

PARADISE ABLAZE

A Feature Thriller

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EXT. EARTH'S CORE - NIGHT

WE ARE UNDERGROUND. Prolific darkness. Heavy earth bass. Rumbling SOUNDS resonate in dirt. From STILLNESS, WE ARE MOVING. Noise of Earth's crust slowly ripping apart. Now, an eerie orange glow beneath. Magma. The sound of lava flowing and boiling. A sense of flying. Accelerating forward. The rumbling growing louder. An immensely deep and infinite voice is heard, barely discernable above the rumble.

VOICE

Burn. Everything beset from fire,
shall return.

Now the rumbling is deafening. WE ARE SEEING THROUGH ANOTHERS EYES. The EYES are looking ahead, towards a crevasse in the ceiling, the orange glow beneath. WE ACCELERATE, louder rumbling. Turning up.

BLACK

EXT. LA CANADA RANGE - NIGHT

Tree covered hills and a network of winding roads. A series of hills engulfed in flames. It's a forest fire burning out of control. The winds howling, whipping the flames. The FIRE LOOKS ALIVE, DANCING. Emergency response vehicle lights flickering just beyond the flames. The FIRE makes the vehicles look like toys.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - LA CANADA RANGE - NIGHT

A street in a residential neighborhood. Several emergency management vehicles parked, door labeled "La Canada Fire Department," lights flashing. Firefighters deploying water cannons to no success. A geared-up firefighter standing near the truck's cab, she is -

BATTALION CHIEF PAMELA RAUSCH -50's,
rugged, poised.

RAUSCH KEYING the radio, calmly, as if resting near an office water cooler.

RAUSCH
Zero containment. Fire break set
on East Side of Morrow Lane. Wind
direction-

RAUSCH LOOKING at the airborne sparks and at trees on the hilltop, moving in every direction.

RAUSCH
--unknown. Rausch out.

A geared-up firefighter approaching, and stops at Rausch's position, he is-

JOHN MUTH - 30's, new guy.

MUTH
Chief!

RAUSCH
What is it?

MUTH
We're set. But the way THIS wind.
We may not be doing any good.

RAUSCH
I know. I know.

MUTH
Any idea the cause? What caused
it?

RAUSCH
Unfortunately. Yes. PD reports
someone leaving the park just
before the blaze broke.

MUTH
Arson.

RAUSCH
Appears that way.

CAMERA SHOW WIDE ANGLE - Foreground - Rausch and Muth,
Background, AN AMAZING WALL OF FLAMES. WE SEE the color of
the flames reminiscent of the magma.

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Small, cramped, industrial office. Cluttered. Rusted
wastebasket. Stacks of paperwork. Two desks covered with
invoices, paperwork, aged boxy computers, torn fabric
chairs. A man sits behind a desk, he is-

Carol Arizona - 50's, heavysset,
disparaged.

Across the desk, standing, hands on hip, grandstanding is-

Raff Simonds - 50's, medium build,
boisterous.

CAROL
I just don't like it. It's a bad
idea.

RAFF
Do you have a better idea?

CAROL
I told you we couldn't afford it.

RAFF
No, you said it was a bad idea.
Then. THEN. You agreed. Now. We
we're BOTH wrong.

Carol looking down, shaking his head. Raff's waiting for an
answer.

CAROL
We just can't do it. We can't.

RAFF

I'm not losing my home over this.
Neither should you. It's our only
option. It happens all the time.
Why we pay premiums each month. No
one gets hurt. We walk away,
whole.

CAROL

I just don't know.

RAFF

Fuck! What's there to know? Either
you get on board, or you sink in
this. THIS shithole.

CAROL - A STUBBORN LONG PAUSE

RAFF - UNDERSTANDS HE'S NOT CHANGING HIS MIND

Raff storming out, slamming the door, which nearly comes
unhinged. Carol using his dirty arm sleeve to wipe watering
eyes. A few second pass. RAP, RAP. A soft knocking on the
ajar door, it's-

Dwight - 20's, slight mental disorder.

DWIGHT

Hi boss. Are you okay?

CAROL

I'm good Dwight. What's up?

DWIGHT

My mom is here to pick me up. It's
early. I know you said I can't
leave early. Can I leave early?

CAROL

Is clean-up done?

DWIGHT

No. I haven't started.

CAROL

You haven't started. What were you doing?

DWIGHT

I don't. Know.

CAROL

No. You know why we clean up, right? We can't leave parts and tools out. Flammables, solvents, laying around. Right? So, you can't leave. Got it?

Dwight, saddened, turning to exit.

CAROL

You'll be done in 30 minutes, tops, if you hustle.

DWIGHT

Yes, sir. Carol?

CAROL

Yeah.

DWIGHT

Can my mom and my sisters watch TV until I am done?

CAROL

Yes, of course. Break room.

Dwight exiting the office, looking at the floor in front of him. Carol's eyes following Dwight, then remembering his own problems, clasping his hands, quietly saying a prayer.

INT. WORKSHOP - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Large work area, dimly lit, a NEW TOW TRUCK, a few older cars, other miscellaneous auto repair tools, all in

disarray. Raff, grunting and mumbling in agitation, milling about a workbench, searching for something. RAFF- AHAH!
 Raff finding a quart sized silver CAN. Raff lifting the CAN
 - WE SEE THE WORD - ACETONE.

Raff looking around, seeing no one. Raff fumbling to remove keys from his pocket, quickly walking towards an open garage door, and through, O/S.

CUT TO

INT. BREAK ROOM - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A small break room, folding table and two chairs, an old box-style TV with rabbit ear antenna, a VCR. Dwight leads a young girl, she is-

MIA - 6-years old

-- to a chair, the other chair already occupied by-

TALIA - 8-years-old

--the other sister, their mother -

ROSA - 40's, working abject poverty,
 anything for her kids, complete Walmart
 in her purse

--standing at the room entrance.

DWIGHT

Let's see what's playing.

Dwight turning the TV, ON, immediately playing static, volume too loud. Dwight searching a cardboard box for videotapes. Finding an aged/dog-eared VCR tape for Barney, clumsily removing the tape from the box, ramming the tape, against the VCR, before the tape finally slides in.

MIA

Not the dinosaur again.

The TV playing Barney- grainy, mid-episode.

TALIA

Do you have anything else?

Dwight doesn't. Mom knowing this speaking up.

MOM

Girls, this is fine. Besides you both
SHOULD be doing homework. Right? Let D
finish up so we can go.

Dwight standing, exiting the room, into a dark hallway--

CONTINUOUS

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BREAKROOM - NIGHT

-- Dwight closing the door, walking away. WE SEE little
light escape from underneath the door, and only hear
muffled TV noise.

EXT. PARKING LOT - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A parking lot, largely empty. Rugged pavement, potholes,
debris. Floodlights high upon the warehouse exterior
provide little light. WE SEE the wheels of a truck, and
boots. A truck door closes, bootsteps, in a hurry. WE SEE
RAFF, marching towards the warehouse garage door, in his
hand is the ACETONE, now with a RAG hanging from the lid, a
LIGHTER in his other hand.

RAFF

(To himself)

One more fire won't hurt.

The man don't have the God given sense
he was born with.

RETURN TO

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE - NIGHT

Carol fingering through invoices, a brochure for
the Super Tow Truck, a sales slip for \$179,500,

co-signed loan doc, a LETTER from a law firm stamped FINAL NOTICE and the word FORECLOSURE. CAROL DROPPING the NOTICE near HIS GOODTIMES FAMILY PHOTO.

FLASHBACK

Raff, Carol, their wives, a teenage boy, in a park, on a bright sunny day, CELEBRATING. Raff offering a toast-

RAFF

To our born-again success! We'll show those big boys we mean business!

Carol offering a BANDWAGON smile.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WORKSHOP - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

RAFF WALKING as he approaches a corner of the workshop. As he's walking, the bootstep noise dampens in transition from striking concrete to a damp and dirty floor. RAFF KNEELING over the ACETONE, near a HAZMAT hamper, trying to position the RAG and the CAN in SUCH a way, but while doing so, WE SEE liquid slosh and spill.

RAFF

(Aloud to self)

This should give us enough time to get out-

RAFF SWINGS HIS ARM, covering his eyes, from the fumes. Highly agitated. RAFF FUMBLING FOR THE LIGHTER.

CAROL

(V.O.)

Raff knew about tow trucks, running a business, he didn't know a whole lot about insurance fraud, starting fires, OR ACETONE.

RAFF FLICKING THE LIGHTER - A BLAST, ROAR of FIRE. THE BUILDING JUMPS.

CONTINUOUS
 CUT TO
 INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE

Small items shaking with the jolt. Carol lifting his head up, looking concerned, standing.
 CAROL - WHAT WAS THAT? URGENCY.
 Carol rushing out of the office.

RETURN TO
 INT. WORK SPACE - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

RAFF COVERED IN FLAMES, screaming in pain, running in circles, striking a wall, on the floor, writhing-
 CAROL RUNNING O/S, WE SEE the WORKSHOP ENGULFED IN flames.

Carol keeping his wits, searching for the fire extinguisher. Dwight arriving. Carol finding the extinguisher, seeing Dwight.

CAROL
 Get out!

Dwight staring. Carol fumbling with the extinguisher, removing safety, bracing to spray at Raff's still body, then-

CAROL - SHOCK

The extinguisher wasn't charged. Carol dropping the extinguisher, turning and shoving Dwight to leave. Black smoke rising. Carol hunching down, an intense look.

CAROL
 Get out!

Dwight looking towards the break room, standing upright, coughs.

DWIGHT
 Mom. My-

CAROL - UNDERSTANDING - SHIT!

CAROL

I got them. You get out!

The fire spreading throughout the work shop, climbing the walls, the flames burn several feet high, dark smoke is filling the top half of the room. The burning roars, fires cackle as each shop item is more combustible than the next. Metal creaking as the old rusted beams and unstable walls expand and begin to buckle.

BANG, BANG.

WE ARE IN THE WORK SHOP, LOOKING AT THE BREAK ROOM DOOR. Flames surround the door. Another BANG. The break room door is KNOCKED open. ROSA USING A CHAIR TO FORCE THE DOOR OPEN. Smoke pouring from the break room. ROSA IN DURESS, HYSTERICS. CAROL RACING OVER FLAMES, pants and boots now afire- CAROL YELPING IN PAIN, as he perseveres, reaching Rosa. Rosa has a vice grip on both daughters, but can't escape. The kids are in shut-down mode, crying in terror. ROSA- DETERMINED, has Talia's wrist in one hand, and Mia's torso in the other arm, trying unsuccessfully to move them forward, as -CAROL ARRIVING, PICKING UP MIA.

There's no way out besides through the flames. Metal creaking everywhere. Flames are on the ceiling. Maybe a fire engine in the distance.

CAROL

We need to go, NOW!

