drip off his chin. Trying to pull it  
together. A Co-Worker at the sink beside him. David glances  
at him. Trying not to act suspicious.

A GARAGE DOOR

Coming down as we are--

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DUSK

David heading towards his front door as the garage door  
thumps closed. He looks to his right. And what he sees  
slows him.

A MAN

Walking by across the street listening to a Walkman. It's  
the Man from the Atm. He turns a corner. And is gone.

DAVID

Hurries to his front door, pulling out his house keys. Looks over his shoulder. Fumbles the keys.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DUSK

David double locks the door. Draws a quick breath. Then, drops his keys on the end table where he always does. Follows with that folded piece of paper. And as he sets it down, he freezes. Sees something.

THE END TABLE

David's keys. That folded piece of paper. But, that's not it. It's lower. On the carpet. The indentations of the table legs are visible. The table has been moved.

DAVID

Looks up. Eyes darting. Listening. Is somebody still in the house?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David in the kitchen doorway. Notices a kitchen drawer slightly open. He reaches and quietly opens another drawer. A utility drawer. Removes a hammer.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're behind David. Following him down the hall. Hammer ready. Stops at the bathroom. Slowly pushes the door open. It's dark. He pops the light on. Empty. His eyes rise to the ceiling fan.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David staring at his closet. The door ajar. It has been opened recently. He gets a good grip on the hammer even though he has no idea what he'll do. A moment. Then, he yanks the closet door open.

No one in there. His clothes all seem in order. Perfect. In line. Then, he notices, his shoes. They have all been shifted over. Like someone searched then replaced them.

David sits on his bed. Hammer still in hand. Rests it on his knee. He hangs his head a little. Closes his eyes tight.

The paranoia is so draining. Then, David looks up to his left. His eyes seem to stop on something.

ATOP HIS DRESSER

Some heavy bookends sandwiching four books. And that Best Buy bag. But, that's not it. It's something else.

ON DAVID

Thinking. Remembers--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - PAST - THAT MORNING

David sets the Best Buy bag on top of his dresser. We move in on it. The receipt is clearly inside the bag. Back to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

David's eyes still locked on that Best Buy bag.

CLOSE ON THE RECEIPT

Laying outside the bag.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David standing on the toilet. He lifts the ceiling fan up. Feeling around. Pulls the Walkman in view. Pops the casing open. The tape still inside.

DAVID (O.S.)

No, no--nothing was taken or--  
damaged.

David closes the casing. Puts the Walkman back up there. Slides the fan in place.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

And there was no forced entry?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're peering into the living room from the hallway. As if spying on someone. The living room empty. But, we can hear David and the Police Officer.

DAVID (O.S.)

No. I don't know how they got in.

David appears from the left. Passes through frame.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
So, you--believe there was more  
than one perpetrator?

The Officer moves in. Then, a second Officer appears.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

ON SCENE - CLOSER

We're in the living room now. One Officer is focused on David. The other Officer is scanning the room for anything.

POLICE OFFICER  
You said "they".

David is at the front window.

DAVID  
I don't know--I just--I don't know.

POLICE OFFICER  
Sir, if you want, you can come down  
and fill out a report, otherwise,  
there's really nothing we can do at  
this point.

David peers out the curtains.

DAVID'S POV

A car down the block. Sitting there. A FIGURE inside in complete darkness.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Just come in and see the desk  
officer.

ON DAVID

Watching the car.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sir?.... Sir?

David finally turns and looks at them.

DAVID  
Yes, I understand. Thank you for  
coming by.

A moment. The Officers both stare at him. Then--

CLOSE ON DAVID'S LAPTOP COMPUTER

An e-mail titled: GOVERNMENT RECORDING - MUST READ.

In the TO: box we see the e-mail addresses for the editors of: The New York Times, USA Today, The Washington Post, The Chicago Tribune, The Wall Street Journal, The Los Angeles Times, The Denver Post, The Houston Chronicle, The Detroit Free Press, The Philadelphia Inquirer, The Boston Globe, The New York Post.

At the bottom we see FILED ATTACHED: TAPE.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David on the couch. Laptop on the coffee table. He's staring at the screen. A moment. His finger hovers over the ENTER key. The arrow over SEND. Another moment. Then, he sits back. Doesn't press it. Sits there. Thinking. His eyes go back to the front window.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David peels back the curtains. Looks out through a sliver of fabric.

DAVID'S POV

That car is gone.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David slides that hammer from before under his mattress. Checks the night stand clock. 9:54 p.m. Clicks a reading light off.

EXT. DAVID'S BACKYARD - LATER NIGHT

The sprinklers explode to life. Spraying. Drenching the muddy footprints in his garden.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT

We're looking straight down at David. He's laying flat on his bed. In the dark. Eyes wide open.

There's no way he's sleeping tonight. His stare burns a hole through the ceiling. He just listens to the sprinklers doing their job.

CLOSE ON DAVID'S EAR

Taking in the SHHH of the sprinklers.

EXT. DAVID'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

We zoom in on the center of a sprinkler. Water arcing 360 degrees. The SHHHH of the sprinkles slowly becomes the HISS of the TAPE. And the center of the sprinkler dissolves into the spinning tape. Spinning. Spinning--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David's eyes are closed now. No sound except the HISS of the tape. A voice picks up where we left off.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

But, what is... disconcerting is the fact that--they didn't kill anyone.

(beat)

They just took them.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

This makes no sense.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

A MAN'S hand nervously tapping on the mahogany table. A BLURRY FIGURE in the background is pacing.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

There were close to twenty five thousand on the last list. The RT9'S are clearly violating our agreement. Why would they possibly need to take some of ours?

Beat.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

I think this is a good time for Mr. Lazar to speak.

(pauses)

Would you please tell everyone here what you saw yesterday?

DAVID'S EYES

Pop open.

CLOSE ON A COFFEE MACHINE

Coffee shooting down.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

David holding a coffee cup under the stream. Fills it halfway. Then, slides the pot in. Chugs it black.

CLOSE ON DAVID'S LAPTOP COMPUTER

On the kitchen table. We see the TAPE file being backed up onto an external hard drive. A moment. The system announces DONE.

DAVID

Pulls the hard drive dongle out. Drops it in his work bag.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

David dressed for work. Moves to the front door. Grabs his keys. Grabs his folded piece of paper. Then, stops. His back to us. He's thinking. Thinking.

THE BATHROOM CEILING FAN

Is removed--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

David lifts the Walkman down. Takes the tape out. Slides it in his pants pocket.

EXT. DAVID'S GARAGE - DAY

David in his car. Turns the ignition. A Man walks by in the background. He gives a quick look into the garage.

David glances in the right side mirror. Catches a glimpse of the Man's blue striped jogging pants. David turns and looks out the back window. The Man is gone.

INT. BANK - DAY

David drops the hard drive dongle in a safe deposit box. A sound behind him. He turns.

Nothing. The empty hallway.

David locks the safe deposit box. Then, glances up at the security camera as if to make sure they saw his face.

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S DESK - DAY

David walking with the Bank Manager toward his desk.

DAVID  
I'd like to add a few names of  
individuals who can have access.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David focused ahead. A moment. Glances in the rear-view mirror. No cars.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

David again staring out the office window.

DAVID'S POV

The parking lot. Nothing unusual.

ON DAVID

Notices something in the far corner of the parking lot. Someone is standing behind a tree. We can't see the person's face. Just part of his leg. He's wearing blue striped jogging pants. A hand touches David's shoulder, startles him. It's Angela.

ANGELA  
Sorry.  
(beat)  
It's on your desk.

David just looks at Angela. Out of it.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
The information you wanted.

DAVID

Thank you--thank you.

She sort of smiles. Moves away. David looks back out the window. The Man is gone.

A LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE

Is opened. A sheet of paper pulled out. It's a list of five MICHAEL LAZARS in New Mexico. Five phone numbers. Two addresses.

INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S DESK - DAY

David reading the list. Someone walks by behind him. David bends the list forward so the person can't see it. It's a different Repairman. He moves to the copy machine. David watches him. The guy never looks over.

CLOSE ON THE LIST

Two of the Michael Lazar listings already have an ink mark through them. A pen crosses out a third number and the address below it. Only two left--

INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S DESK - NIGHT

The office empty. David on the phone. It's ringing. Rings. Rings. Rings. Rings. And rings. He hangs up. Dials the last number. It rings. Rings. Rings. Someone answers.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Nervous pause.

