

After Dark

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FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

- A scientist experiments with chemicals and studies a sample under a microscope.
- The scientist feeds a white tablet to a sickly, injured mouse. It heals instantly but goes berserk.
- The mouse bends the bars of its cage. Its fur turns pink and its eyes glows white.
- An open file stamped Project Med 7 lay on the scientist's test table. A large red rejection stamp also marks the pages.
- The scientist mixes a vial of chemicals. It turns purple, he injects himself, convulses on the floor.
- He looks the same. He lifts his hands, flicks his wrist. Cylinders float and then crash against a wall.
- The scientist speaks to the mouse. It stands upright awaits another order.

END MONTAGE

EXT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rustling winds skip pieces of paper along a road in front of a house. Street lamps meekly pierce through the blackness of the clouded night to illuminate a three floor prairie style home set in the background.

All lights are off within the home save for a bluish white glow at the back corner of the lowest level.

CHANDLER (O.S)
What's Dr. Reich doing now?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Four F.B.I agents clad in special weapons and tactical uniforms stare at a monitor inside the van.

AGENT GONZALEZ (27) the only woman in the group, well built,

long wavy black hair, long scar under her left eye.

AGENT SCHUMACHER (35) tall and stout, has buzz cut blond hair, chiseled facial features.

AGENT BRAVO (30) average height, olive skinned and has dark, jelled, jet black haired.

AGENT CHANDLER (42) has cherry wood complexion, short dark hair with graying sides, stoutly build.

SCHUMACHER
Three civilians entered the house.

CHANDLER
What's their position?

SCHUMACHER
They're all basement level, Sir.

CHANDLER
(to Schumacher)
You and Bravo scan around back. Double check the perimeter and wait for my signal.

SCHUMACHER
We're on it.

He rises from his chair and taps Bravo.

BRAVO
After you, pretty boy.

They exit the van, tiptoe down the street then behind --

EXT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - BACKSIDE- NIGHT

SCHUMACHER
Check left, I'll check right.

They split up.

BRAVO
(muttering)
I can't wait for this shit to end.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gonzalez straps her handgun into her side holster. Chandler approaches her.

CHANDLER
Let's go, Gonzalez.

EXT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chandler and Gonzalez creep to the front. A voice emits from a small radio clipped on Chandler's jacket.

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
Perimeter's clear, Sir.

Chandler holds down a button on the radio.

CHANDLER
Good, you and Bravo sit tight
for now.

He continues up a set of concrete steps, unsheathes a three inch blade then jimmies it between the door and frame.

Chandler maneuvers the blade back and forth several times, the door pops open.

INT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chandler and Gonzalez tread soft inside.

Paintings of beautiful southeast Asian women adorn the walls.

Pictures of ragged, sickly thin children lay on mantles and table tops. Dog tags engraved "Conrad Reich" lay next to the pictures.

A blood red carpet coats the floor. Black leather furniture sits atop it. Dark blotches dot the carpet where it meets doorway openings.

A shadow flaps in the darkness as the two agents move through the house.

Gonzalez spins toward where the shadow came. A drape waves near a cracked window.

CHANDLER
What is it?

GONZALEZ

Nothing.

BASEMENT LAB

DR. REICH (68), gray haired, thin build, looks young for his age, sits with three others.

TIM (35) short, pale, husky, dark haired.

YVETTE (27) tall, red haired, she's thin but curvy.

SIEBEL (38) olive skin, Eastern European features, shaved head.

Dr. Reich stares up at the ceiling. The others fidget tensely.

DR. REICH

Be patient, they'll come to us.

UPSTAIRS

The two agents stop at a door between the kitchen and dining room. Chandler leads the way down a narrow set of stairs to the -

BASEMENT LAB

Near the back of the lab animals such as lemurs and mice stare at Chandler and Gonzalez from clear plastic cages.

FRONT OF LAB

Tim and Siebel fade into a shadowed corner of the basement.

Chandler and Gonzalez rush toward Dr. Reich, the barrel of their handguns aim at his forehead.

CHANDLER

We're taking you in, Dr. Reich.

Dr. Reich puts his hands in the air and laughs.

DR. REICH

Is that so, Agent Chandler?

GONZALEZ

What's so Goddamn funny?

Dr. Reich continues to laugh. Gonzalez presses her gun hard against his cheek.

GONZALEZ

Am I still funny, Chuckles? I could pull the trigger now, end this mission right here.

She smacks Dr. Reich with the butt of the gun. He glares in return.

DR. REICH

You've got it all figured out this time, Eric.

Chandler withdraws a pair of handcuffs from his belt, places them on the doctor. He glances at Yvette.

CHANDLER

Where are the others, doc?

DR. REICH

Whom you see, is whom you get.

Gonzalez slaps Dr. Reich, cusps his face in her free hand.

GONZALEZ

We saw them. Where are they?

DR. REICH

I don't know who you're ...

GONZALEZ

Careful what you say next, doc. A lie earns you my boot heel imprinted on your face.

CHANDLER

Speak up, doctor.

DR. REICH

Wait there were two young men, but they've long gone.

CHANDLER

(to Gonzalez)

Cuff the woman and watch them closely. I'll do a sweep.

Gonzalez cuffs Yvette while Chandler disappears to the back of

the lab.

Yvette wets her lips then deeply inhales Gonzalez' aroma.

YVETTE

Hey, you're kind of sexy.

GONZALEZ

Don't flatter me. Now, hold still and stop fidgeting.

Yvette remains still long enough for Gonzalez to tighten the cuffs around a pole by the wall. Gonzalez then talks into the radio clipped on her vest.

GONZALEZ

Bravo, have you or Schumacher seen two guys leave the house?

EXT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Outside both Bravo and Schumacher lean against the house.

BRAVO

No one yet, chica.

INT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GONZALEZ

Let me know if you do.

She lifts her finger from the radio, turns to Yvette.

YVETTE

Tell me... do you find me attractive?

She stands up and rubs her leg up and down against the pole.

GONZALEZ

Honestly I'm not into the whole girl-on-girl thing so sit down.

YVETTE

Haven't you ever wanted to experiment? I'll be gentle.

Gonzalez grabs Yvette by her blouse.

GONZALEZ

I don't want to kick that sweet little ass of yours but I will.

DR. REICH

(to Gonzalez)

She's a looker, isn't she, and just one thing keeps her from perfection.

GONZALEZ

Let me guess. Its herpes isn't it?

DR. REICH

No, it's her temper. You could say she gets so mad ... she could kill.

Yvette's eyes shine bright white, her pupils narrow to slits. Hooked claws sprout from her fingertips. Her skin turns pale pink as her body doubles in mass.

GONZALEZ

What the fuck!

Gonzalez draws her gun.

Yvette presses her chest against the gun and dulls its BOOM as she absorbs the bullet. The wounds left behind heal over instantly.

She then knocks the gun from Gonzalez's hand and breaks the handcuffs that bind her wrist.

YVETTE

We could've had some fun real together.

Gonzalez clinches her fist, squares her shoulders.

GONZALEZ

I will have fun... beating the hell out of you.

Gonzalez kicks twice and throws several punches, which all strike Yvette from thigh to face. Yvette leans against the wall. Blood drips from her mouth and nose.

YVETTE

I love it when they play rough.

She stands upright, hocks a bloody wad of spit.

Gonzalez winds her leg back, kicks Yvette's square on the chin. Yvette collapses to her knees, barely able to keep upright as she presses one hand on the ground.

GONZALEZ

Stay down, bitch.

Gonzalez leaps into the air, stomps on Yvette's back with both feet.

A toothy grin stretches across Yvette's face as she staggers to her feet.

She lurches, wraps her hand around Gonzalez's throat and spins her against the wall. Slowly she hoists Gonzalez a foot off of the floor.

Yvette presses a claw to Gonzalez's cheek and slices down to her jaw line. Blood gradually pusses over the claw it cuts through flesh.

YVETTE

You're feisty. I like that.
I'll let you live if you join
me and the Legion.

Gonzalez spits on Yvette's face.

GONZALEZ

And become as ugly as you? Fuck
off, freak.

YVETTE

(growling)
You're the one that's fucked.

She clasps her hand tighter on Gonzalez's neck until her face till it flushes of color.

With a flick of the wrist and Gonzalez's neck pops like a stiff knuckle.

YVETTE

She's so pretty. What a shame.

She kisses Gonzalez's lips then lets her corpse flop to the floor. Yvette turns toward Dr. Reich and breaks his handcuffs.

DR. REICH

Hide her body.

Yvette tosses Gonzalez's body behind I thick, white top desk. She morphs back to human form after tucking the corpse away.

Footsteps grow louder in the background. Chandler returns. Dr. Reich and Yvette sit with their hands behind their back.

CHANLDER

Enough with the games, doc--

He pauses, eyes an empty shell on the floor and blood on Yvette's blouse.

CHANDLER

--where is... Gonzalez?

He looks left, notices a shoe tip juttet out behind a solid white top desk.

Chandler shuffles to the desk, gun fixed on Dr. Reich still.

CHANDLER

Blanca.

Chandler kneels down, places two fingers to her throat, checks the other side and then retracts his hand.

DR. REICH

Buck up. You'll see her soon.

Dr. Reich's eyes gloss over pure white. He motions with his head, Tim and Siebel dismount from the ceiling in a form similar to Yvette's.

Chandler straightens his posture, takes aim at Tim and Siebel.

CHANDLER

Nice of you boys to show up.

DR. REICH

Get rid of him.

He and Yvette walk down a separate aisle of the lab toward the back staircase.

Chandler shifts his gaze between Tim and Siebel.

Siebel runs up, Chandler shots him in the chest, he falls.

A clawed hand slashes the agent's shoulder. He falls to one knee.

EXT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

SCHUMACHER
You hear that?

BRAVO
Sounds like a signal to me.

Schumacher cocks back his gun.

SCHUMACHER
Only one way to know for sure.

Bravo turns, breaks open a basement window.

INT. DR. REICH'S HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

Schumacher and Bravo climb through the window then sprint to the front of the lab where Tim clubs at Chandler's guarded face.

BRAVO (O.S)
Sir, get down!

Five rounds pierce Tim's chest and neck as he turns around.

Bravo and Schumacher help Chandler to his feet.

SCHUMACHER
Are you ok, Sir?

Chandler pulls away.

CHANDLER
Shoot him again. Aim higher.

BRAVO
But we shot him five times.

A few feet away Siebel sits up then creeps behind Bravo as he rubs his claws together.

CHANDLER
Look out, Bravo

Siebel wraps his claws around Bravo's throat, sinks them in and rakes crossways.

Bloody chunks of flesh splatter on Chandler.

Bravo falls to the floor convulsing and choking.

Schumacher kicks Siebel back, aims at his head.

SCHUMACHER

I got him.

He fires a round through each of Siebel's eyes.

CHANDLER

The short one?

The two agents turn to their attention to the other beast. Only blotches of blood remain where he once lay.

SCHUMACHER

I swear he was lying right
there after we shot him.

A thick fist punches through Schumacher's chest, flexing open and shut. Blood flicks off clawed fingertips, then withdraws.

Tim laughs as he stands over a crumpled Schumacher.

Chandler unsheathes a large Bowie knife from his belt. He slashes at Tim in a 'X' pattern.

Tim evades every swing of the blade.

Chandler roundhouse kicks Tim then follows with a blade thrust to Tim's gut.

Tim grabs hold of his arm, slides the knife out, twists Chandler's arm behind his back like a chicken wing.

TIM

Give up, Eric.

CHANDLER

I'm not familiar with that
phrase.

He break Tim's hold with a head-butt, picks up his knife and then lunges at him, interchanging blade thrusts and punches.

Tim counters with his claws and then catches both Chandler's fist in his palms.

Chandler struggles to keep his knee off the ground as Tim presses against him. The knife falls from his grip.

TIM

You surprise me. I didn't figure you'd be this strong.

CHANDLER

(panting)

I could say the same about you.

He lurches forward, catches Tim on the chin with another head-butt that sends him stumbling backward and clinching his jaw.

Chandler shakes his arms, wiggles his fingers then grabs a pair of beakers off a lab table and smashes them on Tim's head. He follows up with a knee to his gut and a doubled handed club to the upper spine.

Tim drops to the floor. Pressing his claws against the tile he mule-kicks Chandler onto a lab table.

Glass and chemicals shatter as Chandler knocks against them.

Tim walks saunters over, wraps a hand around Chandler's neck, which dangles over the edge of the table. He lifts him up then slams him against a wall cabinet.

TIM

Dr. Reich could use a man with your skills.

CHANDLER

(straining)

Go to hell.

He scales the cabinets interior with his fingertips and come across a syringe.

A low growl emanates from Tim's throat as he lifts his arm and points his claws.

Chandler stabs the syringe into Tim's neck, thumbs down an air injection.

Tim's eyes widen, mouth swings agape. He drops to both knees with his hands on his head.

Chandler steps aside, returns with a gun and presses the barrel against Tim's temple.

CHANDLER

Heal from this.

A gun shot BOOMS, blood and pink chunks splatter white tile.

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock buzzes in the background. Its face comes to focus; it reads 7:00a.m.

A hand surfaces from underneath a white and red patterned comforter, swats at the alarm clock.

KITCHEN

MRS. CHANDLER (44) is ivory skinned, looks youthful, has rounded hips and dirty blonde, shoulder length hair. She's dressed professionally and a touch of lips gloss is her only makeup.

She sets several plates on a circular table, scrambles to the countertop and then brings a serving dish filled with eggs, sausage, and toast to the center of the table.

MRS. CHANDLER

Stephanie and Adam hurry up and get ready. You're going to be late for school!

She walks through the living room, continues upstairs then down the hall to --

MICHAEL'S ROOM

She raps at the door.

MRS. CHANDLER (O.S)

Mike, I'm running behind today, take your brother and sister to school, kay?

MICHAEL CHANDLER (17) is tawny, gray eyed, average height, and untraditionally attractive. He's thin faced with dark hair half tamed and has a thin black mustache.

He lifts up, stares groggily at his door. He falls back onto a

pillow.

MICHAEL
 (mumbles)
 Okay, Mom, whatever.

The door opens. Mrs. Chandler steps partway into the room.

MRS. CHANDLER
 And don't start with Principal
 Whitman on your first day back
 from suspension.

She exits the room closing the door behind her.

HALLWAY

MRS. CHANDLER
 Stephanie, Adam, breakfast is
 on the table!

Adam (11) average height, brown eyed, short hair, puffy faced,
 yanks on Mrs. Chandler's jacket from behind.

ADAM
 Mom, I can't find Chomper and I
 looked everywhere.

MRS. CHANDLER
 You check under your bed?

ADAM
 Yes.

MRS. CHANDLER
 How about your laundry basket?

ADAM
 No.

MRS. CHANDLER
 Then you didn't look
 everywhere.

Mrs. Chandler continues toward the stairs. Adam rushes off
 down the opposite end of the hallway.

A door opens right of Mrs. Chandler, STEPHANIE (15) tawny,
 slim, and cute with a long, blondish ponytail, freckles and
 hazel eyes. She steps in front of Mrs. Chandler.

STEPHANIE

Mom, have you seen my kneepads?
They're not in my bag.

MRS. CHANDLER

No, honey, I haven't. Maybe you
left them in your locker?

She rests her hands on Stephanie's shoulders.

STEPHANIE

But I know I took them home. I
can't go to volleyball practice
without pads.

MRS. CHANDLER

You can go without them for a
day, can't you?

STEPHANIE

I guess, I mean, I'm your only
daughter. You'd never let me
hurt myself.

MRS. CHANDLER

(sighs)

Come eat your breakfast.
Michael's taking you and Adam
to school.

They continue down the beige carpeted steps.

MRS. CHANDLER

I'll pick you up new knee pads
as soon as I get off of work.

MICHAEL'S ROOM

MRS. CHANDLER (O.S)

Michael, get a move on it now.

Michael sits up in bed, rubs his eyes. He yawns as he
stretches, steps out into--

HALLWAY

Grabs a body towel from a linen closet on his way to --

BATHROOM

He splashes water on his face.

FLASHBACK - ONE WEEK AGO

EXT. PRINCIPAL WHITMAN'S HOUSE - Night

TERRY (18) tall, very muscular, has gelled blonde hair and wears a letterman jacket. He stands outside a two-story house.

A black Buick with headlights turned off pulls up next to the curb. Michael hops out the car, walks over to Terry.

MICHAEL

Terry, did you get it?

TERRY

Yeah, it's in my pocket--

He pats his letterman.

