

EGON

written by

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INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The lab is a chaotic mess. Shattered glass litters the floor amongst overturned equipment. Several bodies lie still, blood staining the white tiles. A low, guttural GROWL echoes from the darkness beyond a shattered window.

ANDRIS

Gasping

Andris, 40s, his lab coat torn and stained, stumbles through the carnage. Terror is etched onto his face. He clutches a small, metallic device in his hand.

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

No... no, it can't be...

He glances back, his eyes wide with fear. The GROWL intensifies. A shadow, vaguely monstrous, flickers at the edge of the room's limited light.

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

This was supposed to be a  
breakthrough... a cure...

Andris trips over a body, falling to his knees. The metallic device slips from his grasp. He scrambles for it, his breath ragged.

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

I have to get this out...

He crawls towards the lab's main door, his movements frantic. The shadow moves closer, its form still obscured by the darkness. A terrifying SNARL pierces the air.

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

Whispering

I'm sorry...

The shadow lunges. A choked cry escapes Andris's lips, quickly silenced. The metallic device lies abandoned near his lifeless body, a stark symbol of his failed experiment and the horrific consequences.

Silence descends upon the lab, broken only by the drip, drip, drip of blood from the ceiling.

**EPISODE 1 - SCENE 2**

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - 1982**

Dark, empty country road. Trees press in from both sides, ominous and silent. In the distance, the glowing lights of **EGON**, a small, sleepy town tucked in the Pacific Northwest, shimmer through a thick fog.

A faint radio transmission crackles.

**RADIO (V.O.)**

—repeating for those just tuning in, Egon Police Department has issued an **AMBER ALERT** for **HOLLY MURPHY**, age 9. Last seen near the Quarry Trail, wearing a red jacket and blue jeans. If you have any information—

The signal distorts briefly into static.

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Posters of *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Duran Duran*, and *E.T.* line the walls. Model rockets, D&D manuals, and action figures are scattered across the floor.

A small **RADIO** on the dresser continues to buzz with the broadcast.

**RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd)**

—please contact Egon PD immediately. Again, the missing child is Holly Murphy, age 9. We urge all residents to stay alert.

**ALEX MURPHY (12)** lies on his bed, fully clothed, staring blankly at the ceiling. His face is pale, numb. His eyes are red, either from crying or lack of sleep—or both.

**MIKE (12)**, wiry and anxious, sits on the edge of the bed, fidgeting with a Rubik's Cube.

**STEVE (13)**, tall and moody, leans against the wall, arms crossed.

**BOB (11)**, the smallest, hugs a pillow on the floor. His backpack is beside him.

**ANDY (12)** sits by the window, peeking through the blinds like he's expecting something to come out of the night.

A beat of heavy silence.

**STEVE**

She's been gone almost two days.  
Shouldn't they be doing more?

**MIKE**

They're doing what they can.  
Sheriff Gray had search parties out  
last night. Dogs, choppers, the  
works.

**BOB**

Then where is she?

No one answers. Alex stares at the ceiling.

**ALEX**

She didn't just wander off.

(sits up slowly)

We were racing home. I looked  
back... and she was just-gone. One  
second she was there. Next,  
nothing.

**ANDY**

You didn't hear anything? Like,  
footsteps, a car?

**ALEX**

Nothing. Just the wind in the  
trees.

He looks at them.

**ALEX** (cont'd)

Something took her.

Everyone freezes.

**STEVE**

Like... someone?

**ALEX**

No. Not someone.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Downstairs, **MR. MURPHY** (late 30s, exhausted) sits in the  
dark, chain-smoking by the phone. **MRS. MURPHY** (mid-30s)  
stares blankly at the TV, which is playing an old rerun of  
*MASH*\* on low volume.

The police scanner next to the phone crackles.

**POLICE SCANNER**

-Unit 3, still no sign along the  
eastern trail. Moving westward.  
Over.

They don't react. They've heard this for hours. Days.

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**MIKE**

(softly)  
You really think it's like... that  
thing your grandpa used to talk  
about? The thing in the woods?

**ALEX**

He wasn't crazy. Just drunk.

**STEVE**

You told me he saw shadows moving  
in the quarry, that stuff just  
disappeared around it.

**ALEX**

He also said the government was  
covering it up.

**BOB**

So what are you saying? Aliens?  
Monsters?

**ALEX**

I'm saying... whatever happened in  
that lab—

(beat)

—it's connected to Holly.

