

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Dead of night. A 727 cuts through the sky, an old style PSA jet with the smile under the nose.

SUPER TITLE: "1979"

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

The cabin lights are dim. Most of the passengers are sleeping. Among the few awake: a woman reading, a man smoking, a kid maiming an Obi-Wan Kenobi action figure --

And another man, staring blankly. His name is STEPHEN, 25. He is pale, haunted, RINGS under his eyes. He looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. And he hasn't.

INT. PHL AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

A cacophonous communications hub. A SUPERVISOR walks urgently with an UNDERLING through the operations floor.

UNDERLING

United Flight 119. We got the first call just after twenty-two hundred. Hit cruising altitude, apparently the guy just snapped.

SUPERVISOR

What kind of snapped?

UNDERLING

Screaming, running up and down the aisle, banging the overheads.

SUPERVISOR

Where they headed?

UNDERLING

McCarran.

SUPERVISOR

(shoulda known)
Vegas. This guy a drinker?

Underling shrugs, and they arrive at the station of a CONTROLLER, headset on, talking with the flight crew.

CONTROLLER

Roger that United one-one-niner,
awaiting clearance. Descend to one-
three-five and maintain.

SUPERVISOR

What the hell's going on up there?

CONTROLLER

Messy. Passenger and three
attendants finally got the guy down.
Tied him to the seat with belts.

SUPERVISOR

Can they hold till Chicago?

CONTROLLER

He's got 'em pretty spooked. They
already turned back.

Supervisor sighs, too old for this --

SUPERVISOR

Alright, let's get out the welcome
party.

EXT. PHL - TARMAC - NIGHT

Squad cars and an ambulance sit on the tarmac, lights
flashing. COPS and PARAMEDICS watch as the 727 touches down.

As the plane taxis to a stop, the emergency vehicles
converge. Workers wheel a set of stairs up to the fuselage.

As the door to the plane is opened from within, officers
quickly ascend the stairs and board.

Under the dying engines comes the sound of SCREAMING. From
within the plane. The officers emerge with the source --

It's Stephen, and he's RAVING, terrified --

STEPHEN

You have to leave here! He's coming!
He's coming!!!

They DRAG him down the stairs and force him into the back of
the ambulance, where PARAMEDICS await. COP #1 HANDCUFFS him
to a gurney, follows it up into the ambulance.

COP #1

Got something to shut him down?

One paramedic raises a syringe, already prepped. COP #1 turns back to the other cops, smiles, dry --

COP #1
Room for one more.

COP #2
Meet up with you at the hospital.

As the paramedic injects the sedative into Stephen --

STEPHEN
You can't stop it! Nothing can stop --

The cop SLAMS the ambulance doors, cutting off Stephen's screams, and the ambulance SCREECHES away, lights flashing.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY LOADING - NIGHT

All is quiet as some of the COPS from the airport and medical STAFF await the arrival of the ambulance, smoking, talking.

COP #2
And then this thing pops right out of his fucking chest.

COP#3
What do you mean, pops out?

COP #2
Erupts right out of the guy, blows him wide open. Guy gives birth to a baby alien, no shit.

COP #2 stamps out a cigarette. A NURSE checks her watch. They've been waiting a while.

COP #2
What time you got?

NURSE
Quarter after twelve.

COP #2
Shoulda been here twenty minutes ago.

A hospital CLERK emerges from inside.

CLERK
I don't know what's going on, but we lost contact with the ambulance.

COP #3
What do you mean, lost contact?

CLERK
They're not responding. We can't get
them on the radio.

The others look out into the night, perplexed.

COP #2
Where the hell are they?

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

The street is deserted, save the ambulance, STOPPED at an odd angle on the side of the road, lights flashing, engine running, back door ajar.

The RADIO can be heard from within, the filtered voice of hospital personnel trying in vain to make contact.

As we near the ambulance, another sound can be heard from within. A WHIMPERING --

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Inside it's a bloodbath. Cop #1, the two paramedics and the driver are dead.

Their faces have turned a deep CRIMSON and are laced with spidered VEINS. Their eyes are BUGGED out, as if pushed from within to the limit of their sockets. BLOOD has poured from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth --

And still cuffed to the gurney in the middle of everything is Stephen, whimpering, terrified, and clearly out of his mind.

Looking at his bonds, he could not have inflicted this carnage. So what did?

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER TITLE: "Twenty-Six Years Later"

INT. SHIPYARD WAREHOUSE - DAY

One of many warehouses in Philadelphia's storied Naval Shipyard. Stacked palettes full of boxes and ship parts go floor to ceiling. Forklifts cruise in and out of the aisles.

On a break away from the action, sitting by an idle forklift, are DARYL BECKNER, 26, and BARRY BECKNER, 54.

Daryl is trim and baby-faced, out of place amongst the more seasoned, strapping factory hands. Barry's right at home, a balding bear of a man. He reads carefully from a FLASHCARD --

BARRY

I am as much older than you today as you are older than your friend. If, ten years ago, you were five years older than your friend was, how much older than you am I today?

Daryl looks TIRED, rubbing his eyes, as he writes out the problem atop a GMAT study booklet, yawns.

DARYL

I don't know, fifteen years?

BARRY

You don't want the choices?

DARYL

Is fifteen a choice?

BARRY

(checking card)

No.

Daryl slams down his pencil, frustrated.

BARRY

Thought you were serious about this business school thing.

DARYL

I am.

(off dubious look)

I haven't been sleeping. It's messing with my head.

The factory FOREMAN rounds the corner, half Barry's age. He taps his watch.

FOREMAN

I'm on Greenwich Mean Time, how 'bout you guys?

BARRY

I'm ensuring my kid's future here, Phil.

Foreman points a thumb out towards the floor. Barry stands, hands the flashcards back to Daryl.

BARRY

You wanna keep at the books, I'll see about getting your shift covered.

DARYL

That's okay. I can't focus anyway.

Daryl shoves his study booklet under his seat, hops up into the lift.

BARRY

Sure you're alright?

Daryl dons his hard hat, manages a smile.

DARYL

I'm fine, Dad.

As he drives off in the lift, a WHISTLE blows --

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A five on five, full court basketball game is on. Shirts and Skins. Daryl's a Skin, currently doggin' it down the floor, looks exhausted.

At the top of the key, he executes a pick and roll with fellow Skin, GARRET, 24, takes the ball, drives the lane, leaps weakly for the lay up --

THWACK!

He's REJECTED by a much shorter Shirt, who slaps the ball out of Daryl's hand and sends him to the floor with a thud.

Shirts take the ball, fast-break down the court and easily score. Game over. Garret comes over, shaking his head.

GARRET

Nice job, Beck. Clutch.

DARYL

He fouled me.

He yells down the court to the dispersing Shirts --

DARYL

Flagrant foul!

He's ignored. Garret helps him up, and they head for the bleachers.

GARRET
Hanging with your girl tonight?

DARYL
No, she's on late at the hospital.

GARRET
Perfect. You gotta come to this party in Mantayunk --

DARYL
I gotta study --

GARRET
It's sponsored by Popov or some shit, free vodka --

DARYL
The test is in two days, man --

GARRET
Free booze, yo.
(off stoic look)
What happened to you, man? You used to be fun.

Daryl smiles, grabs his stuff, heads off --

DARYL
Just try to be quiet when you get in.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Daryl and a dozing homeless woman are the lone occupants of the moving car. Daryl reads from his GMAT booklet.

A open pint of Grand Marnier is held precariously in the woman's slack grip, starting to tip, threatening to spill.

Daryl eyes it, reaches out, catches it before it falls. He looks for a secure place to put the bottle, when --

The lights in the car FLICKER and die, and the car grinds to a stop, the whole system POWERING DOWN.

Daryl looks outside. They've stopped between stations, mid-tunnel. The homeless woman doesn't stir.

He sets the pint down and makes his way forward. Through the connecting car, also empty, eerily deserted.

He comes to the conductor room, where he finds the CONDUCTOR, futilely trying to raise someone on the radio.

DARYL

What's the problem?

CONDUCTOR

Hell if I know. Whole thing just shut down.

DARYL

Well, how long do you think?

CONDUCTOR

Can't say. Quarter mile to the next stop if you wanna walk it.

Daryl peers into the pitch dark tunnel.

DARYL

Is that safe?

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Daryl walks along. Water drips. A rat skitters. Soft red tunnel lights barely cut into the darkness.

He comes to a fork in the tunnel. Two sets of tracks. He looks back the way he came, unsure of which way to go.

Now the RUMBLE of a train. The red lights around him begin to FLICKER. The electrified third rail begins to CRACKLE.

A moving LIGHT appears down one of the tunnels. A TRAIN is approaching. Daryl moves toward the safety of the other tracks, when the train lights up something in the tunnel --

A MAN.

On the tracks. A SILHOUETTE. Backlit by the light of the approaching train. Walking towards Daryl. Fifty yards away.

As the train gets closer, the man looks to be wearing a wide-brimmed HAT. Daryl shakes his head; probably some drunk --

DARYL

You gotta train behind you, man!

As the train closes the gap, the third rail is SPARKING now, the lights are BLINKING wildly.

And the Man in the Hat continues his methodical walk forward, right in the path of the train, oblivious --

DARYL

Hey, get out of there!

But he doesn't. Daryl goes to scream. But it's too late; the train is UPON the Man.

Wide-eyed, Daryl presses himself up against the side of the tunnel, not seeing the actual impact. He watches the train speed by.

The train departs, and the tunnel lights stop blinking. The rail stops crackling. Daryl runs over to the tracks.

But there is no trace of the man. Nothing on the tracks. Nothing to the side. Nothing.

Daryl looks around, confused, now unsure of what he saw.

INT. DARYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A twentysomething cave. Playstation, unframed posters, half-full ashtrays. The front door opens, and Daryl enters.

He's on edge, throws his bag on the counter. He opens the fridge and cracks a beer, and hears a CREAK in the bedroom.

DARYL

Garret?

No answer. Daryl looks for a weapon, finds an umbrella. He slowly approaches his bedroom door, THROWS it open --

There's a GIRL on the bed, stripped down to underwear and a green hospital SCRUB shirt, posed alluringly, MAYA, 25. She points at the umbrella with her toe, sultry.

MAYA

What are you planning on doing with that?

DARYL

Christ, Maya, you scared me.

MAYA

Sorry, I was going for happily surprised.

DARYL
I thought they needed you at the
hospital.

MAYA
I got off early...

Maya rises to her knees, whispers seductively in his ear.

MAYA
Now it's your turn.

She pulls him down, they start to kiss, but Daryl pulls away.

MAYA
What's wrong?

DARYL
I saw an accident on the subway. A
guy got hit. I think.

MAYA
You think?

DARYL
He kinda...disappeared.

Maya's skeptical, looks closer at his tired face.

MAYA
When's the last time you had a full
night's sleep?

DARYL
I don't know.
(off concern)
It's just stress, this test...

MAYA
Don't worry about the test. You're
gonna do great.

DARYL
What if I don't? How long are you
gonna stick with a forklift driver?

Maya cozies up to him, looks him in the eye.

MAYA
You getting into grad school isn't
gonna change how I feel.

DARYL

It'll change how I feel. I don't
wanna grow up to be my dad.

MAYA

I like your dad.

DARYL

I do too, and if he's happy punching
a clock for a boss half his age,
that's fine. But I want better than
that.

MAYA

(in his ear)

Is that all you want...?

The rest is inaudible. But it has the intended effect on
Daryl, as they lock lips and fall to the bed.

INT. DARYL'S ROOM - LATER

Maya sleeps peacefully. Daryl stares at the ceiling, the
frustrated insomniac. He looks at his bedside clock. 4am.

He gets out of bed and goes into the living room. He lights
up a smoke and turns on the TV.

There will be no sleep tonight.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A DROOPY-EYED Daryl drives his forklift to the back of a
stake bed truck, where Barry and another worker are
unchaining pallets of steel engine parts.

Daryl slides the forks into a pallet, pulls it off, and
drives to a staging area. He RAISES the palette to deposit
it atop a stack.

As it rises higher, Daryl's fatigue gets the better of him,
and he zones out.

And the load reaches a dangerously high point, the weight
causes the forklift to TIP --

BARRY

Daryl, watch it!

Daryl snaps out of it, quickly goes to lower the lift, but
accidentally hits REVERSE, and the forklift FLIES backwards --

Workers JUMP out of the way to avoid being hit. Daryl gets his bearings and SLAMS the lift to a stop --

But the jarring stop forces the load to SHIFT, and steel parts RAIN down around him --

One part falls through, CRACKING Daryl hard on his hard hat, sending the hat flying off.

Barry and others rush over, as Daryl slowly extricates himself from the lift.

BARRY
Are you okay?

Barry helps him down. Daryl smiles, but appears dazed.

DARYL
I'm fine.

He takes two steps and promptly COLLAPSES.

EXT./INT. BARRY BECKNER'S HOME - DAY

A concerned Maya knocks on the door of the modest home. An American flag hangs out front. There's an old Cougar on blocks in the driveway.

The door opens. Barry is there, beer in hand. Coors in a can.

BARRY
Hey Maya, come on in.

He shows her to the living room, where Daryl lays on the couch, watching TV, a bag of frozen peas on his head.

DARYL
Hi.

Maya kneels next to Daryl, inspects his head.

MAYA
What happened?

DARYL
Spaced on the lift. Took a Wiley Coyote shot to the melon.

MAYA
You need to see someone about this insomnia. It's not normal.

Maya lifts his eyelids, checks his eyes.

MAYA
Maybe you should think about
rescheduling the test tomorrow.

DARYL
(steadfast)
I'm taking the test.

Barry raises his beer to Daryl.

BARRY
Determination. Be a boon in the
business world.

MAYA
Tonight you stay at my place. I've
got some Ambien, you'll sleep.

BARRY
Gonna be a titan of industry. Seems
like just yesterday he wanted to be a
veterinarian.

MAYA
Really.

DARYL
I was six.

BARRY
Used the playhouse as a clinic for
neighborhood pets.

MAYA
(smiles)
Wish I could have seen that.

Barry stops, gets an idea --

BARRY
Maybe you can...

DARYL
(realizing)
Dad, no.

CUT TO:

A PHOTO IMAGE

A six-year-old Daryl in his backyard holding up a heavily bandaged beagle. PULL BACK to --

INT. BARRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The image is a SLIDE, projected on the wall. Barry operates the projector. Maya and Daryl sit on the sofa.

BARRY

That was the McClaren's dog. What was wrong with it?

DARYL

Fox tail in his ear.

Maya nudges Daryl; she's loving this.

MAYA

You mummified the poor thing.

Click-click. Next slide. 5 year-old Daryl holding up some crayon DRAWINGS.

MAYA

Quite the little artist.

BARRY

Used to draw his dreams. Dali did that, you know.

