

After Dark

By:  
Brandon Coleman

Contact:

Name: Brandon Coleman

Telephone Cell: 618 303 9764

Email: coleman268604@yahoo.com

Registration #: 1502681

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 glow 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 and 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 a road. Streetlamps meekly pierce the blackness of the clouded night illuminating a poorly kept three-floor prairie style home 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 FBI 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

All are basement level, Sir.

CHANDLER

You and Bravo scan around back. Double check the perimeter and wait for my signal.

SCHUMACHER

Yes, sir.

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  
You and Bravo sit tight.

He continues up concrete steps, unsheathes a three inch blade then jimmys 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 softly 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. 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, slight of build, youthful for his age sits amongst 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 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.

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 shadowed corners of the basement.

Chandler and Gonzalez rush 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, Conrad?

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, doc.

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.

Yvette wets her lips then deeply inhales Gonzalez' scent.

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 along the wall. Gonzalez then talks into the radio clipped on her vest.

GONZALEZ

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

BRAVO (O.S)

No one yet, chica.

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? Just one thing keeps her from perfection.

GONZALEZ

Let me guess. Is it herpes?

DR. REICH

No her temper. You can 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 wound left heals 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.

Gonzalez clinches her fists, squares her shoulders.

GONZALEZ

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

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

YVETTE

I love 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 flings her against the wall. Slowly she hoists Gonzalez a foot off the floor.

Yvette presses a claw to Gonzalez's cheek and slices down to



her jaw line. Blood gradually puses over the claw as 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 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 drop to the floor. Yvette turns toward Dr. Reich and breaks his handcuffs.

DR. REICH

Hide her body.

Yvette tosses Gonzalez's body behind a 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 eyes an empty shell on the floor and blood on Yvette.

CHANDLER

--where is... Gonzalez?

He looks left, notices a boot tip juttred out behind a desk.

Chandler shuffles to the desk with his gun fixed on Dr. Reich.

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.

Claws slash 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 where Tim clubs at Chandler's guarded face.

BRAVO (O.S)

Sir, get down!

As Tim turns five rounds pierce his chest and neck.

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 headbutt, picks up his knife and then lunges at him interchanging blade thrusts and punches.

Tim counters with his claws and catches both of Chandler's fists 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 headbutt that sends him staggers.

Chandler shakes his arms, wiggles his fingers then grabs a pair of beakers off a lab table. He smashes them on Tim's head then 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 crashes into them.

Tim saunters over, wraps his 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 comes 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 foreground. Its face comes to focus reading 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, beautiful, short ash blonde hair. Professionally dressed, a touch of lips gloss is her only makeup.

She sets several plates on a circular table, scrambles to the countertop 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) tawny skin, gray eyed, average height,  
and untraditionally attractive. He's thin faced with dark hair  
half tamed and has a thin black mustache.

He stares groggily at his door then 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 while Adam rushes off down the opposite end of the hallway.

A door opens to the 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 the 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

Okay, 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

The lights flicker on. Michael ducks behind hedges.

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

What are we looking at?

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

LEE

(sniffing)

You guys smell something?

TERRY

(gagging)

It's you. Get off me, man--

He pushes Lee away.

TERRY *cont'd*

--That cat pissed on you.

Lee 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 echo 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?

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 wrists.

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 dart 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 *cont'd*  
--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 approach the Buick one behind the other.  
Stephanie and Adam are already inside.

## 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 proceed 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 rushes 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 her 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 talked 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 eyes 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 it,  
fixed it up, and is letting me  
use it tomorrow.

MICHAEL  
Okay, I'll think--

TERRY  
--Don't think, just be there.

STACEY  
I'll save you a dance. I mean,  
if you want.

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  
Checkout 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

Relax.

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 smirks and gropes a finger on Lee's chest.

KRISTEN

Flatter me. Do you know how to treat a girl?

LEE

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

Kristen moves her hand past Lee's chest and strokes his ear.

Lee shutters, an uneasy smile breaks across his lips.

KRISTEN

Hmmm, what time?

LEE

Seven or we could just have a party of our own.

He puts his hands on Kristen's waist, pulls her closer. She laughs, runs her thumb across Lee's dimpled cheek.

KRISTEN

You got guts approaching me so straight forward. 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. Play along. 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 a slut?

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 copped a feel.

AMBER  
Don't be a jerk, Terry.

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

AMBER  
Lee, come here!

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

LEE  
How's it hanging, guys?

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

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  
spoke of.

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 knows 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 happened to know  
who was around my house last  
week, would you?

MICHAEL

No, Sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I came home from a concert to  
find my cat shat all throughout  
my house.

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

MICHAEL

I wonder how that happened.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Intuition tells me you three  
had something to do with it.

TERRY

(mumbles)

Intuition tells me butterball  
went to that concert alone.