The others go silent again.

**ANDY**

We should go out there.

**MIKE**

No way. It's pitch black. And cold.

**STEVE**

And dangerous.

**ALEX**

(quietly)  
I'm going. With or without you.

Everyone looks at him.

**ALEX (cont'd)**

Tomorrow. At first light. Quarry trail.

**EXT. EGON TOWN SIGN - NIGHT**

Wind blows leaves across the empty road. A small town sign reads:

**WELCOME TO EGON**  
**POPULATION 3,114**

A dark shape moves just past the treeline. Just for a second. A flicker. Watching.

Then gone.

**EXT. LABORATORY RUINS - NIGHT**

Back at the lab. Silent again. Wind howls through broken walls.

Suddenly—

**BZZZZT.**

The metallic **DEVICE** on the floor  
 flashes faintly. Once. Twice.

Then dies.

Cut to black.

**END SCENE****SCENE 3****EXT. WOODS NEAR LABORATORY - DAWN**

A gray, foggy dawn spreads over the Pacific Northwest forest. Crows flap noisily through the trees. The air is thick with mist.

A brown **Sheriff's cruiser** crunches over gravel. **SHERIFF CAL GRAY (50s)** steps out, closing the door with a soft *thunk*. He's tall, rugged, worn from years of quiet service—but his eyes are sharp, always watching. He wears a tan jacket over his uniform and a visible pistol on his belt.

He approaches a perimeter marked off by yellow **"DO NOT CROSS"** tape. Two **deputies** stand nearby. One, **DEPUTY SANCHEZ (30s)**, nods grimly.

**SANCHEZ**

Jesus, Cal. This one's... different.

**GRAY**

Different how?

**SANCHEZ**

No signs of forced entry. No survivors. No distress call. No ID on any of the bodies.

Gray ducks under the tape and walks slowly toward the ruined lab.

**INT. RUINED LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

The scene is a nightmare. Shattered equipment, burst pipes hissing steam. Blood smears tile and walls. The bodies lie in twisted heaps, frozen in final moments of agony.

Gray steps carefully. His boots crunch glass.

He kneels beside a **body**, examines a twisted ID badge barely clinging to a lab coat. Most of the lettering is burned off.

Nearby, something flashes faintly.

**GRAY**

What's that?

Sanchez walks over. They both peer at the **metallic device** lying near Andris's body. A small red light flickers. Gray reaches out, gently lifts it with a handkerchief.

**SANCHEZ**

We should call the Feds.

**GRAY**

We didn't yet?

**SANCHEZ**

No. Dispatch said this wasn't in the system. No building permit. No records. Nothing. It's like this place doesn't exist.

Gray frowns.

**GRAY**

We've got a lab with no name, scientists with no ID, and a pile of corpses with no explanation.

(beat)

I'll write it up. You and Wyatt keep everyone else out.

**SANCHEZ**

Got it. And... Sheriff?

Gray looks up.

**SANCHEZ** (cont'd)

This doesn't feel like anything I've ever seen.

Gray's eyes settle on the **shattered window**, the blood spatter on the wall behind it.

**GRAY**

Yeah.

(long pause)

Me neither.

**EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE LAB - LATER**

Gray stands at the treeline, smoking. He holds the **device** in his gloved hand. Something about it unsettles him.

He looks toward Egon in the distance—sleepy rooftops just visible through the trees.

He pockets the device.

**DEPUTY WYATT (O.S.)**

Sheriff-dispatch says that Murphy kid's still missing.

Gray exhales, long and low.

**GRAY**

Tell them to expand the search another mile out.

Gray looks back toward the ruins.

**GRAY (cont'd)**

And keep this place off the record. For now.

**Cut to black.**

**SCENE 4**

**EXT. EGON HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

A rundown building from the 1960s. One American flag flaps outside. School buses arrive, unloading sleepy teens.

Alex stands alone across the street, backpack over one shoulder. He stares at the school.



Then crosses.

**INT. EGON HIGH - FRONT HALLWAY - MORNING**

Fluorescent lights flicker slightly above. Posters for **homecoming**, **science fair**, and **D.A.R.E.** line the cork boards.

Alex walks through the halls like a ghost. The noise of lockers, laughter, and slamming doors surrounds him, but feels miles away.

He passes a cluster of students.

**WHISPERING GIRL #1**

That's him. That's the kid whose sister—

**WHISPERING GIRL #2**

Shh! He'll hear you.

