

ABDUCTED

"You Will Believe"

By

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FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

It's a very quiet, dark and still night. Some clouds slowly fill a large moon. Long grass slowly blows with the light breeze. Off of a dirt road sits an old deserted barn lined by a wire fence and a gloomy and degrading sign that reads Reno 187 miles, Carson City 145 miles, Fernley 163 miles. It slowly rattles and shakes with the light breezes. Forrest surrounds a farm and an abandoned white decaying house sitting in the distance, hazed in mist and fog. A single swing is swinging slowly on a rundown swing set behind the house. Small creaks can be heard from the swing. Wind chimes dance happily off a pole on the porch of the house, near the front door, with each passing breeze. The sounds of owls and crickets and coyotes fill the night with a light deep howl that can be heard echoing from the still branches of trees lining the farm.

Running footsteps, deep breathing and panting shatter the almost silence. Red tennis shoes run through the long grassy field. SARA (21) is running through the deserted farm field. She is a young woman wearing tattered blue jean shorts, a white top and RED shoes. Sara is tired, dirty and smeared in blood and grime, while frantically running as if her life was in serious danger. As she clears the tall grass she begins closing in on the house. The young woman keeps looking behind her while running over trash and other abandoned miscellaneous things, where it seems like a light blue glow appears behind her as if following her from a distance. As she is running away from the light she climbs a chain-length fence. She stumbles off the fence and falls to the ground. A ripping sound is heard and the back of her shirt is now torn. She looks behind her. The woman scurries back up to her feet (unbalanced) and staggers to run again. Before she can get upright she trips over a branch sticking out of the ground. She falls and lands into a large puddle, almost completely drenching her. She quickly rolls over and begins to run again and a reflection of the glow is seen in the puddle as it ripples. She reaches the backside of the house. The house has a few broken windows and has patches of paint missing. It is dark and silent inside. Sara starts frantically banging on the door with no answers, movement, or signs of life anywhere around the property.

SARA

Somebody please help me!
(Somberly)

Please...

She quickly leaves the back door and runs along the side of

the house and up to the front of the house. She stumbles up the few porch steps to the front door where she proceeds to bang the door again violently with both fists.

SARA

Somebody! Somebody please help me.

When no one answers the door the girl breaks out in tears. She slides down the door and sits on the ground, almost accepting her fate. As she cries sitting with her back against the door, two droplets of blood and sweat dribble along the side of her cheek. As she sobs in fear the light blue glowing light slowly appears on her face and footsteps are heard in the background.

Sara takes a deep breath and takes off running again toward the driveway. She begins to run north on the gravel and dirt road. She hobbles as fast as she can to a building in the distance. She passes a sign that points down the road with the word Hotel written on it. The hotel is dimly lit. She closes in on the motel, which looks abandoned as well. A few security lights remain on but no signs of life are around as she nears the entrance. She runs to the lobby entrance door and bangs on the glass door. Once again there is no response. The blue light begins to reappear. In a panic she begins to run away again. She aimlessly and frantically pounds on random hotel room doors along the side of the building in hopes of trying to find some help. She begins leaving bloodied handprints on the doors as she bangs on them. Sara runs through a small hallway and shuffles past an empty pool that is slightly filled with dirty rainwater, grime and a few semi-inflated pool toys. She reaches the lobby doors to find that the doors have been closed, dead bolted and wrapped with a chain and locked. Sara begins banging on the door. The blue light begins to shine on her back and Sara begins to slowly stop banging on the door. She turns around and begins to whimper. She slides the door and falls to her floor, propped up against the door, as if giving up. The closer the light gets, the more fear Sara embraces. With the few breaths she can mutter out between her crying and heavy breathing, repeating only two words.

SARA

(Crying/stuttering)

Hh..hhe...l...pp Mm..e

The glow increases amongst her face, she focuses onto the light and it now gleams off her pupils. Unusual sounds of screeching and howling begin to increase with the light. As the light increases, her cries for help quickly lead to an agonizing scream in pure terror.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE

ABDUCTED

BEGINNING CREDITS

FADE IN

INT. ANCIENT TOMB HALLWAY - DAY

Mexico

A stone door opens from the inside. A bright beam of light pours into and fills an empty dusty hallway with light from the open door. The musky feel of aloneness and darkness is present. The dirt floor and stonewalls covered in cobwebs suggest that this structure has been abandoned for thousands of years. An electrical cord runs along the entire floor of the hallway that comes from the outside the stone door. Dust fills the air as a silhouetted UNKNOWN AGENT dressed in a suit walks into the doorframe. He adjusts his tie before stepping into the hallway. He walks in, the shadows concealing his identity. He brushes his hand against the wall, which slightly reveals a different type of unknown hieroglyphic on stonewalls. Down the long hallway a small light flickers as the Unknown Agent walks confidently towards it. When he reaches the end of the hallway he turns toward the light. He pauses for a moment before walking toward it and becoming lost within the light, revealing the existence of a room.

INT. ANCIENT TOMB ROOM - DAY

The room is lit by a single standing standard work light that is shining brightly against the wall that creates large shadows along the surrounding walls. A man is seen brushing and dusting off part of the wall trying to figure out the symbols he is researching. He is wearing a weathered coat and dirty shirt; his cargo pants are well worn in as well. He writes his findings down in a journal type book. The Unknown Agent watches him silently from afar as he bickers to himself while going back and forth from writing in a journal and viewing and studying the wall. DR. HARRISON (30) mumbles to himself.

DR. HARRISON

I can't believe it; the markings are almost identical to the original. This can't be. There a thousand miles apart. This is it, this is my proof. Finally. Hah hah hah, eat that Professor Farhn. Oh do I have proof for you now.

Dr. Harrison scribbles frantically on his journal.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Excuse me.

Dr. Harrison turns around.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Are you Dr. Harrison?

DR. HARRISON

(Hesitantly)

Who wants to know? And how did you get in here?

The Unknown Agent steps out of the shadows to finally reveal his face. He is about 40 years old, tall and wearing an all black suit and wearing sunglasses. He has a single scar that runs down the center of his left eye and cheek. He takes off his sunglasses showing that the scar injury damaged his eye color, which is now all white.

UNKNOWN AGENT

I'm here to change your life Dr. Harrison, but first I just have one question for you.

DR. HARRISON

Uh, what? You didn't answer my question.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Do you believe?

Dr. Harrison looks towards the agent in curiosity, confusion and interest.

INT. DAN ASHTONBE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Three months later.

DAN ASHTONBE (30) is a struggling entrepreneur, dressed in his daily \$100 business suit, as he drives through mild traffic in Las Vegas in his beat up car. He pulls up to a stoplight and picks up his cell phone and begins to dial. Dan turns the radio down and puts the phone up to his ear. As he waits for an answer a woman in a sports car pulls up next to him. She revs the engine and smiles at Dan. Dan starts to check out the female driver next to him when his phone call is answered.

DAN

Hi hun, I got off work early, I figure I would spend some time with ya before I had to leave tonight.

(Beat)

I know sweetie, its last minute for work, but it pays good and you know we desperately need money since the new addition. It's only for a couple weeks.

(Beat)

Yeah the gig is Reno so I'll be stayin' at my moms place up there.

(Beat)

Oh, your what? Oh with the eggs and stuff?

(Beat)

Nice, Ok hun that sounds good, I'll see ya in a couple minutes.

(Beat)

Love ya too. Bye

INT. SPORTS CAR - AFTERNOON

The girl gives Dan a slight smile and a wink. Dan gives a clumsy smile back. She giggles and looks back at the light. The green light flashes and breaks Dan's concentration from the beautiful driver next to him.

INT. DAN ASHTONBE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Dan hangs up the phone and tosses it into the passenger seat. As he looks back, the girl in the sports car had already driven off. Dan, now disappointed, shifts his car into gear, presses the gas and takes off. He glances at the time on the dashboard. It reads 3:13pm. Dan glances in the rear view mirror and shifts again.

EXT. DAN ASHTONBE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Dan's car turns around a corner and putts off.

EXT. CARL'S DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

A large sleeping bag is thrown into the back of a pickup truck next to a few stacked palettes of wood. Several other camping products and bags are placed next to the bag. CARL (40) is a stout black male, middle-aged scruffy and undone hair, wearing a fishing vest and a fishing pole in his right hand. He begins to shout.

CARL

Hey! Don't forget 'dat bait! Oh and 'da beer! Oh and don't forget da...

Instantly cut off in his sentence, another male walks onto screen. Swaying while he is walking, HOGHEY (43) a much larger man than Carl. He is Mexican and has a shaved head and wearing a football jersey. Both men have many of the same physical features. Carl tries to shout with a bag of marijuana in his mouth. He has a sleeping bag and duffle bag, fishing pole and cooler in one hand and a 12 pack of beer, folding chair and a blanket in the other hand.

HOGHEY
(Muffled)

Herb? Ya I got it.

Hogey begins to lose grip on the sleeping bag and duffle bag. Carl walks to the cab of the truck, opens the door and begins to get something out of the glove box. The bags slip out of his Hogey's hand while he shuffles to the truck. With an irritated look he spits out the bag in his mouth into his now free hand and shouts to Carl.

HOGHEY

Hey, dingle berry. Give me a hand over here. Please.

Carl lifts his head out of the truck cabin with a stoned grimace, and blows out some smoke.