Principal Whitman frowns and glares at Terry.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I was on a date.

LEE

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

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

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

Michael, Terry and Lee proceed past Principal Whitman and 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 with silver  
streaks, and dressed in a pale earth tones.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

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

MARIE

Yes, sir, and remember 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 colors and carrying small black  
briefcase. He enters--

MAIN OFFICE

DR. REICH

Excuse me, is Alex Whitman in?

MARIE

I'm sorry. Principal Whitman is  
preoccupied at the moment.

Dr. Reich leans onto Marie's desk. She stares at his eyes. Her  
pupils dilate, her eyes widen, and a smile softens her lips.

DR. REICH

We can make an exception, yes?

MARIE

Yes we can. I'll let Principal Whitman know you're here.

Marie drags her feet along the floor as she walks to the principal's a door and opens it.

WHITMAN'S OFFICE

MARIE

Mr. Whitman, you have a visitor.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Tell whomever it is I'm busy.

MARIE

It's important, Sir.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN (O.S)

(sighs)

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

My name is Dr. Conrad Reich.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Conrad 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, I served in the  
navy myself. What brings you  
by?

DR. REICH

Your students, they lack spirit  
and lag behind in state test  
scores.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Every school has problems.

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

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

You have a point. We must  
improve our test scores.

DR. REICH

Arrange an assembly and appoint  
me as your new academic  
guidance counselor.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Yes, I'll do that immediately.

DR. REICH

Good. Now shake.

The two men lock hands. Dr. Reich shakes. The principal's eyes  
flutter. He stares 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

The assembly introducing me as the new academic counselor, remember?

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

I did? I mean of course.

He thumbs down on an intercom. Wiry screeches echo followed by clarity.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Attention, faculty, there is a mandatory assembly in 10 minutes in the gymnasium. Please escort all 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 texts in backpacks. Shoes screech the floor as they all file out.

At the center of the class Lee props up on his elbows.

LEE

(murmuring)

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

MS. JENKINS

You say something, Lee?

LEE

Huh? No, Ms. Jenkins.

TERRY

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

He musses Lee's hair.

LEE

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

TERRY

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

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

HALLWAY

CHAD (18) beefy, boorish looking, wavy brown hair, donning 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 peers at Lee who stands behind Terry 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

forward.

Chad grips Lee's shoulders, lifts him to his feet. Michael knocks his hands 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 lift him two feet in the air.

CHAD

--Copped a feel too.

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 gonna do to his head.

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

LEE

(laughing)

We was just fooling around. What's it to you? She's she not your girl anymore.

CHAD

You're dead.

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

MS. JENKINS (O.S)

Lay another hand on him I'll have you suspended and off the football team.

Standing across from the fight she proceeds to remove Chad's hands from Lee then 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

You sure? I can get him some ice.

TERRY

Lee's a tough squirt. We'll get ice later if he needs it.

MS. JENKINS

Okay, see you boys in the gym.

She walks away leading the other students through the hall.

TERRY

Sorry about that back there. I should've told you Chad has 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 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 to Kristen who 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 stare blankly at Dr. Reich. Whispers murmur through the crowd.

TERRY

What's this windbag getting at?

PODIUM

DR. REICH

Some bad apples' disruptive  
expressions are ruining the  
academia setting for others.

BLEACHERS

Terry looks away from the podium and French's with Amber.

Michael examines Dr. Reich at podium. The doctor's irises fade from green to opaque green to white. Michael presses his palms to his face then stares back at the doctor who's return green.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

I have full permission to do as  
I see fit.

BLEACHERS

MICHAEL

Seems pointless for us all to  
be here. Why not just the kids  
who are behind?

Michael nudges Stacey. She flinches, startled.

STACEY

Sparing embarrassment I guess?

PODIUM

DR. REICH

For the next month Friday  
attendance is optional.

Some applause stirs among the crowd.

DR. REICH

Ipads, concert tickets, and  
other prizes will be raffled to  
those who do show up.

A louder applause emanates from the crowd.

BLEACHERS

TERRY

I don't know where this guy  
came from but I'm like him  
already.

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 glossed over eyes and generic smiles.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

I randomly selected five students who will compose a student spirit council to help me help you.

BLEACHERS

Michael glances at Stacey who gazes adrift at lights in the rafters. She turns to him, smiles then returns to daydreaming.

PODIUM

DR. REICH

Thank you for your time. You're all dismissed.

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 sit on the table.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM (17) Tan, auburn haired, average, wears form fitting t-shirt, black jeans and a 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 food tray.

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 their partial transformation into pinkish skin  
legionnaires they stare blankly at Dr. Reich. He pulls from  
his pocket a crystal bottle filled with purple liquid.

DR. REICH  
Take this--

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

DR. REICH  
--Share it with your friends.

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?

LEE  
Yeah. I'm fine.