DARYL

Missed my calling.

BARRY

Kept all the old artwork, case he gets famous or something.

Daryl rolls his eyes. Click-click. Now a slide of 3 year-old Daryl playing with a pretty WOMAN in her 20's. Daryl sits up. He and Barry are conspicuously silent.

MAYA

Is that your mom?

DARYL

(nods)

Right about the time she split.

MAYA
She's beautiful.

BARRY
Yes, she was.

Emotion seeping through, Barry changes subject --

BARRY
Who needs a beer?

He gets up, heads into the kitchen. Maya looks at the image.

MAYA
I'll never understand how a mother
leaves her kid.

DARYL
You forget, I wasn't really hers.

Maya nods, touchy subject. Click-click --

INT. MAYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maya is sound asleep. Daryl's staring at the ceiling, the frustrated insomniac.

There's an opened bottle of Ambien on the night stand. The clock reads 11:56pm. Outside a neighbor's dog BARKS.

DARYL
You up?

The sound of her deep breathing is the only response.

DARYL
Mai?

Daryl sighs. He gets out of bed. The clock ticks up a minute. 11:57pm.

INT. MAYA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl flips on a light, turns on the TV. That dog continues to BARK outside. Daryl sits, channel surfs.

The light FLICKERS, and the TV goes to SNOW. Daryl flips channels; it's all snow. He exits to a balcony off the room.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

He lights up a smoke. He can see the barking DOG now, prancing behind a fence near the street, agitated.

As its barking gets more INTENSE, the overhead power lines BUZZ. The streetlights FADE OUT, then in. Then again. On and off. PULSING.

And down the driveway, Daryl sees a FIGURE walking his way. Slow. Methodical. A silhouette. In familiar headwear.

The MAN IN THE HAT has returned.

He moves along the neighbor's fence, clocked by the now HOWLING dog.

The lines BUZZ. The lights PULSE.

The Man disappears under cover of some trees off the driveway, and the dog disappears into shadow.

The barking abruptly stops.

The lights return to normal glow. The buzzing to a normal hum. Daryl waits for the Man to emerge from under the trees. But he does not emerge. He's gone. Again.

Daryl's at a loss, his face a mask of confusion.

MAYA (O.S.)

I can't believe you're still awake.

Startled, Daryl turns, sees Maya now standing there. He looks back out at the driveway.

DARYL

I think I'm gonna need a stronger pill.

EXT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

An old deco monolith on the rural outskirts of the city. OVER this, the sound of a man SCREAMING --

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

TIGHT on a SCREAMING inmate running through a white corridor with a well-worn paperback copy of "BEACHES."

A pissed-off ORDERLY with a bloody collar runs after him.

BEACHES

The code is true!!! Read between the
lines!!!

He reaches a security door, presses the book pages up against the glass. Random letters in the pages have been CIRCLED.

The Orderly catches up and THROWS him to the ground. As he restrains him, another orderly arrives, larger, doughier, concerned, CASPER, 35.

ORDERLY

Fucker bit me, you see that?

The Orderly SMACKS the inmate's head into the floor.

CASPER

Hey, take it easy on him.

Now a staff psychiatrist arrives, DR. THARP, 50's, once a good doctor, now a bitter, jaded pill-pusher.

THARP

What's going on down here?

ORDERLY

Guy almost took my ear off.

Orderly puts a hand to his ear; it comes back bloody. Beaches struggles under his hold, reaches for the book.

BEACHES

It's a message. There are words
inside the words.

Tharp picks up the book, scans the marked pages, impassive.

THARP

Up his Haldol to 50 milligrams.

Orderly nods, drags Beaches away. Tharp starts away.

CASPER

Uh, doctor? I was wondering if I
could get you to look at something.

Casper catches up to him, falls in, carrying a file.

CASPER

There's a catatonic in 13K, John
Cross. I've been tracking his EEG.

Casper hands him the file, which contains several EEG CHARTS, showing long streams of near-flat lines.

CASPER

Most of his charts are typical, flat,
low voltage. Then two nights ago...

Casper flips to another chart. This one shows a flat line, with large SPIKES of activity in one small area.

THARP

So it's a surge, maybe thirty
seconds.

CASPER

That's what I thought at first. But
it happened again last night. For
twice as long.

Casper shows the next chart, similar, but it shows TWICE as much spiking activity. But Tharp has no interest.

THARP

It's random electrical activity in
the cerebral cortex.

CASPER

Same time both nights, right at
midnight. How's that random?

Tharp peers at Casper over his glasses.

THARP

I'm sorry, where is your degree from?

A beat. Tharp hands the file back and departs. As a frustrated Casper watches him go, CAMERA moves off him --

PUSHING through a security door, MOVING through an adjacent wing, the O-Wing --

With rooms occupied by CATATONIC inmates FROZEN in various positions, eerily still, seen through small door windows --

To Room 13K, and its occupant, a thin, elderly man, facing away, frozen in a seated position. This is JOHN CROSS.

His arms are EXTENDED out in front of him, his wrists FLEXED back, palms to the wall. He is frozen like that.

Almost like he's keeping something at bay.

ELECTRODES are affixed to his head. Nearby an EEG machine reads his brain activity, graphing a near FLATLINE.

His face goes unseen throughout.

INT. TEST CENTER - DAY

Pin drop silence. 200 people sit taking the GMAT. Proctors walk the aisles.

Daryl is staring at his test with bloodshot eyes. Halfway done but stuck. He marks an answer then erases it, creating a mess of his test sheet. Getting more flustered.

The question is BLURRY, his eyes are unable to focus. He rubs his face, tries to shake it off. Then, a sound --

A faint, electric CRACKLING. Daryl looks around for the source, then SNIFFS the air, turns to the girl next to him.

DARYL
You smell that?

The girl protectively hunches over her test and turns away. Daryl sees a proctor eyeing him from the back.

He turns back to his test. But the crackling persists. Now Daryl sees something in the front of the room --

A wisp of SMOKE hangs in the air above the front row. Daryl leans into the aisle, looks toward the front.

The smoke looks to be emanating from a guy in the front row.

The test taker is dressed in BLACK, his face unseen, and something weird is going on with his FOOT --

It's TWITCHING. Spasming.

Daryl looks around for a proctor. No luck. Turns back to the front --

The guy's twitching has spread to his ARM, which extends outward, his wrist FLEXED back, palm to the front.

Daryl gets up. Slowly approaches the front row --

His whole body is CONVULSING now, his seat JACK-HAMMERING the ground, his head emitting a STREAM of smoke.

Yet no one is noticing.

Daryl comes closer. Sees the guy's forearm flesh BUBBLING.
Daryl swings around to the front, about to glimpse his face --

PROCTOR (O.S.)
You'll have to return to your seat.

Startled, Daryl turns to see the Proctor standing with an
admonishing look. Daryl turns back to the guy in the front --

But the seat is empty.

DARYL
Where'd he go?

Daryl, pale and red-eyed, looks back to the quizzical
Proctor, adamant.

DARYL
There was someone here.

Daryl looks out at the room. People are staring. Some look
down, embarrassed for him. Daryl runs out of the room.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Maya waits in the lobby, looks up to see Daryl emerging from
the testing area. She smiles, checks her watch.

MAYA
Hey speedy, you're the first one out.

She gets up, moves to him, now seeing his haunted expression.

MAYA
Daryl, what's wrong?

Daryl stares back at the room, scared.

INT. SEMPLE'S EXAM ROOM - MORNING

Daryl and Maya sit in the exam room of DR. BRUCE SEMPLE, 44.
He eyes Maya's bottle of Ambien. Daryl's on edge, ornery.

SEMPLE
Two did nothing?

DARYL
Four.
(off Maya's look)
Took two more after you went to
sleep.

MAYA

He's had hallucinations, too.

Daryl shoots a look to Maya.

SEMPLE

Sleep deprivation heightens activity
in the pre-frontal cortex. Same area
acts up in schizophrenics.

DARYL

So I'm crazy now?

SEMPLE

You don't sleep, you're going to see
things. It's nothing to worry about.

DARYL

I'd worry less if I could get
something to knock me out.

Semple nods, reaches for his prescription pad.

MAYA

What about an MRI?

SEMPLE

Let's see what happens with this
prescription. There is something I'd
like you to do though, Daryl.

Semple tears off the prescription, hands it to Daryl

SEMPLE

Find out if this runs in your family.

Daryl exchanges a discouraged look with Maya.

MAYA

Heredity's a factor?

SEMPLE

There's a type of familial insomnia
which can be quite serious.

DARYL

Finding out anything about my real
parents is gonna be a problem.

SEMPLE

I'm sorry, are they...

DARYL
I don't know.
(off look)
I've never met them.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl drives, Maya rides shotgun. Daryl stares straight ahead, pensive. Maya's tone is gentle.

MAYA
I bet you could track them down. I'm
sure it's gotten easier with the
internet and everything --

DARYL
It wouldn't be fair to my dad.

MAYA
These are special circumstances. I'm
sure he'd understand.

Daryl stares ahead, silent, as he pulls into Maya's driveway.

MAYA
It's something you've been wondering
about for a long time.

DARYL
I never said that.

MAYA
You never had to.

Daryl ponders, knows she's right.

MAYA
Wanna come in?

Daryl checks his watch, thinks.

DARYL
If I know my dad he's in the garage
right now, working on the bike, his
favorite thing.
(smiles)
If I'm gonna do it, I should catch
him while he's in a good mood.

Maya smiles. She kisses him, exits the car, and heads into her house.

Daryl puts it in gear, reverses past the neighbor's fence. Then he sees something and stops. Something in the neighbor's yard. An unmoving, furry LUMP.

He gets out and approaches. Flies BUZZ around the mass, the neighbor's DOG, lying on its side, unmoving, DEAD.

Its eyes are enlarged, BUGGED. There's dried BLOOD around its eyes, nose, and mouth, and some of the fur looks SINGED.

Off Daryl, baffled --

EXT. BARRY'S GARAGE - DAY

Barry and Daryl are in the garage, surrounded by tools, separated by a broken Triumph motorcycle.

Barry's face is greasy but solemn, maybe a little surprised, as Daryl awkwardly delivers the day's unexpected news.

DARYL

So the doctor thought it might a good idea to find out if it runs...you know...

BARRY

In your family.

(off nod)

Well, Christ, are you gonna be okay?

DARYL

I'll be fine. I just need to know. The fact is, Dad... I think I've always needed to know.

Barry nods, sad but pragmatic.

BARRY

I knew this day would come.

DARYL

I'm sorry.

BARRY

Nothing to be sorry about. I know you want better than I had. I also know that comes from somewhere else.

(forces smile)

And you know it, too.

DARYL

So you'll help me?

BARRY
I'll do you one better.

INT. BARRY'S BASEMENT - DAY

The small space is crammed with old boxes. Barry searches through a box, as Daryl stands by.

BARRY
The marriage was doomed from the get go. But the day we picked you up was a good one.

As he digs, Barry unearths memorabilia -- Daryl's report cards, school papers, crayon drawings.

BARRY
I think we both felt a baby might help things. But instead...

DARYL
You don't have to explain.

Barry finally pulls out a manila envelope.

BARRY
It wasn't that she didn't love you. She just didn't know any better.

He hands the envelope to Daryl.

BARRY
Maybe I didn't either.

DARYL
We've done good, Dad. None of this is gonna change that.

BARRY
I don't want you to get hurt is all.

The label on the envelope reads "Nightlight Family Services." Daryl breaks the seal. He pulls out a packet of documents. In an entry for "Birth Mother" is "Karen Winslow."

DARYL
Karen Winslow...

Daryl scans the form. The "Birth Father" entry has been left blank. There's an address listed in HELIX, PA.

DARYL
Gives an address in a place called
Helix. Where is that?

BARRY
Helix?
(thinks)
Never heard of it.

INT. DARYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daryl's in his room, on his computer. On the MONITOR,
Mapquest is generating a map for HELIX, PA.

He rolls his chair to the dresser. There's a pill bottle.
Mellaril. Already opened. Checks the label. "Take one half
at bedtime."

He looks at a half-pill sitting on the dresser. A 2nd half.
He swallows it dry. Rolls back over to the computer.

Where the monitor begins to FLICKER. The desk lamp BLINKS.
An electrical outlet on the wall CRACKLES. The clock radio
begins to FLASH the current time -- 12:00am.

Daryl gets up. Slowly approaches the window. Pulls the
drape back. Peers out at the street in front of his
building. Slowly. As if afraid of what he might see.

The street is empty, save a lone WOMAN (40's) in a SWEAT
SUIT, swinging her arms, finishing a late night power walk.
She battles a pronounced LIMP as she strolls.

Daryl watches as the woman turns off the sidewalk and heads
into his building.

The lights resume normal functioning. The monitor comes back
on.

Daryl steps away from the window. Looks at the outlet on the
wall. The top of the faceplate is now charred BLACK.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl drives on a two-lane highway through flat, rural
country in the middle of nowhere. Mapquest map on the seat.

Radio reception is spotty, music near inaudible behind a wall
of STATIC. Daryl tries other stations, gets only static. No
signal. He looks at his cell phone. No signal.

He looks up from his phone he comes upon a small, rustic VILLAGE of some sort, set a ways back from the road.

A few faint figures are working in the crop fields, several horse-drawn CARRIAGES, a CHURCH, a barn, small cabins.

Up ahead a signpost reads:

"Helix - 11 Miles."

Daryl looks into the distance, squints. He can just make out the faint outline of the small town of HELIX.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HELIX - DAY

Daryl cruises through. Small town. Population ten thousand. Everything in Helix is old, but charming, well preserved.

Old courthouse. Folksy fire station. An ivy-covered library. A park at the center of town. And a lot of older folks. Everyone on the street at least in their FIFTIES.

Daryl pulls into a gas station. An ATTENDANT comes out, 55.

ATTENDANT

Fill 'er up?

DARYL

Thanks.

The Attendant pumps the gas, keeping one eye on Daryl, suspicious. Daryl references his map.

DARYL

Could you tell me how to get to Red River Drive?

ATTENDANT

You looking for someone particular?

DARYL

Uh, yeah. Karen Winslow?

ATTENDANT

What's your business?

Daryl's uncomfortable with the third degree.

DARYL

Old friend. Can you tell me how to get there?

ATTENDANT

Guess I could draw you a map.

The Attendant disappears into the store area. Daryl wanders, finds a MECHANIC, 58, working on an old Buick Riviera.

DARYL

Nice ride.

The Mechanic peers out from under the hood, looks over Daryl curiously, then goes back to work.

Across the street Daryl sees an old SCHOOLHOUSE, empty parking lot, empty playground, rusted swings.

DARYL

Some kind of holiday up here?

The Mechanic peers out again.

DARYL

School's out.

MECHANIC

Don't have schools.

DARYL

No schools, so what do the kids do?