Carol pushing Mom forward. Mom's arms like wings wrapped around Talia entering the flames, immediately screaming, but moving forward. Carol has Mia cradled, watching for a moment. Mom and Talia are on fire but exiting.

CAROL - THEY MADE IT!

Carol looking at hysterical MIA. Mia's arms wrapping too tight around Carol's neck. Carol states--

CAROL

We are going to make it. We'll be okay.

MIA

No. No. I'm scared.

CAROL

I promise.

CAROL HUNCHING HIS shoulder down, pulling Mia close, lunges into the flames. Mia kicking and flailing. Carol's clothing is on fire. Carol moving as fast as he can, seeing the exit, safety.

LOUD CREAK.

CONTINUOUS

CUT TO

EXT. PARKING LOT - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The building is lit with fire. The garage door is filled with flames. There is only a small area where WE CAN SEE THERES A CLEAR PATH.

A Flashing image, for a second WE SEE CAROL CARRYING MIA-

CAROL - WE ARE GOING TO MAKE IT!

LOUDER CREAK --THEN PAUSE

A metal I-Beam, on fire, from the ceiling, collapses, CRUSHING CAROL, striking the floor with WICKED THUD. Dwight seeing, running into the flames, emerging with Mia. Mia's covered in soot, bleeding, UNCONSCIOUS, but WE SEE HER CHEST RISING/FALLING, SHE'S ALIVE.

The warehouse, a wall of fire and black smoke, collapsing with certainty, backlit by darkness.

EXT. BLACK - NIGHT

Nothing but Darkness. WE HEAR The familiar sound of gravel, earth, giving way to something powerful. A BURSTING SOUND, then-

CONTINUOUS

CUT TO

EXT. SURFACE FIELD- NIGHT

--Quiet. An open field, a starry night. WE ARE FLYING, SEEING THROUGH ANOTHERS EYES. Gracefully up in the air towards the stars, then arcing downward, finally parallel to the Earths' contour. Racing. In the distance, approaching, WE SEE the City of Los Angeles.

RETURN TO

EXT. SURFACE FIELD - NIGHT

All quiet, a cricket beckons in the distance. Tall grass at a perfectly still. A breeze gently pushing the tall grass. A stiffer breeze. A gust. Whipping winds. The Santa Ana's begin.

INT. KITCHEN - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest kitchen. TV on the counter. Kitchenette table with chairs. Fruit basket, fruit unappealing and rotting. A toaster oven cooking dinner. Newspaper on the table. At the table, looking hungry, agitated, and wearing a scowl is-

Derek - 16-18 years old, lanky, bad hair, acne, unkept, impulsive.

Solemnly moving back and forth between the sink and the fridge is his mother -

Tess - 40's, housewife, conventionally attractive, sleepless nights, stress wears heavy.

WHAM. Derek slamming his open palms on the newspaper. WE SEE on the NEWSPAPER COVER, side-by-side stock photos of a smiling Carol and a frowned Raff, under the headline ARSON.

DEREK

Why do they keep calling dad a criminal? What gives them the right?

TESS

We've been over this. I know you are upset. Really I do. You shouldn't read the paper, or-

Tess looking towards the TV. WE SEE a POLICE CHASE UNDERWAY FROM a HELICOPTER'S POINT OF VIEW.

TESS

--watch TV.

TESS TURNING OFF the TV. DEREK IS HOT, TEARS RUN.

DEREK

It's just fair!

TESS

I told you. The police said-

DEREK

--DAD was ONLY a SUSPECT. They didn't say he DIDN'T do it. Just because THERE WERE UNPAID BILLS, and the FIRE WAS SUSPICIOUS. Of course, it couldn't be an accident! That's what THEY always say. That's what they told me when--

TESS STARING AT DEREK. DEREK'S HEAD ON THE TABLE, voice drowned by fits. Tess moving in, comforting him.

TESS

It's nothing like that. You were just a little boy. It was our fault. We never should have left the fireworks out. No one was killed. Don't bring that up. It's not like that at all.

DEREK

Because this time people died. Dad is dead. It was probably all

Raff's fault. Or Dwight. That idiot probably started the fire.

TESS

No, No. It was an accident. The welding torch, sparks, chemicals, someone careless. Dwight almost lost his sister.

DEREK

That's it. Almost. She's in a coma. Dad's dead.

TESS

I understand. You need to calm down.

DEREK

I can't calm down. The police blame dad - the paper blame's dad, everyone's blaming dad. He's not here to defend himself. We're going to lose our house. What are we going to do? No one is going to help us. No one!

TESS

It will be okay. Take a breath.

DEREK

No it won't!

Derek flailing his arms, accidentally striking Tess, knocking her backwards against the counter.

TESS - SHOCKED

DEREK - RAGE

Derek rising, storming O/S. Tess staring in disbelief.

EXT. ROAD - CANYON - NIGHT

CAMERA - POV - HELICOPTER - WE SEE a POLICE CHASE UNDERWAY

A windy paved road runs across a mountain ridge. A fire raging in the background. A car racing away, illuminated by the helicopter's spotlight, three police cars, in pursuit. NOW, police car lights ahead. The fleeing car skidding off the road to a stop, mere feet away from a cliff. Police cars mirror the stop, a safe distance away. Cops, with guns drawn, exiting their cars, fanning out, approaching. The fleeing car driver door opens, HELICOPTER CAMERA CLOSE-UP, it's-

Tyra - 20's, female, rail skinny, giant hair, neck tattoo, oddly dressed as if headed to a nightclub.

--the driver exiting the car.

CUT FROM HELICOPTER POV

Tyra stutter stepping off-balanced in high heels towards the front of the car, hands raised near her head, a BLACK PHONE in one hand.

TYRA IN DURESS

Police officers form a half-circle as they are closing in. An officer calls-

OFFICER

Hands, hands! Let me see you-

Officer 2 sees the Black Phone, mistaking for a-

OFFICER 2

Gun! Gun.

OFFICER

Drop the gun!

An officer on the radio, parroting, SUSPECT IS ARMED, REPEAT, SUSPECT IS ARMED.

Tyra spinning in circles, hands CLAWING AT HER FACE, PULLING AT HER HAIR.

TYRA

No. NOOOOOO.

OFFICER

Drop the gun, now. Or we will
SHOOT!

Tyra spinning, clawing and striking her head, LINES OF BLOOD FORM on her forehead from the self-inflicted wounds. Her screams are not refusal, they are something else.

TYRA- STOP!

Tyra, whirling, writhing, stepping precariously close, falling off the cliff. Officers watching.

POV - HELICOPTER

WE SEE TYRA step off the edge, and fall into darkness. Police approached the cliff's edge.

EXT. SURFACE FIELD - NIGHT

WE ARE FLYING, INSANELY FAST, AND IMPACT THE GROUND - THUD. DARK. A Satisfied grumbling.

The wind continues howling.

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

A vast openness, fog everywhere, preventing vision beyond several feet. An unknown light source, almost eerie and magical, like a lighthouse beacon in the fog, SURROUNDS AND ENABLES US TO SEE a short distance.

WE SEE Carol laying on the ground, wearing the same clothing. He is enveloped in fog, eyes closed. An echo of a THUD, carrying, as if in a cavern. Carol's eyes opening, his POV, seeing gray. CAROL SITTING UP.

CAROL

Where am I?
What happened?

Carol running his hands across his face, chest, then shoulders, and the back of his head. HAND PAUSING on the back of his head.

CAROL

Last thing I remembered was-

CAROL STANDING UP, LOOKING ABOUT.

CAROL

--the fire.

CAROL PANIC ATTACK

Carol in duress, running, looking around. As he's running, his footsteps don't echo, but with each step, there's a squishy sponge-like sound. He's crying, yelling.

CAROL

Help. Help. Anyone.

Carol collapsing onto the ground in a fetal position, largely obfuscated by fog. Pleading.

CAROL

Tess. Derek. Oh my God. What have I done?

A moment of silence as Carol catching his breath. A VOICE breaks the silence, it is-

DOE - 60's African American, medium build, wise.

DOE

Nothing.

BEAT

Carol sitting up, alarmed.

DOE

You probably didn't do anything.
That's why I'm here. But I'm still
not too sure.

Carol, exhausted, remaining seated.

CAROL

Where's here?

DOE

To be truthful, I don't really
know. I think we are somewhere
between Heaven and. Hell.

CAROL

Are we dead?

DOE

Yes, that I'm certain.

CAROL

Where are-

DOE

For sure, I can only tell you what
I know. And I don't know anything.
But I'll also tell you what I
guess. And I'm a pretty smart man.
I think we are in a waiting room.

CAROL

Waiting. To be Judged?

DOE

Exactly! To be judged. By whom, I
think we can both guess. For what
- I have a better idea.

Carol standing and Doe helping him up.

CAROL

My name is Carol.

Carol holding his hand out to shake, and Doe, looking puzzled, just looking down at Carol's outstretched hand.

DOE

I. I can't remember my name.

CAROL

Amnesia?

DOE

I don't know. I'm not too worried about it. I remember everything other detail, just not my name. I met a fella, just a while ago. He didn't know his name either.

CAROL

There's others?

DOE

Oh, Yes. There's a bunch of us. Wandering around. Waiting.

CAROL

Waiting? For how long?

DOE

I don't know. I was talking a woman one second, the next, she was gone.

CAROL

How long have you been here?

DOE

I don't know that either. I don't even know how you and I met. Have we been talking for long? Minutes, days, weeks?

Carol looking at Doe, deeply puzzled.

CAROL

How did you end up here?

DOE

I remember exactly how I died.
Like it was yesterday.

FLASHBACK

My wife left. My kids moved away. I lived alone for several years. Too old to find a job, too tired to do anything. My only enjoyment was sitting out in the front yard, watching the birds, and twice a day, kids would walk past on their way to school. I loved seeing those kids. They'd say Hi and call out my name. In FLASHBACK, a girl calls out "Hi Mr. _____" and the last name is not spoken, WE SEE THE GIRLS LIPS MOVE BUT NO WORDS COME OUT.

CUT TO

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Doe's eyes tearing.

DOE

I just can't remember my name.

RETURN TO FLASHBACK

So the school janitor gets arrested for putting those, tiny cameras in the kid's bathrooms. A real sicko. I could only imagine what else he was doing. He's in jail, and all the parents are in an uproar, want him to go prison, or worse. The kids stop walking to school. Everyone's afraid. I really missed seeing them each day. You know how fear is. But none of the parents want their kids to testify about the videos. Kind of embarrassing. Go into a court like that. Be known as THAT KID. So, the janitor walks- some kind of minor infraction. Gets fired. I start noticing him hanging around the school, looking like he was up to no good. I had nothing going on. Looking like he was gonna hurt, or kill one of those kids. So I got it in my mind, it would be a nice thing to do, the next time I saw him hanging around the school, to run him over. Maybe I'd go to jail, maybe I won't. You know, old man, shouldn't be driving, accidently kills a child molester. Cops may not care. So, I see him out there a few days later. I get my keys, jump in the Buick and start rolling down the street.