CARL

Wha'? You know, you're quite testy for a Mexican arn't ya?

HOGHEY

I'm not Mexican, I'm American now bro. I got a card and everything. Now get over here and help me you stoned bastard.

CARL

Ha ha, OK.

Carl hops out of the truck holding an almost empty water bottle and walks over to Hogey. Carl grabs the two bags and tosses them into the bed of the truck. He then walks over to the driver side of the truck and takes a drink of the water. Hogey walks to the passenger side, before they get in the exchange a few more words.

HOGY

Hey Detour? You remember where dis camping spot is right? We don't want another incident like last time, do we?

CARL

Ya bitch! I know where we'ze goin.

Carl then jokingly throws the water bottle at Hogey. Hogey ducks out of the way.

CARL

Don't be doubt'n' my navigational skills bra! I'm Mexican, we have a natural instinct for these things. Its why were so good at crossing the border and stuff. It's only like an hour outside of Hawthorn.

HOGY

Sweet, hey did you bring them papers?

CARL

You'z know it.

HOGY

Nice, I'm gonna roll that joint on the way holmes. Lets roll.

Both men hop in the truck, and close the doors. The truck starts with a puff of smoke out of the exhaust. As the vehicle is put into reverse, Carl stalls the vehicle. Hogey laugh can be heard outside of the truck. The truck starts again and then begins driving down the street.

HOGY

Hah. Dumbass.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. ASHTONBE DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Dan's car pulls up into a driveway of a white house, which its lawn is unkempt with an overflowing trashcan that still sits by the street. His car putters into the driveway and stutters to a stop, stalling out. Unknowingly to Dan, a little boy on a big wheel rolls past Dan's car and flips him off. The boy keeps rolling past while Dan's car door open up. He gets out and closes the door behind him. Dan gives off a sigh of defeat before heading towards the door.

DAN

Sigh. Crap.

INT. ASHTONBE HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Cucumbers are being sliced up along with carrots and hard-boiled eggs and then thrown into a large salad bowl. A large cutting knife is being placed on the counter next to the bowl and two hands with spoons begin to mix the salad. LIZ (27), a cute pregnant girl, puts down the spoons and grabs the salad dressing and turns back around and puts it next to the salad bowl. She is wearing a tank top that shows off her six-month pregnant belly and stretchy black pants. Her hair is tied up in a ponytail and she is wearing thick-framed glasses. As she reaches for the salt and pepper shakers Dan walks through the front the door. The woman looks up and tilts her head up from the salad toward the door. A small smile begins to grow from her lips.

INT. ASHTONBE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dan takes off his sports jacket and kicks off his shoes near the front door. He hangs his coat on a coat rack and heads towards the kitchen. Their cat sidetracks him when it begins to meow at his presence and cuts him off as he walks toward the kitchen. He leans down and pets the cat. The television is playing continuously in the background, which he periodically glances at.

DAN

Liz? Baby, where are ya?

LIZ (V.O.)

I'm in the kitchen hun, fixin' us some Asian chicken salads.

INT. ASHTONBE HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Dan saunters into the kitchen and walks over to Liz. As she is pouring in the dressing he grabs her and she almost spills.

LIZ

Careful babe, I'm gonna spill.

Liz giggles and Dan pulls her closer and kisses her on the cheek. Liz smiles at her.

LIZ

Careful babe, I'm gonna spill.

Dan laughs a little and starts rubbing her stomach.

DAN

So how is the little guy? Has he started kicking yet?

LIZ

Hah, and how do you know she, is a he?

Liz smiles at him and Dan smiles before kissing her again. They both chuckle at each other.

DAN

I thought everybody knew that when you do it standing up your gonna have a boy. I thought that was like, common knowledge or something.

Liz gives him a dirty look.

LIZ

(Sarcastically)

Uh, I don't thinks so.

DAN

A guy can hope can't he, hah hah.

He kisses her one last time and then walks to the counter.

Dan picks up some mail sitting on the counter and turns and walks to the refrigerator, while Liz is putting the salad into two bowls. He opens up the refrigerator and ruffles through it. He grabs a beer and he opens it as the refrigerator door closes behind him. He takes a small sip.

LIZ

Oh! Umm your mother called.

DAN

(Concentrating on the beer)

Oh yeah?

LIZ

Yeah, I almost forgot.

Dan leans against the counter next to the fridge. He tosses the cap on the counter and begins to peruse over the mail.

LIZ (CON'T)

She said to call her when you got outside of town, and not to forget the garage door opener this time.

Dan does not break his concentration on the mail as he flips through it.

DAN

(Chuckles)

Sounds like her.

Dan shuffles one last piece of mail then looks up from it and looks at Liz.

DAN

This mail is all just and bills and junk.

Dan takes a swig.

DAN

Just like always. So, anyways, you know, I am so not looking forward to this drive again. Every time I do this drive I feel like I'm going to pass out on the road. It's just so boring and long, especially at night.

Dan casually strolls into the living room from the kitchen

as Liz watches him.

INT. ASHTONBE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dan walks from the kitchen to the living room couch where he sits down to a TV, which is already showing the local news. He takes another drink of his beer and relaxes. Liz turns her head to him and lifts one eyebrow.

LIZ (V.O.)

I know how you feel baby. I wouldn't want to spend eight hours in a dark car by myself either.

Dan anxiously answers back.

DAN

Well, I asked ya if you wanted to go with me.

The cat jumps on his lap and lies down. He begins to pet the cat.

LIZ (V.O.)

Not with your mother.

DAN

What babe?

Liz walks out of the kitchen carrying the two salads bowls and walks over to the couch and sits down next to Dan and places the bowls on the coffee table. She grabs his hand and places it on her knee.

LIZ

I know baby.

(Comforting Dan)

You know I wish I could go but you know, my current situation won't really allow it.

Liz looks up at him and gives him the large puppy dog eye look. She gently grabs his hand and places it on her stomach and uses his hand to rub her belly. Dan calms down a bit and begins to smile.

DAN

He's kicking!

LIZ
(Sadly)

Baby, you should just stay home with me and the baby. We could always use your company here.

Dan turns to Liz. The TV still plays lightly in the background throughout the conversation.

REPORTER (V.O)

Police investigators are still looking for the whereabouts of 19-year-old Sara Lang, a UNLV criminal Psychologist major has been claimed missing for the last four days. Her Nissan Maxima has been recovered off of Interstate 95 outside of Hawthorn Nevada. Officials at this time have not yet concluded if foul play has been involved. She has been reported last seen wearing a white top, jeans and red shoes. If you have seen this girl or have any information regarding her whereabouts please call the Nevada sheriffs office at 775-555-6534. At this time this is just being treated as a missing persons report. Ok, coming up next, are your children's school lunches GMO approved?

A school photo is shown on the screen of the missing teenager.

DAN

Liz, we need the money baby, especially since they raised our rent and with the baby on the way we need...

Liz cuts Dan off before he can finish his sentence. He gives her a bewildered look.

LIZ

I know sweetie, its just, I dunno something just doesn't feel right to me. You ever get those feelings?

Liz looks deep into Dan's eyes and Dan returns the eye contact.

DAN

Its gonna be OK honey, I'll be back before you'll even miss me.

LIZ

I know baby, it will fly by quickly, you will see. Well, I hope. Now eat up babe. I don't know when the next time you're gonna get a proper meal until you come back and just so you know I slaved over a hot stove all day for that salad. Hah, hah.

DAN

Whatever you say babe hah hah. Looks delicious. My lettuce and tomatoes might be a little undercooked though.

LIZ

You are not that funny, you know?

Dan pushes the cat off his lap and tries to brush off the cat hair from his lap.

DAN

You're right. You're right! I'm freaking hilarious.

Dan and Liz sit back and begin eating their salads and watch television, except Liz only pokes at the food with her fork and has a look of dissatisfaction upon her face as she turns and looks at Dan.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

A door swings open and two men wearing identical black tailored suits, black pants, shoes and tie, lined with a dark grey shirt. Both men come walking through at a hurried pace in what seems to be an office building of some sort. Doors and small windows line both sides. There are no distinguishable marks on the walls to indicate what sort of building it is. The two men walk and act in complete unison with each other as they remove their sunglasses and look around. The first UNKNOWN MAN 1 is fit and slightly above average height. He has a short buzz cut hairstyle with dark brown hair and blue eyes.

UNKNOWN MAN 1

There have been two more sightings this week and one missing girl. One of the sighting was just outside Hawthorn Nevada, and the other is in...

UNKNOWN MAN 1 opens a file folder carried in his hand. The file is clearly marked CLASSIFIED in a large RED stamp. He then looks at it for second, studies it for a brief moment, and then turns back to UNKNOWN MAN 2. They stop walking. Unknown Man 1 turns and looks at Unknown Man 2 revealing that he was Dr. Harrison, now with a buzz cut hairstyle as well.

AGENT HARRISON

Mina, Nevada.

The Unknown Agent closes the file.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Very good. Thank you.

The two men continue walking down the hallway and turn left once they reach the end, continue around a corner.

AGENT HARRISON

Sir, do you think NASA or the White House know about this yet? Have any of these photographs been released to them?

