

DIVIDED WE FELL

OVER BLACK

JAMES (V.O.)
We called to them. Not directly,
but through our hate.

SUPERIMPOSE: August 13th, 2020

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
(distressed)
What started out as peaceful
protests earlier today has
descended into chaos as night has
fallen. The Masonville Police
Precinct is in flames...

FADE IN:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON A WALL-MOUNTED FLAT-SCREEN TV, a FEMALE REPORTER, 28, a
petite woman stuffed into a bulletproof vest, stands against
the backdrop of a chaotic riot.

Hundreds of RIOTERS, smashing windows, flipping cars, a
Police Precinct engulfed in flames. It's pure chaos.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT)
The Police are gone. And with
reports of crowds of rioters
marching towards the nearby
neighborhoods, you have to wonder,
who is gonna--

Just then, a bright blue light falls over the Female
Reporter. She drops her microphone, shields her eyes with
her hands as--

-- The signal cuts out, the TV screen goes black.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a clean and modernly furnished room.

JAMES MILLER, 35, tall and skinny, stands in the center of
the room, stunned at what he just witnessed. He runs his
fingers through his thinning hair.

JAMES (V.O.)
Today, they answered our call.

MARY (O.S.)
 (worried)
 James, the Precinct is less than a
 mile from here...

James looks to MARY MILLER, 34, dark skinned, very pretty and very pregnant, who sits on the couch. She's visibly shaken.

MARY (CONT)
 Are we safe?

James turns back to the black TV screen, thinks hard.
 A low BOOM as all the lights shut off. The power is out.
 Mary stands up, steps beside James, squeezes his hand.

JAMES
 (reassuring)
 We're gonna be fine.

He pulls out his cellphone, frowns. No bars.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A single-story ranch home. Well-maintained. Same for the front lawn. The darkness is overwhelming.

The front door opens and James steps out. He peers out over the dark neighborhood. What few houses there are, are completely dark. No sign of any rioters. Or anyone else, for that matter.

The silence is ominous.

Using his cellphone as a flashlight, he walks across the front lawn, over to--

EXT. OTIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Another single-story ranch, though much more rundown. The type of neighbor you'd be embarrassed of.

James makes his way across the overgrown lawn, steps up to the front door. Just as he goes to knock, the door opens.

With a double-barreled shotgun gripped tight, OTIS WILLIAMS, late 50's, a dirty, worn-out looking man, steps out.

James instinctively throws his hands up in the air.

JAMES

Whoa, Otis! It's just me.

Otis lets out a goofy chuckle, lowers his shotgun.

OTIS

Nearly bought yourself a one way ticket to see Jesus.

JAMES

Sorry. I just wanted to see if maybe you knew what was going on? I can't even get a signal on my phone...

With a scoff, Otis nods.

OTIS

Yeah, I know what's goin' on. It's them fuckin' Niggers.

James frowns. He wasn't expecting that.

JAMES

(sarcastic)

Nice. Real nice.

James gives a halfhearted wave goodbye, turns and starts back towards his house.

JAMES

(under his breath)

Racist piece of shit.

OTIS

If ya' had a gun, I'd tell ya' to have it at your side tonight.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

James approaches the front door of his house.

OTIS (O.S.)

But I guess you'll just have to do with a rape whistle. Fuckin' demo--

Just then, a bright blue light flashes from behind James. Then, just like that, the light is gone.

James spins around, looking for the source of the mysterious light. But nothing's there.

He looks back over at Otis' house. The front door remains wide open, but there is no sign of Otis.

JAMES

Hey? What the Hell was that?

No response.

Uneasy, James rushes back inside his house.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James rushes over to the front window and peers out.

Sensing something's wrong, Mary steps up behind James. She places a hand on his shoulder.

MARY

What is it? What's wrong?

JAMES

(eyes fixed on the window)

I don't know...

He turns to her, a worried expression on his face.

JAMES (CONT)

We need to leave. Now.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens and James pokes his head out, checks that the coast is clear. It is. He glances back behind him.

JAMES

Let's go.

James and Mary exit the house, quickly walk along a stone path that leads to a gravel driveway where a sedan is parked.

As they move, James' eyes dart back and forth, scanning the surrounding area. All is still and quiet, eerily so.

MARY
I don't understand...

A faint SCREAM O.S.

James and Mary both stop in their tracks. He cocks his head to the side in an attempt to hear better.

The SCREAM grows LOUDER and LOUDER.

Frightened, Mary huddles up behind James.

JAMES
Run!

He grabs her by the hand, pulls her along as they run to the sedan in the driveway. Just as they reach it--

--Otis falls out of the dark sky, lands hard on the top of the sedan. Blood and glass fly everywhere as the roof of the sedan caves in on itself.

Mary shields her eyes and SCREAMS.

With wide eyes, James stares at Otis' bloodied corpse. His dead eyes stare back out at James.

JAMES
Jesus Christ!

MARY (O.S.)
(scared)
James!?

He turns to Mary, who stares out in horror at something in the front yard.

MARY (CONT)
The rioters are here.

James whips his head around, looks out across the front yard.

Standing in the yard are multiple human-shaped FIGURES. Their features are hidden by the darkness, but they are clearly very tall and very thin.

A rush of terror falls across both James and Mary's faces. He motions for her to get behind him.

JAMES
(to Mary)
Those aren't rioters.

Just then, a bright blue light falls over James and Mary.
They hug each other tight and squeeze their eyes shut.

JAMES

I love you.

Tears stream down Mary's cheeks as the blue light grows even
more intense.

MARY

I love you too.

FADE TO:

BLUE

JAMES (V.O.)

There will be no tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.