25, 35, 50, 60 miles an hour. He's leaning against a telephone pole- I thought I'd split him in two. Maybe I'd die too. I was okay with that. I just didn't realize how the car would spin, at those speeds, once the tires left the road. He saw it coming, looked right at me, and I looked at him, and didn't move. He was okay with it too. I missed. The car flipped. Snapped my neck. I was wearing these clothes. I'm not religious. At least I wasn't. But I'm pretty sure I'm here because I was going to kill that man in cold blood, and for that, I should go to hell. But maybe, just maybe, he'll hurt another kid, and God, or whoever, will see, I was righteous, and my actions were to protect the weak. Though I failed, maybe then I'll go to Heaven.

CAROL

Jesus.

DOE

I haven't seen him. Joking. He may be here. This place is endless. I walk and walk, but it just keeps going.

CAROL

There's no end?

DOE

No end for US.

CAROL

What do you mean?

DOE

There's something. You'll hear it. Not sure what to make of it. But every once in a while, you'll hear it. I get the feeling its EVIL passing through. Either comes from above, or below, passing through. Just sounds like something you don't want to mess with.

CAROL

Are you sure you didn't kill the
guy, when you wrecked, and Um,
died?

DOE

Yes, I'm sure. I saw him after. I
mean, see him, in my thoughts.
He's still wandering around the
school. He had to find a new pole
to hide behind though.

CAROL

How? Do you see him?

DOE

I can't always. I guess. I just
sit, and forget. Then I think of
him, and he comes to me in my
mind. It's always something new,
so I think it's his life.

CAROL

You can communicate?

DOE

Not exactly. The first time I saw
him, there was a piece of pipe and
was going to smash him with it,
but I couldn't pick up the pipe. I
was so pissed, I started
screaming. Then, he looked at me.
Just looked at me. Up and down.
That was it. Like he saw me, then
didn't. I said some pretty mean
stuff, he didn't react. So, I
guess, no. But he knew I was
there.

(Pause)

Wanna walk?

CAROL

To where?

DOE

I don't know. How about that way?

Doe and Carol begin walking.

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

Bedroom, poorly kept. Blinds closed, light dim, dirty laundry about. Bed unmade. A few photos on the wall, with a little boy fishing with Dad, a little boy on a family camping trip. Posters for heavy metal bands, Marilyn Manson, Metallica, Eminem. The bedroom door is closed.

The door flying open, Derek entering, the door slamming shut. Derek wearing earbuds, skullcap, dirty T-shirt, black pants. Derek dropping his backpack on the floor, collapsing in bed, staring at the ceiling, teary eyed, face flush. We hear the music from his ear buds, it's the kind of music that makes you want to punch stuff.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Derek doesn't hear. The door opening. It's Tess.

TESS

Hi. Hello?

Derek seeing his mom, removing an ear bud.

TESS

What's wrong?

DEREK

Nothing.

TESS

Talk to me. Okay?

DEREK

It's just not fair. Can I stay home from school tomorrow?

TESS

Ok. I know it's not easy.

DEREK

Not easy? All you do is sit around here all day. I have to go to school. Have kids calling my dad Firestarter, and Trashy. It's bullshit. Who do they think they are? I'll show them.

TESS

Listen. Who? I can talk to the principal. I can-

DEREK

Talk to whom? Say what? Leave my son alone. Yeah, that will work. Dad burns people to death, my mom's here to let you have it. We are being sued too, right?

TESS

That's not your problem. I think, you should talk to someone. Maybe some help.

DEREK

NO. YOU NEED HELP.

TESS

Derek, it's not your fault.

DEREK

And it wasn't Dad's fault either. They did this.

TESS

Who?

DEREK

Raff, for starters. With his shit-ideas. The banks, the insurance

company, those fucking police,
blamed him. The kids at school.

TESS

Calm down. You just need to take a
breath. Relax.

DEREK

You relax!

Derek, confrontational, standing, threatening close to
Tess. Tess fearing Derek is beyond consolation.

Tess, tears in her eyes, backing away, leaving the room,
gently closing the door behind. Derek standing still, as if
Tess were still there, staring.

CONTINUOUS

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Tess closing the door, leaning heavy against the wall,
trying to calm her breathing and stop crying.

CONTINUOUS

CUT BACK

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Derek taking a labored breath, tears streaming down his
cheeks, sitting on his bed, staring blankly at the floor in
front of him.

BEAT

And in a blink of Derek's crying eyes, and among his
sobbing, staring at the aged carpet floor in front of him,
SUDDENLY APPEARS - a pair of dirty stained brown boots and
a pair of loose fitted jeans. DEREK - DAD?

WE HEAR THE LOUDENING SOUND OF A FIRE, PRESSURE BUILDING,
COOKING, as we hear a voice -

CAROL

(O/S)

You may them pay, son. You make
them burn.

-- Derek's head lifting slowly, from the boots, rising to
jeans, WE SEE HANDS AT CAROL'S SIDE, a button-down shirt,
WE SEE -

FLASH

The Bedroom door opening. Derek turning his head- Mom at
the doorway. Derek turning back, the figure is gone.

TESS

I just want you to know I love
you.

Derek staring where the figure appeared, slow to break his
gaze, turning to Tess, eyes filled with wonder.

DEREK

I know. I love you too.

Tess smiling in relief. Derek, jittery.

TESS

Are you okay? Feel better?

DEREK

Yes. I am.

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol and Doe walking. Carol stopping, hands on hips
wondering, turning to ask--

CAROL

Where is-

Carol seeing Doe is gone.

CAROL -DAZED.

Carol spinning around, expectantly, one cycle.

CAROL

Hello! Hello?

Silence. Carol saying a silent prayer to Someone above. Pausing. Carol kneeling. The fog retreats as he moves to his knees.

CAROL

I just want to see my family
again. One last time.

Carol closing his eyes. Quiet.

FLASH - SIDEWAYS

Foggy. Brightening. Technicolor. Carol seeing Tess, years ago, in a park. Carol watching little Derek and Tess playing tag. Little Derek dashing towards Carol, colliding head first into his face. Carol flinching backwards, settling, but now he sees Derek, TODAY, in his room, just finished crying, the door closing as Tess exiting. Carol seeing Derek from the corner of the room. Derek standing, looking for something a short distance ahead of him, waving his arms, searching, then wiping his eyes. Carol calling out.

CAROL

Son!

Derek shivering a little jump.

CAROL - HE HEARD ME!

Derek cautiously eyeing the rest of the room. Derek's eyes passing over Carol. Carol yelling again. WE HEAR tension building.

CAROL

I'm here! I'm here!

Derek searching, taking small steps forward.

RUMBLE. LIKE A DISTANT FREIGHT TRAIN CLOSING FAST

CUT BACK

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol alone, kneeling. The rumbling continues, louder, all consuming. Then, SILENCE.

CUT BACK

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE- DAY

The tension is gone. Derek feeling calmness, standing normal. The sound of a pen rolling off his desk, falling onto the carpet.

DEREK - THERE WAS SOMETHING HERE.

DEREK

Dad?

EXT. BUILDING - INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

A vast abandoned network of industrial buildings. The Santa Ana winds howling above. A rat scurrying past, distant sound of EMS vehicles. It's dark, WE LARGELY SEE SHADOWS.

A FLICK OF A LIGHTER, AND ANOTHER

A small sheet of paper starts burning, largely concealed by a dark shape, a person, it is -

THOMAS - 20ish, heavysset.

Thomas kneeling, secretively, urging the fire to grow. As the paper burns, and illuminates, WE SEE a FILLED PLASTIC BAG and a RED GAS CONTAINER. Thomas pulling more papers from the BAG, feeding the fire. The fire quickly growing. The wind spreading ashes. Thomas dumping the BAG of paper onto the fire. The papers ablaze, several loose sheets circling in the air outlining a fire tornado. WE SEE SEVERAL MORE RED CANS. The large pile burning and swaying with the breeze. Thomas standing, picking up the RED GAS CAN, pours a line of fuel along the building, and onto the neighboring structure, unconcerned as the increasing sheets afire circling madly. Thomas, out of shape, needing a breather, standing to marvel at his work. A FIRE SHEET touching the trail of gas, near him. GAS TRAIL SET ON FIRE, racing toward Thomas and the RED CAN.

THOMAS - COOL. WAIT? TOO LATE.

The fire jumping from the GAS TRAIL up to the RED CAN. BLAST. Incineration. Thomas is gone. The fire spreading quickly with the winds, jumping from building to building. WE SEE IN SECONDS EVERY BUILDING IN THE COMPLEX BURNING.

INT. APPARATUS BAY - FIRESTATION - NIGHT

Inside the fire station apparatus bay. There are four vehicles, a tower ladder, a tanker, and two hybrids. RAUSCH WALKING by, WE HEAR the squeaks of boots on a spotless floor. RAUSCH inspecting the vehicles, RUNNING HER FINGER along the tractor, eyeballing her finger, there's not a hint of dirt.

RAUSCH - SPOTLESS AS ALWAYS.

Squeaks of approaching boots. It's-

GARY - 20's, half dressed.

GARY

Chief!

RAUSCH

Yes, sir.

GARY

We passed?

RAUSCH

I'm not tearing you a new one, am I?

GARY

I guess not.

RAUSCH

Winds are blowing. The Santa Ana's weren't supposed to hit for a few more hours.

GARY

I've always wondered how the
weather guys-

RAUSCH

--Meteorologists.

GARY

Meteorologists, I knew that. How
they know when the Santa Ana's are
coming?

RAUSCH

I'll do you one better, I'll tell
you EXACTLY how we know-

KLAXON ALARM!

The team converging in the apparatus bay. The bay doors
rising. Crew entering the vehicles. In seconds, the bay is
empty.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A typical hospital room, two beds, chairs, a TV. Mia is in
the bed, eyes closed, several tubes run into her arm, nose,
gauges and monitors about. Rosa and another woman are
watching TV. Talia napping on the floor.

CLOSE-UP

WE SEE THE TV

We hear the winds, EMS vehicles. A reporter on roadside,
high above a giant fire in the valley below, she is--

SUSAN - 30's, fast talker

SUSAN

We are LIVE at the ComDex Complex
fire. Now, 3-Alarms, no
containment. The Santa Ana's are
topping 40 miles per hour. But

from we are, the winds, appear to
be moving in the opposite
direction.

Susan motioning to the cameraman, he is-

Sly - 50's,

--to zoom outward and pans outward to-

JERRY - 50's, dead pan, no personality.

SUSAN

--I'm with Mr. Jerry Meister, City
Safety Manager. Jerry?

JERRY

Hi Susan. We want to implore all
citizens, within 3 miles in ANY
DIRECTION of ComDex to evacuate.
This is an unpredictable fire. As
we've seen in other fires. People
tend to think if they are not
downwind, they are safe. They
forget, fires like this, grow
quickly, and can, make their own
wind. Don't be a statistic. Get
out now.

