

# THE KIND

Screenplay by

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(MORE)

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. THE CITY - DAY**

As if we are lost in a dream world, we fly, effortlessly, over THE CITY and the uneven landscape beyond, east and west and north and south and as far into the horizon as we dare look. This is THE CITY. THE CITY'S name doesn't matter as much as the EVENTS that occur within it. THIS STORY could have taken place ANYWHERE, ANYTIME, BUT IT HAPPENED HERE in THIS PLACE we will just call THE CITY.

West of THE CITY are just MORE cities and counties. In this story that doesn't matter. East of THE CITY is a river splitting it in half, joined to its eastern cousin a world away by a series of mile-long bridges.

THAT'S ENOUGH!

FADE OUT

FADE INTO

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING**

(MORE)

**JESSICA SIMONE** awakes. She goes through the usual ritual: stretching, yawning, stretching, the covers falling to her breasts, revealing the fact that she is fair-haired and fair-skinned --- a woman of mixed-racial origin. She could have been a model if she wanted to. She could have been a lot of things if she wanted to and still could be. Her appearance doesn't reflect her age.

She jumps out of the right side of the bed, all of five-seven or eight feet of her, puts on a robe --- robbing us men of the FULL VIEW.

She totally and completely ignores the sleeping lump that had been lying next to her, with the covers pulled over its head, the sound of hog-calls filling the room with a noisy racket.

TIGHT SHOT: FOCUS ON THE SLEEPING LUMP for a moment.

**JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)**

(thinking to herself)

(ears covered)

Ladies and Gentlemen ---  
Introducing: The LUMP of HUMAN  
FLESH. SHIT!

Exactly why am I with this  
nasty HOG, you ask? Don't ask.

JESSICA SIMONE --- gives up.

**JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

(looking at the

sleeping, heaving lump)

Well, there you go. The meaning  
of life.

FOCUS ON THE ROOM. PAN THE ROOM AGGRESSIVELY.

The bedroom is ULTRA MODERN, ULTRA CLEAN and BUILT FOR SEX (a man-cave). She leaves the room, breathing a sigh of relief. We can still hear the HOG-CALLS.

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE TURNING AND OPENING THE DOOR AND LEAVING THE BEDROOM.

**INT. HOUSE - HALL**

FOCUS ON JESSICA LEAVING THE BEDROOM AND ENTERING THE HALL, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

She enters the HALL and heads toward the BATHROOM.

**INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

(MORE)

*We follow her as she enters the bathroom.*

TIGHT SHOT: FOCUS ON JESSICA DISROBING AND ENTERING THE SHOWER.

**INT. SHOWER - MORNING**

Jessica disrobes and steps into the shower with glass door and panels.

PAN SLOWLY: TIGHT ON BODY SHOTS. THE STEAMY SHOWER WATER STREAMING. WATER RUNNING DOWN HER BEAUTIFUL FLANKS, THIGHS, ANKLES, FEET, BACK, SHOULDER BLADES, SHE SCRUBS HER LUCIOUS KISSABLE KNECK, ETC.

She's the kind of woman that will make you wonder: What in the world are you doing in a place like this? That thought goes out the window, because she IS in a PLACE JUST LIKE THIS and taking a SHOWER!

And Jessica showers and showers. She uses the body-wash aggressively, like a tool. Both hair and body, she's scrubbing and loving it, like she makes love to a man, washing the filmy mist of sleep and depression down the drain! You envy the streams of water that washes down and over the curves of her body. It feels GOOD. When she is done she practically dances out of the shower, throws on a bathrobe and wraps a towel around her head. It's just routine.

Looking in the mirror she's STARTLED by the SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE IMAGE OF SOMEONE, (PERHAPS A MAN?) IN THE MIRROR!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(gasping, choking back  
a scream!)

What the Fuck? Son of a BITCH!  
Oh my GOD! *What the hell WAS  
that?*

Jessica chuckles.

Breathing a big sigh of relief, she grabs her chest.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

SHIT! What the *fuck!*

(MORE)

Jessica looks up and around the bathroom.

FOCUS ON THE BATHROOM WALLS AND CEILING AND THE SUN STREAMING THROUGH. THEN, BACK TO THE IMAGE IN THE MIRROR.

ALL NORMAL.

The sun is streaming through the window, and the curtains are creating shadows on the wall. THAT'S ALL. Time to stop acting like a frightened old lady, JESS.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

(breathing a sigh of relief, goofy-faced)  
I guess it's just my imagination running away with me. Ease up old girl. You're not getting any younger. Just old and cranky.

JESSICA SIMONE finishes her shower and leaves the bathroom.

QUICK SWIPE TO:

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Jessica, still in her bathrobe and bare feet, her manicured toes peeking out from the end of the floor-length bathrobe, is preparing breakfast. The KITCHEN, like the rest of the house, is spacious and ultra-modern. She fixes breakfast like a pro. Once finished, she sits down to say her prayer.

She can hear *HIM* upstairs taking a shower. She knows what comes next and waits. After a minute the shower stops, and --

FLASH TO:

FOCUS ON HIM: CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM ENTERING THE KITCHEN.

We do not see his face, just the back of his head, all dreadlocks and wearing a robe.

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE FINISHING SAYING HER BLESSING.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(without looking up)  
Good morning.

HE says nothing. HE sits down to eat, says his blessing (silently), grunts and without so much as a word, digs in. We do not see his face --- just his head bent over his food after he has fixed a big plate.

Jessica is thinking:

**JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)**

(LOOKING AT HIM with a little utility smile)

(MORE)

And ladies and gentlemen, not  
only a hog caller but the  
COMPLETE PIG!

FOCUS ON P.O.V JESSICA SIMONE LOOKING AT ---→ HIM.

FOCUS ON HIM LOOKING AT HER.

HIM

(looking at Jessica)  
Turn on the TV?

Under the cabinets, above the counter, there's a TV.

JESSICA SIMONE

Sure, babe.

She complies without thinking. It's JUST ANOTHER morning ritual. She's used to it.

FOCUS ON P.O.V HIM LOOKING AT THE T.V.

The news is sedate and bland --- the news is good, and the news is bad --- the weather is bad, but it will get better, you bet --- same o crap they spool out every day but, after all, it is routine.

HE talks about the news as if he has something to do with it, which, Jessica knows, he does not. We do not hear what he says because *we are focusing on Jessica never really understanding what he is talking about anyway*. We can see him gesturing with his hand and his mouth move, but to Jessica it sounds a lot like muffled garbage. *She's used to him performing that same ritual every day, and every day she just tunes him out.*

Jessica, wishing that *something* would happen to make the mourning a LITTLE different, is out of luck.

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)

(thinking)  
ANYTHING would be a WELCOME CHANGE besides listening to HIM acting as if HE is *the MAN OF THE WORLD*.

He chomps his way through his plate, washes it all down with GLASS of orange juice, then fixes another.

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O) (CONT'D)

(thinking)  
Seriously, does somebody, anybody, supposed to give a damn about what he knows or doesn't know? Nope, not me. I've a better question: Who cares?

(MORE)

In her mind she's SCREAMING AT THE TOP HER LUNGS --- HELP,  
HELP, HELP!

To HIM she smiles ----- routine, routine, routine.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Everything OK? Babe?

**HIM**

(not taking a break  
from stuffing his  
grinding MAW)  
Uh huh.

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE LOOKING AT HIM AS IF HE IS FROM  
ANOTHER DIMENSION.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(testing the waters)  
Eggs good, not too well done?  
Want some more, sweetie? More  
orange-juice?

(to herself)  
No, no, no. Oh well. Done.  
*click.*

He doesn't say another word. Just watches the counter TV.  
AND WE ARE OUT.

FADE IN ON THE AIRPORT TERMINAL:

Let's take a moment to look there.

THEME MUSIC.

CREDITS BEGIN. FADE INTO OPENING SCENE.

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

(MORE)

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE AND HIM --- WE STILL DO NOT SEE HIS FACE, JUST THE BACK OF HIM OR HIS HEAD. AT THIS POINT IN THE STORY WE ARE ABLIGED TO ALLOW HIM TO ONLY EFACE US.

They look like the typical couple that you see anywhere, dressed in typical casuals. It looks to us like they are having a conversation, about what, you ask? Don't ask. Currently, we do not care.

At one point she throws up her hands as if to say she is done with whatever they are talking about and he grabs her arms AND wrestles one arm around her waist in that I-AM-THE-MAN-AND-WHAT-I-SAY-IS-SAID sort of way.

She looks resigned, sort of like she's saying ALRIGHT-FOR-NOW-BUT-WATCH-IT-I'M-NOT-DONE, and, of course, DON'T-PUSH-ME-I'M-ALREADY-ON-THE-EDGE-AND-GOING-OVER. What is obvious is that she doesn't like the fact that he is taking this trip. But there is something else.

FOCUS ON THE INTERIOR OF THE AIRPORT TERMINAL.

All around them a parade of people --- hugging and kissing, laughing and (long time no see) crying. You miss so much of life the second you're not paying attention.

MATTERS NONE.

Jessica's done. Time to move on.

She turns to leave, and he kisses her cheek from behind as she reacts out of instinct turning her head only slightly to meet it, not willing to make the effort.

But, she is done.

FOCUS ON JESSICA EXITING THE AIRPORT TERMINAL.

Jessica exits the terminal and quickens her pace the moment she is out of sight of HIM. Why? Even she doesn't know and has no idea whether to care or not. Maybe she does care a little deep inside, but isn't worried about it, but does it really matter? No. She quickens her pace even more. She JUST wants to leave, that's all. IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT? No.

A cold chill overcomes her, and she quickens her pace even more than normal. She is visibly frightened. The signs point her to her destination and she follows them like a vet. Head bent, she tasks herself, and targets her objective. The PRESSURE is building to a crescendo, and she is nearing the point of passing out.

**EXT. AIRPORT - DAY**

(MORE)



Jessica heads for the parking lot. It's just a short walk through the terminal.

At this point she is borderline hysteria, but that's OK. She's not worried. She keeps her focus. The walk takes longer than she wants and seems longer than it is.

Jessica targets her car like a sniper. She finds her target.

**EXT. AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Once she reaches the PARKING LOT SHE JUMPS IN HER TOYOTA and heads towards the parking lot's exit to the highway on-ramp as if the devil himself were at her back. Once on the highway, she sighs. She can't stand airports. SHE'S FOREVER IMAGINING PLANE CRASHES. She thinks every plane that has ever been built is going to CRASH!

POOR JESSICA SIMONE? Does that matter? E-e-e-e-e---slightly. Alright.....

JUMP TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - JESSICA SIMONE - TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY**

FOCUS ON THE BRIGHT-RED TOYOTA.

The bright-red colored Prius makes its way along the highway going south.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE - TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica, familiar with where the contents are placed, reaches in her everyday-bag, while keeping her eye on the road --- We can see the hand reaching in and feeling for the contents --- hairbrush, some unopened mail, granola bar, lotion, THIS --- THAT, etc. --- but it's the two phones we need to focus on right now --- the IPHONE and the BLACKBERRY. The blackberry, she knows, has no juice, but the iPhone does --- at least it should --- Although, she can't recall whether she recharged it last night or not. She'd purchased it the day before and used it, learning all about it, but doesn't remember ever recharging it. In fact, she CAN'T RECALL whether she EVER RECHARGED ANY OF HER PHONES AT ALL.

She picks it up and ---

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

(dialing)

Got to give the old ball-breaker a call. See what he's up to, *as if I don't know. He's running his game up on anything with a nice ass. Oh well. Oh, no, no signal. Just my luck.*

(MORE)

Jessica spins the wheel towards the nearest exit-ramp. She's thinking she might be able to get a signal on a side-street.

She heads for the nearest SIDE-STREET to get a BETTER SIGNAL, or any signal at all. Checking her phones, the night before, should've been one of her main priorities --- but apparently wasn't. That just wasn't at the top of her list of priorities. And while she is tech savvy she's not without flaws. Too late for that now.

She looks at the blank screen. The latest attempt to make a call used up the remaining juice ---

Battery's DEAD, Jessica!

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Damn, dead battery!

Jessica reaches in her bag of things, pulls out her cell phone charger, and plugs it into the cell phone and then the cigarette lighter.

