

Fade in:

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

ERIC DAVIS, 22, almost as disheveled looking as his bedroom, stares into a small camcorder.

ERIC

Day one.

Eric looks away.

ERIC

Fuck this.

Eric grabs the camera. Shuts it off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eric sits at his kitchen table, looking into the camera. He's got a bowl, cereal, but no spoon or milk.

ERIC

Day one. This is Eric. Mom, Dad, Cass, this is my video blog. Vlog or whatever.

Eric picks pieces of cereal out of the bowl with his hands and chews.

ERIC

I'm getting clean. I'm going to show you all I can do it. I'm - -

He stifles a gag. Puts his hand over his mouth. He relaxes a second but can't hold it in. He reaches for the camera and shuts it off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Eric is cleaned up and spiffy albeit gaunt with bags under his eyes. He holds the camera, using it to examine himself.

ERIC

All dressed up. Time to go look for a job. I feel awful but I'm going to make it up to you all.

Eric carries the camera to the front door and opens it to a blast of sunlight.

ERIC

Awww, fuck! My god that's bright!

He points the camera at himself.

ERIC

I forgot how much I hated the sun.

Eric steps on to his porch and walks to the sidewalk.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's an average neighborhood. Row homes and trees line the street on either side. Nothing fancy. CHILDREN and ADULTS are dressed up in all manner of costumes for Trick-or-Treat.

ERIC

Trick-or-treat? Jeez. It's Halloween? It's still light out.

Eric turns to his neighbor, MR. FREELEY, who is handing out candy.

ERIC

Hey Mr. Freeley, what time is it?

Mr. Freeley doesn't answer. He just stares, frozen. Children on his lawn are also frozen. Eric looks around. Everyone is frozen in place.

ERIC

What the hell? Hello?

There is a faint BUZZING sound. Eric notices a dark FIGURE in the distance moving toward a GIRL dressed as a princess. Eric starts running down the street towards them.

ERIC

Hey! You!

The figure turns to Eric. It's a grotesque looking thing, a bug with a long needle-like appendage extending from its face and rows of small, hairy antennae covering its head. It's bulbous, black eyes move around rapidly. Eric freezes

in his tracks. The bug scurries off into an alleyway next to a pizza shop. Everyone begins moving again. Eric runs after it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Eric rounds the corner of an alleyway. There's no one in sight. The only inhabitants of the alley are puddle-filled potholes and a dumpster. Eric walks cautiously to the dumpster.

ERIC

Ok. I know you're in there! You saw everyone freeze too.

Eric grabs the dumpster lid and flings it open. Thousands of flies pour out.

ERIC

Shit!

Eric stumbles back and falls with a splash into a large puddle. He quickly picks himself up.

ERIC

Damn it!

He looks at the camera. Wipes muddy water off the lens.

ERIC

Looks ok.

Eric films the state of his outfit.

ERIC

The outfit that screams, "hire me!"
Damn.

He walks back out of the alleyway. People are avoiding him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

ERIC

Great. I look even more homeless
than usual. Happy Halloween!

Parents hustle their children away from him.

ERIC

At least my costume is scary.

The buzzing sound returns, but this time louder.

ERIC

Ugh. My head. What the hell is that noise?

Eric looks around him and everyone is frozen again. In the distance, several of the bug-looking things emerge from alleyways and from under cars. They surround a group of costumed children.

ERIC

What the...

The bugs reach up and pull long needle-like appendages from their faces and stick them in the heads of their victims.

ERIC

Jesus! Hey! What the hell are you doing?

The bugs, startled, turn to Eric, who runs towards them. Suddenly, everyone starts moving again. Eric tumbles over a superhero. His camera tumbles out of his hand and lands in grass.

ERIC

Oh. Sorry. You ok?

The children run away from him. He retrieves his battered camera. He checks it out.

ERIC

Damn. Thing can take a beating.

He walks over to the Trick-or-Treaters who he saw with the bugs.

ERIC

Hey! You kids. Are you ok?

They ignore him and keep walking.

ERIC

Ugh. I better get changed before
someone calls the cops.

Eric turns his camera off.

EXT. MR. FREELEY'S PORCH - DAY

Eric records Mr. Freeley.

ERIC

This is Mr. Freeley. Look at this.

Eric focuses his camera on a bite on Mr. Freeley's
forehead. There's is dried blood around the wound.

ERIC

Check this out.

Eric waves his hands in front or Mr. Freeley's face. Mr.
Freeley doesn't move or blink. Eric bends down and takes a
large handful of candy.

ERIC

Mr. Freeley, I'm taking your candy!
See! Nothing! No one else is taking
his candy.

Eric points his camera at the people on the sidewalk. Some
walk from home to home, others just stand and stare like
Mr. Freeley.

ERIC

Friggin weird.

Eric turns his camera off.

INT. ERIC'S KITCHEN - DAY

Eric is cleaned up and has a vampire costume on. He has his
camera crudely taped to his chest.

ERIC

I have no idea what's going on, but
I have no food so I'm going out. I
guess I'll bring the camera along
so you can see I'm staying out of
trouble.

There is a knock at the door.

ERIC
Oh great. Trick-or-treaters.

Eric looks at his cupboards, which have already been turned inside out.