UNKNOWN AGENT

Listen, I know you're kinda new here Agent Harrison so I don't expect you to know how everything works around here yet but you will. You'll catch on quick or die trying. So listen, I will tell you that we answer to a source much more powerful then the President or the Pentagon. This is of the highest classification. We save and change the world and we will never be known or heard about when doing so. These secrets must be kept at all costs and from everyone. Do you understand?

AGENT HARRISON

And how do you suppose we do that?

Both men stop, and the Unknown Agent steps closer to Agent

Harrison and whispers quietly in his ear.

UNKNOWN AGENT

By any means necessary.

(Sternly)

Now get the lab and destroy all the specimens. Hurry! They will be coming for it now that they know one of them is still alive. They will try and get everything they can, so destroy everything. Oh, and remember, don't stare them in the eyes.

AGENT HARRISON

What? What the hell does that mean?

The Unknown Agent begins to walk away as Agent Harrison walks after him while opening the classified file.

AGENT HARRISON

But sir, have you seen what these victims look like afterwards? It's not like anything I or probably anyone else has ever seen before.

Agent Harrison turns the already open file to Unknown Agent and shows him the file. Inside the file are photographs of mutilated people, killed by an unknown source.

AGENT HARRISON (CON'T)

Sir, it's happening again isn't it? From what you told me about before, right? All the signs are showing up. We are not alone. We are not alone by any means. So just tell me straight up, are we going to be invaded?

UNKNOWN AGENT

You push that sci-fi bullshit to the back of your mind son, and you get done what you need to get done, you hear me Rookie? Remember your no longer studying this stuff on the wall of some abandoned temple. You're in the middle of this shit now. There is no turning back any longer. You know that.

AGENT HARRISON

(Quietly)

Yes sir, but... what if we fail?

UNKNOWN AGENT

Failure is not an option son.

The Unknown Agent turns and walks away and opens the nearby door. As he walks out the door glances back to see Agent Harrison turning around and walking away in the opposite direction. The Unknown Agent smiles and walks through the doorway. The door slams shut behind him.

CUT TO BLACK

CUT IN

EXT. ASHTONBE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The trunk of Dan's car pops open and a few pieces of luggage have already been placed inside the trunk. A duffle bag is tossed on top of the other luggage and miscellaneous trunk items. Dan then closes the trunk to his beaten up vehicle and brushes off his hands.

LIZ (V.O.)

Got everything?

Dan turns around and sees Liz standing next to the car as if almost unknowingly posing for him. She smiles at him as she places her arm around her growing belly. He strides over to her and he hugs Liz and gives her a kiss. He holds her in his arms.

DAN

Aww, I'm going to miss you so much beautiful!

LIZ

You better call me as soon as you get there, OK?

DAN

Ok baby.

Liz puts her fingers under Dan's chin and positions it to force him to look at her in the eyes. She gives Dan a flirtatious smile.

LIZ

But I still think you should stay home with me, and leave in the morning. I just have a weird feeling about it. I would just feel safer knowing it was daylight out in case there was trouble with the car or anything like that.

DAN

Babe, if I left in the morning it would hit 125 degrees by the time I hit Beaty, then the car would for sure have problems, prolly overheat. Then I'll be stranded and haveto hitch a ride from some truck driver who will prolly then drug me, dress me in women's clothes, sodomize me and then cannibalize me. Hah.

LIZ

That's very specific.

Liz pulls him close to her and sadly giggles. Dan runs his fingers through her hair and gazes into her eyes.

DAN

Babe, don't worry so much. I'll call ya as soon as I get there. I should be there around 5:00am, OK?

LIZ

OK honey.

Dan kisses her and hugs her one more time.

DAN

I love you sweetie.

LIZ

I love you too!

Dan then proceeds to the car door, opens it and climbs in and puts on his seat belt. He closes the door and rolls the window down. Liz leans down to the open window.

DAN

I'll be back in three days.

Liz shakes her head in assurance and Dan puts on a pair of glasses for nighttime driving. Liz and Dan kiss one last time as he starts the car and backs out of the driveway. As he takes off down the road Liz stands there and waves him off. Once out of site she turns and walks back towards the house. She opens the door, walks through and slowly closes the door behind her as she peers through the crack of the door as she closes it.

FADE TO:

INT. UNSPECIFIED TESTING LAB - NIGHT

Agent Harrison frantically burst through a security door and begins stumbling around a testing lab with a flashlight looking for something. Computer lights blink around the room as the flashlights light bounces off of test tubes and beakers that have been filled with various liquids and set out for an experiment. He begins grabbing and shuffling through papers, diskettes, and pictures, stuffing them all into a duffle bag. He sits down at the computer and starts frantically deleting files off of the computers as he holds the flashlight in his mouth. Once finished deleting the files he stands back up and starts tearing through a file cabinet as if looking for something specific, while throwing miscellaneous papers and pictures around making a mess of the place. He reaches into his duffle bag and he grabs a container of flammable liquid and begins to pour it around. He searches his pockets for something to light the flammable liquid with.

AGENT HARRISON

Damn, where is it?

(Beat)

Come on now.

(Beat)

Where are you? I just had it.

A large crash is heard and he quickly jumps and turns around. He points his flashlight at a door near the corner next to a bookshelf.

AGENT HARRISON

What the hell was that?

He cautiously walks over to the door and swipes his access security card and enters a code into the numerical keypad on the side of the door. The door beeps a few times, and then

the light blinks green and the door slides open. He carries the flammable liquid container with him. When the door completely opens overhead, lights turn on revealing sealed glass cages on the left that fill the entire wall and metal cages, of various sizes on the right. Some of the metal cages are stacked on top of each other. Most of the cages on the right are empty except for a few with dogs and cats inside. The light from the flashlight focuses on a large cage that is lined from floor to ceiling, covering the front by some sort of sheet. It and seems to be sealed with small air holes along the side of it. He begins to walk towards it slowly and carefully. He walks past the cages examining the glass cages on the left showing failed experiments of mutilated humans being kept alive while floating in a type of liquid solution. Two of the human experiments look as if they have been skinned showing their muscles and bone structures, kept alive by some a breathing device. Another seems to look like just the veins and arteries of a human. One of the last glass cages seems to have something strange in it. A closer look reveals its something not human, about three feet tall and resembling something like a large fetus. Its skin is almost clear and you can see its bone structure and its main organs. A breathing device covers its mouth and most of its facial features and its hearts are still pumping. As he examines the specimens more closely a funny sound is heard coming from behind him. The human body experiment he was looking at begins to convulse and shake. He jumps back and drops the container with the liquid and it begins to pour out. He quickly reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a Zippo type lighter. He strikes it twice but it doesn't light. A loud thump is heard from the large sheet covered cage that draws his attention back towards it. A slight bluish glow begins to shine and pulsate from under the sheet covering the front of the cage. The cage shakes again and whatever inside squeals and the man jumps back quite a bit.

AGENT HARRISON

Holy crap! So, this must be their big secret!

He begins to reach for the cage, as he does the light blue glow begins intensify from the cage along with some mysterious fog from around the sheet. He reaches forward and lifts up the sheet and begins to peak in using the lighter as a source of light to see what is inside the cage. Almost as soon as he peaks in a long graying arm, skinny, with only two long fingers dripping a type of clear slime, reaches out from the mysterious glow and almost snatches towards the man. The fingers grasp the air hole openings of the cage and slowly slide off.

AGENT HARRISON

Whoa! What the fuck is that? Holy shit, I
can't believe it.

The longer the agent stares at the being the more his face turns to a blank expression and the more entranced he becomes. He begins to give a small smile as he looks lost and amazed, the blue light becomes more intense among the mans face. The reflection becomes intense through his pupils, as he now seems almost frozen in place and his mind. More squeals and strange sounds begin echoing from the cage, his disheveled and frozen smile turns into a blood-curtailing scream!

AGENT HARRISON

Ahhh!

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A reggae type melody slowly begins to play. Smoke slowly billows up while the sounds of coughing can be heard. Hogey pulls a long drag off of a joint. He sniffs the runaway smoke from the top and passes the marijuana to Carl. Carl puffs on the cigarette. Carl and Hogey pass the joint back and forth while the whole time singing along to a known stoner song. Immediately after Hogey takes a hit he sings the lyrics.

HOGHEY/CARL
(Sings song)

A beer can is popped open, breaking the song and the momentum of the smoke session. Carl tilts the beer up and begins to chug the whole beer as a little bit of it runs down the side of his chin and drips onto his shirt. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve. The light of the fire glistens off of his forehead as a bead of sweat rolls down his cheek and drips off of his chin and onto the adult magazine he happens to be looking at. He wipes the sweat from his brow again with his sleeve. Without looking he throws the finished beer into the campfire and proceeds to let out a disgustingly loud belch while throwing an arm in the air as if it was an accomplishment. The camp seems to be littered

with beer cans and beer boxes with a half ass tent set up on one side and their truck in the background halfway behind a tree on the other side.

CARL

Oh yeah. That hit the spot.

Carl, not taking his eyes off of the magazine, begins fiddling around his chair and the surrounding area looking for a beer.

CARL

(Mumbling to himself)

Mmm, I could suffocate there and die happy.

(Beat)

You know it says here her turns on include mud wrestling, tassel twirling and topless mechanical bull riding, hah hah.

(Beat)

Shit!

Carl still fiddles around his chair for a beer. Unable to find one he peeks underneath his chair and around his immediate surrounding area.