DAVID

Michael--Lazar?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes.

DAVID

Hi, I'm a reporter doing a story on--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not him.

DAVID

Excuse me?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 You people keep calling. I'm not  
 this physicist or whatever the hell  
 he is.

Beat.

DAVID  
 I apologize, sir.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Yeah, you and the other guy--I have  
 your number right here on my phone--  
 if you call again, I will take  
 serious legal action against you,  
 got it?

DAVID  
 Yes. Can I just ask you who else  
 call--?

He's already hung up. David sits there. Taking this in.  
 Then, crosses that guy off the list.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David crosses towards his car. Looking around. The lot  
 virtually empty.

DAVID'S CAR

He goes to key the door. And he's struck from behind. Hard.  
 Someone pins him against the car. A gun stabbing the back of  
 his head. The Figure behind him is eerily calm.

FIGURE  
 Turn around, you die.

The Figure dumps over David's work bag. Rifles his pockets.

FIGURE (CONT'D)  
 Where is it?

DAVID  
 I only have a few dollars, just  
 take my credit cards.

FIGURE  
 You have two seconds. Where is it?

The gun is pressed into David's cheek. He knows this is it if he doesn't act quick. He reaches down. And lifts the door handle setting off his car alarm.

The Figure keeps the gun there. Deciding whether to kill him or not. Then, the Figure takes off. A moment. David turns around. The Figure is gone.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

We're watching from a distance. A squad car. And David's car. A Police Officer questioning David who is holding an ice pack to the back of his head. A moment. Then--

Closer. But, still too far away to hear what they're saying. David shakes his head, answering the questions. Then, it's over. That quickly. The Officer turns to go. And he ever so briefly looks directly at us. As if he meant to. Then, climbs into his squad car.

As the squad car pulls away, David looks in the direction the officer just looked.

There's another car way in the distance. Someone sitting inside. Lights off.

David backs to his car.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David slides in. Locks the doors. Sits there. Thinking. Gathering himself. Then, he reaches under his seat. And pulls out the tape. Puts it in his work-bag. We see that Michael Lazar list sticking out the top of the work-bag. David glances at it. His eyes find the only phone number left. He keys the ignition.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As David pulls away, we hear a phone being dialed. David making a call we don't see. The only sound throughout is a phone line ringing.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We're across the street. Watching. Calm. Nothing. We hear a phone line ringing.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David puts the tape back up in the ceiling fan. We hear the phone line ringing.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David laying in bed. Not sleeping again. That phone line ringing. Then, it goes dead. Odd. It rang endlessly before. We listen as David immediately calls it back. It rings.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NEXT MORNING

David driving to work. Looks beyond tired. The sun blares in his eyes. That phone ringing.

INT. OFFICE - DAVID'S DESK - DAY

David staring at his computer screen. Doing nothing. That phone ringing.

EXT. OFFICE - PATIO AREA - DAY

David eating lunch with Angela. She's talking. He pretends to listen. His mind elsewhere. He nods and feigns a smile. His eyes wander off behind her. Scanning the street. Nothing there. That phone line still ringing.

INT. OFFICE - LATER DAY

David at an office window again. Searching below.

DAVID'S POV

We see the parking lot. Nothing else. That phone ringing.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DUSK

David hurries to his car. Hops in. Phone ringing.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

David standing on his driveway, scanning the neighborhood. No sign of the cars that have been following him, or the Men on foot. Nothing. It almost bothers him there's nobody visibly after him right now. That phone still ringing.

David heads toward his front door. We hang back by the mailbox as he goes. The phone line ringing. Ringing.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see David on the phone. The other line still ringing. Ringing. David finally hangs up. Sits there. Still. His pen tapping--

THE MICHAEL LAZAR LIST

That last phone number. We see he's written notes: 1) Just rings. 2) Rings then goes dead. 3) He writes: Just rings again.

ON DAVID

He underlines that number and the address below it. His eyes zeroed on: 144 Hillcrest Drive.

EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

David's car pulls up to us. He looks up through the windshield--

A STREET SIGN

Hillcrest Drive.

DAVID

Kills the engine. Takes a breath.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

David walking toward us. Address in hand. Scanning. Nervous. A very normal looking residential neighborhood. Very normal. Except for one thing. And David notices it.

There are no people around.

Cars in driveways. Toys on lawns. A basketball left on the sidewalk as if someone up and ran away. Rows and rows of homes. But, no people.

David checking addresses. 140 Hillcrest. 142 Hillcrest. He stops. He's found the matching address. 144. He stares. Scared. Stunned.

There is no house here. Just an empty lot.

David turns. Looking around the neighborhood. Notices the lawns across the street. They have all been mowed up to the fifth house. Then, the mowing seems to have stopped halfway through the yard. And beyond that point, every lawn is unmowed.

David turns back to the empty lot. And glances at the house beside it. And sees something, or someone, move behind the front curtains.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

David strides past a car in the driveway. The car has a thick layer of dust and dirt on it. Like it has not moved in awhile. He spots a stack of newspapers beside the garage. They are all still in their plastic rain wrap. Unopened.

THE FRONT DOOR

David rings the doorbell. Waits. Waits. Rings again. There's a scurrying sound. Behind the door. Like an animal just ran by. David knocks. Waits. Looks around. Then, moves through the bushes by the front window. Peers in. He can only see through a crack in the drapes.

DAVID'S POV

He can see furniture. A couch. Coffee table. And beyond the living room area, he can see into the kitchen. There's a coffee cup on the counter top. And a plate with some crumbs on it. That's it. No. Wait. There's something else.

DAVID

Adjusts his view, steps up on some decorative rocks under the window.

DAVID'S POV

There's something on the floor. It's a shoe. A brown leather dress shoe. Just laying there. On its side. As if dropped. Or someone was yanked right out of it.

ON DAVID

He stares a moment. Then, moves back onto the lawn. Looking around. Still no sign of life here. He pulls out that slip of paper with the address and phone number on it. Dials it on his cell. It rings. Rings.

And it rings inside that house.

David slowly backs away. The phone still heard ringing inside. He turns and hurries down the sidewalk.

DAVID'S CAR

David leaps in. Locks the doors. Heart racing. Keys the ignition. And--

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. Someone jogs by.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David sitting at the kitchen table. Phone on the table. He's staring at the Michael Lazar list. That phone number. That address. A long moment. Then, he reaches for the phone. Starts to dial that number again. Then stops. Hangs up. Gripping the phone. A moment. And the phone rings. In his hand. Startles him. It rings. Rings. Rings. He finally picks up.

DAVID  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Silence. Then--

VOICE ON PHONE  
You shouldn't have gone to the  
house.

David silent. A long moment.

DAVID  
Who is this?

Beat.

VOICE ON PHONE  
You have my tape?

Beat. David straightens up. Instant nerves.

DAVID  
Michael--Lazar?

VOICE ON PHONE  
Answer my question or I hang up.

David deciding quickly. Is it him? Or them? A moment.

DAVID  
Yes--I have it.

VOICE ON PHONE  
Where?

DAVID  
How do I know you're--

VOICE ON PHONE  
You don't.

A long silence.

DAVID  
I have it with me.

VOICE ON PHONE  
Have you listened to it?

Pause.

DAVID  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Can you help me?

A long, long silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Please--I just--

VOICE ON PHONE  
I will be in contact.

He hangs up on David. A long moment. David staring at the phone. Just staring. He can't take much more of this. He's so drained. So emotionally drained. He closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. A moment. Another moment. We only hear his breathing as we see--

THAT WOMAN

From his past. She's upset. Crying.

INT. APARTMENT - PAST - DAY

No sound as she is trying to stop David from leaving. She's pulling at him. They exchange words we don't hear. Then, David breaks free from her. And we hear him say:

DAVID

I can't--I can't do this! I'm not ready.

