

RECESSIVE

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

We open on a small town classroom, filled with young children, aged ten to eleven. The class is quiet, with the exception of scratching on paper.

The TEACHER stands at the front of the classroom, holding a piece of paper, reading off words.

TEACHER

Alternate.

Students scribble on their paper. It's a spelling test.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Dispatch.

More scribbling. When they finish spelling the words, they look back up, waiting for the next.

We begin to focus on ELIZABETH MILLER (11) sitting close to the window. She has long, dark hair and dark eyes.

Between each word, she looks outside, daydreaming. She's better at spelling compared to the other kids, so she gets done faster.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Infinite.

Elizabeth finishes copying down the word, but hesitates. She looks around with a frown, confusion etched on her face.

She turns to the girl beside her, staring her down. The girl doesn't notice.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Eyes on your own paper, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth faces forward, her face turning red out of embarrassment. She hunches over her paper and begins to doodle in the corner.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Ordinary.

She writes down the word and looks up again, still with the confused look on her face. She turns to the girl beside her once more.

ELIZABETH

(whisper)

What?

The girl looks up from her paper, turning to Elizabeth. Now she looks confused.

The teacher crosses her arms, unhappy.

TEACHER

No talking, Ms. Miller. I won't warn you again.

ELIZABETH

She was talking to me!

Tears begin to fill Elizabeth's eyes. She rubs her ear with her shoulder.

GIRL

No I wasn't!

TEACHER

Lying won't do you any good, Ms. Miller.

ELIZABETH

I'm not lying!

The tears start to flow. She covers one of her ears with her hand as she begins to whimper in pain.

Something is happening to her.

There's a sense of being overwhelmed on her face.

TEACHER

I didn't hear her say anything.

A pause. She gestures to the class.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Did anyone else?

The class hesitates, but ultimately shakes their heads 'no'.

Elizabeth is no longer paying attention to the conversation at hand. DOZENS of thoughts run through her head.

Whatever is happening to her quickly becomes UNBEARABLE. Both of her hands clasp tightly around her ears. Her panicked eyes dart around the classroom. The quiet whimper swiftly grows into a full sob.

The rest of the world fades away.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Elizabeth?

Elizabeth doesn't respond. She begins to SCREAM, falling out of her desk onto the floor.

Her screams fade out into...

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Minutes later across town, the sun shines brightly onto a field, crops waving back and forth in the wind.

THOMAS MILLER (30s) stands alone in the middle of the field, taking in the peace and quiet around him. His eyes are closed, face raised to the BEAMING sun.

He smiles as he looks down, trailing his finger around a golden strand of wheat.

The smile fades. Something isn't right. He can FEEL it.

As if on cue, his wife, HANNAH MILLER (30s) calls out:

HANNAH (O.S.)
THOMAS!

Thomas jumps, startled. His jog quickly transforms into a run as he makes his way out of the field of wheat, leaving a trail behind him, crushing the stalk beneath his feet.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

We follow Thomas up the stairs of the beautiful, blue farmhouse in the middle of the field. It's secluded, a singular road leading out to the nearby town.

Hannah stands in the front entrance of the house, holding a landline phone at her side, disconnected from the call.

A worried look is etched on her face. Her voice shakes as she speaks:

HANNAH
It's Elizabeth. Something happened
at school.

Thomas drops his head, allowing himself a second of disappointment and fear, but swiftly picks himself back up, rushing into...

INT. FARMHOUSE

We enter the house, but aren't given much time to take it in. Thomas moves quickly throughout the house.

Thomas is followed inside the house by Hannah, who bites her fingernails. With a clink, he grabs his keys out of a bowl on the counter.

He takes a breath before speaking, trying to swallow the lump in his throat.

THOMAS
I'll go pick her up.

He gestures to the house around them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You know what to do?

She nods. He dances his way around her, lingering in the front entrance.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
And the code?

She nods again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I need to hear you say it.

She inhales deeply and exhales, but it isn't enough to keep the crack out of her voice.

HANNAH
49271.

Thomas nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Good.

He reaches his hand out.

THOMAS
Do you have your phone on you?

She reaches into her pocket, pulling out her phone. She hands it to him. He nods, tapping it twice.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Alright.
(beat)
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Be ready to go when we get back,
okay?

She nods a final time as tears begin to pour out of her eyes. He sees this and pauses for a SECOND, before pulling her into a hug.

The hug doesn't last long. They don't have TIME for this. He plants a kiss on the top of her head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This isn't the first time we've
done this; we'll be okay.

(beat)

I promise.

And with that, he leaves her, exiting to...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

With a BEEP, Thomas' truck unlocks. He jumps inside and starts it with a ROAR.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

He grips the wheel tightly, exhaling, his breathing shaky.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - DAY

A few minutes later, Thomas is driving down the road, tapping nervously on the wheel. Endless fields of wheat pass by in the window.

He takes two phones from his pocket: his and Hannah's. He looks down and takes a chip out of both phones. The window rolls down, letting in a breeze, pushing Thomas' dark, wavy hair around messily.

He sighs, crushing the chips in his hand, then tossing the phones out of the window into the stretching wheat field beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

At the same time, Hannah moves quickly throughout the farmhouse, tears still running down her face.

The house feels quiet and empty; bare furniture, no pictures on the walls, empty cabinets.

She pulls open a closet, revealing FOUR SUITCASES stacked together. She grabs all four, placing them on the floor in front of her.

She opens three of the suitcases, showing that they are all pre-packed.

All three suitcases have four sets of clothing, a pair of shoes, a toilet kit, shampoo, soap, a towel, a reusable water bottle, a blanket, and a winter jacket.

Hannah fishes through Thomas' suitcase until she finds two orange pill bottles, filled with medication. She puts them back into the suitcase.

She opens the fourth suitcase. At first, it seems empty, until she removes the false bottom, revealing STACKS of cash.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

At the same time, Thomas speeds down the road towards Elizabeth's school. He reaches inside his wallet, grabbing his ID and credit card.

Without hesitation, he SNAPS both in half.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Thomas pulls up to the front of the school and parks, ignoring the signs advising against it.

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

We see Thomas run into the school, pausing as a WOMAN, a front desk staff worker, stands to her feet.

WOMAN

Mr. Miller-

THOMAS

Where is she?

Suddenly, we hear Elizabeth scream in a nearby room. Thomas doesn't wait for a response. He runs to the nurses office toward his daughter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

At the same time, Hannah enters her daughter's room, holding a stack of papers. It's the most decorated room of the house, with homemade drawings plastered across the walls, which are painted purple.

She pulls Elizabeth's handmade blanket off the bed, hugging it tightly. It's the only thing that has remained with each move.

She walks up to view one of the pictures on the wall. She plucks it off the wall and holds it gently in her hands.

The picture shows three figures, labeled *Mommy, Daddy, and Me*. The figures hold hands. In the corner, Elizabeth has scribbled her messy signature.

She looks down at the signature. *Elizabeth Miller*. She can't take this with them.

She sighs, taking the other pictures down from the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a shredder as the papers and files Hannah has collected are pushed into the shredder, coming out in torn strings.

The past year of their lives, torn to shreds in an instant.

We watch as Elizabeth's drawing is shred to pieces.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NURSES' OFFICE - DAY

At the same time, Thomas enters the nurses' office, stopping in his tracks as he sees his daughter. She's laying on the bed, her hands planted firmly on her ears, crying and whimpering.

His facade of strength fades for a moment, his lip quivering. He walks over to her, picking her up in his arms, holding her tightly.

THOMAS

It's okay, babygirl.

(beat)

It's okay.

He turns to the NURSE, a horrified look on his face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What happened?

The nurse shrugs nervously.

NURSE
We haven't been able to get her to speak. She started screaming in the middle of a test and hasn't stopped since.

Thomas nods, a tear spilling out of his eye.

NURSE (CONT'D)
I'd take her to the hospital.
(beat)
I've never seen anything like this.

He nods again, then turns to exit. He turns back to face the nurse.

THOMAS
Thank you.

The nurse forces a smile and nods.

The two exit, Elizabeth in her father's arms, her screams fading into a soft cry.

Thomas looks HELPLESS.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

We cut a few moments in time as the backseat door to the truck opens and Thomas puts his daughter in the seat. He slams the door shut and quickly makes his way to the driver's seat. Elizabeth leans her head against the window, shaking.

THOMAS
Breathe, just breathe.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Cut a few more moments, in time, the truck humming as it drives down the road. On their left, we watch as they speed PAST the hospital.

As they get further from town, Elizabeth's cries grow quieter, until they ultimately stop.

Thomas looks at her in the rearview mirror.

She WINCES, wiping the tears from her puffy eyes. She frowns.

THOMAS

You okay?

ELIZABETH

My head hurts.

He nods, afraid to speak, a lump forming in his throat.

A long pause. Elizabeth cocks her head.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I just hear you.

(pause)

But you aren't talking.

A long pause.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Where are we going? Why are we leaving?

He forces a smile.

THOMAS

Just going on a little vacation.

She frowns again.

ELIZABETH

You're lying to me.

A pause.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Who's Draheim?

Thomas' face goes white, his knuckles tightening around the wheel, clenching his jaw. He breathes deeply in and exhales.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I can't hear you anymore. How did you do that?

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

At the same time, Hannah kneels to the ground in the office, swinging open a desk door, revealing a small, black safe.

She enters the code: 49271.

The light blinks green and the lock buzzes, unlocking. She swings the safe door open, revealing a single, large YELLOW ENVELOPE.

Offscreen, we hear a vehicle approaching, followed shortly by the front door swinging open and closed.

She grabs the envelope and stands to her feet, hesitantly approaching the door exiting to the hallway.

She peeks out, standing on her toes, looking over the railing down to the floor below.

She sighs in relief.

It's Thomas.

THOMAS

Hannah?

He pauses for a second.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hannah, you ready? We have to go.

HANNAH

Can you help me with the suitcases?

Thomas nods, climbing the stairs two steps at a time, entering the office. He grabs two of the suitcases and Hannah grabs the other two, shoving the envelope into the suitcase with the stacks of cash.

He follows her out the door, down the stairs, making their way to the front door.

Thomas exits, refusing to look back, refusing to say goodbye.

Hannah makes the mistake of looking back, trying to take it all in. This isn't the first time they've been robbed of a normal life.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Moments later, the two enter the truck. Hannah looks back to her daughter, who is asleep, her head against the window.

Her eyes dart back and forth, eyebrows furrowing, like she's stuck in a bad dream.

THOMAS

She was awake when I came in.

Hannah nods. They sit in silence for a moment.

HANNAH

Is it--

The truck comes to life as Thomas spins the key. He exhales softly.

THOMAS

Yeah.

The pair steal one final glance at what was once their home. The past year of their lives, gone.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We knew this was coming.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH

I know. I just wish we had more time.

He plants his hand on her thigh, rubbing it softly with her thumb.

THOMAS

Yeah, me too.