CARL

I thought I had another one lying around here somewhere.

(Yells off screen)

Hey, yo Hogey! Grab me a beer will's ya. Um, please?

Hogey finishes taking a hit off a joint; he reaches over and opens a cooler sitting next to him. Hogey fishes around for a beer for a couple seconds within the ice but comes up empty handed. He pulls his hand out, closes the lid and then flicks the excess water off his hand before he takes another hit from his joint.

HOGHEY

(Cough)

There's no more here, I gotta go to the truck.

(Cough)

Ugh. I don't wanna move. Heh.

Carl motions to Hogey to get up and go to the truck. Hogey passes the joint over to Carl and he slowly gets up. He then scratches and adjusts himself, stretches and walks to the truck.

CARL

Hey wait!

Hogey stops and turns around.

HOGHEY

Yeah? What's up?

Carl then lets out another outrageous belch and laughs. Hogey shakes his head in embarrassment and begins to walk back toward the truck.

CARL

No, wait seriously. Grab the pot too 'cause this is the last joint we got rolled.

HOGHEY

Gotcha hombre!

Hogey gives Carl a gesture of two gunshots from his fingers and then proceeds back towards the truck.

HOGHEY

Bang. Bang, bitches!

Carl shakes his head and flips off Hogey while his back is turned walking to the truck; he leans back in his lawn chair. Carl re-lights the joint and takes a long drag of it again. The joint slowly burns down.

HOGHEY

Damn man, that's some good shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

The silent and tranquil night is broken by the sound of screeching tires echoing throughout the night. Smoke billows from the glowing brakes as Dan's car downshifts.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

He slams his hand against the vehicles horn and whips around a slow moving car, where an old lady behind the wheel proceeds to give Dan the middle finger and shakes her head at him.

DAN

God damn it! People need to learn how to drive around here.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

Dan's vehicle continues to speed through the night along the desolate highway road.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

He grabs his drink from the cup holder. He takes a drink of his soda and eats some snacks while the radio is blaring. He begins to dance in his seat to the music and sings along as he tries to eat and drink his drink. A ding is heard over the music and the gas indicator light has turns on.

DAN

Damn, time to fuel the hog up.

He passes a sign that says Beaty 10 miles.

DAN

Ahh perfect.

EXT. BEATY, NV - NIGHT

As Dan drives into Beaty the speed sign quickly goes from 70MPH to 25MPH and his car slows down accordingly. He continues through the small ghost like town before he pulls up to a gas station.

EXT. BEATY GAS STATION - NIGHT

He pulls up to a pump and gets out and opens his gas tank lid He pulls out the gas hose, puts it into the gas tank and begins to pump gas. Once he is done he quickly runs into the gas station. After a brief moment he saunters back out to his car carrying a bag. He gets back into the car and looks around before opening the door up, and getting back inside. The headlights turn on, the engine revs up and the car starts driving off back down the highway.

INT. DANS CAR - NIGHT

Dan drives his car down the lonesome highway. The long hours of highway driving is starting to make him weary. He tries to shake his head to keep himself awake. It helps a little

until he begins to yawn. He wakens up more when he slaps himself.

DAN

Come on dude. Only a couple more hours to go and then I'll be there. This doesn't seem to be getting any easier the older I get.

Dan wipes his tired face and shakes his head again. He then swigs his coffee drink and turns up the stereo. While driving he gets stuck behind another slow driver, once cleared he passes and continues on. As he mumbles the words to the lyrics as he picks his nose. He looks at the time and it reads 12:35am.

The clock then fades to 1:35am and Dan is still picking his nose. Dan reaches into his pocket and grabs his cell phone and dials Liz's number. The phone rings before he can call Liz with an unknown number.

DAN

Weird.

Dan curiously pushes the answer button on his cell phone and puts the phone up to his ear.

DAN

Uh, hello?

A distorted scratchy female voice answers on the other end and it has a loss of frequency with static from time to time.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O)

(Very scared)

Stay awa.... tree. Th... shoes... hunt you... beings... other... ill you.

Dan drops his phone when a LOUD SCREAM shriek blares from the speaker distracting him enough he swerves the car. He regains the automobiles control and assures himself that what he heard was not real.

DAN

Holy crap! What the hell was that! It must of been a wrong number or somethin'. Prank call or something. Lets try that again.

He quickly dials Liz's number and puts it up to his ear and

anxiously waits for the ringing to stop. He taps his other hand against the steering wheel while he waits for Liz to pick up.

DAN

Come on, pick up.

(Beat)

Pick up.

(Beat)

Liz! Hello, Liz? Oh thank God! Hey did you just get my call?

(Beat)

Oh, well when I called some lady called me from a blocked number and answered who seemed pretty scared and I was just hoping that it wasn't you.

(Beat)

Hello? Can you here me? I was trying to say that some lady...

(Beat)

Babe? You there? Liz?

Dan looks down at his cell phone, it beeps a few times and he sees that he is out of range and no longer has cell service.

DAN

Damn it!

Dan frustratingly toss's his cell phone down on the passenger seat.

DAN (CON'T)

Ahh! How come these things never work when you need them to the most! So freaking frustrating, I swear.

EXIT. HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

Dan continues to drive down the endless and empty highway. There is nothing but sagebrush and desert surrounding the vehicle.

INT. ASHTONBE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz pulls the house phone from her ear. She hangs up and then tries to dial Dan again on the phone but it goes straight to voicemail, becomes static and then hangs up. She quickly begins dialing another number and puts the phone to her ear and begins pacing around the living room. Meanwhile

biting her fingernails.

LIZ

(Mildly frantic)

Hello, Barbara, hey its me Liz, sorry to call so late.

(Beat)

Listen I was just on the phone with Dan while he is on his way up there.

(Beat)

Yeah, listen, I was talking to him and he seemed pretty scared.

(Beat)

Well, and then the phone just cut out and I couldn't get back through to him. Can you do me a favor and see if you can call him from your end and get through.

(Beat)

OK, thank you Barbara.

Liz then hangs up the phone. She leans against the corner wall and has a worried look on her face and lets out a sigh of worry.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

While Dan is driving his car his stereo begins to cut in and out with static and a familiar voice from the phone earlier. The words are hard to recognize. The static in the stereo then cuts out completely and a high pitch ring echoes throughout the car and begins to play the same voice that Dan had talked to on the phone earlier. Dan taps on his stereo to try and fix it.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O)

(Very scared)

Stay awa.... tree. Th.. shoes... hunt you... beings... other... kill you.

Once the voice begins to scream Dan quickly shuts off the stereo. He begins to breathe heavily and starts to hyperventilate.

DAN

What is going on here? It's OK Dan, just breathe deep Daniel.

Dan inhales deeply and then exhales. He inhales deeply again then burps.

DAN

Holy crap! I embarrass myself. Heh. Must have been the salad Liz prepared. At least that's what I'm gonna blame it on.

He proudly rubs his stomach in a circular fashion. He nods his head as if proud of his burping accomplishment. At this point his car then begins to sound funny and act funny. His dashboard lights dim and flicker on and off.

DAN

What the hell?

Dan smacks the top of his dashboard. Nothing happens so Dan tries to smack it one more time.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

The car dies immediately. The lights are still functional but flicker a bit periodically.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dan tries to shift into neutral but the car doesn't seem to move out of gear.

DAN

Damn man, what the hells wrong now?

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD, HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

Dan pulls to the side of the road and the car rolls to a slow stop. Its headlights glare in front of the car, trying to cut through the fog. The road is desolate in both directions.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dan opens the door and he pushes the hood release button and pops the hood to the car and he gets out.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD, HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

Fog surrounds him and the area. He gets a slight chill and adjusts his jacket. Dan walks towards the front of his car and opens the hood and props it up. The engine looks fine. He looks under the car and sees that no fluid is leaking. He wiggles a few wires on the battery and a few other spots. He shrugs his shoulders in confusion.

DAN

What the hell, there doesn't seem
to be anything wrong here.

Dan walks back to his car and climbs in.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

He tries to start it by turning the ignition, messing with the pedals with his feet, and suddenly with a hard push he gets the shifter out of gear and into neutral.

DAN

Ah sweet! Finally, a turn of luck.

Dan tries the ignition again and still nothing. Dan angrily and frustrated begins to beat the steering wheel furiously and begins to shout.

DAN

God damnit!

(Beat)

Stupid three thousand dollar Japanese bullshit,
piece of undomestic, rice burning crap ass crap!
I should have bought the Dodge. I dunno, what
the fu!

As Dan shakes the steering wheel one last time a brilliant blinding bright white light engulfs the entire vehicle from what he can see. Dan Screams!

DAN

Arhhhh!!!

As the light SLOWLY dissipates you see that the cab of the vehicle is now smoking and Dan's hands have MELTED into the steering wheel. When the light completely fades away he is able to break his burned hands free from the wheel. Scared, he quickly and frantically fumbles to grab the handle and open the door before falling to the ground.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY 95 - NIGHT

He pushes himself away from the car with just his legs and into the middle of the street, while almost crying out of pain and confusion, saliva protruding his speech while he clutches his hands in agony, while keeping them off the ground.

DAN

What the hell? Oh my God, Oh my God! What the freaking hell?

Dan, still frightened, stumbles to stand up, cupping his burnt hands together for comfort while he looks around and stutters.