MECHANIC

Ain't no kids around here.

DARYL

(pointing)

What about him?

The Mechanic follows his gaze to a little BOY, walking down the sidewalk in black pants, white shirt, suspenders.

MECHANIC

He ain't one of us. Lives in the Village.

DARYL

That place on the way into town?

The Mechanic nods. The boy continues down the street and stops at a waiting horse-drawn CARRIAGE. He steps up into the carriage, joining the DRIVER, silhouetted by the sun --

It's the Man in the Hat.

Daryl's breath catches in his throat... but as the buggy pulls out of backlight he sees it's not the Man in the Hat, just someone who looked like him in silhouette.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
You alright?

Daryl turns to find the Attendant with a hand-drawn map.

DARYL
Those people... what are they, Amish?

ATTENDANT
(evasive)
Not quite.

The Attendant hands over the map.

ATTENDANT
This should get you where you're going.

Daryl takes the map, spots some flowers for sale.

DARYL
How much for the flowers?

EXT. KAREN WINSLOW'S HOUSE - DAY

The hills above Helix. Modest homes line the road. Overlooking downtown.

Daryl's car pulls up in front of one of the homes. Overgrown lawn. Dead flowers. Paint flaking on the formerly white picket fence. Daryl takes a deep breath, steels himself.

EXT. KAREN WINSLOW'S DOORSTEP - DAY

Daryl stands at the front door, flowers in hand, knocks. Moments later, a VOICE from the behind the door:

KAREN (O.S.)
Can I help you?

DARYL
Um, are you Karen Winslow?

KAREN (O.S.)
Who are you?

DARYL

Daryl. Daryl Beckner. I mean,
that's the name I was given.

Silence. Daryl continues, awkward --

DARYL

I didn't expect to be saying this to
a door, but I think I might be your
son.

KAREN (O.S.)

I don't have a son.

DARYL

But you did, didn't you?

He raises the adoption papers to the peephole.

DARYL

Twenty-six years ago?

A beat. Then the door opens to KAREN WINSLOW, 50. A wary,
phobic air makes her seem older. Her hair, like her yard, is
unkempt. Daryl remembers the flowers, holds them out.

DARYL

I brought you these.

INT. KAREN WINSLOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Daryl's on the couch. He looks around the cluttered home.
Karen looks over the papers. The flowers lay next to her.
The air is awkward.

DARYL

You might want to put those in water
or something.

(off look)

The flowers.

Karen looks at the flowers like they're not there. She puts
the papers down, paces, nervous.

KAREN

You should have called.

DARYL

I tried. I couldn't find a listing.

Daryl fidgets, awkward.

DARYL
So... have you always lived here?

KAREN
No. I moved here to be with Stephen.

DARYL
Stephen. You mean my father.

Karen slowly nods. Daryl spots a PHOTO on an end table, an old picture of Karen and Stephen.

He is the man from the plane. From the opening scene. The insane man. Stephen Winslow.

DARYL
Where is he now?

KAREN
He passed.

DARYL
(disappointed)
Oh. When?

KAREN
A ways back. He was sick. Mentally,
he... he took his own life.

A beat, as Daryl lets this sink in.

KAREN
You have his chin, the cleft.

DARYL
Really?
(off nod)
Took a lot crap off people for the
butt chin.

Karen smiles, Daryl smiles. Growing comfortable.

KAREN
I'll put these in some water.

Karen takes the flowers into the kitchen.

DARYL
What kinda work did he do?

KAREN
Real estate mostly. Buying and
selling.

Daryl smiles to himself.

DARYL
He was a businessman.

KAREN
Yes. It was the family business.

DARYL
(intrigued)
So there are others. Winslows.

KAREN
No. They're all gone now.
(changing subject)
So are you in school?

DARYL
I'm hoping to get an MBA, but...
looks like I'm shooting for next
semester.

KAREN
You have a girlfriend?

DARYL
Yeah. She's doing a residency.
Pediatrics.

Karen re-emerges with the flowers in a vase. She looks for a place to put them.

KAREN
A doctor. Always handy.

DARYL
Not always. See, it's kind of a
health issue that brings me here.

KAREN
Oh?

DARYL
Yeah, I've kind of stopped sleeping.

And Karen DROPS the vase. It SHATTERS on the ground, sending water and flowers along the floor.

DARYL
Here, let me help.

Daryl goes to help, but Karen stops him, suddenly frightened.

KAREN

No --

DARYL

Really, it's okay --

KAREN

Just leave it.

Daryl stops at Karen's curt tone.

KAREN

You have to go.

DARYL

But... I don't... we were just...

KAREN

You can't understand. It's for your own good.

DARYL

When can I come back?

KAREN

You can't come back. Ever.

DARYL

You're serious.

Karen opens the door. She's dead serious. Confused, surprised, angry, Daryl slowly turns and walks out.

Karen shuts the door, locks the deadbolt, then looks down at her hands. They're shaking.

INT. HELIX CEMETERY - DAY

The quaint, old cemetery overlooks the town of Helix. Daryl walks amongst the graves, scanning headstones. Searching. Nearby an old GROUNDSKEEPER rakes leaves. Daryl approaches.

DARYL

Excuse me.

The Groundskeeper looks up, studies Daryl.

DARYL

Wondering if you can help me.

GROUNDSKEEPER

You got people here?

DARYL
Winslow?

The man considers him, then starts across the grounds. Daryl follows.

DARYL
Stephen Winslow, specifically.

GROUNDKEEPER
They're all buried together. Don't bury a man proper among his own, you get problems.

DARYL
Problems?

GRUNDSKEEPER
The dead can get restless, go looking for their kin. And that can be a problem.

DARYL
You really believe that?

GROUNDKEEPER
(dry)
Seeing's believing.

Daryl notices a KNOLL by the cemetery. Overgrown weeds surround a small, one-level STRUCTURE in the middle. It is windowless and made largely of concrete. Old and out of use.

DARYL
What's that thing?

GRUNDSKEEPER
It's a keep.

DARYL
Yeah? What do you keep in it?

The Groundskeeper stops, glares, doesn't like the subject.

GROUNDKEEPER
Nothing. Anymore.
(re: ground)
Here's your Winslows.

Daryl looks down. There are a smattering of Winslow graves going back a hundred years.

He finds the stone for his father: "Stephen Maxwell Winslow; 1954-1979."

He reaches out, touches the stone. The closest he'll come to the father he never knew.

DARYL

'79. Died the same year I was born.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Yeah, that's how it works around here.

An odd thing to say. Daryl looks up, but the Groundskeeper has already left to continue his work.

Daryl looks at the next stone over, his grandfather: "Elijah Joseph Winslow; 1933-**1954**."

DARYL

Died in '54.

He looks back at Stephen's headstone: "**1954**-1979." Born in '54. Daryl frowns.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl drives back toward Philly on the road out of Helix. An empty two-lane highway. He's still frowning.

He checks the rearview mirror, where Helix fades into the distance. When he looks back at the road, his eyes go wide --

There's a TRUCK parked perpendicular across both lanes. An old fifties-era PICKUP, blocking the road --

DARYL

Motherf--!!

Daryl SLAMS on his breaks --

SCREECHES across the pavement, towards the car --

Closing his eyes, anticipating collision --

But he stops without impact. Opens his eyes --

The truck is gone.

Daryl exhales. Looks around. Then hears something, a WHISPER, vaguely feminine --

WOMAN (O.S)

Please...

Chilled, Daryl turns toward the side of the road. Hip-high WEEDS blow far into the distance.

WOMAN (O.S)

Please...

He gets out. Walks cautiously to the side of the road. Peers into the brush.

DARYL

Hello?

He takes a few steps in. A few of the weeds are STAINED here, dark RED. And WET.

A couple more steps in. More stains. The weeds are depressed, FLATTENED. Like something has been dragged through here.

Daryl comes to a clearing and freezes. There is a DEAD WOMAN here. Lying in a lake of her own blood.

Her torso has been cut open; she has been EVISCERATED.

Daryl slowly approaches. Small steps. Slow. Afraid to see.

Then the woman's head turns toward him --

WOMAN

Please.

Daryl goes stark white and HAULS ASS. He runs back out to the road. A horse-drawn CARRIAGE is coming down the road.

DARYL

Hey, stop!

The occupants are familiar, the HATTED MAN from earlier with his BOY passenger. Daryl runs up to them, frantic.

DARYL

There's a woman out there! She needs help!

The man and boy exchange a glance. Strangely calm. The Man speaks with a faint, Eastern European ACCENT.

MAN

Stay here.

The man debarks the carriage. They go into the weeds.

DARYL

Hurry! She's over here!

They come into the clearing. But the woman is gone. The blood is gone. The stains are gone. Daryl is befuddled.

DARYL

No, this isn't... She was here...

The man looks at Daryl, seems sad for him. Then a RUSTLING in the weeds. The boy passenger emerges.

BOY

Is it her?

MAN

I told you to wait.

The man quickly gathers the boy and heads back towards the carriage. Daryl follows.

DARYL

She was here. I swear.

They reach the carriage. The Man helps the boy up, then turns back to Daryl, real serious.

MAN

I am sorry for the choice that awaits you.

The Man steps up into his carriage. He raps the reins, and the horses depart. Daryl watches them go.

INT. PHILLY STREET - NIGHT

Back in metropolitan Philly, Daryl and Maya walk and talk on a crowded Center City street.

MAYA

She just kicked you out?

DARYL

Pretty much.

MAYA

So I take it you didn't get anywhere on medical history.

DARYL

Kind of. Apparently my father was crazy. Killed himself.

MAYA

What? How?

DARYL

Didn't get that far. But he was only twenty-five. Died the year I was born.

MAYA

God. That's sad.

DARYL

And weird. 'Cause his dad died the same year he was born.

(off look)

And I don't think it's a coincidence.

MAYA

What else could it be?

DARYL

I don't know. But there's something about my family. Something she didn't want to tell me.

MAYA

Maybe you could get your dad's records. You can prove you're family now.

The come to steps down into a subway station. They descend.

MAYA

You sleep at all?

DARYL

Not a wink.

MAYA

Any more hallucinations?

Daryl takes a beat, lies.

DARYL

No.

Maya looks skeptical, then queasy. She clutches her stomach.

DARYL

You okay?

MAYA

I don't think so...

She bolts for the restrooms. Daryl looks after her.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

A cluttered records room. The orderly from earlier, Casper, rummages through an old box of files.

He's been in here a while judging from the mess. The Orderly with the ear bite hovers in the doorway.

Casper tosses aside a box, discouraged.

CASPER

I don't get it. There's nothing on the guy.

ORDERLY

You ask Minsky?

CASPER

Yeah. Said Cross was already admitted when he started.

ORDERLY

Minsky's been here thirty years. No way Cross has been here that long.

CASPER

Apparently he's been here forever.

He throws aside the box, frustrated.

CASPER

He doesn't have a transfer record.

ORDERLY

Gotta be a record.

CASPER

I've gone back forty-seven years. They musta lost it.

ORDERLY

Why do you care, anyway? Guy's a turnip.

CASPER

Maybe.

ORDERLY

(checks watch)

Alright, it's almost midnight. I'm clocking out.

CASPER

Midnight...

Casper checks his own watch. He exits the room in a hurry, blows by the Orderly.

ORDERLY

What, you gotta date doughboy?

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Daryl stands outside the ladies room. Maya emerges with a paper towel, cleaning off her wet hands.

DARYL

What happened?

MAYA

Dunno. I got a little sick. Maybe I'm coming down with something.

DARYL

Gotta stop eating out of those hospital vending machines.

MAYA

Could we not talk about it?

They see a subway car arrive at a platform below them.

DARYL

That's us.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

They enter the train. Join two other passengers in their car. One a middle-aged WOMAN. The other a guy on his IPOD.

Daryl and Maya take a seat between them. The train pulls away from the station. The lights in the train FLICKER. Daryl tenses up, looks around.

MAYA

You okay?

Daryl tries to act unfazed, nods.

DARYL

Yeah.

The train moves into a dark tunnel.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Casper walks down the corridor. He arrives at Room 13K. He unlocks the door, then enters the room.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - 13K - CONTINUOUS

Casper looks upon the inmate. It is the catatonic old man we saw earlier, John Cross. Still in the same position. Seated facing the wall. Arms are extended outward. Wrists flexed up. Palms to the wall.

A faint stripe of SCAR TISSUE goes around the sides of his head. His EEG reads semi-flat. Standard catatonic waves.

Still, his face is unseen.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Maya's head is on Daryl's shoulder. The car pulls to a stop. The woman passenger gets off. The car resumes travel. Now just Daryl and Maya and Ipod. Ipod bounces to a silent beat.

The car moves into the darkness.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - ROOM 13K - NIGHT

Casper monitors Cross. The needle on the EEG machine starts to FLICKER erratically. Casper checks his watch, leans in.

CASPER

I'll be damned.

The flickers become more pronounced.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The train hums along. Maya dozes on Daryl's shoulder. Daryl looks over her. Brushes some hair out of her face.

The lights in the car FLICKER. Daryl looks up. Notices Ipod guy having technical difficulties. Daryl sniffs, smells something. He slowly stands now, afraid.

And goes white as sheet. Seeing a man at the end of the car... who wasn't there before.

The Man in the Hat.

And he is walking towards them. Thirty feet and closing. And the lights continue to flicker, now STROBING.

MAYA

What's wrong?

Daryl is frozen. Because in the strobing light he now catches glimpses of the Man and his impossible features:

A horrid face. BURNED almost black. And NO EYES. Just bottomless BLACK HOLES where his eyes should be.

MAYA

Daryl?

Maya rises, concerned, joins Daryl. She follows his gaze to the other end of the car. But she sees nothing.

Down the car, the Man in the Hat slowly raises his arm, EXTENDING it outward. Suddenly his wrist FLEXES back, palm forward.

Almost like he's keeping something at bay.

MAYA

Daryl, talk to me.

As the Man gets closer, Daryl notices strands of Maya's hair slowly RISING up off her head, as if by static electricity.

Now Daryl springs to action. He GRABS Maya, pulls her away. DRAGS her towards the other end of the car, PASSING Ipod guy.

MAYA

Let go. You're hurting me.

The Man keeps coming. Slow. Methodical. Mere feet from Ipod guy now. Whose Ipod begins to short out, SPARKING.

Suddenly Ipod guy stands up RAMROD straight. Begins to SHAKE violently, CONVULSING where he stands.

Daryl watches in horror.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Casper watches the EEG dial go WILD. He notices something else now. Pulls up the sleeve around the inmate's arm.

There are SCARS around his wrist. As Casper watches, the scar tissue is becoming more pronounced, luminous.

The marks are GLOWING.

Now for the first time, Casper comes around to face him. And we see his eyes. Or his lack thereof.