He steals a quick glance at his daughter in the mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It gets harder the older she gets.

HANNAH

Yeah.

Her eyes wander off, thinking of the now shredded drawings signed 'ELizabeth Miller'.

Thomas puts his foot on the gas, leaving behind a trail of dust and the lives they'd built for themselves.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Later, we see the Miller's truck as they travel down a scenic highway. Green trees litter the world around them, mountains creeping up the skyline. The road is windy.

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Thomas is focused on the road in front of him, his fingers tight around the wheel. Hannah watches the world pass by out her window.

HANNAH

I'm going to miss this. The mountains. The trees.

(pause)

Hannah.

She looks back to her daughter.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Elizabeth.

THOMAS

It's just the details that chance. We'll still be us.

Hannah rests her chin in her hand.

HANNAH

I know. It just feels different this time.

Thomas nods, looking to Hannah.

THOMAS

Do you have the envelope? We might as well figure out who we'll be next.

She gestures towards the back of the truck with her head.

HANNAH

It's in the suitcase in the back.

Thomas nods.

THOMAS

That's fine. We'll get it when we stop.

She nods, going back to watching the world and their lives disappear behind them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's a long ride.

(beat)

We've got time.

Hannah watches as they pass a green sign overlooking the highway: 'NOW LEAVING WASHINGTON STATE'.

She turns her head, following the sign as it disappears behind them. She sighs.

In the backseat we linger on Elizabeth.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

The setting changes to one without a specific location or time. The lights flash, revealing the interior of an endless, blue tinted room.

Through the flashing, we watch as a scene plays out.

A YOUNG BOY (11), pushes his way through the crowd of people, jumping up and down, seemingly dancing.

We can barely see it through the flashing and the crowd, but there is an OBJECT in the middle of the room. The boy makes his way towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - SUNSET

CLOSE UP of Elizabeth eyes, which are still darting back and forth. Suddenly, they flutter open. Her eyes are slightly red. The camera slowly pulls out.

The sun has begun to set.

HANNAH

Good morning, sleepyhead. You
feeling better?

She rubs her eyes.

ELIZABETH

My head still hurts a little.

Hannah looks over at Thomas, who nods without saying a word.

Elizabeth tilts her head, a PUZZLED look on her face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Why are you scared, Mom?

Hannah furrows her brows.

HANNAH

Hmm...?

ELIZABETH

You're scared.

(beat)

Is someone coming after us?

Thomas shakes his head.

THOMAS

Of course not.

He looks over to Hannah, breathing in and out.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Hannah, low)

Breathe.

She inhales and exhales deeply.

There's a long pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Tell me what number I'm thinking
of.

Elizabeth wears a look of confusion. She doesn't quite get it yet.

ELIZABETH

I don't--

(pause)

85.

There's a long pause. Thomas shifts in her seat. Hannah bites her fingernail.

THOMAS

That's right.

ELIZABETH

How--

She trails off. There's another long pause.

THOMAS

You read my mind.

(beat)

It got... loud as school, didn't
it.

She nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(beat)

All those voices, all their thoughts, running together at once--

(beat)

It can all get... so loud...

He trails off, his eyes glazing over.

He's hiding something. Something dark.

He snaps back to reality, forcing a smile as he looks to his daughter in the rearview mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We'll find a way to shut them out.

Elizabeth nods, slight confusion on her face. She's overwhelmed and afraid. She turns to look out the window.

Thomas and Hannah exchanges a glance. A tear has formed in Hannah's eye, threatening to fall. He gestures for her to control her breathing, inhaling and exhaling with her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(low)

We have to control our emotions.
Clear out our heads, for head and
for us.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Hours later, the three pull into a car dealership in the middle of nowhere. The dealership is rundown and isolated, with an abandoned look. However, it is still in use.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Thomas puts the truck in park and lets out a heavy sigh, visibly exhausted. Beside him, Hannah stirs.

HANNAH

Where are we?

THOMAS

Montana.

He rubs his eyes sleepily.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I think.

He sighs, looking back at his daughter, fast asleep, before getting out of the truck.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Thomas squints at the moonlight, making his way across the dealership.

EXT. CAR LOT - NIGHT

Moments later, Thomas stands beside the DEALER in front of a USED MINIVAN. It doesn't look like it's in great shape. Then again, nothing here does.

DEALER

Needs a bit of work, but it's a '07
with under fifty thousand miles on
it.

(beat)

I can get you a paint job, some
fresh tires, and the complete
paperwork for nine grand.

The dealer pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, patting his other for the lighter. He finds it and stuffs the cigarette in the side of his mouth, lighting it.

THOMAS

I'll give you eleven as it--

(beat)

If you can forget about that
paperwork.

The dealer takes an extended drag of his cigarette, thinking. Finally, he nods.

DEALER

Alright.

(beat)

I'll put it 'round front.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Thomas makes his way around to the bed of the truck. He opens it, revealing the four suitcases. He pulls one out and unzips it.

Inside is the YELLOW ENVELOPE. He puts it aside and opens the false bottom, revealing the piles of hundred dollar bills.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Moments later, the dealer, with a fresh cigarette in his mouth, hands Thomas the keys to the minivan.

Hannah stands behind him, with Elizabeth in her arms and the four suitcases in front of her.

The dealer points to the truck.

DEALER

What about your truck there?

Thomas doesn't bother to look back at the truck, spinning the car keys around his finger.

THOMAS

A friend will come pick it up in the morning.

They won't.

INT. MINIVAN - SUNRISE

We cut to the three back on their journey across the country, hours later.

The inside of the minivan is a visible downgrade from the truck. There's a stain on the roof, the radio doesn't work, etc.

Thomas and Hannah don't seem to mind. It'll do until they get to where they're going.

The yellow envelope sits in Hannah's lap. She flips it over, opening it, pulling out a HANDFUL of IDs. Thomas looks over to her, then back to the road.

THOMAS

IDs?

CLOSE UP: Several Driver's Licenses. Four for Thomas, four for Hannah. Each has the same picture, but altered information. Each is issued for a different state.

HANNAH

Yeah.

(beat)

Figured we'd start with the who and where first.

(pause)

Start big.

THOMAS

What are our choices again?

He already has the contents of the envelope memorized, constantly repeating it in his head. She KNOWS he knows, but entertains him regardless.

She begins to flip through the IDs, examining them carefully.

HANNAH

Let's see... Rhode Island...
Texas... Minnesota... and Wyoming.

He thinks about it for a second, inhaling and exhaling softly.

THOMAS

Wyoming is too close. We're almost
out of Montana already.

(beat)

Keep going this way and we could
hit Minnesota in-- a day? If we
take our time; Rest along the way.

HANNAH

Minnesota it is--

She pauses to read the Minnesota license. A smile grows on her face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

--John Crawford.

(beat)

Have you ever been?

There's a longer pause. Tension. He turns his head away, looking out the window, caught up in a jumble of memory.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

A quick flash of the rave, the young boy, now known to be Thomas, walking through the crowd towards the object.

INT. MINIVAN - SUNRISE

Back to Thomas, the same moment as before.

THOMAS

I don't know. It's all a blur.

(beat)

I was all over the place, I think.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

We come back to the car dealership, later in the day. We follow the dealer as he shuts off the lights, preparing for the day.

As he makes his way to unlock the front gate, FOUR BLACK SUVs pull into the lot, the glimmer of the sunlight temporarily blinding the dealer.

A box truck of the same color follows behind.

WILLIAM DRAHEIM, (late 50s) steps out of the front SUV. He wears a dark suit, with peppered hair and dark, circular glasses, tinted to hide his eyes.

A long, healed scar stretches down his face-- from his forehead to the bottom right side of his nose.

Two men exit the same car: tall, young and muscular. On the right, GRANT, on the left LEOPOLD.

DEALER

Hey, buddy. You here to pick up the truck?

Draheim nods, scanning the car dealership around them. The dealer forces a laugh.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Lot of guys for just one truck, huh?

This time, Draheim laughs. He speaks in a SOUTHERN accent:

DRAHEIM

Can you point me in the direction of the truck? We've really got to get going now--

He pauses, looking down at the dealer's uniform, where his nametag hangs loose.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

--Mike.

An EERIE smile forms on his face. We can tell that *this is not a good man.*

The dealer, now known as MIKE, points past him.

MIKE

It's there, right behind ya.

Draheim spins around, looking for the truck. Another smile crawls across his face as he gestures to the other two with his head, telling them to search the car without words.

As the two men make their way towards the car, Draheim turns back towards Mike.

DRAHEIM

I'm worried for my friend, here. He said he'd be purchasing a car and sent the address so I could come get his truck. Haven't heard from his since.

(pause)

Did he say where he was heading?

Mike shakes his head 'no'.

MIKE

Your guy wasn't very talkative.

DRAHEIM

Hmm...

At the truck, Leopold tries opening the door, but to no avail. Mike calls out across the lot:

MIKE

(shouting)

Had to lock it up for the night!
Didn't think you all were going to show this early!

DRAHEIM

Mhm.

MIKE

Key's just in here, if you'd follow me.

Mike walks towards the compact office building, Draheim trailing slowly behind, still scanning his surroundings.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP OFFICE - SUNRISE

It's messy, disheveled papers on the counter and floor, spare keys lying around with seemingly no order, etc.

Mike goes behind the counter and pulls open a drawer, revealing DOZENS of keys. All of them are tagged except for one, standing out from the others.

We can tell it hasn't been sitting collecting dust like the rest of them.

He pulls out the shiny deviant, handing it to Draheim.

MIKE

Here you go, buddy.

(beat)

You all have a nice day, alright.

But Draheim doesn't budge, standing in front of the doorway, blocking Mike from exiting.

He looks up from the keys his eyes peaking from the top of his glasses.

DRAHEIM

The girl.

(beat)

Was she with them?

Mike hesitates, giving him a suspicious, but not exactly suspecting look. He nods.

MIKE

Sweet little thing. Gave me all sorts of weird looks, though. Figured she was just shy or something.

Draheim smiles what is meant to be a friendly smile, but it comes off a different way to the audience.

Something is not right here.

There's a long pause before Draheim finally turns and exits the dealership office, allowing Mike to exit behind him.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - SUNRISE

Grant and Leopold stand outside the truck, waiting for Draheim. With a BEEP, the car unlocks and Draheim signals for them to search it.

A long pause and Draheim and Mike watch the two search the car, before they exit empty-handed.

GRANT

Nothing important. I figure we're just a few hours behind, but we've got them.

Draheim smiles again. In the background, a confused look forms on Mike's face.

DRAHEIM

Good, now make sure we don't lose them.

Draheim and the two men walk back to the front SUV, leaving Mike behind. Leopold gets into the driver's seat.

Draheim tosses the keys to Grant, then opens the passenger door.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Give it to Maria. She'll know what to do with it.

GRANT

Yes, sir.

Grant exits to the back on the convoy while Draheim stands in the entrance to the SUV, looking back at Mike.