TERRY

You get the fish?

Michael pulls a paper wrapped fish fillet from his pocket.

TERRY

Where's Lee? Don't tell me he chickened out.

MICHAEL

Relax, he called and said he's already inside.

LEE (17) tan complexion, short jet-black hair, very thin frame, wears stylish silver eyeglasses. He falls backward out of a first floor window holding something in his arms.

He dashes across a lawn to the others. At second glance, a silver-ish gray cat, SNUGGLES, clings to his arms. It reaches up, swipes at Lee's chin.

LEE

(flinching)

Ouch! Damn, Mike, why the hell do I have to get the fur ball?

He places the cat on the lawn and holds it still.

MICHAEL

Simple, you're the youngest.

Terry ruffles up Lee's hair.

TERRY

Get used to it baby boy.

LEE

Which suspension is this
retaliation for?

MICHAEL

Remember I did Whitman a favor
and cleaned his pool.

TERRY

Not much of a favor when you
leave the excessive chlorine in
the pool.

LEE

Oh yeah. Alright, let's get
this over with.

MICHAEL

Terry, laxative.

Terry shuffles through his pocket, pulls out a small,
transparent, orange bottle, hands it to Michael who pops the
cap and stuffs a few tablets in the raw fish.

Lee moves Snuggles closer to the fish.

MICHAEL

Make sure he eats it all. I'll
stand watch.

LAWN

He makes his way to the side of Principal Whitman's house.

INT. NEIGHBORING HOUSE - NIGHT

A light from the house next door flickers on. Michael ducks
behind hedges.

In the window, STACEY (17) auburn hair, green eyes, sandy
complexion, curvy, and average height, appears.

She turns away from Michael, twists her hair into a long

braid.

EXT. PRINCIPAL WHITMAN'S HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

Michael leans forward. Wide eyed he stares at Stacey who wears nothing but a white gown.

A hand falls onto Michael's shoulder. He flinches.

TERRY

Mike, let's go, man.

MICHAEL

Huh? Yeah, give me a second.

Behind them Lee climbs out of a window. He pauses, raises his arms and sniffs his pits. His face scrunches.

LEE

Why are you two just standing around?

He places his arms around Michael and Terry's shoulders.

LEE

(sniffing)
Something smells funny.

TERRY

(gagging)
It's you. Get off me, man--

He pushes Lee away.

TERRY

--That cat pissed on you.

He looks down and groans. The lower left side of his jacket is damp.

Michael taps Lee, points to Stacey's house.

MICHAEL

Who's that?

LEE

Stacey Martinez. She moved in a few of days ago.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Loud knocks echoes through the bathroom door.

STEPHANIE (O.S)
You're taking all day, Mike!

Michael pokes his head out from behind a shower curtain.

MICHAEL
I'll be down in a minute.

He turns off the water, steps out the tub.

STEPHANIE (O.S)
Terry's waiting on you too.

KITCHEN

Terry sits at the table eating a piece of toast.

Stephanie enters, leans against a countertop with her arms folded.

Steps thunder in the background. Adam appears soon after.

TERRY
Adam, what's up, little man?

He gives Adam a low five.

TERRY
You ever get that drum set you wanted?

He drums his hands in the air.

ADAM
Nah, I got something better.

TERRY
What is it?

ADAM
Okay, check this out.

He pulls a two foot long python from his backpack.

TERRY

Whoa.

He extends his arms; Adam puts the snake in Terry's hands. It slithers around his wrist.

ADAM

I got him yesterday, his name's Chomper.

STEPHANIE

(Muttering)

Boys, all excited over a disgusting creature.

She rolls her eyes, turns to see Mrs. Chandler darts in from the living room. She picks up a briefcase from the countertop.

MRS. CHANDLER

Adam, no pets at the table when you're eating.

ADAM

But I'm not eating.

MRS. CHANDLER

Put it away ... Good morning, Terry.

TERRY

Morning, Mrs. Chandler, you look radiant.

MRS. CHANDLER

You're sweet, thank you.

She kisses Terry's forehead.

TERRY

Mrs. C, where is Mr. C?

MRS. CHANDLER

Oh, you know Eric. One day he's in Chicago, next he's somewhere in the Rockies.

She moves toward the door as Michael strolls into the kitchen adjusting his clothes.

MRS. CHANDLER

I'll see you all later.

She glances at kitchen clock.

MRS. CHANDLER
--Have a nice day.

She leaves out the side door.

MICHAEL
Everybody ready?

He bumps his knuckles against Terry's.

TERRY
Yeah, man, let's go.

STEPHANIE
It's about time. One of us
actually likes to be punctual.

She rolls her eyes she leaves the kitchen with her arms folded.

Adam walks up to Michael, whispers.

ADAM
Can you drop me off at the
store by my school? See there's
this girl, Sonya, and...

TERRY
L'il Casanova Adam.

MICHAEL
(laughs)
Okay, squirt.

He ruffles Adam's hair, nudges him out the kitchen.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

Michael and Terry walk up to the Buick one behind the other.
Stephanie and Adam are already in the backseat.

CORNOR STORE

They stop and Adam hops out the car. A cute girl, same age as
him, greets him with a hug.

ST. AUGUSTINE HIGH SCHOOL

Stephanie steps the car, flings the door shut behind her and briskly joins a trio of girls dressed the same as her in a plaid skirt and white blouse.

They turn to Buick. Terry waves, the girls giggle then walk away.

EXT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot's full of cars and teens chatting and goofing around.

Michael and Terry hop out the car. Terry carries a single book.

TERRY

You coming to the game tonight?

MICHAEL

Maybe, why?

He walks around to the trunk, pops it open, withdraws a backpack.

TERRY

I'm playing and it's the crosstown classic against Truman. You have to go.

Michael and Terry continue toward a high school so large it could be mistaken for a college campus.

SOUTH END OF COURTYARD

Just past the parking lot, AMBER (18) busty, golden haired, long legged, athletic build, chats with Stacey on a stone bench.

Amber turns the boys' direction, smiles. She rises, continues toward Terry with a bouncy stride in her walk. Stacey follows.

AMBER

Hey guys.

She leaps onto Terry wrapping her legs around his waist, throwing her arms over his shoulders and kisses him.

TERRY

Hey, babe, what's new?

AMBER

I want to introduce you to
Stacey. She just transferred
from Coney High in Marionville.

Amber still in his arms, Terry turns a bit, looks Stacey over.

TERRY

(nods)

Hey.

AMBER

Stacey, this is my boyfriend
Terry--

Terry kisses Amber again then puts her down and wraps his arms
around hips from behind.

Amber pinches Michael's cheek.

AMBER

--And the devilishly handsome
guy to my right is his best
friend, Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey.

STACEY

Nice to meet you. Amber told me
all about you guys all last
night.

TERRY

Really, she tell you about that
one time in her hot tub ...

Amber kicks Terry's shin. He bites his lip.

Stacy holds in a laugh.

MICHAEL

How'd you end up here in
Barlow?

STACEY

My dad's job.

She bats her eye at Michael as she smiles.

AMBER

(to Michael)

I'm throwing a costume party at the old Slater house. I trust you'll be there.

MICHAEL

But that place is burned out.

AMBER

Not anymore. My dad bought the place, fixed the place up and letting me use it tomorrow.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'll think--

TERRY

--Don't think, just be there.

STACEY

I'll even save you a dance.

Michael stares at Stacey and then turns to Amber.

MICHAEL

Okay.

EAST END OF COURTYARD

KRISTEN (17) almond shaped eyes, raven black hair, short, petite, wears a plaid skirt, black heels and white blouse with the sleeves rolled up talks to Lee.

SOUTH END OF COURTYARD

Amber squints across the courtyard, taps Terry.

AMBER

Look who Lee's talking to.

They all watch Lee.

MICHAEL

Chad's going to kill him.

He starts toward Lee but Terry throws his arm up, blocks him.

TERRY

Chill.

EAST END OF COURTYARD

LEE

I heard you and Chad split. You miss him?

Chewing a piece of gum, Kristen blows a bubble, pops it, and continues chewing.

KRISTEN

It's hard to miss someone who's never around.

Lee moves closer, grins from the left corner his mouth.

LEE

I don't think I could ever spend enough time with you.

KRISTEN

Is that right?

LEE

Yeah, if we were dating.

Kristen smiles, stares into Lee's eyes, as she gropes a finger on his chest.

KRISTEN

Flatter all you want, but do you know how to treat a girl?

LEE

Come to my friend's party with me and find out.

Kristen moves her hand up to Lee's ear, strokes her finger over it.

Lee shutters, an uneasy smile breaks across his lips.

KRISTEN

Hmmm, what time?

LEE

Seven. We can have a party of our own afterwards--

He puts his hands on Kristen's waist, pulls her closer. She

laughs, runs her thumb across a dimple on Lee's cheek.

KRISTEN

You got guts approaching me
like this when you know what
Chad will do to you.

LEE

You're worth the risk.

Kristen leans forward, presses her cheek to Lee's as she
whispers in his ear.

KRISTEN

His friends might be watching.
Do me a favor and play along.

LEE

I'm game.

KRISTEN

Put your hands on my ass.

Her lips graze Lee's cheek as she puts his hands on her butt.
She pushes him away immediately afterward.

KRISTEN

(loud)

Perve, do I look like some sort
of slut to you?

LEE

Excuse me I only said what we
were both thinking.

Kristen slaps him across the face.

KRISTEN

Don't ever speak to me, perve.

She kicks Lee in the shin, blows him a kiss, walks away.

Lee hops in place holding his leg.

LEE

I'll call you tonight, babe.

Kristen flicks her middle finger in the air at Lee as he
shakes his leg out and limps away.

LEE
Oh yeah, she digs me.

SOUTH END OF COURTYARD

STACEY
Awe, poor guy.

TERRY
At least he got to grab her
ass.

AMBER
Don't be a jerk, Terry.

She jams her elbow into Terry's gut, steps forward.

AMBER
(shouting)
Lee, come here.

Lee limps over to her. One side of his face is bright pink.

Amber embraces him, lays his head on her chest, pats his back.

LEE
How's it hanging, guys?

Terry lifts Lee's head, turns it to the other side. Lee knocks his hands away.

TERRY
What a wonderful glow. Too bad
the other side doesn't match.

LEE
(grinning)
Oh, my face ... how much did you
see?

MICHAEL
Everything.

LEE
Would you believe me and
Kristen were practicing for
drama class?

TERRY
No and forget about here you're

wasting your time.

He wraps his arms around Amber who lets Lee loose but holds on to his hand.

AMBER

(clearing throat)

She's getting over a breakup.
Give her time; she'll come
around to my little guy.

She pinches Lee's cheek.

LEE

Oh she likes me. She said she's
way into hot wax and whips, but
I should've waited till our
first date to mention bondage
and beads.

TERRY

Damn.

AMBER

(blushing)

New topic, have you met my
friend Stacey? She just
transferred from Coney High.

(to Stacey)

This is Lee.

Stacey stares at Lee.

STACEY

You look familiar.

She extends her hand to Lee; he leans over, kisses it.

LEE

Our mothers were college
roommates at USC.

STACEY

So you're the charmer my mom
talked about.

LEE

Charming and cute.

Stacey smirks. Terry lunges forward, smacks the back of Lee's

head.

TERRY
That's enough, Romeo.

A bell rings in the background.

AMBER
We better get going. I don't
want Stacey to be late on her
first day.

She kisses Terry.

AMBER
Bye, babe.

STACEY
Bye, guys.

The boys watch Amber and Stacey walk down a pathway until they
fade into a crowd of bodies.

Michael, Terry and Lee start down a different walkway,
entering --

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - HALLS - DAY

TERRY
(to Michael)
Stacey's a cutie. You know she
had her eye on you, right?

MICHAEL
Sure she did.

TERRY
Trust me if you don't make a
move you'll miss out.

LEE
Maybe she remembers we were
outside of her window last
week?

Down the hall PRINCIPAL WHITMAN (45) dusty brown hair, bulging
belly, wearing a too tight blazer, makes a beeline toward the
boys.

MICHAEL

Of course she doesn't.

TERRY

Hey, Whitman's coming, be cool.

LEE

Man, I'm cooler than the wind
chill in January.

Principal Whitman stops in front Michael.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

If it isn't Mr. Chandler and
his two stooges.

MICHAEL

Good morning, Principal
Whitman.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

You wouldn't have happened to
be around my house last week,
would you?

MICHAEL

No, Sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I came home from a concert to
find my cat had crapped his
guts throughout my house.

Michael and the others faces pucker as they hold in laughter.

TERRY

Interesting, I wonder how that
could've happened.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

My intuition tells me you three
had something to do with it.

TERRY

(mumbles)

My intuition tells me you went
to that concert alone,
butterball.

Principal Whitman frowns and curls his lips as he glances at
Terry.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I was on a date.

LEE

With a girl? Was she one of the
lunch ladies?

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

(agitated)

I have my eye on you three.
Carry on, gentlemen.

Michael, Terry and Lee proceed past Principal Whitman, walk
into a classroom two doors down.

Principal Whitman continues down the hall to --

MAIN OFFICE

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

How dumb do they think I am?

He passes his assistant, MARIE (36) brunette, silver streaks,
wears and dressed in a pale earth tone dress.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Marie, hold my calls for the
next half hour. I've got to
find new carpets.

MARIE

Yes, Mr. Whitman. Your meeting
with the school board director
is at noon though.

Principal Whitman groans as he enters his office.

OUTSIDE MAIN OFFICE

Dr. Reich appears dressed dark clothes and carrying small
black briefcase, he enters--

MAIN OFFICE

DR. REICH

Excuse me, is Alex Whitman in?

MARIE

Mr. Whitman is busy at the

moment.

Dr. Reich leans onto Marie's desk. She looks up, stares into his eyes. Her pupils dilate and her eyelids widen.

A smile forms across her lips.

DR. REICH

I'm sure we can make an exception.

MARIE

Yes, yes, we can. I'll let him know you're here.

Marie stands, her feet drag on the floor as she walks to a door with a large glass at the top covered by blinds, opens it.

WHITMAN'S OFFICE

MARIE

Mr. Whitman, you have a visitor.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN (O.S)

Tell whomever it is I'm busy.

MARIE

It's important, Sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN (O.S)

(sighing)

Send him in.

Marie returns to--

FRONT DESK

MARIE

Mr. Whitman will see you now.

DR. REICH

Thank you.

He kisses Marie's hand. She stares blankly as Dr. Reich walks to Principal Whitman's office.

Once he's out of sight, her eyes flutter, she shakes her head and braces against her desk.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN'S OFFICE

Dr. Reich enters.

Principal Whitman stands.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Good evening, have seat. Now
what can I do for you?

Both of the men sit

DR. REICH
I am Dr. Reich, Dr. Edmund
Reich.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Edmund Reich from Alder High ...
What have you been up to?

DR. REICH
Spent some time in army, became
a biochemist, worked for the
government.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Impressive, spent time in the
navy myself. What brings you
to my school?

DR. REICH
Your students, they have no
spirit, lack moral and lag
behind in state test scores.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Every school has problems, but
we have our strengths too.

DR. REICH
I'm aware your wonderful
facilities. However, spirit and
moral improve academics scores.

Principal Whitman perks up, rests his hand on his chin. He
locks eye with Dr. Reich, they gloss over. He straightens his
postures, lays his hands flat onto the desk.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

You have a point. We must improve state testing scores.

DR. REICH

Arrange a school wide assembly and appoint me as your new academic guidance counselor.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Yes, I'll do that immediately.

DR. REICH

Good. Now shake.

Principal Whitman's hand meets his partway over the desk. Dr. Reich shakes down and the principal's eyes flutter. He looks up at the doctor then down at their hands.

DR. REICH

Alex, you are brilliant. I'll start getting ready for the assembly.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Assembly?

DR. REICH

You made me your new academic guidance counselor. The assembly is to introduce me to the students, remember?

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I did? I mean of course I did.

He thumbs down on an intercom. A wiry screech sounds followed by clarity.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Attention faculty there is a mandatory assembly in 10 minutes in the gymnasium. Please escort your students at this time.

He lets off the intercom.

Dr. Reich sits back, crossed-legged, grinning.

DR. REICH

You've been most helpful, Alex.

INT. MS. JENKINS' CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. JENKINS (30's) lean, short dark hair, dark skin, very attractive, closes a thick book in her hands.

MS. JENKINS

Well, class you heard the principal. Gather your items and follow me.