The phone's screen announces it finally has the delicious juice of DC powered battery life!

Jessica, a long-time driver, allows herself a moment of satisfaction. She REACHES for the cupholder and takes a drink from her cup of ice-water. She takes a bite of a sandwich she got at the convenience store. She quickly checks herself in the mirror --- she looks fine. She checks to see who's following her --- NOBODY. Absolutely NOBODY.

The sandwich tastes good. The water is cold and refreshing, and maybe, to top it all off --- she loves to top it off --- she'll have a health-bar. Who's ever going to watch her figure? --- well --- unimportant.

What's important is she feels good. And she does.

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE FLIPPING HER BANGS AND FEELING GOOD.

UNFORTUNATELY,

Jessica barely notices the intersection coming up fast! *And it is coming up fast!*

FOCUS ON THE INTERSECTION COMING UP FAST!

We RUSH down the intersection and zoom in on the TANKER and driver within.

**EXT. TANKER TRUCK - DAY - SAME TIME**

(MORE)

FOCUS ON THE TANKER TRUCK AND DRIVER SWILLING ONE OF HIS BEERS AND CHOMPING DOWN ON TAKE-OUT. HE'S KILLING IT.

While Jessica is recharging her phone a tanker truck is on its way to the same intersection that Jessica is. And, yes, he's that close.

The driver is a fortyish slob of mixed Caucasian descent, overweight, over worked and under-paid. His head and facial hair are neatly groomed. The beers he had been swilling aren't doing anything to improve his current condition. He's been partying too hard and too much for a long time --- A VICTIM OF TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING, AND HE IS ABOUT TO PAY FOR IT!

The name on his brown shirt announces to the world that he's JEFF. The other side of his shirt announces the company he works for: Z-ENERGY (with "Energizing the World" beneath it).

This is a man who has spent his whole life taking very little care of himself. His health has always mattered too little to him, and in a moment won't matter at all.

For Jeff, this is *THE END*.

---

**EXT./INT. JESSICA SIMONE - TOYOTA PRIUS - SAME TIME - CONTINUOUS**

The cell phone is charging up, but vigilance is down!

PAY ATTENTION, JESSICA!

TOO LATE!

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

Jessica barely has time to react.

**INT./EXT. P.O.V. - TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

(MORE)

Jessica's heart is pounding the walls of her chest one beat per eternity ---- AT LEAST THAT'S THE WAY IT SEEMS TO HER. To Jessica, that tanker is so HUGE it *swallows her entire eye-view, frame after frame.*

*The tanker truck collides with the Prius in a dance of death.* To Jessica it looks CRAZY, ALMOST LIKE THE TANKER IS ATTEMPTING TO MOUNT HER CAR FOR A QUICKIE.

Jessica BELLOWS a LAUGH --- she's DEFINITELY INSANE!

There's no winner or loser in this arena, ONLY ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION!

The impact LAUCHES Jessica into the BACK SEAT of THE TOYOTA!

The tanker rolls over the front of the car FLATTENING it like a pancake --- the Prius is, of course, no match for the tanker! There's nothing to debate here --- The Prius might as well have been made from papier Mache!

**INT./EXT. TANKER TRUCK - TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS  
ACTION**

The tanker pushes/drags the Prius towards the guardrails. It looks like a huge silver bear pouncing on a small red-colored rabbit.

**EXT. TANKER TRUCK - TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Both Tanker and Prius come to rest against the guardrails, somewhat near the bridge she had just left. *In a matter of seconds, it's over.*

**EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - DAY**

(MORE)

Cameras mounted at the intersection caught the accident and soon the Paramedic, *Police* and *Fire Department Emergency Accident Response* teams are on their way.

The sound of sirens grows louder.

The Fire Truck is the first to arrive, and soon the rest follow.

Since the accident occurred in a business district, people from all around the area wander out of the surrounding buildings to view it. Traffic is redirected away from the area.

The Police go through the babbling crowd of onlookers to find witnesses. There are few.

The TANKER TRUCK is LEAKING a TOXIC SUBSTANCE yet to be determined. Onlookers are immediately evacuated from the area. A warning goes out to people, in the surrounding area and in buildings, to evacuate. The Emergency Response Team is warned to wear Gas Masks and they put them on immediately.

A cleaning and containment crew is called in from Z-ENERGY to handle it. There will be an investigation, no doubt.

The cleanup crew from Z-ENERGY INC. arrives with their equipment in a company vehicle and goes to work spraying a disinfecting foam on the leak and vacuuming it up and changing the seals.

News crews arrive to get a story to report. The public have got to know, they say. They are warned away from the area.

It takes a **heavy-duty tow truck** to lift the **tanker** off the smashed **Prius** and tow it to the side. The police reach in and drag the now dead body of the driver out of the cab of the tanker just in time for the coroner to arrive. As soon as the body is zipped up in a body-bag and put in the transport they take off --- quick and easy.

**EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

FOCUS ON: PARAMEDICS AND POLICE SMASH THE BACK WINDOW OF THE FLATTENED TOYOTA PRIUS AND REACH IN.

Jessica is pulled carefully from the backseat of the Toyota and put on a stretcher. She's coughing HER GUTS UP and is given oxygen immediately.

(MORE)

Jessica is the type that can't stand being handled at all. She's not used to it but doesn't have the strength to make it out on her own or do what she really would like to do: *tell them to FUCK OFF*. Right now, she's mad enough to shit giant sticks of dynamite out of her ass and blow them ALL to HELL!

The very thought of that makes her smile.

JESSICA SIMONE'S CRAZIER THAN A RAT IN A SEA OF CHEESE.

The Paramedics look at her grinning and shake their heads.

THAT'S BECAUSE --- Jessica WAS STUNNED BY THE ACCIDENT. Her vision is blurred, topped off by a planet-sized headache.

All she can see are **blurred shapes and colors** while her head spins --- blurred shapes and colors swirl around her head like a painting by GAUGUIN.

That's got to be worth SOMETHING, she thinks.

Jessica laughs. Her mind's gone --- *ALL GONE*.

She can hear the crowd-babble and hates it.

SO, LET'S ---

#### **ENTER JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

Her vision clears a little. What she sees, she doesn't like. The colors aren't normal! She has no idea what to make of them. She can see that the sun is yellow, the sky is blue, the POLICE VEHICLES are white, the trees are green, and the paramedic has just turned into: *The human torch!* That does NOT make any sense at all. People don't normally do that. Could she be THAT CRAZY ---? NO! --- seriously NO!

But, **wait!** The *flames* start to *spread* to the other *paramedic*, then to other people as well. She suspects the whole world is next. JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY IS BURNING NOW! She concludes she's not **crazy**. EVERYONE **ELSE** IS. Whew! What a relief! With reservation, she SIGHS.

#### **JESSICA SIMONE**

(breathing deep)

Well, the FIREMEN are here now.  
They'll put it out.

(she bellows a sudden

burst of laughter)

God, I feel sick---Stand back,  
everybody, I'm going to throw  
one mean projectile.

(MORE)

*It doesn't come but feels like it should. She feels she's been betrayed. Projectiles aren't reliable these days.*

They STRAP HER DOWN to prepare her for TRANSPORT.

The Paramedic reaches for her and his hands look like giant flaming claws --- now, THAT'S WEIRD.

He examines one eye, then the other, and she feels the scream of the century coming up, but her mouth won't cooperate. No problem ---

She'll save it and do it later.

Do people do that? REMEMBER JESSICA SIMONE IS INSANE.

Jessica laughs and ---

--- Passes out.

So, we

**EXIT JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

The Paramedics put Jessica in the ambulance and take off.

CUT TO:

**EXT./INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica is wheeled on a stretcher into the Emergency Room and is immediately pounced on by an accident trauma team.

Jessica awakes!

Still not a hundred percent sane, she tries to push them all away, but her arms won't work with her.

People are moving ALL around her in a rush. They take her blood pressure, blood samples, strip off her clothes and she let them know, UNDER NO CERTAIN TERMS to ---

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Fuck off!

But they figure she's just groggy and delirious.

**DOCTOR**

She's in a state of delirium.  
Give her the shot.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Son-of-a-BITCH! --- Get your  
HANDS OFF! Get them off!

But the shot they gave her takes over and her head aches no more.

**INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Jessica's examination is DONE. It is determined that her injuries are minor, and she is just suffering from a trauma. She's put on a bed by nurses and taken out of the emergency room.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica is awake but very relaxed and calm. She reaffirms her loathing for needles.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I hate needles!

Jessica is being transported on a bed down the hall by two nurses. They wheel her expertly through the hospital traffic --- nurses, doctors, nurse's aides, people visiting, Police, patients walking or in wheel-chairs, and on crutches entering and exiting rooms --- to the elevator.

Hospitals are busy places --- *busy-busy-busy*.

---

**ENTER JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica looks up. The FIRST THING SHE SEES IS: THE UNDER-CHIN OF ONE OF THE NURSES. There's a hair under there and she's itching to reach under there and rip it out, but her arms --- (the brain) can't move her arms!

Damn you (the brain), can't you move her arms?!

Jessica tries her fingers --- they moved! Well, that answers THAT question.

One of the nurses, *the one with the hair under the chin*, bends over her and whispers in her ear:

**NURSE**

(whispering, close)

*We are The Kind---we cannot be stopped!*

Jessica passes out again ---

So, we ---

**EXIT JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

(MORE)



Jessica dreams, swirling shapes and colors mix with familiar faces. Sleep is not always the peace it portends to be.

TICK. TICK.

TICK. TICK. TICK.

HOW much time passes she has no idea. Unfortunately, the world of her mindscape doesn't keep track of time.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

She dreams of hellfire and damnation --- images of a world on fire --- people, buildings, EVERYTHING! There's no redemption, no reprieve, no forgiveness --- all of it goes out the window. She, herself, sits on top of it all, high up on a mountain of madness, waving her hands in judgement of the world at large as if she, and no one else, ushers in the final day of doom. It's all up to her now ---

Jessica awakes in a hospital room. The room is an antiseptic cleanliness, and smells of that hospital stink that she can't stand. She vaguely remembers working in one years ago but didn't like it. The room is littered with machines, but she isn't hooked up to any of them.

That's good.

Someone's coming! Jessica shuts her eyes.

FOCUS ON

A middle-aged big black nurse enters her room. Jessica's eyes pop open!

The nurse runs out of the room.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Bitch!

Jessica chuckles. She did that on purpose.

The TV mounted on the wall is turned off. She's alone in the room, and all is quiet, and the conditions are set.

So, it's time to ---

**ENTER JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

(MORE)

She can move her arms freely. She's not be injured, or they didn't have a reason to strap her down like the paramedics did before. That's good.

She looks around for a remote but can't find any.

Since this is JESSICA SIMONE VISION the TV turns on without any intervention from her or anyone.

On the big screen the accident plays out as it happened, the only difference being she burns in hellfire with the tanker truck rolling over her repeatedly and the driver, looking, remarkably like a DEADER-ZOMBI and swilling one mean oversized brewski, keeps telling her he's going to save her but does nothing.

Then the TV turns off by itself.

**EXIT JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

Moments later a doctor and a young nurse enters her room along with the one that just left. That *bitch*, the heavy nurse, is hiding something, *Jessica is SURE of it.*

The doctor is pink-white, medium build and height, with dark brown barbered hair and neatly trimmed facial hair. A name-tag tells the world he is DOCTOR KINDER.

The young blond nurse is short, a little on the tanned side, with her long blond hair braided in back, with a hat on top, and she's very cute like a bubble. Her name-tag says her name is JUNE.

The heavy nurse's name-tag says her name's RUBY.

All of them are smiling.

YOU KNOW, OF COURSE (I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO TELL YOU), IT'S TIME TO ---

**ENTER JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

(MORE)

They look like..... freaks --- yeah FREAKS!

And since this is JESSICA VISION, they REALLY look like FREAKS.

That's worse.

Why, you ask? They don't look right --- Their features are all wrong. The shape of their eyes and noses and mouths and ears --- **yes EARS** --- hair and the hands --- **OH YEAH, THE HANDS** --- and the **NAILS** on those **HANDS** and their heads --- OH MY GOD --- **THEIR HEADS, ALL WRONG! F-R-R-R-E-E-E-A-A-A-K-K-K-S-S-S** (Jessica is thinking).

