

Darkness Falls  
aka  
Twilight's Last Gleam

Written by  
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2021 Car Noir Films

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A road worn 1958 PLYMOUTH FURY breaks the silence of the vast desert landscape. The tiny car is insignificant as it traverses the vast landscape.

Fluffs of CLOUD drift across the open sky.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - DAY

The driver, REX STEVENS (30s), rests his arm on the doors open window. He pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES out of his shirt pocket and LIGHTS one with a ZIPPO LIGHTER. He's dressed for the drive, short-sleeve shirt, kakis pants, and comfortable shoes. He wears a sensible WRIST WATCH on his left wrist.

Rex grinds the cigarette out in the cars over-stuffed ashtray. Taped to the top of the dashboard old fashion wind-up ALARM CLOCK. Its face displays the time, 12:02 with the alarm set for 4:35. Handwritten on SCRAP OF PAPER next to the clock: SUNSET 4:35!!!. To the right of the paper, a POCKET WATCH hangs by its chain. Its reads 12:01.

REX TWISTS the RADIOS knob bringing it slowly to life. He spins the dial until he finds a hint of MUSIC hidden beneath the STATIC. He tweaks the knob, bringing an oldies station into focus. Rex taps the steering wheel in time with the BOOGIE WOOGIE TUNE he finds.

A few cars drive by in the other direction.

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Fury drives past a pair of large elaborate BILLBOARDS advertising a new land development. Bodega Estates - Leave your worries back in the city.

A couple of VEHICLES pass in the opposite direction. The Fury is the only car on the road with its headlights on.

CLOUDS continue to roll in.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - DAY

A cheap light-colored suit jacket hangs from the interior light above the driver-side rear window.

A pair of CARDBOARD BOXES with a NECROPOLIS PUBLISHING LOGOS fill the back seat. Hardcover BOOKS with shiny new ILLUSTRATED DUST JACKETS reading; WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, NIGHT TERRORS, and INK NOIR fill the boxes.

An upside-down BOOK shows a PHOTO OF THE AUTHOR, it matches our driver, Rex. In the rearview mirror, he can be seen swaying to the beat of the music. He smiles and TURNS UP THE VOLUME.

A MIMEOGRAPH FLYER boasts Meet Rex Stevens. Book Signing. NIGHT TERRORS The new Detective Milo Sleep Walker novel. Monday, November 4, 1963. 4326 University Way NE, Seattle, Washington 98105.

Rex drinks from a STAINED CARDBOARD COFFEE CUP. Judging from his reaction, its cold. He braves a second sip before returning it to the small CARDBOARD TO-GO BOX on the seat.

The box holds the remains of FRIES and a BURGER. Between the small white box-lunch container and a BRIEFCASE rests a FEDORA HAT.

On the dash sits a well-worn RACING FORM folded open to the Trifecta. The horses; Sunny Weather, High Noon, and Blinding Light are circled multiple times in bold ink.

The clock on the dashboard now reads 2:44.

Rex is thoroughly enjoying THE SONG ON THE RADIO.

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A light RAIN begins to fall. The faded Plymouth speeds past an Interstate Route 13 HIGHWAY SIGN.

[Score includes a nod to the song Get Your Kicks on Route 66  
]

A single car passes in the opposite direction.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - DAY

Rex inhales from his CIGARETTE, flicks the ASH in the ASHTRAY, and exhales.

The open briefcase is full of OFFICE SUPPLIES, a STACK OF BUSINESS CARDS for Rex Stevens, Author and a BROWN PILL BOTTLE which is rolling around in the briefcase. It comes to a stop with the LABEL facing up. Valium prescribed by Dr. Somnum PsyD. There are only TWO PILLS left inside. An unfilled prescription form pokes out of the pages of a well-worn HARDCOVER BOOK. The prescription reads Date: Oct. 31, 1963. CITY: Los Angeles, Calif. AILMENT FOR WHICH PRESCRIBED: Nyctophobia. PERSCRIPTION: Valium. SIGNATURE: Dr. Somnum PsyD. -- The title of the book is Shining a Light on Your Fear of the Dark: How to Conquer Your Fears, Phobias and Anxieties by Dr. Somnum PsyD.