A flurry of zippers cut the air as students stow textbooks in backpacks. Shoes screech the floor as they all file out.

At the center of the class Lee props his elbow on his desk, palms under his chin.

LEE

(murmuring)

I'd follow you off of a cliff, Ms. Jenkins.

MS. JENKINS

You say something, Lee?

LEE

Huh, no, Ms. Jenkins.

MICHAEL

Give it rest. You wouldn't stand a chance with her even if you were 30.

He picks a backpack off the floor, slings it over his shoulders.

LEE

She just doesn't know she's crazy about me yet. She always leans over my shoulder, brushing up close.

TERRY

That's because she thinks you need help and I don't mean tutoring either.

Michael, Terry and Lee follow the others into the--

HALLWAY

CHAD (18) beefy, thick necked, boorish looking, wavy brown hair, dons a red and white letterman jacket appears in front of the trio.

TERRY
What's up, Chad?

He locks hands with Chad, pats him on the back.

CHAD
Nothing much.

He lets go of Terry, peers behind him at Lee and punches his face.

Lee stumbles back five feet holding his jaw.

The crowd around Chad disperses allowing him a clear path to Lee. He scrunches his face and bites his lip as he meanders through.

Chad grips Lee's shoulders, lifts him to his feet. Michael knocks his hand away, steps between the two of them.

MICHAEL
That's enough. He didn't do anything to you.

He scoots Lee back.

CHAD
I heard this dork made a move on Kristen--

He shoves Michael aside then punches Lee in the kidney hard enough to make him jump two feet in the air.

CHAD
--Coped a feel on her.

Terry wraps Chad up, locks both his arms behind his back.

Michael pulls Lee away.

TERRY
Knock it off.

CHAD

That's exactly what I'm going
to do ... to his head.

He shakes vigorously, Terry sways with every jerk Chad makes.

LEE
(laughing)
We was just fooling, but what's
it to you? She's she not your
girl anymore.

CHAD
That's it, you're dead.

He elbows Terry's guts, breaks his hold then charges at Lee.
He stretches back his arm.

MS. JENKINS (O.S)
Lay another hand on him I'll
have you suspended and thrown
off the football team.

Standing across from the fight she proceeds to remove Chad's
hands from Lee and walks away arm in arm with her student.

CHAD
Next time, dork.

He brushes off his shoulders and struts away.

MS. JENKINS
Lee, are you okay?

She pauses before him, brushes her thumb over his face.

MS. JENKINS
Your eye's swelling. You should
see the nurse, sweetheart.

LEE
I'm alright but I'd feel a lot
better if you kissed my bruise.

Michael snatches Lee by his shirt.

MICHAEL
Thank you, Ms. Jenkins. Me and
Terry can handle him from here.

MS. JENKINS

Maybe I should get him some ice.

TERRY

Lee's a tough squirt. We'll get ice later if it swells up.

MS. JENKINS

Okay, I'll see you boys in the gymnasium.

She walks away leading the other students through the hall.

TERRY

(to Lee)

Sorry about that back there. I should've told you Chad anger management issues.

LEE

Don't be, sorry. This black eye is going to score me some serious sympathy points.

They laugh as they continue down the hallway.

LEE

Hey, what did I tell you guys? Ms. Jenkins, she so wants me.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Amber and Stacey seated near the top of the center bleachers wave down at the boys.

Michael, Terry and Lee climb toward them.

Lee looks past the girls, notices Kristen. She winks, motions him over.

PODIUM

Dr. Reich taps a microphone set shy of center court. His voice booms through the speakers fixed throughout the gymnasium.

DR. REICH

How many of you love free self-expression?

Silence looms over the crowd.

DR. REICH

Nothing wrong with expression,
but a problem arises when it
takes away from your studies.

BLEACHERS

A sea of confused faces stares blankly at Dr. Reich. Whispers
murmur throughout the crowd.

TERRY

What's this windbag getting at?

PODIUM

DR. REICH

Some bad apples, misfits, class
clown, thugs, have disruptive
way of expressing themselves
that impedes others' academics.

BLEACHERS

Terry pauses from kissing Amber, turns to Michael.

TERRY

Misfits? I guess he means
upstanding guys like us too,
Mike.

Michael glares at him, shrugs then focus podium once more. Dr.
Reich's irises fade from green to transparent green to white.
Michael rubs his eyes. Dr. Reich's irises are green again.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

I have full permission to do as
I see fit to improve your
academics and reduce
distractions.

BLEACHERS

STACEY

Was a school wide assembly
really necessary? Why not just
the students who are behind?

She nudges Michael. He flinches, startled.

MICHAEL

Huh, oh sparing embarrassment I guess.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

The best way to boost academics is through spirit. From now on every Friday attendance is optional.

Some applause stirs among the crowd.

DR. REICH

However ipads and concert tickets and other prizes will be raffled to those do attend Friday classes.

A louder applause emanates from the crowd.

BLEACHERS

TERRY

I don't know where this old-head came from but I like him already.

He twirls Amber's hair and blows in her ear.

Michael stares at Dr. Reich, studies his face closely.

MICHAEL

I don't buy it.

He looks to his left then right. Everyone except for Amber, Stacey and Terry has a glossy eyed stare. Generic smiles stretch across their lips.

Michael focuses on Dr. Reich again, who stares back at him.

DR. REICH

I randomly selected five students - Chad Miller, Marcus Hatch, Tiffany Austin, Ashley Burkhardt, and William Jones - who will compose the spirit council responsible for

maintaining spirit and moral.

BLEACHERS

Michael takes his focus off of Dr. Reich, stares at Stacey who gazes adrift at lights in the rafters. She turns to him smiles, returns to daydreaming.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

Would the five individuals I named please approach the podium. Everyone else, have a productive day.

A thunderous shuffle of footsteps echoes through the gymnasium as people disperse from both ends of the bleachers.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - DR. REICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Eight chairs and a large table sit in the middle of a modest office setting. An assortment of finger foods and a large clear bowl of red punch lay out on the table.

Dr. Reich and Yvette stand before Chad and four others.

MARCUS (16) heavy set, messy hair, wears a large sweat shirt, sunglasses atop his head and extra baggy jeans.

TIFFANY (16) short, powdery pale, pierced eyebrow and lip, wears studded hair tie on twisted pony tails, three inch high boots, Goth clothes.

ASHLEY (17) modest, blonde hair tied in a bun, wears white blouse and business formal, black skirt, dons classy glasses.

WILLIAM (17) Tan, auburn haired, average, wears form fitting t-shirt, black jeans and gold necklace with a crucifix.

DR. REICH

Have a seat all of you.

CHAD

What do you want from us, doc?

DR. REICH

I'll explain later. First, help yourselves to some libations.

All five teens shrug then mosey over to the table, partake in a drink and eat from the tray of food.

Chad's lips pucker after he drinks from his cup.

CHAD

W-what's in this stuff?

The cup slips from his hand and he falls to his knees gripping head. The others hit the floor holding their head too.

Their fingertips sprout short, hooked, claws. Screechy cries escape from their mouths as their muscles enlarge.

After the transformation into white eyed with black claws and pinkish skin, they stare blankly at Dr. Reich. He removes from his pocket a crystal bottle filled with purple liquid.

DR. REICH

Take this--

Yvette opens a case with several crystal bottles filled with purple liquid, sets them on the table.

DR. REICH

--Share it with your friends.
Put it in their drinks.

ALL

Yes, doctor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lee presses his back against lockers while Kristen wipes her hand across his swollen eye.

KRISTEN

Chad did this to you?

LEE

Yeah, but I'm fine.

KRISTEN

He can be so jealous.

She kisses him.

LEE

I know. I've got the bump on my
eye to prove it ... Kristen,

why act earlier?

KRISTEN

I was trying to protect you.

She rests her hands on his chest, brings her face close to his.

LEE

That's fair I guess. Are you going to the Homecoming game tonight?

KRISTEN

That depends if you're taking me.

LEE

Hell yeah, I mean, I'll pick you up at six.

(pause)

My face is killing me.

Kristen kisses his cheek, runs her finger over his lips.

KRISTEN

(softly)

I can fix that. Meet me at my car in fifteen minutes.

She gently pushes away and walks toward in exit down the hall.

A hand slaps Lee's arm. He spins and sees Michael, Terry, Amber, and Stacey come to view.

TERRY

(grinning)

Hey, buddy.

LEE

Hey, guys, sorry but I have to do something. I'll catch up with you later at the game.

He scurries away. Within seconds he's out of sight.

TERRY

That dog.

AMBER

My little boy's all grown up.

MICHAEL

Well someone had to say yes to him eventually.

AMBER

Michael, you and Terry should make sure Chad doesn't kill him when he finds out.

MICHAEL

Chad already knows. He won't do anything ... I think.

Terry puts an arm around Amber.

TERRY

I'm hungry. Let's grab a bite.

He and Amber start down the same path Lee ran.

AMBER (O.S)

You want to come, Stacey?

STACEY

You go ahead. I'll catch up.
(to Michael)
You want to eat with us?

MICHAEL

I got to get to English--

Stacey stares toward the floor, pouts.

MICHAEL

--but I'll walk you to the cafeteria.

A coy smile spreads across Stacey's lips as she looks up.

They walk side by side slowly.

STACEY

I saw you outside of my window last week.

MICHAEL

(defensively)
I wasn't peeping on you.

STACEY
(grinning)
Okay, so what you were doing?

MICHAEL
Honestly?

Stacey nods.

MICHAEL
I was pranking Whitman.

STACEY
Why?

MICHAEL
He kicked me off the school
newspaper and suspended me.

STACEY
I have a feeling there's more
to it than that.

MICHAEL
I saw trying on women's clothes
downtown with a super older
woman, probably his mom. So I
took some pics then ran them in
the paper.

STACEY
That's a little mean.

MICHAEL
Look here.

He takes out a mobile phone, presses a button, and then shows
the screen to Stacey.

STACEY
He doesn't look half bad.

Michael looks at the phone.

MICHAEL
For a man with skinny chicken
legs, he doesn't, does he?

He pauses, rubs the back of his neck.

MICHAEL

You and Amber seem close.

STACEY

Yeah, we were best friends when we were little.

MICHAEL

(shyly)

Do have a date for her party?

STACEY

No, I don't but I think it'll still be fun.

MICHAEL

(Nervously)

You can go with me.

They stop in the middle of a crossway.

STACEY

Pick up tomorrow at seven if this is your way of asking me out.

A smirk stretches across Michael's lips as he scratches his neck. He looks left from the crossway into the cafeteria.

MICHAEL

Amber's probably waiting on you. See you at the game tonight.

He turns away.

STACEY

Wait.

She spins him, kisses his cheek.

Michael backpedals, hand on his cheek. He stares at Stacey as she fades into the crowded cafeteria.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Michael enters into the room. Upon his arrival, the gray haired professor gives him a note. Michael back out into--

HALLWAY

Michael notices Ashley pacing back and forth outside Dr. Reich's office.

She stops abruptly, enters inside leaving the door slightly ajar.

Michael tiptoes up, peeks inside--

DR. REICH'S OFFICE

Marcus, William and Ashley stand forebodingly behind three seated football players.

Dr. Reich steps in front of the players.

DR. REICH

Boys, do you like picking on weaklings, science geeks in particular?

PLAYER 1

Maybe. What's it to you?

DR. REICH

With all that effort you put into hazing it's no wonder you lose half your games.

PLAYER 2

What do you know about football? You're just an old nerd yourself.

DR. REICH

I know I can guarantee you a win tonight and for many games to come.

PLAYER 1

Bullshit. You got magic spell or something?

Dr. Reich reveals a crystal bottle filled with purple liquid.

DR. REICH

Yes, and this is it. One drop, you'll be unbeatable.

PLAYER 3

He's loony. Let's get the hell
out of here.

They rise, start to the door.

Marcus, William and Ashley spring in front of the players.

William shoves two of the players down onto the seats. His
eyes glow white as he transforms.

Marcus shoves the third player onto the last seat then he and
Ashley morph as well.

Marcus punches Player 1, who falls flat on his backside, chair
and all.

The remaining football players stare back and forth between
the beastly looking students.

DR. REICH

If you don't cooperate you'll
make them upset.

PLAYER 2

You're all freaks.

DR. REICH

(to William)

Hold his mouth open.

William holds Player 2's arms behind his back.

Ashley yanks his head back, squeezes his cheeks till his mouth
opens.

PLAYER 2

(panicking)

No, stop it you, freaks.

A drop of purple liquid falls into his mouth.

DR. REICH

There, there, it's almost over.

Player 2 clinches his sides as he groans. His skin changes a
pale pink his eyes gloss over white.

DR. REICH

Don't worry, the pain will end.

PLAYER 3

Hey, man, you alright?

Dr. Reich turns to Player 3, lifts the small, crystal bottle up.

DR. REICH

He's fine. Now it's your turn.

HALLWAY

Michael shies away from Dr. Reich's Office, gathers some distance then sprints around a corner to --

MAIN OFFICE

He storms past Marie and into--

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN'S OFFICE

Michael stands at the doorway shaking with one hand on his chest, the other on the knob.

Principal Whitman jerks his head up.

MICHAEL

(rapidly)

Principal Whitman, come with me
right now.

He approaches the desk, leans onto it.

Principal Whitman stands, stares at Michael queerly.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

What's wrong with you, barging
into my office like a bat out
of hell?

MICHAEL

Dr. Reich, he's doing some
twisted experiment to students.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Calm down, boy. Take a breath.
Now, what's Dr. Reich doing?

MICHAEL

He's mutating kids somehow

skin, tooth and nail.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Are you on drugs?

MICHAEL
I know what I saw. He used a
purple liquid to mutate them.
Come with me, I'll show you.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
If it makes you feel any better
lead the way.

EXT. DR. REICH'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Here we are. Show me what you
were talking about.

Michael opens the door.

INT. DR. REICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside three football players sit with notebook and pen in
hand.

DR. REICH
Carbon has six electrons in its
outer shell. This means it can
easily form compound and ionic
bonds with any other element.

He turns toward the doorway

DR. REICH
Nice of you to stop by,
Principal Whitman. These boys
needed help with chemistry so I
volunteered my services.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN
Oh, I'm sorry I disturbed your
tutoring. Please continue.

He bows out of the room, closes the door as he and Michael
leave.

MICHAEL
That was a cover up. I know

what I saw earlier was real.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Is this another practical joke?
Everything is all fun and games
to you.

MICHAEL

I'm telling you the truth, Sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

That's enough. Go to the main
office. Your mother called just
before you dragged me away.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

Chandler stands at the center of a rustic conference room. At
a table before him sit three individuals:

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE GONZALEZZ (58) has a gray buzz cut hair,
stocky build, saggy cheeks and wears a dark green suit.

AGENT WALSH (53) balding, very thin, and narrow faced has a
full gray goatee.

AGENT NIXON (late 48) dark, has slate gray eyes, square jawed,
a very plump man.

WALSH

Eric, you'd better have a good
reason why we lost three
agents.

CHANDLER

Dr. Reich got away, Sir.

S.D GONZALEZ

(escalating)

Well Obviously. How did he
manage to escape when you had
six months preparation?

WALSH

Calm down, Mr. Secretary, let's
hear what he has to say.

CHANDLER

We all knew the risks going
into the mission, Sir. Certain

variables caught us off guard.

S.D GONZALEZ

Inexcusable. You were trained to combat every circumstance.

CHANDLER

Project Med 7 had a different effect on Dr. Reich. He didn't undergo the same mutations as others.

NIXON

What were his effects?

He clasps his hands together and leans forward.

CHANDLER

Mind control, he became telepathically linked with everything that ingested the drug including people.

INSERT: MANILA FOLDER

It's open to papers and pictures of various individuals.

MEETING ROOM

CHANDLER

Several cases show similar results. They're all currently dead or missing. Journal excerpts left behind indicate he intends to force the drug on a mass of people.

S.D GONZALEZ

What does this mean for us here in Washington?

CHANDLER

I don't have an answer to that currently. However, each town we've tracked him in thus far leads closer to Washington.

S.D GONZALEZ

I see. We have reports of missing persons and suspicious

deaths from Newark to
Baltimore.

CHANDLER

Mr. Secretary, I know where
he's going. Let me head this
mission. I won't fail again.

S.D GONZALEZ

Permission granted.

WALSH

Whom do you want to accompany
you?

CHANDLER

I prefer to go this alone to
draw less attention if you
don't mind, Sir.

NIXON

Where do you expect he'll be?

CHANDLER

Barlow, Virginia.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Michael stands at a desk, landline phone to his ear.