DAN

I..I..I need to get ou... ou... ou... out of here.

A crackling sound is heard, as if something was walking up behind him. Dan quickly turns behind him to see if anything was there, but through the fog and darkness there is nothing to see but fog.

DAN

Hello? Ah, my hands.

The noise is heard again. He begins to walk closer to the noise and while looking around...

DAN

Hey, is something there? Screw this. This is some f'd up scary shit right here.

Dan walks closer to the noise, a small light blue glowing light appears and starts to fill the sky above his left shoulder. When Dan turns his head the light fades away and he does not see it. He continues to walk forward. About 20 - 25 feet away from his car Dan walks up to a large tree, that seems to be half dead but almost completely covered with something. As he gets closer some of the fog dissipates and you begin to get a full image of the tree next to Dan and his car. Dan stands lost in amazement looking at it. The tree seems to be covered in hundreds of shoes that are tied to the branches and stuck to the trunk. Dan walks up to the tree and pulls out his lighter from his pocket. He painfully lights his Zippo lighter and holds it up to the tree and eyes it down. He rubs his burned hand down the face of the trunk where he rubs his hands across a RED pair of shoes, which happen to be stuck on the side of the tree. These are the same red shoes, unknown to him, which Sara Lang, the missing girl, had been wearing. With a confused look upon Dan's face, he examines the shoes more closely and sees a dripping substance drip off of them. He reaches out and touches the red shoes. He rubs his index finger and thumb together and notices they are damp. Dan holds the lighter up

closer to the shoes and watches what seems to look like blood drip off the shoes and onto the ground.

DAN

What the fu...?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The two agents walk in unison through a plain looking hallway and out through the building's double glass doors that lead into the lighted courtyard

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The agents walk out of the double doors and through the simple looking courtyard and begin to walk towards a parking lot.

UNKNOWN AGENT

There have been several more sightings tonight outside of Hawthorn and Yerington Nevada alone. We are headed there right now. I hope you took care of the specimens.

AGENT HARRISON

Yes sir, everything has been taken care of. But sir, why Nevada?

The Unknown Agent stops walking and Agent Harrison stops with him. They are under a parking lot light pole in the parking lot. The Unknown Agent pulls out a gun, pops out the clip, and looks at it to make sure it has bullets. He then slams the magazine clip back into the gun and then turns to Agent Harrison.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Now listen, whatever happens out there tonight, keep your mind focused and clear; you have seen what they can do.

The Unknown Agent looks at Agent Harrison then cocks the gun back and releases the pin to engage the weapon. He holsters the weapon and walks away. Agent Harrison looks up at the security camera, his eyes flash a bright blue glow from the pupils of his eyes. His lips curl up in an evil smirk as he turns and follows the other man while trying to catch up.

AGENT HARRISON

Sir! Sir, wait up!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Footsteps can be seen in the dirt nearing the truck. The passenger door opens and Hogey jumps into the seat. He opens the glove box and grabs the bag of grass.

HOGHEY

Sweet, there's that.

Hogey closes the glove box and hops out of the truck leaving the door open. He then heads towards the bed of the truck. Carl, still by the fire, shouts to Hogey.

CARL

Hey, Hogey! Where the hell are ya? I'm getting thirsty over here. Bring a few of dem so we don't need to make a second trip yo! Hogey! You just can't send a Mexican to do a black mans job. That's why they got the swag. Hah hah. Hogey! Hey Hogey!

Hogey ignores Carl's drunk bickering from the fire. He reaches into the back of the truck and begins to grab a few beers from a cooler in the back of the truck and filling his pockets with them. A loud cracking noise is heard behind him from nearby sagebrush as it also shakes. The noise startles Hogey and he jumps back a bit and begins looking toward the direction of the sagebrush and a large tree.

HOGHEY

What the? Hello? Carl? Bear?

He looks around more then walks closer to the tree at a cautious pace, scanning the areas around it.

HOGHEY

(Nervously)

Is, is someone there yo? Carl, this aint funny anymore.

Hogey snoops around the bush and another loud cracking sound of a branch being broken pops behind him. He jumps again. He

begins to walk around the bush and tree. Instantly a bright blue flash fills the screen stunning Hogey motionless, and a brutal scream in agony is heard along with glass shattering throughout the campsite. Carl, back at the camp, chokes on the weed smoke when the scream is heard.

CARL

What da hell was that? Hogey?

Carl stands up from his chair. He sways in drunkenness and then hollers out to Hogey.

CARL

Yo Hogey! Where the hell are you with my damn beer? You ok?

Carl pauses and waits for a response. After a few moments of not hearing anything he gives up.

CARL

(Disappointed)

Ah, crap.

Carl takes one more hit and flicks the joint into the fire. He then stands up and shuffles around the fire and down toward the truck. As Carl walks up to the truck he stumbles a few times before he notices a thick fog around the truck and surrounding area.

CARL

What the? Fog?

Carl walks up to the truck; he notices that the passenger side door is still open yet Hogey is nowhere to be seen.

CARL

Hmmm.

Carl then starts to head around to the back of the truck while looking around.

CARL

Hogey! Yo! Dude! Where ya at bro?

Carl walks around to the back of the truck. As he is walking by he steps on something that sounds like breaking glass. Carl looks down and sees a couple broken beer bottles on the ground.

CARL

Damn it, Hogey. What a mess. You know the rules about party fouls.

Carl kneels down to examine the bottles more closely. Carl picks up one of the broken bottles.

CARL

(Quietly talking to himself)
Where are you?

Carl puts down the pieces of the broken bottles. He looks up and notices a shoe. He gets closer to look at the shoe. The farther he looks forward he notices that it is Hogey's shoe.

CARL

That's not good.

Not far from the shoe lies a motionless body. Hogey's dead body lies face down in the dirt, his arm severed off and several lacerations over his face, chest and body looking as if mauled by a very large animal. His eyes are wide-open and bright white with complete loss of pigmentation. Carl jumps back in horror, turns over and stumbles away for a second before he begins to cough and vomit. With spit and vomit still hanging off his lip and chin he mutters.

CARL

Om, my God, Hogey man, wha...
wha... what happened to you bro?

The glowing blue light begins to appear behind Carl. He notices it as it flickers against his dead friends blood as it flows from his body. As he looks up towards the light, something moves towards Carl fast and silently. The glow intensifies on his face as he screams in terror.

CARL

Ahhh!

As he screams his face becomes frightened as the light engulfs his whole body.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Dan closes the hood of his car and shakes his head in despair. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He removes a AAA card from the wallet and puts the wallet back in his pocket. As he studies the card he then reaches in another pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He begins to dial the number from the back of the card. He receives a no signal or sound.

DAN

God damn it!

Dan paces around trying to find a signal for his cell phone and ends up by the tree again. Dan finally gives up and sits down against the base of the tree on a large rock. He puts his elbows on his knees and puts his head down in his hands.

DAN

Why the hell haven't there been any other cars driving by yet?

As Dan speaks his words of pity the cell phone begins to beep. He glances at it and all the bars are completely full.

DAN

Sweet!

He quickly starts dialing for help and puts the cell to his ear. As he waits the light blue glowing light appears on Dan's back and begins to slowly pool around him from above as it begins to grow. Dan looks up. With an astonished and frightened look on his face he slowly stands up dropping his hand from his ear and the cell phone to the ground.

DAN

Oh... my... God!

Dan walks a little bit away from the tree in a bit of a spinning motion, not taking his eyes off of what is above him and winds up in the middle of the street. As the light gets brighter and brighter Dan shades his eyes with a hand salute and looks up towards the sky. A full circle of this blue and white swirling light, now approximately 6 feet by 6 feet surrounds him. With a sudden burst of a BRIGHT WHITE RINGED light funnels down the light trail and bursts into an overwhelming bright light aftershock as it hits the ground.

Dan instantly becomes frozen in place and can't seem to move. Another type of blue ringed light circles the other funneled white light.

DAN

What the fu...

Before Dan could muster out the last word several more bursts of light occur and now the light blue glowing light that surrounded Dan, and now Dan himself, have disappeared. Now, all that lies in his place is some swirling fog reflecting off the light coming from the headlights of the car as a silhouette of a the shoe tree sits in the background. One of the branches on the tree shakes. On that tree branch, are what appear to be Dan's shoes. A loud engine type noise is generated. The tree lights up orange and red and the noise gets louder and louder. The light then slowly disappears as the engine noises dissipate and sound as if some sound of a craft taking off. The lights on Dan's car begin to flicker off.

INT. MINA HOUSE - NIGHT

A middle-aged FATHER (55) sits on a recliner chair, drinking a beer, eating chips and watching TV. His living room is cluttered and he has crumbs all over his messy white shirt. As he shovels his face full of chips a little girl bursts through the back door and lunges into the living room to grab her fathers attention.

GIRL

Daddy! Daddy! Come here!

She pulls at his arm several times.

GIRL (CON'T)

Come on! Daddy, come on!

He finally turns to her.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

On a somewhat decent afternoon, the little girl comes running out of a house from the backdoor. Her father, who is holding her hand and a beer in another hand, wearing jean overalls, one flap undone, and a baseball cap, follows her. The girl seems anxious and walks towards the shed in the back yard.

GIRL

Daddy! Come on daddy! You have to see this.

She tugs on his arm again.