He heads for a door we don't see. We hold on the crying Woman. She drops onto a bed, buries her face in her hands. Crying. And beside her, on the bed, we see that folded piece of paper. The one David has been carrying around. We hold on it. Hold. Hold. Then, the HISS of the tape fades up over--

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LATER NIGHT

Calm. Nothing.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

I think this is a good time for Mr. Lazar to speak.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Dark. Still.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

Would you please tell everyone here what you saw yesterday?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER NIGHT

Dark. Nothing.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

Yes... we--recently had a--malfunction of a nexium beta line on LV6.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER NIGHT

Dark. A drip from the shower head.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
I was brought down by two superior  
RT7's to try and perform the repair.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON

The ceiling fan above.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The line was centered under a security  
station near the core of LV6.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT

David standing by his bedroom window, peering out the blinds.  
He can barely stay awake at this point. Eyes so heavy.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
The monitors at the station have  
view's of LV8 and LV9. That is  
when I saw--what I believe to be a  
granulocyte macrophage structure  
that the RT9's appear to be in the  
process of building.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
(pauses)  
And--what is it you believe they  
are building?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT

David on his bed. Passed out. Silence.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER NIGHT

The door knob barely, barely moves. We hear the lock snap.  
The door opens. The chain goes taut. A pair of bolt cutters  
poke in, taking the chain into its mouth.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER NIGHT

A SHADOW glides silently across the living room wall.

A HAND lifts a thick pillow off the couch.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT

The Intruder wastes no time. He slips into the black bedroom. The only light is knifing out the sides of the window blinds.

The Intruder leads with his gun. The pillow pressed against the barrel. It's so dark we can barely see as he approaches the bed. And the Intruder is struck from behind.

A struggle ensues. We can't see them. It's just too dark. We only HEAR the fight. It's full on survival mode for both men. They slam into the dresser. Books fall. The gun fires. FLASHES. Gives us a millisecond look at what's happening. One of them had something in their hand.

We hear an object strike flesh. Then, a primal yell. We're not sure if it was from the pain of being struck or from the one doing the striking.

The object thumps down again. And again. And again. Someone is getting their skull crushed in. One more strike. Then, it's over. Rapid breathing. Fumbling. A night-stand light snaps on.

David is covered in blood. His chest heaving. He blinks a half dozen times. It's as if he's taken a fast acting drug. He starts to tremble, staring at--

THE DEAD INTRUDER

Only partially seen. His head is three quarters of the way under the bed. So much blood on his neck it looks like he doesn't have a neck. And the only visible part of his head is matted hair and blood. Beside the Intruder is a heavy book-end. It has hair and what looks like a small amount of flesh attached to it.

DAVID

notices something on the guy's hand.

CLOSE ON THE INTRUDER'S HAND

A gold wedding band. And we cut to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PAST - NIGHT

That Security Officer sitting on David's couch. Questioning him.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

The exact same gold wedding band. And back to--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

David pacing. The adrenaline still pumping as reality sinks in. He starts to lose it. Oh fuck. Oh fuck! He doesn't know if he should cry, or be angry, or God knows what! He's fighting tears. We can see it in his eyes: How did this happen? This is not my life?! What the fuck do I do?!

David takes a few deep breaths. His eyes are saucers. He's trying to calm himself. Trying. Just trying to breathe. And breathe. And he's calming down as much as he's probably going to. He starts to think now. Think. Think: I have to move fast.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David scrubbing the blood off his hands. We JUMP CUT as he scrubs. And scrubs. He rips his bloody shirt off.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David changing as fast as humanly possible. He's putting on a jogging outfit. Sweatshirt, sweat-pants, running shoes.

David grabs his credit cards, bank card, the little cash he has, his cell phone, that folded piece of paper, and that business card the dead man gave him before.

David digs through the dead man's pockets. Nothing but a cell phone. He takes it. Then, eyes the dead man's gun. Deciding. Deciding.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David lifts the ceiling fan out. Pulls the Walkman down. Pops the tape out.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David's laptop computer on. That E-MAIL titled: GOVERNMENT RECORDING - MUST READ opens up.

David immediately hits send. Then, lifts the laptop. And smashes it into the floor as we are--

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

David peers out the curtains.

DAVID'S POV

A car halfway down the block. There's no way out. The car suddenly flashes its lights. David notices the dead man had turned off the front porch light.

ON DAVID

Deciding. It's clearly a signal. But, which one? He moves his hand to the light switch. Holds it there, while peering out the window. Then, flips the porch light back on.

DAVID'S POV

The car just sits there. Nothing. Then, its engine roars to life. The car leaps forward.

DAVID

Panics. Wrong signal, David! Wrong fucking signal! He takes off. Right out the back-door.

EXT. DAVID'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

David stumbles out the sliding glass door. Races to the edge of the house. Pauses. Then, oh so cautiously takes a look around the corner of the house.

That car is pulling into his driveway. The headlights blind him. The Driver steps out, seeing David.

David turns and takes off. Bolts across his backyard. Trampling his garden.

EXT. ANOTHER BACKYARD - NIGHT

We follow David as he sprints for his life. Flies through several backyards. We hear a car's engine in the distance. It's coming around the block.

Ahead of David, we see a car hit the curb. Headlights right on us. David turns and heads back the way he came.

David dodges a badminton net. Glances back.

The Man is behind him now, closing fast.

David hops a fence. Plows through some bushes. Runs under a swing-set that nearly takes his head off.

THE MAN

ducks the badminton net. We follow him over the fence.

He comes through the bushes. And stops. The swings on the swing-set swaying. He takes off past them. We don't move. We hold a moment. Then--

David appears from behind the bushes. He sprints toward the street. We stay right here. Watching David head into the distance. He gets smaller, and smaller, until the night swallows him up. Silence. Nothing.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

David sprinting along an empty road.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS AREA - NIGHT

We watch from a distance as David comes running towards us. Hurries across an intersection. Keeps running.

EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

David ducks behind an office building. Hunches over. Spits. Trying to catch his breath. Trying to hold it together. He keeps looking around. His eyes swimming in all directions. Thinks. Thinks. Reaches in his sweat-shirt pocket. Pulls out his cell phone. And smashes it on the ground. He pulls out the dead guy's cell phone. Opens it. Checks the number listings.

CLOSE ON CELL PHONE

There are no name entries. Only a series of numbers and letters for each entry. Some have three in a sequence. Some have ten. They all vary. Must be codes of some kind. The phone suddenly rings. The caller id flashes. It reads: DAVID UNDERWOOD.

ON DAVID

He lets the phone ring again. Again. Then, finally answers. No one speaks. He can hear sounds. Like plastic being crumpled.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Man who was pursuing David is on David's land line. Listening. Behind him, we see two men lift the dead man and lay him on a sheet of thick plastic.

EXT. BEHIND THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

David hangs up. Heaves the cell phone as far as he can throw it. And runs.

EXT. ATM - NIGHT

David quickly plugs in his security code. Selects GET CASH. Looks over his shoulder. Then back at--

THE ATM SCREEN

Reads: ACCOUNT CLOSED. He tries his credit card. Selects: CASH ADVANCE. A moment.

DAVID

shoots a few looks around.

THE ATM SCREEN

Again reads: ACCOUNT CLOSED.

DAVID

Digs in his pockets. Pulls out all the cash he has. Four dollars. Takes a moment. And thinks. Thinks. We hear frantic knocking as David stares off, an idea coming to him.

A DOOR

A hand knocking. Knocking. Knocking. An outside light pops on. Someone checks the eye hole. Then--

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The door quickly opens. Chain snaps tight. Angela squints out, half asleep.

ANGELA

David?

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David rushes in. Starts turning off the lights Angela just turned on.

ANGELA  
What are you--David, what's wrong?

DAVID  
No lights.

ANGELA  
David--

DAVID  
It has to look like you're still asleep.

ANGELA  
What--is that blood on your neck?

David checks a living room mirror. Still some blood there. Tries to quickly rub it off.

Angela spots a gun handle peeking out of David's sweat-shirt pocket. She backs toward a phone.

DAVID  
I know this is--I'm--I just--

David sees her backing up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Angela--?

Her eyes dart to the gun again. He knows.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
No--no--this--this isn't--here--  
here--take it--

David lays the gun on the floor. Moves away from it. Trying to hold it together. Angela has her hand on the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean to--these people are after me, Angela. I need your help. Please... I don't know where else to go?

David's eyes tearing up. Losing it. Angela realizes he's not here to hurt her. That something is seriously wrong. She takes her hand off the phone.

DAVID'S POV

Looking out the front curtains. The street empty.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David peering out the curtains. Angela seated on the couch. Her eyes on the gun resting on the coffee table. A long silence. Angela is clearly trying to process all of this.

ANGELA

So, what--exactly is on this tape?

DAVID

I--can't tell you--you'll be in danger if you know. I put everything on a hard drive in my safe deposit box. You have access to it. Get it to anyone you can.