KRISTEN  
He can be so jealous.

She kisses him.

LEE

I know. I got the bump on my eye to prove it.

KRISTEN

I was trying to prevent that.

She rests her hands on his chest, leans in closer.

LEE

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. You know? 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 five 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 got to run. I'll catch up with you at the game.

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

TERRY

That dog.

AMBER

My little boy's all grown up.

MICHAEL

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 knows. I don't think he's going to pull anything else but I'll keep an eye on things.

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 down.

AMBER

You want to come, Stacey?

STACEY

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

MICHAEL

Can't. I got English--

Stacey stares at the floor pouting.

MICHAEL *cont'd*

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

A coy smile eases across Stacey's lips.

They walk side by side slowly.

STACEY

I saw you outside my window last week.

MICHAEL

I swear I wasn't peeping.

STACEY  
Okay, so what you were doing?

MICHAEL  
Honestly?

Stacey nods.

MICHAEL  
I was pranking Whitman.

STACEY  
Why?

MICHAEL  
He kicked me off the school  
paper 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 frail old  
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 his mobile phone and shows Stacey the screen.

STACEY  
He... doesn't look half bad.

Michael eyes the image on the screen.

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

We were best friends growing  
up.

MICHAEL

(shyly)

Do have a date for her party?

They stop in the middle of a crossway.

STACEY

If this is your way of asking  
me out pick me up at seven.

Michael grins and scratches his neck. He peers into the  
cafeteria left of them.

MICHAEL

Amber's probably waiting on  
you. I'd better let you go.

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 backs out into--

HALLWAY

Michael spots Ashley pacing to and fro 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, you like picking the weak  
and the geeks?

PLAYER 1

Maybe. What's it to you?

DR. REICH

With all the focus 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 spells  
or something?

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

DR. REICH

One drop of this and you'll be  
unbeatable.

PLAYER 3

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

The three players start toward the door.

Marcus, William, and Ashley spring between them and the exit.

William shoves two of the players down onto 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  
Your aversion is upsetting the council.

PLAYER 2  
You're all freaks.

DR. REICH  
Hold his mouth open.

William pins 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 and groans. His skin changes a pale pink his eyes glow over white.

DR. REICH  
Don't worry, the pain will end.

PLAYER 3  
Hey, man, you alright?

Dr. Reich turns to Player 3, dangles the crystal bottle.

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 shaken at the doorway with one hand on the knob, the other on his chest.

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  
You can't just barge into my  
office like a bat out of hell?

MICHAEL  
That new counselor's doing  
something twisted to kids.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN  
Calm down, boy. Take a breath.  
Now, what's he doing?

MICHAEL  
Somehow he's mutating them  
skin, tooth and nail.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN  
Are you on drugs?

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

INT. DR. REICH'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens. Michael and Principal Whitman stand at the doorway.

Three football players sit with notebook and pen in hand. Dr. Reich lectures them.



DR. REICH

Due to carbon six electrons in its outer shell it can easily form compound and ionic bonds with any other element.

He turns toward the doorway

DR. REICH *cont'd*

Nice of you to stop by, Principal Whitman. Care to join us in a rousing lecture on elemental bonds?

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

No, I don't want to impose on your tutelage. Please continue.

He bows out of the room closing the door after himself and Michael.

MICHAEL

That's a facade. I know what I saw.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Everything is all fun and games to you, isn't it?

MICHAEL

I'm telling the truth.

PRINCIPAL WHITMAN

Enough. Go to the main office. Your mother left you a note. Something about not forget your brother and sister.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

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

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE GONZALEZ (60) gray buzz cut hair, stocky build, saggy cheeks and wears a dark green suit.

AGENT WALSH (55) balding, very thin, and narrow faced has a full gray goatee.

AGENT NIXON (48) dark, has slate gray eyes, square jawed, a

very portly man.

WALSH

There'd better be a good reason  
how we lost three agents, Eric.

CHANDLER

We lost containment of the  
target, Sir.

S.D GONZALEZ

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

Certain variables caught us off  
guard.

S.D GONZALEZ

You were trained to combat  
every circumstance.

CHANDLER

Project Med 7 had a different  
effect on Dr. Reich. His  
mutation wasn't like the  
others.

NIXON

How so?

He clasps his hands together and leans forward.

CHANDLER

I believe he became  
telepathically linked with  
everything that ingested the  
drug including people.

INSERT: MANILA FOLDER

Files and pictures of various individuals lay linearly.

MEETING ROOM

CHANDLER

Several similar cases show the same rare mutation. Journal excerpts left behind also indicate he intends to expose others to the drug.

S.D GONZALEZ

Have you narrowed down where Dr. Reich could be headed?

CHANDLER

Yes. Each town I've tracked him to leads closer to Washington. Let me go this mission alone. I won't fail again.

