FADE IN:

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A family - FATHER, MOTHER, SON, DAUGHTER, and UNCLE - at a picnic in idyllic surroundings under a luminous sky.

A metropolis is visible way in the distance.

MOTHER, 38, a gorgeous brunette in a low-cut dress that shows off her generous bosom, unpacks a picnic basket.

MOTHER

Isn't this wonderful? Our whole family enjoying a lovely day together.

SON, 15, with a sharp air about him, studies the sky.

SON

Something's wrong.

His FATHER, 40s, follows Son's gaze.

**FATHER** 

I can't see anything.

SON

Exactly. Where's the sun?

FATHER

Hmmm.

(beat)

Do we need one?

Without warning, a nuclear explosion destroys the city in the background. A radioactive tsunami races towards the family.

A tornado swirls in, captures all of the explosion's toxic fallout, sweeps it away at a great speed. The tornado disappears - drops off - over the horizon. All is calm again. Birds chirp in the trees.

SON

What's going on?

MOTHER

Look, your favorite - home made pickles.

We need to figure this out.

**FATHER** 

Figure what out?

DAUGHTER, 12, slightly chubby, pulls a face.

DAUGHTER

When do we eat?

SON

Doesn't something strike you as being odd?

**FATHER** 

Ask your Uncle, son. He'll tell you.

The Son looks at his UNCLE, 40s, with a few days' growth and a slightly vacant stare.

UNCLE

I'm not interested in politics. The problems of the world are not in my department. I'm a saloon keeper.

Son shrugs, walks away.

Mother places five neat lunch settings on the red and white picnic cloth.

MOTHER

Don't wander off, dear. Lunch will be ready soon.

Son keeps walking.

TEEN GIRL, 15, in red high heel boots and a red hooded parka over a micro skirt, strides past Son. She has killer good looks.

Son's testosterone percolates.

SON

You might want to be careful. Something weird's going on.

TEEN GIRL

I know exactly where I'm going.

Okay... All I'm saying is that you might want to stick around until we figure out what's happening.

TEEN GIRL

If you try to follow me, I will need to kill you.

SON

WHAT?! Why would you say something like that?

TEEN GIRL

Because it's true.

She keeps going and soon disappears - a little too quickly - over the horizon.

Son stares in her direction until he is disturbed by the sound of someone approaching. Son turns around, sees HAIRY MAN, 40s, a wiry creature whose volume and shape of head and facial hair makes him look a bit like a wolf.

HAIRY MAN

Have you seen my niece? She's wearing a red coat with a hood. I need to find her.

Son senses danger.

SON

(pointing to the opposite direction)

She went along that path.

Hairy Man studies Son, moves in a bit closer, sniffs, cracks a fangy malevolent smile.

HAIRY MAN

Of course she did.

Hairy Man sets off in Teen Girl's direction.

Son scratches his head, walks a ways. All he sees is grass. No trees, no plants, no path. Just a flat carpet of green.

Son goes back to his family.

SON

Once you move away from this spot, the landscape disappears. All I can see is grass.

UNCLE

Is it green?

SON

Huh?

UNCLE

When  $\underline{I}$  use a word, it means just what  $\overline{I}$  choose it to mean - neither more nor less.

SON

Whatever. Green.

Mother looks admiringly at the beautifully laid out picnic spread.

MOTHER

There!

UNCLE

Green is the prime color of the world, and that from which its loveliness arises.

DAUGHTER

Can we eat now?

UNCLE

(to no one in particular)
Do not go where the path may lead,
go instead where there is no path
and leave a trail.

Father pulls out a gun, aims it at Uncle.

FATHER

One more platitude, and I swear, I'm gonna blow your brains out!

DAUGHTER

I'm hungry!

MOTHER

Don't interrupt your father, sweetie.

SON

I'm going to have a look around.

Son walks away.

UNCLE

Peace begins with a smile.

Father COCKS the gun.

FATHER

Have it your way!

BANG! A bullet slams into Uncle's skull, blood and bone splatters, knocks him flat to the ground.

DAUGHTER

Can I have his portion?

Father, Mother, and Daughter start eating.

Son walks off a path, cuts across, passes the last tree. He keeps walking until the grass abruptly stops.

Directly ahead is blank white space. No grass, no landscape, no sky. Nothing.

Son stands at the edge, tentatively extends his arm into the white space. His arm disappears. He pulls his arm back. He repeats the action. Same result.

He looks around, thinks. A look of resignation sweeps across his face. He SIGHS.

Son wanders back to his family.

Daughter gorges on the food. Father and Mother make out on the picnic rug, Mother's skirt hitched high around her waist.

SON

I think I've figured it out.

Father and Mother don't miss a beat.

MOTHER

Oh! Oh! Ahhh!

(beat)

That's nice, dear.

**FATHER** 

Figured what out?

DAUGHTER

(mouth full of food)

Duh wer haf karshap?

Know what the big secret is? Ever wondered where you fit in the scheme of things?

FATHER

Your mother and I are kinda busy right now.

Father keeps thrusting.

FATHER (cont'd)

Can this wait, son?

SON

Did I go to junior school?

MOTHER

Of course, dear.

SON

What was the name of the school?

MOTHER

Um, let's see... Ah! Ah! Keep going! It was... You know, silly me, I've forgotten.

SON

(points to Daughter)
Is this your daughter, my sister?

MOTHER

Now <u>you're</u> being silly. Of course. Don't stop!

DAUGHTER

(starting to retch)
I think I'm gonna be sick.

SON

At what hospital did you give birth to her?

MOTHER

Let's see... it was... Goodness me! It's must be the fresh air and the excitement. I've forgotten that as well!

Daughter throws up.

Mom... well, actually, you're not my mom. We don't exist. That's the big secret. We're not real, that's why you can't remember the past, because we don't have one. We're made up.

MOTHER

You are a silly sausage!

Father and Mother disentangle. They both arrange their clothes.

FATHER

(looking at Mother)

Looks and feels pretty real to me.

SON

Don't you get it? It's all imaginary.

DAUGHTER

What's for dessert?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Apartment is geek heaven - computers and equipment everywhere.

Two GEEKS study a computer monitor. The screen displays the scene of the family as we last saw them. The difference is that they are now characters in a computer game.

GEEK #1

It's a start.

Geek #2 heads towards the kitchen.

GEEK #2

Know what we need?

GEEK #1

A storyline?

GEEK #2

(opening the fridge)

Another beer.

Geek #2 grabs a couple of beers.

REVERSE ANGLE - APARTMENT

Geek #2 makes his way back to Geek #1.

GEEK #1

We gotta give 'em more depth and develop some sort of story narrative.

TRACKING SHOT - APARTMENT

Move away from Geeks, towards window.

AERIAL SHOT - HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Out the window, look down at apartment.

The Geeks' apartment is the only one in the high tower that has lights on and any sign of life. The rest of the building is in darkness.

Fly higher.

There are no other buildings. No landscape, no sun, no moon, no stars, no sky - just an inky gray darkness.

FADE OUT.

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