The BOOGIE-WOOGIE TUNE is overpowered by the growing INTERFERENCE. He tries another station. VOICES and MUSIC overlap, but none become clear. Rex turns off the radio.

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The black ribbon of asphalt stretches to the horizon. The sedan is alone on the highway.

A light RAIN begins to fall.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - DAY

Rex rolls up the window as the FIRST DROPS of rain begin to accumulate on his windshield. He looks up at the sky, agitated.

He looks over at the clock. 3:11.

He checks his wristwatch. 3:13.

The POCKET WATCH on the dash reads 3:10.

The NOTE on the dash still warns of Sunset at 4:35.

Rex begins to appear a bit anxious. He fidgets in his seat and pulls out another cigarette.

The music on the radio loses its battle with the STATIC. Rex turns it off. Without the radio to cover it up, we now hear the unmistakable THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of a tire going flat.

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Plymouth most definitely has a FLAT TIRE on the rear of the passenger side. The Fury begins to slow down.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - DAY

Through the RAIN and the WIPERS, Rex sees a gas station coming up on the opposite side of the road. He rolls his window down for a better look.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

A dilapidated 30s era gas station leans against the side of the two-lane road. The skeletons of GAS PUMPS haunt the once proud structure. RUSTED CAR PARTS and remnants of a life once lived are strewn about. TIRES, an OLD JUNGLE GYM, and the bones of an OLD BICYCLE are scattered throughout.

Rex's '58 Plymouth Fury crosses the road and LIMPS past a faded Under New Management SIGN before coming to a stop under what's left of the dilapidated awning.

RAIN swells from DRIZZLE to MODERATE. The AWNING LEAKS, allowing SMALL PUDDLES to appear around the car.

Rex steps out of the sedan and puts on his fedora hat and walks around to survey the tires. Yep, its flat.

EXT. REAR OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Rex comes around to the trunk, checks his watch, 3:17.

He inserts the KEY and opens the trunk. He takes out the SPARE TIRE and leans it against the side of the car. He collects the PARTS of the JACK, then finds a TIRE-IRON hidden in a holey CANVAS TOOL BAG, along with a couple of other TOOLS, a partial roll of Duck Tape and a RUSTED FLASHLIGHT. It looks like it had been run over a few times. The grimy bag is mostly empty.

Rex stages the parts of the cars jack and tire iron next to the rear bumper on the passengers side.

He quickly gets to work and sets up the bumper jack. He checks his watch as he pumps up the jack. 3:20. The cars body

raises to the top of the shocks. Rex moves around to the side of the car and sees a puddle forming where he needs to kneel. He quickly finds and retrieves a crushed, dirty cardboard box that once held a case of oil. He puts it by the flat tire and proceeds to kneel and start removing the hubcap. He pries the cap free with the tire iron and sets it next to the tire bowl side up.

He attaches the wrench to the first lug nut and makes quick work of it. Once SPUN OFF, Rex tosses it into the hubcap and proceeds to the next nut, then the next.

Rex is unaware as the fourth nut BOUNCES OUT OF THE HUBCAP and into the folds of the cardboard box he's kneeling on.

Once all five nuts are off, Rex returns to the jack and raises it the rest of the way up.

He pulls the flat tire off and carries it back to the trunk. After muscling it into the spacious compartment, he looks down at his now blackened shirt and hands. He notices his wristwatch. 3:26.

CLOUDS PASS IN FRONT OF THE SUN, darkness spreads. Puddles grow and clouds cry.

Rex picks up his pace and starts GETTING THE NUTS BACK ON THE TIRE. At first, they go on smoothly. He spins them hand-tight. The fourth one is a problem. It CROSSES THREADS and Rex cant seem to get it to line up. He checks his watch again. 3:27. Frustrated, he musters all of his strength and applies brute force. It fails. The nut is now JAMMED on the end of the bolt.