S.D GONZALEZ

Permission granted.

NIXON

Where do you expect he'll be?

CHANDLER

Barlow, Virginia.

INT. BARLOW HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Lee wears sound blocking earphones and bobs his head to blaring music. As he nears a set of double doors someone 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 person, and immediately recognizes Chad.

LEE

Chad, look I'm sorry about earlier and I'd really appreciate you sparing my face more blunt trauma.

Chad stretches out his hand. Lee flinches, shielding himself.

CHAD

I'm not here to fight.

He puts his hand on Lee's shoulder

LEE

Then what do you want?

CHAD

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

LEE

(quizzical)

Okay.

CHAD

Take care of yourself.

He turns and pulls Lee closer with his arm lain around his neck.

CHAD

Treat hear good. If you don't  
I'll be back and we'll exchange  
more than just words.

Chad's eyes gloss over white. He blinks and they return brown.

INT. KRISTEN'S CAR - DAY

Kristen brushes a nail file across her fingertips.

The passenger side door opens.

Lee steps in and Kristen kisses him. He halts her. She notices his trembling 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 *cont'd*

--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 (38) bronze skinned, muscular, receding  
hairline, tucks a clipboard under his arm. Players in red and  
black uniforms kneel around him.

Three players toward the back discreetly pour a 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

Buffaloes!

COACH RATLIFF

Get out there and kick some  
Truman ass!

Players hoot and shout as they slap their thigh pads and clap their hands while marching out the locker room and through a tunnel.

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 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.

After pregame warm-ups the teams take their position on each end of the field. 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 result in several players, mostly from the Tigers' side, either concussed on the sideline or carried off on a stretcher.

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

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

STANDS - LATER

The game clock in the background reads 9:32 minutes left 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. What'd we miss?

They settle next to Michael.

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 for a huge gain before he's brought down.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

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

Amber bounces up and down pumping her fist in the air.

AMBER

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

Whoa! Our guys been playing  
like this the whole time?

STACEY

Pretty much. They're good.

LEE

(softly)

Mike, I bumped into Chad.

MICHAEL

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

(whispers)

I saw that happen to a few kids  
in the new counselor's office.

LEE

Freaky.

MICHAEL

Ever since that Dr. Reich got  
here I've been noticing strange  
things happening.

LEE

You sure he's the reason?

MICHAEL

I saw him do something to three  
football players. It turned  
their eyes white like Chad's.

LEE

So he's turning our football  
team into studs?

MICHAEL

No, they were like freakish  
puppets, and so were 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)

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

MONTAGE

- The Buffaloes kick the ball off.
- Barlow's 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 player plows the Truman quarterback into the field. He lies on the ground motionless until EMT's help him off the field.

END MONTAGE

STANDS

LEE

That's the second ambulance tonight.

MICHAEL

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

The Barlow Buffaloes continue to dominate the Truman Tigers on both sides of the ball.

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 giddily 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 nods and continues after Amber.

MICHAEL

Something's fishy around here.

LEE

I know but in the meantime we  
got to celebrate. We beat the  
state champs!

He takes Kristen's hand.

LEE

Meet us at Sergio's. We'll grab  
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.

Guests stop 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  
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 with 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.

Everyone digs in and loads up a plate.

As they eat, everyone focuses on Lee who makes a gesture that gets them all to clinch their sides and 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 open and shut.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1  
Like I thought, you're too  
chicken-shit.

TRUMAN PLAYER 2  
He ain't got no balls. Just a  
chump like Foster.

TRUMAN PLAYER 1  
Step aside, pencil neck.

MICHAEL  
You're not laying a finger on  
him.

Truman Player 1 chuckles hysterically. He does a quick turn to his teammates and then punches Michael in the face.

Terry punches Truman Player 1 in the gut and 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 away from the mayhem. Other pizzeria customers shy away or disperse all together.

Gabrielle springboards off a chair and smashing a pizza tray down on Truman Player 4's head repeatedly until he crumples.

Next she pulls Truman Player 3 off of Michael, slams his face into a bowl of pasta then thrusts her knee into his gut.

A few feet away Lee runs around a table dodging Truman Player 2's wide arching punches.

Kristen approaches gingerly from behind. She extends her foot,

trips up the Truman player who 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 exchange blows, neither one yielding.

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

TRUMAN PLAYER 1

I'm gonna bust you up.

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 way.

TRUMAN PLAYER 2

We're out of here. That bitch  
is crazy!

All four Truman players limp out 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--

Michael and the rest of the gang step toward the doors.

MICHAEL *cont'd*

--We're leaving.

TERRY

Right behind you.

(to Gabrielle)

Thank you.

He shakes Gabrielle's hand then rejoins the others, glancing back as he exits.

GABRIELLE

(softly)

Be careful, kid.