MICHAEL

Mom, I'm glad you...

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Chandler stands at an open filing cabinet, papers in hand
mobile phone held between her ear and shoulder.

MRS. CHANDLER

Sorry, honey, I don't have much
time to talk. You remember I
said pick up your brother
sister, right?

INTERCUT BETWEEN MICHAEL AND MRS. CHANDLER

MICHAEL

Huh? Yeah but, mom, students
are starting to act different...

MRS. CHANDLER
That's good and all, Michael. I
just wanted to give you a
reminder.

MICHAEL
You're not listening. Weird
stuff is happening here.

MRS. CHANDLER
(sighs)
I don't have time for your
stories right now. Just don't
forget your brother and sister
again. Got to go--

She blows a kiss through the phone.

MICHAEL
--Mom, wait.

MRS. CHANDLER
Love you, bye.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

A large set of headphones rests on Lee's ears. He bobs his
head to blaring music as he nears a set of double doors. A
figure steps between him and the exit.

LEE
(singing)
I can't wait, can't wait; I
can't wait, no, I can't wait.

He bumps into the figure, looks up and recognizes Chad.

LEE
Chad, I'd really appreciate it
if you spared my face.

CHAD
I'm not here to fight.

He puts his hand on Lee's shoulder

LEE
Then what is it?

CHAD

I want to apologize. I'm glad
Kristen found a nice guy.

LEE
You're telling me this, why?

CHAD
(snidely)
Take care of yourself.

He starts to walk away, pauses then turns.

CHAD
If you mistreat her at all you
can forget about prom because
you won't even see Christmas.

Chad's eyes gloss over white. He blinks, they're brown again.

INT. KRISTEN'S CAR - DAY

Kristen brushes a nail filer over her fingertips.

The passenger side door opens.

Lee steps in and Kristen kisses him. He halts her.

She looks down at his shaking hands.

KRISTEN
What's wrong?

LEE
A funny thing happened to me.

Kristen takes his hand puts it on her thigh.

LEE
I bumped into Chad and, and he
was acting weird.

KRISTEN
Weird how?

LEE
He passed up a perfect chance
to rearrange my face.

KRISTEN
(laughing)

I don't understand why you're shaken up then.

LEE

It's just his eyes. They--

He pauses, stares at Kristen's hand atop of his, and then into her brown eyes. They kiss.

LEE

Nevermind.

The car speeds off.

INT. BARLOW HIGH FOOTBALL STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

In the background faint cheers roar as pep band music plays.

COACH RATLIFF (late 30's) bronze skinned, muscular, has a receding hairline, tucks clipboard under his arm.

Football players in red and black uniforms kneel around the coach.

Three players toward the back discreetly pour a crystal bottle full of purple liquid into a water cooler.

COACH RATLIFF

Tonight we face the two time
defending state champions
Truman High. Beat them and
we're playoff bound.

He raises his fist high. All the players follow his lead.

COACH RATLIFF

Bring it up. On three,
Buffaloes, one, two, three--

EVERYONE

(shouting)
Buffaloes!

COACH RATLIFF

Get out there and kick some
Truman ass!

Players hoot and shout as they slap their shoulder and thigh pads and stomp their cleats while marching out the locker room, through a tunnel, to--

INT. BARLOW HIGH FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Spectators pack a horse shoe shaped stadium. They scream and twirl towels in the air as the Barlow High Buffaloes take to the playing field.

The majority of the crowd dressed in red and black attire screams "Go, Buffaloes". A smaller portion clad in blue and gold scream "Go, Tigers".

COMMENTATOR

Ladies and gents please welcome
your Barlow High Buffaloes!

The red and black Buffaloes stampede from the tunnel onto the field where the pep band plays on either side of them.

Soon after the teams line up on their ends of the field the spectators jump to their feet and erupt with cheer as the football is kicked off.

The teams exchange a quick pair of touchdowns knotting the score at 14. From then on game becomes a defensive battle.

Hard hits from both teams during the second quarter resulted in several players, mostly from the Tigers' side, either concussed on the sideline or carried off on a stretcher.

The players withdraw toward the tunnel for halftime. The first half of play ends tied.

Barlow's players jump up and down excited while the Truman players sloth off the field exasperate.

STANDS - LATER

A game clock on a scoreboard in the background reads 9:32 minutes in the third quarter.

Michael, Stacey, and Amber sit toward the bottom of the stands close to the Barlow players' bench.

They watch the Buffalos' offensive come to life and march the football 45-yard-line.

Lee and Kristen climb the stands, shuffle toward Michael and the girls.

LEE

Hey, guys.

They settle on the side by Michael.

KRISTEN

What'd we miss?

MICHAEL

Nothing much.

AMBER

What took you two so long?

A roar grows louder from the stands. Everyone rises to their feet and cheer as Barlow player #39 breaks a tackle and dashes into the open.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

(booming)

To the 50, to the 40, to the 30! Amazing 25 yard run into the open by Terry Foster!

Amber jumps up pumping her fist in the air.

AMBER

(screaming)

Go Terry! Did you see him?
Did you see him? That's, my
man! Go Terry!

Terry waves toward the stands. Amber blows a kiss.

LEE

They been playing like this the whole time?

STACEY

Yeah, for the most part,
they're pretty good.

LEE

(low)

Mike, I bumped into Chad.

MICHAEL

So he hit you again. I'll deal with him.

LEE

That's just it, he didn't. Then
his eyes glowed white.

Michael stares wide-eyed at Lee, pulls him closer.

MICHAEL

(low)

I saw what you saw inside the
new counselor's office.

LEE

That's freaky.

MICHAEL

You don't even know the whole
story but ever since Dr. Reich
got here people different

LEE

You sure he's the reason?

MICHAEL

When I walked past his office I
saw him change three football
players into white eyed freaks
with a purple liquid.

LEE

Maybe it turned them into studs
on the field.

MICHAEL

No, they were like his freakish
puppets, three of those Spirit
Council kids too.

A faint rumble grows to deafening roar as the crowd cheers.

Michael and Lee stand, look toward the field.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

(booming)

Diving end zone catch made by
Tommie Edwards. Touchdown
Buffaloes.

MONTAGE

- The Buffaloes kick the ball off.

- Their kickoff team tears through Tiger blockers and crush the ball carrier on the 10-yard-line.
- Helmets fly off Truman offensive linemen knocked to the ground, Barlow players sack the Truman quarterback.
- A Barlow free safety spears a Truman receiver in midair; he drops the ball and clinches his sides.
- Two plays later a Barlow plows the Truman quarterback into the field. He lies on the ground motionless till EMT's help him off the field.

END MONTAGE

STANDS

LEE

That's the second ambulance so far.

MICHAEL

Actually, it's the third. The first came three minutes after kickoff.

The Barlow Buffaloes continue to the Truman Tigers offensively and defensively.

During the closing minutes of the fourth quarter, the Buffaloes tack on seven more points.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

That's the game, folks. Barlow Buffaloes 42 and the Truman Tiger 14.

AMBER

I'm going to wait for Terry outside the locker room.

She rises and shuffles to the steps.

STACEY

I'll come with you.

She turns to Michael, gives him a gesture.

MICHAEL

Be there in two seconds.

STACEY

Ok.

MICHAEL

(to Lee)

I feel like something's going on.

LEE

I know but in the meantime, we got to celebrate beating the state champs.

He takes Kristen by her hand.

LEE

Meet us at Sergio's. We'll save a table.

He pats Michael's shoulder.

INT. SERGIO'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Guests, mostly teenagers, fill the pizzeria with vibrant chatter and laughter.

Off to the side, at a long rectangular table, Kristen feeds a breadstick to Lee.

The door flies open, Terry enters with his arm around Amber.

Other guests look up and cheer as Terry and Amber make their way through. Michael and Stacey walk close behind.

Each of them takes a spot at the table with Lee and Kristen.

AMBER

Terry, you were amazing.

STACEY

You guys were unreal.

KRISTEN

If you played like that every game, you'd be number one in the state instead of Truman.

MICHAEL

Upset of the year by far.

What'd you do different?

TERRY

(laughing)

Win... Honestly, I don't know. I got to the field and a high rushed through me.

A waitress, GABRIELLE (23) curly, raven hair, athletic build, cute, walks over to the gang's table, an extra-large pizza and plates in hand. She sets them on the middle of the table.

GABRIELLE

One extra-large supreme with extra pepperoni. You guys need anything else?

LEE

I think we're fine, thanks.

Gabrielle nods, tends to another table.

They all dig in, load up a plate.

As they eat, everyone focuses on Lee who makes a gesture that gets them all to clinch their side, burst out cackling.

ENTRANCE

Four stocky Truman players in letterman jackets barge in. Quickly, they descend upon Michael and the others.

TABLE

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

Foster, we got a score to settle!

TERRY

What?

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

Three of our guys are in the ER because of you cheaters.

TERRY

It wasn't intentional, just the way the game went.

The Truman players shake their heads and pop their knuckles.

Michael springs up, stands between Terry and the Truman players.

MICHAEL

Guys, you heard him. So if you didn't come for a bite then...

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

(agitated)

Then what... you gonna do something?

He steps closer, pokes Michael's chest.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

You wanna fight me?

Michael grits his teeth and flexes his hands as he stares at him.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

Like I thought, you're too chicken-shit.

TRUMAN PLAYER 2

He ain't got any balls. Just a chump like his friend.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

Step aside, pencil neck.

MICHAEL

You're not laying a finger on him.

Truman Player 1 hoots hysterically. He shies away briefly, does a quick turn to his teammates, and then punches Michael in the face.

Terry punches Truman Player 1 in the gut then shoves him to the ground.

Lee leaps on Truman Player 2's back, wraps his arms tight around his neck. The two spin circles until they crash to the floor.

Amber and Stacey jump back from the table away from the fight. Other pizzeria customers disperse as well.

Gabrielle springboards off a chair, comes down smashing a pizza tray over Truman Player 4's head repeatedly. He crumples to the floor.

Next she pulls Truman Player 3 off of Michael, slams his face into a bowl of pasta and lastly delivers a gut curdling knee thrust.

A few feet away Lee dodges Truman Player 4's wide arching punches by running round a table.

Kristen gingerly approaches them, extends her foot the Truman player runs past her. He trips and clunks his head on a chair.

Lee reproaches him and kicks him in the face.

KRISTEN

You're welcome.

LEE

(smiling)

I would've beat him...
eventually.

At the center of the pizzeria, Terry and Truman Player 1 slugging blows, neither yields to the other.

Truman Player 1 connects with a kidney punch. Panting, he wipes blood from his lip.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

I'm going to break you limb
from limb.

He reaches for Terry but his progression stops.

Gabrielle yanks back on Truman Player 1's head, presses a pizza cutter to his neck.

GABRIELLE

I'll say this once, leave on
your feet or leave on a
stretcher.

The other Truman players stagger to their feet. Gabrielle stares them down then shoves Truman Player 1 their direction.

TRUMAN PLAYER 2

(fearful)

We're out of here. That bitch

is crazy!

All four Truman Players limp out of the restaurant.

Gabrielle helps Terry up.

TERRY

Thanks for the help. I owe
you.

The white of Gabriele's eyes glow slightly.

GABRIELLE

You don't owe me anything.
Consider this a favor.

MICHAEL (O.S)

Terry--

He and the others step toward the entrance.

MICHAEL

--We're about to go.

TERRY

Right behind you.
(to Gabrielle)
Thank you.

He shakes her hand, walks to the entrance. He pauses; glances
back at her then leaves.

GABRIELLE

(softly)
Be careful, kid.

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - DAY

The front door squeaks open, Chandler slides inside, closes it
softly behind him.

He tiptoes upstairs then creeps down the hallway to--

MASTER BEDROOM

Mrs. Chandler lies asleep. Chandler approaches the bedside,
leans over kisses her pouty lips.

She rolls over, her eyes flutter open.

MRS. CHANDLER

Hey, baby.

Chandler slips off his shoes, sit on the bed.

CHANDLER

Look.

He pulls his arm from behind his back, reveals a bouquet of daisies and tulips

MRS. CHANDLER

They're beautiful. Thank you.

She takes the flowers then hugs and kisses him.

CHANDLER

Nina, I know we don't see each
moth as much as you'd like so I
think--

He peals the comforter.

CHANDLER

--We should make the most out
of right now.

Chandler kisses Mrs. Chandler passionately. He then slides underneath the comforter while she rips his shirt open.

KNOCKING raps at the door, it opens. Adam steps partway in.

ADAM

Mom, have you seen my sna... Dad?

Adam notices only a comforter rests between him and his nude parents. He yelps.

CHANDLER

Hey, son.

ADAM

Sorry, I didn't know-- I'm just
going to go.

He quickly leaves. His steps thunder away in the background.

KITCHEN

Adam strolls into slapping his cheeks.

Stephanie sits at the table with a textbook and notebook spread open atop it.

STEPHANIE
What's wrong with you?

ADAM
Do you really want to know?

STEPHANIE
Nope, but I'm sure you'll tell me anyway.

ADAM
Hardy har. Dad's home. I walked in on him and mom... in bed.

He shivers and shakes his head.

STEPHANIE
Gross. Sorry I asked.

ADAM
My eyes feel so violated.

Stephanie gathers the books.

STEPHANIE
My dear, little brother, you're funny when you're stressed.

She ruffles his hair, grins as she walks away.

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael speeds down the staircase dressed in a Sherlock Holmes costume, wizzes past Mrs. Chandler lying on a living room sofa and yanks the front door open.

MICHAEL
Bye, Mom, I'll be back at 1.

EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He walks up steps leading to an ivory and red house then presses the doorbell.

Stacey soon appears at the doorway in a long green and gold,

Victorian dress. Glitter sprinkles her face and emerald eye shadow covers her up eyelids.

MICHAEL

Wow.

STACEY

You going to stand there and stare or walk me to the car?

MICHAEL

Oh, right.

They make their way inside--

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

STACEY

Can I tell you something?

MICHAEL

(queerly)

Yeah.

STACEY

I wasn't sure what to make of you when I first saw you but then I talked to Amber.

MICHAEL

(uneasy)

Oh. That's, that's good.

STACEY

Nope. She agrees you're not usually the type I fall for, but after meeting you I don't know.

Michael raises an eyebrow.

MICHAEL

Maybe now you're using better judgment after having met me.

INT. SLATER HOUSE - NIGHT

At the far side of the room a live band plays funk music that blares out from several large speakers.

People, in a wide array of costumes, dance at the center of a large ballroom.

Amber, who wears a ton of gold fabric, jewelry, and a fancy Egyptian head piece, spots Michael and Stacey as they enter and quickly approaches.

AMBER

(elated)

Stacey.

(to Michael)

You don't mind if I steal her
for a minute, thanks.

Stacey glances back at Michael as Amber drags her away.

A wall of dancing bodies seals the girls from his view.

MICHAEL

(grumbling)

Absolutely, go right ahead.

As he sighs he bumps into Lee and Kristen whom are dressed in some sort 1920's costumes.

LEE

(excited)

Mike, is this party wild or
what?

Kristen runs her finger along the rim of Michael's bowler hat.

KRISTEN

Nice costume.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Who are you two
supposed to be?

LEE

(Texas drawl)

I'm Clyde Barrow and this here is
Bonnie Parker.

MICHAEL

(grinning)

Very nice. You seen Terry
around?

Kristen points to tables topped with finger foods and drinks.

KRISTEN

Over there probably spiking the punch.

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

He pats Lee's back as he brushes past him and Kristen to join Terry.

MICHAEL

(snickers)

Is that a skirt?

TERRY

I don't know. Amber wanted me to be Julius Caesar.

He sits on a nearby armchair, presses a hand to his temple. Michael follows, settles on an adjacent sofa.

MICHAEL

You don't look so good.

TERRY

I haven't felt like myself lately. I've been hearing a voice in my head since last night.

Michael scratches his chin then quickly snaps his fingers.

MICHAEL

Did you drink the Gatorade?

TERRY

I'm serious, Mike, it keeps saying the time approaches.

Michael scoots closer to Terry.

MICHAEL

I'm serious too. Did you see anyone pour anything extra in the Gatorade cooler yesterday?

TERRY

I can't remember. I just know I felt different after the game.

Michael leans back, continues staring at Terry. Suddenly Stacey catches his attention from the dance floor as she shoos away a guy in a Phantom of the Opera suit leaving her and Amber to themselves.

Amber leans forward, talks into Stacey's ear, they nod and she walks away.