FATHER

'K hunny, I'm right behin'z ya.

Both the girl and the father crack open the door to the shed

INT. SHED - NIGHT

They both peek into the slightly open door and notice something barley moving in the corner. The little girl and her father completely swing open the door and walk into the shed, the young girl is in front of him. The shed is dark and damp feeling with minimal light from a full moon. Vintage 50's and 60's miscellaneous items fill the shed along with various tools and boxes. She stops and points in front of her.

GIRL

Look daddy! Over there.

The little girl points to something in the corner, it is unknown what it is. Small slits of light are all that are visible among it. It breathes, shivers, twitches and convulses. Its arm falls away from his head, now showing that it is a female.

GIRL

It's a girl daddy. Can we keep her? Can we daddy?

The father moves in front of the little girl and gets a closer look. He sees that it is a woman and that she is having trouble breathing. She seems to be unconscious, tattered, bloody, dirty and nude. Her face is scratched and she has a 12" x 6" chunk of skin taken about an inch deep out of her thigh. With a closer look the woman appears to be SARA LANG. The father gets on his knees next to Sara. He takes off his hat and begins to gently shake her to try and wake Sara.

FATHER

Miss! Hey Miss! You'z OK?

He turns back towards his daughter as if going to tell her something.

FATHER

Go call the po...

The little girl runs out of the shed before he can finish what he is saying.

FATHER

Good girl!

Confused, the father turns back towards Sara. As soon as he turns she awakens and instantly looks straight at the fathers face, opens her eyes really wide, grabs the father by the overalls, and screams in his face in pure terror. Horrified and shocked, her heavy breathing dominating everything. Sara then pushes out her last words.

SARA

They're coming for us!

She collapses in his arms and passes out. The man, just as scared as she was, also passes out from all the anxiety and shock. The daughter comes running back into the shed holding the wireless house phone.

GIRL

Oh no! What happened here?

INT. LABORATORY - UNKNOWN

Quite muffled sounds of a woman struggling begin to fill the silent blackness. Her soft yelping begins to get louder. A bright light snaps on, blinding everything in light. A single bright light hangs overhead with what seems to be a metal operating table and the young Sara Lang lying on the table. Her ankles, arms and neck are strapped down to the cold looking table with some sort of restraints, her mouth covered shut. As she squirms to break free but her restraints placed on her forehead and body tighten and pushes her head down to keep her from moving and further. Her eye widens and dilates in fear as she begins to try and cry. A slit is cut into the tape by a machine and a tube is forced into her mouth as brown liquid is pumped into her throat. She gags and tries to spit it up but cant and only

chokes herself. She struggles to look up as she sees three skinny unrecognizable silhouettes in front of the bright hanging light.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - UNKNOWN

Sara Lang sits in a large comfortable looking reclined chair, her face stern but yet on the verge of tears. She has two long scratches down the side of her cheek. One of the scratches goes over her left eye. Her other cheek and eye are bruised and the cut on her lip is starting to heal. She's wearing a hospital type gown. The office is dimly lit. A window with shades on the left of Sara leaves a distinctive shadow across her upper body. She begins to mutter.

SARA

I.. I can't. I can't do this any longer. I'm sorry Dr. Harrington. I just don't think I'm ready for this yet.

Sara turns her head to the doctor. The psychiatrist, DR. HARRINGTON (60), who has graying hair wears a cheap dress shirt, khaki pants and a bad tie, sits across from her in a similar chair. He is scribbling down notes as he converses with her. Dr. Harrington sees Sara eying the notepad while he writes so he puts it down in his lap and leans forward to be less distracting.

DR. HARRINGTON

Keep going Sara. You are doing great!

SARA

NO! You... you don't understand

DR. HARRINGTON

That's why I'm here Sara, to understand what you have been through, what you have seen.

SARA

Understand? I don't even know where the hell I am! I've been here for two lousy days, taking stupid tests, answering questions. I have a huge chunk of me missing from my leg!

Sara scoots her chair and lifts up part of her gown and shows a huge bandage over her thigh and glances over to the doctor

SARA (CON'T)

I'm not even allowed to call my family or talk to any of my friends. They all probably think I'm dead and you want me to tell you what's going on! I don't even know what the hell is going on! Why don't you tell me for once what is going on?

Sara stands up in an almost rage and walks to the window, and pushes open a couple of the blinds. She peers out the window. The therapist continues to watch her.

SARA (CON'T)

I stand here looking out this window and I know it's not even a window just a bright light and an ugly matte painting of a forest in the background. Everything here is just a ruse. I walk from my holding room, which is designed to look like my bedroom, then off to the labs. After that I end up here and that's it. Whenever I ask anyone what is going on all I hear is that it's classified.

DR. HARRINGTON

You know you are being held here to see if you have been infected. It's for your own safety and the safety of others. We are monitoring you to make sure everything is ok.

Sara, perplexed, turns away from the window and looks towards Harrington.

SARA

Infected?

The doctor doesn't change his facial expression, he still continues to stare at Sara.

SARA (CON'T)

You mean infected with something alien right?

DR. HARRINGTON

What do you think you are infected with?

SARA

I'm not infected or sick with anything. Am I ever going home?

DR. HARRINGTON

You know that information is classified.

Sara looks back outside the fake window and sighs. Sara closes the blinds.

SARA

Yeah, figures. No point in looking out there anymore.

DR. HARRINGTON

Studies say it can lift spirits of people when they are enclosed in small spaces. Helps relax I suppose. All we want to know is what really happened to you that night? We want to sort it all out and get you home safely, for everyone around. I'm sure you can understand the gravity of this situation?

Dr. Harrington leans back and makes himself comfortable in his chair. He pushes his glasses up from the bridge of his nose, never breaking eye contact with Sara.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95, OUTSIDE HAWTHORNE - NIGHT

The unmarked government vehicle speeds down the lonesome highway as the full moonlight shines off the dark automobile.

INT. UNKNOWN MEN CAR - NIGHT

Agent Harrison and the other Unknown Agent are driving north on Highway 95 towards the small town of Hawthorne in an unmarked government vehicle. Both men, dressed alike again but different dark suits, have emotionless expressions as they look straight ahead on the road, driving with a mission at hand.

AGENT HARRISON

Why are we going to Hawthorne? Wasn't Sara found in Mina?

UNKNOWN AGENT

Mina is a small hick town. Nothing there but horses, hillbillies and whorehouses. Police sent her to Hawthorne because they didn't know how to handle a situation like that. So she was sent to the nearest military base, which is Hawthorne. She will only be there a couple days before she is picked up and sent to an undisclosed location for further testing, where we won't be able to access her. That's why we have to get her tonight. It's our only chance.

AGENT HARRISON

Sir, this isn't like the Mt. Shasta incident. Or anything I read in the underground pyramids in Mexico. This is a military base! We can't just walk in there and ask for her.

Agent Harrison looks to his superior.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Who said anything about asking?

AGENT HARRISON

Don't we already have the highest clearance possible? Can't we just walk in like we own the place?

UNKNOWN AGENT

You have to remember. To the rest of the world, including 98% of the government doesn't think we exist. That's the way it needs to be kept.

AGENT HARRISON

This is suicide Agent.

UNKNOWN AGENT

No, this is our job.

Agent Harrison's eye begins twitching while staring out of the window while the other agent drives. Harrison rubs his eye to try to stop the twitching. The Unknown Agent glances at Agent Harrison but turns his eyes back on the road.

UNKNOWN AGENT

You ok?

AGENT HARRISON

Huh? Oh yeah, just tired.

Agent Harrison tries to concentrate looking out of the window. Harrison's eyes blink as they begin to glow blue. They pass a sign that says Hawthorne 65 miles and he notices his eyes in the reflection on the glass. He closes his eyes and turns away. When he opens his eyes the glow is gone.

INT. LAS VEGAS METRO POLICE STATION - DAYTIME

A young teenage brunette girl sits in a chair, handcuffed. She looks to be the local PROSTITUTE (19) with her makeup smeared and happens to be detoxing from a type of methamphetamine and alcohol abuse. Slightly twitching while sitting in a chair she shuffles her clothes and looks up and gives a crooked smile. Across the way we see another woman sitting in a chair. The woman is Liz. She seems nervous and restless waiting for someone to talk to.

PROSTITUTE

Hey, preggo. You got a smoke?

Liz purposely ignores her and pretends to look for something in her purse instead.

PROSTITUTE

Go ahead and ignore me. I see how it is.

A man in a grey suit and tie sits down in the chair behind the desk. The desk is littered with papers and files. The name on the desk reads DETECTIVE MOTTER (55). As he adjusts himself in the chair for comfort he picks up a file and moves it over. He opens it up and studies it for a moment while he strokes his salt and pepper colored mustache that also matches his thinning hair.

DET. MOTTER

Just ignore her. She is always running around with crazy hoodlums. More youth wasted on the young. So Mrs. Timberton.

LIZ

Liz is fine.

Detective Motter looks up from his desk and sets the paperwork down...

DET. MOTTER

OK Liz, what can I do for you?

Liz is now almost on the verge of tears.

LIZ

My fiancé Dan went missing two days ago. He was going up to Reno for some work and on his way he called me but we had gotten cut off, he sounded scared. I haven't heard from him since. I'm really worried about him. It's not like him not to call.