INT. CHANDLER HOUSE - DAY

The front door squeaks open, Chandler slides inside, and 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 presents a bouquet of daises and tulips

MRS. CHANDLER

They're beautiful. Thank you.

She takes the flowers then hugs and kisses Chandler.

CHANDLER

Nina, I know we don't see each other as much as we want to so I think--

He peals the comforter.

CHANDLER *cont'd*

--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?

He gasps at the sight of only a comforter standing between him and his nude parents.

CHANDLER

Hey, son.

ADAM

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

He runs out the room. His steps thunder away in the distance.

KITCHEN

Adam strolls slapping his cheeks.

Stephanie, sitting at the table, looks up from her textbook.

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 her books.

STEPHANIE  
You're cute when you're  
traumatized.

She ruffles his hair, grins as she walks away.

STEPHANIE  
Sucks that your room is next to  
theirs. You won't get any peace  
and quiet today.

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.

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

Stacey wears a long green and gold, Victorian dress. Glitter sprinkles her face and emerald eye shadow covers her eyelids.

AMBER  
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 a sort 1920's costume.

LEE  
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 a  
Miss Bonnie Parker.

MICHAEL  
Very nice. You guys see Terry?

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

MICHAEL

You don't look so good.

TERRY

I don't feel so hot either. A  
voice keeps ringing in my head.

Michael scratches his chin then quickly snaps his fingers.

MICHAEL

Did you drink the Gatorade?

TERRY

I'm serious.

Michael leans toward Terry.

MICHAEL

Me too. Did you see anyone pour  
anything usual in the cooler at  
the game?

TERRY

I don't remember. I just know I  
felt different when I got home.

Michael studies Terry who perspires from his forehead and  
fidgets restlessly. His gaze drifts to Stacey on the dance  
floor. She shoos away a guy in a Phantom of the Opera suit  
leaving her and Amber to themselves.

Amber whispers into Stacey's ear, they nod and she walks away.

Michael glances at Terry once more and sees him pull a pint  
sized plastic bottle of dark liquor from his toga. Terry takes  
a swing 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 to extend a greeting  
to our guests.

BALLROOM

Dr. Reich's costumed teens meld into the crowd. Several of them carry a 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  
Good thing I'm only a part-time  
asshole.

KRISTEN  
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 yanks 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  
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.

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

ASHLEY  
That's not what I want to hear.

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

FLASH TO:

DUSTY ROOM

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

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 in here don't let  
my size fool you. I pack punch.

Lee waits motionless but no one comes to sight. He continues  
to dust himself off and shuffles to the door.

Ashley leaps from a shadow, knocks Lee back, and throws her  
back against the door just as Lee reaches for 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 throat.

Once within arms-reach, she strokes 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 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 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 and out the door.

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 growls cease.

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 return a cold and blank gaze as if awaiting 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 behind Lee rattles. The chair lodged under its knob flies across the hallway as the whole door breaks off its hinges, falls flat. Ashley steps out the room whence Lee came.

She stomps toward Lee half morphed in her legionnaire form. Lee 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 had your chance. Now die  
with it.

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

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 *cont'd*

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 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, moonlit 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 instance they morph into taller, clawed beasts with pinkish skin.

There costumes split at the seams from their bulging muscles. Hair on their veiny arms grows thick and patchy. Their mouths become more feline muzzle-like as their teeth become serrated.

LEGIONNAIRE 1

Rip them apart.

The normal unchanged kids scatter 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)

Help!

CORNER

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

One legionnaire smacks Amber down. 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 ladles 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 speeds downward. Just before she fully stomps down Michael blindside spears Tiffany to the floor.

MICHAEL

Normally, I never hit girls--

TIFFANY

--Go to hell.

She spits at Michael's face. He scrunches his face and wipes his cheek.

MICHAEL

I'll make an exception for you.

Tiffany grunts through her teeth, rolls Michael over. Michael shields his face with his forearms as she slashes at him. He then thrusts his pelvis, launches Tiffany forward, mounts atop, and 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 and 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 *cont'd*  
--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 legionnaire that 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 and nudges 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 surveys the face of his three frightened friends.

TERRY

(calm)

Don't be so hasty. There's nothing fear.

STACEY

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 inch closer.

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 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  
feds 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 fighting us?

MICHAEL

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

He rubs Terry's shoulders. Terry stares at him with a 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 gives 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 and slings him through a pantry door.

PANTRY

Groaning, Michael's hands scale the pantry floor. He 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 pressing one hand firm against his thigh and the other over his ribs.

Terry thrust kicks him to the floor but Michael catches his foot and pulls Terry down with him 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 and wrenches it behind his back.

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

Terry lunges a punch at Michael but narrowly misses and punches an indent in the wall instead.

Michael cuts the distance between them, throws a flurry of head and body punches. Terry knocks wraps Michael up then belly to belly suplexes him.