It's a freak show.

To make matters worse, Jessica can't determine if she's communicating with them or not. *IS she OR ISN'T she?*

They appear to be asking her a series of questions --- questions like: How do you feel? Do you feel any pain? And she FEELS like answering them this way: No, I don't, or I'll let you know if HELL FREEZES OVER. It's a CREEPSHOW --- and, for the life of her, she can't determine if she *answers* them or *not*. Does that really matter? --- Does that make any sense? HELL FREEZING OVER *makes more sense*.

The entire conversation sounds like muffled babble.

However, they seem satisfied with the result, and that makes no sense at all.

Two more doctors, another aide and a nurse enter the room and *suddenly ignite*.

Jessica WARNS them, at least she THINKS SHE DOES --- AND, AS A MATTER OF FACT, she's SURE of it --- Jessica (Pointing at them): Damn! Turn around and look --- but the young nurse just looks at her, then looks at the doctors and they all smile.

The young nurse reaches for her and her hands become huge obscene claws and her face distorts.

JESSICA SIMONE SCREAMS, AT LEAST SHE THINKS SHE DOES. And as a matter of fact, she can FEEL that she is --- ABSO-FUCKING-LUTELY --- but the young nurse just smiles and adjusts her pillows.

Very, VERY CREEPY ---

One of the new doctors, tall and slim, touches Doctor Kinder on the shoulder and he ignites like The Human Torch!

(SHE'S THINKING) DOES SUE STORM KNOW ABOUT THIS?

You ARE crazy, Jessica! But, IS IT YOUR FAULT?

There's a scream building up in her that's so HUGE she could blow a hole through the roof if she could just get it out!

(MORE)

The doctors just smile.

The first doctor signals to the first nurse.

The first nurse, THAT BITCH, gives her a shot, out of view, and she passes out again!

So, we ---

**EXIT JESSICA SIMONE VISION**

CUT TO

**EXT. CITY - RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY**

This is one of the city's many residential areas.

Whatever you want to call it should be appropriate.

All you can really say about it is it's typical.

**EXT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Looking through the window of her second-floor apartment ---

WE SEE:

Jessica Simone --- WHERE is she?

On the bed and under the covers on her side facing us ---

Jessica awakes to the sound of the phone ringing. She decides to ignore it. After a few rings it stops.

It rings again and stops again.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

We fly through the window and enter the bedroom.

Already awake, Jessica gets up. She yawns and stretches and yawns herself *fully* awake. She throws on a big white shirt and leaves the bedroom. Panties and shirt is all she has on.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica showers. The glass door is covered in steam, but we can see her scrubbing herself aggressively --- arms, shoulder, legs, body, under and over.

She finishes her shower and wraps herself in a big white towel. She strolls over to the mirror, the mist of sleep washed away down the drain, she feels alive, humming and brushing her long hair with her fingers.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM MIRROR - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

After the shower and wrapped in a towel, Jessica is standing in front of the mirror combing back her long brown hair and checking herself, and feeling refreshed, she's satisfied with the result --- *HEY!*

WHAT is happening to the mirror!?

The background of the mirror slowly goes dark and shadowy like a theater. She looks around at the walls, ceiling, flooring and window in the room --- NO, it *just* the background of the mirror that's going dark. And ---

WAIT --- what is that?

IS somebody standing in the shadows behind her!? She only catches a glimpse, but --- that's more than enough!

Jessica *jumps!*

JESSICA SIMONE

Oh my god! Who the FUCK is that?

She whirls around only to see:

NOBODY!

When she turns back around and looks in the mirror, it looks *normal*.

Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Girl, you're getting old. Soon they're going to have to put you in an old folk's home. *Better stop seeing things.*

Jessica checks for wrinkles and grays in the mirror ---

ULTRA SHOCK!

The *phone rings so loud* she's startled and holds her head and covers her ears against the pain.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Make it stop! God please make it stop!

As if on divine command the ringing stops suddenly.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

I'm going to HAVE to do something about the phones.

(MORE)

Jessica is startled again by the phone ringing, but this time it sounds normal.

She lets it ring.

She has voicemail and waits for it to kick in. Early morning can make you not care sometimes.

The phone continues to ring.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

I'm going to *HAVE* to do something about those phones.

The phone continues to ring.

Jessica exits the bathroom.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jessica answers the phone.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Hello, Jessica speaking.

The voice on the other end is unfamiliar --- male.

**PHONE MALE (V.O.)**

(emotionless,  
monotoned)

Hello, Jessica. You don't know me, but I have a message from CONTROL.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Who is this? What do you want? What *message*? What CONTROL?

**PHONE MALE (V.O.)**

Hello, Jessica. You don't know me, but I have a message from control.

The message is this: We are THE KIND and WE CANNOT BE STOPPED.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What the fuck are you talking about?

Who and what the FUCK is CONTROL?

Who is this ---?

(MORE)

SUDDENLY,

Jessica's head spins.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - LATER**

Jessica awakes in bed to the phone ringing again, and when she reaches for it --- it stops ---

She figures it's because she has no idea how long it had been ringing while she was asleep.

DÉJÀ VU?

Don't think so.

Somehow, she figures, after that last call, she must've made her way to the bed and fell on it. She looks at the time. A couple of hours have passed.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Good girl, great reflexes. Made it all the way to the bed ---

The phone rings again.

Jessica sits up on the side of the bed and stares at the phone.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Now, *this* is ridiculous.

The phone keeps ringing and ringing.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

(bored)

Gimme a break --- please, just give me a break.

(throws her head back)

Please, god, just one more break. That's all I ask.

She looks at the phones ID display. UNKNOWN.

The phone stops ringing again.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER**

Jessica loves the smell of bacon and sausage. This time she wants both. She chomps on the bacon while the sausage cooks. She might as well take the fat from the bacon and apply it directly to her thighs. That's where it is going anyway. She smiles to herself. Later, she'll go for a run.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Oh well, do or die.

(MORE)

She slaps her naked and shapely fair-skinned thigh.

She's wearing pink panties and a man's shirt, white, and no shoes.

The breakfast is good with some orange juice and a couple of scrambles and hash browns, and she washes everything in the sink --- she hates to leave anything dirty.

Soon as she finishes the phone rings again!

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

You got to be kidding. This time I'm well-fed and ready.

Jessica reaches for the phone on her counter and answers it.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Hello. Jessica speaking ---

**CONTROL (V.O.)**

(group voice,  
emotionless)  
Hello, Jessica, this is CONTROL.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(face scrunched)  
What?

**CONTROL (V.O)**

(group voice,  
emotionless)  
This is CONTROL.

We have a message from CENTRAL.  
This is the message:

We are the kind! We CANNOT BE STOPPED! We come from an ALTERNATE REALITY where we exist as BODILESS ENTITIES. A CATAclysm DESTROYED OUR WORLD AND OPENED A WORMHOLE TO THIS ONE. We felt the warmth. We LIKED the warmth and CAME THROUGH IT. This is our NEW HOME. WE are here to STAY. YOU will be CONJOINED with us. You WILL become ONE OF US. You cannot RESIST US. WE are THE KIND. We CANNOT BE STOPPED!

(MORE)



The control-voice CONTROLS HER --- she's helpless.

Because she's MIND-CONTROLLED --- ALL her self-control is GONE --- she can't put the phone DOWN until the CONTROL VOICE RELEASES HER.

Her head spins AGAIN WORSE THAN BEFORE and THE WHOLE WORLD GOES AWAY.

Jessica dreams. THE SHAPES, COLORS, AGAIN, make NO SENSE.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

When Jessica awakes this time, she is BACK in her bed, but the phone isn't ringing. Again, she has no idea how she made it to her bed. She looks herself over. She is still wearing the shirt, panties and no shoes.

She looks at the clock. It's 7 a.m.

She's slept a whole day. Where did the time go?

She runs to the bathroom with a full bladder. She's there for a while.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

When she finally finishes --- she had to flush the toilet more than once --- she takes aspirin with a glass of water -- That makes her feel better. She checks the mirror. The mirror's normal. She checks again just to make sure --- she's taking no chances.

Since she's slept a whole day, she quickly washes herself up. She moisturizes herself --- legs, arms, body --- after all, dry skin and goodbye skin.

Jessica opens the window and takes a deep breath of fresh air, listens to the usual sounds of the neighborhood --- arguments, yelling, cars, buses, all manners of chatter and much ado --- and leaves the bathroom ---

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

(MORE)

Jessica enters the living room.

She stares at the phone expecting it to start that damnable ringing again. Nothing ---

GOOD.

She turns on the TV, but it's acting strange, and she can't get a picture or sound, so she turns it off. What's wrong with the TV?

She sits on the couch to read a magazine, but they're all blurry blotches of crazy colors. What's wrong with this place?

She's had enough.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(stopping to think)  
Something is missing. In weirdo-land something is always missing. This place is weird enough, but---.

The phone rings.

There's a cellphone on the end-table, and Jessica just stares at it. She doesn't remember that one ever having been there before.

STRANGE.

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE'S HAND GRABBING THE PHONE FROM THE END-TABLE.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

That's what missing. Now weirdo-land is complete ---.

Jessica hesitates to answer.

But the "Let's see what happens this time" attitude takes over and she stands up and answers.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Hello.

This time it's the voice of someone familiar.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

Hello, Jessica, how are you doing?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hi, MAY-LONG CHAING, boy, am I glad you called.

(MORE)

We don't see MAY-LONG CHAING. We just hear her voice on the phone.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Well, alright, what's wrong, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Girl---let me tell you something. I've been getting the weirdest calls lately. Some guy with a strange voice called yesterday and told me he had a message from CONTROL. Then he said something like, and I quote: "We are the kind. We cannot be stopped". Then some other nut with an even weirder voice called and said the same thing, but it was a longer speech. That one sounded like a group of people or over-dubbing or something. After that I don't know what happened. Somehow, I wound up in my bed. I just woke up this morning. I slept a whole day after that last call and had to run to the bathroom. I'd never done that before, ever. Now is that weird or what?

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Well, you're right, that is weird. Maybe it was a prank call. It could've been from FRED JOHNSON.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Fred Johnson? If he ever does that to me, I'll kill him, and he knows it. No, May, it couldn't have been him.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

You don't think it could've been from somebody you know? Maybe it was somebody who has a thing for you.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long Chiang, if it was from some secret admirer, somebody who has a thing for me, as far as I'm concerned you can have THE THING.

(MORE)

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

I'll take him.

We hear heavy breathing and a fake orgasm on the phone ---

JESSICA SIMONE

May-Long, you are a nasty girl!

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Oh baby, come to momma. Give it to me, baby!

JESSICA SIMONE

(chuckling)

Slick Rick you're not. Girl, you just plain ought to quit.

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Come on, Jessica. There's nothing wrong with lust. You should try it sometime---relaxes the nerves, makes you a *whole woman*.

Lay back spread the legs wide and hold on tight.

JESSICA SIMONE

I'm all the woman I want to be, May-Long---WHOLE OR NOT.

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Jessica, the one thing you need to do more than anything---take a NASTY turn now and then---you REALLY should. And do I hear SCRATCHING? Are you SCRATCHING? Get your HANDS out of YOUR PUSSY---YOU NASTY BITCH!

Do yourself a favor and put some FERTILIZER DOWN THERE and grow something REALLY USEFUL. What! Are you LICKING YOUR FINGERS? ARE YOU LICKING YOUR FINGERS? Yuck! You nasty, NASTY BITCH!

JESSICA SIMONE

May---Let me tell you something, there's nobody in this universe nastier than you---and I do mean Nobody.

Girl, if there was an

(MORE)

apocalypse, you could RESTART CIVILIZATION WITH THE WORK YOU DO IN YOUR PUSSY. The work you do in your pussy---should be declared SKILLED LABOR!

(chuckles)

We hear screaming laughter on the phone.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Seriously, Jessica, something must be done about your memory. I've been calling you for days, now.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

For days, May? Well, whatever I need to do, I'll do it later. May-Long, I got to go.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica, wait, don't hang up, we need to talk.

I know you were released from Central South at least a few weeks ago, and I've been calling every day since, and this is the first time I've had the chance to speak to you.