He gives him a slow, farewell wave. Mike points to the truck.

MIKE

(shouting)

Aren't you gonna take the--

Draheim slams the passenger door shut as he enters.

The four SUV's and the box truck take off, leaving behind a trail of dust in the now empty car dealership.

INT. BOX TRUCK - SUNRISE

Moments later, we enter the interior of the black box truck. We're met by MARIA THORUM, (20s), a BIOCHEMIST. She has a tablet in one hand, the truck's keys in the other.

She sits across from Grant. It's dimly lit, the only light sources being her tablet and the two thin slits on the doors exiting the truck.

The two sit beside a large METAL CAGE, bars stretching to the ceiling.

She stands to her feet, turning towards the cage, placing the tablet on the bench beside her.

She approaches slowly, crouching down, placing the keys at the edge of the cage, pushing them inside. As she stands, we see the faint outline of SOMEONE in the corner.

The figure growls, crawling on all fours towards the set of keys, sniffing it.

In the shallow light, we see the MUTT, a seemingly inhuman figure, almost with the impression of a werewolf, but not quite as supernatural.

He's thin, hunched over. We can tell he's been with these people for a long period of time, unwillingly.

With a low snarl, he turns, facing the light, exposing his HAIRY face. There's a short pause as he examines the keys. Maria stands in front of him, looking down.

MARIA

Fetch.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

We're back in the rave, although a different place and time. The lights continue to flash, making it hard to see.

We're in a long, empty hallway, stretching endlessly. The walls are white, bleak tiles, a lack of color and emotion. Closed doors line the walls. Paired with the flashing and flickering ceiling lights, the hallway provides an eerie atmosphere.

Through the flashing lights, we see adult Thomas making his way down the hall, slowly. There's a sense of familiarity on his face. He's been here before.

He tries to open a door on his right.

Locked.

He moves to the one on his left.

Also locked.

A dreadful feeling builds up inside of him. He feels like a kid, afraid of the dark or the monsters in his closet.

He continues down the hallway, checking each door that he passes. Each one is locked.

Through the blaring music, we hear a SCREAM.

Thomas breaks into a run, jiggling each doorknob with haste. As he gets further and further down the hallway, it begins to deteriorate before his eyes.

As the lights flash, cracks form in the previously polished, white tiles, which have now turned an ugly grey. The hallway becomes darker and darker, making it harder for Thomas to see.

Suddenly, a door EXPLODES in front of him. The door is launched into the hallway, along with a MAN. The heavy metal door slams into the wall, and the man into it.

He crumples to the ground, blood oozing down the back of his head, covering the door with a sheet of slick red liquid.

CLOSE UP of Thomas' face. His eyes are as wide as can be, filling with tears. He's shaking, haunted.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

CLOSE UP on Thomas' face as he JOLTS awake, his breathing heavy. He puts his face in his hands for a moment, before looking up, out the windshield in front of him.

They are stopped in a parking lot, somewhere in the middle of nowhere.

ELIZABETH

Where was that?

Thomas JUMPS, spinning around. Elizabeth is staring at him, wide awake. He reaches out and grabs her hand, rubbing it gently.

THOMAS

Hey... What are you doing up?

He avoids the question.

ELIZABETH

I couldn't go back to sleep.

She looks out the window, and for a moment, Thomas hoped she's forgot about her question. She didn't:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

So where was it? In your dream?

Thomas pauses, his mouth ajar. *He didn't want her to see that.*

THOMAS

I-- I don't know. It was just a dream.

ELIZABETH

It felt so *real*. Like I'd been there before.

He forces a smile. He had been there before.

THOMAS

Yeah.

(beat)

How much of it did you see.

ELIZABETH

All of it, I think.

Thomas nods, but doesn't say anything. A long pause.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You were scared. I could feel it.

He grits his teeth.

THOMAS

Just a bad dream, that's all.

He pulls his hand back, facing the front. He puts the key into the ignition, spinning it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now try and go back to sleep, babygirl. We've got a long road ahead of us still.

ELIZABETH

Okay. It's just-- it's hard to keep them quiet.

(beat)

The voices.

He nods.

THOMAS

It can be a bit much, can't it?

She nods, clutching her blanket. There's an extended moment of silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You've just got to learn how to shut them out.

ELIZABETH

How do I do that?

A long pause as Thomas thinks of the right words to say.

THOMAS

We need to learn to distinguish between our own thoughts and the thoughts of others. Close your eyes and take a deep breath. Imagine a shield around your mind, like a bubble protecting your thoughts.

Elizabeth closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, visualizing the shield in her mind.

ELIZABETH

I see it. It's a sparkly bubble.

THOMAS

That's perfect, Elizabeth. Now, as you go about your day, whenever you start to hear someone's thoughts, imagine their thoughts bouncing off the bubble. Let them gently bounce away, like they're hitting a trampoline.

Elizabeth nods, trying to picture it.

ELIZABETH

So, I just let the thoughts bounce away?

THOMAS

Exactly. You can acknowledge that you're aware of their thoughts, but remember that they're not yours to hold onto. Let them pass by, like leaves floating down a stream. Focus on your own thoughts and feelings instead.

Elizabeth opens her eyes, a sense of empowerment growing within her.

ELIZABETH

I think I can do that.

Thomas nods and begins to drive. Elizabeth puts her head against the window, watching the world pass by.

As they pull onto a bumpy road, Hannah stirs. He smiles.

THOMAS
Good morning, Mrs. Crawford.

A confused look on her face, still recovering from her slumber.

HANNAH
Hmm?

She remembers.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh. Right.
(beat)
And to you, Mr. Crawford.

They stare at each other smiling. As Thomas turns back towards the road, their smiles fade.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'll miss being the Millers.
(beat)
Crawford sounds like an old rich couple, living tucked away in their own little corner of the world.

Thomas laughs through his nose.

THOMAS
That'd be nice.

Hannah nods in agreement.

HANNAH
Yeah.
(beat)
Living out in the country in a nice home we've build for ourselves.
Nothing to run from.

THOMAS
No *one* to run from.
(beat)
We could just-- be.

She exhales through her nose.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Yeah.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - AFTERNOON

Later in the day, we watch as the three drive off from a gas station in a rural town, the middle of nowhere. They drive down the empty streets, exiting the town onto an old, two-lane back road. The light-grey concrete and faded yellow lines crack in random places.

INT. MINIVAN - AFTERNOON

Inside the van, Thomas reaches into a plastic bag from the gas station, handing a chocolate sprinkled donut and a water to Elizabeth. He hands a turkey sandwich and water to Hannah.

He looks at Elizabeth in the rearview mirror.

THOMAS

It work?

She looks up at the rearview mirror, her mouth and hands already covered in chocolate.

ELIZABETH

(mouth full)

Hmm?

THOMAS

Bouncing off the bubble.

A brief pause as she remembers. Her mood drops ever so slightly, but it's noticeable.

ELIZABETH

Oh.

She swallows.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It was working until I thought about it.

Thomas face becomes flushed.

THOMAS

Sorry.

(beat)

It'll eventually become as easy as breathing, I promise.

She nods, taking another bite out of her donut, less happy than before. She looks out the window, into the depths of the shoulder's drop-off.

They drive in silence for an extended period until a loud BOOM emits from the outside of the car.

Thomas loses control of the wheel for a split second, jerking it back and forth, looking out his side mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What the-- shit!

Hannah shoots him a glare, then looks back to Elizabeth.

HANNAH

Close your ears for a second, okay?

She nods, covering her ears. Thomas looks rapidly from the side mirror to Hannah to Elizabeth back to Hannah.

THOMAS

She can still--

Hannah's face reads "oh". She looks past Elizabeth, who has uncovered her ears, out the back windshield. For a brief second, we see a BLACK SUV in the distance, practically a speck. She looks back to Thomas.

HANNAH

What is it?

They start to slow down.

THOMAS

It's the fu--

He stops himself.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The tire. This piece of shit. He said he could put on new tires...

He looks out the side mirror to the flattened tire.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I figured we'd make it to where we're going, but I guess not. We didn't really have the time to stick around and wait for the new tires.

He sits up straight, scanning the narrow road in front of him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
There's absolutely no room to pull
over.

The car stops in the middle of the lane, lurching forward.
Thomas sighs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'll go check it out.

He opens the door and exits the car, leaving Hannah and Elizabeth inside. Hannah turns back to her. Elizabeth sits with her eyes squeezed shut.

Hannah opens her mouth to speak, but before she can ask what she's doing, Elizabeth answers, reading her mind.

ELIZABETH
I'm trying to shut the voices out.
Like daddy taught me.
(beat)
His are loud right now.

Over Elizabeth's shoulder, we can subtly see that the BLACK SUV has gotten closer. It looks like there's more than one...

The car door opens again, Thomas entering, taking his seat behind the wheel, visibly unhappy.

THOMAS
Yep. Flat tire.

He sighs, beginning to search around the interior of the car for something; a button.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm assuming this thing doesn't
have a roadside assistance button?

There's a brief pause as the two look, but fail to find the button. Thomas hits the wheel.

HANNAH
Well, what do we do now? We don't
have our phones anymore.

Thomas closes his eyes, dropping his head.

THOMAS
I guess we just sit here until
somebody--

He cuts himself off as he looks in the side mirror. A BLACK SUV, trailed by three more and a BOX TRUCK, is SPEEDING towards their car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

SHIT!

The SUV CRASHES into the back left corner of the minivan, sending them TUMBLING down the STEEP drop, into an OVERGROWN FOREST.

The three SCREAM as we CUT TO BLACK.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

The older version of Thomas continues down the same hallway as the previous rave, but it's *changed*.

It's overgrown, almost post-apocalyptic, vines spilling in from above, green growing on the walls. Between flashes, we see red emergency lights, stretching down the hallway.

It's quiet. Too quiet. The scream from before has faded. He walks slowly down the hallway, wary of what lies before him. He reaches the entrance, the door lying on the other side of the hallway.

He peeks around the corner, looking inside.

He enters the room, the white tiles now gone grey, the walls cracked, falling apart and filled with mold. The room is in significantly worse shape than the hallway.

Something happened in here.

In the center of the room lies a single, white table. A metallic cart lies beside it, tipped over, spilling rusted and broken equipment onto the floor below.

Thomas runs his hand against the cracked wall closest to him. He makes his way to the table in the center of the room, placing his hands on it, dropping his head, closing his eyes.

A moment passes and he looks over to the wall on his right. A STREAK OF BLOOD stains the wall, a clipboard lying beneath it.

He walks towards the streak of blood, but before he can reach it, the floor gives way, dropping Thomas.

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - NIGHT

It's grown dark, the forest lit only by pale moonlight and the headlights of the minivan. The car is UPSIDE-DOWN, fuel trickling down from the back. It's in even worse shape than before, windows shattered, dents and scratches all over from falling who knows how far.

Hannah and Elizabeth lay TRAPPED in the car, unconscious, suspended UPSIDE-DOWN, strapped in by their seatbelts.