SUSAN

What can you tell me about the
cause of the fire?

JERRY

Well, the area is largely vacant,
but there are chemical sites,
storage tanks, lots of combustible
material, any spark could start a
blaze. We don't know what THE
cause was, but I'm sure the Fire
Department will conduct a thorough
investigation.

Susan smiles wide, HER THING, as a man off to the side steps in, her assistant, he is -
-

Daniel - 20's, glasses,
geeky.

DANIEL

And cut.

SUSAN

No shit Daniel.

Sly lowering the camera as Daniel approaching Susan with his soon-to-be-ignored feedback.

BACK TO SCENE

A nurse entering, checking the vitals. ROSA turning her focus to the nurse. It's a quick visit. The nurse is leaving the room, stops and says-

NURSE

She's fine. Mia's levels are stable, no changes. The doctor will be making rounds shortly. Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?

ROSA

No. Thank you very much for your care. We greatly appreciate it.

Nurse seeing Rosa wanting to hear more.

NURSE

Kids this age are resilient. Comas can last as short as a few days. She may just wake up. I'll say a prayer for all of you.

EXT. EARTH'S CORE - NIGHT

Darkness. Stillness. A Slumber. The demon stirring. We hear gravel shifting, a freight train lurching forward.

CUT TO

EXT. SURFACE FIELD- NIGHT

Grass strands still. A breeze swaying the grass gently. Quickly a gust, then a howl.

CUT TO

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol noticing and approaching a woman standing still, catatonic, her name is-

Heather - 30's, mental wreck.

ROAR and the ground shaking, as the Unknown Mass traverses.

Heather's eyes staring into the distance, slightly downward, but her head lifts and gaze follows the Unknown Mass's rumble. Fear spreading across her face.

CUT BACK

EXT. SURFACE FIELD- NIGHT

Whipping winds and crying howl.

CUT BACK

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol standing next to Heather, sharing the gaze towards the source of the roar.

CAROL

That sounded close.

HEATHER

Are we dead?

CAROL

I think, yes.

Heather crying, weeping, inconsolably.

Carol's eyes watering. Carol walking away. As Heather's figure disappears in the fog, Carol kneeling, in mediation.

For a moment Carol seeing nothingness.

Carol seeing Derek, sitting on the bed, and talking to Derek, is Carol!

CAROL SHOCKED.

CAROL

Is this a memory?

Carol hearing the conversation, realizing it's not a memory.

CAROL D

"Will you do this for me?"

Derek, considering, under duress.

DEREK

I don't know Dad.

CAROL D

Son, you have to. For me. To make this right.

CAROL

(To himself)
Do what for me?

CAROL CONFUSED. Carol is unable to decipher what he's observing.

CAROL D

For me.

DEREK

Yes.

CAROL D
Yes, you will do what?

DEREK
Burn, I'll make them burn, Dad.

CAROL D
I love you son.

CAROL - WHAT?

CAROL
(Screaming)
No. No. What is this?

In bizarre slow twisting motion, Carol D turning his head towards Carol. Carol swept with immense fear. Carol D's eyes are bizarrely shadowed, unevenly white-eyed. Carol seeing fury in the doppelganger.

WE HEAR AND INFERNO STARTING, PRESSURE BUILDIGN

CUT BACK
EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol awakening in Purgatory.
CAROL - SHOCK

In the midst of the sound of a freight train approaching coupled with sizzling, drawing near. An orange glow high above, of immense size, drawing near. Then passing, to somewhere underneath as the ground shakes.

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Derek sitting at his desk, looking at a Google Maps. WE SEE the mouse/cursor moving on its own - stopping in the city of Altadena, CA.

DEREK
(Somberly)
Thanks, Dad.

Derek closing the browser, standing, grabbing a hoodie sweatshirt, and exiting.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Tess is sitting, hunched over, at the table. She's been crying. Footsteps approaching. Derek entering, in a hurry.

TESS

Hi. Where are you off to-

DEREK

(Excitedly)

Out mom.

Derek exiting the room in haste.

INT. REGISTER LINE - HOME DEPOT - DAY

Derek in line with shopping cart. Derek's hoodie is on. He's out of place surrounded by contractors and home improvement enthusiasts. He's purchasing two pressure cookers, a 25lb bag of fertilizer.

CASHIER

(Cursory)

Good afternoon. Did you find everything you were looking for?

DEREK

(Softly)

Yes.

The cashier takes a long look at Derek. Derek paying cash. Derek trying to pick up the three items to avoid using the shopping cart, but clearly didn't think the logistics out, resorting to using the cart after bumbling the items. The cashier's gaze following jittery Derek as he exits.

CASHIER - NEXT!

EXT. PARKING LOT - CVS - DAY

Derek walking across the CVS parking lot towards his car as he's carrying two heavy plastic bags filled. Derek opening the car door, tossing both bags upon the passenger seat. WE SEE a few bottles of Isopropyl Alcohol fall from the plastic bag.

INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING

Derek driving. BEEP - an alert showing low fuel.

DEREK

Shit.

At a red light, Derek checking his wallet, NO MONEY. Derek looking the clock, it is now 3:40. Derek looking at the Google Maps application on his iPhone, seeing RED LINES OF TRAFFIC, and drive time remaining 1:37 minutes. Derek slamming his fist against the steering wheel, HARD, with each strike, yelling.

DEREK

DAMN, DAMN, DAMN.

Derek crying.

DEREK

Sorry dad. I'm not going to make it today.

WHOOOP! A siren behind. Derek looking around see a police car is right behind him. Derek looking up, see's the lane ahead was cleared moments ago on a Green Light, he missed. Derek looking in his rear-view mirror, offering a casual wave to the officer.

DEREK - JUST WAVE BACK, OFFICER.

OFFICER - ALL BUSINESS.

COP

(On the car's loudspeaker)
DRIVER, PULL OVER.

DEREK
(To himself)
Just be cool. Just be cool.

Derek pulling over on a quiet side-street. The police car pulling in behind. Derek getting his license out of his wallet, noticing the CVS bags on the seat, shoving them onto the floor, grabbing the proof of insurance from the glove compartment.

Cop approaching on the sidewalk, on the passenger side of the car. Cop peering in into the car's rear window, seeing two pressure cooker boxes, fertilizer on the seat, noticing bags on the passenger floor. Looking at Derek.

COP - ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW - YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

Derek rolling down the window, taking a deep breath.

DEREK - REMAIN CALM

COP
Good afternoon sir. License and registration.

Derek, handing the cop the documents. The cop scans them quickly.

COP
Do you know why you were pulled over?

DEREK
Uh. No sir.

COP
It's against the law to use your cell phone while operating a motor vehicle. You were texting and driving.

DEREK

Uh. No. I was looking at a map. To see where I was going.

COP

Where are you going?

DEREK

Just for a drive. Fresh air.

COP

Why do you need a map, if you're just out for a drive?

DEREK

Just to see where I was.

Cop waving the license and registration documents at Derek.

COP

Ok. I'll be right back.

DEREK

Whatever.

Cop walking, glancing in the backseat at the unusual items, as the cop's head turns towards the police car--

BEAT

--Carol D appearing in the passenger seat. Derek jumping a little, and quickly settling down.

DEREK

Dad!

CAROL D

Just drive.

DEREK

What?

CAROL D
JUST DRIVE. QUICK. BEFORE HE COMES
BACK.

DEREK
I can't. Why?

CAROL D
He knows. He's going to arrest
you. Stop you from completing. You
need to do this. For me!

DEREK
I'm going to get caught.

CAROL D
No. No you won't.

Derek scanning the rear-view mirror, seeing the cop,
sitting in the cop car looking back at him.

CUT TO
INT.EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Cop sitting in the car, holding Derek's driver's license,
speaking into the radio.

RADIO
Last name: Alpha, Romeo, Indigo,
Zulu, Oscar, November, Alpha. No
hits.

COP
10-4. Issuing a 23123. Dispatch,
subject has possible combustible
precursors, going to FI.

RADIO
Copy FI. Dispatch back up unit?

COP
No, should be all set dispatch.

RADIO

Copy.

The cop looking again at Derek's driver's license. Staring. An almost trancelike appearance overwhelms the acutely focused face.

CUT TO

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Derek is panicking.

CUT BACK

The cop is in a trance.

VOICE OFF SCREEN

Too much pressure.

Not worth it.

Take out your gun.

Point it at your head.

As the voice is speaking, the Cop lowering the driver's license, taking out his gun, pointing at his head, and--

CUT BACK

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Derek, shaking his head, skeptically, deciding to make a run for it. Derek, starting the car, pinning the gas, while repeatedly glancing in his rear-view mirror. Derek peeling away in the car.

WE SEE IN DEREK'S REAR VIEW MIRROR, THE COP SHOOTING HIMSELF IN THE HEAD.

INT. EDITOR OFFICE - DAY

Editor's office, small conference table, chairs. Susan and two others are seated at the corner of a table. Susan watching a man, he is--

RICK - 40's, harsh

--the editor, holding a black marker, swiping the marker across each sheet, arranging the papers in a particular order, and over Rick's shoulder on the opposite side, is another reporter, he is--

SEAN - 30's, easy going.

--also watching with Rick's activity with acute interest.

RICK

Ok. We'll get you both in the field in a minute. Here's our priority story.

Rick sliding each reporter a sheet of paper which they eagerly eyeball.

RICK

And here's for follow up.

Rick sliding two more sheets each.

RICK

I expect these to be done within an hour. Live feeds ready to go. Continue to work in the loyalty angle, wherever you can. We can lose any more target audience. If we can't keep them with flashy graphics, we can guilt them into staying. Got it?

SEAN

Yep!

SUSAN

Why does HE get the pyro shooting?

RICK

Besides I said so?

SUSAN

He had the last police shooting. I think it's my turn.

Sean beginning to answer but Rick cutting him off.

RICK

Susan. Sean did a great job with the last piece. I go with what I know. Police shot a man attempting to start a fire, preventing untold death and destruction - Sean's a better choice in telling that story.

Sean opening his mouth to answer, but Susan cutting him off.

SUSAN

And I get stuck with the coma girl?

Sean half starting to interject, and giving up.

RICK

Did you already forget? You did the INFO piece on the arson-insurance scam which led her there.

Susan staring blankly. Sean rolling his eyes.

RICK

Jesus. It wasn't even two weeks ago. What the hell? You bought it, you OWN IT.

SUSAN

Sorry Rick.

SEAN

Yeah.

Susan giving Sean a STOP-MEDDLING look.

RICK

Sean?

SEAN

Sir.

RICK

In your cutbacks, make sure you use plenty of fire, buildings burning, big blazes. No stock photos. Got it?

SEAN

Got it!

SUSAN

Yes.

SEAN

Don't be afraid to stop in and see the girl's family. Even just for a sound-byte.

SUSAN

Is a phone call okay?