ERIC
I've got nothin'.

Knock knock. Eric walks towards the door.

ERIC
C'mon, kid, take a hint.

Knock knock. Eric opens the door. A WITCH stands in front of him. Behind her, a dozen other children stand motionless on his lawn. Just staring.

ERIC
Hey. I'm all out of candy and I'm just about to go out myself. Sorry.

Eric closes the door and runs to his kitchen. He picks up phone and speed dials.

ERIC
C'mon, Cass, pick up.

Another knock at the door.

ERIC
Cass, it's me, listen, I know you don't want to talk to me right now but something strange is going on. Call me back as soon as you can.

Eric hangs up. He walks back to the front door.

ERIC
Here we go. Okay! Sorry kids.

He opens the door.

ERIC
No candy here - -

Everyone is gone.

ERIC
Oh. Okay then.

Eric steps off his porch.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Eric walks to the street. It is deserted. Discarded masks are strewn everywhere.

ERIC
What the hell is going on?

He continues walking down the street. He comes across a body, then another. There are bodies everywhere.

ERIC
Oh my god.

Eric looks at the closest body. The head is swollen to the size of a watermelon, translucent with a small, black creature writhing inside. Eric throws up but quickly recovers.

ERIC
Mom. Cass.

Eric pulls out his cellphone. Presses a few buttons.

ERIC
C'mon, pick up!
(Beat)
Mom! Dad! If you're there, pick up!
I know you aren't talking to me but
it's an emergency! Hello? Mom!
Thank god! Listen, do not leave the
house!
(Beat)
What? No! I'm not on anything! Just
listen to me. Wait, was that the
doorbell?

The buzzing sound starts up again.

ERIC

Don't answer the door! Mom? Hello?
Hello? Mom!

The buzzing echoes through the phone.

ERIC

Shit!

Eric hangs up. The buzzing gets louder. He sees the creatures approaching frozen people in the distance.

ERIC

No!

Eric runs down the street yelling. The buzzing stops. The creatures scurry off and everyone except those bitten return to normal. The people see Eric running at them like a madman and scatter. The bitten simply amble away.

ERIC

Good! Good! Run for your lives!
Stay in your homes!

Eric stops, out of breath.

ERIC

Cass.

He grabs his cellphone. Dials. Waits. Sirens sound in the distance.

ERIC

Ugh! Pick up. No I don't want to leave a callback number! Cass, it's me. Something terrible is happening. Whatever you do, stay home! Lock the door! I'm on my way.

The buzzing starts again as sirens precede a police cruiser. It pulls up to Eric.

ERIC

Thank God! The cops!

Two POLICE OFFICERS jump out of the cruiser, weapons drawn and pointed at Eric.

ERIC

Whoa! Hold on! I'm not one of them!

Nothing. The police don't move or say a word. Two creatures approach from behind them as one approaches Eric. Eric is scared stiff. He watches helplessly as the creatures stick their needles in the cops' heads. The remaining creature cautiously moves to Eric. It pulls it's needle out of it's face.

ERIC

No!

Eric attacks the creature and they both tumble. The buzzing stops. They struggle but the creature slips away and scurries off. Eric stands up. The police officers are catatonic. Eric walks to one and cautiously takes the gun out of his hands. He runs down the block and turns a corner.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Typical suburban business district. Small shops with apartments line both sides of the street. Dozens of people stand like mannequins.

ERIC

Holy shit.

Eric moves among them. He notices bodies lying among the frozen people, heads swollen with creatures inside.

ERIC

This isn't happening.

One of the heads bursts, shooting slime everywhere. A black creature writhes it's way under a car. Eric yelps and runs through the crowd of people. The crowd trudges along behind him. Eric Waves the gun at them.

ERIC

Get away from me!

Eric clears the crowd and runs to a small house. Panting, he pounds on the door which opens. He steps inside and slams the door behind him.

INT CASS'S HOUSE - DAY

Eric Looks around. A body lies on the floor, it's head missing. In it's place is a puddle of goo.

ERIC

Cass! No!

Eric slumps to the floor, crying. There's a knock at the door. Eric bawls. The buzzing starts up as more people start knocking. A small creature appears and cautiously moves toward Eric as the buzzing intensifies and the knocking shakes the house. Eric points the gun at the creature.

ERIC

Cass.

He fires and splits the creature's head open. The knocking and buzzing cease. Eric puts the gun in his mouth. BANG! A gunshot echoes from outside. BANG! Another shot. Eric stands up and opens the door. MEN in Hazmat suits are shooting and burning the bodies of the fallen Trick-or-Treaters. Eric steps outside.

ERIC

Thank god you're here. Everyone is

- -

One of the MEN points his gun at Eric.

ERIC

No wait! I'm not one of - -

BANG! Eric drops dead. The man walks over to Eric's body, flips him over and takes the camcorder off his chest. He walks down the street past piles of burning bodies to a van. He opens the rear doors.

INT VAN - DAY

The man enters the van and moves to a desk. On top of the desk, there are two boxes, one marked "Operation Sleepwalker: video evidence - infected" and one marked "Operation Sleepwalker: video evidence - inoculated." He opens the one marked "inoculated" and throws Eric's camcorder inside. He closes the lid.

FADE TO BLACK.