Michael over at Terry once more and sees him withdraw a glass pint of dark liquor bottle from his toga. Terry takes a swing of it then offers it to Michael.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Give me a minute. I'll be back.

The band plays a slow song. Couples pair up with their hands around each other's shoulder or hips.

Michael appears bowed before Stacey, with extended hand.

MICHAEL

Care to dance?

She takes his hand. They wrap their arms around one another.

STACEY

Michael--

He puts his finger to her lips.

MICHAEL

--I'll take that dance you saved me. Let's enjoy it before Amber steals you away again.

BASEMENT

Dr. Reich, Yvette and couple dozen teens, including Chad, Marcus, Ashley, William and Tiffany including huddle together.

DR. REICH

It's time. Extend a greeting to our guests.

BALLROOM

Dr. Reich's costumed teens meld into the crowd. Several of

them carry a small crystal bottle.

Tiffany mixes a purple liquid into punch bowls.

William slithers around, slips drops of the purple liquid into people's drinks.

On the far end of the dance floor Kristen lays her head on Lee's shoulder during a slow dance.

LEE

I still can't believe you're here with me.

KRISTEN

I guess I got tired of same old complete asshole type.

LEE

Oh, good thing I'm only a part-time asshole.

KRISTEN

(smiling)

And you're funny and nice.

LEE

Cute and charming.

KRISTEN

(giggles)

Yeah, and that too.

She buries her face closer to Lee's neck, exhales heavily.

LEE

You thirsty? I'm thirsty. I'll get us some punch.

He forces a coy smile as he walks away.

KRISTEN (O.S)

Don't keep me waiting.

Just as Lee approaches the snack tables, something jerks him aside.

ASHLEY

Hi, Lee.

Lee's eyes shift focus from Ashley, who smiles menacingly, to Kristen dancing alone and then to the snack tables.

LEE

Oh, Ashley, um hi. E-excuse me.

He starts toward the tables again. Ashley steps in front of him, backs him into

HALLWAY

ASHLEY

(seductively)

You're cute when you're nervous.

She plays with his collar, traces her fingers along his neck.

Lee shies away until his back presses against a wall.

LEE

I'm flattered but I'm kind of seeing somebody now.

Ashley leans one hand against the wall, rests the other on Lee's chest.

ASHLEY

That's not what I want to hear.

She quickly palms his face, knocks his against the wall. Then she catches him as he slumps into her arms.

Flash to:

DUSTY ROOM

In room filled with dusty antiques, cardboard boxes and cobweb clogged ceiling corners, Lee and Ashley come to view.

Lying on the floor Lee's eyes snap open. He jumps startled by a crashing sound in the background. He turns toward where the sound arose.

LEE

(nervous)

If anyone's there don't let my size fool you. I pack punch.

He waits motionless, no one comes to sight. He then dusts

himself off and shuffles to the door.

Ashley leaps from a shadow, knocks Lee back, and slams herself against the door just as he grasps the knob.

ASHLEY
(sheepish)
You wouldn't really hurt little
ole me, would you?

Ashley steps toward Lee ominously. Her tight, white, costume dress pushes her cleavage up amply. Red stains its front and sides as well as her mouth and chin.

Once within arms-reach, she twirls her red stained fingertips through Lee's jet-black hair.

LEE
(nervous)
Ashley, you look a little wet.
Is, is that punch on you?

ASHLEY
I improved my dress with some
red wine I found in here. I'm
Bloody Mary. You like?

She kisses on Lee's neck. He grabs her hands, forces her away.

LEE
I told you I'm flattered but
I'm with Kristen now.

ASHLEY
I can keep a secret if you can.

Lee steps back, looks Ashley over.

LEE
I should go.

He rushes to the door a second time. Ashley catches his hand.

ASHLEY
What's the rush, stay a while
and have a sip of this.

She pulls a small crystal bottle from between her cleavage.

Faint feminine screams echo beyond the door in the background.

LEE

I better check on Kristen.

ASHLEY

Lee, relax. You're too tense.

Louder screams echo in the background followed by growls and heavy thuds.

LEE

I really have to go.

He forces past Ashley.

Her eyes glow bright white, she grows taller, thicker.

ASHLEY

(beastly)

Fine, you won't drink, then die
like the rest.

HALLWAY

Lee grabs a chair in the hall, jams it under the doorknob.

The screams and groans stop.

He peers inside another room. Several people lie on the floor covered in red. He closes the door and backs away.

BALLROOM

Dozens of teens throughout the ballroom convulse on the floor. They scream out as their bodies morph.

No music plays. The last band member left standing falls off the stage, hands gripped over his gashed open stomach.

Michael, Stacey and a few dozen others stare wide-eyed at half the teens rising to their feet with glowing white eyes.

The white eyed teens stare is cold and blank as they await something.

BASEMENT

Yvette runs her finger down a sheet of paper.

YVETTE

Dr. Reich, two thousand people
in this town were turned.

DR. REICH

Good, that makes five thousand
legionnaires all together.

He places two fingers on his forehead and closes his eyes.

BALLROOM

Michael holds Stacey in his arms. They bunch together with the
other couples.

Dr. Reich (V.O)

The time is now. We have all
the strength we need. Kill the
normals.

HALLWAY

Lee looks around nervously. A trio of legionnaire teens
creeps near him.

LEE

Wild guess, but I take it
neither of you wants to dance.

The door rattles behind Lee. The chair lodged under the knob
flies across the hallway.

The whole door breaks off its hinges, falls flat. Ashley steps
out the room.

She stomps toward Lee half morphed in her legionnaire form. He
shakily steps backward.

ASHLEY

You're all alone, Lee. No one
can help.

LEE

Ashley, we can work something
out. I'll take you on that date
you wanted.

ASHLEY

You hand your chance. Now die
with it.

She slaps Lee to the floor then grabs him by the collar, claws aimed at his chest.

A hard thud echoes behind Ashley's. She doubles over holding her sides as fragments from a wooden chair rain around her.

Lee scurries from under Ashley, kicking his legs against the floor to push his self toward Kristen.

KRISTEN

Hands off my man, bitch.

She helps Lee to his feet.

KRISTEN

I thought I told you, don't keep me waiting.

LEE

(apologetically)
I ran into somebody.

Kristen notices Lee's un-tucked shirt then crosses her arms.

KRISTEN

(sarcastic)
You let her grope you. Did she kiss you too?

Lee rubs his lips.

LEE

She was cute before she changed... I mean that monster, hell no.

Kristen grins as she pulls him closer.

KRISTEN

(laughing)
I was just screwing with you, jerk.

She gives Lee a peck on the lips. They look up to see legionnaires surround them.

KRISTEN

Why are they staring at us?

William appears, he whispers into Ashley's ear. His words make

her bear a toothy smile. She rises to her feet, pops her neck, inhales deep.

ASHLEY

(ominous)

Legionnaires kill them all.

LEE

Oh shit.

He grabs Kristen's arm. They duck and dodge three legionnaires in front of them. They then turn and sprint up a staircase to a--

SECOND FLOOR ROOM

Lee bursts through the door. Kristen follows closely, her hand still clinched in his.

They slam the door shut, lock it, and dash across the dark, dank, moonlight room into a closet in the back.

Kristen feels around on the walls. Her hands come across a small opening.

KRISTEN

In here.

She swings open a little door at the bottom corner then hunches down into the crawl space. Lee squeezes in behind her and swings door shut.

Heavy panting fills the air.

LEE

Well, what now?

Kristen kisses him.

BALLROOM

Glowing eyed teens swell around around Michael, Stacey and the others. In an instantly they morph into a beastly with claws, pinkish skin and several inches taller.

There costumes split at the seams from their bulging muscles. Hairs on their veiny arms grow thick and patchy. Their mouths become more feline muzzle like as all their teeth turn jagged.

LEGIONNAIRE 1

Rip them apart.

The normal unchanged kids run away in every direction. Some slip and fall on blood. Some trip over each other in their effort to evade the legionnaires.

Michael and Stacey hop over a claw slashed corpse then duck behind a sofa as one kid thrown through the air flies overhead.

A wailing cry pierces over screams, growls and sickening sounds of flesh tearing.

AMBER (O.S)

(screaming)

Help.

CORNER

Although boxed in Amber fends off three legionnaires' with a serving tray, whacks at their faces as they swipe at her.

One of them slaps Amber. Two more pin her back to the floor. She strains to push them off but can barely move under their weight.

A legionnaire leaps at Amber. She points her feet up, catches him midway in the air, and kicks him away.

Legionnaires crumple to the floor as Michael, with a metal chair in hand, and Stacey, silver ladle in hand, swat and kick their way toward Amber.

They find Tiffany towering over Amber. Her foot hovers over Amber's face.

AMBER

(quivering)

Tiff, we were friends. I helped you pick out those boots.

TIFFANY

Now you can decorate them with your brains.

Her foot crushes downward. From her blindside Michael spears Tiffany to the floor.

MICHAEL

Normally, I never hit girls--

TIFFANY

--Go to hell.

She spits at Michael's face. He wipes his scrunched face.

MICHAEL

I'll make an exception for you.

Tiffany grunts through her teeth, rolls Michael off. Michael shields his face with his forearms as she slashes at him. He then thrusts his pelvis, launches her forward, mounts Tiffany, elbows her throat hard.

Stacey slides a metal chair to Michael. He picks it up and slams it against Tiffany's face four times, she's motionless.

He gathers himself, rushes to Stacey and Amber's side.

STACEY

(to Amber)

You ok?

Amber rubs her jaw, nods.

AMBER

Yeah, I think so.

MICHAEL

Ladies--

A legionnaire latches on to his shoulder. Michael punches him in the face then hip tosses it to the ground.

MICHAEL

--any time now.

Amber and Stacey nod. They sprint across the ballroom over bodies, torn limbs and other debris and then on through the --

HALLWAY

MICHAEL

Amber, have you seen Terry or Lee?

AMBER

Last time I saw Terry he was with you and I don't know where Lee is.

They near a backdoor and pick up their pace, bulldozing through any legionnaires steps in front of them.

KITCHEN

They come within a few yards of the exit and then Terry emerges to block it. Amber hugs and kisses him but he's unresponsive as she, Michael and Stacey gather round him.

AMBER
(relieved)
Terry, you're ok.

Terry nods.

STACEY
(panicking)
Okay, great, but we're running
for our lives here.

Stacey steps around Terry to the door, but he extends his arm, scoots her back.

MICHAEL
(stern)
Terry, those kids, things, are
trying to kill us. Let's go.

Michael presses on Terry's shoulder, he doesn't budge.

Terry rests his hand on Michael's chest, slowly pushes him back as he looks over him, Amber, and Stacey.

TERRY
(calm)
Don't be so hasty. There's
nothing fear.

STACEY
Listen, we're going to die if
you don't quit playing around.

She pushes against Terry's arm, still he doesn't budge.

TERRY
No you won't.

A group of legionnaires creep into the kitchen.

Michael, Amber and Stacey bunch closer together as the legionnaires close in.

Terry gestures his hand in the air, they retreat to the mouth of the kitchen where it meets the hallway. Michael and the girls rack their eyes over Terry. His eyes flicker white then normal.

TERRY

(smiling)

You don't know about Dr. Reich's plan. It's okay, I'll pull a some strings. I can't leave my friends behind.

AMBER

Baby, you're scaring me.

MICHAEL

You're not thinking straight.

TERRY

My mind's never been so clear.

MICHAEL

Terry--

Terry

I understand. You're just like government and everyone else.

STACEY

Wait, what, we just don't want to die.

Terry continues ranting as if he doesn't hear the others. His tone sharpens and gradually grows more intense.

TERRY

They used him, stole from him. They're afraid of him, afraid of what we can do.

He steps closer to Michael.

MICHAEL

You're talking crazy.

TERRY

Help us or die against us?

MICHAEL

I'm your friend. Let me get you
some real help.

He rubs Terry's shoulders. Terry stares at him with wide-eyed
sorrowful gaze but that quickly turns to a glowing white
glare. He strikes Michael to the floor.

TERRY

I guess you don't want any
part.

Terry give a nod to the four other legionnaires. They grab
Stacey and Amber who thrash about and scream as they're
dragged away.

Terry steps forward and kicks Michael's ribs.

TERRY

We were best friends, Mike.

MICHAEL

(coughing)
Still are.

TERRY

We're nothing.

He kneels over, lifts Michael off his feet by his collar,
slings him through a pantry door.

PANTRY

Groaning, Michael's hands scale the pantry floor, palms an
empty jar.

Terry peeks inside. Instantly Michael smashes the jar on his
head then, using shelves for leverage, kicks him into the
kitchen.

Michael steps out over debris. Terry clubs him over the head,
follows with a knee thrust to the gut.

Michael hunches over, one hand pressed firm against his thighs
and the other on his ribs.

Terry thrust kicks him to the floor but Michael catches his
foot and pulls him down too as he falls.

The two of them hop to their feet in sync. Michael throws a punch first, a right hook. Terry blocks it, grabs his arm, wrenches it behind his back.

Michael back elbows Terry on the chin twice. Cabinets speed toward his face as Terry pushes him forward. He wriggles free just before smashing into them.

Terry front kicks at Michael's face, narrowly misses as he boots a hole through the wall instead.

Michael cuts the distance between them, throws a flurry of head and body punches. Terry yanks his foot from the wall then belly to belly suplexes Michael.

TERRY

Mike, this is the end... for you
at least.

In the background Gabrielle appears. She sneaks behind Terry.

Michael stares at her groggily as Terry cocks his arm back.

Gabrielle's hazel eyes flash white for an instance. She lifts her hands amassing a cast-iron skillet, slams it across the back of Terry's head.

His eyes bulge, his arms drop. Finally, he collapses.

Michael staggers toward Gabrielle then passes out as well.

Cut to:

BALLROOM

Blood slicks the floor. A dozen mangled bodies lay about.

AMBER (O.S)

Let go of me you freaks!

Four legionnaires drag Stacey and Amber into the ballroom.

Amber and Stacey gaze down at the ripped out guts and torn off limbs mix matched to different mangled bodies.

AMBER

Get your filthy hands off!

She stomps one legionnaire's foot, elbows another's face. Their grip on her breaks.

Stacey yanks an arm free then clangs the legionnaire who held her head into the other still clinching her wrist. She then pushes herself away and presses her back to Ambers.

All four legionnaires snarl at the girls.

AMBER

Stacey.

STACEY

I know.

They clinch their fists.

The legionnaires hunch over, claws scraping the floor. They rush the girls from four directions.

Two legionnaires leap high for their chests, but the girls duck and they collide head first into each other.

Amber and Stacey sidestep simultaneously extend a foot, each catch a legionnaire midstride with a heel to the face.

Stacey follows her kick with another to the legionnaire's head so hard he cartwheels to the floor landing on his neck.

Amber steps through her attack, grabs the legionnaire's arm and hip throw's him to the ground.

The first two legionnaires who charged regain their footing.

AMBER

Behind you.

A legionnaire hovers behind Stacey.

Amber punches his face, shakes her hand out and then smashes her knee into his face. He crumples to the ground.

STACEY

Thanks.

Stacey steps to the side, dodges another legionnaires claws, sweeps him down, stomps on his head. He's motionless.

The girls dart to the front exit of the ballroom. Two legionnaires quickly cut off their path.

Stacey spots a window behind the stage where the band played.

She grabs Amber's hand and they hop toward it over corpses.

Two more legionnaires spring in front of them.

The girls back pedal. The first legionnaires who dragged into the ballroom surround them as well.

Low beastly growls reverberate from the legionnaires' throats.

They rub their blood-stained claws together as they saunter nearer.

STACEY

There's so many of them.

The legionnaires charge in on the girls.

Stacey baseball slides between the legs of three of them while Amber bobs and weaves the slashes of two.

Amber finds a broken-off chair leg, whacks two legionnaires.

Stacey jumps on the stage, grasps a microphone stand and swings down at a half dozen legionnaire clawing at her.

Amber joins Stacey on the little stage too.

Legionnaires creep onto the stage as well and knock the girls' weapons away.

Amber and Stacey block their slashes for a moment but the legionnaires manage to bat them around like ping pong balls.

AMBER

(cries)

Help!

A legionnaire slips under away from the crowd. Crunching, snapping sounds echo in the background.

Another legionnaire disappears, more crunching and snapping sounds follow.

The others separate and look down.

Chandler comes to view. He thrashes his fist into a legionnaire's face until it stops twitching.

The four remaining legionnaires glare as he unsheathes a knife. They pounce on him at once.