**BOY (O.S.)**

I heard she got taken by the guy who killed those lab people.

Alex keeps walking. Shoulders tense.

**INT. HOMEROOM - MINUTES LATER**

He enters late. The room quiets. Everyone stares.

The teacher, **MR. KAPLAN (40s)**, pauses at the board, marker in hand.

**MR. KAPLAN**

Alex. Glad you made it. Uh... you can take your seat.

Alex nods stiffly and sits at the back.

**STEVE** is two rows over. Gives him a small nod. Alex doesn't return it.

The teacher returns to his board, starts droning about **continental drift**.

Alex zones out.

The **classroom clock ticks loudly**. The **lights hum**. A **pencil taps** on a desk.

Suddenly—

**FLASH CUT TO:**

—Holly's red jacket lying in the dirt.

—Shadow in the woods.  
—Andris screaming.  
—The lab drenched in blood.  
—The device blinking.  
—A monstrous shape lunging.

**INT. HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Alex blinks. The room is normal again.

But he's breathing hard. Sweating.

No one notices.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Alex leans over the sink, splashing water on his face. He looks in the mirror. Pale. Eyes haunted.

From a stall behind him comes a **creaking sound**. Then...

A faint, unnatural **whisper**. Indecipherable.

Alex turns sharply. The stalls are all closed. Silence.

**He slowly backs out.**

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

As he leaves the bathroom, he catches sight of **a man in a suit** watching him from the far end of the hall.

Black suit. No school badge. Cold stare.

Alex blinks. The man is gone.

He stares, shaken.

**FADE OUT.**

**SCENE 5**

**EXT. EGON WOODS - EARLY EVENING**

A dense wall of trees. Wind rustles through pine branches, and birds call out as if warning.

**ALEX, MIKE, STEVE, ANDY, and BOB** make their way through a narrowing dirt trail. Flashlights in hand. They're bundled in jackets and backpacks, their breath visible in the cool air.

Alex leads. Focused. Determined.

**STEVE**

You sure this is the way?

**ALEX**

This is where she vanished. Just past the fork in the trail.

**BOB**

(quietly)

I don't like this, man...

**ANDY**

None of us do. But we're here now.

The woods grow darker. The trail fades into a more tangled, root-covered path.

**MIKE**

Remember the stories? From, like, years ago? People hearing voices in the woods?

**STEVE**

Those were just campfire tales.

**BOB**

No they weren't. Remember **Leah Clark**? She went missing in '79. Never found her.

Everyone goes quiet. Except the woods.

**ALEX**

She went missing near here. The Quarry Trail.

**EXT. NEAR THE QUARRY - MINUTES LATER**

They reach the edge of the forest. The path opens up into a wide, rocky **clearing**. The distant sound of **dripping water** echoes.

A narrow drop leads to the dark mouth of the **old quarry**—closed off decades ago. Faded warning signs line the fence: **"DANGER: KEEP OUT - UNSTABLE GROUND"**

The fence has been bent inward.

**STEVE**

That's new...

**BOB**

Guys... over here.

They turn. Bob's flashlight shines on something **half-buried beneath a tree root**.

A **child's red jacket**—faded, frayed, covered in moss.

**ALEX**

(panicked)  
HOLLY?!

He runs over, drops to his knees, digging.

But it's not Holly.

A girl's body lies curled beneath the roots. **Mummified**, almost fossilized. Her limbs thin and twisted. Skin stretched tight over bone. Her eyes hollow, blackened.

She wears an **Egon Middle School sweatshirt**—the logo barely visible.

**MIKE**

Oh my god.

**ANDY**

That's not Holly. That's...

**STEVE**

Leah. Leah Clark.

Bob stumbles back, gasping.

**BOB**

She's been here... this whole time?

The boys stare, frozen.

Alex gently brushes a piece of dirt from the girl's hand. Her **fingernails** are cracked and broken, as if she had tried to claw her way out from something.

Suddenly—

**A HORRIBLE RATTLING SOUND** echoes from the trees behind them.

The boys spin around, flashlights scanning.

**Something moves**. Just beyond the trees. Large. Fast.

**ANDY**

RUN!

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

They tear through the forest, panting, ducking branches.  
Their flashlights bounce wildly.

Behind them, branches SNAP. Leaves RUSTLE.

Something is following.

**ALEX**

This way! Go!

They jump a fallen log. Bob trips—Steve hauls him up without a word.

**EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - MINUTES LATER**

They burst into a clearing by an old maintenance road.  
Gasp. Dirty. Shaken.

Silence again. Whatever chased them—gone.

**STEVE**

What the hell was that?!

**MIKE**

Did you see it?!

**BOB**

I didn't see it—but I felt it.  
Like... like the air got cold all  
at once.

**ANDY**

We need to tell someone. The  
police. Sheriff Gray.

**ALEX**

No.

They look at him.

**ALEX (cont'd)**

We found Leah. That's proof. But no one's going to believe us  
about... whatever that was.

**MIKE**

They'll believe the body.

**ALEX**

Will they?

They're quiet again.

A strange **HUM** starts—soft at first, almost electrical.

They turn.

Back in the woods, deep within the trees, a faint **red light** pulses once, then fades.

**STEVE**

Did... did that come from the quarry?

**BOB**

What is this place?

**ALEX**

Something's waking up.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

## **SCENE 6**

### **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE EVENING**

A small, dimly lit space with old wood paneling and shelves of dusty binders. A **map of Egon** covers one wall, with **missing persons photos** pinned to it.

**SHERIFF GRAY** sits at his desk, rubbing his temples, reading a file on Holly. The faint sound of a **scanner** buzzes in the background.

The door opens. **Deputy Sanchez** steps in, eyes wide.

**SANCHEZ**

We got a call. A bunch of kids—said they found a body. By the old quarry.

Gray slowly looks up.

### **INT. WOODS - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Police flood the area with searchlights. Tape goes up. Officers speak in hushed tones. The boys are long gone.

Sheriff Gray walks up slowly, flashlight in hand.

He crouches.

There she is: **Leah Clark**, frozen in time beneath the roots.

**GRAY**

Jesus...

He shines the light over her sweatshirt. Faded school logo. Blood crusted in the fibers.

He gently lifts her hand with gloves.

The **fingertips**—shredded. Dirt caked beneath the nails.

**DEPUTY WYATT** approaches from behind.

**WYATT**

Medical examiner says she's been  
dead 3 or 4 years. Maybe longer.

Gray stares at the forest beyond. Quiet. Oppressive.

**WYATT (cont'd)**

She was declared dead already, remember? After the third  
search failed.

**GRAY**

I remember.

**WYATT**

Sheriff, who buries a body like  
this? Under a tree? Out in the  
open?

Gray doesn't respond.

He looks down again at Leah. Something **burned** is etched  
faintly into the rock beside her. A **circular symbol**—almost  
like circuitry or runes.

Gray leans in closer.

**SANCHEZ (O.S.)**

You know what that is?

**GRAY**

No.

(beat)

But I've seen one before.

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER**

Gray enters quietly, closes the door behind him.

He opens a **file cabinet**. Deep in the back, hidden between  
folders, he pulls out a **manila envelope**, faded and unlabeled.

Inside: **Polaroids**. Documents. Another picture of the **symbol**—  
scratched into concrete near a different missing persons case  
from **1967**.

He exhales.

**GRAY (CONT'D)**  
It's happening again.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**SCENE 7 – REVISED**

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE – NIGHT**

Quiet. Tense. The house is still.

The Murphy family moves like shadows. Mr. Murphy sits at the kitchen table, silent, flipping through Holly's missing poster. Mrs. Murphy smokes by the sink, staring into nothing.

**INT. ALEX'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS**

Alex sits at his desk. The **symbol** they saw at the quarry is **sketched** on a piece of paper in front of him. He keeps redrawing it – circles, branching lines, impossible angles. It's burned into his mind.

**A knock.**

He turns. **Mike** stands at the window outside, motioning him to open it.

Alex unhooks the latch. Mike climbs in.

**ALEX**  
Are you insane? My parents would  
kill me if they caught you.

**MIKE**  
Had to talk. Couldn't sleep.

He closes the window behind him. His face is pale. He looks shaken.

**MIKE (cont'd)**  
I keep hearing stuff, man. Like... whispers. Even before the quarry. But worse now. Closer.

Alex sits on the bed. Mike paces.

**ALEX**  
Did you tell your mom?

**MIKE**  
She just says it's the wind. Or  
stress.

(MORE)



MIKE (CONT'D)

But I swear, I heard someone say my  
name outside my window last night.

ALEX

You think... it followed us?

Mike stops pacing. Nods.

MIKE

I think we woke something up out  
there.

ALEX

Or let something out.

Silence.