TERRY

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

In the background Gabrielle appears. She skulks 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 caste-iron skillet then slaps it across the back of Terry's head.

Terry's eyes bulge, his arms drops. Finally, he collapses.

Michael staggers toward Gabrielle then passes out as well.

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 and elbows another's face breaking their grip on her.

Stacey yanks an arm free then clangs a legionnaire's 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 scraping their claws on 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 groin. 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. Two other legionnaires who dragged them into the ballroom surround them as well.

Low beastly growls hum 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.

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

Help!

A legionnaire slips under and away from the others. 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 sixth'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

If I don't he'll kill us.

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 rocks side to side groaning like 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  
Is he trouble?

AMBER  
(nodding)  
So are Terry and Lee.

Chandler focuses on Stacey.

CHANDLER  
What's your name?

STACEY  
Stacey. Michael's... girlfriend.

CHANDLER  
What happened to him?

STACEY  
Terry went crazy. Michael  
fought him. Then me and Amber

were dragged in here.

CHANDLER

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

AMBER

Yeah, something about a Dr. Reich, but it was all crazy talk.

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 search this place alone. We can help you.

CHANDLER

(huffs)

You two can barely defend yourselves. 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.

They 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 as they dust themselves off.

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 went?

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 sconces light the way. A dirty maroon rug stretches the length of the hall. Dusty black leather furniture sits 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 eyes her red stained fingers.

CHANDLER

Step this way nice and easy.

Gabrielle looks at her hands then 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 toward 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 friends to keep them from hurting people.

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!

Michael grins and nods.

KRISTEN

(to Chandler)

Lee told me you work for the feds 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. Others turned into the freaks you saw. However, the drug worked differently on Dr. Reich.

LEE

Different how?

CHANDLER

He gained telepathy and to a small degree telekinesis 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 stir from the corner. Everyone turns to see Terry stand and pop his neck. He shuffles over to the others.

TERRY

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

All the teens 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 and continues 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 size each other up. 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 connects with 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 bashes his elbow to Yvette face. He then unsheathes a knife and slashes clean through her guts.

Yvette falls to one knee laughing uncontrollably.

YVETTE  
You're good but stall so  
easily.

She slashes at his thighs, abs, chest, and arm. She misses all each time as dodges every swipe.

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 stretches his arm straight up and stabs down into Yvette's neck. She releases him and crumples to her knees.

YVETTE

It's impossible to defeat us.

The eight inch blade sticks it out through both ends of 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?

Stacey stares out the window then back to Chandler.

STACEY

This isn't the way to Washington.

CHANDLER

We're picking up supplies, sedatives.

MICHAEL

Tranq guns would make this a lot easier.

CHANDLER

I have the guns, I need Klonopin and Zyprex.

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. He stares at  
the asylum as the others exit from the cabin.

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 eyes 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 *cont'd*

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

Kristen gazes off to the side. She cups her hand over her  
mouth and muffles her laughter.

KRISTEN

There's Kim and her boyfriend  
Brandon. They're always  
fighting.

She gasps and ducks behind Stacey.

KRISTEN

Brandon's walking this way.  
Quick, hide me.

Stacey rolls her eyes then glares 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  
with my face in his lap 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

Get off, Lynn! He's 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 snatches Amber's hair. Amber tries 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 isolate the brunette. 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.

Amber 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. She and Kristen stare in awe as the nurse hits 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 as the four orderlies drag them away.

Stacey approaches the desk while the Nurse wipes her nose.

STACEY

Are you ok?

NURSE

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 had to try harder.

She smothers the nurse's face tighter. The nurse collapses onto her desk. Stacey tucks her underneath the desk then swipes an I.D card from the nurse and motions toward the double door entrance.

Chandler and the boys, all jeans and tees, 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 the wall adjacent to the front desk. They proceed through the--

HALLWAY

They peer into each room they pass.

Chandler pauses in front of a door and reads its label.

CHANDLER

This is it.

He turns the handle, it doesn't budge. He notices a security pad on the wall then swipes his card over it, tries the handle 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

Quick, in here.

Everyone rushes inside. Chandler spies from the slightly ajar door. A PSYCH DOCTOR (34) approaches.

The footsteps grow louder. The Psych Doctor nears the closet. Chandler yanks him inside and covers his mouth.

CHANDLER

Relax. Cooperate and nothing bad will happen. 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. He 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 Doctor's left arm 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 and flexes his arm.

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 into the two guards trailing him.

One of the orderlies grabs Stacey. She pushes him back until he knocks his head on a fire extinguisher case.

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.

They burst through a set of double doors. Michael doubles back, grabs a broomstick laid against a wall and slides it through the door handles then rejoins the others.

CHANDLER

This way leads outside.

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, Stacey, and Michael running from sight.

PSYCH DOCTOR

Get up. They're getting away!