ANGELA

David--this is crazy--

DAVID

I know--I know--I wouldn't believe me either. But, am I an irrational person? Would I ever do or say anything like this?

Angela's silence answers that.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And if this--wasn't all true, why would these people be after me?

ANGELA

Who--are they?

DAVID

Some level of the government--I don't know.

ANGELA

Why can't you just give them the tape back?

DAVID

It won't matter. They know I've heard it. Even if they didn't know--it doesn't matter anymore--

David checks the window again. He stiffens.

DAVID'S POV

A car parked across the street now. And it's empty.

ON DAVID AND ANGELA

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Oh God. They're here.

ANGELA  
David--what are you--

David spins, motioning for Angela to be silent. He pulls her close. Gets his mouth right up to her ear.

DAVID  
(whispers)  
I have to go right now.

David sees a shadow move by the back sliding glass door. He pulls Angela out of view.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I need cash. Anything you have.  
And coins--quarters--ok? Just nod.

Angela nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Go. Hurry.

Angela races for her bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela throws the closet open, reaching to a shelf. Pulls down an old shoe box. Opens it. A pair of expensive, barely used heels inside. Some cash in the left shoe.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela runs back in. Hands David the cash.

ANGELA  
It's about four hundred--maybe.

She scoops her purse. Rifles through it. Gives him the other ten bucks she has. And a small change purse.

DAVID

Thank you.

David leans forward and quickly kisses her. It's brief. They exchange a look. Then, there's a knock at the door. A moment. Then, another knock. David thinking. What to do? Then, he motions for her to answer it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Say whatever you have to. Just get them away from here.

David grabs the gun and races into the bedroom.

Angela moves to the door. Slides the chain back on.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David peers out a crack in the bedroom door. The hallway in front of him cut off in darkness. The front door out of view. He HEARS Angela at the door.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Police. We need to speak with you.

ANGELA (O.S.)

What's this about?

Beat.

VOICE (O.S.)

A co-worker of yours, David Underwood.

We hear Angela open the door. We hear the chain snap taut. Then, we hear the door burst open. Angela lets out a scream which is quickly muffled. The horror of what is about to happen floods David's eyes. He hears struggling. Then, silence. He grips the gun. Deciding. Deciding.

THE HALLWAY

We see two FIGURES coming towards us in the dark.

THE BEDROOM

The FIGURES burst in, seeing the bedroom window wide open. They do a quick scan. Then, race out.

We don't move as we hear the Figures head out the back-door. A moment. Then, David appears from inside the closet. He peers into the hallway, petrified.

THE LIVING ROOM

David moves in. Gun ready. As he moves around the couch, he sees--

Angela's crooked legs poking out. Her body hidden by the coffee table. She's face down.

The sight of this immobilizes David for a moment. Then, he rushes to her. We hang back as he kneels down out of sight. A moment. Then, he reappears, gets to his feet, backing up towards us. He's beyond shaken. His eyes staying on Angela as he backs towards the front door. Then, he turns. And runs. Heads right out the door, leaving it wide open. We watch through the doorway as he takes off down the street.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

David sprinting hard. Fast. Faster.

David finally starts to slow. Then, stops. Circles. Looks back from where he just came.

Angela's house and the neighborhood a good half mile away.

David shakes his head as if to say NO. As if he can somehow tell all of this to go away. That it can't happen. That it isn't happening! But... it is. And he can't hold it in anymore. He starts to fall apart. He can barely stand. It's too much. Too much.

WIDER

David looks so alone right now. Alone in every way.

CLOSER ON DAVID

His eyes darting. Blinking. He's trying to calm down. He finally gathers himself somewhat. And looks in the direction of some distant city lights.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

David at a street corner. Waits. Flags a cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

David climbs in.

DAVID  
Can you take me to Ash Springs?

CAB DRIVER  
That's eighty miles, my friend.

David hands him a hundred dollars.

DAVID  
Another hundred when we get there.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The Cab pulls away. Driving off.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

We're a mile away, on a hilltop, watching the cab's headlights cross the desert. Just two white dots floating in black.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Cab pulls in. David hops out. Faces the Motel's office.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David closes the door. Locks it. Puts a chair against the knob. Closes the drapes.

David grabs two pillows off the bed. Puts them on the floor, facing the door. Sits on one. Leans against the wall with the other. Gun on his lap. Ready just in case. Closes his eyes. He just needs a few minutes. Just a few minutes to rest.

The sounds of the room slowly fade out. And the HISS of the tape fades up. Then, that voice we now know very well.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
That is when I saw--what I believe to be a granulocyte macrophage structure that the RT9's appear to be in the process of building.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

(pauses)

And--what is it you believe they  
are building?

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

(beat)

I wasn't sure at first. Then, I  
noticed the base of the structure.  
There seemed to be evidence of a  
matriptase, a trypsin-like serine  
protease.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

We're right behind someone's head and shoulders. His hair is  
dark and thick. He's wearing a white lab coat. The people  
on the corners of the frame are out of focus.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

This is a form of an epithelial-  
derived, integral membrane.

CLOSE ON DAVID'S CLOSED EYES

Moving rapidly under his eye lids.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

A membrane?

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

Yes. Which leads me to believe...

(beat)

They are breeding.

And a KNOCKING takes us back--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

David snaps awake. Out of it. Still on the floor. Sunlight  
clawing through the cheap curtains. Another KNOCK at the  
door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Housekeeping.

David is on his feet. Ready.

DAVID

No thank you.

A shadow passes by the window as someone moves away. A moment. Then, we hear coins being loaded into a pay phone. A number dialed. A computerized voice asks:

INFORMATION VOICE (O.S.)  
What listing?

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

David on the phone.

DAVID  
(into phone)  
Channel 4 News in Henderson.  
(beat)  
Any number.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David waiting behind a building. In the dark. Watching a well lit parking lot with foot traffic.

David keeps scanning the lot. Waiting. Waiting. Then--

A car flashes its lights four times. That's it.

David cautiously starts towards it.

WIDER

David crosses the lot, he checks in every direction. And approaches the car.

THE CAR

A Woman in the driver's seat. She has long dark hair. She smiles at David as he moves closer.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

David slips into the passenger seat. The Woman smiles again.

WOMAN  
I wasn't sure you'd--

DAVID  
Where's your crew?

WOMAN

They're on the way. The only truck  
I had available was about forty  
miles away at a hit-and-run.

(beat)

Can I see the tape?

DAVID

Can I see some ID?

The Woman removes some press credentials. MARISA GONZALEZ --  
Reporter -- Channel 4 News. Looks legit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sorry--

(reading her name)

Marisa.

MARISA

Are you going to tell me your name?

DAVID

Not yet.

MARISA

Fair enough. But, I am going to  
have to hear some of the tape.  
I know what you said on the phone,  
but, if we're going to do this, I  
have to know this is for real.

Marisa hands David a small cassette player she's brought.

David is hesitant. Thinking. Takes his time. Then, pops  
the tape in. A moment. Hits PLAY.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We're out in the lot, watching David and Marisa from a  
distance. The sounds of cars, people, traffic. We hold a  
few moments. Then--

INT. CAR - NIGHT

David hits STOP. Marisa is processing what she heard.

DAVID

That's only the beginning.

MARISA

Why haven't you gone to the police?

DAVID  
I--don't think I can trust them.

MARISA  
(deciding)  
Then we need to get this on the air-  
-tonight. Would you be willing to  
go on camera in an hour?

DAVID  
I thought you said we were going to  
do it live, here?

MARISA  
It'll be safer in the studio. Have  
you made any copies?

DAVID  
No.

MARISA  
And who else knows about this?

Beat.

DAVID  
The friend of mine they killed.

MARISA  
(pauses)  
I'm sorry, David. This must be  
very hard for you.

Marisa turns the ignition.

MARISA (CONT'D)  
But, we'll make it right.

David reaches and shuts off the car. Seems upset.

DAVID  
Who are you?

MARISA  
(confused)  
What?

DAVID  
What part of the government are  
you?

MARISA  
What are you talking about, David?

DAVID  
(takes his time)  
I never told you my name.

Marisa smiles. Starts to move her hand toward her side.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Don't do that.

Marisa looks down.

David has his gun poking out his sweat-shirt pocket.