SEAN

Yeah, sure. That'll do.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

Driveway leading to the Arizona House. A car, headlights on, approaching, turning into the driveway. Slamming on the brakes, stopping short. The door flung open, Derek nearly falls exiting the car. The headlights are left on. SLAM - Derek whipping the car door shut, a few bottles of alcohol sliding from inside the CVS bags, still on the front seat floor. Derek is cursing.

DEREK

Muther fuckers!

Derek kicking the air, almost falls again. He's in a tirade, farcical beast-mode.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

Tess rising from her chair at the kitchen table at the sound of the car door slam, staring, waiting, for the kitchen door to open.

WHAM. The kitchen door flies open. A little bell on the door doesn't ring, it KLANKS. Derek entering, tirade continues in mumbles.

TESS

De-what's wrong?

DEREK

Nothing. My car. It's out of gas.

TESS

Did it breakdown?

DEREK

No. It's. Here.

TESS

Where's your allowance?

DEREK

I spent it. I need gas money.

TESS

Spent it on what?

DEREK

Stuff. I just need \$20 for gas.
ALRIGHT?

TESS

Yes. I'll give you the money. But we are on a budget. I can't start handing you money without reason.

DEREK

Cuz of Dad.

TESS

Derek, we've already gone over this. I'm so sorry you dad is gone. I really am. But-

DEREK

For dad.

TESS

For his grave?

DEREK

Yeah.

TESS

Uh. Ok. I think that's-

Tess into her purse, taking cash out. Derek hovering over her, ready to pounce. Tess wondering.

TESS

For flowers?

DEREK

Like. Yes. Flowers.

TESS

Ok, then.

Derek swiping the money from Tess's hand, starting to walk towards the kitchen exit, then stopping, as if an invisible wall was placed before him.

BEAT

An uneasy pause. Tess standing, staring at Derek, expecting him to exit. Derek, standing still, catatonic. WE HEAR THE CLOCK ON THE WALL TICKING.

The sound of howling wind outside.

Derek shuddering a little, again present. Derek, taking small steps, turning, speaking in softer, tired sounding tones.

DEREK

I'll go tomorrow. I'm going to lay down.

TESS

Are you feeling okay? I've made dinner. I just need to heat it up.

DEREK

That's okay. I'm not hungry. Thanks. I'm going to lay down.

TESS

Ok.

DEREK

(Quiet, monotone)
Good night.

Tess, puzzled, looking at the CLOCK, the time is 5:59 p.m.

INT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol unsure if he's been walking or standing still. Carol looking around, every direction appearing the same. Carol settling on THAT WAY.

Carol spotting Rod, mustering some sort of smile.

CAROL

Hello?

ROD

Well. Hi!

CAROL

(Friendly)
Um. So, what are you in for?

ROD

Upbeat! I like it. Not much of that around here.

CAROL

You've been here long?

ROD

Probably, I can't tell. Still feels shorter than dinner at the in-laws!

CAROL

I think I've been here a few hours.

ROD

Yeah. I doubt it. If you're done crying and you've gotten off the ground, you've probably been here months.

CAROL

Months? Why do you say months?

ROD

You heard the rumble, right.

Carol nods.

ROD

Well, I'm guessing. Yes, just guessing. But I think the demon has a job. He goes to work—

Rod looking up.

ROD

He goes home.

Rod looking down.

ROD

You hear him twice, it's a work day.

CAROL

Demon?

ROD

Yeah.

CAROL

What makes you say it's a demon? Why not an angel, or a ghost, or one of us?

ROD

Is it you?

CAROL

No.

ROD

Well, it's not me either. If you think you'll sleep better, call it an angel. I think we are in hell. So I'll just be factually correct, and call it a demon.

CAROL

Why do you think we are in hell?

ROD

I know what I did. I'm in hell.

CAROL

What did you do?

ROD

Let's just be friends, and leave it at that.

CAROL

I was able to see my family. When I prayed.

ROD

Yeah.

CAROL

Did you?

ROD

No.

CAROL

Why not?

ROD

Because they are dead. I don't want to talk about it. They had it coming.

CAROL

Ok. What do you think the demon does? Each day?

ROD

Demon shit. I don't know. What do demons usually do? Possess people, cause mischief, make milk spoil, soda to go flat, mean people win the lottery, boy bands, the Kardashians.

(Pause)

Generally, I'm sure they aren't doing anyone any favors.

CAROL

I think the demon may be impersonating me, and talking to my son.

ROD

That sounds about right. Well, if that's the case, your son will be down here too. Soon. You guys can catch up.

Carol looking concerned.
Carol walking a short distance, then kneeling to meditate.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Susan outside hospital near a news van, standing with Sly, camera gear in tow, and Daniel, clipboard and pen ready, looking over final notes. Susan turning, taking a few steps away from the camera.

SUSAN
(Scoffs to her crew)
Real story here.

DANIEL
And action!

On cue, Susan turning from a scowl to a wide-framed smile, insensitive to the family-in-duress piece.

SUSAN
The family wishes for privacy, and declined to speak on camera, but asked we share their gratitude for the outpouring of well-wishes. The girl, stable, yet remains in a coma. The hospital continuing to insist, as she's stable, she be transferred this evening, to a less critical facility to free up much needed bed-space, against the mother's wishes. The family hopes and prays for a full and speedy recovery, and for little Mia, to remain in THIS facility.
(Pause)
Over to you, Sean!

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

Carol visiting Derek. Watching him. Derek, still unstable and erratic, intermittently looking around for Carol. Derek feeling a presence, but not entirely sure. Carol learning how he can communicate better with Derek. Sort of a game begins and Carol is feeling good about it, making items creak, a breeze, but Derek is unimpressed as when the full apparition of Carol D appeared.

DEREK

Well, good night dad. Wherever you are.

Derek turning off lights, laying down to go to sleep. Carol watching, enjoying the moment.

CUT TO

EXT. SURFACE FIELD - NIGHT

Santa Ana winds beginning to blow.

CUT BACK

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Carol feeling urgency.

CAROL - SOMETHING IS AMISS

CAROL

Derek! Derek! You got to hear me.
You got to listen to me.

Carol kneeling at Derek's bed, freezing in place, then looking over his shoulder.

BEAT

Carol seeing a shadow, vast and dark, coming through the wall. The shadow careening into Carol, KNOCKING CAROL into the wall on the far side of the room. The shadow assuming Carol's appearance. Carol in momentary darkness, hearing-

CAROL D

Will you do this for me?

Carol seeing a shadow of Derek sitting up in bed.

CUT TO
EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol, as if pushed, falling over from his meditation,
hearing the Demon laughing in the air.

CUT TO
EXT. ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

WE SEE A DARK SHADOW FLYING FROM THE ARIZONA HOUSE, just
above the rooftops, across the city, to a home several
miles away, and staying.

RETURN TO
EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol standing, looking upwards, waiting for the Demon to
return. Waiting.

CUT TO
EXT. ENTRANCE - POLICE STATION

Sean, microphone in hand, next to a police officer in
uniform, he is-

Lieutenant Rice - 30's, public
relations type.

Lieutenant Rice, standing tall, stern, speaking with agency
official brevity. A camera man is filming, and an assistant
observes.

RICE
--and all of our officers receive
extensive Use of Force Training
and our internal review found-

The Assistant checking his cell PHONE, begins WAVING at
Sean to get his immediate attention.

RICE
--the responding officers acted
with an Appropriate level of

force, to protect the loss of
life. I'd like to add-

SEAN

My apologizes Lieutenant, my crew-

Assistant approaching Sean, whispering into Sean's ear.
Sean's eyes going wide-eyed.

SEAN

Just IN! A massive fire, possible
3 alarms, has erupted!

As Sean departing mid-interview, apologizing while briskly
walking away.

SEAN

Lieutenant, a special thanks to
you and your officers on a job
well done.

Lieutenant standing, beaming at Sean.

LIEUTENANT - REALLY?

Sean and the crew jumping into the news van.

CUT TO

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Carol walking, suddenly the rumbling and engine noise
begins, rises to deafening levels, creating its own wind,
then dissipates. Carol following the glowing skyward path
of illumination as its falling.

CAROL

Been busy, you bastard.

INT. KITCHEN - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

Derek entering the kitchen, dressed to go out. Seeing \$60,
three crisp \$20 bills, on the table, left. For him? By
whom? Derek looking around, taking it, and exiting.

CUT TO

INT. CASHIER - HOME DEPOT - DAY

Derek buying two more pressure cookers and another bag of fertilizer.

CUT TO

INT.EXT. CAR - DAY

Derek now has four pressure cookers, two bags of fertilizer in his car. Opens trunk, dozens of bottles of alcohol. Closing the trunk.

CUT TO

INT. GARAGE - ARIZONA HOUSE - DAY

The car is backed up to the open garage. Derek is mixing the fertilizer with the alcohol in the pressure cookers. Spilling materials, very sloppy.

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol standing still, catatonic. Awakening.

CAROL

What just happened? How long was I--.

Carol shaking his head in disbelief.

CAROL - REMEMBERING

Carol starting to meditate.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - ARIZONA HOUSE - NIGHT

Carol phasing into Derek's room, seeing Derek kneeling at his bed, alongside Carol D.

CAROL - DISBELIEF

DEREK

I will make them pay.

(Pause)
For you.

Derek turning his head slowly, towards Carol D. Carol D, somber, looking directly into Derek's eyes. Nodding. Derek standing up.

CAROL
Wait! Wait. No. Derek.

Derek pausing for a fraction of a second, as if he heard Carol, then moving with haste, out the bedroom door.

Carol D, kneeling, eyes leaving Derek, then shifting a gaze towards Carol, then Carol D fading to phantom, exiting. Carol left standing, unsure.

INT. ROOM - CLINIC - NIGHT

An aged clinic. In the patient wing, each bed separated by a flimsy hanging partition. No TV. A ceiling fan. Borderline convalescent home. Mia is bed, no fancy monitoring gadgets, just an IV. Rosa sitting in an uncomfortable chair. Rosa sighs, holding Mia's hand.

ROSA
(To Mia)
Please. Wake up.
(Looking up in prayer)
God, please help my child find the way.

CUT TO
EXT. DRIVEWAY - CLINIC - NIGHT

WE SEE a patient transport vehicle, driver entering, door closing.

CUT TO
EXT. STREET - MOVING - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW the vehicle as it drives off-property, onto a paved four lane road, and drives, flashing forward a few blocks.

CUT TO

EXT. GATE - CHEMICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

We hold on a LARGE CHEMICAL FACILITY, while the vehicle drives away. WE SEE a chain linked fence, loosely chained shut, next to a sign "ZOW CHEMICALS" with a realtor's "FOR SALE" sign.

WE HEAR the screeching of car brakes, car placed into park. Derek parking his car across the street. Derek exiting the car, furtive movements, opening rear door, grabbing a large BLACK PLASTIC BAG. The BAG, plastic straining, silhouette of the pressure cooker.