He tries to back it off but its too JAMMED. He stops for a second to think about it, then moves on.

He's got three bolts on, all next to each other, plus the fourth one that is not holding anything.

Rex goes to pick up the last lug nut from the hubcap, but its not there. He looks around and begins to panic.

Rex looks under the hubcap. Stands up and looks under the cardboard that's he's been kneeling on. Its not there, because its stuck in the folds on the cardboard he's waving around. Unaware the solution is mere inches away, he tosses the cardboard off.

Checks his watch. 3:33.

Rex looks around again. Gets the flashlight out of the inside of the car. Comes back around and gets down on his hands and knees. He shines the light under the car, hoping to reveal the missing nut. As panic continues to rise, he lays down on his chest to better see under the car. The flashlight reaches into all of the dark corners but to no avail.

He's back up on his feet scanning around one more time. He looks in the trunk with the flashlight. He looks in the canvas tool bag where he had got the tire iron earlier. No nuts, just a few tools, and the rusty flashlight. Rex starts to resign himself to the situation.

Clouds have again covered the setting sun.

Watch 3:35.

Rex quickly drops the jack down. The car lands hard. He tosses the jack into the trunk without taking it apart. Slams down the lid. Grabs the keys out of the lock and practically runs back to the driver's door.

Rex sets his flashlight on top of the car's roof and he takes out his cigarette pack. Quickly removes a smoke and sticks it in his mouth. He sets the pack by the flashlight and takes his zippo out of his shirt pocket. He LIGHTS THE CIG, yanks open the door and removes his hat.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - EVENING

Rex tosses his hat into his briefcase and jumps in right behind it. He turns on the headlights and twists the key, the Fury roars to life. He takes one long PUFF OFF HIS FRESH CIGARETTE then tosses it out of the window. He collects and opens the pill bottle from his briefcase and pours the two pills down his throat. He grabs the coffee cup and takes a big swig of cold, stale coffee. One gulp later and the pills are down.

The clock on the dash reads, 3:37.

He quickly shifts the three on the tree transmission to first gear, releases the clutch Rex punches it.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - EVENING

TIRES SPIN and ROCKS FLY. The GRAVEL lands beside the missing lug nut still hiding in the folds of the cardboard. As the car peels away it EJECTS another one of the nuts. The second LUG NUT COMES TO REST next to the first one. The FURY DRIVES OFF IN THE REFLECTION IN THE TWO LUG NUTS CHROME.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

Rex turns the WIPERS back on. They keep up with the moderate rainfall and fill the car with a melodic VRRP, VRRP sound as they dance across the windshield.

Rex, shaken, reaches into his shirt pocket, his hand returns empty.

He pats down his other pockets. Looks up on the dash, no joy. Looks over at the ashtray piled to the top with crushed cigarette butts. He glances longingly at the open driver's window.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - EVENING

The flashlight with a newly cracked lens and cigarette pack lay in a puddle under the awning. The FLASHLIGHTS BEAM shines on a faded sign bolted to an old tractor tire. Last Chance for Gas - 108 Miles. The LIGHT CATCHES THE FALLING RAIN.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

Rex shakes his head in disgust. He reaches his hand out of the car and feels around on the roof where he left the cigarettes and flashlight. They are long gone. He SLOWLY ROLLS THE WINDOW UP.

CLOUDS ROLL IN as the evening draws to a close, it becomes noticeably darker.

Rex turns on the INSIDE LIGHTS of the car even though it's not dark yet.

He adjusts the radio, scanning for anything that isn't WHITE NOISE. The hint of a station comes in and out, but it slips away.

The clock; 3:39.

Unconsciously, he reaches to his shirt pocket for a pack of cigarettes. He stops himself short.

Rex leans over and opens the glove box, he flips through the MAPS, ENVELOPES, and TAKE-OUT MENUS. He doesn't seem happy.

A LOUD HORN BLASTS, breaking the silence.