Marisa, or whomever this is, stares forward. Her demeanor changes. Becomes instantly cold. A long silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
So, how does this work, I give you  
the tape, then what happens? You  
let me go? Cause I don't think  
that's going to happen, is it?

MARISA  
I don't make those decisions,  
David.

DAVID  
Who does?

Marisa is silent. Then--

MARISA  
You can't get out of here, David.  
You're surrounded.

David grabs the cassette player and tape. Opens his door a crack.

DAVID  
Open your window.

Marisa doesn't move. David stabs her with the gun.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Open your fucking window.

Marisa reaches. Lowers her window.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hang your hair outside.  
(beat)  
Please.

Marisa hesitates. Then, lets her hair drape on the edge of the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All the way.

Marisa glares at him. Lays her head against the door, sending her hair out the window.

David reaches across her lap and raises the glass until it snags her hair tight, trapping her.

David grabs the car keys. Backs out his door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David slams his door. Clicks the LOCK button on the remote. He spots FIGURES coming right at him from the other side of the car. He heaves the keys as far as he can throw them. And runs.

WIDER

David sprinting away. Several FIGURES fanning out behind him, pursuing.

A LINE OF TREES

David runs to the back of the parking lot. Goes right through some brush and trees, sliding down a steep decline. We stay up in the parking lot.

A FIGURE comes to the edge of the frame and fires six or seven silenced shots into the brush. We hold. Watching. Listening for any sign of David. The Figure finally moves out of frame. A moment. Then--

CLOSE ON WHITE PLASTIC

Nothing special. Just plastic. Then, drops of red start pelting it. More. And more. We pull away a bit and reveal it's a plastic bag from a drug store. There are bandages hanging out of it. Medical tape. And there's blood dripping down from--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blood soaked bandages dangling over the edge of the sink. The once white porcelain is red with bloody water. Clumps of blood stained bandages near the drain.

The faucet comes to life. BLOODY HANDS dive under it.

David washes the best he can. He's pale. Not looking so good.

David sits back on the edge of the bathtub. Dries his hands.

He has a large bandage taped low on his right side. He's clearly been shot. To what degree, who knows. But, it appears that his only hope is that he doesn't bleed to death.

He stares at the faucet that is still running. His eyes fixed. Lost.

CLOSE ON FAUCET

No sound. The hiss of the tape fades up as blood swirls down the drain.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
Which leads me to believe...  
(beat)  
They are breeding.

And we hear water being poured as we are--

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

A HAND pours water into a clear glass. Someone drinks.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
This is just not possible. We made sure of it when we installed and tested the illennium centrifuge.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
(beat)  
Mr. Lazar, we know for a fact that the RT9's and RT7's are not capable of breeding.

Beat.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
Not with themselves.

And we're back--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David lays down on the bed. Winces in pain. He settles. Trying to rest. A TV is blaring from the next room. Annoys him. David just lays there. Staring at the wall. Then, he hears something by the door. He grabs the gun. Sits up as fast as he can.

Something white is poking under the door.

David moves over, slowly, in pain. Grabs it.

It's a motel postcard. He flips it.

CLOSE ON POSTCARD

Written on the back: If you want help. 1 p.m. tomorrow. Airstrip off 375 in Rachel. Exit 14. First turn off. Dirt road. Bring the tape.

ON DAVID

Sits on the edge of the bed. Thinking. Eyeing the postcard. He knows he can trust no one at this point. No one.

He checks his side. It's starting to bleed again. He draws a breath. Knows he's not going to make it unless he gets serious medical attention. His eyes wander. Thinking. They go to the nightstand. Some loose change. His unusable ATM and credit cards. And, that folded piece of paper.

David stares at it. A moment. Another moment. And the only sound is that blasting motel TV as we see-

THAT FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER

In David's hands now--

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - PAST - DAY

David sits forward. Holding that folded piece of paper. Elbows on knees. Deep in thought. A moment. Then, he slowly starts to open the paper. We see some letters: SAMA-- Then, he stops as someone approaches. We can hear their footsteps come right up to David. The edge of a white lab coat visible. David looks up at this person. A moment as something is said. Then, his eyes glaze over with tears. He doesn't move. He can't move. What he's just heard is too painful. It crushes him.

CLOSE ON DAVID

Eyes fixed. Welled with tears as we're back--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David staring. Staring. Then, he blinks a few times. Looks around. A moment. And his expression changes rapidly. He has clearly decided something as a look of absolute determination washes over him.

He reaches in his pocket. Pulls out the business card that was given to him when the two Men came to his house. He's working it all out in his head. Maybe there's a way out of this. Maybe. A moment. Then--

We hear pay-phone buttons being pressed. A phone ringing. And ringing. Someone picks up the other line.

VOICE (O.S.)  
How can we help you, Mr. Underwood?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT DAY

David is getting dressed. Hurts to pull his sweatshirt on.

DAVID (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
The tape is in room 21 at The Ranch  
Motel near Ash Springs.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

David closes the door behind him. Looking around.

DAVID (O.S.)  
No one else knows about it, or will  
know about it--for now.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

David walking towards us. Eyes forward.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
And what--exactly are you expecting  
from us?

## CLOSE ON DAVID

Still moving towards us. A moment. And he sees something. Something that almost produces a smile if that's possible--

## THAT WOMAN

From David's past. We see her through a crowd. It's a party at someone's house. She's talking to another woman, but clearly looks right at us. A lingering look. That look. The one you get the first time you see someone... someone you will never forget... the rest of your life.

## EXT. MOTEL PAY PHONE - PRESENT - DAY

David on the phone. Staring.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I want my life back.

There is no immediate response on the other line. Dead air. Then, after a few more moments--

VOICE (O.S.)  
That can be arranged--once we have  
the tape.

The person on the other line hangs up. David sets the phone back in the cradle. His eyes go to something in the distance. A long moment as he keeps staring, thinking. And the pay phone suddenly rings. Startles him.

David backs away from it. Lets it ring. We stay on the phone as it continues ringing. David hurrying away in the background. It rings. And rings. And rings--

## EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

We're watching from a close distance, partially hidden behind the bumper of a car. A few people pass by David's motel room door. A Man dressed like a tourist. A Woman. A Couple. Then, the tourist looking Man comes back. Stops at David's motel room.

## INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

We're listening as the door is worked open. The Man has his gun out. Scans quickly as we pan to--

The tape on the center of the bed.

INT. CAR - MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Man climbs into his car. We're behind him. In the backseat as he keys the ignition.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Don't turn around. Hand me the tape.

The Man calmly reaches for the tape, going for his gun.

A gun barrel comes in frame. Pressed to the back of the Man's neck.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Only the tape.

The Man pulls the tape from his pocket. Hands it to the backseat. David takes it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Now your cell phone and gun--out  
the window.

The Man takes his time. Then, slowly drops his cell phone and his gun out his window. And we finally get a good look at the Man. It's the second copy machine repairman we saw at David's office.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Go left out of here and get on the  
375 north.

The Man doesn't immediately move. David pokes him with his gun.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Now.

The Man puts the car in gear.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The car pulls onto the road in front of the Motel. Takes a left. And drives away. We watch it head into the distance.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David staring at the back of the Man's head. A long silence. Neither says anything. Then, finally--

DAVID  
Who do you work for?

We see the back of the Man's head. He doesn't answer.  
Drives.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What part of the government?

The back of the Man's head. Still nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I know you're the ones who sent me  
this.

David shows him the postcard. The Man glances at it. Says  
nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Why not just kill me and take the  
tape? Why make me bring it to you?

David presses his gun to the Man's neck. He doesn't even  
flinch. It's as if he's resigned to being shot. David sits  
back. Takes a moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Is it because you're afraid I let  
others hear it?  
(beat)  
Maybe I did. Maybe a lot of people  
have heard it.

Still no reaction from the Man. A long moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

The back of the Man's head. Nothing. David is getting so  
frustrated. Grabs his bleeding side.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Do you even know what's on this  
tape?

The back of the Man's head. Nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It effects all of us--you--your  
family--do you have a family?

The Man's shifts, giving some indication this might have  
struck a cord. A moment. But, he says nothing.

David pulls the cassette player from his sweat-shirt pocket.  
Puts the tape in.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I want you to hear it. I want you  
to know what you are a part of.

The Man is a statue. Nothing. David hits REWIND. The tape  
whirs back to the start. Clicks. David eyes the back of the  
Man's head as he hits PLAY. The HISS of the tape. Then--

MAN'S VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

Today is May 19th, 1979, 10:18 p.m.  
My name is Michael Lazar--

And all sound is gone.