Derek scurrying across the street to the gate.

Derek reaching for the chain, the lock magically popping unlocked. Derek smiling.

DEREK

Alright Dad!

Derek opening the gate, entering, closing the gate behind him and disappearing O/S.

EXT. STORAGE TANKS- NIGHT

Concrete walkways, large pipes, building size storage tanks, the sound of dripping. WE HEAR APPROACHING of running shoes. WE SEE DEREK, covered in perspiration, face smeared with grime, struggling to carry a COOKER BAG. Derek looking about, AND-

Derek placing the heavy COOKER BAG down with a THUD. Derek almost falling over.

DEREK -THAT DOES IT!

WE SEE the FOUR COOKERS ALONG A PATHWAY, each propped up against industrial tanks or pipes. Derek unwrapping the

last cooker from the bag. Derek examining his final work. Derek has a timing device, HE TWISTS, we hear CLICKING.

Derek checking the other devices.

DEREK - ALL SET.

The adrenaline dump, the mission, is over. Derek is rudderless.

DEREK - NOW WHAT?

Derek's phone ringing, he instinctively answers the phone, as if nothing's amiss.

INTERCUT

INT. KITCHEN - ARIZONA HOUSE

Tess on phone. Pot on stove cooking something.

DEREK

Hello?

TESS

Honey.

Derek recognizing his mom's voice, immediate mood shift to pleasant, nothing amiss.

DEREK

(Smiling)

Hey mom.

TESS

Where are you?

Derek looking around as he's not entirely sure where he is, or how he got there and not too concerned about either of those.

DEREK

I'm out.

TESS

Will you be home soon? It's almost dinner time.

DEREK

Yeah. I'll be home in a little.

TESS

You. You sound good.

DEREK

Uh. Thanks.

TESS

Almost happy.

DEREK

Ok. You'll all burn. I'll see you in a little.

TESS

What? Ahh.

DEREK

I love you mom.

TESS

Bye, I love you too.

Derek smiling as he's ending the call, returning the phone to his pocket, his mood darkening. Derek looking up and around.

DEREK - OH YEAH. ALMOST FORGOT THE COUNTDOWN.

Derek, somewhat refreshed, beginning a slow jog away.

Derek rounding the corner of the building near the entry gate, when—

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Inferno. Noise like a rocket launching.

Derek looking back in surprise, fear, disbelief, his arms up shielding his face. The flames and heat are immense,

even at a distance, scorching Derek's skin and hair. Derek stumbling backwards into the gate, winching in pain, his face now red. In the flames, he's seeing something.

CUT TO

INT. ROOM - CLINIC - NIGHT

Carol looking long at Mia and Rosa. Carol is sad, pleading. Carol recognizing the image before him, Mia in bed, Rosa, clasping Mia's hand, filled with sadness.

CAROL - SOMETHING FAMILIAR

CAROL

I'm so sorry Dwight. I was so close. So very close to getting her out. It's all my fault. I should have stopped him. I should have said No the second he came up with the idea. But I didn't. It's my fault. I'm so sorry. It's why.

(Pause)

Why I'm here.

For all eternity.

Shock washing across Carol's face as he's PULLED SIDEWAYS, to--

CUT BACK

EXT. GATE - CHEMICAL SITE - NIGHT

Derek is composing himself, staring at the site, walls of flames, rapidly expanding, intermittent explosions. Derek in a trance.

Carol seeing Derek staring.

CAROL - Is he staring at me?

Derek seeing Carol's figure forming within the flames, a floating figure, a Fire Carol.

CAROL

Derek.

DEREK

Dad? Dad.

The Fire Carol trying to move closer to Derek, but is stuck within the fire. Carol realizing, he is part of the fire.

CAROL

I'm so sorry.

DEREK

Dad? I did like you wanted.

CAROL

This isn't what I wanted. That wasn't me. It. Don't listen to HIM. Don't hurt anyone.

DEREK

But dad. They hurt you. Isn't this what you want?

CAROL

No. I died. I'm dead. It was my fault. No one else. Not yours. Do what's right.

DEREK

You said make them pay.

CAROL

That wasn't me. It wasn't me. You need to believe me.

Derek crying, sobbing, in disbelief, trying to justify to himself.

DEREK

I just don't know. I don't know what to do.

Derek collapsing onto the ground, hands covering his eyes.

CAROL

I can't help you. You are on your own. You need to get out of here.

Derek using the fence to regain his feet, exiting the gate, and staggering to his car.

DEREK

(To himself)
What have I done?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

City street intersection. Several EMS vehicles. A dozen firefighters in small groups, heated discussions. The wind is gusting, ash floating by. A few fleeing cars traverse the scene.

Rausch in the forefront, looking at an iPad. On the iPad is a video stream, from a drone high above, of several city blocks. Over a block is completely engulfed in fire, leaving smoldering ruins in its wake. On the left side of the screen are streamed images from the call participants.

RAUSCH

Ok, we are on stand-by. I have my team-- here.

Rausch drawing a circle on the screen.

IPAD VOICE

Ok. We're approaching from the north.

An arrow appears north of the fire along a street.

IPAD VOICE

Let's focus on evacuation and containment.

IPAD VOICE 2

We are set here--

A Blue circle appears.

IPAD VOICE 2

--just about three blocks due West. We'll need to relocate, with current wind direction, it could be on us in minutes.

RAUSCH

Ok. Chief. We are at the intersection of Pioneer and Explorer. Where do you want us?

CHIEF

Fisher's team is here-

Another circle appears-

CHIEF

--he's offline but on radio-
always some tech issues.

This one's out of control.
Dangerous chemicals in the air, so keep respirators in place. The wind is 20-50 knots, generally Santa Ana's pushing West, this one has some North to it. You all know, flames can carry just as fast as the wind. Toss in airborne contaminants. I can't put my people in harm's way. So stay clear of hot spots, stay upwind. Let's draw our fire lines up, help where we can. We'll push assignments out. Be flexible. Be safe.

RAUSCH

Got it. Rausch out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The news van parked curbside, transmitting antenna raised. Pedestrian traffic is moderate - people in a normal evening routine. The cameraman is getting set up. Assistant looking over notes with Sean.

ASSISTANT

We'll go live in four minutes.

SEAN

Perfect!

Sean looking over at -

Bob, 50's heavysset, funny.

Bob, the cameraman, slowly and methodically sets up the camera, as he has all the time in the world.

Sean's phone vibrates. Sean palming the phone, sees the Caller ID - Rick Work.

SEAN

Shit. Did Rick call either of you?

ASSISTANT

No.

Sean eyeing Bob who is ignoring the question.

SEAN

Fuck.

Sean answering the phone.

Intercut

INT. EDITORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick sitting at his desk, staring at his laptop. On the laptop is mapping software, a blue bulb illuminates on a city street intersection.

SEAN

Hello!

RICK

Don't fucking Hello me Sean.

SEAN

What's up?

RICK

What the fuck are you doing?

SEAN

Keeping a safe distance. You know.
Fire moves quick.

RICK

Safe distance, my ass. You so
fuckin far away, you'll get us
both fired. Let me guess, you got
Bob to find some dirt, he'll toss
that shit in the air, pretend its
ash, right? Maybe loosen your tie,
Ladies and gentlemen, its' so HOT,
we are so very close to the fire.
Fuck, Sean. This was yours to
lose.

SEAN

Rick, come on. No one would know.

RICK

Yes, someone would fucking know.
Look around. Do you see anyone?
I'm sure you do. Each of those
people, have phones, phones with
cameras, linked to social media
accounts. You go live, pretend
your somewhere else, you lose
credibility, WE ALL LOSE
CREDIBITILY. You know what comes
with losing credibility.

SEAN - KNOWS WHERE THIS IS GOING

SEAN

No. What, Rick?

RICK

Our fucking jobs! I'm cool in the office. But when this shit comes up. I knew it. I knew you'd pull this crap. I've giving the story to Susan. Go home.

SEAN

Rick?

RICK

You heard me. Go home. We'll have you back at the cancer ward tomorrow. Unless you have a problem with that?

SEAN

Uh. No.

RICK

Good.

Rick slamming the phone down on his desk. Sean looking at the phone, then at Bob.

SEAN

It was you. You told him?

BOB

Hey, he writes the checks. He called and asked. What do you want me to do? Lie? No way. He's got GPS on the gear anyways.

SEAN

How about a little heads-up?

BOB

I was going to. It was like the second after he called me, your phone was ringing. Shit.

Sean is huffing and puffing. Bob beginning to take down the camera he just finished setting up.

CUT TO

INT. EDITORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick exhales, closes his eyes, breaths in deeply. Rick picking up the phone and dialing-

RICK

Hi, yeah. Good call. It's all yours. Go get em tiger.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

A small run-down clinic in an aged commercial building with a backdrop of larger commercial structures. WE SEE haze illuminated by property lights, slowly drifting. CAMERA PANS OUT - we see giant flames engulfing buildings, still distant, towering over the clinic. The Santa Ana winds gusting, carrying ash.

O/S a phone ringing inside the clinic. CAMERA zooming in on clinic front door.

O/S

Hello, Canada LTC.

VOICE ON PHONE

(Indiscernible)

O/S

Yes. Yes sir, this is the staff manager.

VOICE ON PHONE

(Indiscernible)

o/s

Evacuate? How? We have almost 25 patients. All incapacitated.

VOICE ON PHONE
(Indiscernible)

O/S
Five. No, five total. Day staff is gone.

VOICE ON PHONE
(Indiscernible)

The wind gusting and the fire jumping across from one building to another, still several blocks away.

O/S
I can ask. But. Would you come back? LA Traffic, Fire and all.

VOICE ON PHONE
(Indiscernible)

O/S
An hour. Or less? Jesus.

CUT TO
INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Clinic lobby. A front desk credenza workspace with computers, phones, medical manuals and wall charts. A man holding the handset looking deeply troubled, slowly lowering the phone to the counter, he is -

Trevor Red - 20's, sure-footed leader
--the clinic's manager. Trevor looking over at a secretary, she is-

Shana- 20's, barely employed, bush-like hair.

--the secretary, shuffling papers in a haphazard manner, in an otherwise empty office. Shani moving papers to one folder, gives a double-take, removes the papers, and put's them back, with indifference. Trevor looking at the work schedule posted on the wall, showing one nurse, and two assistants on schedule. On the board next to the schedule is patient roster, which is disorganized, with names crossed out, new ones scribbled in, confusing. On the small table beneath is a folder. WE SEE the folder reads "onboarding" and a slip of paper inside revealing the name Mia. Mia's name is not on the patient board.

TREVOR

Shana?

Shana continuing to move papers.

TREVOR

Shana.

SHANA

Ah. Yeah?

Shana still not looking up.

TREVOR

Eyes up here.

Trevor callously snapping his fingers.

SHANA

I ain't no dog and I can do two things at once. I'll break those fingers off and—
(Stops herself)
Whacha need?

Shana still not looking.