Rex jerks back up and stares wide-eyed out of the windshield. The Fury has drifted into the opposing lane and is headed straight into an oncoming PICK-UP TRUCK. Rex yanks the steering wheel sending the Plymouth back across the WET HIGHWAY. Overcorrecting, Rex tries to keep the car from sliding back and forth. He finally gets the car back under control.

Rex abandons his search for a cigarette to keep his eyes on the road. He leaves the glove box open for the extra light.

EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Fury passes an Interstate Route 13 HIGHWAY SIGN FULL of BULLET HOLES. [Score includes another nod to the song Get Your Kicks on Route 66, this time in a minor key. ]

The sun drops low on the horizon. Thin rays of light reach out from the clouds, they part to reveal a beautiful sunset. It doesn't last long.

The rear passenger WHEEL STARTS TO DEVELOP A SLIGHT WOBBLE.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

A break in the rain causes the wipers to start SCREECHING as they drag across the dry surface. Rex turns them off.

The clock reads 4:06.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The WOBBLE OF THE REAR TIRE has grown more pronounced.

X.C.U. of the two lug nuts getting looser. The tire begins to shudder.

The white stripe on the edge of the road slithers in and out of the FRAME.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The rain returns and Rex starts up the WIPERS. They glide silently across glass.

Rex tries and fails again with the radio.

The clock reads 4:17.

He takes one of the crushed cigarettes butts from the ashtray and places it in his mouth. He lights it with his trusty Zippo.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

X.C.U. of the two good LUG NUTS shows one has begun to BACK AWAY FROM THE WHEEL. THE TIRE SHUDDERS.

The white stripes match the RHYTHM OF THE SCORE.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The LIQUID REMNANTS IN THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFEE CUP BEGIN TO VIBRATE, ripples bounce off the walls. The clock reads 4:28.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

Road sign. PASSING LANE, Slower traffic keep right. -- Res stays in the left lane. X.C.U. The last TWO LUG NUTS ARE BOTH LOOSE AND WORKING THEIR WAY OFF THE BOLTS. The TIRES SHUDDER GROWS. The white stripes that separate the two lanes zig and zag under the loose wheel. The stripes come in and out of the frame. Crossing back and forth. Faster.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The WIPERS continue to beat against the window.

The clock, 4:33.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

As the car speeds by a low-angle camera. One of the NUTS POPS OFF, BOUNCES, AND ROLLS DOWN THE BLACKTOP COMING TO REST IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA.

The Fury drives off, unaware of its circumstances.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The WIPERS increase their speed across the window to keep up with the pouring rain.

The clock reads 4:34.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - EVENING

The editing cuts closer and closer to the wheel until we are in X.C.U. The last good LUG NUT WORKS ITS WAY DOWN THE THREADS. The shudder becomes a shake.

The white stripes of the two lanes jump right and left. Feels like dolphins riding a bow wake. The bands came in and out of the frame. Crossing back and forth. Building. Becoming chaotic.

The SHAKE BECOMES VIOLENT. Every millimeter the nut backs away give the wheel more room to slop around.

The wheel is now SLAMMING BACK AND FORTH ON THE STUDS, building more force with each wobble. The pressures finally overcome the resistance and the last TWO NUTS SNAP.

The white stripe abruptly disappears. The TIRE AND WHEEL COLAPPES AND BREAK FREE, launching the tire down the highway.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY DRIVING - NIGHT

The car suddenly jerks wildly SLAMMING RIGHT AND LEFT in rapped succession. The momentum of rear-end starts to spin around catapulting the Fury across the road, straight for a cliffside. At this exact moment, the BELLS on the wind-up alarm clock SCREAMS and RINGS.

Breaks SCREECH. Tires SLIDE. SPARKS FLY. Metal SCREAMS.

The steel body of the car CRUMPLES into the side of the mountain.

The alarm clock, now on the floor, reads 4:36. The sun has set!

The interior LIGHTS BLINK OFF AND ON. The dash lights still produce a pale glow. The headlights are dead.