Thomas on the other hand, lies several feet away from the car, tossed from the windshield.

He lies there for a few seconds, unmoving. His face is bloodied, cut in several places from the glass. His shirt is torn, a shallow wound running down his chest.

We hear several FOOTSTEPS approaching from the top of the hill, cracking branches beneath their feet. Thomas WAKES. He tries to get up, but stumbles, falling back onto the ground, cursing under his breath, clearly in pain.

THOMAS
(calling out)
HANNAH! ELIZABETH!

There's no response. He tries to get up again, but fails. He begins to crawl towards the car.

Suddenly, SEVERAL MEN pass him, making their way towards the flipped minivan. For a moment, he thinks help has come.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(through tears, begging)
My wife and daughter need help!
Please!

But then he sees the men are ARMED.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
NO!

He tries to get up a final time, but a man presses his BLACK SHOE against his back, pushing him to the ground, holding him there.

The man reaches down, injecting Thomas with a syringe filled with faint blue liquid. Thomas groans. We do not see who this man is just yet.

We watch, helplessly, as a man GRABS ELIZABETH out of her seat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(yell)

DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HER!

She's unconscious, bruises and shallow cuts all over her body.

Another man opens the passenger seat, but doesn't reach for Hannah, grabbing the LARGE ENVELOPE instead. The men walk back towards Thomas. Towards...

From Thomas' POV, we begin with blurry vision, his eyes filled with tears from pain and fear. He's starting to grow drowsy from whatever the man injected him with.

Someone bends down in front of Thomas. As Thomas' vision clears, we see a man with peppered hair, dark, circular glasses, hiding his eyes, and a huge scar. He wears an EERIE smile.

We've seen this man before.

DRAHEIM

Hello there, Thomas.

Thomas screams, filled with a range of emotions. Surprise. Pain. Anger. Rage.

Fear.

One of the men hands Draheim the envelope. He lifts his foot from Thomas, who quickly attempts to ATTACK Draheim, but is stopped by two men, Grant and Leopold. They pin him to the ground by his arms.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

No need for violence, we're just here to talk, Thomas.

Draheim tears the envelope open, spilling the contents onto the wet ground in front of him.

IDs, Social Security Cards, Passports, etc.

He reaches down, grabbing a handful of IDs.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Or should I call you something else?

(beat)

John?

He tosses the ID.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Nolan?

Toss.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Charlie?

He tosses the final one, crouching down, taking off his glasses, fully revealing the large scar running down his face. He looks at Thomas straight in the eyes. Thomas thrashes against the ground.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

And what about the others? The ones before Thomas.

Thomas FREEZES, his face turning white, clashing against the bright red cut on his forehead.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Joseph. Edward. Matthew. Do I need to go on?

Thomas doesn't respond, looking at Draheim with anger in his eyes, along with a hint of disbelief.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

But you'll never be able to hide from who you truly are.

A long pause. Draheim smiles.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, Alexander?

FROM NOW ON, THOMAS IS KNOWN AS ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER struggles against the strength of the two men, gritting his teeth.

ALEXANDER

Fuck you.

Draheim lets out an unimpressed laugh.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Just-- leave her out of this.

DRAHEIM

Oh, I don't think so. We know about her abilities.

ALEXANDER

Why are you doing this? Please,
just let us go. Haven't you taken
enough from me?

Draheim laughs again.

DRAHEIM

Not yet.

He turns away, towards the minivan.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

You know exactly why I'm doing
this, Alexander.

(pause)

When you left me there, lying on
the verge of death, you gave me
something I hadn't had before.

(beat)

The drive to persevere.

Draheim smiles again, walking over to Leopold, who holds Elizabeth. She shifts, still mostly unconscious, groaning from pain. A dull RINGING noise begins to form.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Granted, it took a few years to
rebuild the Foundation after what
you did, but when we finally found
you, we found something we hadn't
anticipated.

(beat)

A child. Your daughter.

He places a hand on her back, causing a weak recoil from Alexander.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

The genes of a father is a strong
thing, wouldn't you agree?

(beat)

The potential value in your
offspring is much more valuable
than anything more you could give
us, so we decided to play the long
game.

(beat)

Waiting in the shadows.

He walks back to Alexander, crouching down, getting close.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

(whisper)

For years.

He stands back up, smiling. There's a perplexed look on Alexander's face as he tries to process this.

ALEXANDER

No... that's not--

DRAHEIM

Possible? You don't *know* what we're capable of. You're not the only one who knows how to hide, Alexander.

(beat)

It's such a shame you had to leave behind your precious farmhouse, as well as the others. All those memories...

(beat)

Trust me when I say we never lost sight of you or your daughter.

Suddenly, the back of the minivan IGNITES, lighting up the darkened forest. From inside, we hear Hannah come to, screaming.

HANNAH

THOMAS! HELP ME!

Alexander yells, thrashing around, yet weaker than before.

Elizabeth fully comes to, trying to escape the man's arms, kicking, crying, and screaming. The ringing grows LOUDER.

The fire trickles up the back of the minivan, slowly. Draheim sighs. He points to Grant, then the van.

DRAHEIM

Put that poor woman out of her misery.

He turns to Alexander.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

I'm not a *monster*.

Both Alexander and Elizabeth are screaming. Grant turns, raising his gun towards Hannah.

HANNAH

Please, don't!

The man doesn't shoot.

Everything begins to subtly shake.

Elizabeth drops out of the man's arms, running over to the burning vehicle.

ALEXANDER
(shouting)
Elizabeth, no!

Once more, he tries to get up, but this time with success. He looks back to Leopold, who once held him down.

The man is FROZEN. He looks around. *No one* is moving besides him and Elizabeth.

Is she doing this?

Alexander stumbles over to the passenger side of the car, still weak from the injection. He pushes Elizabeth behind him, protecting her from the fire, which continues to spread up to the front of the car.

He reaches for the door handle and PULLS, but it's stubborn. Eventually he opens it, reaching inside to unstrap his wife's seatbelt, pulling her from the burning vehicle.

Hannah cries out in pain as he drags her away from the car. A TRAIL OF BLOOD follows her. Alexander doesn't notice it.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
I've got you. I've got you.

He looks back up to the open field. The men are still frozen in place, their eyes darting around, wide with fear.

He looks to Elizabeth up and down. She's in tears, shaking. He puts a hand on her shoulder momentarily.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Keep doing whatever you're doing,
babygirl.

He looks back down at Hannah, who is in bad shape, her face white, cuts all over her body, blood trickling down her face from being suspended upside-down. She puts a bloodied hand on his cheek.

HANNAH
Thomas...

He forces a smile, in pain, afraid.

ALEXANDER
It's Alex.

This time she smiles. It's a real smile. Genuine.

HANNAH

Alex...

It's a name she hasn't heard, let alone spoken, in a long time. The two smile, holding each other closely. Alexander holds Hannah in one hand, Elizabeth in the other. She looks over to her daughter.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Baby...

The two are crying, both out of joy and pain.

ELIZABETH

Mommy.

Alexander glances again at the men in the open field in front of them. There's seemingly no end to the leaves and trees.

ALEXANDER

We need to go.

(beat)

We should be able to lose them in the trees. Then--

He doesn't know. He hasn't planned for this.

He attempts to bring Hannah to her feet, but she screams in pain, dropping back to the ground.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Hey, hey. You're okay. You're okay.

Hannah nods unconvincingly, looking to the sky, covering her face with the back of her hand. She shaking badly.

HANNAH

I'll be fine.

Alexander looks down, examining her. He freezes, his face dropping. Elizabeth gasps quietly, putting her hands to her mouth.

Hannah inhales and exhales sharply.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I can't feel my legs. I think they're broken.

He grabs ahold of her hands, putting them against his lips, trying to stay strong. For her, for their daughter. Elizabeth begins to cry harder.

We pan down, revealing a LARGE shard of metal sticking out of her abdomen.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I think you're gonna have to carry me, Alex.

He nods repeatedly, trying to swallow the lump in his throat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

We need to-- we need to keep her safe.

He nods again. She looks from Alexander back up to the sky, trying to control her breathing, the life fading from her eyes.

ALEXANDER

I-- we will. We'll be okay. We'll all be okay.

He chokes on a sob.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

We're going to make it to that house, tucked away in the middle of nowhere. No one to run from. I promise.

(beat)

We'll be okay.

She nods, exhaling shakily, not realizing she's dying, not realizing the 'we' is him and Elizabeth, no longer the three of them.

HANNAH

(weakly)

Okay... okay.

A moment passes, we watch Hannah inhale and exhale slowly and shakily. Then, her body goes still.

Alexander leans in, putting his lips against her forehead, choking on tears.

ALEXANDER

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He pulls back, giving her limp hands one final kiss. Elizabeth begins to SOB, crawling over to her mother, shaking her.

The ringing grows louder. Alexander winces, rubbing his temple.

ELIZABETH
Mommy? Mom! Wake up! WAKE UP!

Alexander tries to pick her up, but she rips away from him.

ALEXANDER
We need to go, baby.

ELIZABETH
NO! We can't leave her!

He grabs her, PULLING her off her mother's corpse. He looks one final time to the field, filled with men frozen like trees.

Elizabeth SCREAMS and the men crumple to the ground, unconscious.

Alexander wastes no time and begins to RUN. At first he stumbles, weak from pain and the injection, but then the adrenaline kicks in, allowing him to run quicker, swifter, deeper into the forest.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A while later, the moon is perched directly above the pair when they spot a light, leading them to a clearing in the woods.

A cabin sits alone, surrounded by nothing but towering trees. Only the exterior lights of the cabin are on. A truck is parked nearby the house.

Alexander puts Elizabeth down, physically exhausted from carrying her.

ALEXANDER
Stay by me.

She nods and the two cross the clearing towards the truck, crouch-walking. When they reach the truck, Thomas pulls the handle.

To his surprise, it opens.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Stay behind the truck. If you see
or hear anyone, you run.

ELIZABETH
But--

ALEXANDER

No, listen to me. You *run*.

(beat)

As fast as you can. It's you they want, not me.

She opens her mouth to speak, but hesitates, instead nodding. Alexander nods a single time before entering the truck, beginning to hot-wire it. We can tell he's done this before.

We cut back and forth from the two for an extended period, Alexander in the truck, Elizabeth watching the woods from behind it.

Elizabeth looks to her father, freezing.

ELIZABETH

Dad...

He whips his head around to Elizabeth.

OLD MAN

Get out of the truck, slowly.

Alexander jumps, whipping his head in the other direction. An OLD MAN stands with a RIFLE, pointed directly at Alexander.

He puts his hands up, exiting the truck.

ALEXANDER

Please, we just need some help.

The man furrows his brows, confused.

OLD MAN

We?

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

Me and my daughter.

Elizabeth steps out from behind the truck, now visible in the moonlight. The man sees how badly injured the two are, cuts all over, bleeding, dirty. He slightly lowers his gun.