His eyelids are sewn shut.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The SEIZURE takes Ipod to the ground, where he FLOPS around facedown. His Ipod continues to SPARK next to him.

And still the Man in the Hat comes forward. Passing by Ipod. Continuing towards Daryl and Maya at the end of the car.

Maya tries to break for the seizing passenger, but Daryl holds her back.

MAYA

Let me go.

DARYL

No.

MAYA

Daryl, he needs help!

She RIPS her arm loose from Daryl's grip now and RUNS for the passenger. And for the Man she can't seem to see.

DARYL

Maya!

She's on a collision course with him. With his reaching arm. Twenty feet. Ten feet.

DARYL

No!

Just a few feet from his outstretched arm --

And the lights STOP blinking --

The Man in the Hat DISAPPEARS --

Ipod STOPS convulsing.

Maya gets down by his side, turns him over, and rears back in horror --

His face is CRIMSON. Laced with spidered VEINS. BLOOD leaks from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. His eyes are BUGGED. (Just like the victims from the ambulance in the opening.)

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Later. Medical/police personnel populate the area. The covered body of the Ipod guy is wheeled away.

Daryl looks distant, as he and Maya are interviewed by a plainclothes Detective, KEESE, unblinking, intense, 50.

MAYA

It was a grand mal seizure. He must be epileptic. The lights were flickering. Maybe that triggered it.

KEESE

What about his face?

MAYA

I don't know. His eyes, his skin, it was like the vessels just ruptured. And there was an odor.

KEESE

What kind of odor?

DARYL (O.S.)

Burning.

Now they turn to the formerly silent Daryl.

DARYL

It smelled like he was burning.
(beat)
And there was someone else.

KEESE

Someone else?

MAYA
There was nobody else.

DARYL
You couldn't see him.
(to himself)
Why couldn't you see him?

Keese and Maya exchange a glance. Daryl's eyes are crazy.

MAYA
He's a little tired --

DARYL
He was there. And it wasn't the
first time.

MAYA
Daryl, you haven't slept in three
days. You're seeing things.

DARYL
The other night, too. I think he
might have had something to do with
your neighbor's dog dying.

Maya forces a smile at Keese, trying to rescue Daryl from
humiliation.

MAYA
Daryl, stop it. Do you know how you
sound right now?

Daryl stops, a terrible realization coming over him --

DARYL
Crazy. Like he must have sounded.

MAYA
Who?

Daryl storms off into the night. Maya looks after him,
worried. Keese looks after him, intrigued.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

Letters typed into a search engine prompt: "Stephen Winslow,
death, 1979." PULL BACK to --

INT. DARYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl at his PC, as he clicks on one of the links provided by his search. The connection is slow, the browser slowly bringing up another screen, when --

GARRET (O.S.)
Porn on 56K dial-up, that's just sad.

Daryl jumps, startled, turns to see his Garret.

GARRET
Jesus, you look like shit.

DARYL
I've had a long day.

GARRET
Got just the thing.

Garret produces a fresh baggie of weed, displays it proudly.

GARRET
Do the words "Alaskan Thunderfuck"
mean anything to you?

DARYL
I'm good.

Garret shrugs, starts out, then stops --

GARRET
You know that chick with the peg leg
lives on the second floor?

DARYL
It's called a prosthesis.

GARRET
It's called junk now. She died last
night.

DARYL
I just saw her out walking last
night. How'd it happen?

GARRET
Dunno. They found her in the lobby.
Apparently she was all fucked up.

Garret exits. Daryl turns back to his computer. Now finished linking to an ARTICLE from the Inquirer, an old item with the headline:

"Lone Survivor in Unexplained Deaths."

In the body of the article is a crime scene PHOTO of a familiar AMBULANCE (the ambulance from the opening), as well as a small headshot of STEPHEN WINSLOW.

Daryl starts to read the article.

INT. KAREN WINSLOW HOME - DAY

A KNOCK from the other side of the door. Karen answers in her robe, finds the Helix Sheriff, REED LOLLAR, 66, a short, stocky man with a crisp uniform and a big, empty smile.

LOLLAR
Morning, Karen.

He tips his hat. Karen clenches her robe tighter to her body. She looks out of sorts, anxious.

KAREN
Reed. Something wrong?

LOLLAR
Boys at the service station say a young man came through yesterday, looking for you.

KAREN
Oh?

LOLLAR
Just wanted to make sure everything was okay.

KAREN
Everything's fine.

LOLLAR
He found you okay, then.

KAREN
(beat, uncomfortable)
Yes.

The Sheriff waits for elaboration with that big, empty smile. Karen takes a beat, lies.

KAREN

I went to school with his mother.

(beat)

I was just going to take a shower.

LOLLAR

Alright, then. You take care, Karen.

And stay dry.

He gestures to the horizon, where storm CLOUDS are gathering.

LOLLAR

Looks like rain.

She forces a smile, shuts the door. Off the Sheriff,
dropping the smile --

EXT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

Thunder CRACKS. The sky FLASHES with lightning. Rain pours.
Daryl's car pulls into the lot, finds a spot.

Daryl runs through rain to the front. Lightning FLASHES, for
a moment illuminating a figure in a 3rd floor window.

An OLD MAN, looking down at Daryl, John Cross.

Daryl stops. Lightning flashes again. The window is empty.

Daryl shakes it off, heads for the entrance.

Off the building --

MATCH CUT TO:

An old black and white PHOTO of an older version of this same
building, but here it's surrounded by BARBED WIRE, with
GUARDS out front... before it was a hospital. PULL BACK to --

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

The photo is on the wall, framed, a presentation. Daryl
looks at it while waiting.

ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)

Place used to be a prison.

Daryl turns to the ADMINISTRATOR, standing with some files
and a VIDEOTAPE. Behind them a staffer gets BUZZED into the
main area through a security door.

DARYL
(re: security door)
Still is, by the looks of it.

Daryl eyes the files in her hand.

ADMINISTRATOR
Your father killed himself a few
hours after he was admitted.

DARYL
How?

ADMINISTRATOR
Says he broke out a window, used the
glass to cut a leg artery.

DARYL
Does it say what was wrong with him?

ADMINISTRATOR
Doesn't look like they had time to do
a proper assessment...
(re: tape)
Made a film, though.

Daryl takes the tape, looks it over.

ADMINISTRATOR
Can't let it leave the premises, but
you can watch it here if you like.

CASPER (O.S.)
Morning, Sandy.

The Administrator looks up to see Casper the orderly enter
from the outside.

ADMINISTRATOR
Hey, Casper.

CASPER
Dr. Tharp in yet?

ADMINISTRATOR
Try the rec room.

Casper gets buzzed through the door. Daryl considers the
tape in his hand.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - REC ROOM - NIGHT

Patient rec room. Inmates stare out windows, watch TV, pace, smoke. Beaches sits heavily medicated, watching TV.

Casper and the ever-annoyed Dr. Tharp stand nearby. Casper is showing him new EEG CHARTS for John Cross.

CASPER

It's happened four nights in a row
now. Gets longer every night. See?

He points to the SPIKING in the different charts, each one showing a LONGER bout of activity than the previous.

CASPER

Each night about twice as long.

THARP

It's not so odd that a catatonic
would show activity.

CASPER

He hasn't shown any for as long as
I've been here. That's six years.

THARP

I've been here for eleven, and I know
a few things, chief among them...
these people don't get better.

CASPER

I just want you to take another look --

THARP

And I want you to stick to what you
know, bedchecks and bedpans.

He throws the charts down on the table and leaves. As Casper watches him go, frustrated --

BEACHES (O.S.)

There's a pattern.

Casper looks down to see that Beaches has picked up the charts and is looking them over.

CASPER

Gimme those.

Beaches snatches a pen from Casper's breast pocket, TRACES over the peaks and valleys over the EEG.

BEACHES

There's letters in there.

Casper sighs, starts to take the charts, then notices his tracing is bringing out what looks like a letter, a "B."

BEACHES

It's a message.

Further down the chart he traces the letter "G."

BEACHES

See?

Off Casper, intrigued --

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - A/V ROOM - DAY

Daryl watches the old VHS transfer of a scratchy Super 8 film. On screen a crazed, HAUNTED Stephen Winslow, post-ambulance massacre, addresses an offscreen PSYCH:

STEPHEN

You know how when you go without sleep, sometimes you see things.

PSYCH (O.S.)

Hallucinations.

STEPHEN

But what if they're not. What if sleep is a barrier that separates us from another place, another plane?

PSYCH (O.S.)

Okay, what if it was?

STEPHEN

If you went long enough without it, the barrier would fall away, and things from that place... they'd come through.

PSYCH (O.S.)

And is that what's happened, Mr. Winslow? Has something come through?

STEPHEN

(nods)

Prohl.

PSYCH (O.S.)
And what does it want?

STEPHEN
What he always wants. The women. He
wants my wife.

PSYCH (O.S.)
Then why kill those men on the
ambulance?

STEPHEN
(frustrated)
When he comes no one is safe around
me. He'll kill everything in my
presence until he gets her.

PSYCH
So you fled your town, left your
wife... to protect her.

Stephen nods, eyes glassing over, hopeless.

STEPHEN
Before he lived behind the barrier.
In my dreams. But now it's gone.
Now he comes in the waketime.

Intrigued, Daryl REWINDS the tape, plays --

STEPHEN
...he lived behind the barrier...

Daryl listens to the words, something important registering.

STEPHEN
In my dreams.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF THE CORONER - NIGHT

Maya walks through the hall, coat over her scrubs. She stops
in front of a door marked "Autopsy Suite 2." She enters.

INT. AUTOPSY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the Deputy MEDICAL EXAMINER sits near a filleted body
on a slab. There is a cheap chess set between them.

The Coroner moves his black Rook across the board and takes
the Queen. Then he rotates the board, looks impressed.

CORONER
You've been holding back, haven't
you?

MAYA
Excuse me?

The Coroner looks up.

MAYA
I'm Maya Curwen. From Penn General?

CORONER
You wanted to see the subway guy,
right? Wasn't expecting you so late.

MAYA
I'm between shifts at the hospital.
Do you mind?

Coroner throws a sheet over his chess partner and leads her
to another slab.

CORONER
Why the interest?

MAYA
I was there. I tried to help him.

CORONER
Lucky you didn't get hurt.

MAYA
(confused)
Why would I?

CORONER
He must've been giving off a lot of
juice.

MAYA
I don't understand. He had a
seizure.

CORONER
Not quite.

They arrive at a covered body on a slab. He pulls back the
sheet, revealing the dead body of the iPod guy. Scary.

CORONER
Heat fractures, swollen organs, and
his brain is effectively cooked.
(MORE)

CORONER (cont'd)
(beat)
He died of electrocution.

Maya looks surprised, confused. The Coroner gestures to covered body on another slab.

CORONER
Second one in two nights, actually.

Maya turns to the body, whose ONE FOOT is protruding from under the sheet. Strangely the other is not seen.

Maya slowly pulls the sheet down, revealing the similarly disturbing corpse of a woman. She wears a singed SWEAT SUIT.

She is missing one leg at the knee.

It is the woman from Daryl's building, the late-night power-walker.

MAYA
You sure about the cause?

CORONER
Not much else could explain the trauma. Insides are fried. And there's something else...

He turns back to Ipod guy: There are BURNS on his back in the pattern of what appear to be FINGER MARKS.

INT. BARRY'S HOME - NIGHT

KNOCKING at the front door. Barry comes into frame, beer in hand, tipsy. He opens up to find Daryl.

BARRY
There he is.

DARYL
Sorry to drop by so late.

BARRY
That's alright. How's the head?

DARYL
Better.

BARRY
Everything else okay?

A loaded question. Daryl evades. A BEAT.

DARYL
Those drawings I did when I was
little... did you really keep them?

INT. BARRY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Barry comes down the stairs, followed by Daryl.

BARRY
Over here.

He moves to a small trunk that is open. Photo albums have
been pulled out, pored over. Some empty beer cans nearby.

BARRY
Guess those slides put me in a
nostalgic mood.

Daryl looks at Barry, sad for him.

BARRY
You go ahead.
(finishes drink)
I'll fix us something to eat.

As Barry heads upstairs, Daryl goes through the memorabilia,
rifling through pictures of his mother, diplomas, baby shoes.

Finally arriving at several childish crayon DRAWINGS on aged
construction paper. As he flips through, he freezes on one --

It's a rudimentary sketch of a DARK FIGURE, small, black,
with a wide-brimmed HAT.

The Man In The Hat.

He flips through more drawings, all bad childhood renderings
of the Man in the Hat --

Then Daryl smells something. He sniffs, sees a wisp of SMOKE
emanating from his jacket pocket. He pulls out his cell
phone. It is SMOKING --

The the basement light FLICKERS --

Fear fills his eyes.

And he knows.

DARYL
Daaad!!!

He drops everything and TEARS up the stairs --

SLAMS the door open to the hallway --

RACES through the living room, where the TV has gone to SNOW --

Into the kitchen --

To Barry, at the counter, with eggs cooking in a pan on the electric stove. Just fine. He looks up, smiles --

BARRY

What's all the ruckus?

DARYL

You gotta get outta here.

BARRY

What are you...

The eggs on the stove suddenly SIZZLE, as the burner beneath glows bright red. The lights FLICKER, and in that instant Daryl sees a FIGURE emerge from the darkness behind Barry --

The outline of a HAT --

An arm EXTENDED outward, reaching for Barry, wrist FLEXED --

And Barry starts to TREMBLE, locked in an upright position as the current passes through him --

In that split moment Barry has a look of confusion, as his eyes lock with Daryl, wondering why --

And he goes down, racked with CONVULSIONS --

WRITHING in pain on the linoleum floor --

DARYL

Nooo!

Daryl tries to help him, but when he touches him he gets a JOLT of electricity that sends him back. He SCREAMS, as he watches his dad die.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Maya's on rounds, moving down a bustling corridor. She arrives at the nurse's station, pulls a chart. The NURSE there notices Maya, holds out a FILE.

NURSE

Hey Maya, you got some blood work
back from the lab.

MAYA

Which patient?

NURSE

Looks like it's you.

Maya looks up, self-conscious. Sure enough, the file has her
name on it. She takes it and moves to a quiet spot.

She scans the lab results, and her breath catches in her
throat. Something in the results...

DARYL (O.S.)

He came back.

Startled, Maya nearly drops the file, looks up to see Daryl
standing there. He's an absolute wreck.

MAYA

Jesus, Daryl. Where have you been, I
tried calling --

DARYL

He came back. My Dad... He killed
him...

MAYA

Your Dad?

DARYL

Just like that guy on the subway.

MAYA

Daryl, look at me. What happened to
your Dad?

Maya notices Daryl's hands now; his palms are BURNED from
when touched Barry. She takes him by the wrist.

MAYA

God, you're hurt.

DARYL

He killed him.