Rex is visibly shaken. Hyperventilating, he struggles to catch his breath. Blood trickles down his nose.

The windshield has a LARGE SPIDERWEB CRACK radiating from the center.

Rex tries the ignition key. The Fury grinds for a second, then nothing.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY, ON SIDE OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex pulls out the Zippo and uses its flame to reach into the darkness. The flame dances across the shattered windshield.

Upended, the boxes spill their contents across the backseat. Books are everywhere. They form strange shapes in the firelight.

Rex pans the lighter around, a HUNCHED MAN/MONSTER in the back seat reaches for him.

The score SCREAMS.

Rex jerks back, dropping the Zippo to his feet. Blackness fills the cabin. He opens the door and jumps out all in one move.

EXT. SIDE OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A CHORUS OF CRICKETS punctuates the otherwise silent night.

A break in the CLOUDS REVEALS A NEAR-FULL MOON, rim-lighting Rex.

He creeps backward on his hands and feet, terrified.

LIGHTNING flashes. A light rain begins to fall, bringing on a moment of calm.

Seeing no movement in the car, Rex slowly leans forward, creeps back to the open door, and peers in.

The dash LIGHT begins to FLICKER. Between FLASHES, Rex gets a glimpse of the Zippo. It leans against the accelerator pedal.

Rex keeps looking back and forth from the lighter to the back seat. He inches closer. Raises. Looks over the seatback.

His eyes clear the headrest, Rex can finally see into the back. In the place where he just saw the MONSTER, Rex now sees his crumpled jacket in the same position.

LIGHTNING strobos. The monster snaps back in place.

Rex jumps back. With another pulse of LIGHTNING, the monster and jacket FLASH BACK AND FORTH.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY, ON SIDE OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex looks back to the floor of the front seat. The Zippo lighter is within arm's length of the doorway.

Rex inches forward on his hands and knees. He Stretches his arm out for the Zippo. Rocks forward. Lunges. Grabs the lighter and jumps back.

The rain stops.

EXT. SIDE OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex scoots away from the car and strikes the lighter. It illuminates the side of the car. We get our first look at the damage, it's extensive. The front left quarter panel looks like an accordion. The TIRE BELOW IS FLAT.

The TWISTED HOOD is partially open. STEAM rises from the carcass.

The engine has suffered a concussion. The ENTIRE BLOCK has shifted forward knocking the RADIATOR into the GRILL. The entire compartment is a jumble.

Below the engine, A DROP OF LIQUID BEGINS TO FORM across the bottom of a bent cable. The liquid slowly pools.

EXT. SIDE OF TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex looks to the backseat and sees that it is only his jacket and not something nefarious. He shakes off his dread, as much of it as he can.

He lights up the front seat with the Zippo. The briefcase and lunch box contents are strewn across the floor. Rex reaches in and snatches the keys from the ignition.

EXT. REAR OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex opens the large trunk lid. On the left is the flat tire from earlier and beside it is the assembled bumper jack. The rest of the trunk is filled with darkness. He reaches the lighter into the dark corners.

The canvas tool bag peeks out from under the shadows. Rex pulls it into the light with his left hand while holding the Zippo with his right.

He sets the lighter in the trunk bed while digging through the canvas bag. Rex stunts the tape and wrenches aside, pulls out the rusted flashlight, and flicks it on. -- No light.

Rex spins open the end of the flashlight and tries to pour the batteries into his hand. Nothing comes out. He looks into the end and sees a crust covering the end. He shakes the flashlight violently until the contents drop out. TWO FUZZY CYLINDERS bounce off of the bed. The batteries and the flash are corroded beyond repair.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The DROP OF LIQUID below the engine continues to grow on the bottom of the cable.

EXT. BEHIND FURY'S TRUNK, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex again waves the Zippo around.

TWO GLOWING RAT EYES race across the trunk. Rex grabs the canvas tool bag and swings it at the rat. He hits a small pile of shiny washers that resemble eyes. They fly off in all directions. -- Now there are many glowing eyes in the trunk.