Jessica, please! Let me help you!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Central South, May? Are you out of your mind? I've never been to Central South. That's the nuthouse.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica, what have they done to you? Poor, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, I am fine. I'm alright---I'm just a little confused, that's all. Well---

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica, please---don't hang up! I've GOT to talk to you---I have to ask you something very important!

(MORE)

You were in that Mid-City Hospital Mental ward for a couple of weeks before they sent you to CENTRAL SOUTH. You were sent there because you escaped from Mid-City and ran to the police claiming you were seeing ALIENS---(A BEAT) ---IN THAT HOSPITAL. But they took you back to that hospital. That's when they transferred you to CENTRAL SOUTH. *That's where they kept you for at least a YEAR!*

A BEAT!

Jessica is stunned and sits down hard.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

MAY-LONG CHAING, what are you saying? Are you trying to scare me? You, of all people, should know I don't scare.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica, baby, I'm not trying to scare you. You know I would never do that.

While you were at Central South I tried everything to visit you, but they wouldn't let me. They had complete control over you and would only allow immediate family for visits.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, good luck with that --- I don't HAVE any immediate family.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

That's what so weird. I'm the closest thing you have to a family, and I told them that, but they wouldn't listen. I even tried to get a lawyer to help me, but they couldn't do anything.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, May, that was a very interesting story, but, I don't know anything about being sent to Central South Hospital or Aliens, so ---

(MORE)

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Jessica, wait, I can prove it  
to you ---

JESSICA SIMONE

How?

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Jessica, what's the last thing  
you recall clearly? Come on,  
now, think. What's the last  
thing you recall before your  
accident?

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, I don't know what that's  
going to prove, but alright.

Let's see, that day I took my  
boyfriend to the airport, and I  
didn't have to go to work  
because it was my day off. On  
my way home ---

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

That's good, Jessica, very,  
very good. Now, stay with me, I  
am going to prove it to you.  
Just don't leave me now, OK?

You remember taking your  
boyfriend the airport and you  
were on your way home, then you  
had your accident.

Now, do you remember what  
happened the day before?  
Jessica, what happened the day  
before?

JESSICA SIMONE

OK, let's see.

It was...the fourth of July,  
and you had a barbecue at your  
house, and there was a bunch  
folks --- including FRED  
JOHNSON --- I CANNOT STAND HIM.  
Anyway, during the party, he  
comes up to me and starts  
trying to pull his usual  
bullshit, and, OH SHIT! OH MY  
GOD!

May-Long, I burned down your  
house! I BURNED DOWN YOUR

(MORE)

HOUSE!

May-Long, I'm so sorry, it was that Fred.

We were in the kitchen---He tried to rub up against me like he usually does, and while he was lighting a joint, I hit his hand and the match flew near a gas line that had just started leaking and burned your house down!

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica! Jessica, it's alright, it's OK.

The house was insured, and truth to tell, I always hated that house. I only kept it out of respect for my parents, but I couldn't stand that house.

The insurance company paid up and I got a new apartment. So there, I'm done. Hell, I made out like a bandit on that deal.

I'm not ready for another house yet, though. I'm waiting for the right time.

Now, this is what I want you to do. I want you to remember the year it happened. Do you remember the year?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, yeah, but ---

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Hang in there, Jessica --- Stay with me.

Do you have a calendar anywhere? Before you tell me the year, look at the calendar.

(MORE)



Jessica looks at the calendar on a nearby wall --- had it always been there? The calendar looks kind of blurry and she rubs her eyes and looks but it still looks the same. She walks up to it to get a closer look at ---

THE YEAR!

A BEAT!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(staring at the  
calendar)

Oh my god! The calendar---that can't be right---No! This got to be a trick? What is going on here? Somebody put the wrong calendar in my room. I couldn't have done that, could I?

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Do you see, Jessica? Am I wrong? Jessica? Did you see the date? Jessica, talk to me, come on girl. What do you have to say? Come on, sister-girl, hang in there with me, I'm only trying to help you. *Please don't hang up on me now.*

Jessica is stunned by the revelation. She backs away from the calendar, staring at it. (A BEAT)

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(stunned)

May-Long, you are right---right---I---I---I'm---I'm so sorry---I've got to go, bye.

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica---don't hang up---we got to talk! Don't be foolish. I just want you to remember, that's all. We need to talk about this, OK? Talk to me---?

Jessica hangs up.

She is lost in deep-thought-land now.

How could this happen to her? What could she have done that was so wrong?

Was the accident wrong? Of course, it was, who could miss that.

THINKING, THINKING, THINKING --- LOST IN THOUGHT, LOST IN THOUGHT, LOST IN THOUGHT.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER**  
(MORE)

Jessica awakes.

This time she is on the couch.

She gets up and goes to the window TO LOOK out. Nothing out there looks familiar now. Everything keeps changing. Somebody nondescript walking on the sidewalk in front suddenly jumps from the right-side to the left-side about 50 feet up the street to the crest of the hill, and a car that was parked on the far side of the street is suddenly turning the corner down the block, making a left into the next block.

Don't BLINK, Jessica.

Suddenly its night --- then day ---

Jessica looks at the clock. It's 10 o'clock --- no --- 10:30! She gives up. The whole world is crazy, and she's GOT to get out of there.

She heads for the door ---

The phone rings.

Who is it this time?

Jessica picks up the cellphone. It's different from the last time.

She's not too quick to answer it this time and PUTS IT DOWN, determined to leave that place.

She opens the door and enters the hall leading to the front stairway ---

No yet, Jessica!

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Jessica wakes up again.

This time she is in bed, again, and the PHONE IS RINGING!

This has got to end, Jessica thinks.

She sits up and answers the phone.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hello, Jessica speaking. May, is that you?

The voice is familiar, but one she hadn't heard in a long time.

**FAMILIAR VOICE (V.O.)**

Hello, Jessica, this is your mother. How are you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

YOU! MOTHER! How did you get this number? Now, you ---are

(MORE)

the last person I would EVER  
want to talk to.

**MOTHER (V.O.)**

Jessica, I'm your mother, and I  
just want to talk to you is  
all. How are you? I heard you  
were released from the  
hospital. I just want to know  
how you are doing. *Is that  
alright?*

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You are the last person I'd  
ever want to talk to! And, just  
to clear things up, you were my  
FOSTER MOTHER, and not a *good*  
*one*. My real parents are dead  
and buried. Will you, please,  
do me a favor and just leave me  
the hell alone, you and that  
pervert husband of yours?

**MOTHER (V.O.)**

At last, he's gone. I don't  
know what to do, and I'm so  
lonely. He's been gone for a  
long time. I'm worried. I'm not  
doing too well myself. Jessica,  
please don't be cruel. He's  
just a man and men always do  
things that we don't  
understand. I'm not saying he  
wasn't a bad man. He just  
needed to be understood and I  
just wasn't capable.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What do you want ME to do? If  
he died and I knew where he was  
buried I would dance on his  
grave! You did nothing when  
that fucking pervert tried to  
grope me! If I could reach  
through this phone and strangle  
you I would! Don't call me  
again! LEAVE-ME-A-LONE,  
FOREVER!

**MOTHER (V.O.)**

Alright, Jessica, dear --- But,  
wait, I have one more thing to  
say --- just one.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Alright, say it and get off my  
phone, for good!

(MORE)

MOTHER (V.O.)

I have a message from CONTROL.  
The message is this: We are THE  
KIND. We cannot be stopped!  
Wake up, Jessica, WAKE UP!

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

The echo of that dream voice shoots down a hollow hall ---  
Jessica is finally awake.

This time it's *real*. How can she tell? *Everything is crystal clear*. The whole room is crystal clear --- full-color HD reality.

Jessica, feeling the yawn and stretch of the century coming on, gives herself to it body and soul. Her perfect breasts pop out from the covers. She peeks under --- yep, nothing on.

Well, if nothing else, she did get a good rest --- she's extremely well rested.

She can feel something stir beside her. She doesn't even WANT to know. She peeks and catches the glimpse of something large under the covers beside her.

Carefully scooting herself out of the bed, she looks for something to put on. There's a shirt on the floor, a man's shirt. She puts it on. It's her shirt. Why does she know that?

Jessica leaves the bedroom.

**INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

Jessica enters the hallway and heads straight to the bathroom and closes the door.

**INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - BATHROOM - DAY**

(MORE)

Jessica showers, this time for real.

After the shower and wrapped in a towel she checks the mirror. The mirror doesn't go dark and no one is behind her in the shadows. That was just a dream, had to be.

GOOD.

She listens for the phone. The phones are not ringing.

EVEN BETTER, JESSICA SIMONE.

Checking her hair, she thought she saw a gray one, but was mistaking. She checks her general appearance --- Perfect. In the full-length mirror? OK. Enough of that.

Ditching the towel, Jessica puts the shirt back on and exits the bathroom.

**INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY**

Jessica walks past the hallway closet and bedroom, grabs a pair of house-shoes, and heads for the steps. She passes a mirror and an assortment of pictures on the wall. She wonders who they are. One is of an elderly lady --- she assumes that's (must be) the mother. The others are, she guesses, assorted family members and friends. She passes a picture of an elderly man. That must be the father.

**INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - STAIRWAY - DAY**

Jessica heads down the STEPS to the first floor and passes into the Living Room.

**INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The Living Room looks ultra-modern with new furniture, big entertainment center, and pictures and décor all over. It looks like a black-leather bachelor man-cave.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(chuckling)

Impress your girlfriend and  
fuck her till she's wet. MAYBE  
on the carpet --- Definitely,  
not on the table. No way.

(MORE)

CUTE ---

There's an unlit fireplace and mantle with pictures. Jessica browses through the collection of pictures --- uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces and cousins, but so far, she's seen only one picture of her. There's a picture of a little girl, but no updated ones. A mystery presents itself. She wonders what could have happened to the little girl.

Jessica's foot kicks something on the floor. It's her clothes, all red --- dress, shoes and underwear. She picks them up and puts them on the chair. She had to have had a good time last night, whatever she did she must have done a good job --- OK. Has she been doing things in her sleep? Another mystery: Life lived in the dark, or a double life, perhaps? Jessica looks for more evidence of her life there in that house, checking the drawers and hall closets. Nothing she can find tells her anything.

There are plenty of pictures of male twins. One of the pictures is signed "To J, from P". She wonders which one is upstairs? What's the extent of what she's forgotten? Should she ask him? Something tells her that would make no difference. Jessica has had enough and moves on to the Dining Room.

The Dining Room, like the Living Room is ultra-modern, ultra-cool, and ultra-smart, stylishly furnished, an old-fashioned grandfather clock over there in the corner, and another picture of her on the table along with others, including one that must be the (young) Patriarch and including some she has no idea who they are, designed to impress --- she's impressed --- move on.

**INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - KITCHEN - DAY**

(MORE)

Jessica enters the kitchen. It's VERY impressive.

Like everything else, it's newly redone. She opens the refrigerator full of food and feels hungry. There's some sliced cheese and she grabs a piece and grabs a glass from the cabinet and fills it with ice-water from the double-sized refrigerator. That tasted good, but, that just made her hungrier than ever.

Jessica scans the refrigerator for breakfast food. There's plenty of ham, sausage, biscuits, bacon, orange juice and everything you would need for a healthy first meal of the day. She puts bread in the toaster, and pop tarts she found in the cabinets. Dishes are plenty, and pots and pans are just as plentiful, and, as well, glasses for orange juice and milk. She looks around for utensils and there are all you need. She prepares all of it on the induction range and biscuits in the oven. She's got to admit she can set a mean table when she wants to.

Jessica can hear activity upstairs. HE is up and moving around. Then she hears the bathroom door close, and that means HE is in the shower.

She looks around for something to do in the meantime. There's an under-the-cabinet TV with a remote. She turns it on. The news is on.

There's a story on the news that's talking about people being found dead and standing at attention with their mouths open. The police are baffled --- that's not uncommon. But, it's just the news. A commercial comes on about makeup. That's boring. Jessica changes the channel to see if she can find a movie. There are plenty of movie channels. The whole house is wired for SATELITE TV. She finds an old movie --- *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*. She's just in time to see Clint Eastwood rescue Eli Wallach from a hanging. The arrangement is profitable but reaching its peak.