He's losing it. Maya takes him into an empty room off the
hall, closes the door, begins to bandage his hands.

MAYA
Tell me what happened.

DARYL
I went to Burnside this morning...

MAYA
The mental hospital?

DARYL
It's where they sent my real father.
They had a tape...

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Now a crime scene. Squad cars, cops, ambulance, police tape.
Detective Keese (the cop from the subway) walks with
Detective BURNS, younger, cocky.

BURNS
Victim's fifty-two, white male, dead
when we got here.

KEESE
How'd he get that way?

BURNS
Question of the hour. Guy's one big
contusion.

KEESE
Who called it in?

Burns gestures to an elderly neighbor, giving her statement.

BURNS
Blue-hair next door. Screams woke
her around midnight.

KEESE
Argument?

BURNS
(nods)
Saw a guy come out, take off running.
ID'd him as the victim's son...
(consults notes)
Daryl Beckner.

Keese reacts to the name, familiar.

KEESE
Beckner...

INT. BARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Keese looks over the body with Burns, that horrifying face. Looks like the subway victim -- eyes bugged, ruptured face, lines of blood from his eyes, nose, mouth.

BURNS
You ever seen anything like this?

Keese notices a PHOTO of on the refrigerator. Of Barry and a younger Daryl. Keese recognizes him.

KEESE
Yeah. I have.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Daryl's told Maya everything. His hands are now wrapped. Maya paces.

MAYA
There has to be an explanation.

DARYL
Prohl.

MAYA
What?

DARYL
That's what he called him. He saw him, too.

MAYA
We should go back to the house --

DARYL
It's too late. He's gone.

The reality hits Daryl. He wipes away a lone tear.

DARYL
Will you call someone for him?

Daryl gets up, heads for the door.

MAYA
Where are you going?

DARYL
I have to go back to Helix.

MAYA
Daryl, you can't be driving all over
the state right now.

DARYL
That's where it started. That's
where I have to go.

MAYA
Let me go with you --

DARYL
You're not safe around me.
(beat)
No one is.

Daryl sweeps out the door.

MAYA
Daryl, wait --

She goes out into the busy hall. But Daryl has disappeared
into the crowd.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cops and emergency personnel still gathered. Barry's covered
body is wheeled to a Coroner's van.

On the street, Maya's truck pulls to the curb. She gets out
and joins curious neighbors, watches the body wheeled by --

KEESE (O.S.)
You were at the subway last night.

Maya turns to see Keese, nods.

MAYA
What happened here?

KEESE
Daryl Beckner, he was with you.

Maya nods, silent.

MAYA
Please, tell me what's going on.

KEESE

His father was found dead a couple hours ago.

MAYA

How?

KEESE

That's what we're trying to find out. Do you know where he is?

MAYA

(beat, lies)

I just got off work. I was looking for him.

Keese eyes her, skeptical.

KEESE

Makes two of us.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - NIGHT

Daryl drives on a two-lane highway, with the radio on. Few cars on the road. No signs of life. Just darkness.

His eyes are slits. He hasn't shaved. Hasn't showered. Daryl is starting to look a bit insane.

On the radio, the first hint of STATIC crackles.

Helix is near.

INT. DARYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Insistent KNOCKING at the front door. Garret wakes from his slumber on the couch, Playstation controller in his sleeping grip. As he goes to the door, the knocking continues.

GARRET

I get it, I'm coming.

He opens the door to find Detective Keese with Burns.

GARRET

Dude, do you know what time it is?

KEESE

(badges him)

Daryl home?

GARRET

What for?

Keese stares, unblinking. Garret shakes his head, fine. He leads them inside, walks down the hall to Daryl's room.

GARRET

Dunno if he's even here.

Garret knocks on the closed door.

GARRET

Daryl? You got company.

Burns moves past him, opens the door.

GARRET

(quickly)

Cops, dude I warned you --

INT. DARYL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. Keese enters. Burns starts snooping.

KEESE

Any idea where he could be?

GARRET

With his girlfriend, maybe.

KEESE

Anywhere else?

Garret shrugs, no. Burns spots the pills on the nightstand, reads the label.

BURNS

What are these for?

GARRET

Guy's had trouble sleeping. Don't you guys need a warrant or something?

Burns checks papers on his desk, picks up a scrap. An address has been scribbled on it:

Karen Winslow
14 Red River Dr.
Helix, PA

BURNS

This name mean anything to you?

GARRET

Nope.

Keese comes over, stares at the address --

KEESE

Helix...

BURNS

Never heard of it, you?

Keese slowly looks up, unsettled.

KEESE

You could say that.

EXT. HELIX PARK - MORNING

Karen Winslow shuffles through the park at the center of town in one too many layers of clothing, hair mussed, eyes glassy.

Other townsfolk are out enjoying the morning, sitting by the pond, strolling. They give Karen a wide berth.

Karen sits on a bench. Takes some BREAD from her purse. Throws some on the ground. Pigeons flock, fight for it.

KAREN

Don't fight little ones. There's plenty for all of you.

The pigeons feed, then suddenly disperse as a FOOT steps amongst them. Karen looks up to see Daryl standing over her.

DARYL

Tell me about Prohl.

Karen tenses up, frightened.

KAREN

How do you know that name?

DARYL

My father said it before he died.

(off look)

What's happening to me... it happened to him too, didn't it.

Karen looks away.

DARYL
Please. Tell me what's going on.
Tell me what's wrong with my family.

KAREN
It's not your family.

DARYL
Then what?

Karen looks down, resigned.

KAREN
It's the town. I thought by giving
you a life away from here, you'd be
spared.

DARYL
Spared...

KAREN
It's curse.
(beat)
When I moved here to be with your
father, I heard the whispers. I
never thought it could be true.

DARYL
What?

KAREN
They said it started in '54. He'd
come in the night, always through a
host. Someone who gave him a way to
reach out from the other side.

DARYL
Someone who stopped sleeping.

KAREN
(nods)
He'd kill every night until he got
what he wanted.

DARYL
The women.
(off nod)
Why me? What did I do?

Karen notices Sheriff Lollar's car pulling up to the park.
She grows nervous. Her tone becomes urgent.

KAREN

It doesn't matter now. You have to give him yours.

DARYL

My what?

(realizing)

No...

KAREN

Keep her by your side when he comes. He will take her. Then it can end.

DARYL

No, there has to be another way.

KAREN

Only one.

DARYL

How?

Sheriff Lollar exits his car and watches Karen and Daryl. Unnerved, Karen rises, starts away. Daryl GRABS her arm.

DARYL

How? Tell me.

KAREN

The way of your father. And his before him.

(sad)

I'm sorry. It's your only choice.

Karen takes off, moving away from the Daryl and the Sheriff.

INT. MAYA'S TRUCK - DAY

Maya drives. There's a map on the passenger seat. STATIC on the radio. She goes to dial her cell, but there's no signal.

Reveal the open road. Middle of nowhere. On her right she passes the familiar VILLAGE set back from the road.

A horse-drawn carriage travels down the road. The rider eyes her as she passes.

She is approaching Helix.

INT. HELIX LIBRARY - DAY

Quiet. An older man reads the day's Helix Observer. An older woman reads a book.

In the back Daryl peruses a shelf of bound NEWSPAPER compilations, a different year embossed on each binding.

His finger follows the binding back through the years, to the fifties, 1957, 1956, 1955, 1953...

The book for 1954 is missing. Curious.

He goes to the front desk, rings the bell on the counter.

DARYL

Hello?

A crane-like LIBRARIAN with fitting glasses and sweater peers out from the stacks.

DARYL

The old papers. There's a year missing from the shelf.

LIBRARIAN

I don't think so.

DARYL

1954.

The Librarian narrows her eyes. One of the patrons looks up.

LIBRARIAN

What is it you're looking for exactly?

DARYL

I don't know. A name, I guess... Prohl.

The other patron looks up; Daryl has their full attention.

LIBRARIAN

Can't say I know that name.

DARYL

Maybe it's in those papers --

LIBRARIAN

I don't think so --

DARYL
If you could just --

LIBRARIAN
(final)
We don't have what you're looking
for.

Daryl looks from the Librarian to the patrons. They're all staring at him, the message clear. Get out.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Keese is at his desk, an island of order in the otherwise cluttered station.

He is staring at the piece of paper from Daryl's room, the one with Karen Winslow's name and address on it.

He puts down the paper and opens his bottom desk drawer. From the very back of the drawer, he pulls a very old FILE. Inside are some old black and white CRIME SCENE PHOTOS:

In the pics people lay DEAD, all with that now familiar, dark, RUPTURED FLESH. Lots of people. A plague.

Keese sighs, closes the file, and now we see what's written on the cover:

"Helix / 1954."

EXT. HELIX LIBRARY - DAY

Daryl emerges from the library, crosses to his car by the park. As he goes to unlock his door --

MAYA (O.S.)
You picked a small town to hide in.

Startled, Daryl turns to see Maya, approaching from the park. She hugs him. Daryl's stunned.

DARYL
What are you doing here?

MAYA
Your phone wasn't picking up, so I made the trip. Been driving around, finally saw your car --

DARYL

You shouldn't have come. It's not safe.

MAYA

I went to your dad's house. I saw...
I'm not gonna leave you like this.

DARYL

You have to.

MAYA

Something's wrong with you, Daryl.
Your mind isn't right.

DARYL

This isn't in my mind.

Maya wants to believe him, can't.

MAYA

The police are looking for you.

DARYL

They think I did it?

MAYA

I don't know. But it doesn't look
real good, you running off.

She moves to him, strokes his face, appeals to him.

MAYA

You can't keep going like this.
You're gonna crash.

Daryl looks back at the library, where the Librarian and patrons stand at the entry. PEERING out at him.

MAYA

Come back to the city with me.

Daryl hears the CLOP-CLOP-CLOP of horse HOOVES coming down the street. He looks up to see an approaching CARRIAGE. The rider is a VILLAGER; he wears a HAT. Daryl gets an idea --

DARYL

Not just yet.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The Village outside Helix. Men and women work in the field. Village children play in the center of town.

The place is lost in time; no power, no plumbing, just farming, wood cabins, a large CHURCH, horses, sheep, dogs.

On one porch an ANCIENT WOMAN with cheap, mirrored SUNGLASSES rocks in a CREAKY rocking chair on her porch.

Out on the highway, we find Maya's truck turning on to the Village entry road, stopping there.

INT. MAYA'S TRUCK - DAY

Maya's behind the wheel, Daryl's riding shotgun. They look out at the Village, stopped. Maya's apprehensive.

MAYA

What is this place?

DARYL

I'm not sure.

Maya points to the CROSS atop the Village church.

MAYA

Nine years of Catholic school, I
never saw a cross like that.

Looking closer at the cross, we see it has a five-pointed STAR at its center, laced with a VINE pattern of some sort.

They exchange a look. Maya puts it in gear and starts the drive into the Village.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Maya's truck heads up into the Village. As it passes a stable of carriage HORSES, they REAR UP, WHINNYING, spooked.

They park in front of the church. Activity in the Village CEASES, and the Villagers look on curiously.

Children stop playing, some moving towards the car before protective parents swoop in and stop them.

Now the Ancient Woman STOPS her rocking, turns her head towards Daryl, her breath catching in her throat --

ANCIENT WOMAN

En Benjel...

Daryl and Maya exit the car and look around. The wary Villagers keep their distance.

A Village ELDER emerges from the church and approaches them, speaks with something resembling a German ACCENT.

ELDER

You're closer than you think.

DARYL

Sorry?

ELDER

The town is a ten minute drive.

MAYA

Oh, no... we're not lost.

DARYL

I'm trying to find out about a man who may have lived here. A long time ago... his name was Prohl.

The Elder darkens, suddenly dismissive.

ELDER

I'm sorry, I can't help you.

DARYL

(pressing)

You know him, though --

ELDER

Please find your way.

DARYL

I don't have anywhere else to go --

ELDER

Find your way.

(re: staring Villagers)

Your presence is a distraction.

The Elder turns away with finality and goes back into the church. Disconcerted, Daryl and Maya turn back to the car.

The Ancient Woman is now standing in front of them, strangely daunting in her mirrored shades.

ANCIENT WOMAN
You see him, yes?

Daryl slowly nods.

ANCIENT WOMAN
Come.

She starts back towards her cabin. Daryl and Maya glance at one another, then follow.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Spartan. Wood. Candles. Ancient Woman is still wearing her shades. She digs through a chest of old DOCUMENTS.

ANCIENT WOMAN
We do not mix with the town. We sell
crops, trade for tools, but our
children we raise to stay apart.

She takes an old newspaper ARTICLE out, hands it over.

ANCIENT WOMAN
Bad things happen when we mix.

Daryl and Maya look down at the HEADLINE:

"Harmen Prohl to Face Death in Local Murders."

In the article is a portrait of the VICTIM, a pretty woman in her early 30's. Daryl goes PALE with recognition...

She is the woman in the weeds. The eviscerated woman.

DARYL
I've seen this woman.

MAYA
This says she died in 1954.

ANCIENT WOMAN
He has seen, because it is what Prohl
wishes him to see.

Another PHOTO shows a man in Village garb emerging from the Helix courthouse, tall, thin, cuffed, and wearing the signature HAT, HARMEN PROHL, 36.

DARYL
Harmen Prohl.

MAYA
He killed this woman?

ANCIENT WOMAN
So it was said. They were lovers.
But she was a married woman. It was
not meant to be.

Maya takes the article, scans it.

ANCIENT WOMAN
He walked into town covered in her
blood, and his fate was sealed.

DARYL
It says "murders," plural.

ANCIENT WOMAN
Yes. She was with child.

MAYA
His?

ANCIENT WOMAN
They could never be certain. The
baby was never found.

Daryl remembers his vision, haunted.

DARYL
She was cut open, ripped apart.

ANCIENT WOMAN
He claimed they were attacked. That
three men in masks butchered her in
front of him.

DARYL
But they executed him anyway.

ANCIENT WOMAN
It was his word against the town's.
But something went wrong...

FLASHCUT: 1954. Prison death chamber. A much younger
Ancient Woman watches from the window of the observation
room, as Prohl FRIES in the chair.

ANCIENT WOMAN
He refused to die.

FLASHCUT: A Doctor checks Prohl's heart with a stethoscope,
shakes his head. A guard throws the switch.

Prohl CONVULSES anew as another round of current SURGES. In the chair his wrists FLEX with the current, held by the restraints.

ANCIENT WOMAN

I bore witness. And what I saw...

FLASHCUT: Prohl sizzles in the chair, the flesh on his arms BUBBLING. SMOKE pours from his head. Witnesses in the observation room turn their heads, exit the room, repulsed.

ANCIENT WOMAN

Was a soul not yet ready to depart.