TREVOR

There's an entire city block on fire, dangerous airborne chemicals, we need to evacuate

EVERYONE in the next 30 minutes,
(Pause)
or else people may DIE.

On the last word, Shana stopping the paper shuffle, looking at Trevor.

SHANA
Did you say Die? Say that again?

Shana taking an earbud from her hair.

SHANA
I'm sorry Trevor, I missed that.
What did you say?

TREVOR - UNSURPRISED.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Inside the fire department's command and communication vehicle. Rausch is sitting in the passenger seat, iPad on lap, wearing an earbud, phone nearby on speakerphone, hand-held radio on her lap, vehicle radio.

RAUSCH- BUSY!

The truck is parked in a city street intersection. WE SEE outside the truck, a network of firefighters, fully geared up, HUSTILING, pulling lengths of hose, waving fleeing cars through, a haze in the air.

RAUSCH
(On handheld)
We are deploying now. Intersection
of Keyoe and M.

Rausch on the iPad clicking and dragging her Team Position. Grabbing the vehicle radio handset.

RAUSCH
(Vehicle radio)
Rausch - position update.

VEHICLE RADIO

(Chatter)

Rausch- hold traffic.

(Continued chatter)

...likely wind direction shift.

Imminent.

Rausch sighs, waiting a second, then returning the radio to its cradle.

From the phone, BLEEP, as another party joined the conference call.

PHONE

Yeah folks, we're pouring resources on this. We are at six departments.

RAUSCH

(Aloud to herself)

Six-alarm fire. Geez. Word spreads quick.

PHONE

LAPD and the SO are running free flow traffic outbound. The Mayor said whatever we need. ICS is set, continue to track inbound assets and deploy defensively. We won't be able to extinguish the chemical plant - it's gonna have to burn itself out - all we can do is contain the peripheral sites. Move all COMS to the repeater - leave other channels open to identify inbound assets and redirect. We'll lose cell towers shortly with the power out-

The call is dropped. Phone shows "No Signal."

RAUSCH

(Laugh)

You were saying.

The iPad shows a growing number of circles and lines being drawn from multiple online parties. The center of the fire has shifted, the projected path also shifted.

Rausch placing all the devices to the side, grabbing the hand-held radio.

RAUSCH

(Radio)

Update. Area largely evacuated. We're on containment. Still airborne hazards. Winds gusting and variable, expected to alter the fire projected path. Lot's of reported respiratory incidents. A nearby clinic is evacuating, may need help. All motor traffic is outbound. Rausch out.

A few radio responses of "Copy."

VEHICLE RADIO

Get LAX on line. These news helicopters are in our AOR, you tell them OUT of the temporary no fly zone.

Rausch smiles to herself, opening the truck door, street noise is heard. The team is busy at work.

RAUSCH

(Aloud to no one)

Time to make the donuts.

Rausch exiting.

INT./EXT. VAN - NIGHT - MOVING

The sky is dark with a distant orange glow seen between building gaps as the news van rolling forward in an empty lane on the street. Intermittent vehicle traffic in the other direction. Sly driving with the window down, arm resting on the door, like a Sunday morning drive. Pieces of soot fall from the sky. Susan in the front passenger seat, Daniel in the back seat, hovering over Susan's shoulder. The van radio is playing Tom Petty - Running Down a Dream.
SUSAN - HUNGRY FOR AN OPPORTUNITY

SUSAN

Turn here!

Sly jerking the wheel, the van tilting sharply.

An intersection ahead. The right turning lane is blocked with ORANGE CONES, encouraging outbound traffic only.

SUSAN

Go right. Go around.

Sly giving Susan a look - are you sure? Sly making the turn, slowly arching around the obstruction.

SUSAN

(Assures)

When the rubber hits the road.

As the vehicle completing its turn, ahead several blocks are giant flames, crawling across roof lines, items ablaze in the street.

SUSAN

Pull over. Here!

The van slows. Susan pointing to a particular place on the sidewalk.

SUSAN

HERE!

The brakes slam. Susan jolting forward. The van striking the curb, hard. TOO HARD.

Susan exiting the van, eyes on the sky ahead. Sly and Daniel exiting the van, following Susan's gaze. Sly now concerned about the trucks two front tires which are quickly losing pressure. WE SEE THE FULL SPECTACLE of THE CITY ABLAZE.

SUSAN

(To Sly)

This is it. This is the backdrop.

(Aloud to no one)

Up yours, Sean.

Pussy.

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol standing, staring, catatonic. A man approaches, he is-

Benjamin - 40's

--whimpering, scampering towards Carol.

BENJAMIN

Hi, hello?

Carol returning to consciousness.

CAROL

Oh. Yeah. Hello?

BENJAMIN

I need help. I don't know where I am, where we are?

Carol facing Benjamin, casually converses.

CAROL

We are in purgatory. Stuck in between, for, I guess, all eternity.

Benjamin's face drops, eyes filled with shock, gasping, unable to stop himself from sobbing. Carol indifferently examining Benjamin's emotions.

BENJAMIN

How?

CAROL

I don't know.

BENJAMIN

How. How long have you been here?

CAROL

I don't know. Months. Years. I don't know. I think I just got to see my son die.

Benjamin, still weeping, stares at Carol in disbelief.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Clinic evacuation underway. A gaggle of wheelchair bound patients, few patients with walkers, a few assistants, Shana HOLDING a CLIPBOARD, loading into several patient transport vehicles, and a few inappropriate rental vans. Ash falling. Patients have masks or cloths over their mouths. Some smoke in the air. EMS vehicles noises blocks away.

Trevor operating a wheel chair lift, raising a patient into a waiting van.

TREVOR

(Muttering to himself)

Funny, no YOU don't get director pay, you're only a manager. Where's the fucking director when you actually need him. Top Flight golf, yeah! Sure Trevor, you got this, you don't need me. Routine. Always fires, always evacuations. Yeah, just like back in Memphis.

ASSISTANT

Trevor?

Assistant pointing to the Home Depot rental van.

TREVOR

Yep. Load them in. We need to roll and there's no way we'll get the right transpo vans here in time. Just load them in, sit them down. Tell the driver to go slow. And for Christ Sake, make sure if anyone's in a chair, you put the fucking brake ON!

ASSISTANT

Got it!

Trevor finishes loading the wheelchaired patient, slapping the side of the van.

TREVOR

Go! Get!

The van lurching forward. Trevor turning to Shana standing nearby with a clipboard.

SHANA

That's 23, two left.

TREVOR

Good, that's all we have room for. Where are they?

SHANA

I dunno.

TREVOR

Fuck, really?

SHANA

Maybe. Rooms 19c and—

TREVOR
(To an assistant)
--Let's go.
(To himself)
Gotta sweep the place anyway.

Trevor storming into the clinic.

CUT TO
INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Trevor and an assistant entering the clinic. A patient with a walker heading towards the exit.

PATIENT
You forgot me.

TREVOR
No. No we didn't old timer. Just
keep moving. Vans outside.

PATIENT - DUBIOUS, YOU SURE DID FORGET ME.

Trevor keeps moving, the assistant in tow, peeking in each room as they advance down the hallway.

The assistant entering room 19c.

ASSISTANT
(O/S)
Hi sir. You're next. Thank you for
your patience.

PATIENT 19C
(O/S)
You're all bastards. Just gonna
leave me here to die.

TREVOR
(Calls out)
Good?

ASSISTANT

Yeah, yeah. I got him.

TREVOR

Cool. Let me finish the sweep. Get him out of here.

Trevor continuing to the end of the hall. A door is slightly ajar. Trevor pushing it open, expecting emptiness and sees—

TREVOR - SHIT

--Mia and Rosa. Rosa sitting upon the bed at Mia's side, silently, with tears running down her face.

ROSA

Are we next? The nurse said she'd be back but that was 10 minutes ago.

Trevor composed, concealing his surprise.

TREVOR

Yes, maam. You're both next. Now.
(Mutters)
Shit.

Trevor buying time.

TREVOR

You didn't think we'd forget you?

ROSA

No.

TREVOR - WELL WE DID

TREVOR

This is what we call, a little unorthodox. But I promise you'll be safe. But you're gonna have to work with me on this.

Trevor starting to disconnect Mia's tubes, and bundling her in the blankets. Rosa standing to make room for Trevor. Trevor, picking up the pace, lifts Mia and cradling her in his arms.

ROSA

Is the fire close?

TREVOR

We should be fine. It's just a precaution.

Trevor walking with Rosa in tow. The hallway is otherwise empty.

ROSA

Is this okay? Can you do this?

TREVOR

Sorry. Not a lot of choices.

Trevor, carrying Mia, Rosa in tow, exiting the clinic-

CUT BACK

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

--see everyone is gone. Trevor knowing what happened, decisively deciding and looking onward towards his Crew Cab Truck parked in the employee lot. Noticeably more ash is in the sky, falling upon them, carried by gusting winds. A helicopter passing low overhead. We hear the distant cackles of flames.

Trevor walking faster, towards his truck, Rosa falling slightly behind, sensing panic.

INT.EXT. TRUCK - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Sounds of water cannons spraying, industrial noise. Firemen calling instructions to each other. Small fires on buildings. Ash is heavy in the air. Rausch entering the

truck, closing the door, taking off her ventilator which obscured her face. Rausch closing the truck door, we hear how loud it was outside-

RAUSCH
I'm switching to the repeater.

Rausch picking up the truck radio.

RAUSCH
10-9 your last.
(Pause)
Rausch here. Say again!

VOICE ON RADIO
I said, the FIRE HAS SHIFTED, wind direction NOW 185 degrees, 30-50 knots. Redeploy to alt site. Avoid marked streets as debris caused road closures.

Rausch looking at the iPad which is now a mess of circles and squiggly lines.

RAUSCH
(To herself)
Not much room to move.
(On radio)
We're almost done here.

VOICE ON RADIO
(Calm but stern)
Deploy. Go. Now!

RAUSCH
Copy. We are moving.

Rausch opening the truck door, and whistling an amazingly high note. The team stopping activities. Rausch waving a hand overhead, Rally Point, the crew approaching.

RAUSCH

Get your gear together. We're
moving sites in 3. Hustle!

The team is in motion.

CUT TO

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A truck driving down a street. No other vehicles or people
in sight. Ash falling heavy. Dark smoke lingering in the
street and towering high in the sky.

Rausch sitting in the truck's passenger seat. A firefighter
driving. Rausch looking back seeing several vehicles in
motorcade.

RAUSCH - YEP, ALL THERE.

Rausch tracking her movement on the iPad.

RAUSCH

(To driver and on handheld radio)
Right turn, next block.

The truck turning and Rausch seeing—

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The fire TORCHED this block. A partially collapsed building
blacked brick partially blocking the street. Cars burnt to
a crisp.

RAUSCH

Watch for debris.

DRIVER

Got it chief.

The truck slowing and swerving to avoid roadside hazards.

RAUSCH

Gotta update this map.