Jessica takes a bite of toast with butter and jam. Then she hears HIM coming down the steps. He hesitates for a moment and checks the headlines on the newspaper and the mail, then continues towards the kitchen.

She watches as HE enters the room, and she's impressed. HE is little taller than her and dreadlocked and wearing a robe. She wonders which one HE is --- J or P ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Good morning, babe---sit down  
and have some breakfast.

(MORE)

HE grunts but it sounds a lot like "Good morning".

OK, one step at a time.

HE changes the channel to the news, then, sits down at the table and starts saying a grace. Jessica follows. Then HE says "amen" and they start eating. Jessica discovers that she's hungrier than she thought and eats like a pig.

On the TV there's the latest breaking news interrupting the regular broadcast --- a female reporter on the scene.

FOCUS ON:

**ONSITE TV REPORTER**

We are here in WATSON COUNTY with the latest news about people being found standing in an open field with their mouths open, and they are dead --- like frozen CORPSES...

The camera pans over to where a group of about thirty people are standing in an open grassy field, paralyzed, frozen in time. Their mouths are open, and their eyes stare blankly, both men and women, all average looking.

**ONSITE TV REPORTER (O.S.)**

...as if time for them has suddenly stopped...Both, the county police and the F.B.I., are investigating this baffling mystery as this is not an isolated incident.

It's just the latest news.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, what do you think of that?

**HIM**

Think of what?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

The news --- about those people, what do you think?

**HIM**

I don't know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, don't you think what happened to those people is bizarre?

**HIM**

(MORE)



Yep.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why be so casual? I mean those poor people, who could've done something like that to them? And why?

**HIM**

The police or somebody will take care of it. I'm sure they will find out who did it.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You heard the woman reporter say it was not an isolated incident. Do you think something like that could happen to us?

**HIM**

Nope.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, why not?

**HIM**

Don't know, Jessica, I just don't think so.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You think that only happens to certain people and the rest of us don't have anything to worry about?

**HIM**

No. I don't think anything like that happens to just certain people. What happens just HAPPENS. If it happens to us we will just have to deal with it at that time. If I could stop anything like that from happening I would be the first in line to do just that, but the why's, where's, and how's are moot possible circumstances I don't have any control over. I don't know any more than you or the next person. The best we can hope to do is keep our eyes open. If you ever need me just call me, OK?

(MORE)

Jessica doesn't answer. He continues to feed.

MEN, Jessica thinks.

Breakfast done, Jessica clears the table while HE goes to the living room. So that's the reason she's not married. Now THAT she is sure of. She made that resolution a long time ago. Besides, Jessica looked at her fingers. She's not wearing a ring, and never will. No babies and no marriage.

Jessica washes the dishes, cleans the kitchen and decides to do some more exploring. She looks out of the kitchen window. The sun is bright, and the back yard is well manicured like something out of HOUSE AND GARDEN.

**EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY**

She steps out onto the back porch and inhales. The air is sweet. Rose bushes align the sides of the yard and hedges are right by the porch, and there's a barbecue pit all set up and ready anytime. Then there's the two-car garage, all very nice. This is the kind of life you really got to pay for.

**EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY**

There's an alley beyond the back fence, and Jessica walks out to get a look, but isn't blown away by it. On the other side of the alley, there's the neighbor's dogs barking, and that is joined by a chorus of other dogs barking, an air force jet flies over, somebody's having a heated conversation with someone else about their whore-daughter, but the dogs sound like they want something tasty and fresh and Jessica never liked dogs, so she leaves the back yard and goes back to the kitchen.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Back in the kitchen is a door that leads to the basement. Jessica opens that door.

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Jessica enters the basement that, like the rest of the house, is fixed up like a bachelor fuck-pad. Beds and couches and a pool table, even a bathroom, all designed to impress. She wonders how much time she spent down there. There is another picture of her on the wall, a recent one. Well, that answered that question. The background is that of the basement. Jessica looks in the drawer of a bureau and finds more pictures of her that she wouldn't want shown to her real mother, because they are nude. Bad girl!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Mother will never get to see these.

(MORE)

Over by the other wall is a computer server, brand new. She presses a key and the screen asks for a password. The website being displayed is [WWW.THEKIND.COM](http://WWW.THEKIND.COM). Jessica wonders what the password could be and moves on.

A last moment decision, Jessica takes the nude pictures and stuffs them in the shirt pocket and buttons it, so they don't fall out. She wonders if there are any on the computer. It features a sporty camera. She'll have to do something about that.

Jessica exits the basement.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jessica enters the kitchen again.

What else is there to explore?

Jessica passes through the kitchen and back into the dining room.

**INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Jessica can hear a baseball game on the TV in the living room. She can see HIM sitting on the couch watching the game, but he doesn't react to anything happening on the screen.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jessica enters the living room and sits next to HIM. HE ignores her, watching the baseball game.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What's the score? Who's winning?

No answer.

MEN, Jessica thinks.

**HIM**

Chicago and Baltimore, no score  
---

HE sits back with his hands behind his head.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Good game?

**HIM**

It's alright.

Well, that goes nowhere.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, I don't know anything about baseball or football.

(MORE)

HE points at the screen.

HIM

(a little annoyed)  
Jessica, what you do is look at the screen and they have the score and statistics right there and the commentators are always describing the action. All you really do, then, is listen to them and learn. I don't imagine there's anything confusing about it. But you've got to really be into sports. I know some women who are.

That's enough for Jessica. Without a word, Jessica gets up and leaves the room.

**INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY**

Jessica quickly gets dressed. She puts the clothes that she must have worn last night in her bag along with other items. She had found some other clothes in some of the drawers and closets, casual every day wear, evidence she has been there often. She takes as many as she can put in her bag. She'll have to get the rest another time. HE could have bought her some of them, she imagines.

Well, no matter, she's ready to go wherever the day takes her ---

HE appears at the door ---

HIM

Jessica, I need a favor. I need a ride to band practice. My ride called and said he can't make it.

Well, this is interesting. Let's see what happens.

JESSICA SIMONE

Alright, I'm ready to go.

**EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Jessica can't believe it. Parked in front of the house is a brand-new TOYOTA PRIUS!

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, that answers a few questions.

Jessica felt it wasn't a good idea to ask who bought it.

HIM

Hey, brother-man's the one with

(MORE)

the cash. He wanted you to be surprised, and it looks like it worked. Here are the keys.

He hands her the keys.

That question answered ---

Let's see what happens next.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Alright, let's go.

They get in the car.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Jessica takes off, not sure where she's going. HE should tell her, and he does.

**HIM**

We're practicing for a new gig that's going to get us some big bucks and maybe a record deal. Turn left here at the corner and three blocks over.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

All-righty. Good luck.

**HIM**

You know it.

After twenty minutes they arrive at the destination. It's a single flat brown house with a v-shaped roof and no porch.

HE exits the car, walks around and gives her a kiss. Hmm, so that's why she likes him so much, small wonder.

HE disappears into the house.

Jessica takes off.

**INT. STREET - CAR - DAY**

Jessica explores the streets, sure she'd get lost somewhere, but finds she's familiar with most of them.

She passes by a SUPERMARKET where she's sure she used to work. There are people in the parking lot, forty or more, standing at attention as if they are attending a ceremony. Jessica spins around the block to see what's going on.

Jessica is thinking out loud:

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, curiosity kills, Jessica.

(MORE)

There's a low rise hiding part of her view, so she drives around the next block to get a better look.

She slows down when she come close to the parking lot again.

There, in that parking lot, a group of people are starting to open their mouths and ---

The sudden blaring of horns from the traffic behind her startles her and she speeds up.

When she attempts another try the traffic is too heavy, so she gives up.

**INT. MAY-LONG CHAING'S APARTMENT - DAY**

JESSICA SIMONE and MAY-LONG CHAING watch what's on the TV, drinking soda and eating chips from a bowl. The news is on. The featured story is about people being found in that same Supermarket parking lot, all dead, and standing at attention with their mouths open.

We get a look at MAY-LONG CHAING for the first time. She is a little shorter than Jessica, and a beauty of Mixed Asian descent. She's wearing short-shorts and a blouse tied under her considerable breasts and her hair is black with square-cut bangs, the rest of it tied in a ponytail long enough to fall below her shoulders. She loves whipping it back. Her eyes are of a different color than most Mixed Asians indicative of mixed Eurasian hints.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, I'm sorry I hung up on you yesterday.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(grinning, confused)  
Jessica, have you *forgotten*?  
That was last week. Don't you remember---*This* week I went to visit my Uncle?

Jessica is thinking: Damn, last week! OK, play it off.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh, yeah, I must've forgotten. So, what do you think is happening to people?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Who, Jessica?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Those people they're talking about on the news.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(MORE)

I don't know. Tell me what you think.

**JESSICA**

I don't know. I'm not an investigator. I don't have a clue. I suppose whoever's in charge of the investigation will figure it out. I'd rather leave it to the pros.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Well then, what do you think is happening and what *should* be done?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Couldn't tell you in a million, May-Long, your guess is as good as mine.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

I don't have a guess.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(referring to the TV)  
Oh --- that's right --- that's right --- I just remembered something I saw today. I was out driving, and I drove past that supermarket where I used to work, and I saw those people in that same parking lot standing at attention and they started to open their mouths just like those other people they've been talking about on the news. I wonder if maybe there's a disease or epidemic going around causing people to do that.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Well, if there is, *they better find a cure for it soon.*

**JESSICA SIMONE**

*Yeah. You got that right, sister.*

They watch the news for a while, but neither one has any real interest in it, so they turn on a soap.

The phone rings and May-Long answers it.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(MORE)

Hello, May-Long speaking. Who's this?

There's no answer and May-Long hangs up.

**MAY-LONG (CONT'D)**

That was weird. I just heard a click. Oh well.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long --- how about ordering a pizza, or Chinese food?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(smiling)

I'm not Chinese. I don't cook or eat Chinese food. Let's order a pizza with everything! You got any money?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(grinning)

Every time my boyfriend gets paid!

They both chuckle.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Men, you got to love them. If they didn't have DICKS, they'd have no brains.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You eat too many brains May-Long.

May picks up an empty bottle and gives it a blow job.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Yuck! NASTY girl ---

May picks up the cellphone and orders the pizza.

When it arrives, Jessica pays for it with little money from May-Long. Both tackle the pizza and wash it down with juice and water.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, May, that hit the spot and added a few inches to my thighs.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

You and me both, Jessica, you're not alone, my friend. What we need to do right now is

(MORE)



*get out of here, so let's go shopping. Exercise, Jessica, exercise is what we need right now.*

JESSICA SIMONE

*Let's go.*

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The highway is sparsely populated with mixed traffic this time of day near noon. Jessica and May-Long are dressed in what they consider casual shopping gear. Short-cut tight jeans, shirt and tennis shoes on May-Long and Jessica make them look like two fun-girls out to play. Jessica has her hair in a single braid in back while May-Long's hair is pony-tailed and tied with a bow.

**INT. HIGHWAY - CAR - DAY**

May-Long checks the car's mirror and determines with a little touch-up she looks perfect.

Jessica's face scrunches up.

JESSICA SIMONE

*E-e-u-w-w, Yuck! Stop already.*

Jessica grabs May-Long around the shoulders and kisses her on the cheek.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

*But I love my little monster.  
(kiss, kiss on the left cheek).*

MAY-LONG CHAING

*(looking at Jessica,  
strangely)  
Jessica, you are a bitch.*

Jessica chuckles and lets her go.

JESSICA SIMONE

*Here we go.*

Jessica heads for the exit ramp.

**EXT./INT. STREET - DAY**

It's a shopping district where all the big stores and restaurants align the streets and shopping centers ---

HOLD, what's this?

**INT. P.O.V. - TOYOTA PRIUS - FRONTVIEW - DAY**

(MORE)

FOCUS ON P.O.V JESSICA SIMONE AND MAY-LONG CHAING STARING  
OUT THE FONT WINDOW

Both Jessica and May-Long stare as a steady stream of people  
pass in front of them from right to left heading for the  
other side of the street despite the traffic lights.

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)

Where are those people going?  
Is something going on?

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Want to go see, Jessica?

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)

Not really. We came to shop,  
remember?

The steady stream of people crossing in front of them  
continues non-stop, passing them and vanishing around the  
building on the other side of the intersection, out of view.  
Suddenly, the last of them cross the street.