INT. MITCHEL PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAYTON WING - NIGHT

Lee stops in front of a white door, spies through its small window and knocks 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. They all dash down the--

HALLWAY

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, gnaws on his knuckle.

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 breasts 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 ahead through the door 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.

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 onto 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 revealing a 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 rifles. 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 parts vertical Venetian blinds and overlooks personnel outside. The office door swings open.

AGENT NABOKOV (25), 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. They rise up dazed and stumble from the fighting.

Some cower behind Pentagon forces. Others are slashed down and trampled by thousands more legionnaires pressing forward in their mutated form.

The legionnaires slash open guts, rip out throats, and smash

through barriers as they claw toward the Pentagon walls.

Soldiers and federal agents switch to deadly force and shoot to immobilize and kill if necessary.

Empty shells sprinkle the ground along with hundreds 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 ammo.

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 slashing 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.

Dozens of soldiers and agents lie motionless on the ground. Some are dragged 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 stalls 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 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.

CHANDLER

Not a good sign. Containment  
failed.

Chandler turns the corner.

Blocks from the Pentagon de-morphed legionnaires shot in the head lay 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 *cont'd*

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 how 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

You guys are insane! Right,  
sorry. This just seems a little  
surreal 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

Protection and 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?

CHANDLER

Knock out gas, each of you will  
need one.

LATER

Chandler and the teens approach within two hundred yards of  
the Pentagon. A greater number of dead and wounded surround  
them.

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 and I'll tell you.

He fires a tranquilizer at William who catches it in mid-air just before the point reaches his neck.

WILLIAM

No thanks, though you can relay the message to my friends.

He smirks and walks away.

Thirty legionnaires, half of whom wear military uniform, appear atop the hill beside the current three.

KRISTEN

Holy shit!

The legionnaires storm down the hill weaving through a barrage of tranquilizers.

Seventeen of them hit to the ground reverting 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.

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 flips 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 and stands.

MICHAEL

You alright?

LEE

A little out of breath but I'm 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 minced onions out of these punks.

MICHAEL

Mincemeat... never mind.

He and Lee join Stacey, Kristen, and Terry who fights two legionnaires at once. He knocks one down the other rises.

Terry lifts one legionnaire overhead, slams it into the other.

Michael and Lee pin the two 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

Sorry.

Chandler trudges over panting.

Three shots echo in the background. Amber stands over seven legionnaires. She lowers her gun, rejoins the others.

CHANDLER

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. I bet he's waiting  
for Dr. Reich.

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 in on the doc. He plans to make an irreversible strain and to dump it in reservoirs of major cities on the northeast seaboard starting with D.C.

CHANDLER

That I didn't know.

GABRIELLE

If that happens the mutation will spread globally and he'll be too powerful to stop.

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. Bullet holes riddle the walls, blood smears its surface. Corpses dot the hall.

MICHAEL

There's got to be hundreds of them.

They group turns a corner. Three hundred legionnaires standing over more mutilated bodies stare back at them.

Michael nervously slides a canister from his belt. He starts for the pin.

The metal TING echoes in the background. Soon a canister floats overhead 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 reverting 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 fight through the knockout gas and bulldoze over the sluggish ones.

Blood spurts in the air and bits of fabric fall to the floor as legionnaires claw at the gang.

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 apart from everyone else with his back pressed against a set of shelves near the back.

The feminine legionnaire ensnares him in a rear naked chokehold. Cupping her hand over his mouth she drags him down and away. Lee strains to speak but only muffled sounds escape.

He punches the legionnaire's face then tugs at her arm while struggling to back her against a wall.

The legionnaire fights to quietly restrain Lee but his 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 missing. He and the others fan out and find him.

They come to the back wall where Lee stands upright and panting as the legionnaire lies at his feet. He thrusts the black square shaped object at her again.

She twitches wildly and phases to human form.

Kristen steps closer to Lee, grins.

KRISTEN

She have a crush on you too?

LEE

Yes, 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

Lucky again, Lee. She almost 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 while rubbing his cheek. He looks over and taps Terry.

LEE

Glad we're teaming up, big guy.

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 the length of the hall.

CHANDLER

No one make a sound and turn  
back quickly.

MICHAEL

A little late for that.

Straight ahead several legionnaires come to view. A dozen more legionnaires stand no more than a few feet behind the gang.

One glares into Michael's eyes then knocks him unconscious. The others succumb to the same fate.

INT. PENTAGON - SECRETARY OF DEFENSE 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 menacingly.

DR. REICH

Good of you to join us, Eric.

CHANDLER

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

No one was talking to you, boy.

CHANDLER

You knew I'd come for Secretary 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

Enlighten me. Why?

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, revealing S.D Gonzalez restrained to an armchair. His chin touches his chest. Dr. Reich lifts his head 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 revenge.