OLD MAN

You're hurt.

(beat)

What happened to you?

ELIZABETH

There's bad men in these woods.

The man turns his head, looking into the deep, dark forest surrounding them. He turns back, frowning. Alexander lowers his hands.

ALEXANDER

We just need a ride into the nearest town.

The man shakes his head 'no'.

OLD MAN

Can't. Doctors said I shouldn't drive at night. Eyesights gone to shit.

ALEXANDER

I can drive us.

The man scoffs.

OLD MAN

How do you expect I'd get back?
It'll be dark for a few more hours still.

Alexander curses under his breath. The man hesitates, then fully lowers the rifle. He gestures to the cabin.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You two are welcome to stay the night, you and your little girl.
(beat)
I've got an extra bedroom inside.

Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

I appreciate the offer, but we can't. We really need to get going.
(beat)
You don't know what's out there.

Once again, the man looks around to the surrounding forest.

OLD MAN

No one'll find you all the way out here. Promise.

ALEXANDER

We did.

The man laughs.

OLD MAN
That's right.
(beat)
You're the first.

Alexander hesitates.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I've got a first aid kit inside.
Could fix the two of you up.

Alexander looks back to his daughter, who looks EXHAUSTED from the crash and the journey. Another moment of hesitation passes before he nods.

ALEXANDER
That would be nice.

The man smiles. It's a welcoming smile. A trusting smile.

OLD MAN
Alrighty then.

He leads them through the clearing, towards the cabin.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
The name's Isaac.

Alexander hesitates for a second. *Those men from the forest already know who he is, so what's the point of hiding anymore?*

ALEXANDER
Alexander. Alex.

He gestures to Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
This is my daughter, Elizabeth.

Isaac nods as the three enter...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is wooden and cozy, the cobblestone fireplace lit. For the first time in a while, Alexander feels like he can take a moment to rest.

ALEXANDER
This is a nice place you've got here.

ISAAC

Thank you. Been here over thirty years.

Alexander raises his eyebrows, impressed.

ALEXANDER

Thirty years... That's a long time to stay in one place.

Isaac laughs, leading them into the kitchen.

ISAAC

Yeah, you tell me.

He turns around to face the two, a smile on his face.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You two want something to eat? It's not much, but I've got lunch meat in the fridge, bread in the cabinet.

Alexander looks over at Elizabeth. The two are STARVING.

ALEXANDER

That would be great.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Minutes later, the three sit at the dining room table, eating sandwiches in silence.

ALEXANDER

Is it just you here?

Isaac nods. There's a long pause, a hint of grief on Isaac's face.

ISAAC

It used to be me and my wife, but it's just me now.

(beat)

She passed just a few years back.

ALEXANDER

I'm sorry to hear that.

There's a long. Then, Isaac points to the ring of Alexander's finger, which he's been twirling around mindlessly.

ISAAC

What about you? Where's your girl?

The look of grief passes from Isaac to Alexander. He looks up, pulling his hands from the table to his lap. Elizabeth lowers her head, tearing apart her now inedible sandwich.

ALEXANDER

I-- uh--

He looks over to Elizabeth, a tear dropping from her face. It breaks his heart.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Yeah. I-- we-- we lost her too.

He pauses, swallowing the lump in his throat, trying to hold back tears.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

In the-- the forest-- the wreck.

Isaac covers his mouth with a hand, shocked.

ISAAC

Jesus. I can't even imagine what you're going through right now. I'm so sorry.

Alexander drops his head, nodding. A long pause.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I-- I don't want to pry, but what happened out there in the woods? I can call the police if you want me to.

Alexander raises a hand, waving him off.

ALEXANDER

No, no. That'd just make things worse.

(beat)

It's a long story, how we got here. Where we're going.

ISAAC

We've got a few hours till daylight still.

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

Yeah.

He doesn't want to tell this story. He looks over at Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(pause)

Maybe we should get fixed up first.
It's been a long day.

He looks back to Isaac.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You said you've got a first aid
kit?

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

We watch this scene through one-way glass:

A younger Thomas makes his way towards the center of the rave. A space opens and Thomas gathers around the object, which is revealed to be a Monolith.

It's towering, silver, reflecting the crowd around him.

Thomas reaches out to touch the Monolith. It comes to life, pulsating with blue energy, which spreads across the Monolith. It begins to FLOAT off the ground, twisting and morphing into a long shape, ascending over the crowd.

The energy almost has the texture of fingerprints. It starts to HUM.

The music grows louder and we hear screams.

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - NIGHT

BLACK.

GRANT

Sir?

(beat)

Sir?

We see Draheim, lying on the forest floor, gaining consciousness. Grant is crouched next to him, shaking his shoulder gently.

He reaches his hand out, offering to help him up. Draheim slaps it away.

DRAHEIM

Get away.

There's anger in his eyes and his voice.

He stands up, looking around. Very few of his men are on their feet; several sit on the ground, a number still unconscious.

Draheim rubs his forehead.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Maria walks over, a concerned look on her face.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

What happened? My head is killing me.

MARIA

A young girl just overpowered DOZENS of adult men, flooding their minds, even influencing their limbic systems, projecting her own emotions over them.

(beat)

It's remarkable. I've never seen anything like it before.

Draheim sighs, looking up at Maria.

DRAHEIM

I have.

(beat)

Many years ago. Nothing of this level, however. So raw.

(beat)

Undomesticated.

He looks around again as more men begin to wake up. He raises his voice to a commanding shout.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Every inch of this forest will be swept until Alexander and his daughter are found, understood?

The men nod. He turns back to Maria, lowering his voice.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

It's time we take more drastic measures, wouldn't you agree?

She hesitates, unsure. A smile crawls across Draheim's face.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Let the Mutt out of his cage.

She nods, turning and exiting.

INT. BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

The box truck is dark, with the exception of the pale moonlight shining in. The Mutt sits alone in the corner of his cage.

Suddenly, the back door of the truck opens, letting in the light. The Mutt covers his eyes as we fully see him in all his glory: hairy, clawed, red eyed with sharp teeth.

Maria and Leopold enter the truck, Leopold holding a stun stick. He drags it against the wall, causing sparks to fly.

LEOPOLD

Time to play, Mutt.

The Mutt crawls to the front of the cage, wrapping his clawed fingers around the bar.

Leopold lunges toward, hitting him with the electrified stick. The Mutt yells, recoiling. Leopold laughs and hits him again.

MARIA

Enough.

She steps forward towards the cage, sympathetic. She kneels down in front of him.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We need your help again.

He whimpers, then nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Good.

(beat)

We're going to let you out now.

His pointy ears perk up, excited.

THE MUTT

Out?

She nods.

MARIA

Yes, out.

She holds her hand out towards Leopold.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The keys.

Leopold hands them over to Maria, who then unlocks the cage.

The Mutt hesitates, fear in his eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Come on. We've got work to do.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

Back to the rave, we see the younger Thomas lying on the floor, unconscious as lights flash around him. The Monolith hangs above, humming quietly.

Without warning, the buzzing stops and the Monolith drops, hitting the ground with a metallic CLANK.

A few moments pass and Thomas WAKES with a groan. He looks around surrounded by seemingly lifeless bodies. Several lie with their eyes open, dead.

Then, a loud RINGING sound. Thomas covers his ears in pain. Seconds pass and he pulls his hands away, discovering that they are covered in blood. He's bleeding from his ears.

Suddenly, the music and flashing stops as the lights turn on, revealing a room with white tiles and walls. Over an intercom, Draheim speaks:

DRAHEIM

(through intercom)

What's the matter?

Alexander begins to cry, dropping to his knees.

ALEXANDER

I can hear them dying. Make it stop.

(beat)

Please.

People whisper in the background over the intercom.

MAN

(low, through intercom)

It worked...

The intercom shuts off with a BEEP. Alexander looks around to the bodies, in tears. It's a haunting visual.

Suddenly, a boy rises from the bodies, the sole survivor besides Alexander.

The boy is changed, inhuman. He's hairy, with clawed hands, red eyes, and sharp teeth.

It's a younger version of the Mutt.

THE MUTT
What happened?

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Silence as Alexander and Elizabeth sit in the bathroom of the cabin, him tending to her wounds, stitching up a long cut on her arm. She wipes the dried blood from her face with a wet towel.

The silence grows uncomfortable until...

ELIZABETH
Who are they? The people that--
that killed Mom.

Somehow, Alexander's face becomes even more sullen. There's a long pause. He plays it off with a shrug.

ALEXANDER
I don't know.

ELIZABETH
You're lying.

He doesn't want to get into this, but knows it's time. He sighs.

ALEXANDER
They're called FOEE.

She frowns, confused.

ELIZABETH
Foe?

He shakes his head.

ALEXANDER
Not like the word--

He spell it out letter by letter:

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

--FOEE.

(pause)

Foundation of Enhanced Entities.

Elizabeth looks at him through the mirror.

ELIZABETH

What does that mean?

Alexander grits his teeth.

ALEXANDER

They're a scientific research group.

(beat)

They aren't government or anything like that, though; They do what they do without anyone else knowing. Without the world watching.

ELIZABETH

What do they do?

His eyes become glazed over, staring into nothing.

ALEXANDER

Testing, mostly. On objects of unknown origins.

(beat)

On people.

He snaps back to reality, forcing a hint of a smile. He doesn't want to scare her.

ELIZABETH

On people?

He nods.

ALEXANDER

Mhm.

A long pause, accompanied by silence.

ELIZABETH

What's an object of unknown origins? Like aliens?

He shrugs.

ALEXANDER

Could be.

(beat)

They have no idea where these objects come from, just that they don't belong here.

(beat)

There are some that look like everyday objects, like a fork or a rubber duck, but they have something else lying dormant within. Something dark. Powerful.

(beat)

Most of the objects harbor inhuman properties.

There's a long pause as the two sit, Elizabeth with a confused look on her face.

ELIZABETH

Like the rock?

Alexander freezes, pulling away, cocking his head. A beat.

ALEXANDER

How do you know about that?

She shrugs.

ELIZABETH

I don't know if it was your dream or mine. It's hard to tell sometimes.

Alexander shifts in his seat uncomfortably.

ALEXANDER

Yeah. Like the rock.

Another long pause. Alexander returns to her stitches, hoping her questions have reached their end. They haven't.

ELIZABETH

You said no one knows about FOEE, but you do.

(beat)

Did you used to work there?

He shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

No, no not exactly.

A look of confusion lingers on her face until it shifts to realization.

ELIZABETH

Oh. You said they experimented on people.

He doesn't say anything, just nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Alexander drops his head, trying to force the memories away.

ALEXANDER

That's okay.

Another long pause.

ELIZABETH

Is that why they're after us?

He nods again.

ALEXANDER

And why we've had to move. Change our names. Though you probably don't remember most of it.

She shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

Mom told me we moved because of your job.

ALEXANDER

That's just what she-- what we told you. It got harder to keep the secret as you got older.