FLASHCUT: The guard throws the switch. Over and over. Prohl's goes from still to CONVULSIVE. His wrists relaxed to FLEXED. BLOOD gushes from under his hood, as his EYES explode from their sockets. The room is thick with SMOKE.

And now a VOICE rises beneath the buzz of current, more ANIMAL than human, filled with rage, growing impossibly loud. Building. Surpassing the electricity in intensity --

A voice from beneath Prohl's hood --

A voice from Hell --

PROHL

BRINJE MEIN BLOOT OODA DIEN BLOOT
STOAVE!!!

The voice reverberates with THUNDEROUS intensity. Guards, doctor, priest, observers all cover their ears --

CRASH!!! The observation room window SHATTERS inward --

Shards of GLASS shooting into the room --

Showering the observers and FLYING right into the EYES of the young Ancient Woman.

ANCIENT WOMAN

It was my last sight in this life.

Back in the cabin, Ancient Woman removes her shades and reveals her eyes:

There is massive SCARRING from the glass shards around each eye socket, and her eyes are like broken mirrors -- fractured, useless, milky retinas filled with old blood.

MAYA

Oh my god...

A church bell TOLLS in the background.

DARYL

What did it mean? What he said?

ANCIENT WOMAN

Brinje mein bloot... "Bring my blood,
or your blood dies."

DARYL

Your blood dies...

ANCIENT WOMAN

The bloodline of the town. It is the
future of Helix he destroys.

DARYL

(re: Maya)

Then why is Prohl after her? She has
nothing to do with Helix.

She casts her blind eyes upon Maya.

ANCIENT WOMAN

She is it's future.

DARYL

It's *what*?

The door to the cabin FLIES open. The Elder stands in the
doorway, furious.

ELDER

Rachel! Stellsenne!

He towers above them. The Ancient Woman shrinks. The church
bell continues to TOLL.

ELDER

It is time for mass. You must go.

The Ancient Woman turns away. She has done all she can.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

OLDER people populate the greasy spoon. Daryl and Maya sit
in a booth by the window. Patrons cast curious looks.

Daryl mashes potatoes into a little Devil's Tower, tuned out.
Maya seems disturbed.

MAYA
I went to the Coroner's last night.
The guy on the subway... I wanted to
see his autopsy report.

Daryl continues with the food sculpting, not listening.

MAYA
He died of electrocution.

DARYL
(looks up)
Like Prohl.

Maya looks a little green. She fidgets, grabs her stomach.

DARYL
You alright?

MAYA
What she said back there. About me,
the future --

DARYL
Don't pay any attention. I'm not
gonna let anything happen --

MAYA
I think I know what she meant. But
how could she know --

DARYL
What are you talking about?

MAYA
(beat)
I'm pregnant.

Daryl leans back in his chair, in shock.

DARYL
What?

MAYA
I found out yesterday.

Daryl takes her hand, doesn't know how feel, overwhelmed.

DARYL
I can't believe it.
(guilty)
It's not that I'm not happy, I am...

MAYA

I know.

(beat)

How could she know, Daryl?

Daryl shakes his head, no clue. Wait. He realizes something, looks up.

DARYL

How long?

(off look)

How long have you been...

MAYA

Ten days, maybe.

DARYL

Right about when I stopped sleeping.

Daryl is hit with a realization. Thunderous.

DARYL

My god, that's why.

MAYA

Why what?

DARYL

That must be what starts it, what wakes him.

Maya's skeptical, still doesn't know where she stands on all of this.

DARYL

It makes sense. How many kids have you seen in this town?

(off look)

Right. Cause they don't have 'em. It's the ones who conceive, that's who he comes after.

MAYA

But why?

DARYL

If no one has kids, the town's bloodline is extinguished.

MAYA

"...Your blood dies."

Daryl looks outside. Night has fallen.

DARYL
Maya, you have to go.

MAYA
I'm not going anywhere.

DARYL
(insistent)
You can't be near me. He'll kill
you.

MAYA
I came here to help you.

DARYL
You want to help, get away from me.

MAYA
There's an explanation for this. And
we're gonna find it. Together.

Under the table Maya clutches her stomach. She grimaces,
looks slightly ill.

MAYA
I have to...

She heads for the bathroom, her plate of food untouched.

INT. DINER BATHROOM - DAY

From behind the closed door of a stall a toilet flushes.
Maya emerges, wiping her mouth, having just gotten sick. She
moves to the sink, splashes water on her face.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Maya returns to the booth. It's empty. Daryl's gone. But
some cash has been left with the check. There's a napkin
with a MESSAGE scribbled on it:

"I'm sorry."

Maya looks out the window. No sign of Daryl. He's left her.

INT. KAREN'S HOME - NIGHT

Detective Keese knocks on Karen Winslow's front door. Her
voice comes from beyond.

KAREN (O.S.)

Yes?

KEESE

Ms. Winslow, my name is Roger Keese.
I'm with the Philadelphia Police
Department --

KAREN (O.S.)

What do you want?

KEESE

I'm looking for a Daryl Beckner. We
found your address in his apartment --

KAREN (O.S.)

I don't know where he is.

KEESE

Look, I've come all the way up here.
I'm not leaving until we talk.

Silence.

KEESE

People are dying, Ms. Winslow.

A BEAT, then locks are unlocked. Karen opens the door,
sticks her head out.

KAREN

What people?

KEESE

In Philadelphia. Three so far. One
was Daryl's father.

KAREN

His father?

KEESE

Adoptive. Barry Beckner. Did you
know him?

KAREN

No...

(haunted)

My god, it's happening already.

KEESE

I'm not just a visitor, Ms. Winslow.
I grew up here.

Karen looks up, surprised.

KEESE

They said I was born a few months
before it started.

KAREN

But your parents --

KEESE

Died in '54 with rest. In the first
days. Before they knew to keep clear
of the afflicted.

KAREN

Then you know you can't help him.

KEESE

(beat)
I have to try.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HELIX - NIGHT

Daryl has walked back to the center of town. He finds his
car where he left it, near the library.

He unlocks it and gets in, keys the ignition. But it won't
turn over. Tries again. No luck. It's dead.

He sighs, gets out, looks around. He hears MUSIC coming from
down the street. Country music. From a DIVE BAR.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Medium-crowded with mostly OLDER blue-collar Helix denizens.
Just a handful under forty.

Daryl approaches a couple youngsters ARGUING over a DART GAME.
One wears a TRUCKER HAT, the other's a real SKINNY GUY.

DARYL

Can either of you guys give me a
jump?

Trucker Hat turns to Daryl, happy to see him.

TRUCKER HAT

Hey, help us out here, chief.
(re: dartboard)
That look like a bullseye to you?

DARYL
Looks outside.

SKINNY GUY
Horseshit.

Trucker gloats. Skinny bristles.

TRUCKER HAT
Wall-eyed motherfucker, that's
independent confirmation.
(to Daryl)
You wanna play?

DARYL
I just need to fix my car.

TRUCKER HAT
I got cables in my truck.
(off hope)
One game, and they're yours.

He holds up three darts, smiles with stained teeth. Daryl
stares, then reluctantly takes them, goes to line up a shot.

MAYA (O.S.)
You didn't have to leave.

Daryl turns, surprised to find Maya standing there. Trucker
and Skinny OGLE her.

MAYA
If I knew you wanted to play games, I
would've left.

SKINNY GUY
You left this pretty thing? Should
be a sin if it ain't already.

Daryl looks between the locals and Maya, sensing trouble.

DARYL
Go home, Maya.

SKINNY GUY
Ain't from around here, are you
sweetheart?

MAYA
What gave it away? The fact that I
have all my teeth or that I speak in
complete sentences.

Uh-oh. Daryl grabs Maya's wrist and heads for the door.

DARYL
C'mon, let's go.

Now Trucker steps in front of them, blocks their path.

TRUCKER HAT
Whoa, hold on. We were gonna play a
game for a jump, but...
(looking Maya up and down)
Maybe we can work something else out.

Daryl looks behind him, to Skinny and a couple other locals.
He turns back to Trucker Hat, who blocks their exit.

DARYL
Move.

Trucker steps to him, a challenge.

TRUCKER HAT
Or wh --

CRACK! Daryl POPS him in the nose, brings him to his knees.

TRUCKER HAT
Ah, goddamn!

Daryl pulls Maya towards the exit, but Skinny TACKLES him --

Maya KICKS at Skinny, but Trucker GRABS her by the hair. She
SCREAMS --

Daryl struggles to his feet, as other locals SWARM to the
action --

Trucker, nose BLOODY, whispers into Maya's ear --

TRUCKER HAT
Now, where were we sweetheart...

Daryl LUNGES for Trucker --

DARYL
Leave her alone --

Another local SOCKS Daryl in the gut, and he BUCKLES over.
Two more join the fray now --

As the scene turns crazy, the BARTENDER pulls a phone out
from under the bar and dials.

BARTENDER

It's Dale at the Chariot. You'd
better get some people down here.

As Trucker pulls Maya to the floor behind the pool table --

INT. HELIX ROAD - NIGHT

In the hills. Over the scattered lights of Helix. On the side of the road is a figure. At first easy to miss in DARK clothing. Standing at the edge. Karen Winslow.

She is looking into the night. Over the town. A car ROARS past on the road. She doesn't blink.

Her eyes glisten in the moonlight. In the distance is the sound of another approaching CAR. Karen looks up, listens.

Suddenly she turns and STRIDES purposefully into the middle of the road --

WHAM!

The car SLAMS into her, sending her up OVER the car, landing with a THUD on the asphalt. At an impossible angle. Dead.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Daryl is flat on his stomach, with two locals PINNING his legs. Skinny has a pool cue under his chin in a CHOKE HOLD.

Trucker has Maya pinned down behind the pool table, forcing himself on her. Kissing her neck. She struggles, repulsed.

DARYL

Leave her alone! I'll kill you, I
swear to God --

Skinny TUGS UP on the pool cue, silencing Daryl, hissing in his ear.

SKINNY GUY

Don't have to worry none, he's fixed.
We're all fixed up here, ain't that
right fellas.

As Trucker goes to remove Maya's belt, the BARTENDER comes up behind him.

BARTENDER

That's enough, Grainey.

TRUCKER HAT
Mind your damn business, Dale.

SKINNY GUY
Yeah, Dale! Get your ass behind the
bar!

The other locals join in, pushing Dale back, yelling,
screaming, things boiling over into a mob scene, when --

A GUNSHOT rings out.

Everyone freezes, turns to the doorway. Two Sheriff's
DEPUTIES stand there, one having just fired into the ceiling.
He points his gun at Trucker Hat.

DEPUTY
Let her go, Grainey.

Trucker Hat unhands Maya. The others release Daryl. He
rushes to Maya. The deputies move in and secure things.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Later. Small town crime scene. There's a small crowd out
front. Bystanders. Patrons. Deputies. Couple squad cars.
And a PADDY WAGON.

Daryl, Trucker, Skinny, and three other locals stand cuffed,
single-file, at the back of the idling paddy wagon. They are
monitored by a DEPUTY (#1).

On the periphery Maya stands with DEPUTY #2, trying to appeal
to him with little success.

MAYA
You can't do this. He didn't do
anything.

DEPUTY #2
Busted up Grainey's nose pretty good.
That's something.

MAYA
He was defending me. You saw what
that guy was doing.

Deputy #1 opens the back doors of the paddy wagon. The
cuffed men file up and into the back.

MAYA

You can't put him in there with those
guys. They'll kill him.

DEPUTY #2

Everybody's cuffed. He'll be fine
til the station.

Daryl stops, the last in line. He looks over, locks eyes
with Maya. Then gets pushed into the back with the others.

Deputy #1 SLAMS the doors closed. Then climbs up into the
front passenger seat.

The wagon drives off. Maya walks away from Deputy #2 in
disgust.

A new CRUISER arrives, passing the wagon on its way in, then
parking by Deputy #2. Sheriff Lollar gets out, walks over.

DEPUTY #2

Sheriff. Where you been?

LOLLAR

Up on Deer Hollow. Karen Winslow
walked in front of a speeder.

DEPUTY #2

My god. Accident?

LOLLAR

I don't think so.
(re: scene)
Anybody hurt here?

DEPUTY

Nothing serious.

He gestures to the departing paddy wagon, now fifty yards
down the road.

DEPUTY

Grainey, Pard, and a few others
tangled with a tourist. Gonna give
'em a night in the tank to sleep it
off.

LOLLAR

Tourist?

DEPUTY #2

That's his girlfriend right over
there.

Lollar turns to see Maya fuming on the periphery. And something registers.

Then a streetlight overhead begins to FLICKER. Lollar checks his watch. It is MIDNIGHT. And now he realizes, scared...

LOLLAR
Where is he?

DEPUTY #2
Who?

As if in answer to his question, the next light down begins to FLICKER. Then the NEXT. And the NEXT. Heading away from them. All the way down the street.

Heading towards the wagon a hundred yards down the road.

LOLLAR
Oh, no.

Suddenly the brakes on the wagon LOCK, and it SKIDS out of control to the side of the road, where it stops at an odd angle. Half off the road.

DEPUTY #2
What the hell?

Maya joins them.

MAYA
What's happening?

Deputy #2 makes a move in the direction of the wagon, but the Sheriff GRABS his arm.

LOLLAR
Don't.
(off look)
He's afflicted.

Realizing the implication, Deputy #2 looks to the Wagon in shock. Then horror. Maya reads his expression.

MAYA
Do something. What are you waiting
for?

And Maya takes off RUNNING for the wagon. Down the road. nearing the wagon.

MAYA
Daryl!

Fifty yards and closing, seeing now --

The wagon is SHAKING. ROCKING back and forth. Barely audible from within are the sounds of SCREAMING.

MAYA
Daaarrrryll!!!

She's twenty yards out. The wagon stops shaking, and Maya FREEZES in her tracks.

Standing at the rear of the truck is the faint OUTLINE of a figure. Almost translucent. Holographic. Invisible but for the electricity SHIMMERING on its surface.

The Man in the Hat.

His arm is extended, his wrist flexed. He starts toward Maya, then DISAPPEARS... his window to our world having closed for the night.

The lights return to normal. Maya arrives at the back of the wagon.

The rear door lock has been blown off, and as Maya arrives, one side CREAKS open. Wisps of black SMOKE escapes from inside. Revealing the horror.

Five dead bodies. We know how they look. And Daryl amidst them. Unscathed. Whimpering. With the eyes of a madman.

MAYA
Daryl?

The others arrive behind her now. Lollar, Deputy #2, other onlookers. They peer into the back of the wagon.

DEPUTY #2
Jeezus...

In the cab the driver and Deputy #1 are also cracked, bugged, spidered, charred, red. Dead. Deputy #2 dry-HEAVES on the side of the road.

Lollar turns back to the approaching townsfolk. A RUMBLING is starting. The tourist has brought death to their town. And they are angry.