Rausch on the iPad adding a Road Hazard to her position.

VOICE ON RADIO

The App may be missing hazards and team positions. Use as reference only.

RAUSCH

(Scoffs)

That's great info.

(On radio)

Rausch copy. New hazard, just added.

(On handheld)

Team. We'll set up at the end of.

This. Next. BLOCK.

The truck slowing to a stop on Rausch's mark. A block away, WE SEE the clinic, only a building away from the clinic, buildings on fire.

The truck stopping. Rausch jumping out, again, we hear heavy industrial noise, the wind dropped noticeably, very little ash falling. Rausch deploying her resources.

RAUSCH

Let's try to save that building.

Set the line on this street. Good?

Rausch looking skyward, questions, as less ash and smoke are present, and the more slowly drifting with the wind.

RAUSCH

What's the story with this God

Damn wind?

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

A news van, parked on the sidewalk with two front flat tires. The camera group 50 yards away discovering the PERFECT ANGLE to film from. Derek emerging from an alley behind the news van, examining the vehicle.

Sly behind the camera filming Susan's practice intro's seeing Derek and raising a hand.

SLY

Hey! Get away.

Susan and Daniel turning. Derek stops eyeing the van, and turning to Sly. Derek slowly approaches, and Daniel is briskly stepping towards him with Susan close behind.

Daniel stopping at a safe distance, eyeballing Derek. Susan noticing Derek's red face.

DEREK

Hi. I was just.

Derek can't form a sentence.

DANIEL

What are you doing here? This area was evacuated. There's a fire. You should leave.

SUSAN

(Whispering to Daniel)
See his face? He was there.

Daniel turning to Susan.

DANIEL

He's a burn victim?

SUSAN

No. Those are flash burns. I've seen it before. Plus the smell. Grain alcohol?

DANIEL

(To Derek)
Listen buddy. What's your name?

Derek standing awkwardly, fishing for a name.

DEREK

Peter.

DANIEL

What's your last name?

DEREK

Ah. Griffin.

Daniel trying not to roll his eyes. Susan, a step ahead at playing gullible.

SUSAN

Oh. Mr. Griffin. Do you need help?
Are you okay?

DEREK

I'm okay. I think.

DANIEL

(Whispers to Susan)
What are you doing?

SUSAN

Keep this guy close until we can
get the cops.

DANIEL

What if he dangerous?

SUSAN

(Scoffs)
Dangerous? I could kick his ass.

Susan stepping around Daniel, in close, to get a better look at Derek, raising her hand high and snapping, a cue for Sly. Sly alerting to the cue, zooming in with the camera.

SUSAN

(To Derek)
Hi, I'm Susan, a reporter with-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A street intersection. Abandoned commercial buildings on fire. The winds gusting pushing the flames, ash, smoke and debris in one direction, then, cease, then blowing sideways, as ash and debris moving haphazardly about.

WE SEE A U.S. FLAG SMOLDERING FROM AMBERS, CHANGING DIRECTION

Rausch looking up at the flag, noticing.

RAUSCH

(Aloud to herself)

Oh. I don't like this. Not one bit.

Rausch opening the truck door, grabbing the iPad, selecting Forecast, Wind Direction, seeing, 190 degrees 30-50 knots. Rausch clicking refresh. Same reading. Clicking again. Same reading. Rausch looking at the U.S. Flag, now afire, wind pinned the opposite direction. Rausch clicking refresh while looking the flag.

WE SEE THE CHANGE BEFORE RAUSCH

Wind Direction, 235 degrees, 35-60 knots.

Rausch looking down, taking a moment to digest.

RAUSCH

(Aloud to herself)

Shit.

(To nearby firefighters)

Everyone. Get back!

(On radio)

All units. Fall back. We gotta get out of here!

Now!

Firefighters beginning to shut off hoses and roll them up.

RAUSCH

Leave it! Leave it! We go NOW!

Firefighters in momentary disbelief, then leaving the equipment. Rausch waving her arm, reinforcing the highly unusual directions. The wind is howling, flames jumping overhead.

Rausch's vehicle is last to move. Flames are everywhere. Burning debris falling onto the street where the truck was seconds ago.

Rausch's vehicle driving O/S, WE SEE THE CLINIC ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

Trevor driving the truck, heavy on the gas, then heavy on the brake. Trevor trying hard to conceal his panic, taking short breaths, eyes darting. Trevor turning the truck around a corner, seeing the industrial park exit street is blocked by windblown flames from a fuel leak.

Trevor locking up the brakes, stopping short. Rosa's head jerks sideways and Mia's slumped body lunges forward, banging her head slightly.

TREVOR

(Under his breath)
Shit, shit, shit.

Trevor beginning a 3-point vehicle turn. Rosa not seeing the road is blocked.

ROSA

Why are we turning around?

TREVOR

We need to double back.

ROSA

Why?

TREVOR

Why.

Trevor looking skyward as giant flames jump from a building.

TREVOR

I forgot my cat at the clinic.

ROSA

Oh my god!

TREVOR

Just kidding. There's WERE two ways out of this industrial park. Now there's only one. We gotta double back.

Rosa's attention is already back to Mia. Rosa tucking clothing around Mia for protection.

Trevor pinning the gas and the truck revving onward.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

A news van, parked on the sidewalk with two front flat tires. Susan reporting, Sly on the camera, Daniel and Derek loitering. The flames visible are dangerously close. The top of a building collapses sending bricks into the street. A 100lb chunk of mortar sliding past Susan. Everyone staring in awe.

SLY

It's time to go.

SUSAN

Agreed.

Sly and Daniel gathering the camera equipment, Susan briskly walking towards the news van. Susan looking at the two flat tires.

SUSAN

Sly, we can drive on this right?

Sly lifting the camera tripod.

SLY

Policy says we call AAA, but I think today, we'll just wreck the rims and bill the station.

DANIEL

I'm good with that.

SUSAN

Me too.

SCREECH. Trevor driving the truck rounding the corner. All stop to watch. Trevor locking up the brakes where Susan stands.

TREVOR

You need to get the fuck out of here.

SUSAN

Yes, we know. We are leaving now.

TREVOR

You are NOT leaving fast enough!

RUMBLE. BOOM. A building collapses ahead, largely blocking the egress. The sound of an inferno. The wind is tearing through the block, carrying flaming debris, burning their skin.

TREVOR

Shit. Get in.

Susan seeing Rosa and Mia, circling around to the passenger door. Daniel, Sly and Derek approaching.

SUSAN

Get in!

Sly, Daniel and Derek jump into the truck's cab. Another building collapses completely obstructing the egress. More noise of structures buckling from the building towering above them.

CUT TO

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Rosa and Mia in the trucks backseat. Rosa is cradling Mia, arms tightly wrapped around her, and holding Mia's hands.

ROSA

Our father, who art in heaven.

CUT BACK

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel in the truck's cab looking skyward. Derek sitting calmly. Sly flustered, looking everywhere but up. Daniel seeing the building above swaying, further each time.

DANIEL

Drive.

Daniel banging his hand on the truck window.

DANIEL

Drive! We need to move!

Daniel slamming his hand on the top of the truck cab, pointing skyward.

DANIEL

Drive, drive. It's going to collapse.

Daniel jumping from the truck's cab, running down the street. Sly's eyes looking skyward, seeing the building creak. Sly beginning to exit the cab. Derek eyeing the building as a large crack is forming, and sitting still, legs crossed, hands on this lap.

CUT TO

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Trevor and Susan arguing about which way to go.

SUSAN

Go. Go. That way.

TREVOR

We just came from that way. It's blocked.

SUSAN

Blocked? You have a truck, drive over.

TREVOR

It's a truck, not a spaceship.
We'll all cook!

SUSAN

Just drive!

Trevor puts the truck into drive. Sly was halfway out of the cab. The truck lunges forward, Sly falling on the ground, writhing in pain, clutching his his ankle. Susan seeing Sly on the ground, their eyes lock for a moment. Susan callously looking away to save herself.

CUT BACK

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Rosa cradling Mia. The truck lunging forward Mia's head slamming again into a metal panel. WE SEE MIA'S EYES OPENING.

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Carol standing in a trance, suddenly pulled sideways in a flash. Carol flashing past a foreboding dark gate with skulls, towards something brightening.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Trevor driving, is steering the truck around. Trevor cursing, in full panic mode. Susan glancing back at Sly, still on the ground, arm reaching toward Susan for help.

SLY - DON'T LEAVE ME!

Susan resuming her bickering at Trevor.

Trevor seeing Daniel running a block away, looking back at the cab, then back at Daniel. Trevor seeing Daniel getting crushed by falling debris.

TREVOR

Fuck this!

The street in all direction is blocked. Fire is atop each building. Debris afire whips down the street with the wind. Dark black smoke moving in. The streetlights are still on as are the truck's headlights.

Trevor seeing no way out aside from a sturdy looking building doorway.

TREVOR

I bet that'll hold.

Trevor putting the truck in park, looking at Susan, then making a run for it, holding his shirt over his face as a filter. Susan in disbelief, can't believe Trevor left the truck. Susan looking back at Rosa and Mia.

Rosa crying having noticed Mia is awake. Mia's eyes are open and she's straining her eyes to look around against Rosa's vice grip.

ROSA

Gracias, Dios. Gracias, mi cielo.

Susan looking over at Trevor who is ramming his shoulder against the door to open it. Susan looking back to Rosa and Mia. Susan understanding who they are.

SUSAN

I'm so sorry. It's my fault. You'd
be-

The building collapses, crushing them all.
WE SEE DARKNESS

EXT. WORMHOLE - NIGHT

Carol continuing his sideways flash. An object flashes by in the opposite direction with a whipping noise, catching Carol's attention, closely followed by another. Carol moving closer to the light. The light is almost palpable.

EXT. PURGATORY - NIGHT

Susan laying on the ground. Susan unsure, rising to her feet.

SUSAN
Where am I?

EXT. HELL - NIGHT

Like purgatory but noticeably darker. Derek laying on the ground. Derek rising to his feet, his back and fingers covered in soot. The sound of distant searing heat.

DEREK
Where am I?
What's that smell? Rotten egg?

VOICE OFF SCREEN
Welcome home my child.

INT. BEDROOM - SEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bedroom. Sean and his wife asleep in bed. Rick awaking and sitting up, covered in sweat. The room is dark and the only light is starlight entering from a window. Outside the wind howls. Sean swinging his feet onto the floor. Only feet away, Susan D is standing, commanding his attention.

SUSAN D
We will make this right.

SEAN

I'm.

SUSAN D

It's Rick's fault.

SEAN

I told him.

SUSAN D

It's says in the bible, as you
know. An eye for-

SEAN

-an eye.

SUSAN D

You have work to do. You need to
make this right.

SEAN

I know.

SUSAN D

It's time to get started.

SEAN

I understand. I'll make them pay.

Susan D smiling. Sean standing and walking through Susan D.

FADE OUT