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)

Well, whatever that was about,  
they're gone.

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

Jessica, I want to see where  
they went.

JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)

Then get out and walk, I'm  
going shopping.

MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)

*Fat chance of that. Everybody's  
gone. Jessica, please?*

Jessica chuckles.

**EXT./INT. STREET - DAY**

Jessica spins around the corner, making a left.

They see NOBODY! Cars are parked everywhere, but nobody's  
around in the area, driving or walking.

They scan all around the immediate area. *All the shops and  
other buildings appear to be empty.*

MAY-LONG CHAING

Jessica, I think I know where  
they went. Take a left here---  
right here at this corner.

JESSICA SIMONE

(MORE)

(doubtful)  
OK.

Jessica does.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Now make a right---here---at  
this corner and straight ahead.

After another ten minutes of driving Jessica pulls up across from the stadium. They run across the street to the stadium to peek into the opening.

**EXT. P.O.V. - OPEN STADIUM - DAY**

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE'S AND MAY-LONG CHAING'S POINT OF VIEW.

Jessica and May-Long peek into the opening in the stadium entry-way walls and gate, *and they are shocked.*

There, in that stadium, a large group of people are standing at attention with their mouths open as if frozen in time.

**JESSICA SIMONE (V.O.)**

Oh Lord, what is wrong with  
those people?

**MAY-LONG CHAING (V.O.)**

Jessica---let's get out of  
here.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Jessica and May-Long race back to the car and get in.

**INT. STREET - CAR - DAY**

Jessica puts the key in ignition but hesitates.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, are you thinking what  
I'm thinking?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, we have a self-  
appointed obligation to take  
advantage of an opportunity  
when it presents itself.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, I love you, I really  
do.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, tell it to  
the pope. Let's go.

(MORE)

**EXT./INT. STREET - MALL - DAY**

FOCUS ON JESSICA SIMONE AND MAY-LONG CHAING RIPPING OFF THE DEPARTMENT STORES.

Jessica and May-Long browse through all the stores and take whatever they want. They pack the car with everything they can stuff in it.

**INT. MALL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Jessica fixes the biggest and best hamburger she has ever had and then does the same for May. They wash it down with couple of beers.

**EXT./INT. STREET - MALL - DAY**

They do a little more shopping since there's some room in the front seats. They jump in the Prius just in time. Regular traffic has wondered back into the area and Jessica suggests a hasty retreat.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

That's our exit-Queue, May.

Suddenly the authorities are everywhere, Local Police and the F.B.I.

By that time Jessica and May-Long are long gone.

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jessica puts down a card on the table and May-Long snatches it up.

Both, Jessica and May-Long, have been playing cards and drinking, now, for a few hours.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

I didn't think you needed that.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Then don't think, Jessica. So, tell me again how you first met your boyfriend? HIM?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You know, May, you *introduced* us.

He comes into your shop looking for that twenties year old, JAYNA MAYS, the woman with the oversized T&A. Why do men like them so much?

**MAY-LONG**

I don't know, Jessica. I have

(MORE)

no idea.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Jayna is a road-sign.

She uses men for what she can get just because men like what she's got. Like that retired military guy, I think he was a general, she spends a lot of time at his house, *probably stealing his money*. And as far as looks are concerned---you have got to be kidding---if God created woman, lord have mercy---he sure as hell *fucked* her up. She looks like a *cartoon*. Exaggerated lips---and---exaggerated thighs. (Shakes her head) ---

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(chuckling)

Like Jessica Rabbit? She's entirely too short. Jessica, don't tell me---you're jealous of Jessica Rabbit?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(looking perplexed)

What could that little girl have that I don't have? And there's no way I could possibly be jealous of HER.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

As far as I can see, Jessica, she has the same thing you and I got---*just more of it*---just like you said---*exaggerated*. Is it her fault GOD made her into a cartoon? No.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

She reminds me of a bubble about to burst. What I'd like to do is *stick a pin in her*. With all those *titties* and *ass*, maybe busting them would probably do her some good.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, why do you talk about Jayna so much? Every time you come there, and she's there, I have to separate you two.

(MORE)

## JESSICA SIMONE

That's a lot of bullshit May.  
You asked how I met my  
boyfriend, and you knew the  
first words out of my mouth  
would be about Jayna.

*May, you know you've, truly,  
managed to corner the market on  
bullshit.*

May-Long slaps her knee and screams with laughter.

## MAY-LONG CHAING

*That's always so **funny**,  
Jessica. Why don't you try  
talking to Jayna some time?  
There are things about her that  
you don't know.*

## JESSICA SIMONE

I think I know all I want to  
know. If I want to know  
anything else, **I'll BEAT it out  
of her!**

That KILLS IT for May.

## MAY-LONG CHAING

(dying laughing)  
WOE, so *violent!* **TEE-HEE-HEE!**

The TV is on the news channel and they are featuring a story  
on what happened that day. The onsite reporter is male.

## MALE ONSITE TV REPORTER

SIX-HUNDRED people were found  
today in the stadium paralyzed  
from head to toe. The police  
continue to be baffled by this  
mystery. It's been said before  
and I'll say it again: This is  
not an isolated incident.

On the TV is shown a montage of footage.

## MALE ONSITE TV REPORTER

(CONT'D)  
This is happening all over the  
country. The authorities are  
worried that this is an out of  
control pandemic, but they have  
no idea where to begin their  
investigation---at least THAT  
is WHAT they are saying at this  
time...

(MORE)

The cameraman pans over to where those people stand stiff as boards.

MALE ONSITE TV REPORTER

(CONT'D)

Behind me is where they were found, frozen in place. The police are waiting for the F.B.I to...

It's just the news to those who watch it.

Don't be so sure, Jessica.

JESSICA SIMONE

May-Long, do you think we should be concerned about what's happening? I mean, you can hardly turn on the news without seeing those poor people found like that.

MAY-LONG CHAING

What would you have me do, Jessica? Not even the police seem to know what to do. They don't even know what's causing the outbreak, and I know a lot less than they do. As long as it doesn't affect me---

JESSICA SIMONE

If it did, what would you do?

May-Long puts down her cards.

MAY-LONG CHAING

I don't know. Gotcha! I'm going out, Jessica, and you got all those cards.

JESSICA SIMONE

Think again, May.

Jessica turns over all her cards.

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

Let's add it all up, May.

May-Long pushes aside all the cards.

MAY-LONG CHAING

I don't like this game anyway.

JESSICA SIMONE

Only when you lose, May. It'll be a cold day in hell before

(MORE)

you beat me. Hey, we're out of wine.

May-Long puts her hands over her mouth, faking shock.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Oh no! Oh my GOD, Jessica, what do we do now?

(rolling her eyes at Jessica)  
Jessica, just throw the bottle out the window like the rest of the world of drunks do.

Jessica puts her feet up on the table.

**JESSICA**

Smart-ass!

May-Long gets up and takes the bottle to the kitchen.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Smart as me smarter than you!

The telephone rings.

Jessica picks up the wireless handset from the table and answers.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hello.

Jessica is silent for a moment, and then puts the phone down.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

May-Long, you've got to go. That was my boyfriend. He wants me to meet him somewhere.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Where, Jessica?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, go home.

Jessica gets up and grabs May-Long, gently, and pushes her out the door.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, why don't you let me come with you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

This has nothing to do with

(MORE)



you, May. Go Home.

Jessica starts down the steps.

May-Long, in desperation ---

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, you have that same look on your face as those people at the stadium! Please, Jessica, let me come with you! I just don't want anything to happen to you!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What do you think is going to happen to me, May-Long?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

I don't know. I just want to back you up *just in case*. You just never know. Come on, Jessica, we're Sisters, I got your back.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(reluctant)

Alright, you got my back, May. Just don't make it a habit.

She grabs May around the shoulder and gives her a big hug.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

The one thing I never want to do is put you into any situation that might do you any harm. You know I love you. (She gives her a peck).

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(smiling)

Yeah-yeah, tell it to the pope.

**EXT./INT. STREET - DAY**

The Toyota takes off down the street headed for the highway. May-Long, looking at Jessica, can tell, by her demeanor, that something is wrong. Her pleading may have effectuated some clarity. She hopes.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Where are we going, Jessica?

(MORE)

Jessica says nothing, and Jessica NEVER just says NOTHING. For May-Long, that tells her everything. For as long as she has known her, Jessica is always talking.

**INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Jessica guns the Toyota down the ramp and onto the highway. After about twenty minutes she barrels over to an exit-ramp from the fast lane and back onto the side-streets. It's starting to get dark with the sun going down.

**EXT. SIDE-STREET - LATE DAY**

On a long side-street, Jessica heads for a WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. Now, there's odd for you. This is a part of the town that May-Long has never been to. She almost sure Jessica has never been here either.

**INT. SIDE-STREET - TOYOTA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica stops. The sun's gone down and the street-lights come on to light the night. The area looks abandoned. As May-Long looks around, for any sign of activity, she can see nothing and nobody, no cars, no lights in the buildings, no one is around. This is not the Jessica she knows. Jessica is silent and stares straight ahead.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

What *is* this place? Why did you come here? Did HE tell you to meet him HERE?

Jessica ignores her and grabs her cellphone from her bag. Then she turns to May-Long.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Wait here.

**EXT. SIDE-STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica exits the car and just stands there as if waiting for something. Her cellphone rings. She answers.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hello, Jessica ---

Jessica listens for a moment, looks around and then hangs up.

Without another word, Jessica gets back into the car and closes the door.

**INT./EXT. SIDE-STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Jessica starts driving again down a long-deserted street. After another left and a right, the street comes to a dead end.

Without a word, Jessica exits the car and crosses the street, heading towards a deserted warehouse. May-Long is close behind. There's just one failing street-light to illuminate the area. Over behind the building there's an old railroad track, and the Highway behind it. Traffic is sparse. There's the moon and stars above and the sound of crickets and locusts pierce the night silence.

Jessica walks straight up to the warehouse and pushes aside the old door that creaks with the sound of ages.

**INT. OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Jessica enters the warehouse without hesitation. May-Long is close behind.

It's so dark that May-Long can barely see her hand in front of her face. Jessica plunges ahead without hesitation. Jessica is possessed --- *she never just plunges ahead* --- does she, May-Long? --- *No.*

It takes a moment for May-Long to get used to the dark. The warehouse is full of old milling machines with pipes and connections and wiring that go straight up high above to the rectangular ceiling with pipes, old wiring and old-style lighting fixtures all over. Dust and cobwebs are everywhere. There's that smell of old and neglected that May-Long always hates, and she can't understand Jessica's behavior. She knows Jessica would, ordinarily, never come to a place like this.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, stop! Where are you going? Come-on, now, let's get out of here!

At the other end of that room Jessica stops, hesitates, looks at May-Long, then pushes open the door to another room.

The brightness of the light from that room is the first thing that assaults May-Long, immediately shielding her eyes. Jessica doesn't hesitate to enter and appears unaffected by the bright lights.

**INT. OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LIGHTED ROOM - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS ACTION**

(MORE)

May-Long's vision clears enough to see ---

Jessica just standing there staring straight ahead.

The room is filled from wall to wall with machines. The machines are all over the walls, ceiling and floor. It looks, to May-Long, like even the machines have machines. It's, absolutely, crazy. Cylindrical machine conduits connected to the machines run up to the ceiling like soldiers standing at attention --- More conduits connectors hang loose. Multiple lights are blinking and there are the mixed sounds of ambient machine noise. *It's a madhouse.*

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, are you seeing this?  
Jessica? What's wrong with you?  
*Jessica, speak to me!*

Jessica turns to May-Long, and she speaks as if in a dream, her hair blowing dreamily and gently in a sudden breeze. Her voice sounds like it comes from somewhere faraway to echo down a long tunnel.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, I'm alright. HE's here, and HE's calling to me.

Then Jessica starts forward, but May-Long grabs her arm and pulls.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, this place is **insane!**  
*Let's get out of here! Jessica!*  
*Let's go!*

Jessica starts to pull away, then hesitates and turns to May-Long.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(pointing in the  
direction of the  
machine)  
May-Long, it's alright. *It's alright---HE's here waiting for me. I've got to go to him.* He needs me. It's OK---OK---

(MORE)

Something appears to be standing beside the machine --- an unclear form of a man? Doubtful. The image is strangely distorted.