Lollar looks between the approaching crowd and Daryl. Then turns to Maya.

LOLLAR
You two better come with me.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

FOLLOW Casper, fresh EEG CHARTS in hand, through a corridor lined by patient rooms, stopping at one and entering.

It houses Beaches. His room is covered in hints of found code, everything from comics to Shakespeare, words crossed out, drawn upon, numerical notations in the margins.

Beaches sits on the floor, circling words in a newspaper. Casper gently slides the paper away from him, then replaces it with new EEG charts from Cross's room.

A beat. Beaches begins to TRACE new letters in the chart.

INT. LOLLAR'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Lollar drives on a hilly road above the lights of the town. Maya rides shotgun, grappling with what she has seen tonight. Daryl sits in the back, staring blankly.

LOLLAR

People stopped sleeping after the Prohl execution. Just a handful at first, always men. They were like you, damning anyone within range to the fate of the people in that truck back there. One night we got a mob together, went over to the village. We were gonna dig that bastard up, burn his corpse, send him to hell.

MAYA

(sickened)
You dug him up?

LOLLAR

Would've if there'd been a body.
(off looks)
His people hadn't taken him back from that prison. Wouldn't bury him among his own after what'd happened.

DARYL

They thought he was guilty.

LOLLAR

(regretful)
So did I.

MAYA

But eventually it stopped, right?

LOLLAR

Only after we implemented certain measures.

DARYL

You stopped having children.

LOLLAR

That's right. But for some people, people like you, it was already too late. So we had to come up with another way to control it.

DARYL

And did you?

Lollar nods, brings the car to a stop on the side of the road, shuts it down.

LOLLAR

I'll show you.

EXT. KNOLL - NIGHT

Lollar leads them away from the car and up a slight hill, a familiar KNOLL overgrown with weeds.

LOLLAR

No one was safe around the afflicted, so the town had to devise a kinda quarantine.

As they come over a ridge, the knoll plateaus, revealing the odd, concrete bunker-type STRUCTURE Daryl glimpsed from the cemetery on his earlier trip to Helix. Only now there is a faint light within, seeping through the cracks.

LOLLAR

We put 'em in the keep.

As Daryl and Maya take in the daunting structure --

FLASHCUT: 1954. Townspeople are gathered around "the keep," watching as a dead-tired, AFFLICTED man is led forward by two local cops. Among the onlookers, some FAMILY MEMBERS cry. A CHILD breaks ranks, RUNS out and hugs the doomed man.

LOLLAR

It kept the town safe, and it left
their wives free to bear the child.

DARYL

How long would they stay in there?

LOLLAR

Depended on the man. See, they
didn't put 'em in there alone.

FLASHCUT: As the escorts open the door to the keep, its
interior is revealed. There is a bed, a chair, a table,
candles. On the table is a REVOLVER.

LOLLAR

Couldn't let 'em out. Just wasn't
safe. People would run. And we know
how that turns out.

FLASHCUT: The Afflicted, now all alone in the keep, takes
the gun and puts it to his head.

LOLLAR

They all ended it eventually.

FLASHCUT: Outside the keep it is deserted, save that little
BOY, standing at a safe distance, looking on. From inside
the keep a GUNSHOT rings out.

DARYL

And the next generation? The kids
they left behind?

LOLLAR

If it was a boy they had a procedure.
Rite of passage.

MAYA

(dumbfounded)
You had them "fixed."

LOLLAR

Yep. Wasn't perfect, though. Every
so often nature'd find its way. Now
you got the next generation inside
you. That's what he's after.

(to Daryl)

And you're his access.

Lollar turns around now; his gun is out.

LOLLAR

Which means one of you has to die to
make it stop.

Daryl and Maya eye the gun.

DARYL

No, you can't.

LOLLAR

I know. It's not my place to choose.

Lollar unlocks a padlock on a chain on the door to the keep.

LOLLAR

I leave that up to you.

He opens the door, revealing the decayed interior, now lit by
some CANDLES. Original bed. Table. Chair. The only thing
not circa 1954 is the modern REVOLVER on the table.

Daryl and Maya don't move. Lollar pulls the hammer back on
his gun. And slowly they cross into the dusty keep.

LOLLAR

In 24 hours he comes again. It's
either you or her.

Lollar SWINGS the door shut, LOCKING them in. The door BLOWS
out two of the candles, leaving them in near darkness. A
single candle remains lit. Maya BANGS on the door.

MAYA

You can't do this! You can't leave
us here!

She shakes the door, but it won't budge. She turns around to
Daryl. His stare is fixed on the REVOLVER.

MAYA

Daryl?

He snaps out of it, faces Maya. Then starts searching the
walls for another way out. Maya continues working the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KEEP - LATER

The candle has BURNED down a bit. Maya is slumped on the
bed, Daryl in the chair. They're both exhausted. Daryl
stares at the candle flame.

DARYL

This is the worst time to be awake.
Just between night and morning. When
everything's still. And quiet. My
dad used to call it the "hour of the
wolf". When most people die and most
babies are born. And when nightmares
come.

Daryl turns away from the flame.

DARYL

He was a smart guy. Could've taught
me a lot if I'd let him.

MAYA

You did.

DARYL

When he told me I was adopted, it
made sense. We were different. For
awhile I stopped calling him dad.
Told him it was because I wasn't a
kid anymore, but he knew the real
reason. I was embarrassed by him...

(a whisper)

I wish he never told me.

Maya sits next to him, puts her arm around him.

MAYA

He was proud of you. He understood.

Daryl CRIES now, lets all the fear and sadness and sleep
deprivation out on Maya's shoulder. She comforts him,
strokes his head. She is what he needs. Then --

Muffled VOICES are heard outside. Two of them. Talking.
Daryl presses his ear to the door, trying to listen.

The talking becomes ARGUING. A muffled GUNSHOT rings out
followed immediately by ANOTHER.

Daryl steps away from the wall. He and Maya exchange a wide-
eyed look.

Then a sound at the door. Metal on metal. The lock
disengages. Maya takes Daryl's hand, scared. The door
opens.

A figure stands framed in the doorway. A silhouette. The
man moves forward, into the light.

It's Detective Keese.

KEESE

Come with me.

Maya notices that Keese is favoring his arm. And that it is dripping BLOOD on the floor.

MAYA

You're hurt.

She goes to him. Sees he has bullet wound on upper arm.

KEESE

It's just grazed.

They leave the keep. Keese leads them away, through the knoll. Passing by the BODY of Lollar, shot dead.

Keese gets dizzy, goes down a knee. Maya tends to him.

MAYA

Let me look.

KEESE

It's fine --

Something catches Keese's eye. Down the hill. Maya and Daryl follow his gaze.

DARYL

What the...?

Reveal a hundred flashlight BEAMS coming up the hill towards them. The townspeople have amassed. Their flashlights like torches leading a medieval lynch mob.

KEESE

You have to go.

MAYA

We have to get you to a hospital.

Keese grabs Maya's hand, stopping her.

KEESE

Leave now.

Daryl knows he's right. He takes her hand and pulls her off Keese, and leads her away.

Keese watches them take off, looks at the dead, bleeding body of Lollar, then to the approaching lights.

Mustering his strength he drags himself through the weeds to safe haven in the shadows.

EXT. FIELD/TOWN - NIGHT

Daryl and Maya walk quickly through the brush towards the town.

MAYA
We should go back. He could die.

DARYL
We can't.

MAYA
Then what are we gonna do, Daryl?

They come to the top of an embankment, where they can look down on the town. Emergency vehicles around the paddy wagon. Maya's truck is parked by the bar.

DARYL
If they didn't bury Prohl, then
where's his body?

MAYA
What does it matter?

DARYL
We can put him where he belongs.
Maybe that's what he wants.
(off look)
He wasn't buried among his own.

MAYA
Great, so what are you gonna do, dig
him up?

DARYL
If that's what it takes.

Daryl descends to the street. Maya looks after him. Then follows. They cautiously approach the bar.

They dash across the street and slip into Maya's truck, unseen by the crowd around the paddy wagon down the road.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HALL OF RECORDS - MORNING

Daryl and Maya sit in her truck, parked, waiting for the building to open. Maya sleeps in the passenger seat. Daryl's behind the wheel. He looks at her stomach.

INT. PHILADELPHIA HALL OF RECORDS - MORNING

Daryl and Maya flip through tomes embossed with the Pennsylvania state seal and "Department of Corrections." They both struggle to focus and look extremely tired.

DARYL
Here, Prohl...

He has found a document attached to a mug shot of Prohl.

DARYL
"Stay denied"... "execution date..."
This is just the execution order.

Now he reads something of interest, looks up.

DARYL
He was put to death at midnight.

A CLERK emerges from a back room, empty-handed.

CLERK
That's all for '54.

DARYL
It's not here.

CLERK
Maybe if you tell me exactly what
you're looking for --

DARYL
We need to locate the remains of an
executed prisoner.

CLERK
I could put in a request to the DOC.
Maybe they got a copy.

DARYL
How long would that take?

CLERK
Takes a day usually.

MAYA

What if we told you it was a matter
of life or death?

CLERK

I'd tell you it takes a day usually.

Daryl and Maya look less than encouraged. Daryl flips
through the file again, making sure.

CLERK

Meantime you might want to try the
prison.

MAYA

Where is it?

Daryl grabs a document, reads it, looks up --

DARYL

Wait, I've been there.

(off look)

It's not a prison anymore, it's a
state hospital. He was executed at
Burnside.

CLERK

State prison, state hospital... all
goes under the same umbrella.

Off Daryl, considering --

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - MORNING

At the front desk, Daryl hovers over the same Administrator
from earlier. Daryl's grimy and slightly crazed.

ADMINISTRATOR

Exactly how many relatives you have
died in this place?

DARYL

He's not a relative.

ADMINISTRATOR

Well, then I can't help you.

DARYL

He wasn't here as a patient, he was
here as a prisoner.

Daryl produces the Prohl execution order (with attached photo).

DARYL
He died here.

ADMINISTRATOR
Different management. Try City Hall.

The Administrator turns away, and Daryl grabs her arm --

DARYL
I tried. Please, someone must have a record. I just need to know what happened to his body.

The Administrator looks down at Daryl's hand, then turns to office behind her.

ADMINISTRATOR
Casper, please help this gentleman to the outside world.

Now reveal Casper, in the middle of some paperwork. He starts toward the desk. Daryl doesn't budge, rambling --

DARYL
It was a mistake. He didn't do what they said.

CASPER
Alright man, let's go.

He wrestles Daryl out, slams the door behind him. As Casper starts back inside, he sees something at his feet.

Daryl has dropped the execution order in the tussle.

Casper picks it up. The PHOTO of Prohl catches his attention. He looks closer, frowns.

He looks up, opens the front door, yells to Daryl --

CASPER
Hang on a second.

INT. BURNSIDE STATE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Casper walks Daryl through the secured wing, passing by rooms holding inmates in various stages of catatonia.

CASPER

There's scars on his wrists and head.
Can't tell what caused them. Thought
maybe burns. Thing is, no one knows
when he got here.

DARYL

Isn't there some kinda register?

CASPER

Usually there's something to document
a transfer. But there's no record of
this one.

DARYL

So...

CASPER

So I'm thinking... what if he wasn't
transferred in at all... What if
he's always been here?

DARYL

(skeptical)

I'm looking for someone who's been
dead for over fifty years.

They arrive outside Room 13K. Casper gestures to the window.

CASPER

You sure about that?

Daryl looks in the room, where Cross is seated, faced away,
with his arms extended out in front of him, as always. Daryl
can't see his face.

DARYL

Can you let me in?

CASPER

I don't know...

DARYL

Please. I have to be sure.

A beat. Casper unlocks the door. Daryl approaches Cross,
comes around him, sees his face now, his eyes, sewn shut.

DARYL

His eyes...

CASPER
Gone. Just black holes under those
sutures.

Daryl reacts; black holes...

CASPER
And you might wanna look at his
charts.

Casper opens a file to find the collected EEG's of
Cross/Prohl.

DARYL
I'm not a doctor, I don't --

CASPER
You can read, can't you?

Casper shows the charts, on which selected peaks and valleys
have been traced with a marker, bringing out letters hidden
in the graph, now forming a MESSAGE --

"b r i n g m y b l o o d."

This phrase is REPEATED throughout the charts, over and over.
Daryl is white as a sheet.

DARYL
Bring my blood... or your blood
dies...

CASPER
You got any idea what it means?

DARYL
It's the curse.

CASPER
The what?

Daryl takes a step towards the frozen Prohl.

DARYL
What do you want from me?

Daryl leans in closer, grabs Prohl by his shirt, SHAKES the
stiff, unmoving figure --

DARYL
What do you want!

CASPER

Hey now, he's still in my care --

Casper jumps in, pulls Daryl off him. Daryl levels one more look at Prohl, the takes off down the hall.

Casper checks Prohl quickly, but before he can turn and follow Daryl --

Prohl SEIZES his arm.

Casper turns, still in his grasp, eyes going wide with fear.

INT. MAYA'S - DAY

Maya looks over the EEG charts. Daryl paces.

MAYA

It's not possible.

DARYL

Something went wrong, remember? In the execution...

(beat)

What if he never died?

MAYA

And they just kept him there?

Maya shakes her head; this is too much.

MAYA

And how does a catatonic locked in a room for last fifty years kill people hundreds of miles away?

DARYL

Maybe that has something to do with it.

MAYA

What?

DARYL

He's catatonic. His body is there, but his mind, his consciousness, where does it go?

MAYA

(dubious)

Back to Helix?

DARYL

Maybe.

MAYA

(re: EEG)

And this is, what, just his way of
rubbing it in?

Daryl realizes how crazy it sounds, withers.

DARYL

I don't know.

He slumps in a chair, defeated. His eyes fall upon a framed
photo of Maya's FAMILY.

DARYL

What if he wants his kid?

(off look)

His blood. His baby.

MAYA

The baby's dead.

DARYL

We don't know that. They never found
it.

Maya shakes her head, exhausted.

MAYA

Say you're right. Say the kid is
still alive. Even if there was any
chance of locating him in that
town... we can't go back there.

Daryl nods, knows she's right, defeated. He goes to the
window, looks out, hopeless. The sun sets on the horizon.

DARYL

You're right. There's no going back.

Daryl turns away from the window. He looks down at himself,
grimy, unkempt.

DARYL

I'm gonna clean up.

Daryl goes into the bathroom, closes the door behind him.
Maya adjourns to the couch, slumps, closes her eyes.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK --

The sound of KNOCKING.

INT. MAYA'S - NIGHT

Maya wakes up on the couch. She drifted off. It's dark outside now. Another KNOCK from the front door. She slowly rises, makes her way there.

Through the fogged glass of the front door a dark figure can be made out.

Maya slowly approaches, cautious, opens the door to reveal --

Detective Keese. He has a sling on his arm.