Elizabeth nods, deep in thought, her eyes darting back and forth, like her entire life has been flipped upside down. Another long pause, then Elizabeth looks down.

ELIZABETH

We shouldn't have left her.

Another pause.

ALEXANDER

We didn't have a choice.

(beat)

She wanted us to keep going, to run. She would've wanted us here.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Safe.

For now. Yet another long pause, silent. Alexander finishes up the stitch, putting the equipment aside. The two look at each other.

ELIZABETH

I'm scared.

He nods.

ALEXANDER

I know.

(beat)

What can I do to make it better?

ELIZABETH

Say you won't leave me.

He cocks his head, frowning, then embraces his daughter, trying to fight down tears. A single one escapes, running down his face.

ALEXANDER

Oh, I would never do that,
babygirl.

(beat)

I won't let them hurt you, I
promise.

He pulls away. He gestures with his head towards the door.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Now go get some sleep, okay? You
need all the rest you can get.

She nods hesitantly, before exiting the bathroom into the spare bedroom. He watches as she climbs into bed then closes the bathroom door.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Later, we watch as Alexander showers, the water turning pink as it falls. He's leaning with his hand against the shower wall, clearly in pain, barely able to keep himself up.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Later, Alexander exits the shower, wiping his hand across the mirror, clearing the condensation. He stands with a towel around his waist, revealing his upper torso.

We now fully see the shallow wound stretching down his chest, though it's now stopped bleeding. The gash in his head barely bleeds, dripping down his temple.

He runs a finger across the wound on his head, down the cut on his stomach, trailing a few healed scars...

He reaches into the first aid kit and places a gauze pad over the wound on his head. He begins to stitch his chest with the other hand, the thread in his mouth. He winces as he makes the first stitch.

ALEXANDER

Fuck...

He then begins to work quicker, yet still efficiently. We can tell he's had practice with this. We linger on this for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT, CABIN - NIGHT

Alexander exits the bathroom into the spare bedroom, now wearing a plaid shirt and jeans, borrowed from Isaac. They fit tightly. He pauses as he dries his hair with the towel, finding the bed to be empty.

A worried look shoots across his face.

ALEXANDER

Elizabeth?

He quickly scans the room then exits into the hallway, frantically making his way down the stairs, searching for his daughter.

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth?

ISAAC (O.S.)

We're in here?

Alexander lets out a sigh of relief, slowing his pace.

He turns the corner into the dining room, greeted by Elizabeth and Isaac, each holding a handful of playing cards.

In front of Elizabeth: three pairs of matching cards.

In front of Isaac: only one.

Elizabeth doesn't turn to acknowledge her father, eyes glued to her cards.

ELIZABETH
I couldn't sleep. Bad dreams.
(to Isaac)
Go fish.

Isaac slaps the table playfully, then pulls a card from the deck in the middle of the table. Now, her turn.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Do you have a queen?

Isaac sighs, dropping his head, before plucking the queen out of his deck and sliding it reluctantly across the table. Elizabeth smiles, matching her queen with Isaac's, then placing it with her other pairs.

She is left with one card, while Isaac still has four.

ISAAC
(to Alexander)
Your girl has a bright future as a gambler. I've yet to win a single game.
(to Elizabeth)
You sure you're not looking at her cards.

Elizabeth's grin stretches across her face as she shakes her head.

ELIZABETH
Nope!

Alexander gives her a playful glare, knowing how she's winning so easily. He shakes his head with a HINT of a smile.

ISAAC
Hmm...

He looks up from her cards. He squints at her suspiciously for a few seconds.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
A three?

Elizabeth smiles before slowly shaking her head 'no'. He sighs again, picking up another card, adding it to his hand.

ELIZABETH
Do you have a four?

Again, Isaac sighs, pulling the four from his deck and handing it to Elizabeth.

ISAAC

You already know I do.

(beat)

(low)

Just picked that one up too...

With that, Elizabeth wins the game with ease, putting down her last pair. Isaac collects the cards from the table, beginning to shuffle the deck.

He turns to Alexander, who leans against a nearby wall, his arms crossed, a smile on his face.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Wanna join in?

He hesitates for a moment before looking at his daughter, who is filled with joy, even though her mother had died mere hours prior.

He wants to keep her in this moment for as long as he can. He walks over and pulls a chair from underneath the table, taking a seat.

ALEXANDER

Deal me in.

We watch for a few moments as Isaac deals out the cards to the three of them.

ISAAC

We'll let your dad go first.

Alexander nods, looking at his cards, then up to Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER

Got a nine?

Her smile dips slightly while his forms. She reluctantly hands him the nine, which he places in front of him with his matching set.

Alexander nods at Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Your turn.

She takes a moment, eyes darting between the two men, before deciding on her father. She stares at him fiercely for a few beats, thinking, trying to read his mind.

ELIZABETH

Do you have one of the--

She looks back down to her cards.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

One of the As?

He looks up at her.

ALEXANDER

An ace?

She nods. He stays silent for a moment, looking down at his cards, then back up to her. A smile creeps across his face.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Go fish.

She groans, grabbing a card from the middle. Her father makes a worthy opponent.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

Back in the rave, the lights flashing once more. This time, between flashes, we travel through time and space.

The Monolith, lying dormant in the white room, now empty.

The hallway, restored, years ago.

The room with the Monolith, still dormant.

An exam room, a young boy sitting on an elevated, white slab, strapped in. Men surround him, holding clipboards and scientific tools. One of the clipboards holds a picture of a young boy, labeled: ALEXANDER TARTH.

People being crowded into the room with white walls and tiles. Too many to fit in such a small room, almost like cattle led to the slaughter.

The Monolith rises from the floor.

On the other side of one-way glass, a younger Draheim, lacking his scar, stands behind a control panel filled with colorful buttons and levers. He pushes a button with his finger.

Back inside the room with the Monolith, which has begun to VIBRATE. Alexander stands at the edge of the room, making his way to the center. The Monolith shifts, sending ripples down the surface.

As Alexander reaches the Monolith, the lights flash faster. As he reaches out, the rest of the world fades away and the Monolith disappears before his eyes.

He turns around, once again revealing the room full of corpse and the Mutt, standing alone with Alexander.

Draheim enters the room and Alexander SCREAMS, causing an invisible blast to shatter the one-way glass, cracking the walls, sending the Mutt and Draheim flying into the wall.

Draheim turns around to face Alexander, his face bloodied, a wound stretching down his face.

We're back on Alexander, who grows taller and older as the lights continue to flash.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Alexander wakes in a sweat on the floor, his breathing heavy. He gets up, walking over to the window, the sun just about to rise. He turns, stealing a glance at his daughter, fast asleep in the spare bed.

He crosses his arms, drops his head, then sighs.

Behind him, Elizabeth STIRS without him noticing.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Something isn't right.

Alexander JUMPS, whipping his head around towards his daughter.

ALEXANDER
What--

Suddenly, a brief white FLASH peaks through the window. Alexander turns around quickly and freezes, staring out the window.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

In an arial shot, we see a RING OF LIGHTS closing in on the cabin; men holding guns with flashlight attachments.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Alexander jumps away from the window, running over to Elizabeth, grabbing her by the shoulders.

ALEXANDER

Listen to me.

(beat)

I'll get us out of here, but right now I need you to hide. Don't move until I get back.

He ushers her into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

He then runs downstairs to find Isaac in the kitchen, who is sipping on a cup of coffee. By the look on Alexander's face, he can tell that something is wrong.

Alexander extends his hands.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I need your keys.

ISAAC

What--

They don't have time for this.

ALEXANDER

KEYS!

With brief hesitation, Isaac reaches into his pocket, pulling out the keys to the truck, throwing them to Alexander, who snatches it and begins to make his way back upstairs.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Stay low and away from the windows, and get your rifle.

He climbs the stairs with swiftness, taking it two steps at a time. He makes his way into the bedroom. He tries to twist the handle of the bathroom door, but it doesn't budge.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Elizabeth, it's me.

Quickly, she unlocks and opens the door. He picks her up, her head resting on his shoulder.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

We need to go.

ELIZABETH

I'm scared.

He nods, holding her head.

ALEXANDER
I know, babygirl, I know.

He takes another risking look out the window, seeing the men closing in. They exit the bedroom, making their way back downstairs.

Isaac stands in the living room as Alexander and his daughter enter, holding the rifle. The room, along with the trio, is lit only by pale moonlight.

ISAAC
The truck's right outside, but I don't see how we'll make it without being seen.

Alexander puts Elizabeth down, squeezing her hand tightly.

ALEXANDER
I didn't think they'd find us this fast.

ISAAC
How DID they find us?

Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER
I have no idea. All that matters now is that they did.

Elizabeth looks afraid, as well as Alexander, although he's doing a better job at hiding it. He turns to Isaac.

ELIZABETH
What are we going to do?

There's a short pause as Alexander thinks. They've run out of options.

ALEXANDER
I-- I don't know.

He turns to Elizabeth, crouching down, putting his hands on her shoulders.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
I need you to go upstairs, okay?
Find a hiding spot.

A tear rushes down her face.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Don't come out until I come and
 find you, okay?

She nods.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 I won't let anything happen to you,
 I promise.

He plants a kiss on her forehead before ushering her to hide.

He turns to Isaac.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Isaac, you go with her. If anything
 happens to me, I need you to
 protect her.

He nods then turns, following Elizabeth up the stairs.

A few moments pass before we hear a KNOCK at the door.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Shit!

He ducks away from the window, hiding behind a nearby wall.

The silence is broken by another knock and...

DRAHEIM (O.S.)
 I know you're in there!
 (singsongy)
 Open up!

Alexander doesn't move. A pause, silence.

DRAHEIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Open it.

Immediately, the door is KICKED open by Grant. He stands in front of Draheim with Leopold behind Draheim, both armed.

Alexander clenches his fist. Crouched he moves to the kitchen and grabs a KNIFE from a knife block.

Draheim, Leopold and Grant enter the cabin, searching. Draheim makes a circular motion with his finger.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
 Find her.

Grant and Leopold nod, moving quicker, entering the bedroom on the lower floor. Draheim calls out:

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
I know you're here, Alexander.

Alexander doesn't make a noise, his fingers curling tightly around the knife.

Grant and Leopold exit the bedroom, making their way to the dining room.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
One of you check upstairs.

Grant nods, making his way upstairs. Alexander moves his way towards the stairs, ducking behind a wall closeby.

Leopold is about to turn the corner when Alexander JUMPS OUT, putting his knife to Leopold's throat, facing Draheim.

ALEXANDER
Call off your men or he gets it.

Draheim scoffs, not even fazed. He pulls out a PISTOL and shoots Leopold, who drops to the ground, dead. He keeps his pistol raised to Alexander, who stands frozen in place, gun drawn on him.

DRAHEIM
You think I care about some goon?

He closes in on Alexander, who raises his hands. He's CORNERED.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
You should've known I'd find you here. You've always been one step behind.