David watching the passing desert out his window.

The ground is a blur, rushing by. It seems to speed up.

The tape turning in the cassette player.

The back of the Man's head. No movement. No reaction to  
what is being heard.

David staring forward. He's taking it all in. Then, we hear  
the HISS of the tape fade up--

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

You're saying they are--using us to  
reproduce?

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

Not--directly. First, I thought they  
were using our reproductive organs for  
a hybridization of tissues. But, now,  
I think it goes further than that. I  
believe they are trying to form into  
Haplodiploids--an organism that can  
essentially develop from unfertilized  
eggs, and multiply at will.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

So, if it's not our reproductive  
organs they want, what is it?

We're close on David.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)

Our chromosomes.

(beat)

But, there's something else--

And a car RUSHES past, bringing back the sounds of life. David eyes the tape player. He hits stop. He stares at the back of the Man's head, waiting for a response. But, he gets nothing.

DAVID  
You have nothing to say?

The Man sits there. Motionless. Unmoved.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You don't care that this is going  
to happen--if it's not already?

The Man is still silent. A long moment. David is alone on this. And he knows it. He hardens.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Next exit.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The car exits the freeway.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David searching for something out the windshield. Sees a turn off down a dirt road.

DAVID  
There.

The car rolls to a stop right before the dirt road.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Why are you stopping?

MAN #3  
(pauses)  
We should not be out here.

DAVID  
Why? What is this place?

The Man is silent. He looks around. Uneasy. A long moment. David pokes him with the gun.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Drive.

The Man hesitates. Then, presses the gas.

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

The car turns down a dirt road.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David checking out all the windows, trying to spot anything coming. Anything.

The car kicking up dust on both sides, making it hard to see. Appears to be nothing but desert. Then, up ahead, we see--

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A single landing strip cutting right through the barren terrain. The car pulls up onto it.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

David looking around.

                          DAVID  
                  This is good.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The car rolls to a stop. Sits there. A long moment.

INT. CAR - DAY

David lowers his and the driver's side window. There's nothing but desert for miles in every direction.

EXT. CAR - DAY

We're a half mile away, looking right at the lone car sitting on the airstrip. Nothing out here. We hold. We can only hear a light wind. That's it.

INT. CAR - DAY

David winces, holds his side. Blood seeping through his bandages.

                          DAVID  
                  What time is it?

The Man slowly checks his watch.

MAN #3  
Five to one.

David thinking. What to do? He reaches for the door handle.

MAN #3 (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't get out.

David stops from opening the door.

DAVID  
Why? What will happen if I do?

Pause. The Man is silent.

David deciding. Can't trust him. He pulls his door handle. Pushes the door open. And steps out. Gun ready.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

David stands beside the car. Does a 360 check. Still nothing. Then, a distant POP heard. David jerks his head in that direction. There's nothing out there. Nothing.

DAVID  
What's the time now?

The Man doesn't answer. David looks down at him.

The Man is slumped sideways on the front seat. His ear is pooled with blood. There's a blood splatter on the passenger window. An engine heard. It's approaching fast.

David looks up the airstrip.

A pick-up truck is racing towards him. It came out of nowhere. Comes closer. Closer. Then, it stops. About three hundred yards away.

A Man steps out, zeroing a hunting rifle on David. He's wearing a dark baseball cap, a flannel shirt, jeans. He shouts:

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE  
Throw the gun and lay flat on the  
pavement right now!

David deciding. He knows he doesn't have a choice. He tosses the gun. Then, gets down. Lays flat.

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (CONT'D)  
Turn your head away!

We stay close on David as he turns his head to the side. We hear the truck's door close. The engine rumbling. The truck coming closer. Closer. Closer. It stops. We hear the truck door open again. Someone steps out.

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If you look, I shoot you. If you  
move, I shoot you.

DAVID'S POV ON THE PAVEMENT

He sees a pair of black military boots step around the car to the passenger side. He hears the back door open. A moment. Then, close. We hear the cassette player clicked ON briefly just to check. Then, the boots move around behind David.

David starts to turn his head to look back.

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You look, you die.

David lays his head back down. He feels his hands bound behind his back.

A plastic police tie is zipped tight to his wrists.

Then, a hand frisks him. Checks his pockets. Yanks out his remaining cash, his ATM card, and that folded piece of paper. We stay close on David as we hear the Man open that piece of paper. The wind is the only sound as the Man reads it.

CLOSE ON PAPER

The man's shoulder partially blocking our view of it. And the wind curls the page, also making it hard to fully see it. But, what we do see is: 4) ARIAL 7) RACHEL 5) ELOISE 1) ANDR--

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What is this?

ON DAVID

He doesn't answer. Silence.

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Who are these people?

David still doesn't answer. The Man pokes the rifle into the back of David's neck.

MAN WITH HUNTING RIFLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Answer me or you die.

David takes a moment. Seems oddly calm. Then, says:

DAVID  
No...  
(pauses)  
You don't get to know.

The Man cocks the rifle. David doesn't react. Stares to his left. Waits for the shot. He's ready. A moment. Then--

CLOSE ON DAVID

A grey hood is slipped over his head. A cord pulled tight around his throat. There are breathing holes near his mouth. No eye holes.

THE AIRSTRIP

David is pulled to his feet. He is walked towards the pick-up truck. We don't see who is leading him.

THE TRUCK

The flat-bed door drops right in front of David.

A HAND

Lifts a fiberglass tonneau cover off the bed. Two side arms are locked in place, holding the cover up on a forty-five degree angle. There are thick blankets lining the bottom and sides. Acting as padding. This truck was clearly prepared for this kind of thing.

INSIDE THE TRUCK BED

David is lifted. Slides in on his stomach. We are in there. Right beside him.

The Man cinches David's ankles with another plastic tie. He raises David's pants leg, exposing his ankle. A small silver disc is stuck on his leg.

David struggling to breathe through the hood. Then, quickly relaxes. His body going limp. He breathing slows. Sounds fading as the tonneau cover is lowered down on us like a coffin lid. And the cab door swung up and locked, sealing us inside with David. Black.

We can barely hear the truck's engine. We start to move. Then, all sound is gone except for David's shallow breathing. Breathing. Breathing. Then, the HISS of the tape fades up.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
So, if it's not our reproductive  
organs they want, what is it?

Beat.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
Our chromosomes.  
(beat)  
But, there's something else...

Silence. Then--

VOICE OF TAPE (O.S.)  
What is it, Mr. Lazar?  
(beat)  
Mr. Lazar?

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

A hand nervously tapping the table, but we only hear David's breathing.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
(hard for him)  
On one of the other station  
monitors, I saw what I believed to  
be one of our missing HT1 workers.  
She was--incased in a--clear--body  
shaped frame of some kind. There  
was tubing running from the base in  
all directions.  
(pauses)  
I saw--what must have been--thousands of  
them. Lined up. Like on an assembly line.  
(beat)  
They were about to be--

Michael Lazar can't seem to finish. Long pause.

VOICE OF TAPE (O.S.)  
They were about to be what, Mr.  
Lazar?

We see Michael Lazar from behind. He looks down. Doesn't know how to say this. And a low metallic hum rises. Louder. Louder. LOUDER--

CLOSE ON DAVID

Hood on his head. He's still lying in the back of the pickup trunk. The tonneau cover is up now. And the truck bed door down. But, David is not moving. Sedated. A filthy yellow light covers him as we hear voices. We can't make them out over the loud hum.

REVERSE ANGLE

We are in some sort of factory type loading dock area. A highway of thick piping overhead. This seems to be the source of the hum.

In the background, the Man with the hunting rifle is speaking with a loading dock Supervisor. Whatever they are saying, it seems important. The Man with the hunting rifle holds out David's piece of paper. The Supervisor reads it. Not concerned. Seems to know what this is. And--

Two more men enter. They are in grey shirts and pants. Dock worker attire. They wheel in a hospital type gurney. And bump it up against the pickup truck. They slide David's limp body onto the gurney. One of the Men notices blood leaking through David's shirt. He checks David's pulse. It's weak.

DOCK WORKER #1

He needs some R9-412--right now.

The other Man quickly moves away to go get whatever this is.