Chandler slices a third legionnaire across the chest, punches him in the throat and flips him over his shoulder.

He hooks a fourth by the ankle with his blade, slicing the tendons of both feet.

Next, Chandler withdraws his gun, shoots a fifth in both legs, it falls. He then smacks the 6th's face with the butt of his gun, his elbow him to the ground and then takes aim at its head.

AMBER

Don't kill him.

She puts her hand on Chandler's arm, forces his gun down.

CHANDLER

But he's trying to kill you.

AMBER

That doesn't mean you should kill him. Aren't you supposed to fix stuff like this, Mr. Chandler?

Chandler shakes Amber off, retakes aim at the legionnaire.

CHANDLER

He's one of them now, a legionnaire.

AMBER

I know but he's just a kid from my school. They all are.

Chandler pauses, holsters his gun. He lets up off the legionnaire who slowly rocks side to side with the others.

CHANDLER

Do you know who caused this?

The girls shake their heads. Chandler sighs, scratches his temple.

CHANDLER

C'mon I'll get you two home.

STACEY

We can't leave until we find

Michael.

Chandler freezes up, stares wide-eyed at the girls.

CHANDLER
My son's in trouble?

AMBER
Terry and Lee are too.

Chandler focuses on Stacey.

CHANDLER
What's your name?

STACEY
Stacey Michael's... girlfriend.

CHANDLER
Then shouldn't he be with you?

STACEY
He was until Terry went crazy.
They were fighting then me and
Amber were dragged in here.

CHANDLER
Terry say anything about Dr.
Reich or any Legion plans?

AMBER
Yeah, but he wasn't himself. It
was all crazy talk, right?

CHANDLER
Not exactly. Look I'll find
Michael and the others myself
after I take you home first.

He starts toward the front exit. Stacey spins him around.

STACEY
I'm coming with you but I'm not
going home yet.

AMBER
Same here.

CHANDLER
Don't be stupid. You'd only get

hurt and slow me down.

STACEY

These legionnaire kids will kill you if you go looking alone. Amber and I can be back up.

CHANDLER

(huffs)

You can barely defend yourselves let alone me. How can I trust you to back me?

AMBER

Easy, you taught me self-defense, remember? Like it or not we're coming with.

Amber and Stacey wear stone expressionless faces.

CHANDLER

Fine, stay close.

The three of them head to a staircase at the other end of the Ballroom. They reach its base then notice all six legionnaires they fought are gone.

INT. SLATER HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chandler, Amber and Stacey tiptoe through. Clawing sounds scratch against wood in the background. They spin around.

CHANDLER

Wait here.

He approaches a closed door a few meters away, unsheathes his knife, jimmies it between the seal then throws himself at the door. It pops open.

SECOND FLOOR ROOM

Heavy panting grows louder in the background. Chandler paces through the moonlit room, nears an ajar--

CLOSET

He flicks on a light, spots a short wide door in the back left-hand corner.

Chandler pulls the short door open slightly, cocks his gun.

CHANDLER

You have three seconds to show
yourself. One, two...

The door opens entirely. Dust covered hands grip the frame.
Lee pulls himself out of the crawl space. Kristen follows.

Chandler steps back they dust themselves off under the light.

LEE

Take it easy, don't shoot... Mr.
Chandler?

Chandler rests his gun to his side.

CHANDLER

Lucky, Lee, I almost shot you.

He opens Lee's eyes wide with his thumb and index finger,
stares at the white of them, does the same to Kristen.

CHANDLER

You know where Michael or Terry
is?

LEE

Haven't seen them since the
party started.

CHANDLER

You and...

KRISTEN

Kristen.

CHANDLER

(sighing)

You and Kristen come with me.

INT. SLATER HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Gray eyes flutter open.

A curly headed face dissolves into clarity.

MICHAEL

You're the waitress from
Sergio's.

GABRIELLE

Stay still, there's a nasty cut
on your leg.

Michael sits up; watches Gabrielle wrap gauze around his leg.

MICHAEL

(gasps)
What about my friend?

GABRIELLE

He's fine.

MICHAEL

Where is he?

Gabrielle knots the cloth firm around Michael's calf then
motions to her left to Terry slumped over in a corner.

Michael strains to his feet, limps over to Terry, and kneels
beside him.

MICHAEL

His face it's normal.

Gabrielle joins them.

GABRIELLE

I injected him with a mix of
sedatives. It should offset
whatever corrupted his mind.

MICHAEL

Thanks for helping.

GABRIELLE

It's the least I can do for my
brother.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, what?

GABRIELLE

When I was young my father
trusted me with a secret he
never told my mother. He had a
son with another woman.

Michael gauges Terry's facial features to Gabrielle's.

GABRIELLE

I came from Philly almost a year ago to find him. He looks exactly like our father.

MICHAEL

Does he know who you are?

Gabrielle shakes her head.

GABRIELLE

A year ago my dad returned from Washington different. He was quick-tempered all of a sudden.

THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Chandler and the others ascend to the third floor. Dim wall scones light the way. A dirty maroon rug stretches the length of the hall, dusty black leather furniture along both sides.

They follow voices emanating from a door at the very end.

THIRD FLOOR ROOM

The door bursts open, wildly swinging on its hinges.

Chandler steps in crouched, gun aimed.

Michael and Gabrielle quickly rise up.

MICHAEL

Dad...

Chandler moves toward Gabrielle. He looks down, sees her fingers stained red.

CHANDLER

Step this way nice and easy.

Gabrielle looks at her hands, back to Chandler.

GABRIELLE

It's not what you think.

CHANDLER

I think you have blood on your hands.

Gabrielle mouth opens but nothing comes out. Michael limps to Chandler.

MICHAEL

She's ok, dad. I had a cut on my leg. She patched me up.

Chandler moves closer to Gabrielle. Her pupils are pin drop sized. Her hazel irises fade almost completely white and back.

CHANDLER

Look at her eyes. She's like the others. Probably planning to change you and Terry.

GABRIELLE

I wouldn't.

CHANDLER

Legionnaires, you're all Dr. Reich's puppets.

GABRIELLE

I lost everyone I love because of him. I had to kill my family and friend to keep them from killing others.

Chandler holsters his gun.

CHANDLER

I'm sorry that happened to you.

Amber, Stacey, Lee and Kristen enter as tension calms.

Stacey runs up to Michael, hugs and kisses him.

STACEY

You're ok.

He gives her a grinning nod.

KRISTEN

(to Chandler)

Lee told me you work for the government so I'll be blunt. What the hell is going on?

CHANDLER

Dr. Reich was our head

scientist for Project Med 7, a performance enhancer serum that rapidly restores damaged tissues, even nerve cells.

KRISTEN

How does that relate to what's happening now?

CHANDLER

I'll get to that. The project was terminated because of its side effects. We procured all processed forms of the drug.

MICHAEL

Side effects as in mutations? So you and the people you work with created those monsters.

CHANDLER

Inadvertently, yes. Some developed a blood cancer and died. However, the drug worked differently on Dr. Reich.

LEE

Different how?

CHANDLER

He gained telekinesis and to a small degree telepathy along with boosts in strength.

KRISTEN

That's just great. A super scientist took over our school.

CHANDLER

Not for long. I'm cutting his reign short. Michael, come with me to pick up a few items.

Ruffling sounds in the background. Everyone turns to the corner where Terry stands and pops his neck. He joins the others. All the teens stand together as one.

TERRY

I can't let my best friend fight those things without me.

They stare unyieldingly at Chandler. He returns the same look.

CHANDLER

(sighs)

What are you waiting for, an ID
and a gun? Let's go.

Michael leads everyone into the hallway. Chandler brings up the rear. He stops at the doorway, turns to Gabrielle who hasn't moved.

CHANDLER

Coming?

GABRIELLE

Thanks but I work solo.

INT. SLATER HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Dead bodies and puddles of blood remain throughout the mansion's ballroom floor.

LEE

(gagging)

It reeks in here.

Footsteps echo nearer. Yvette emerges, walks toward them. She stops shy of the staircase base.

YVETTE

You're late, Agent Chandler.
Dr. Reich and the Legion are
headed to D.C as we speak.

CHANDLER

How sweet of you to stay behind
and tell me that personally?

YVETTE

I stayed to deal with any
survivors, Doctor's orders.

CHANDLER

(to the teens)

All of you stay back.

Michael and the others move toward the top of the stairs.

Chandler continues toward Yvette. Once on the floor, they

gauge each other. Chandler's hand rests on his holstered gun.
Yvette motions to the steps.

YVETTE
Hope you told them your
goodbyes.

CHANDLER
I'll say goodbye to you when
you're dead at my feet.

Yvette sprints at Chandler.

He withdraws his gun, fires three shots; she dodges each round then knocks the gun from his hand.

Chandler spins and throws an elbow. Yvette blocks it then flips him over her back.

YVETTE
Scream for, mama.

She leans over, picks Chandler up by his throat. He counters, thrusts his knee hard into her gut.

He then uppercuts Yvette, follows it with a spinning back kick.

Yvette stumbles, quickly gathers herself and charges Chandler. She's fakes a right punch then throws a left.

They stare at each other with their shoulders squared and fists clinched up to their eyes.

CHANDLER
That all you got? I thought you
wanted me to scream.

Yvette's eyes glow bright white. Her fingertips sprout sharp black claws and she grows several inches taller as she morphs into her beastly form.

She lunges at Chandler, slashes him across the chest.

Chandler hops back, grabs her wrist, yanks her forward, and elbows Yvette in the mouth.

He unsheathes a knife and slashes clean through her guts.

She falls to one knee, laughs uncontrollably.

YVETTE

You're good but stall so easily. This diversion was my idea.

She slashes at his thighs, abs, chest and arm. She misses all.

CHANDLER

Good to know I can stop wasting time on you.

Yvette slips behind Chandler, wraps her arm around his neck.

YVETTE

Dr. Reich's almost half way to Washington by now.

Chandler reaches in the air, stabs down into Yvette's spine. She releases him and crumples to her knees.

YVETTE

It's impossible to defeat us.

The eight inches blade sticks it on both ends through Yvette's neck. Chandler yanks it through one side then brings it back and slices through the other. Her head falls to the floor.

The teens gather around Chandler, pat him on the back.

LEE

Those moves were awesome. Teach me how to do that.

CHANDLER

You heard her. We don't have much time.

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Chandler, Michael, Stacey, Amber and Terry sit in the cab of an extended Ford pickup. Lee and Kristen ride inside the cargo flatbed.

AMBER

Not to sound pessimistic but do we have a plan to stop Dr. Reich?

Stacey stares out the window then back to Chandler.

STACEY

This isn't the way to
Washington.

CHANDLER

We're picking up supplies,
sedatives.

TERRY

Tranq guns would make this a
lot easier.

CHANDLER

I have the guns, I need
Klonopin and Zyprex. It could
break Dr. Reich's hypnotic
control.

MICHAEL

We should warn someone in D.C
about what's headed there. You
have a direct line, right?

CHANDLER

I spoke with the Secretary of
Defense a few days ago.
Checkpoints are set up around
the city.

EXT. MITCHELL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

The pickup parks in front of a large, gray stone, three story
building.

Lee and Kristen hop out from the flatbed area.

As the others exit from the cabin, Lee stares at the asylum.

LEE

I think we're in the wrong
place.

Terry rests his hand on Lee's shoulder.

TERRY

We're here to drop you off at
home you nut.

LEE

Gee, glad your sense of humor's back, Terry.

MICHAEL

Dad, we can't exactly waltz to the front desk and ask for a key to their medical storage, especially in these costumes.

STACEY

I have an idea.

She looks to a closed clothing store across the street.

INT. MITCHELL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Sliding double doors part as Amber, green halter top and form fitting denim jeans; Stacey, plain white blouse, brown skirt and glasses; and Kristen, small rocker tee, studded wrist bands, black skirt, and black boots, enter.

They approach a front desk nurse. Amber leans onto the desk.

AMBER

Excuse me, miss, I need a little help--

She points to Kristen.

AMBER

--My friend here is delusional. She's can't separate dreams from reality.

Kristen looks off to the side. She cups her hand over her mouth to muffle her laughter.

KRISTEN

There's Kim and her boyfriend Brandon. There always fighting.

She ducks behind Stacey.

KRISTEN

(gasps)

Brandon's walking this way. Quick, hide me.

Stacey rolls her eyes then glares down at Kristen.

STACEY

What for?

KRISTEN

We got high one night and I blacked out. I woke up the next day on his couch half naked, my face on his crotch and a salty taste in my mouth.

She buries her head down into Stacey's shirt, quivers.

KRISTEN

Stacey, make him go away.

Amber grabs Kristen by both arms, shakes her.

AMBER

Kristen, it's all in your head.

KRISTEN

(panics)

Get off, Lynn. He'll going to see me.

STACEY

Lynn moved to Louisiana last year, try to remember.

KRISTEN

I know Lynn when I see her. She's always flaunting her boobs. I hope they hit her in the face and knock her out next time she does jumping-jacks.

Amber slaps Kristen.

Kristen touches her cheek, her mouth swings agape.

AMBER

Look at me, I'm Amber. Your sister Stacey is here and there's a nurse in front of us.

Kristen glances back and forth between Amber and Stacey.

KRISTEN

Oh no she didn't just slap me..

She grabs Amber by the hair. They tussle, as Amber trying to wrestle Kristen off.

The nurse reaches under her desk and pushes a button.

Four white collared orderlies appear. The nurse points to Amber and Kristen.

NURSE

Break up this fight and take
the brunette away. Wrap her in
a straightjacket if you must.

The orderlies immediately descend upon the girls who kick and flail as they're pulled apart.

KRISTEN

Let go of me, doughboy.

AMBER

Keep your grubby hands off.

She pulls one arm free, punches an orderly in the face. Kristen knees another in the groin.

Amber pulls herself free entirely, stumbles forward and, punches the nurse's cheek. She and Kristen look in shock as the nursed drops to the floor.

The orderlies quickly restrain both girls again.

AMBER

I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

The nurse pulls herself back on to her chair.

NURSE

(to Orderlies)

I don't care where you put them
just take them away.

AMBER

But, but, it was an accident. I
said sorry. I said sorry!

Amber and Kristen flail and scream the four orderlies drag them away.

Stacey approaches the desk while the Nurse wipes at her nose.

STACEY

That sure was something. Are you ok?

NURSE

I'm fine. I'm old school. Need more than a jab to take me out.

STACEY

Here let me wipe that blood from your nose.

She pulls a handkerchief from a coin purse, presses it to the nurse's face.

NURSE

That handkerchief smells kind of funny.

STACEY

You said I got to try harder.

She smothers the nurse's face tighter. The nurse collapses onto her desk. Stacey tucks her underneath the desk.

Stacey swipes an I.D card from the nurse then motions toward the double door entrance.

Chandler and the boys, all jeans and a tee, rush in. Michael takes the I.D card from Stacey's hand, kisses her soft.

MICHAEL

Nice acting.

Chandler takes the card, scans it over a security pad on a wall adjacent from the front desk. They proceed through the--

HALLWAY

They peer into each room they pass.

Chandler stops in front of a door, reads its label, pauses.

CHANDLER

This is it.

He turns the knob, it doesn't budge. He notices a security pad on the wall then swipes his card over it, tries the knob

again, nothing still.

CHANDLER

We need a security code.

Footsteps echo from down the hall.

MICHAEL

Someone's coming.

Stacey backtracks to a door leading to--

MAINTENANCE CLOSET

STACEY (O.S)

Quick, in here.

Everyone rushes inside. Chandler spies from the slightly ajar door. A PSYCH DOCTOR walks toward him.

CHANDLER

Nobody move.

The footsteps grow louder. The Psych Doctor nears the closet. Chandler yanks him inside and covers his mouth.

CHANDLER

Relax, cooperate, nothing bad will happen to you. What is the password to medicinal storage?

He removes his hand from the Psych Doctor's mouth. The Doctor stares at the teens, raises his brow queerly then tenses when his focus sets on Chandler.

PSYCH DOCTOR

Who are you?

CHANDLER

Are you familiar with pressure points?

He hits a sequence of points on the doctor's neck. The Psych Doctors left arm, which gripped Chandler's wrist, falls limp.

CHANDLER

Tell me the password.

The Psych Doctor shrugs his shoulder, it flails loosely.

PSYCH DOCTOR
Okay I'll tell you.

CHANDLER
I couldn't hear you.

He readies his hand to strike again.