May-Long looks at the image and the machines that seem crazily distorted now.

In desperation May-Long screams and grabs Jessica's arm again and pulls!

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, *that is not HIM---*  
remember I'm your Sister and  
friend! *You said I could back*  
*you up in case anything went*  
*wrong!* Remember those people at  
the stadium?! JESSICA SIMONE,  
COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

May-Long screams again, as the wind picks up, blowing her and Jessica back!

There's a sudden strange reaction from the machines as if some long-dormant conscience, some strange long-dead element of life has been awakened, *just for this occasion, and is venting its anger and disapproval!*

Machine parts start to fly around the room, driven by the sudden gale! The deep-throated deep-bass machine noise keeps getting louder and louder! The ground trembles as tremors run up the building's foundation!

One final **BOOM** startles JESSICA SIMONE, and, shatters whatever spell she was under.

Suddenly, Jessica is screaming! Screaming---screaming---screaming.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, **run!** Let's go!

**INT. OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Jessica and May-Long fly through the warehouse, and through the front door ---

**EXT. OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

(MORE)

Jessica and May-Long race back to the car and take off down the road, back the way they came! Behind them, the warehouse breathes like a live thing, swelling and contracting as if attempting to inhale all the air in the surrounding area, and make it hard to breathe.

**Then the warehouse vanishes amid a cacophonous thundering THUMP, THUMP, THUMP**, as if some unseen hand had reached down from the almighty heavens to gauge a huge circular crater out of concrete and steel and gravel, dirt and mud, and is swallowed by a sudden gathering of lightening clouds!

Other buildings follow --- **THUMP-THUMP-THUMP** --- building after building *vanish* the same way, creating crater after crater in a merciless *rage tearing the whole world apart!*

**EXT. SIDE-STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Back down the road, Jessica guns the Toyota in a breakneck race to freedom as if the devil himself was nipping at their asses, but it's futile! The **THUMPING** continues *unchecked* and is gaining on them, crater after crater left in its murderous wake!

It's a loser's game from the onset. There's no saving grace, no last moments repent, no last chances. That last **THUMP** tore the back of the *Toyota* apart, half of it just gone! Jessica screams! May-Long screams and ---

That's when we realize we had **ENTERED JESSICA SIMONE VISION**  
---

It isn't exactly clear when this happened ---

--- YOUR choice, of course.

BUT, it IS clear it's time to **EXIT JESSICA SIMONE VISION.**

**INT. JESSICA SIMONE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jessica awakes holding her chest. Her heart feels like it's punching a hole in it.

She reaches over to the night table and takes a couple of aspirin. There's a pitcher of water and a glass there too. She sits up in bed and downs a couple of glasses.

That was intense!

Jessica starts to calm down. After a few minutes she feels a lot better.

The telephone rings. Jessica picks up the phone on her night table.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hello, Jessica speaking, and if you don't mind, I can't handle any more calls from weirdo-land right now.

(MORE)

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

I know, Jessica. I just thought I would call to check and see how you are doing. That last call was a wrong number.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

How do you know, May?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Because you said "Nobody lives here by that name" to whoever called and hung up. Then I left. I guess, after I left, you went to bed. That is what you did, right? Watch a late movie?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh, that's right, I remember now. Thanks May-Long.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

I just thought I would call and let you know because you seem to be having problems with your memory lately. I just don't want you to wind up in that crazy house again.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, May, I guess I'll just lie back down and get some more sleep. I've got to pick up you know who in the morning.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Alright --- Good night, Jessica.

CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. CITY POWER PLANT - MORNING**

(MORE)

Jessica waits ---

At the entrance to the CITY POWER PLANT.

She'd driven up to the parking lot, outside the guarded gate, and stopped, and parked. *She could see that no one was around, not even a guard.*

Inside the buildings she can see lights but can't see or hear --- ANYBODY!

NO ONE'S AROUND, JESSICA ---!

Maybe they're in another part of the plant where she can't see.

*And what part of the City Power Plant would that be, Jessica?*

Is that HER MIND playing TRICKS?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(confused)

What the hell? Where the FUCK  
is everybody?

She's been here before, and even though it was over a year ago, things could *not* have *changed THAT much*.

--- NO GUARDS AT THE GATE, JESSICA SIMONE!!

Not one guard at the gate --- not a good sign, Jessica!

What is WRONG with this place, Jessica?

In a place like this there should be activity everywhere --- vehicles coming and going all the time especially when it's time to quit and another shift --- the day shift --- is coming on. She should be able to see a dayshift. Where's the dayshift --- *if they have ANY shift it's the dayshift?!*

It's a cool morning. Jessica opens the windows to let the fresh air in and turns off the air conditioner. But as usual her conscious mind wants to do some traveling. She shakes her head --- it helps a little.

O-o-oh-h, no you don't Jessica, there's no escape --- this is genuine weirdo-land stuff!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Welcome to Weirdo-Land, free  
with a copy of "ROSEMARY'S  
BABY".

(MORE)



A sudden dark shadow falls across the car and startles Jessica. She starts to open the car door and get out but hesitates. She looks around and still sees no one. Odd that she hears footfalls, but, can't see who's making them. The footsteps grow louder, and louder --- *until* ---

Jessica's suddenly startled by a sudden tapping on the passenger side door. She whirls around to look at the passenger side and sees HIM and pops the lock.

HIM

What's up babe?

He gets in the car and closes the door and is about to smooch ---

JESSICA SIMONE

Sonofabitch! Just where did you come from?

HIM

Over there, Jess, like I always do ---

HE points over there.

JESSICA SIMONE

Damn, man, I looked all over the place and saw *nobody*, so *don't lie to me! What are you doing sneaking up on me?*

HIM

(confused)  
Sneaking up on you ---? Jessica you know I don't *sneak*---

JESSICA SIMONE

---And where is everybody? *I don't see anybody else around!*

That strange confused look on his face ---

HIM

*Jessica, what are you talking about? There are people all over the place.*

Jessica looks and there *ARE* people *everywhere* getting in their cars and driving off the parking lot, GUARDS AT THE GATE are CHECKING EVERYTHING, people are just arriving for the dayshift.

W-E-I-R-D --- OH, YEAH.

HIM

Jessica, are you alright? HAVE

(MORE)

YOU BEEN DRINKING? You know you can't handle BOOZE. Why do you do that? You've been hanging out with May-Long and getting SLOSHED, haven't you? Jessica, are we going to have to get you a professional?

JESSICA SIMONE

No.

HIM

Then, let's get out of here. And let's not have to have this conversation again. OK, Jess? Do you like coming here?

Pure silence ---

JESSICA SIMONE

**NO!** *You know I hate coming here.*

HIM

I know, Jess.

JESSICA SIMONE

Do you really know?

HIM

Yes.

JESSICA SIMONE

Then, don't ask me again, OK?

HIM

(final resolve)  
Alright, Jess.

JESSICA SIMONE

Thank you.

**INT. P.O.V. - REARVIEW MIRROR - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

As they drive away Jessica looks in the rearview mirror and sees ---

NOBODY!

She starts to ask HIM about it but is afraid HE would be indifferent and would ask "What are you talking about, Jess" and they would instantly reappear like they did the first time.

WHAT'S NEXT?

**INT. WHAT'S NEXT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Rounding the corner, and past a short bridge, "What's next" is in a field, gated and guarded, and down a short hill in a clearing surrounded by forested growth. In that clearing appears to be a structure, long and cylindrical and covered with small machines with blinking colored lights. The lights remind her of something she had seen before. Next to it is a small tower. All around that cylinder are LOTS of people, busy with constructing something indeterminate.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What are they building over there? *Do you know?*

**HIM**

Don't know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why wouldn't you know? Isn't that a CITY POWER project?

**HIM**

Don't know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, you work for them, why wouldn't you know?

**HIM**

Jess, I don't know about everything that goes on at the Power Plant. All I know is they started here a few nights ago. Is it a POWER PLANT project? Don't know. Didn't see their trucks.

Anything else, I don't know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, could you find out?

**HIM**

(MORE)

Why would I do that, Jess, I don't run the place. It's just a good job. That's how I fixed up my house.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Could you at least ask about it? Would that kill you?

**HIM**

Look, Jess, I just want to get me a new car, OK? Please, Jess?

**EXT. CAR DEALER - DAY - LATER**

Before HE exits the car --- gives Jessica a smooch.

**JESSICA**

(returning the affection)  
Thanks for the new car.

**HIM**

Later, Jess. I will call.

Later he does.

His call is strange.

Apparently,

**HIM**

There's a new club opening, called "THE TRIBE" that a friend of mine owns and I want to go. Be my date?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(hesitant)  
Yep.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

HE picks her up in his new LEXUS.

They're DRESSED-TO-KILL in white, HE in a Tux and Jessica in an evening gown.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

(MORE)

As they approach the club they can hear music blaring and traffic is heavy.

When they arrive, they are met by HIS friend, JOHN LESSING, the owner of the club. They get out of the car, and HE talks to John Lessing for a bit, introduces Jessica, then they're escorted in while a valet parks HIS car. Since John is HIS friend, they get priority seating ahead of everyone else up to that point.

**INT. CLUB - THE TRIBE - NIGHT**

John Lessing sits at their table for a while talking to HIM, and what they talk about is of no interest to Jessica, so she occupies herself with watching the dance floor. Bright-colored lights and pumping music fill the club with the atmosphere of a GRAND OPENING CELEBRATION. John Lessing leaves after a while and vanishes among the other tables.

A live band comes onto the stage that Jessica never heard of, but they're OK. Nothing they do is fresh, just standard variety pop. She's not blown away.

All and all, the evening is adding up to no big surprises, so Jessica just follows the formula for a good time.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, at least everything is normal, no weirdo-land stuff, but you never know. I could go to the ladies' room and when I come out --- bam-m! --- Instantaneous weird stuff like people opening their mouths while standing at attention.

**HIM**

What say, babe?

Jessica didn't count on the acoustics being so good.

Play it off, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nothing, just thinking out loud --- Good music --- you like the band?

**HIM**

They don't blow me away.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Me either. There's John Lessing.

(MORE)

John Lessing comes on stage and welcomes everyone to the Grand Opening of his club ---

**JOHN LESSING**

Good evening. Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to the Grand Opening of The Tribe. Everybody have a good time --- and how about that band, huh? Another round for everyone ---

And the festivities continue.

HE orders their drinks refilled. She drinks a club soda.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tell me something --- What do you think is going on with people being found dead and standing at attention with their mouths open?

**HIM**

I don't know, Jess. What am I supposed to think?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, I don't know. The stories have been all over the news lately. You can't help but think something's got to be wrong.

**HIM**

Jessica, I do, but there's nothing I can do about it. That's up to those who do that kind of work. I just work every day to earn a living, and that's the best I can do.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

But, what I want to know is, IF there was anything you could do, what would you do?

**HIM**

What would you have me do?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Don't answer my question with a question, you know I hate that. I'm just asking you a hypothetical question. You do know what that means don't you?

(MORE)

HE's silent.

That doesn't last long.

HIM

Where's this going, Jess?

JESSICA SIMONE

I'm just making conversation.

HIM

Alright, Jess. I really don't know what to tell you. I just want to show everybody how to do it, so, get up and let's mess up the floor with our moves.

And they do just that ---

**EXT. STREET - THE CLUB - NIGHT**

Later, their car is brought around, and they get in it and, after talking to John Lessing for a minute, they take off.

As soon as they turn the corner and are on their way up the road ---

THE MUSIC STOPS!

JESSICA SIMONE

(looking out of the rear window)

Where did that cloud come from?

A large lightening cloud appears over where the clubs is. Jessica stares back at it as they're on their way up a hill that overlooks the valley they just left.

HIM

What cloud?

JESSICA SIMONE

Don't you see it back there? Have you ever seen anything like it before? Did it look like it was going to rain before we left?

HIM

No, I don't see it.

(HE looks, but they're out of view)

I didn't see it, so I can't answer THAT question. Finally, no, it didn't look like it was

(MORE)

going to rain. I saw no indication of rain-clouds before we left. The weather-news said all clear tonight.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, I saw it.