And Dock Worker #1 cuts the plastic ties from David's wrists and ankles. Lifts a few straps from under the gurney. There are two different types. One made of thick leather. One made of a dark green fabric. Which one he chooses seems to matter. He turns briefly to the Man with the hunting rifle and the Supervisor.

DOCK WORKER #1 (CONT'D)

(shouts over the hum)

Hey, where is this one going?

The Man with the hunting rifle seems momentarily stunned. Then, he's running towards us.

And Dock Worker #1 seems to know why. He turns back quickly. The gurney is empty. He looks up. David's hood on the floor. And a door off the loading dock is slowly closing.

## INT. NARROW HALLWAY

White walls. White tile. A door at the far end and that's it. David is running as fast as he can. He's pale. He's lost a lot of blood. But, this is his only chance and he knows it. He goes right through that door in front of him.

## INT. HALLWAY

Wider. Doors on both sides of the hall. Most are held open by doorstops.

David keeps moving. Scrambling. Takes quick looks inside each room to see if it's a way out.

## DAVID'S PASSING POV

Room #1: Looks like some sort of laboratory. No windows.

Room #2: Another lab. No windows.

Room #3: Desks in rows. Like a classroom. No windows.

## THE HALLWAY

David whips his head around as he hears something behind him.

## SECURITY GUARDS

In dark grey outfits are coming on fast.

## ON DAVID

He keeps running. Then, darts into a closed door near the end of the hall.

## INT. ROOM

David stops dead. Seeing--

## A GROUP OF CHILDREN

On the floor. In a semi-circle. A Woman seated in front of them. They all look up at David. Almost puzzled. Definitely not scared.

## INT. HALLWAY

The Security Guards head into the room with the children.

## INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM

The Security Guards burst in. The children are all pointing to a door leading to an adjacent room.

## INT. ADJACENT ROOM

David weaving through floor to ceiling stacked of boxes. This is another lab or classroom being used as a storage room. As David races by us, we see something on the boxes. They are all labeled: ORCO CORP. CEDER RAPIDS, IOWA.

## BACK ON DAVID

As he goes right through a door near the corner of the room.

## INT. HALLWAY

David slides into the hallway, nearly falling. And an alarm sounds. A throbbing deep tone. Like a fog horn. A calm female voice repeating something in a language we've never heard before.

David looks around. Which way? His eyes shoot to the end of the hall, then back to a doorway close to him.

## INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Security Guards race in. Stop. Then, head down the hallway. We pan back to the door close to us and--

## INT. STAIRWELL

David skips steps. Almost tripping on his way down. He holds his side. The pain excruciating now. And he stumbles through the door on the lower level.

## INT. HALLWAY

Orange patterned carpeting down here. Like we're in some bizarre Howard Johnsons. David runs. Slows a bit. Hard to breath. The hallway suddenly juts left. And ends about ten yards after that. There are two mahogany double doors. David doesn't hesitate. He goes right through them.

INT. ROOM

David bursts in. And we hear a voice say:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Twenty percent of the population--

And the voice stops. Abruptly. David standing there. The doors close behind him. That alarm is barely audible in here. David just stares at the room. Stunned. Then, spins to get out of there.

CLOSE ON SOMEONE'S HAND

Pressing a remote.

THE MAHOGANY DOORS

Lock. David yanks ferociously at the door handles. He's trapped. He draws a breath. And slowly, slowly turns, facing--

THE ROOM

A long table lined with two dozen men and woman. Some in military uniforms, some in suits, some clearly scientists, some look like school teachers. There is coffee on the table. Doughnuts. Bagels. Documents in front of each person.

At the end of the table, a MAN in a sweater vest. He has the remote lock control in one hand, a laser pointer in the other. A map of Manhattan projected on a screen behind him. Sections of Manhattan have been highlighted in RED.

No one says anything for the longest time. They all just stare at David. Blank faces. Perfectly calm.

Then, finally, the Man in the sweater vest moves forward. Smiles. A moment. Then--

MAN IN SWEATER VEST  
Hello, David.

David says nothing. Moves along a wall. His eyes darting from person to person.

The mahogany doors suddenly rattle. And unlock. The Security Guards charge in. The Man in the sweater vest puts up his hand to them as if to say "I got it."

David backs toward a corner. Seems like no way out now. But, his eyes keep moving. Thinking. He hasn't given up yet.

The Man in the sweater vest comes toward David, slowly. Like trying to calm a scared animal.

MAN IN SWEATER VEST (CONT'D)  
You're bleeding.

The Man in the sweater vest reaches toward David. David jerks away, as if receiving an electric shock.

DAVID  
Who--are you?

The Man in the sweater vest retracts his hand a moment.

MAN IN SWEATER VEST  
(beat)  
We're here to help you, David.

David moves further away. The Man in the sweater vest reaches for David again.

MAN IN SWEATER VEST (CONT'D)  
It's ok. It's going to be ok.

The Man in the sweater vest gently taps David on the shoulder.

David reacts like he's been stuck with something.

The Man in the sweater vest removes a tiny needle from between his fingers. And steps back.

David feels his body freezing up. He seems unable to move his limbs. He slowly slides down against the wall. The Man in the sweater vest quickly catches David's head so he doesn't hurt himself. Gently lays him on the floor. David looking directly up at us.

DAVID'S POV

The Security Guards and the Man in the sweater vest staring down at David. His vision going in and out of focus.

MAN IN SWEATER VEST (CONT'D)  
Careful that he doesn't swallow his  
tongue.

## CLOSE ON DAVID

His jaw is opened. Two wooden blocks are placed between his back teeth. A clamp is put on his tongue, holding it out of his mouth. He's lifted. Placed flat on something. We move tighter on him. Only his eyes. Staring. There are lots of sounds. Clanking metal. Fabric rustling. Footsteps. Doors opening and closing. The lighting goes dark. Then, light. Shadows pass over him in odd patterns. It's as if David is being moved someplace but we never see it. Then, finally, silence. And white light. We hold on David's eyes. They move a bit now.

## DAVID'S POV

A white ceiling. Like in a doctor's office. We are somewhere else now. We look slightly left. Then, right. We can't see much. Just two white walls. And the edge of some kind of control panel on wheels. Our vision definitely seems restricted. That's because it is.

## INT. ROOM

A pair of blinders have been clamped to David's head which is strapped to a metal table. A steel neck brace makes his head immobile. His tongue clamp has been removed, but his mouth is still being held open a few inches by those wood blocks. He's drooling on himself.

David tries get up. But can't. His entire body strapped to the table. Wrists. Ankles. Chest. Arced metallic bars holding him down. He looks toward his feet. He can see he is wearing a loose grey shirt. There is a nine digit number on his chest.

Then, a door opens and closes. And footsteps. They approach. Closer. Closer. Closer. They stop right above his head. Someone is standing there. We can't see who it is. Silence. We hear scribbling. As if someone is writing.

David strains to see above him. He can make out what looks like the top of some kind of digital notepad. A Man's hand slides in view along the edge of the notepad. His sleeve is white. A lab coat.

## UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

The paralysis should be wearing off  
by now.

The UNKNOWN MAN'S voice is warm. Comforting. Like your family doctor's would be.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Let's see how you're doing.

The Unknown Man lifts David's shirt near his gunshot wound.  
Touches the area.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You know you nearly bled to death.

David still can't see the Man's face. Just a patch on his  
right arm. A symbol on it. A silver orb divided into three  
sections. A red owl perched above the orb.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(feeling his side)  
Yes, this has healed up very nice.

We now see David's side. There is no wound.

David's eyes frantically searching. Straining.

The Unknown Man casually writes on the digital notepad again.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I am going to be brief since I have  
many other transitionals to attend  
to today. Now, I know what your  
first question is and the answer is  
"no". I am not Michael Lazar.  
(beat)  
His number was kept active in case  
a situation like this--that being  
the "tape" he was rumored to have  
made--surfaced.

David spits out jumbled words through the blocks in his  
mouth.

DAVID  
Ccc--pi. Co--ie

The Unknown Man takes a moment.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)  
I believe you're speaking of the  
copies of the tape you sent out,  
yes?

David's eyes try to remain defiant.

The Unknown Man opens his right hand revealing a hard drive  
dongle. The one from David's safe deposit box.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I can assure you, all your copies,  
your e-mails, they were all  
intercepted and destroyed.

David blinks a few times as all hope drains from his face.

The Unknown Man slides the dongle in his pocket and removes a small dark bottle. He uses an eye dropper to strategically place single drops of a clear liquid on David's neck and arms.