PSYCH DOCTOR
(panting)
55987, now please, I can't feel
my arm.

CHANDLER
You've been helpful, doc.

He hits a series of points on the Psych Doctor's neck and arm.

The doctor wiggles his left hand, rubs his arm as he flexes
it.

PSYCH DOCTOR
Thank you. Can I leave now?

CHANDLER
No.

He smacks the doctor's head against a wall.

MEDICINAL STORAGE

Chandler and the teens fan out with small black sacks. Within
moments their bags are filled.

MICHAEL
Dad, we can't fit anymore into
these bags.

CHANDLER
Okay let's get Amber and
Kristen. Stacey, did you see
where they were taken?

STACEY
The front desk monitor showed
they were dragged down the
Dayton Wing.

HALLWAY

The group comes to a crossway.

Down one end they notice the Psych Doctor with three orderlies and three security guards. The doctor points at Chandler.

PSYCH DOCTOR

There he is!

LEE

We've officially overstayed our welcome.

Chandler and the teens run away down the opposite end.

CHANDLER

Terry, you and Lee get the girls. Stacey, Michael, and I will wait for you around back.

The orderlies and security guards sprint toward Chandler and the kids.

MICHAEL

Go! We'll buy you some time.

He rushes toward the security guards with his arms spread, tackles the first guard knocking him into the two guards trailing behind.

One of the orderlies grabs Stacey. She pushes backward until he knocks his head on a fire extinguisher on the wall behind.

Chandler trips the last two orderlies to the floor then punches out two guards piled atop of Michael.

All three orderlies and guards wallow on the floor. Terry and Lee vanish from sight. Chandler helps Michael to his feet; the two of them and Stacey sprint from the scene.

CUT TO:

DOUBLE DOORS

The double doors burst open, Chandler, Michael and Stacey sprint through. Michael doubles back, grabs a push broom laid against a way and slides the stick end through the door handles then rejoins the others.

HALLWAY

CHANDLER

This way leads outside.

BACK TO: DOUBLE DOORS

On the other side of the double doors' glass the orderlies and security guards stagger to their feet. The Psych Doctor's face flushes red as he stares ahead through the glass at Chandler and the others disappear from sight.

PSYCH DOCTOR

After them; they're getting away.

INT. MITCHEL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAYTON WING - NIGHT

Lee stops in front of a white door, spies through its small window, pounds on the glass.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HOLDING ROOM AND HALLWAY

Inside the room, Amber turns toward him. She nudges Kristen they both run to the door.

AMBER

Get us out of here, Lee.

LEE

One second, I'll have you out of there before you know it.

He thumbs inside his front pockets. Terry stares and huffs.

TERRY

What are you doing?

LEE

Looking for a paper clip or something to pick the lock.

TERRY

You're kidding... step aside.

He throws his weight at the door three times. Amber and Kristen step back as it bursts open.

TERRY

C'mon, the trucks out back.

The girls rush out of the room. Together, they all dash down

the--

HALLWAYS

Up ahead appears several security guards.

SECURITY GUARD 1
We found them. Hey, kids, stop!

The teens turn down an adjacent hallway. The guards follow.

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Michael stares at the psych hospital, bites down on his nails.

MICHAEL
They should be here by now.

CHANDLER
Stop worrying.

INT. MITCHELL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Terry bulldozes through a group of security guards. Two groan as they stagger to their feet and chase after the teens.

LEE
(panting)
My legs, my legs are so tired.

AMBER
Try running with these things
on your chest.

She points to her huge breast bouncing wildly under her shirt.

LEE
(laughing)
I'll pass.

They close in on a door 10 meters down hall.

TERRY
The others are just beyond that
door.

Keys jangle in the background, guards and orderlies turn a corner behind the teens, narrowly missing cutting them off.

SECURITY GUARD 1

Don't let them get away.

Terry pushes through the door ahead first.

EXT. MITCHELL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Lee, Kristen and Amber shoot outside seconds later.

Terry finds a long metal pipe lying next to a dumpster. He pins it between the ground and door handle.

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Michael peers into the side mirror. Terry and the others run toward the truck.

MICHAEL

Here they come.

Stacey opens the backseat doors.

Terry and Amber follow suit into the cabin.

Lee and Kristen jump into the flatbed area. They grunt as they land with a thud. Tires screech as the truck speeds off.

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

MICHAEL

(to Terry)

Took ya long enough.

TERRY

(panting)

Lee couldn't pick the lock. I had to bust the door in.

Chandler shouts out the driver-side window.

CHANDLER

You two hold on tight back there.

He presses down hard on the gas. The engine roars and the truck speeds past traffic lights and stop signs in a blur.

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

Wall to wall inside the dim, damp sewer an army of grunting legionnaires stands in four man rows. The formation stretches

back as far as the eye can see.

Dr. Reich stands slightly ahead, arms folded and his gaze set in the distance. He uncrosses his arms and opens his hand, reveals a small lock of red hair. He wipes his glossy eyes and puts the lock of hair away.

DR. REICH

Chad!

Chad appears next to him instantly.

CHAD

Yes, Dr. Reich?

DR. REICH

We're close to our destination.
Split the Legion into three
divisions.

CHAD

Yes, doctor.

Dr. Reich pats Chad's shoulder who smiles and nods.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sloshing noises escapes from a slightly open manhole cover. Dr. Reich walks past below.

Curly raven hair veils the face of someone looking down. A gust of wind pushes the hair aside, reveals Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

(murmuring)

Tonight, I finish what you
started in Philly.

EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

Along the buildings parameters federal agents and soldiers cock tranquilizer shotguns. Each of them wears a belt of extra tranquilizer packs and carries a handgun at his side.

A thunderous rumble, low at first, grows louder. Personnel outside the building stare into the distance where shadows steadily approach. Growls and screams sound in the distance.

Several of the personnel on guard gaze through their tranquillizer rifle's scope. They see a horde rip through a

barricade and maul the agents and soldiers on guard.

INT. PENTAGON - WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walsh apart from his desk, parted vertical Venetian blinds allows him to overlook personnel outside. The office door swings open.

AGENT NABOKOV, short cropped auburn hair, olive skinned, enters. Walsh turns to meet his gaze.

NABOKOV

We've cleared an area of 100 yards around the Pentagon, Sir.

WALSH

Good work.

NABOKOV

Sir?

WALSH

What is it?

NABOKOV

We won't let you down.

Walsh purses his lips, nods.

WALSH

I know.

EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

A surge of legionnaires attack the northwest and south ends of the Pentagon. A hail of tranquilizer rounds rain down on them.

The first waves of legionnaires fall to the ground convulsing to human form after multiple tranquilizer darts strike them.

Dazed and stumbling they revert back to human form and flee from attacking.

Some cower behind Pentagon forces but others are slashed down and trampled by thousands more legionnaires pressing forward in their mutated form.

They slash open guts, rip out throats, tear off limbs and smash through barriers as they claw toward the Pentagon walls.

Soldiers and agents switch to deadly force and shoot to immobilize or kill with their firearms and automatic rifles.

Empty shells sprinkle the ground along with dozens of legionnaire bodies soon after the switch to live ammunition.

NORTHWEST SIDE

Nabokov shoots his pistol wildly at anything that moves his direction then lifts a radio to his lips. A static-like sound briefly cuts in as he thumbs down on it.

NABOKOV

Sir, they're breaking through our defense. We're out of tranqs, switched to live fire.

WALSH (V.O)

Avoid killing them if possible. I don't want to have thousands of Americans' blood on my hands.

A legionnaire saunters toward Nabokov. It roars then swipes down, slashes Nabokov's chest. Nabokov falls on his back, grits his teeth and shoots it in the head then thumbs down on the radio again.

NABOKOV

I don't think they're human anymore, Sir.

Legionnaire divisions two and three continue to dismantle Pentagon defenses on the northwest and south sides of the building while division one storms from the west side.

Hundreds of soldiers and agents lie motionless on the ground. Some are seized and changed into legionnaires.

Nabokov brings his radio his mouth.

NABOKOV

Drop the napalm!

PILOT (V.O)

Roger that.

Two heavily armed helicopters hover overhead then launch an array of missiles.

A fiery barrier pauses the legionnaires' advancement.
Hundreds smolder on ground.

NABOKOV

It's over.

Most of the injured legionnaires rise to their feet. Their
burns slowly heal over before Nabokov's awed eyes.

Growling, they charge though a hail of bullets toward the
Pentagon slashing the perimeter defenses down.

NABOKOV

No, you can't be standing.

Through the smoke and debris, Dr. Reich and Chad come to view.

DR. REICH

We won't be stopped, not today,
not ever.

NABOKOV

You're that scientist... Dr.
Reich.

He grabs an automatic rifle from the hands of a dead soldier,
fires at Dr. Reich. Chad steps between them, clinches his
teeth as he absorbs every bullet.

After the last round fires Chad falls to one knee panting. His
body slowly pushes the bullets out as it heals.

Dr. Reich steps around him, withdraws a pistol and shoots
Nabokov between the eyes.

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck creeps closer to the Pentagon. Explosions flash from
its direction. A thunderous boom follows.

Everyone gazes out the windows.

MICHAEL

There goes a plume of smoke.

CHANDLER

Not a good sign. That means
containment failed.

Chandler turns the corner.

Blocks from the Pentagon bodies of human form legionnaires shot in the head lie alongside gutted soldiers and federal agents.

Some legionnaires hit with tranquilizers groan as they stagger to their feet. They pull the tranqa from their bodies and help wounded soldiers and agents away from the carnage.

AMBER

Oh my God. Everybody is-- All those people they're really--

The truck comes to a stop.

CHANDLER

This is the reality of what we're dealing with.

EXT. PENTAGON - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Everyone jumps out of the truck, gathers round Chandler who dangles the truck keys from his hand.

CHANDLER

Nobody's forcing you to stay. Here's my keys, take them and go home if you want.

A moment of silence fills the air.

MICHAEL

I didn't come this far with you to turn back now.

TERRY

Too late for that anyway seeing as we're already here.

CHANDLER

What about the rest of you?

Amber squeezes Terry's hand then grabs Stacey's, looks at her and smiles.

AMBER

Like I said before, me and Stacy are with you 100 percent.

Lee breaks out laughing hysterically. Everyone's eyes fall

upon him, he stops, wraps his arm around Kristen.

LEE

Right, sorry. This just seems a little surreal to me but count me in.

KRISTEN

(sarcasticly)

Whoop-dee-doo, we're all going with you. Continue please.

Chandler nods, walks to the flatbed and takes out two duffle bags. He opens them up, bulletproof vests and utility belts inside.

CHANDLER

The vests are your protection, the belts for tranq ammo. Fill the darts with the Klonopin and Zyprex.

They all slide on the combat apparel and load up their belts with tranquilizers.

Michael picks up a small canister.

MICHAEL

What's in these canisters?

CHANDLER

Knock out gas, each of you will need one.

LATER

Chandler and the teens approach within two hundred yards of the Pentagon deeper through a field of dead and wounded bodies.

WILLIAM (O.S)

Hey--

Chandler and the gang turn.

William stands atop a hill with three legionnaires beside him.

WILLIAM

Where do you think you're going?

MICHAEL

Come on down here and we'll
tell you.

He fires a tranquilizer at William who catches it in mid-air
just before the point reaches his neck.

WILLIAM

That's ok. You can talk to my
new friends.

He smirks, walks away.

Thirty legionnaires, half of whom wear military uniform,
appear atop the hill beside the current three.

KRISTEN

Holy shit!

CHANDLER

Aim for any exposed skin.

The legionnaires storm down the hill weaving through a barrage
of tranquilizers.

Seventeen of them fall to the ground, convulsing back to human
form, with several darts lodged in them. The others close in
and circle round.

CHANDLER

Ladies, aim for their necks.
We'll set them up.

STACEY

Right.

LEGIONNAIRE 5

You will die!

CHANDLER

You know, I'm real tired of
hearing that.

TERRY

Less talk, more ass-kicking!

Terry punches Legionnaire 5 in the face. Its lower jaw rattles
loosely as it crumples sideways to the ground.

Amber steps forward, fires a tranquilizer into its neck.

TERRY

Next.

He clotheslines another legionnaire; it tumbles 180 degrees to the ground.

Michael tackles a legionnaire, pins it to the ground. Kristen appears over shoulder, fires two darts.

Two legionnaires stomp down on Lee who sits curled up with his arms over his face and back pressed against a tree.

Michael rushes over, spins one legionnaire around, smashes his elbow to its face then rabbit punches the other and clubs it to the ground.

Lee wipes his bloodied hands on his jeans, stands up.

MICHAEL

You alright?

LEE

A little out of breath but fine. Duck!

He pushes Mike back then slings an attacking legionnaire hard into the tree behind him.

It turns around daze and groaning then extends its claws. A dart strikes under its chin. It falls over, phases to human.

Michael looks up, sees Stacey loading her gun. She fires a tranquilizer dart at the other two legionnaires on the ground.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

LEE

Don't mention it. Now let's make mince onions out of these punks.

MICHAEL

Mincemeat... never mind.

He and Lee join Stacey, Kristen, and Terry who fights two legionnaires simultaneously. He knocks one down the other rises.

Terry lifts one legionnaire overhead, slams it into the other.

Michael and Lee pin the two charging legionnaires down. Stacey and Kristen each shoot one.

Terry grabs a third oncoming legionnaire by the neck, squeezes until its body goes limp and phases to human.

Michael pries Terry's hands loose.

MICHAEL

Terry, he's done.

The legionnaire slinks to the ground. A dart flies into its neck.

TERRY

I lost myself for a moment.

Chandler trudges over panting.

Three shots echo in the background where Amber stands over seven legionnaires. She lowers her gun, joins the others.

CHANDLER

(to Michael)

Did you finish off the others?

MICHAEL

Yeah, Terry did most the work.

CHANDLER

The bigger problem is inside.
Dr. Reich's after one person.

They start toward the Pentagon.

MICHAEL

Who?

CHANDLER

Secretary of Defense Julio
Gonzalez. He terminated his
project. I bet he's waiting for
Dr. Reich too.

KRISTEN

Sounds like a death wish.

CHANDLER
Dr. Reich killed his daughter.

GABRIELLE (O.S)
You guys should watch your
backs.

Everyone turns with their guns raised. They relax after seeing Gabrielle's face.

MICHAEL
You again.

GABRIELLE
I spied on the doctor earlier.
He made the drug irreversible
and plans to dump it in the
reservoirs of every major city
on the northeast seaboard
starting with D.C.

CHANDLER
That I didn't know.

GABRIELLE
If that happens he'll be too
powerful to stop and the
mutations would spread
internationally.

CHANDLER
I won't let that happen.

He starts toward the building, looks over his shoulder to Gabrielle but she's gone.

A few minutes later they arrive at the--

INT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

They climb through a gaping hole leading inside.

Lights near the blown in opening flicker. The walls are riddled with bullet holes and blood. Fresh corpses dot the hall.

MICHAEL
There's got to be--

They group turns a corner. Three hundred legionnaires standing

over more bodies stare back at them.

MICHAEL

--hundreds.

Michael nervously slides a canister from his belt. He starts for the pin.

The metal TING echoes in the background. Soon a canister floats over the gangs heads through the air at the legionnaires. Michael looks back sees Lee pull his arm back from a throwing motion.

LEE

Throw it, Mike!

Michael quickly throws his canister. White gas surrounds the mass of legionnaires.

Several legionnaires rush toward Michael. They come within a few feet and fall over phasing to human form again.

Chandler and the teens cover their mouth and nose with little masks then run past the remaining legionnaires.

They shoot tranquilizers at the faster legionnaires who are more reluctant to fall from the knockout gas and bulldoze over the sluggish ones.

Blood spurts into the air and bits of fabric fall to the floor as legionnaires claw at them.

Chandler digs into a pouch on his belt. His hand comes out empty. He switches to his handgun.

A BOOM of a gunfire rings through the halls. Legionnaires fall clutching their arms, legs and sides.

Chandler and the teens duck into an--

ARMORY ROOM

Once inside Chandler jams the doors.

Stacey stares, jaw agape, at artillery and firearms lined along the walls and lined in long rows.

STACEY

Where are we?

CHANDLER

An armory room--

As Chandler talks, his voice fades as focus shifts to a figure lurking in the shadows.

CHANDLER

Lee, Kristen, and Terry find
Agents Walsh or Nixon. Have one
of them warn President Vasquez-

-

A feminine, long haired legionnaire crawls through the shadowed underside of a low lying shelf along the back wall.