A faint **electrical hum** starts — like a faraway power line.

Mike notices.

MIKE

You hear that?

Alex listens. It's coming from the hallway outside his room.

**HUMMMMMM.**

ALEX

Stay here.

Alex steps toward the door, opens it slowly.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Empty.

But there's a faint **red glow** coming from downstairs.

Alex starts toward the stairs.

**INT. STAIRCASE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The downstairs living room is dark — except for a low red  
pulse from outside the window. It's coming from the woods  
behind the house.

**CRACK.**

Behind Alex, a **picture frame falls off the wall**. Shatters.

He turns around—

**Mike is standing at the top of the stairs.**

**MIKE**

Alex.

His voice is wrong. Empty.

**ALEX**

Mike?

Mike's eyes are glazed over. His body rigid. He begins **walking backward**, back down the hallway.

**ALEX (cont'd)**

Mike, stop. What are you—

Suddenly the **hallway light EXPLODES**, showering sparks.

**Alex rushes up the stairs—**

But Mike is **gone**.

Just gone.

**INT. ALEX'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Alex searches frantically. Window's open again. Wind blowing in. No sign of Mike.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

(whispers)

No. No no no no...

**INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT**

A phone rings. Mike's mother, tired, picks it up.

**MRS. OLSEN**

Hello?

Silence on the line.

Then—whispers. Garbled. Not words. Just wrong.

She hangs up. Looks toward Mike's empty room.

**INT. EGON WOODS - NIGHT**

Flashlight abandoned in the dirt. Still glowing faintly.

A trail of **bare footprints** leads into the trees.

They **fade** after ten steps.

And far in the distance, beyond the trees, a **figure watches**.

Unmoving. No face.

Only the outline.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**SCENE 8**

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Dim light spills over stacks of old files and yellowing photos pinned to corkboards. Sheriff Gray pores over case notes, his eyes tired but sharp. His fingers trace the symbol repeatedly, almost memorizing it.

Deputy Sanchez enters quietly, holding a handheld radio. He looks concerned.

**SANCHEZ**

Sheriff, the boys are out searching for Mike near the quarry. They're calling in over the radio.

Gray rubs his forehead, sighs deeply.

**GRAY**

The quarry... again. I told them to stay put. That place is no good.

**SANCHEZ**

They're insistent. I think they blame themselves.

Gray stands, pacing, the weight of responsibility heavy on him.

**GRAY**

Alright. I'm going with them. No way I'm letting those kids wander out there alone.

He grabs his coat and keys.

**EXT. QUIET STREET OUTSIDE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Gray steps into the night. The wind rustles dry leaves on the pavement. He pauses, looking toward the dark silhouette of the woods.

**EXT. EGON WOODS - NIGHT**

The boys—Alex, Steve, Bob, and Andy—trudge through thick brush. Their flashlights cut narrow beams through the fog and shadows.

**ALEX**

(shouting)  
Mike! Come on, Mike!

Branches snap. The boys jump, exchanging worried glances.

**BOB**

(uneasy)  
This is getting worse... feels like  
something's watching us.

**STEVE**

Yeah, like we're the ones who don't  
belong here.

They come to a narrow path edged by dense trees, red glow  
flickering faintly beyond.

**ANDY**

Hear that? Something's up ahead.

From the bushes, a low dragging sound. Wet, heavy, slow.

**ALEX**

Mike? Is that you?

The boys quicken their pace, hearts pounding. They break into  
a small clearing bathed in cold moonlight.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

(shocked)  
Oh God... Mike...

Mike's body lies sprawled on the ground. His clothes are  
torn, blood smeared across the dirt, but the most horrifying  
detail—his head is gone.

**BOB**

(voice cracking)  
No... no way.

Alex kneels, eyes wide, trembling. He reaches out, unable to  
believe it.

**ALEX**

Mike, please... no.

Suddenly, the red glow intensifies, casting twisted shadows  
among the trees.

**ANDY**

What the hell is that?

The boys slowly back away. From the darkness, faint whispers curl through the air.

**WHISPER (O.S.)**

...he belongs to us now...

Alex looks up, eyes scanning for a source. The forest seems to close in.

**STEVE**

We gotta get out of here. Now.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Gray grabs his flashlight and holsters his pistol. The radio crackles urgently.

**RADIO (SANCHEZ)**

Sheriff, the boys just reported they found Mike's body. Head's missing.

Gray's jaw tightens.

**GRAY**

I'm on my way.

