

Alive

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WILLIAM (30s, average, tired) sleeps soundly next to his wife, ELISA (30s, kind face). The room is cozy, familiar.

Suddenly, William GASPS awake, sitting bolt upright. He's breathing heavily, eyes wide with terror. Elisa stirs.

ELISA

What is it? Another bad dream?

William stares straight ahead, still caught in the remnants of the vision.

WILLIAM

It... it was me. But not me. Someone...
someone killed me.

Elisa reaches out, comforting him.

ELISA

Just a dream, honey. You're safe.

William nods, but the fear lingers in his eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

William shaves, staring at his reflection. He notices a faint, uneven line on his arm, hidden beneath the surface. He presses it, and it feels... synthetic. He shrugs it off, dismissing it as just an odd patch of skin.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

William works at his desk, seemingly normal. But throughout the day, he's plagued by fleeting, disturbing images - glimpses of violence, unfamiliar faces. He rubs his temples, trying to shake them off.

Later, in the bathroom at work, he examines his arm again. The line is more pronounced. He picks at it, and a tiny piece of what looks like artificial skin flakes off. Beneath it, a faint, discolored scar is visible. He recoils, deeply disturbed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

William lies in bed, unable to sleep. He subtly examines his hands in the dim light. He notices his fingernails seem.. different. He pulls out his phone and looks up fingerprint patterns. He compares his own - they don't seem to match the common patterns he finds online. A growing unease settles in his gut.

He glances at Elisa sleeping peacefully beside him. A wave of paranoia washes over him. He tries to push it down.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

William stands under the harsh bathroom light, meticulously examining his body. He finds more scars, hidden in places he wouldn't normally see. He lifts his eyelids, noticing subtle differences in the color flecks of his irises - one eye a slightly different shade than the other, as if two different colors were stitched together.

He pulls out his wallet, takes out his driver's license. He stares at his photo, then back at his reflection. A seed of terrifying doubt takes root. Who is he?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

William returns home from work. The house is strangely dark. He calls out for Elisa.

WILLIAM

Honey? I'm home.

Silence. He moves through the house, a growing sense of dread.

He enters the living room. The scene is surreal and terrifying. Elisa stands in the center of the room, wearing her bridal dress. Dozens of lit candles are scattered around her and the room, casting eerie shadows.

Her face is pale, her eyes wide and vacant. Patches of what looks like synthetic skin are peeling off her face and arms, revealing raw, unnatural-looking tissue beneath.

A gasoline can lies overturned near her feet, the smell pungent in the air.

ELISA(IN A FLAT, DISTORTED VOICE)

William.. we belong dead.

She raises a lighter in her trembling hand.

WILLIAM

Elisa, what are you doing?!

Elisa doesn't respond. Her eyes lock on his with a chilling intensity. She flicks the lighter and drops it onto the gasoline-soaked floor. Flames erupt instantly, spreading rapidly.

ELISA(SCREAMING, AS FIRE ENGULFS HER)

WE BELONG DEAD!

William screams, backing away from the inferno engulfing his wife and their home. Smoke fills the room, choking him. He stumbles towards the front door, barely escaping the rapidly spreading flames.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

William coughs, gasping for air, watching his house burn. The sirens of approaching emergency vehicles wail in the distance. He's in shock, his mind reeling from the horror he just witnessed. Suddenly, a black van screeches to a halt beside him. Several MASKED FIGURES in tactical gear jump out. Before William can react, one of them jabs a dart into his neck. He feels a sharp prick, then a wave of dizziness. His vision blurs, and he collapses.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

William GROANS, his eyes fluttering open. He's tied to a metal chair in a dimly lit, dusty warehouse. The air is cold and smells of mildew. He tries to move, but the restraints are tight.

A FIGURE emerges from the shadows. He's well-dressed, with a calm but unsettling demeanor. This is DR. CLIVE (50s, intelligent, cold).

DR. CLIVE

Welcome back, William. Or should I say... subject alpha.

William stares at him, confusion and terror warring in his eyes.

WILLIAM (WEAKLY)

>Where... where am I? Who are you?

DR. CLIVE

My name is Clive. And as for who you are... well, that's a bit more complicated. You see, William, you aren't 35 years old. You are, in fact, six days old.

William looks at him, incredulous.

WILLIAM

What? That's... that's impossible.

DR. CLIVE

Your body... it's a composite. A marvel of modern bio-engineering. Parts harvested, repurposed. Like a modern-day Frankenstein, as you might imagine.

Dr. Clive gestures vaguely.

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)

And your memories, your experiences, your marriage to Elisa... all carefully constructed. Implanted. An experiment to see if a viable consciousness could be created from disparate sources.

William shakes his head, tears welling in his eyes.

WILLIAM

No... no, that's not true. Elisa... our life...

DR. CLIVE

A brilliant fabrication, wouldn't you agree? But ultimately, unstable. As you witnessed. Elisa was... an earlier iteration. A necessary sacrifice.

Dr. Clive steps closer, his eyes devoid of emotion.

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)

You were the breakthrough. The one we had hoped would be stable. But it seems the echoes of the past, the fragments of the individuals who make you... they have a way of resurfacing.

Willim stares at him, his face a mask of horror and utter devastation. His entire existence, everything he believed to be real, has been revealed as a lie. FADE TO BLACK

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