DET. MOTTER

Ok Miss. you need to fill out and file the appropriate paperwork and then...

Abruptly cut off.

LIZ

I already filled out the freaking paperwork! It's right in front of you!

DET. MOTTER

Oh, yes. I see.

Detective Motter picks up the file from his desk and looks it over one more time. As he reads he grabs a powdered donut that sits in a nearby box and takes a huge bite. As he chews he continues to read the file spilling crumbs all over his shirt. He smacks his lips and then closes the file. He wipes his mouth with his arm and then tries to brush off the crumbs from his shirt.

DET. MOTTER

Shit. See this is why I have a hate and love relationships with powdered doughnuts. They taste so good but then, you know, they tend to leave a mess.

He then looks up at Liz.

DET. MOTTER

The car you described as your husbands was found about an hour south of Yerington, it was still running when the sheriff pulled up. The headlights were turned off though and the radio was turned to static. A cell phone was found approximately 20 yards from the car in front of the counties famous shoe tree.

(Beat)

Dan unfortunately was not found anywhere near the premise.

Liz begins to cry as she puts her head in her hands.

LIZ

Oh my God. What happened to him?

DET. MOTTER

At this time there seems to be no foul play, although we did find some strange things at and throughout the scene.

LIZ

Things? What do you mean strange things?

DET. MOTTER

Well, someone's, were assuming Dan's, handprints were burned into the steering wheel. Tests have yet to confirm anything.

LIZ

Burned? What do you mean burned?

DET. MOTTER

For what happened to happen would need temperatures exceeding 1,500 degrees and yet none of the other parts of the car were affected, and none of his skin, flesh or bone was found connected to it. So that's a plus, but to answer your question, I have no idea.

Liz's face shows a baffled expression. A chaotic disturbance happens in the background that distracts both Liz and

Detective Motter from their conversation. The teenage girl jumps up and begins fighting and squirming with two of the other officers.

PROSTITUTE

No! You can't take me to jail. You bastards!

She squirms more.

PROSTITUTE (CON'T)

I haven't done anything wrong! You freaking assholes, let me go!

She breaks free of the officer's grip and pushes one of them away with her handcuffed hands.

OFFICER 1
(Yells)

Grab her!

The officers regain their composure and grab the girl. They quickly restrain her and carry her back to her chair as she struggles more.

PROSTITUTE

Let me go! Let me go, I didn't do anything. Hey! This asshole over here touched my titty. I want to see my, a, lawyer. I want my phone call. I get a phone call right?

OFFICER 2

Shut up! Handcuff her to the chair, so she can't run again while we get her new cell ready.

Officer 1 handcuffs the prostitute to the chair as she struggles any more. She looks at him with an angry expression and spits in his face. In disgust, he wipes his face.

OFFICER 1

Damn bitch!

Officer 1 grabs the girl and pulls out his nightstick. He is about to strike her when he looks over and sees Liz and Detective Motter watching them. Detective Motter turns around nonchalantly as if it happens all the time and regains Liz's attention. The officer smiles and puts his

stick back.

DET. MOTTER

Ignore her she's a regular around here.

LIZ

Is she going to be ok? She looks like she is on drugs.

DET. MOTTER

Who knows? Probably. So anyway where were we? Oh yes, we had found at the scene what seems to be about 1,000 little white marbles or something like that. Does that ring a bell or anything?

LIZ

What the hell are you talking about marbles?

(Beat)

I dunno anything about any marbles. You're not making any sense.

DET. MOTTER

We don't know much about it either. They were collected in a county further north and have them in evidence right now. We will be sending samples out for study here soon. Other than that we don't know why else they would be there. When we know more about that then we shall also let you know.

Liz's grip on her purse gets tighter.

LIZ

What are you saying? What does this mean?

DET. MOTTER

It seems at this time we really have no more clues until we can investigate further.

Liz struggles to get up out of the chair and stands up.

DET. MOTTER

Where are you going?

Liz gives Motter a smug and angered look.

LIZ

I'm going to find my fiancé.

Liz turns to walk away from his desk.

DET. MOTTER

Liz, we are doing everything we can to find Dan. It's our number one goal. Trust me. We want nothing to find him and find out more about what happened. Please let us do our job and bring him in safely.

She pauses to listen to the detective but then Liz away glaring at the prostitute as she walks out the door.

PROSTITUTE

What bitch?!

Liz smiles and flips off the prostitute as she heads out the police exit doors.

EXT. OUTSIDE GAS STATION, TONAPAH - DAWN

5:15AM

A rickety old gas station sits on the outskirts of Tonopah, Nevada. A beat up station wagon pulls up to one of the pumps and the engine and headlights turn off. The very pregnant Liz slowly pushes herself out of the car. She begins to stretch her arms and legs as her cell phone rings. She pulls it out from her purse and answers it. She paces around the car.

LIZ

Hello?

(Beat)

Hey there Barbara,

(Beat)

Yeah I just pulled into Tonopah, I'm about an hour away from where Dan's car was found.

(Beat)

Don't worry I will let you know if I find anything.

(Beat)

I'll talk to you soon.

Liz hangs up the phone and begins to walk into the gas station. She looks around before she opens the door and walks in.

INT. GAS STATION - DAWN

Liz walks into the gas station. It's a typical looking convenience store. The clerk reads a magazine behind the counter and sips on some coffee periodically while glancing up every once in awhile. She grabs a large bottle of water and browses the snack isle. She picks up a small bag of chips and a candy bar and walks over to the clerk and sets her stuff down on the counter.

CLERK

Paper or plastic?

LIZ

Um, plastic is fine, thanks.

CLERK

Is that all for ya Miss?

LIZ

No, I need twenty-five on pump number three. Oh and could I please get the key to the restroom, this thing... You know?

She grabs her belly.

LIZ (CON'T)

... Makes ya have to pee like every thirty minutes. Not that you wanted to know that in the slightest bit.

The clerk gives an awkward smile.

CLERK

No problem miss. Let me go grab the key real quick like.

The clerk walks into a back room. Liz is left in the store unattended. She begins to look around and notices a bulletin board next to her. She looks it over and sees that there are many missing persons reports in the area including one of both Carl and Hogey. The clerk comes back whistling and swinging the bathroom key around his finger.

CLERK

Here ya go Miss.

The clerk breaks Liz's attention and gives her a hubcap with a single small key attached to it. Liz nods in thanks and smiles.

CLERK

Bring it back when you're done.

Liz walks out the door.

LIZ

Yeah, no problem.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

Liz walks out of the station and heads around the back of the store. She finds the bathroom door in the back. She sticks the key into the slot and turns it. She slowly opens the door but the door is stuck on something. Liz starts to push even harder when the door starts to give a bit. An arm flops out from behind the door, bloody and dirty. Liz screams as the arm grabs the ground and begins to pull his body out of the bathroom.

LIZ

Ahhhh!

The arm is attached to Carl. Carl's eyes are white with a loss of pigment. At first glance he looks dead but then he coughs up a little blood and starts squirming. As he slowly pulls the upper half of his body out of the bathroom, he looks up at Liz and could barely speak.

CARL

Help me. Please.

Carl reaches out and grabs Liz's leg. She gets scared and runs off and back into the store.

INT. GAS STATION - DAWN

She opens the door and runs in up to the counter and accidentally knocks over a few displays on the counter and looks at the clerk in a freaked out manor.

LIZ

Call 911!

CLERK

Um what?

LIZ
(Shouting)

Call 911!

The clerk grabs the store phone under the counter and begins dialing.

EXT. HAWTHORNE MILITARY BASE ENTRY GATE - MORNING

The car containing the two agents drives down a long dirt road, passing by large bunkers hidden to look like small hills. The vehicle pulls up to a gate at a military base in Hawthorne Nevada.

INT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE - MORNING

The two agents start to pull up the gate at the military base.

AGENT HARRISON

Do you really think this will work?

The Unknown Agent looks at him and just smirks.

UNKNOWN AGENT

Just go with the flow. Feel the situation
and follow your instincts. When you do that
nothing will go wrong for you.

EXT. HAWTHORNE MILITARY BASE ENTRY GATE - MORNING

A guard walks out of the nearby shack holding a clipboard. He is wearing his typical MP uniform. He eyes the car and pushes his sunglasses up. He strolls over to the vehicle and walks up to the driver window. The name on his coat says PRIVATE JENKINS (30).

PVT. JENKINS

What can I do for you folks?

UNKNOWN AGENT

We're here to pick up the package.

PVT. JENKINS

I assure you sir I do not know what package
you're speaking of. What is your name sir
and I'll check the list?

UNKNOWN AGENT

Oz.

PVT. JENKINS

Oz?

UNKNOWN AGENT

Yes, Oz.

Jenkins looks over the clipboard that he is holding and
looks back into the car.

PVT. JENKINS

It says here you're expected at 11:00.
(Beat)
Its only 7:45.

UNKNOWN AGENT

For a high stakes and classified package
like this we need it at Papoose as soon as
possible.

Jenkins pulls down his aviator sunglasses and eyeballs the
Unknown Agent.

PVT. JENKINS

I'm gonna need to call this in. Wait here a
moment.

UNKNOWN AGENT

You do that.

Jenkins walks to the shack and picks up the phone and leans
against the outside of the shack. As he waits for an answer
he eyes down the vehicle.