He steps outside, locking the door behind him.

**EXT. EGON WOODS - NIGHT**

Gray's car races down the road toward the quarry, headlights slicing through the darkness.

The wind picks up, carrying distant echoes of the boys' voices — now silenced by fear.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**SCENE 9**

**EXT. QUIET STREET OUTSIDE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The street is dark and still. Mike's house sits at the end, porch light flickering weakly. Sheriff Gray's car pulls up slowly.

**EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Gray steps out, somber. Mike's mother, **MRS. OLSEN**, stands on the porch, eyes red-rimmed and swollen, clutching a blanket around her shoulders.

**GRAY (CONT'D)**

Ma'am... I'm sorry. We found Mike.

Her face tightens with a fragile hope.

**MRS. OLSEN**

He's... he's okay?

Gray lowers his gaze, pain heavy in his voice.

**GRAY**

No. He's dead. We found him near the quarry. He... he was hurt badly.

She gasps, hands shaking.

**MRS. OLSEN**

How... how did this happen?

Gray hesitates, struggling for words.

**GRAY**

We don't know yet. But it wasn't natural. I promise we'll find out what did this.

Mrs. Olsen breaks down, sobbing.

**GRAY (CONT'D)**

(sincerely)

You're not alone. We'll do everything we can.

**EXT. QUIET ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Gray gets into his cruiser. The streets are nearly deserted, fog curling low over the pavement.

He starts driving back toward the station, eyes on the road.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Radio chatter crackles.

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

All units, keep eyes peeled.  
Strange activity reported near the quarry. Possible suspects unknown.

Gray grips the steering wheel tighter.

Suddenly, headlights flash from a side street—too fast, too close.

**GRAY**

(under breath)  
What now...

**EXT. DARK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

A black car **speeds directly toward Gray's cruiser.**

Gray slams the brakes, but the other car crashes into him with a brutal **SMASH.**

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - IMPACT**

Glass shatters. Metal crunches. Gray is thrown forward, hitting the dashboard hard.

**EXT. ROADWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The other car skids and stops a few yards away. A figure steps out, indistinct in the fog.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

Gray groans, blinking through pain but conscious. He reaches for his radio, voice rough.

**GRAY (CONT'D)**  
Dispatch... I'm hit. Suspect fleeing  
on foot... heading east into the  
woods.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

The shadowy figure disappears into the trees.

Gray coughs, struggling to stay awake.

**INT. AMBULANCE - LATER**

Gray lies on a stretcher, bandaged but alive. The EMT nods reassuringly.

**EMT**  
You're lucky, Sheriff. Could've  
been worse.

Gray's eyes flicker open, resolve hardening.

**GRAY**

This... this isn't over.

**FADE OUT.**

**SCENE 10**

**EXT. EGON WOODS - NIGHT**

The moon hangs low, casting ghostly light through twisted branches. The forest breathes with an unnatural stillness, as if holding its breath.

A faint rustling echoes—a soft, deliberate step.

**DEEP IN THE WOODS**

A shadowy figure stands motionless, watching the edge of the tree line toward the town. Its form flickers between human and something else — vaguely monstrous, eyes glowing faint red.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house is quiet, except for the faint hum of a radio playing softly inside.

Through a window, a small figure moves — it's **HOLLY**, Alex's sister, but something's off.

Her eyes flicker unnaturally, distant and hollow.

She turns to face the window, staring directly out into the dark woods, unblinking.

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Alex's room is dark. A photo of him and Holly sits on the bedside table, slightly askew.

Outside, the radio crackles faintly, the voice of a late-night broadcaster speaking eerily:

**RADIO VOICE (V.O.)**

...and in other news, the search continues for missing children in Egon. Officials remain baffled by the strange occurrences tied to the abandoned laboratory...



**BACK TO HOLLY**

She slowly lifts a pale hand,  
placing it gently on the glass as  
if sensing something beyond.

Suddenly, a **whisper**, barely audible, brushes her ear:

**WHISPER (O.S.)**

Come home, Holly...

Her eyes flash bright red for a split second, then return to normal.

She blinks once, then silently slips away into the shadows.

**EXT. EGON WOODS - NIGHT**

The shadowy figure steps forward, melting back into the darkness.

A chilling breeze sweeps the forest floor, carrying with it a faint, distorted **child's laughter** that fades into silence.

**CUT TO BLACK****TEXT ON SCREEN:**

*"To be continued..."*