Rex SLAMS the trunk lid down and quickly backs away.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The LIQUID ON THE CABLE CONTINUES TO POOL UNTIL THE FIRST DROP FALLS.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Zippo struggles to cast any light. If it wasn't for the moonlight, Rex couldn't see a thing.

He lowers the lighter until it barely hovers over the engine. Hoses are crisscrossed every which way. Everything is twisted, turned and triangled.

Under the dim glow of the lighter, the hoses come alive slithering to and fro. Spaghettified wires of all shapes and sizes become HUNDREDS OF BABY VIPERS. Rex jumps back.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The cable has developed a STEADY FLOW OF DROPS.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

CLOUDS BLOW ACROSS THE BRIGHT FULL MOON. The illumination ebbs and flows with the high winds.

From this side of the car crash, we see the two headlights on the driver-side have been crushed into the rocks, the lights on the right are in better shape. One hangs loosely from the grill like an eyeball that's been popped out of its socket. The other seems fine.

Rex sets his cloth tool bag on the air cleaner and pulls out a wrench. He Looks over the mess trying to decide what to do. His hands shake.

As the MOON GOES BEHIND THE CLOUDS, the wires and hoses TURN BACK TO SNAKES and Rex backs off in a panic. This happens every time the moon fades away.

Rex manages to pull some of the wires and hoses free, revealing the battery.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The speed of the DROPS PICKS UP.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex manages to get the battery box loose and starts undoing a battery cable.

The ZIPPO FIZZLES OUT, all that is left is intermittent moonlight.

Rex struggles with the second cable, the nut is loose, but it's not breaking free.

The moonlight is no longer strong enough to drive the snakes away. Rex builds up his nerve and sticks his hand into the NEST OF VIPERS. He yanks out a fistful of wires, freeing the battery cable. But also damaging the fuel pump.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The drops come faster and faster.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rex pulls the battery out and muscles it into the canvas tool bag. He adds the loose headlight from the car and wraps it all together with far too much Duck Tape. The bright headlight turns on for a second, SPARKS, and then shuts off again and SPARKS.

Rex has more confidence now. He twists the wires tighter and the headlight comes back on and stays on.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The flow of the STREAM INCREASES.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

HIGH-ANGLE CAMERA, looking straight down on the open engine compartment.

Rex moves the light, it sparks.

The clouds cover the moon.

EXT. UNDER FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The drops are now a steady stream.

EXT. IN FRONT OF FURY, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A DARK LIQUID quickly pours out from under the car in all directions, it looks like blood.

The homemade flashlight SPARKS again.

In ULTRA SLOW MOTION, we see the SPARK IGNITE the fumes from the liquid pool. The FIREBALL grows and raises, the CAMERA tilts up with the fireball and comes to rest on Rex's reflective eyes. In them, we see the fireball continue to rise until it fills both eyes and overexposes them.

The sound of the EXPLOSION morphs into a SCREECH in the score.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

The SCREECH in the score morphs into the BEEP, BEEP, BEEP OF HOSPITAL EQUIPMENT.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Don't panic. You're okay, the straps are for your protection. You were trying to rip the bandages off in your sleep.

SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING and LABORED BREATHING.

The BEEPS pick up their pace.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Don't try to speak. We had to put a tube down your throat to help you breathe... I'm Doctor Fields... Nod if you can understand me.

The STRUGGLING SOUNDS die down. Two short SQUEAKS come from the bedsprings.

The frequency of the BEEPS BACK OFF.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Good... Mr. Steven, you were in an accident, there was an explosion...

The BEEPS GROW FASTER.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

I'm afraid acid from the battery reached both of your eyes,

FASTER.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

I'm afraid your blindness is permanent...

The BEDSPRINGS CRY OUT. STRUGGLING and BREATHING SOUNDS grow louder.

The rhythm of the BEEPS grows faster and faster, accelerating to the point they merge into one long continuous tone.

After a long pause, CREDITS ROLL.