It encroaches in on Lee who stands far apart from everyone with his back pressed against a set of shelves near the back.

The feminine legionnaire ensnares him in a rear naked chokehold, cusp her hand over his mouth and drags him down and away. Lee strains to speak but only muffled sounds escape.

He punches up at the legionnaire's face then tugs at her arm while struggling to back her against a wall.

The legionnaire strains to quietly restrain him but Lee's frantic movements force her upright.

They softly bump into a wall. Lee scales his hands along its surface grabs a hard, black, square shaped object, and WHACKS the legionnaire.

Lee's fingers press upon a button on the square object. He thrusts it toward the legionnaire's forehead.

Upon contact she shakes violently as a buzzing sound hums then drops with a heavy thud. Now freed, Lee pants as he hunches over with his palms pressed to his knees.

Chandler pauses, notices Lee is missing. He and everyone else fan out to where the sound emitted from.

They come to the back wall where Lee stands upright and panting still as the legionnaire lies at his feet. He thrust the black square shaped object at her again.

She twitches wildly and phases to human form as the black object hums.

Kristen steps closer to Lee, grins.

KRISTEN

She have a crush on you too?

LEE

Yeah, she was stunned to hear I
was taken.

He holds up a taser. Chandler takes the taser from his hand
then looks at the wall behind Lee. A dozen tasers hang about.

CHANDLER

A taser and there's more here.

He grabs some off the wall and tosses everybody one.

CHANDLER

You're lucky again, Lee. She
could've gave you a toothy
kiss.

LEE

Not funny, Mr. C.

Chandler pats Lee on the back.

HALLWAY

Chandler and the teens pass through the halls quickly. They
stop shy of a cross section.

CHANDLER

Lee, go with Kristen and Terry.
Find agents Walsh and Nixon.

Lee nods then winces as he rubs along his neck.

LEE

(to Terry)

I'm glad I got you, big guy.

He taps Terry's shoulder.

Kristen nudges her elbow into Lee's side, continues to reach
down and interlocks her fingers with his.

KRISTEN

Hey, I'm on your team too.

LEE

And I'm glad to have you too.

He gives Kristen a peck on the lips.

CHANDLER

Michael, Amber, and Stacey
we'll find the S.D. Then we all
meet back in the armory.

Lee, Kristen, and Terry turn right at the cross section.
Chandler, Amber, Michael, and Stacey keep straight.

Chandler's team stops again at the end of a three-way cross
section.

Deep growls ripple from the adjacent hall.

Back pressed to the wall, Chandler peeks around the corner
sees legionnaires spanning back the length of the hall.

CHANDLER

No one make a sound and turn
back quickly.

MICHAEL

A little late for that.

Chandler looks straight ahead, several legionnaires come to
view. He looks behind the group; a dozen more legionnaires
stand no more than a few feet behind them.

One glares deep into Michael's eyes then knocks him
unconscious. The others succumb to the same fate.

INT. PENTAGON - DEFENSE SECRETARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tied to chairs with their hands behind their back, Chandler
and Michael open their eyes.

The others - Terry, Lee, and Kristen along with Amber and
Stacey - are tied down in the same fashion beside them.

Dr. Reich stands in front of everyone. Behind him Ashley,
Chad, William, Tiffany, and Marcus stare ominously at the
group.

DR. REICH

Good of you to join us, Eric.

CHANDLER

(clutching his
teeth)
Dr. Reich, you murderer.

DR. REICH
Easy now, I don't want you all
tired before it's your turn.

MICHAEL
His turn for what?

Dr. Reich motions to Chad, who then slaps Michael.

DR. REICH
Speak only when you're spoken
to, boy.

CHANDLER
You knew I'd come for S.D
Gonzalez, didn't you? You used
him as bait.

DR. REICH
Bingo, how else could you have
made it through this complex so
easily?

CHANDLER
Don't know, but I'm sure you're
going to tell me.

Dr. Reich leans close to Chandler, lays his a hand on his
shoulder, grins.

DR. REICH
I wanted an audience.

He steps back, paces right to left.

DR. REICH
Prepare yourselves for 'Beaten
to a Pulp'.

Ashley, Chad, William, Tiffany, and Marcus step aside, reveal
S.D Gonzalez restrained to an armed chair and his chin
touching his chest. Dr. Reich lifts his head by the hair and
his eyes flutter open.

S.D GONZALEZ
(groggily)

I'm going to beat you to death!

DR. REICH

Funny, that's exactly what I
have in mind for you.

He circles round S.D Gonzalez.

SECRETARY GONZALEZ

You better pray I die because I
won't rest until I get justice
for what you took from me.

Dr. Reich leans in close, snarls he clinches S.D Gonzalez's
shoulders.

DR. REICH

You stole from me first when
you confiscated my life's work.
Besides, your daughter's death
was only a prelude to my
ultimate vengeance.

S.D Gonzalez spits in Dr. Reich's face.

S.D GONZALEZ

If there's breath once your
little party's over I'm hunting
you down no matter where you
go.

Dr. Reich pulls out a handkerchief, smirks as he wipes his
face.

DR. REICH

Children, you know what to do.

He steps away from S.D Gonzalez.

Chad punches the secretary's obliques hard. S.D Gonzalez
coughs as the wind is knocked out of him.

Marcus punches the secretary's ribs. A CRUNCH echoes as S.D
Gonzalez winces and groans.

Ashley pulls on his shoulders presses his back to the chair
while William grips an arm of the chair and punches his gut
then sternum.

Blood spurts from S.D Gonzalez's mouth. He wheezes heavy as he

falls over chair and all.

S.D GONZALEZ

(coughing)

Is that all you motherfuckers
got?

Michael and the others recoil squeamishly as they watch on.

A hand reaches down, yanks the secretary upright. Marcus stand behind, holds S.D Gonzalez's head steady.

Ashley steps forward with a long, thick pipe, swings it fast at the secretary but narrowly misses his chin.

She chuckles. Her brief laughter fades as she raises the pipe overhead then smashes down against S.D Gonzalez's right shin, it breaks inward.

AIR VENT

Gabrielle crawls to a screen, looks in on--

DEFENSE SECRETARIES OFFICE

Tiffany straddles the secretary's lap, wraps her hand around the back of his skull, kisses his forehead and then punches his face several times. His eye swells instantly.

Chandler and the teens turn away halfheartedly.

A loud POP followed by heavy panting fills the room.

Tiffany lifts herself from the secretary's lap. Blood streams from his broken nose.

AIR VENT

Gabrielle quietly removes part the screen from the vent.

She lifts a small tranquilizer gun, aims at Ashley who reproaches S.D Gonzalez.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE OFFICE

Chandler strains to free his hands and legs but the rope doesn't loosen.

CHANDLER

Mr. Secretary, can you hear me?

Dr. Reich turns around, elbows him in the face.

Chandler licks his bleeding lip, spits a wad of blood.

DR. REICH
Shut up and stop struggling. I
told you, you're next.

Chad and William punch the secretary's head left to right like a tether ball.

Ashley reproaches with the steel pipe in hand. She winds up, the pipe speeds toward the secretary's left knee.

A whistling sound knifes through the air.

Ashley freezes in place, drops the pipe. She turns, reveals a tranquilizer dart just lodged just above her clavicle.

She falls to her knees, two more darts hit her - one in the ear, the other in the arm - she collapses onto the floor.

AIR VENT

Gabrielle reloads her tranquilizer gun.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE OFFICE

Three more tranquilizers whiz through the air and strike William - two in his back, one in the neck - he flops down.

Chad, Tiffany, and Marcus fan out, search the office.

S.D Gonzalez's eyes close, his head sinks to his chest.

DR. REICH
Find the shooter, now!

MICHAEL
(to Terry)
Bout time your sister showed
up.

Terry gives him a confused look then clinches his teeth and gazes at the vent.

Chad looks up at the open air vent, grabs the pipe lying on the floor and bashes it open. Nothing appears in the gapping hole.

Terry arms jerk downward. He glances over his shoulder.
Gabrielle cuts his wrists free.

GABRIELLE

Don't turn around. After I cut
you all free, I'll grab Dr.
Reich, you take care of the
other three.

Chandler and the teens palm their cut ropes.

Gabrielle crouches behind a file cabinet. As soon as Dr. Reich
stands still, back toward her, she pounces on him.

GABRIELLE

(whispers)

You have any last words before
I send you to Hell.

She presses a small blade to his neck.

DR. REICH

Gabrielle, I've missed you.
How's your father?

Chad growls, his eyes glow a brighter white. He steps closer
to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle glances at him for an instant then finds her self
flung over Dr. Reich's shoulder.

Her face to the floor, Dr. Reich quickly grabs her ankle and
wrenches it.

Terry rockets from his seat, spears Dr. Reich to the floor.
The others follow his lead.

Chandler and Michael rush Chad and pummel him.

Amber and Stacey bat Tiffany around with hail of punches.

Kristen and Lee sweep Marcus to the floor then whack him with
whatever items they can grab from books to vases.

Terry punches Dr. Reich's face, stands upright before he
falls.

Gabrielle knees Dr. Reich's stomach Terry follows her up with
a vicious uppercut. Dr. Reich stumbles backward.

DR. REICH

You brats underestimate me.

He lifts his hand, points toward a desk, several pens hover weakly midair.

His wrist flicks toward Terry and the pens zoom at him. They lodge into his right arm and side before he can dodge them.

Gabrielle charges at Dr. Reich, smashes her boot to his grinning face. His feet fly from under him as he falls down.

In the background, Chandler punches Marcus onto a wall. Lee jams two tranquilizers into his side. Marcus legs shake, he falls to the floor.

Chandler spots Terry bent on one knee, rushes to his side.

Dr. Reich holds his hand in the air, flicks at Gabrielle, she flies backward, topples over Chandler.

Dr. Reich fumbles at his waistband, withdraws a handgun.

Chandler takes out his handgun.

Dr. Reich waves his hand, Chandler's gun flings from his grip.

A BOOM thunders through the room.

Chandler clinches his side where his vest opens. Red rushes over his finger.

MICHAEL

No! Dad!

He kneels on the floor, scoops Chandler in his arms.

CHANDLER

(gasping)

Michael--

His eyes close, body falls limp.

GABRIELLE

Why you--

She pulls out her handgun, aims at Dr. Reich.

Dr. Reich points his gun at Terry.

DR. REICH

Uh, uh, you want to be responsible for the death of another family member? Drop it.

Terry winces as he pulls embedded pens from his arm.

TERRY

Don't do it, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

I have to.

She lays her gun down, locks her sight on Dr. Reich.

GABRIELLE

You're a heartless bastard.

DR. REICH

It's a talent.

He holds one hand out, motions his fingers upward. Gabrielle hovers a few inches above the floor.

They stare tensely at each other. Dr. Reich blinks. Gabrielle quickly reaches at her ankle, comes up with a second gun.

Dr. Reich shots her twice in the chest before she can aim it.

He drops his hand, Gabrielle falls to the floor.

Footsteps storm toward Dr. Reich. He turns, thrusts his palm at Terry who bends to his knees again.

Dr. Reich approaches Terry, who strains to stand upright, then presses the tip of the gun against his temple.

DR. REICH

Don't be a fool. I will give you amnesty if you rejoin me.

TERRY

Never.

Dr. Reich pistol whips Terry, knocks him out.

DR. REICH

Fine, you'll be the last to die, you traitor. Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Yes, doctor.

Dr. Reich points to Amber, Stacey, Kristen, and Lee.

DR. REICH

Tie those four up. I'll handle
the others personally.

TIFFANY

With pleasure, doctor.

Chad stirs to his feet, helps Tiffany tie up the teens.

Dr. Reich rests his gun.

Tears stream down Michael's cheeks as he stares in shock at
Chandler lying motionless.

Dr. Reich lifts his hand, motions up, Michael shoots upright.

DR. REICH

You going cry or do something
about his death?

Michael wipes his eye. He inhales deeply then clinches his
fist and darts toward Dr. Reich.

LEE

Kick his ass, Mike!

Michael throws a flurry of punches. Dr. Reich blocks them all
then catches both his fists.

DR. REICH

Is that all you got. Daddy
didn't teach you very good.

Michael stomps Dr. Reich's foot then trips him to the floor.

He then dives for Gabrielle's gun but Dr. Reich grabs his gun
first, aims at Michael.

DR. REICH

Don't even think about it.

He climbs to his feet.

DR. REICH

Now your friends will watch as
I blow your brains on their
faces.

He raises his hand, palm thrusts the air. Michael flies backward against Stacey, Kristen, Amber, and Lee.

Dr. Reich reproaches Michael, presses the gun to his forehead. He grins then pistol whips Michael.

STACEY

Stop it!

Dr. Reich stares cold at her as tears stream down her quivering cheeks.

In the background, Ashley stirs awake. She shakes her head and staggers to her feet pulling tranquilizers from her body.

She queerly surveys the office. Dr. Reich lifts Michael to his feet. Chad and Tiffany stand guard over Amber, Stacey, Lee and Kristen in a trance-like nature.

She then notices Terry, Chandler and Gabrielle each lying motion less and bleeding. Ashley looks at her clothes and hands. Blood stains her dress and cakes under her nails.

Her mouth gaps open and a tear streams down her cheek. She grits her teeth, clinches fist and creeps slowly behind Dr. Reich as he rubs his gun along the edges of Michael's face.

Michael shuts his eyes.

Dr. Reich thumbs back the hammer on his gun. He starts to pull trigger but Ashley spins the doctor around a moment before he can.

DR. REICH

What are you doing? Get your
hands off of me.

Ashley yanks the gun from his hand, tosses it down then positions her hands on Dr. Reich's chin and temple.

He flails between her hands. In one twist, Ashley snaps his neck 180 degrees.

Dr. Reich falls dead to the floor.

Chad and Tiffany also faint.

ASHLEY

I don't take orders from you
anymore.

Everyone else stare at her in awe.

MICHAEL

Ashley?

He steps away from her.

ASHLEY

Relax, I'm not going to hurt
you.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

He shakes Ashley's hand. At the same time, Chandler wriggles
and groans on the floor.

CHANDLER

Michael.

MICHAEL

Dad--

He rushes over to Chandler and hugs him.

CHANDLER

Easy, watch the side. I must've
passed out from shock.

Ashley unties the others and Terry awakens.

He sees Gabrielle lying motionless on the ground. He crawls to
her, holds her hand.

Amber wraps her arms around Terry's shoulders.

TERRY

Was she really my sister?

Amber presses his head to her chest.

AMBER

Michael said she was.

The office door bursts open.

A team of four soldiers storm in and search the room. One puts two fingers to Gabrielle's throat.

SOLDIER 1
She's alive, barely. Call
paramedics, tell them we got
three wounded and one dead.

Terry's eyes widen. Silent tears roll down his cheek as a smile breaks across his lips.

SOLDIER 1
Is everyone else alright?

KRISTEN
We're fine now that he's dead.

She points to Dr. Reich's corpse

SOLDIER 1
Who killed him?

Ashley steps approaches him.

ASHLEY
I did.

SOLDIER 1
You've done us all a great
favor.

ASHELY
I don't know about all that. I
still can't remember much about
tonight--

She looks toward Chad and Tiffany.

ASHLEY
--But I do know those two had a
part in this and I deserve
whatever punishment they get.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

End Super:

EXT. ASHLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun dips toward a grassy horizon.

Ashley sits alone on a large front porch. A green light blinks from a black anklet on her left ankle.

Whispers stir in the background.

She glances left then right.

The whispers grow more audible.

DR. REICH (V.O)
(exaggerated)
Ashley.

Ashley perks up attentively and surveys around once more.

ASHLEY
Who said that?

DR. REICH (V.O)
Don't you recognize my voice?

Ashley stands up, wanders to the porch railing then leans over, checks the side of the house.

ASHLEY
I killed him with my bare hands. He's dead.

DR. REICH (V.O)
He? Him? You know my name, say it!

ASHLEY
You're not him. I killed him. I killed him!

DR. REICH (V.O)
Not quite. I'm part of you now. When you killed me our minds became one forever.

The voice chuckles.

ASHLEY
No, get out of my mind, get out of my head. Leave me alone!

DR. REICH (V.O)

Ashley, be a good girl and do
as I say.

Ashley stomps her feet and pounds her head on the railing.

She lets out another scream then smashes the railing apart.

ASHLEY

No, no!

She presses her back against the house, slumps down to the
floor, buries her face in her hands.

She looks up, her eyes glow bright white.

ASHLEY

Yes, Dr. Reich.

FADE OUT