INT. AGENTS VEHICLE - MORNING

While he is waiting for an answer the Unknown Agent quietly puts a silencer on his weapon while trying not to raise suspicion and keep it out of sight from the MP. Jenkins gets an answer on the other end of the line. Agent Harrison and the other Unknown Agent listen in on his conversation.

PVT. JENKINS

They're looking to pick up some classified package. I do not know sir. In Bunker 11 Section 4.

(Beat)

Uh huh, early by a few hours.

(Beat)

Ok I'll relay the message.

(Beat)

Ok Sir.

EXT. HAWTHORNE MILITARY BASE ENTRY GATE - MORNING

The two men turn their attention away from Jenkins as he hangs up the phone. He eyes them down from inside the shack for a second and then proceeds back to the car. He stops in front of the driver side door and leans over.

PVT. JENKINS

Colonel says you're too early and need to wait until the time slot that was delivered to you.

The Unknown Agent doesn't break eye contact with Jenkins. Jenkins staring back begins to become nervous, breaks his eye contact and turns away. As he walks away The Unknown Agent pulls his gun out and sticks it out the window. A soft sounding shot is heard and Jenkins left side of his sunglasses shatter and he falls to the ground. A fatal bullet wound to the head takes down Jenkins. Agent Harrison steps out of the car walks to the shack.

INT. SECURITY SHACK - MORNING

Harrison walks into the shack where he pushes the button to raise the barrier. He grabs a security badge and ID tag off of the counter and walks back out of the shack

EXT. HAWTHORNE MILITARY BASE ENTRY GATE - MORNING

Agent Harrison pulls the weapon from the holster of the dead body. He walks back to the car. The passenger door opens.

INT. AGENTS VEHICLE - MORNING

The passenger door closes and Harrison sits back.

UNKNOWN AGENT

That leaves us 20 minutes.

He presses a button on his watch.

UNKNOWN AGENT (CON'T)

Lets do this.

EXT. HAWTHORNE MILITARY BASE ENTRY GATE - MORNING

They drive through the gate. They head down the dirt road passing many military facilities.

EXT. MILITARY BASE BUNKER 11 - MORNING

A bunker sits at a distance in the desert. The heat from the sand is already hot enough to see heat rays. The unknown men drive up to the bunker leaving a dust trail behind them. The car stops near a bunker stated as number eleven. No one else is around yet that can be seen. Both men step out of the vehicle and look around to see if they had been followed. They straighten their suits and ties and walk towards the bunker. The bunker splits in two where the doorway is and they disappear into the bunker.

INT. BUNKER 11 - MORNING

A metal door slowly squeaks open as if a tomb had been opened. A bright light fills the doorway and a long staircase that heads down. Dust fills the air enough to see the light rays from the open door. The two agents walk through the door. They look at each other and take a deep breath. They un-holster their handguns. Agent Harrison leads down the stairs as the other agent covers him. About half way down the stairs the men hear a loud shriek followed by crying and yelling from a female.

AGENT HARRISON

That has gotta be her!

Both men pick up their pace but still remain cautious, not breaking their formation.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -

They reach the bottom of the long stairway and begin to jog

down a long hallway filled with nothing but a few sidelights to light the path. The screaming gets extremely loud as then slow down. The men reach the end of the hallway and peer around the corner and see another long hallway. This one seems to be lined with glass with two large laboratories on both sides. The agents look at each other again and Agent Harrison leads first in a crouching position being covered by the other Unknown Agent. The Unknown Agent follows closely behind him. Before they can reach the first laboratory a door is opened on the left hand side at the far end of the hallway. Two men wearing biohazard suits walk out dragging a very sedated Sara Lang in-between them. She is immobilized but still conscious. She drools on herself and is unable to speak. The men in biohazard suits don't even notice the two agents at the other end of the hallway. In her half drug induced coma she sees the two men within blurs and streaks. They drag her into another room through two swinging doors. They become lost in the bright light from room. The doors slam shut behind them.

INT. ALIEN LABORATORY - UNKNOWN

Darkness fills the entire room. Sounds of a man struggling can be heard through the darkness. An operating table light turns on. We see the struggling man strapped down like Sara had been but this time he is face down and nude. The table is slightly rounded, arching the persons back forward. With a closer look it is obvious that it is Dan. He strains to lift his head up but can barely move it. He tries to use his peripheral vision to try and see what he can, but it is far too dark to see anything. A crude mechanical noise can be heard as Dan's pupils widen in fear. Dan tries to struggles more.

DAN

(Screaming in fear)

What the... What are you doing?

Somebody help me! Oh my God! Oh my

God! Help me!!! No! No! No, no, no!

The noise starts to get louder as the alien machine moves around Dan's head. It looks to be a giant arm of some sort. It moves towards Dan's backside. The arm bends and rotates as a long probing tube slides down the mechanical arm and attaches to the end of the arm. The probe then moves towards Dan's lower back and buttock region, now about three feet above Dan. A lubricant begins slide down the arm and covers the probe. The excess begins to slowly drip out of the tip of the probe and onto Dan's backside. A wet squishing sound is heard and Dan screams horrifically and painfully.

Leo then tears a big bite off of some barbeque spare ribs

and goes back to eating. Julie smiles and carries the dishes into the house.

JULIE

I'm glad you like it honey.

Sammy runs around with his dog. He grabs a ball and throws the ball towards a forested area along a trail.

SAMMY

Go get it Bastian.

The dog runs and retrieves the ball and brings it back to Sammy. They continue to play fetch. Leo finishes his meal and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

LEO

Damn that was good!

Leo drinks the last of his beer and stands up from the table.

LEO

Bro, you done?

Leo's brother CHARLIE (32) nods his head yes as he stuffs the last of his food into his mouth. Leo then takes his plate. As he walks by Leo smacks the back of his brother's head. He chuckles as his brother coughs up the food he had stuffed into his mouth.

LEO

Ha ha. Still got it bro.

CHARLIE

Dick!

LEO

You know you love it brother. Are you staying here tonight?

CHARLIE

I dunno yet, we'll see.

He continues walking into the house as Julie crosses him.

They give a quick kiss.

JULIE

Sweetie, can you please help Karen inside?

LEO

Yup, no problemo baby. On my way inside anyways.

Leo's brother walks over to the BBQ and turns off the propane and closes the lid. Sammy still plays fetch with Bastian. Julie walks past Sammy on her way to the table to grab some more dishes. She grabs several more dirty dishes and glasses.

JULIE

Careful honey, don't throw it too far, he still unfamiliar with these new surroundings, ok honey?

SAMMY

OK mommy.

Julie runs her hand through Sammy's hair as she continues to the table. She crabs the last of the empty beer bottles and coke cans and puts them into the trash. She grabs the tablecloth and folds it. Julie then returns back towards the house passing by Sammy again. Sammy throws the ball again and it bounces off a nearby rock sending the ball much farther down the dark pathway then he wanted on accident.

SAMMY

Oh no.

Bastian runs after the ball while Sammy waits. After a few seconds and no sign of his pet dog Sammy call out his name.

SAMMY

Bastian, here boy!

(Beat)

Come on boy! Where are ya?

(Beat)

Bastian?

Sammy looks towards the forested area. He walks a little closer and still no sign of the dog. As he nears the first tree a light yelping sound could be heard from a distance,

as if a dog was in pain. A worried Sammy runs into the forest after his beloved canine, still calling his name.

SAMMY

Here boy! Where are you?

(Beat)

I hope he is OK.

Sammy stops in his tracks because he has reached a dead end of the trail. He stands before bushes and tree branches. The boy circles around in confusion with no sign of Bastian. Sammy tries to whistle but is unsuccessful. A tree branch moves and leaves begin to shake from behind him. Sammy jumps and turns around to see what it was but there is nothing in sight. Out of the corner of his eye he sees a small reflection on the ground that catches his attention. Sammy runs over to it as fast as he can. He pauses suddenly, now standing over it. He kneels down and slowly picks up the object. He lifts it up and examines it. It's Bastian collar. Another noise is heard and Sammy immediately jumps up.

SAMMY

Bastian?

Another bush moves behind of him. He turns and slowly and cautiously walks toward the bush.

SAMMY

Is that you boy?

Sammy reaches out toward the bush. He moves a few branches and peers over.

SAMMY

Bastian?

A quick Bright Blue flash and he shrieks!

SAMMY

Ahhh!

Sammy's eyes roll into the back of his head, his entire body freezes in place and he blacks-out. He is quickly pulled through the bush by some unknown creature and is dragged away feet first into the thicker woods. The dog's body is thrown over the tops of the tress and slides to a landing at the dead end of the path. It twitches and convulses after it dies. The dog has large lacerations all over its body. At

the BBQ Julie hears her son's scream and the thud sound of the dog hitting the ground. She runs out of the BBQ area panicking, frantically calling his name.

JULIE

Sammy!

(Beat)

Sammy where are you?

(Beat)

This isn't funny.

She hears a scuffle and heads down the path running. She stops several yards away from the dog and already there is a stench of some sort. She covers her mouth and nose with her sleeve. She gags. Julie starts walking toward the deceased animal. Her hand falls from covering her mouth and she lets out a loud cry. Her son is nowhere to be found. Julie falls to her knees and she looks terrified and screams.

JULIE

Ahhh!

ROLL END CREDITS

END