ALEXANDER
You touch her and I swear--

Draheim interrupts:

DRAHEIM
You'll kill me? You couldn't protect your wife, let alone your daughter.

Alexander's fists clench, his face turning red with rage. Draheim motions with his gun.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Now drop the knife.

Alexander grits his teeth, then tosses the knife. The two are face to face, standing right in front of each other, Draheim's pistol raised to Alexander's head.

ALEXANDER

You're not going to win, Draheim. I won't let you destroy everything I've built.

Draheim smiles.

DRAHEIM

Oh, how noble. Don't you understand that I've already won? It's only a matter of time before I get what I want.

(beat)

Bravery won't save you now.

Alexander's mind races, searching the room for any way out of the dire situation. He can't think of anything he's helpless until...

A gunshot, followed by another, coming from upstairs. Elizabeth screams.

Draheim whips his head towards the stairs and this is all Alexander needs. He lunges forward, using all his strength to knock the gun out of Draheim's hand.

The two engage in a desperate struggle, grappling with each other.

The two are fueled by rage. Draheim lands a punch on Alexander's face, but Alexander retaliates by kneeing him in the abdomen, momentarily stunning him.

Using this opening, Alexander delivers a powerful blow to Draheim's jaw, sending him stumbling backwards, falling on the ground.

Alexander's eyes shift from Draheim to the gun on the floor to the stairs.

He makes a CHOICE, choosing to run up the stairs rather than finishing off Draheim.

He takes the steps three at a time, rushing up the stairs into the bedroom. He freezes.

Isaac lies DEAD, his body lying cold in the bathroom doorway. Grant stands in the middle of the room, holding a gun to Elizabeth's head. There's a gunshot wound grazing his temple, causing blood to trickle down his face.

ALEXANDER

Let her go.

Grant laughs.

Alexander closes his eyes, breathing in and out deeply. A ringing sound emanates. He opens them.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Let her go.

Grant's smile drops immediately, his gun lowering.

GRANT

(mind controlled)

Let her go.

The ringing grows louder.

ALEXANDER

End it.

Grant nods, raising his gun to his head.

GRANT

(mind controlled)

End it.

He pulls the trigger, splattering his brains on the wall and Elizabeth's face. She gasps. The ringing stops immediately.

Alexander runs to her, picking her up, running to the window, opening it.

ALEXANDER

Out the window, quick.

He guides her through the window and quickly follows her out.

EXT. CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Outside, the sun has begun to rise, peaking through the tall trees.

Alexander and Elizabeth make their way towards the edge of the roof. He holds her hand tightly, noticing a large number of men surrounding the cabin. They don't notice them on top of the roof.

ALEXANDER

(low)
Shit!

Alexander jumps, landing on the soft ground with a THUD. He gestures for Elizabeth to jump and she does, landing in his arms.

MAN #1 (O.S.)

Over here!

Alexander spins around, holding Elizabeth in his arms. A MAN stands, his gun raised to Alexander. Several men run up to them, pointing their guns at the pair.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Put the girl down!

Alexander hesitates, but puts Elizabeth down. He raises his hands.

ALEXANDER

Please, just let us go.

The man scoffs, shaking his head.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

So be it.

He turns to Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(low)
Cover you ears.

She does so. Alexander closes his eyes once again, focusing on his breathing. The ringing grows louder once more.

He opens his eyes and yells, lowering his arms with force.

The men CRUMBLE to the ground as cracks form in the soft surface of the Earth. The ringing stops.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

RUN!

And so the two run, into...

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - MORNING

The two run with haste, dodging trees, jumping over fallen logs. The two continue to run as fast as they can until...

The Mutt jumps from a tree, landing in front of the pair. He snarls on all fours, showing his sharp teeth.

Quickly, Alexander closes his eyes once more.

ALEXANDER

Let us go.

The Mutt cackles.

THE MUTT

Your mind tricks won't work on me.

Alexander cocks his head. He takes a step toward, his arms raised.

ALEXANDER

You don't have to do this.

The Mutt growls, his eyes locked with Alexander's, who's grip tightens on Elizabeth's hand, ready to defend her at all costs.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I remember you. From the compound.

(beat)

I don't want to fight you. There's still a chance to choose a different path.

The Mutt laughs again.

THE MUTT

Choose a different path? You think I have a choice? I'm bound by forces far greater than you and me.

A beat.

THE MUTT (CONT'D)

Why would you risk everything for her?

ALEXANDER

Because she's innocent. She deserves a chance at a better life, free from the shadows that haunt her. And so do you.

The Mutt wavers, torn between his loyalty to the dark forces that control him and the glimmer of hope Alexander offers.

ELIZABETH

(softly)

Please, let us go. We don't want to fight anymore.

The Mutt hesitates, but then the men catch up, surrounding them, their weapons raised. Draheim breaks through the crowd, approaching Alexander. He's smiling.

DRAHEIM

I see we've had a bit of a reunion
haven't we?

His smile drops.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Try anything and we shoot the girl.

Alexander grits his teeth as Draheim approaches, holding two syringes in one hand.

He injects Alexander, then Elizabeth.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

No more games.

Elizabeth passes out almost immediately, dropping to the forest floor. He looks at the syringe and throws it to the ground.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Had to up the dosage this round.

He walks over and picks up Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER

(weakly)
Don't...

He turns as Alexander falls to his knees, weak from the injection.

DRAHEIM

Let's go.
(beat)
Mutt, kill him.

There's a hint of conflict in the Mutt's eyes as Draheim and his men exit and we CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - DAY

Alexander slowly opens his eyes, finding himself lying on the forest floor. His head still aches, but the effects of the injection have started to wear off. He pushes himself up, taking in his surroundings.

Alexander's gaze falls on a familiar figure standing a few feet away. It's the Mutt, his expression a mixture of uncertainty and conflicted emotions.

Alexander quickly stands, eyeing the Mutt with daggers in his eyes.

ALEXANDER
Where did they take her.

THE MUTT
You know where.

His face goes white with fear. He does know where they took her. Back to the beginning.

ALEXANDER
You were in there with me. You know what they've done. You can still help me.

THE MUTT
I know what they're capable of if I don't obey them.

A beat.

ALEXANDER
Then why haven't you killed me?

Another beat as the Mutt thinks on this.

THE MUTT
I don't know.

Alexander's eyes narrow, suspicion etched on his face. He takes a step closer to the Mutt, his voice low and determined.

ALEXANDER
You don't know? Or is it that you can't bring yourself to do it?

The Mutt's conflicted expression deepens, and he avoids Alexander's gaze.

THE MUTT
I... I don't have the same control over my actions as you do. They conditioned me, programmed me to follow their orders without question.
(beat)
You don't know what they've done.

ALEXANDER

I don't. But I know what they're capable of doing. They're monsters.

Alexander's anger flares, but a glimmer of sympathy flickers in his eyes. He takes a breath, trying to collect himself.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You're as much of a victim as me.
If you help me, we can kill
Draheim, free us from the
Foundation.

Finally, the Mutt looks at Alexander.

THE MUTT

I can't.

ALEXANDER

What's stopping you?

THE MUTT

If they discover any sign of
defiance, they'll make me pay, and
they won't hesitate to hurt her
too.

Alexander shakes his head

ALEXANDER

She's too valuable to them. They
wouldn't.

THE MUTT

You know they would.

Alexander grits his teeth.

ALEXANDER

We have to stop them before they
have the chance.

A brief pause as the Mutt thinks on this.

THE MUTT

Then what? I can't live a normal
life like this.

ALEXANDER

You can live a better one. One
where you aren't locked in a cage.

THE MUTT

It's all I've ever known.

ALEXANDER

Then let's change that. You've spent your whole life doing whatever Draheim wanted. It's time for you to figure out what you want.

The Mutt hesitates, then nods.

THE MUTT

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Later, back at the cabin, fog covering the clearing, Alexander leads the Mutt to Isaac's truck, now holding Isaac's rifle. The two enter, Alexander in the driver's seat.

THE MUTT

You know where we're going, right?

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

He's taking us back to the beginning.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the Foundation. It's a large warehouse, seemingly abandoned.

INT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Inside the Foundation, we're greeted with a familiar location. The room from the rave where Alexander and countless others were tested on.

This time, however, Elizabeth lies in the middle of the room on the white slab, unconscious, encased in a glass cylinder. As it scans her body, the cylinder rotates, beeping and flashing red lights.

INT. OVERSIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

Draheim and Maria watch Elizabeth through one-way glass, their arms crossed. The room holds several monitors, as well as a panel of buttons and levers.

Maria studies a nearby monitor very closely. Her brow furrows as she analyzes the data displayed on the monitor. Her eyes dart between the various graphs and numbers, searching for any anomalies or patterns.

MARIA

(whispering)

This is unprecedented. The subject's biochemistry is... evolving at an accelerated rate.

He looks over to a monitor showing a 3D scan of her body, lighting up like a Christmas tree, specifically in her brain. He gestures to the monitors.

DRAHEIM

All of this without the influence of the Monolith, just her genetic makeup. Imagine the power she may possess once exposed.

He lifts a hand, stroking his chin.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Yes, remarkable.

He turns to Maria.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Gather the pieces. It's time to see what she's truly capable of.

Maria nods, and we follow her as she exits.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Moments later, Maria strides purposefully into the laboratory, a sterile environment filled with advanced equipment and technology. Scientists in white lab coats scurry about, focused on their tasks.

Maria approaches a team of researchers huddled around a large workstation. They look up, anticipation and curiosity in their eyes as she joins them.

MARIA

Prepare for the next phase. We need to
unlock the full potential within her.
Gather the necessary tools and
resources.

The researchers nod, immediately springing into action. They retrieve vials, syringes, and various scientific instruments, setting up a specialized workstation.

As Maria watches, her mind races with a mix of apprehension and excitement. She knows the risks involved, but she also sees the opportunity for a breakthrough that could change everything.

INT. ENTITY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Moments later, Maria enters a large storage room, walls lined with shelves, black boxes rising to the ceiling, each individually labeled with specific entities that the Foundation has gathered over the years.

She pauses a moment, searching the room.

MARIA

Ah.

She makes her way over to a shelf on the right, reaching for a black box, pulling it from the shelf. She opens the box, revealing pieces of the Monolith from the rave, now shattered into several pieces of white and blue. Maria smiles before exiting.

EXT. ISAAC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Isaac's truck driving down a windy road, journeying towards the Foundation.

INT. ISAAC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Alexander and the Mutt sit in silence, Alexander leaning against the window, his hand on his chin. The silence doesn't last long.

THE MUTT

So what's our plan?

Alexander doesn't say anything at first, then:

ALEXANDER

Get in, get Elizabeth, get out.

The Mutt laughs.

THE MUTT
Not much of a plan.

Alexander looks to him.

ALEXANDER
It's the best I have.
(beat)
You've been inside recently?

The Mutt nods his head 'yes'.

THE MUTT
A few months ago, yes.

ALEXANDER
What's it like inside, numbers
wise.