Dr. Reich leans in close, clinches S.D Gonzalez's shoulers.

DR. REICH  
I shall exact mine first. You  
stole my life's work. Your  
daughter's death was only a  
prelude to what I have planned.

S.D Gonzalez spits in Dr. Reich's face.

S.D GONZALEZ  
Bring it.

Dr. Reich pulls out a handkerchief and 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 secretary groans.

Ashley pins the secretary's back to the chair while William grips an arm of the chair and punches his gut and sternum.

Blood spurts from S.D Gonzalez's mouth. He wheezes heavy as he topples over, chair and all.

S.D GONZALEZ

(coughing)

Is that all you motherfuckers  
got?

Michael and the others, now awake, recoil squeamishly as they watch on.

A hand reaches down, yanks the secretary upright. Marcus stands behind holding 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 laughter fades as she raises the pipe then smashes down on S.D Gonzalez's right shin, it breaks inward.

AIR VENT

Gabrielle crawls to a screen, looks in on--

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE OFFICE

Tiffany straddles the secretary's lap, wraps her hand around the back of his head, 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 tries to free his hands and feet. The rope doesn't budge.

CHANDLER

Mr. Secretary, can you hear me?

Dr. Reich turns around, elbows Chandler's 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 bat 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 dropping 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 completely.

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 crumples.

Chad, Tiffany, and Marcus fan out and search the office.

S.D Gonzalez's closes his eyes. 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 gazes at the vent.

Chad spots the air vent. He grabs the pipe lying on the floor  
and bashes it open. Nothing appears in the gaping 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 out the rest.

Chandler and the teens palm their cut ropes.

Gabrielle crouches behind a file cabinet. As soon as Dr. Reich  
stands still with his back toward her she pounces on him.

GABRIELLE

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 steps closer to Gabrielle and growls.

Gabrielle glances at him for an instance then finds herself  
flung over Dr. Reich's shoulder. Dr. Reich quickly grabs her  
ankle and wrenches it.

Terry rockets from his seat, spears Dr. Reich to the floor.  
The others follow suit.

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 pelt him with  
everything they can grab from books to vases.

Terry punches Dr. Reich's upright before he can fall.

Gabrielle knees Dr. Reich's stomach Terry follows up with an 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 and the pens zoom at Terry. They pierce into his right arm and side before he can dodge them.

Gabrielle charges at Dr. Reich smashing her boot into his grinning face. His feet fly from under him as he falls.

Chandler presses Marcus to a wall. Lee jams two tranquilizers into his side. Marcus's 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 and 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 just under his vest. Red rushes over his finger.

MICHAEL

No! Dad!

He kneels on the floor, cradles Chandler's head.

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  
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 takes aim.

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 knocking him out.

DR. REICH  
You'll die last, traitor.  
Tiffany.

TIFFANY  
Yes, doctor.

Dr. Reich points to Amber, Stacey, Kristen, and Lee.

DR. REICH  
Tie those four up.

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 motionless body.

Dr. Reich lifts Michael upright.

DR. REICH  
You going cry or do something  
about his death?

Michael wipes his eyes then clinches his fists.

LEE  
Kick his ass, Mike!

Michael throws a flurry of punches. Dr. Reich blocks them all then palms Michael's fists and squeezes.

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 *cont'd*  
Don't even think about it.

He climbs to his feet.

DR. REICH *cont'd*  
Now your friends will watch as  
I blow your brains on their  
faces.

He thrusts his palm and knocks Michael backward against Stacey, Kristen, Amber, and Lee.

Dr. Reich reproaches Michael, presses the gun to his forehead. He grins then pistol whips him.

STACEY  
Stop it!

Dr. Reich stares cold at her. Tears stream down her quivering cheeks.

Ashley stirs awake in the background. 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 state.

She then notices Terry, Chandler, and Gabrielle. Each lay motionless and bleeding. Ashley looks at her clothes and hands. Blood stains her dress and cakes beneath 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 him 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 smiles and 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.

Terry awakes as Ashley unties the others. He spots Gabrielle  
lying motionless. He crawls to her and holds her hand.

Amber wraps her arms around Terry's shoulders.

TERRY

Was she really my sister?

Amber presses Terry's head to her chest.

AMBER

Michael said she was.

The office door bursts open.

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 approaches him.

ASHLEY  
I did.

SOLDIER 1  
You did us all a great service.

ASHLEY  
I don't know about all that.

She looks toward Chad and Tiffany.

ASHLEY *cont'd*  
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 wanders to the porch railing then leans over checking the side of the house.

ASHLEY  
I killed him with my bare hands. He's dead.

DR. REICH (V.O)  
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 melded as one.

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, and buries her face in her hands.

She looks up, her eyes glow bright white.

ASHLEY

Yes, Dr. Reich.

FADE OUT