MAYA
You're okay?

Keese steps in.

KEESE
What about you?

MAYA
I fell asleep...

She checks her watch, frowns. She looks to the bathroom door. It's still closed. The shower is heard running.

KEESE
What's wrong?

MAYA
The water. Daryl went in to take a shower an hour ago.

Keese moves past her.

KEESE
Were you followed?

MAYA
Followed --

KEESE
From Helix.

MAYA
No, I don't --

Keese knocks on the bathroom door. No answer. He tries the knob, locked. He knocks again, harder. Maya looks worried.

Keese steps back and KICKS the door open to reveal --

Daryl is on the floor, unconscious, blue. On the ground next to his face is a small puddle of vomit.

Maya rushes forward --

MAYA

Daryl -- !

She kneels down next to him, checks his pulse. On the sink counter Keese finds an empty container of Maya's Ambien.

Maya realizes what Daryl's done, quickly brings his head up in front of the toilet, begins to induce vomiting.

As Keese looks on --

INT. MAYA'S - LATER

As Keese looks over the EEG charts, Maya tends to Daryl on the couch. He's green, hoarse, weak. Maya cradles his head.

DARYL

I think I know why he comes through
me to get to you. Why I have to be
there.

MAYA

Don't talk, save your energy --

DARYL

Because he wants me to have to watch.
Like he was forced to watch.

He takes her hand.

DARYL

I'm sorry I got you into this.

MAYA

You didn't. We're equal partners in
this, remember?

Daryl smiles weakly.

DARYL

So what's the next move, partner?

KEESE

If he's what everyone always thought,
a curse, a restless spirit... then
you have no move...

Keese gestures to the bottle of Ambien in a nearby trash can.

KEESE

And you know your options.

Then he holds up the EEG.

KEESE

But if it's really him in that
hospital, a man, flesh and blood...

Keese shows the GUN in his waistband.

KEESE

Then there are ways to address that.

EXT. BURNSIDE - NIGHT

Daryl and Keese walk up to the entrance. It stretches up
into the dark sky, into a morass of dark, swirling clouds.

INT. BURNSIDE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Daryl and Keese enter the familiar reception area, but it's
empty. No visitors, no staff, no one behind the desk.

The whole place is eerily quiet.

Daryl buzzes the call bell on the desk. It ECHOES. No one
comes.

Keese goes behind the desk and finds the buzzer to the
security door. He hits it. The door opens, and he and Daryl
move through to the main first floor area.

INT. BURNSIDE - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

As they move away from reception, towards the elevators,
Keese spots an ATTENDANT in a records room off the hall,
seated, facing the open door of a file cabinet, still.

KEESE

I need to speak to someone in charge.

The person doesn't move, doesn't turn. Keese slowly advances.

KEESE
Philly P.D. here.

As he comes around the front of the woman, she is totally still, frozen --

Catatonic.

Daryl appears in the doorway, joins Keese, looks at the woman, frightened.

KEESE
What's wrong with her?

DARYL
It's him.

Daryl looks up towards the ceiling. Keese follows his gaze. As outside, thunder rumbles --

INT. MAYA'S - NIGHT

Maya stands staring out her window, looking at the brewing storm in the distance.

Her cell phone rings from the living room. She picks up --

MAYA
Hello?

CLERK (O.S.)
Yeah, this is Gary at City Hall about your request on...Harmen Prohl?

MAYA
You found something?

CLERK (O.S.)
Got the record right here. Not gonna be much help, though. They never buried this guy.

MAYA
Yeah. I think we figured that out.

CLERK (O.S.)
So you want me to fax this over, or what?

INT. BURNSIDE - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator arrives, and the door slides open to reveal Keese and Daryl.

As they cautiously emerge from the car, we see a third person behind them in the car, dressed in white, a staffer --

Unmoving, staring into space, catatonic.

The doors close.

As Daryl and Keese walk down the hall they pass other out of place, catatonic figures --

An orderly standing by a med cart --

A doctor drooling, staring out the window --

A nurse seated on the ground, surrounded by paperwork.

The tableau is surreal. A garden of live mannequins.

INT. MAYA'S - NIGHT

A fax PRINTS out at Maya's place. A cover sheet from City Hall. Maya comes into the room, watches the second page print, then grabs it.

As she looks over the information on this second page, her eyes go wide. With shock. With fear.

MAYA

No...

INT. BURNSIDE - O WING - NIGHT

The hall that houses Prohl/Cross is empty but for one figure, Casper. He stands unmoving outside the room of Prohl/Cross, seemingly catatonic like the rest.

Otherwise, the patients are all properly locked in their rooms, and the area is quiet.

Then the security door at the end of the hall BUZZES and opens. Keese and Daryl slowly enter from beyond. They stop when they see Casper. He's planted squarely in front of Prohl's door, as if guarding it.

DARYL
He's the one who showed me. That's
the room.

Then Daryl reacts, as down the hall --

Casper moves.

Turning towards the two men, expressionless, then advancing
towards them with slow, measured steps.

DARYL
Hey, are you okay?

Casper continues towards them, unblinking, his pupils dilated
to near total blackness.

KEESE
What the hell is wrong with him...

Casper keeps coming --

As Keese unclasps his holster --

INT. MAYA'S CAR - NIGHT

Maya races toward Burnside with the faxed document from City
Hall on the passenger seat.

She honks, swerves, runs a red light, on a mission --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maya runs the red, just avoids collision, speeding into the
distance where the outline of Burnside is just visible.

INT. BURNSIDE - O WING - NIGHT

Casper continues down the hall towards Daryl and Keese.
Keese has his gun raised.

KEESE
Stop right there --

DARYL
Wait --

As Casper continues --

KEESE

I mean it --

DARYL

He doesn't know what he's doing --

As it looks like Keese is going to shoot, Daryl steps in front of the gun and heads off Casper --

Without breaking stride Casper picks Daryl up like a rag doll and drags him back down the hall, back towards Prohl's room.

KEESE

Hey!

Keese starts after them, tries to aim, but can't get a clear. So he lowers his aim and --

BAM!!!

Blood flows from Casper's calf, direct hit --

Casper stumbles, falls. Daryl frees himself --

With Casper lapsing again into a odd, suspended state, Daryl and Keese move cautiously towards Prohl's room.

Prohl is there, still frozen, seated, waiting, arms extended in front of him.

Daryl holds out his hand to Keese, asking for the gun.

DARYL

I woke him. I brought this.

Keese reluctantly hands over the gun. Daryl slowly approaches Prohl, raises the gun to his head.

DARYL

I'm sorry. But you made your point.

Daryl struggles, tries to muster the will --

DARYL

Time to sleep.

Daryl tries to make his trigger finger work, struggling with himself, trying to become a killer --

MAYA (O.S.)

Don't do it, it's not him!

Daryl turns to see Maya is running at them with the fax --

MAYA
It's not him! You're gonna kill the
wrong guy!

Daryl meets her in the hall just outside the room.

DARYL
What are you doing here?

MAYA
(re: fax)
They cremated him. They cremated
Prohl right here in this --

Now Maya sees inside the room --

Sees that it is in fact Prohl housed there --

MAYA
No. It can't be...

She backs away from the room, afraid --

Daryl checks the fax, checks Prohl, now realizing --

FLASHCUT: Casper walking Daryl through the O-wing, telling
him of Prohl: "There's no record of this one..."

Daryl freezes. Goosebumps now. He looks around the hall,
realizes Keese is still in the room, looks in --

Keese stands frozen in front of Prohl, staring at him,
entranced.

DARYL
Detective?

The door SLAMS shut --

Locking him and Maya out, locking Keese in, and then --

A light begins to emanate from within Prohl, a GLOW --

And within it a FORM takes shape around his body --

Armrests to support his outstretched limbs --

A chair back, legs, straps to secure him --

For a flash he is seated in an ELECTRIC CHAIR --

And we realize what his catatonic pose has signified --

Then the light becomes blinding and EXPLODES out from the room, enveloping everything, and suddenly we're --

EXT. HELIX ROAD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An overly bright day. Blown out. Otherworldly. Daryl stands frozen on the side of a familiar two-lane road,

He is unable to move, unable to speak, able only to watch. An invisible observer. A Christmas Carol from Hell.

Down the road comes a horse-drawn CARRIAGE. As it nears the driver comes clear as a happy Harmen Prohl, 36. The passenger is a pretty young pregnant woman from town.

She is the woman in the weeds, the victim.

In the road, an old TRUCK blocks the way. It is the truck blocked Daryl's way when he left Helix the first time.

Prohl slows his carriage to a stop, then gets out and peruses the car, which appears to be empty, abandoned.

Then things happen quickly --

Three figures emerge from the bushes beside the road, men in masks, each wielding blades, field knives.

Before Prohl can react, two of them are upon him, holding him back as the other pulls the woman from the carriage.

With frightening determination this man drags her to the side of the road, partly out of view behind foliage --

Where he begins to slice her open --

Prohl watches in horror as the woman's legs spasm with waning life and blood begins to pool in the road.

And the man continues to work. Prohl screams. Again and again...

And then a sound...

A baby CRIES.

Prohl stops screaming, watches in abject horror as the man emerges from the bushes with his unborn child, a baby boy.

And now their intentions are clear.

PROHL

Not my son.

They CRACK Prohl on the head with the handle of the scythe, get in the car with his child.

Prohl struggles on his knees, crawls to the woman, losing consciousness.

PROHL

They took him. Ons benjel.

The car speeds off. Prohl tries to get to his feet, but he can't --

PROHL

Woare stamijch... my son. I will find you.

The screen burns to white, we are back at --

INT. BURNSIDE - NIGHT

As Daryl recovers from the vision, Maya and Casper are in various states of confusion. The door to Prohl's room unlocks.

Daryl enters to find a dazed Keese standing in front of Prohl. He turns to face Daryl.

DARYL

It's you. It was always you.

Keese is dazed. He can only stare. Daryl turns to Prohl. Whose eyelids pop their sutures and open to reveal the blackness beyond --

Suddenly Keese COLLAPSES to the ground in front of Prohl and begins to CONVULSE, his gun skittering across the floor --

The lights throughout the wing begin to FLICKER --

The EEG goes haywire, the needle flying all over the chart --

DARYL

No...

He runs back into the HALLWAY --

DARYL

Maya, get him out of here.

Maya helps Casper up, tries to help him support his weight.

Daryl's attention swings back to the room --

Prohl is now standing in the middle of the room.

He comes slowly forward, GLIDING across the floor, his feet never moving, his eyeless sockets never blinking--

Daryl steps back into the room, takes the GUN off the floor --

Prohl stops at the prone Keese and hovers over him --

As Prohl kneels over Keese, he reaches out for him --

Daryl levels the gun at Prohl --

DARYL

Don't...

As Prohl puts his hands on Keese --

Daryl pulls the trigger --

BAM!

A light POPS, the window EXPLODES outward --

For a moment there is darkness...

And when the lights come up...

Prohl is gone.

Daryl looks around, but there is no sign of him. And all is again calm.

Maya enters now --

MAYA

Are you okay?

Daryl's eyes are fixed on the bed --

The bullet has lodged itself in the wall --

Having passed harmlessly through Prohl --

As if he wasn't there.

MAYA

Daryl?

Daryl nods, stunned. Maya turns to the unconscious Keese on the floor. She kneels down beside him, listens to his breathing, tears open his shirt --

Her hands go to pump Keese's chest --

DARYL

No, wait --

A SPARK shoots out of Keese, blowing Maya back, and scaring hell out of Daryl --

But then Keese begins to cough, and he opens his eyes, looks around in a daze, begins to move, seems to be okay --

Daryl goes to Maya, takes her hand.

EXT. BURNSIDE - NIGHT

Cop cars and an ambulance. Confused cops and staff hover. Keese is being interviewed and examined on the steps.

Casper is on a gurney being loaded into the ambulance, his feet bandaged. Maya helps, still the doctor.

MAYA

You can expect to be off your feet at least a month. Think this place can run without you?

CASPER

Gonna have to, I ain't coming back.

Maya smiles.

CASPER

Maybe sometime you can tell me what exactly happened in there.

MAYA

Maybe someday I'll know.

Casper smiles weakly, and the paramedics load him into the ambulance. Maya looks around.

MAYA

Daryl?

She moves through the scene, searching, growing concerned.

MAYA

Daryl!

She sees her truck in the parking lot, with someone inside. She approaches. It's Daryl, sitting in the passenger seat.

He's crashed out. Finally finding sleep. Maya smiles, relieved.

BACK WITH KEESE

The paramedics finish their exam. Detective Burns comes over.

BURNS
You check out?

KEESE
Close enough.

BURNS
Come on, I'll give you a lift home.

KEESE
(looks around)
Nice night. Think I'll walk it.

BURNS
You sure? You look like death.

KEESE
I'm sure.

Burns claps him the on the shoulder and heads off, as Keese moves through the parking lot onto the street.

We PULL BACK revealing a long road stretching out before Keese, lined with street lamps.

Keese starts down the middle of the empty street, his tall frame in silhouette.

As he continues down the road, the streetlights begin to FLICKER...

INT. MAYA'S PLACE - DAY

Daryl, alone in Maya's bed, wakes to the sound of the DOORBELL. He moves through the living room which is crowded with stacks of moving BOXES brimming with his stuff.

He opens the door, to a --

MAIL CARRIER
Morning, have to sign for this one.

Daryl signs for the package, a large manila ENVELOPE. The mail carrier also hands him a stack of normal mail.

DARYL

Thanks.

Daryl shuts the door and looks down at the envelope. The label reads: "Prometric Regional Registration Center."

DARYL

Mai?

A faint voice calls back to him --

MAYA (O.S.)

Out back...

Daryl opens the envelope, as he moves toward the back porch. Outside Maya is lying in a hammock, four months pregnant and showing.

MAYA

Who was at the door?

DARYL

Mail.

Daryl pulls out a small packet of documents labeled: "GMAT Registration."

MAYA

Anything good?

He stares at the packet, looks to a nearby credenza. There's a photo there. The one from Barry's fridge. Now framed. Of young Daryl and Barry. Smiling.

DARYL

No...just junk.

He kicks open a nearby trash can, tosses it in with the junk mail and walks outside --

EXT. MAYA'S BACKYARD - DAY

A beautiful day. Daryl climbs onto the hammock with Maya. They lay side by side, looking up at the clear blue sky.

MAYA

I thought of a good one...
Layla.

DARYL

Layla Beckner. Odd name for my son,
dontcha think?

MAYA

Oh, it's gonna be a boy, is it? In
that case, I've always liked Ian.

DARYL

Ian, great. Kid'll gonna go through
life with a permanent wedgie.

Maya laughs. As the name game continues, her hand goes to
her belly, to the unborn, unnamed child within --

The future of Helix.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END