David flinches with each drop, as if it's setting his skin on fire.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know you felt, like others have,  
that the world would benefit from  
hearing the information on that  
tape. But, your people, don't want  
to hear the truth, David. It's too  
frightening for them. They just  
want to make a good living--go on  
vacation--retire. That's all.  
And, I have to tell you, this  
complacency has very much kept our  
program in place. But, after  
several years of operation, we did  
soon come to realize that--there  
were just too many of you. Our  
program would never be fully  
realized unless we started to--

An odd device on the Unknown Man's wrist starts beeping. He clicks it off.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ok, we must move ahead now.  
(beat)  
I will be honest with you, David.  
What you are about to experience,  
will not be pleasant. But, I am  
going to help you along. They tend  
not to like chemicals in the  
system, but, so be it.

The Unknown Man places two silver discs on David's hand. David struggles wildly. Shouts through the blocks in his mouth.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The more you fight the shorter the  
sedative will last.

David blinks a few times. The sedative kicking in.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There you go.

The Unknown Man quickly removes the silver discs as a door again opens and closes. More footsteps quickly approach.

Two Lab Technicians in long coats glide past, taking the control panel on wheels behind David's head.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know this will be hard for you to believe, David, but, I do feel for you--for what you've been through.  
(beat)  
That tape found its way to you, not you to it.

David can hear something happening above his head. He tries with everything he's got to see above him.

ANGLE FROM DAVID'S CHIN

We can see the two out of focus Lab Technicians working on something behind David. Preparing for something.

ON DAVID

His eyes hurting. Looks straight ahead. Blinks.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I don't know if this comforts you in anyway, but, even if you had never received that tape, you would have still ended up here one day. Everyone will.  
(beat)  
Goodbye, David.

The Unknown Man leaves. His footsteps fading quickly. A door opens and closes. And he's gone.

David's eyes are getting heavy. He opens and closes them hard, trying to fight the sedative which is coming in waves now.

The two Lab Technicians suddenly stop what they are doing. Seemingly noticing the sedative. This does not make them happy.

TECHNICIAN #1  
(to other Technician)  
Qwu-ca-wo-tik-nocq--

## CLOSE ON DAVID

He is coherent enough to have heard that. He starts struggling again, but it's short lived. The sedative washing over him. He blinks. Out of it. And the sounds behind him are suddenly quiet. David stares. His eyes not moving. As if he's waiting for something to happen. Another moment. Then, above him--

## A SECTION OF THE CEILING

Opens like a giant mouth. A greasy machine that looks like a tangle of black intestines lowers. It comes down a few feet then stops. A moment. Then, a clear tube slithers out of the center of the machine. It wavers down like a wild tentacle.

## A PAIR OF WHITE RUBBER GLOVED HANDS

Catch the tube. Hold it firmly. And lower it to David.

## ON DAVID

The gloved hands guide the tube gently into his mouth. David chokes. Gags. He has a moment of awareness. A small window through the cloudiness of the sedative. He starts fighting again. Thrashing.

TECHNICIAN #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Relax, please. Relax.

Technician #1 calmly touches David's forehead like a mother comforting a child. And we finally get a good look at him. He's wearing a head to toe white hazmat-type suit. The hood part rounds near the top and flares at the neck. The eye holes are small black circles.

David slowly calms himself, abandoning his fight.

TECHNICIAN #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
On three, breathe and let it go  
down your throat. One, two, three--

Technician #1 inserts the tube slowly. David chokes again. Then, relaxes somewhat as the tube is fed down his throat and into his stomach. There's a pause. Then, a whooshing sound. Like a pump has been turned on. That machine above David hums to life.

And within seconds, something comes oozing down the tube. It's a thick black substance that looks like a mixture of lava and syrup. It snakes its way around a bend in the tube. Then, crawls right into David's mouth as if it's alive. We follow it as it fills David's throat.

He gags, flailing a bit, but the sedative is helping him along. David's eyes flutter. They are barely cracked open now.

DAVID'S POV

Distorted. Like looking through a fish bowl full of Vaseline.

ON DAVID

The black liquid starts over-flowing out the sides of his mouth. And the greasy machine whirs to a halt.

The Technicians move directly over David. Technician #1 checking David's eyes.

Technician #2 wiping some of the black substance off David's mouth and chin. David lowers his eyes a bit, seeing Technician #2's coat sleeve ride up, exposing his wrist. David gets a brief glimpse of a small patch of skin.

CLOSE ON TECHNICIAN #2'S SKIN

It is mustard yellow with inch wide veins about to explode through the skin.

ON DAVID

Blinks. Processing this. And he's hit by another wave of the sedative. His eye lids suddenly weigh a ton. So heavy. The sedative pummeling his brain. And he's somewhere else now. A moment. Then, the Technicians remove the bar holding David's head down. As well as his steel neck brace. His head kind of wavers from side to side. So out of it.

The Technicians move behind David. Metallic snapping sounds. The wheels of the table are being unlocked. And David is suddenly pushed forward. Moving quickly. He goes right through a door. And into a hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

David being hurried along. Pools of light gliding over him.

DAVID'S POV

The ceiling above him is a blur. Domed lighting fixtures racing by.

ON DAVID

His head bobs. And falls to his left, seeing--

DAVID'S POV

Room after room. Doors opening and closing. Technicians entering and leaving. We get glimpses into the other rooms. People all at various stages of "the process". Some having black liquid pumped into them. Some thrashing to get free.

ON DAVID

His head wobbles some more as the hallway comes to a Y. They take the left hallway. David glances to his right, down the other hallway.

DAVID'S POV

He catches a glimpse of a group of people in expensive suits. Their backs are to us. They are being led down the hall by a man in a blue military uniform. It appears he is giving them a tour. The military man makes a joke. They all laugh.

ON DAVID

Moving. Then, the hallway takes another turn. And it suddenly darkens. And widens. We're in a larger open space now. David is stopped abruptly. We hold there. A moment.

SIDE VIEW OF DAVID

David looking straight up. Very dark. Hard to see his face. Then, the sound of a massive steel door rising. Rising. A discolored, defined light passes over David. The mighty door we don't see slides up.

And David's head falls to his right. He's looking directly at us now. And what he sees sucks the life out of him. His terror punches through the sedative. His eyes darting. What he's seeing is so horrific he's about to pass out. And then, all sound fades. The HISS of the tape comes up. It's the only thing heard as we stay on David. His eyes tearing up.

MICHAEL LAZAR

I saw--what must have been--  
thousands of them. Lined up. Like  
on an assembly line.

(beat)

They were about to be--

He pauses.

VOICE OF TAPE (O.S.)

They were about to be what, Mr.  
Lazar?

Still no answer.

ANOTHER VOICE OF TAPE (O.S.)  
Mr. Lazar, what were they doing to  
these people?

Another pause.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
They were being... disposed of.

David is trembling now. His face white with terror. And we rise straight up. We go right through the ceiling. And into the ground. Dirt. Rock. Clay.

We're moving faster now. And faster. So fast we're covering miles in seconds. Earth wiping by us as we rise higher. And higher. And higher. And--

EXT. STREET - DAY

We come right up to street level. An intersection in front of us. Cars passing. People walking by. Arguing. Shopping. Everyday life totally unaware of what is happening directly below their feet. Still no sound. Just the HISS of the tape. There's a long pause. Then, a voice on the tape:

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
Thank you... Mr. Lazar.  
(beat)  
We will discuss your findings and--  
consider our next course of action.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
Course of action? Did you hear  
what I just said?

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
Yes, and we will discuss--

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
(cuts him off)  
You don't get it, do you? This--  
this program is over!

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
That is all, Mr. Lazar.

MICHAEL LAZAR (O.S.)  
You need to destroy this facility  
now, today, or--!

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
I said that is all Mr. Lazar! You  
can leave now.

A long pause. Then, we hear Michael Lazar stand to go.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)  
And let me remind you, what has been  
discussed here today is classified.  
It does not leave this room.

A pause. Then, a door opens and closes. We hear Michael Lazar walk down a hall. Walking. Walking. Another door opens and closes. Then, silence. Only the HISS of the tape.

It keeps going as the credits roll. No music. Just the hiss of tape as we're still at street level. Still on that image of everyday life. Then, once the credits are over. We hear the tape come to an end. It CLICKS off and we're in black.

The End.