THE MUTT
Not much. After you escaped, the
Foundation was practically
liquified. Dozens of people left...
or were silenced.

Alexander frowns.

ALEXANDER
Silenced? Like--

THE MUTT
Yeah.

A pause.

THE MUTT (CONT'D)
It's mostly just scientists and
personnel now, not many guards
inside.

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER
That's good.
(beat)
They'll be expecting me to be dead,
I assume.

EXT. THE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

Later in the night, Alexander and the Mutt pull up to the outside of the foundation, parking yards away as to not be seen.

INT. ISAAC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Alexander sighs as he pulls the key from the ignition. The two look up at the towering, overgrown building.

There's a long pause.

ALEXANDER

I used to dream about coming back here, ending things. Ending *him*. I've thought about killing him in unimaginable ways.

There's another pause as Alexander looks upon the lab, his mind wandering, caught in the past.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

But now that I'm here... it's starting to feel more like one of my nightmares.

Another beat as the Mutt turns to Alexander then to the building.

THE MUTT

Then lets go make sure this nightmare ends tonight.

Alexander clenches his jaw.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOUNDATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alexander and the Mutt stand before the entrance, the dilapidated doors looming above them. They exchange a brief nod before pushing them open, revealing a dimly lit corridor beyond.

INT. THE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

They step cautiously into the compound, their senses heightened, ready to face whatever lies in their path. The air is thick with an eerie stillness as they make their way deeper into the facility, shadows flickering and dancing along the walls.

Alexander's grip tightens on his weapon, his eyes scanning their surroundings with vigilance. The Mutt follows closely behind, his instincts honed by his time as both prisoner and observer.

As they traverse the labyrinthine corridors, the distant sound of alarms and hushed voices echo through the air. They approach a branching path, pausing for a moment to assess their next move.

ALEXANDER

(pointing)

We'll take the eastern wing. It should lead us closer to the testing center and Elizabeth.

The Mutt nods, his gaze unwavering.

THE MUTT

Let's move swiftly, but silently. We can't afford to draw unnecessary attention.

With their plan set, Alexander and the Mutt set off down the eastern wing, their determination cutting through the darkness that surrounds them.

As they make their way down the hallway, red alarm lights suddenly brighten the long corridor, signaling the start of an experiment. A warning.

It's deja vu. We've seen this before.

ALEXANDER

We have to move!

The two break into a run, the Mutt trailing behind, letting Alexander take the lead.

THE MUTT

Where are we going?

Without responding, Alexander stops in front of a door.

The sign reads 'Testing Center'.

ALEXANDER

You remember this place, don't you.

The Mutt swallows, then nods.

THE MUTT

Where it all began.

A beat.

THE MUTT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Be careful, Alexander. They won't
let us take Elizabeth without a
fight.

He nods, then...

INT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Alexander KICKS open the door to the testing center, entering
with his rifle raised.

The room has gained a glow of light blue.

In the center of the room, the pieces of the Monolith float
around Elizabeth, activated, emitting a blue glow as the
patterns shift, vibrating the room.

ALEXANDER

NO!

Alexander runs to his shoulders, letting his rifle drop. He
shakes her shoulders.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Elizabeth! Hey look at me.

Her eyes are closed. She's unresponsive.

Alexander's heart pounds in his chest as he desperately tries to
rouse Elizabeth from her unconscious state. He gently shakes her
shoulders, his voice filled with urgency.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Elizabeth! Come on, wake up! It's me,
Dad!

The room continues to pulse with the ethereal glow of the
activated Monolith pieces, their energy enveloping Elizabeth.
Alexander's hands tremble as he cups her face, his eyes
searching hers for any sign of recognition.

THE MUTT

(frantically)

What's happening to her? We need to
get her out of here!

Alexander's voice trembles with a mix of fear and determination.

ALEXANDER

We can't leave her like this. We have to find a way to break the Monolith's hold on her.

As if in response to his words, the patterns of the floating Monolith pieces shift, intertwining with Elizabeth's essence. The room vibrates with an otherworldly energy, making it clear that time is running out.

DRAHEIM

(through intercom)

You're too late, Alexander.

Alexander spins around, raising his weapon towards the one-way glass. He doesn't hesitate, filling the glass with bullet. It doesn't budge, bulletproof.

INT. OVERSIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

Draheim stands in front of the one way glass, staring at Alexander, smiling. He speaks into a microphone.

DRAHEIM

The process has already begun.

INT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Back in the testing center, Alexander pulls his trigger once more, but it CLICKS, empty.

Alexander turns back to Elizabeth, still unconscious, the pieces of the Monolith glowing brighter. They begin to melt together, forming one cohesive unit.

Without warning, Elizabeth RISES from the table, floating, like she's been possessed. Alexander watches as her eyes open, rolling to the back of her head and she tilts upright, rising towards the ceiling.

He turns back to the one-way glass.

ALEXANDER

What did you do!?

We hear Draheim laugh through the intercom.

Alexander's heart pounds in his chest as he watches Elizabeth levitate in the air, her body seemingly under the control of the merged Monolith pieces.

DRAHEIM

(through intercom)

Oh, Alexander, my dear boy. I haven't done anything. This is the culmination of our work, the true power of the Monolith. And your precious Elizabeth is the vessel through which it manifests.

Alexander's eyes narrow, his voice filled with defiance.

ALEXANDER

You won't get away with this, Draheim. We'll find a way to stop you.

DRAHEIM (V.O.)

Oh, I highly doubt that, Alexander. You see, I have surpassed all expectations. The Monolith's power courses through her veins now, granting her unimaginable abilities. She will become the harbinger of a new era, and you... well, you will be nothing more than an insignificant obstacle in our path.

Alexander's hands tighten into fists as he stares up at Elizabeth, her body surrounded by the pulsating energy of the merged Monolith.

ALEXANDER

Stay with me, babygirl.

A faint glow begins to emit off of Elizabeth as a high pitched whining fills the air.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Stop this! You have no idea what you're doing, what this thing is capable of!

DRAHEIM

Discovery requires experimentation. You're too late.

Elizabeth grows brighter, her eyes now closed.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Alexander.

INT. OVERSIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

Draheim clicks off the intercom, then puts a pair of earplugs in his ears, a smile creeping across his face as he watches it all unfold.

INT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Alexander and the Mutt stand helplessly underneath Elizabeth. The Mutt presses his hands against his temple, visibly stressed.

THE MUTT

What do we do?

ALEXANDER

I-- I don't know.

Alexander and the Mutt exchange a startled glance as Elizabeth's eyes open, now emanating the powerful blue energy of the Monolith. Her gaze focuses on them, a mix of intensity and something unfamiliar.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Elizabeth... Can you hear me?

Elizabeth's voice echoes, but it's not her own. It carries an otherworldly resonance, filled with an ancient knowledge.

ELIZABETH

(monolith voice)

Alexander... I am no longer who I once was. The Monolith has awakened within me.

Alexander's face goes white.

The Mutt steps forward cautiously, his expression a blend of concern and determination.

THE MUTT

Elizabeth, fight against it. Remember who you are. We're here to save you.

ELIZABETH (MONOLITH VOICE)

Save me? No, you don't understand. The Monolith has shown me the path. It has opened my eyes to the immense power that lies within me.

Alexander takes a step closer, his voice pleading.

ALEXANDER

Elizabeth, don't let the Monolith control you. You are stronger than this. Remember the life we had together.

Elizabeth's floating form shudders, a struggle apparent within her. Her eyes flicker, briefly revealing a glimpse of her true self.

ELIZABETH

Dad... I can feel myself slipping away... What's happening?

Alexander takes a cautious step closer.

ALEXANDER

Elizabeth, you have to fight this!

The room begins to vibrate and Elizabeth SCREAMS. Alexander covers his ears.

A BOOM. The walls crack apart, the slab Elizabeth once lay on DISINTEGRATES. Glass shatters, revealing the other side of the oversight room.

The eruption sends Alexander FLYING backwards, out into the hallway, slamming him against the wall.

BLACK.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moments later, Alexander WAKES with a groan, rubbing his head. He pulls his hand in front of him, seeing it soaked with dark red BLOOD.

He manages to pick himself up off the floor, entering...

INT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

The room is completely obliterated; it's in worse shape than before. The ground beneath him CRUNCHES, glass sprinkled all over the place, as well as pieces of concrete.

Elizabeth lies in the middle of the room on the floor, unconscious. Alexander runs over to her, past the Mutt, crouching beside her.

ALEXANDER

Hey, hey. You're okay. You're okay.

A GUNSHOT breaks the silence. Alexander JUMPS, looking up to the now visible oversight room.

Draheim stands behind the broken glass, holding a smoking gun.

The Mutt stands before him, clutching at his chest. He pulls his hand away, revealing a bloodied wound. He drops to the ground, DEAD.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

NO!

Alexander pushes out with everything he has, extending his arms towards Draheim, launching him into the hallway. His gun lands in the testing center. Alexander picks it up.

He turns and picks up Elizabeth, kissing the top of her head. He hold the pistol by his side.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You're okay. I've got you.

He runs into the hallway, CHASING after Draheim. At first, we don't see hiim, but Alexander looks down, revealing a trail of blood leading down the hallway.

Alexander quickly catches up to the limping Draheim and shoots him in the leg, causing him to yelp, falling to the ground.

He tries to get up again before Alexander shoots him again. Draheim yells out in pain, slowly trying to crawl away, leaving a trail of blood.

DRAHEIM

Please...

Alexander holds the pistol steady, aiming it at Draheim.

ALEXANDER

Stop. I want you to look at me.

Still, Draheim inches himself away, clawing at the floor. Alexander fires another bullet, hitting the floor beside Draheim. He FLINCHES.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I said *stop*. Turn around.

Hesitantly, Draheim does as he's told, turning around to face Alexander.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I want you to look at me when I
kill you.

Draheim looks up at him, trying to stop the fear from taking
over.

DRAHEIM

Please, Alexander.

Alexander laughs, smiling.

ALEXANDER

You're scared. I can see it. I can
feel it.

Draheim grits his teeth, revealing a mouth full of blood.

DRAHEIM

You don't-- you won't have to do
this.

(beat)

Let me go.

Alexander smiles.

ALEXANDER

You'd just come after us.

He pulls the trigger without hesitation and we CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: ONE
YEAR LATER

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

We fade in from black, met with a farmhouse, different yet
not dissimilar to the one at the beginning of the film. We
watch from afar, slowly making our way closer to the front of
the home.

As we travel, we notice Alexander sitting on the front porch,
rocking in a wooden chair.

Closer. We see he is holding his daughter, fast asleep in his
lap.

The two are at peace, finally getting the life Alexander
wanted for them. The one they deserve. The farmhouse tucked
in the middle of nowhere, nothing and no one to run from.

We linger on the two of them as Alexander looks out at the rising sun, orange and yellow light peaking over his seemingly infinite field.

For the final time, we cut to black.

THE END.