**HIM**

OK, Jess, so, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to turn around and go back?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No, but you could believe me when I tell you I saw a cloud.

**HIM**

I DO believe you, Jess.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

And did you hear music when we left? When we were driving up we heard music loud and clear. As SOON as we left, THE MUSIC STOPPED!

**HIM**

*Oh my god, Jess! Who shot the SHERIFF?! Look, Jess, I just don't see what you are so concerned about. I don't see anything wrong. Music suddenly stopping is not a crime.*

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, shoot me for being vigil and giving a damn!

**HIM**

Jess, all I want to do is go home. I'm tired and want to go home. Alright, Jess?

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

As soon as they get in the house, HE rips her clothes off.

**INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jessica exits the bedroom putting on a shirt and heads downstairs.

**INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

(MORE)



Jessica heads for the basement and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. MALL - DAY**

Jessica and HIM shop for clothes as well as other items in all the stores --- a new game, some groceries, like cereal and can goods --- and put all their purchases in the trunk of the Lexus. There are certain items HE arranges to have shipped.

**INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY**

They go to the Mexican Grill and get tacos, burritos and taco salads, water and soda, and sit down to eat.

The Food Court isn't crowded --- with people constantly coming and going.

They finish their meal but take their time with the soda and water.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Babe, I need to know how we stand as a couple. I need to know that we connect on the same level.

Uh oh, there's that OOH-BOY-LOOK on HIS face again --- That we're-not-gonna-have-THAT-conversation-again attitude (WOW) --- Jessica just smiles.

**HIM**

Jessica, what are you talking about --- we do connect on many levels.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, you see, it's just that I get the feeling that there something missing in our lives, like what kind of future are we going to have together as a couple. Will our relationship stand the test of time?

**HIM**

Of course, it will. I don't see any problems with it. Do you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No ---

Catch HIM off guard, then, kick him when he's down ---

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

But, I need to know one very

(MORE)

important thing --- and I want the truth. Tell me, have you ever been with JAYNA?

That OH-LORD-WHAT-IS-IT-NOW-AND-WHAT-HAVE-I-DONE-TO-DESERVE-THIS look on his face --- Jessica's having a good o' time.

HIM

(rolling his eyes)  
No. *Jayna and I are JUST good friends.* I know her father. Her father's a *rolling stone*. I have no idea how many kids he has, but I do know that she is one of them. *We worked together on the job for years until they bumped him up to management,* but he was there a long time before I was --- he has the seniority. I met Jayna through him, but we are just friends, and have been for years since she was small. I heard her mother's in prison.

JESSICA SIMONE

Uh-huh. You know what I think? I think you just want to be with ME when you can't be with HER.

HIM

Jessica, why are you doing this?

JESSICA SIMONE

Jayna is an advertisement for a bad end. She's a user and people like that have only one way to go --- all the way down. She could wind up a statistic, just like those people in the news that were found dead.

HIM

Jessica, babe, you are all wrong about Jayna. And all women advertise. They like to know they're attractive to other men. *Just look at yourself.* Go ahead, just look.

Jessica does. She's wearing an all-pink tight body suit with a white shirt and pink tennis shoes with white/black trim. She looks yummy.

JESSICA SIMONE

(MORE)

I like to look beautiful for you. All others can look but don't touch. *What's wrong with that?*

HIM

Nothing---But you shouldn't talk about Jayna like she's any different than anybody else. She has the right to survive.

(Jessica's thinking: Damn, I hate it when HE'S right. Get out now!)

JESSICA SIMONE

Well I didn't say she didn't, I just don't like the way she does it.

HIM

Jessica, look at where she comes from. Understand her from her point of view. Just don't be so judgmental. She's a woman --- a young woman. She has plenty of time to get herself on the right track.

Finished with their meal they leave the FOOD COURT.

**INT. MALL - STREET LEVEL - DAY**

Jessica and HE pass an old-style phone kiosk.

JESSICA SIMONE

I didn't know they made those anymore.

HIM

What are you talking about now, Jess?

JESSICA SIMONE

The phone kiosk --- I didn't know they made those anymore.

HIM

Jessica, not everybody can afford a cellphone --- or has one. Maybe it's there for a reason.

(MORE)

They pass a **tattooed man**. The man looks like an **old worn-out rag** with *tattered kakis* and torn shirt and V-shaped sandals on his feet --- taller than her boyfriend and slim. He looks a LOT like the walking dead with his face **shadowy** and **gaunt**.

Jessica looks at his right arm with the TATTOO OF THEM just passing the PHONE KIOSK.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Did you see that man with the tattoos? He has a tattoo of us on his arm. Did you see him?

**HIM**

Yes, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, aren't you curious? Don't you want to know where he got it? Doesn't that disturb you?

**HIM**

I suppose he got it at a tattoo parlor. And while I'm concerned about it, I'm not bothered by it.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why? Don't you want to know why he got it? Let's follow him and ask him.

**HIM**

OK, Jess.

**INT. MALL - STREET LEVEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica and HIM ---

Follow TATTOO to the end of the hall where he had already turned the corner. How did he get down there so fast? Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me --- they race after the tattooed man and they catch up with him near the escalators.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(calling the man with the Tattoos)  
Excuse me --- Hey, man with the tattoos! Will you stop please?

The tattoos on his arm keep changing to reflect what is currently happening. Now, it shows them chasing TATTOO, and, from their point of view.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

(calling out loud to

(MORE)

TATTOO amid babbling  
 shoppers)  
 Excuse me, man with the tattoos  
 --- where did you get those  
 tattoos?!!

TATTOO turns around and his eyes look dark and hollow,  
 reflecting no light.

**TATTOO**

Hello, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

H-h-how do you know my name?  
 Who are you, and why do you  
 have tattoos of us on your arm?

TATTOO ignores her question and stands at attention, a  
 perfect soldier.

The world around Tattoo and Jessica changes --- people are  
 only reflections of themselves and look unstable. Her  
 BOYFRIEND is frozen solid like the END-PRODUCT of an ICE  
 AGE.

**TATTOO**

We're in hell, Jessica. Welcome  
 to Hell. As for me, I'm just  
 like everyone else caught up in  
 the hell you created because  
 you don't realize who and what  
 you are. Open your eyes,  
 Jessica, and see the end ---  
 the world as it will be.

**JESSICA**

Who are you and how do you know  
 my name? And where did you get  
 those tattoos?

TATTOO's eyes change to reflect some faint sign of light.

**TATTOO**

(slight smile)  
 Who I am is not important. I'm  
 nothing but a speck of dust  
 blowing in the Eternal Winds of  
 change. I'm not from CONTROL,  
 if that's what you think. It's  
 all up to you, Jessica. You got  
 to save us all! (raises a big-  
 boned hand and) Remember  
 Jessica, it's all up to you---  
 now, WAKE UP!!(snaps his  
 fingers---hollow echo)

(MORE)

SNAP TO:

**INT. CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY**

Sleep fades.

Jessica wakes up to see that they are on the highway going under a bridge.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why didn't you wake me?

**HIM**

Why would I do that, Jess?

Jessica, having slumped in the seat, sits up.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Don't answer my question with a question. Just answer me!

**HIM**

Didn't think I needed to. You looked tired, so I let you sleep, and you only slept ten minutes.

Jessica opens the window. Wave after wave of fresh air partially revives her.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What happened to the man with the tattoos?

**HIM**

Tattoos, Jessica?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh no, don't tell me I was dreaming, again.

**HIM**

OK.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Do you think I ought to do something about these dreams I have been having?

**HIM**

No, not really, unless they start to make you attempt suicide or something, and you are not the suicidal type. Most of the time, you're perfectly rational.

(MORE)

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hmmm --- And what about the rest of the time?

**HIM**

You're insane, of course.

(puts his arm around her --- kiss-kiss-kiss)

But, I do love my little mental patient.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(looking at HIM sideways)

You're an ass-hole. You know when we get home you're going to get it, don't you?

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jessica is outraged!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Put that joint out and go downstairs! You know that's not allowed up here!

**FRED JOHNSON**

Don't get your *panties* in a bunch, girl. This John's house --- you just stay here. Now go away.

Jessica does, and when she returns she has something in her hand hidden behind her back.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I'm going to ask you *one more time* ---

(shows him the can of air-freshener)

--- Then I'm going to start spraying. GET DOWNSTAIRS NOW!!

May-Long, sitting to the right side of where Jessica is standing chokes with laughter and amps up the volume when she sees the can of air-freshener.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

You better watch it, Fred,

(MORE)

she's dangerous! *She has a can of air-freshener!*

**FRED JOHNSON**

Hey, now relax, girl, all we are doing is smoking a *joint*. This the *good stuff*, Acapulco Gold. That's why I like TOM. He always has the good stuff. *Ain't that right Tom Cook?*

No response from TOM COOK ---

Fred Johnson is sitting on the couch next to Barry Hahn. They are both dressed party casual, like everyone else --- Fred in a brown coat, beige shirt and black tie with grey pants and black shoes, Barry in all black. Fred is tall, like a basketball player, while Barry is short. Together they look sort of like Albert and Costello.

**BARRY HAHN**

(like a weasel)

Yeah, Jessica, relax. All we're doing is smoking a Joint. Hey, why don't everybody get in the mood, get this party in gear. Yeah!

He does a sit-down dance.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I've had enough! Get down stairs now!

**FRED JOHNSON**

Now, look, woman, get out of my face. I'm just here to have a good time.

Fred hands the joint to Barry. He takes a good puff.

**BARRY HAHN**

Let's all have a good time.

(MORE)



The participants in this drama are:

RUDY MANCHESTER, he owns his own car-detailing business. He's also handling the music. He's of average height and build. Medium brown complexion, hair cut neatly.

MALAKA JOHNSON, next door neighbor, retired military. She's heavy-set and big-boned, wearing blue, sitting next to ---

RICK LESSING, brother of JOHN LESSING who owns the club "THE TRIBE".

DORIS LESSING, his wife, she is mixed light-skinned black.

TOM COOK, (White) he's the one who supplied the weed that Fred is smoking.

TEENA WHITE (White), Tom's girlfriend, she dresses like a teenager, a little older than Jayna.

BARRY HAHN, Fred's friend.

MAY-LONG CHAING, (Mixed Asian) Jessica's friend since childhood, she owns a spa/beauty shop.

JAYNA MAYS, lovely girl, 5'-4"/5'-5", early twenties, with large breasts and ass, and, for whatever reason, it's all proportionate. Her hair is dark brown, long and styled. She's wearing a long pink sequenced party dress that covers all the variables without masking them. She's everyman's woman and isn't shy about it. She's always in some man's face, and right now she is snuggling up to ---

PREACH NORTH, brother of JOHN, is in a SOUL/REGGAE band called "World War Peace".

Jessica has had enough and starts spraying.

Fred grabs the joint from Barry to protect it. He puts up a knee and big foot to block Jessica, but Jessica is an old dancer and avoids him easily.

**FRED JOHNSON**

Hey woman, watch it!

**RICK LESSING**

Better do what she says, Fred, you know better than that!

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

Yeah, Fred, you know John don't want that shit up here --- you and Barry --- hey! Where's Barry? Where did he go?

May-Long is having the best time of her life. She can't contain herself. She chuckles.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Barry Hahn has left the room,

(MORE)

folks!

Preach North has had enough and gets up. Jayna lets him go and he walks over to stand next to Jessica.

**PREACH NORTH**

Fred, let me tell you something. Everybody done told you time and again to go downstairs with that shit! **Get your ass up and get downstairs now!**

Now, Jayna is not a stupid woman. She watches people, and right now she's watching Jessica. She gets up and stands next to Preach.

Jessica sees her and rolls her eyes.

May-Long giggles. She knows what's next.

**JAYNA MAYS**

Get down stairs, Fred. You know that John doesn't allow that up here. And you know what happened last time. Why don't you just get your ass down stairs now and save yourself a lot of trouble later, OK?

Jayna Mays, the voice of reason, Jessica ---? Doesn't fit the profile you have of her.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

And just when did you suddenly become the supportive type, Miss Thang? You want to fuck Fred too?

**JAYNA MAYS**

Miss Thang? What's with the attack? Jessica, in spite of everything you may think about me, I do not smoke weed. I'm just trying to help.

**TOM COOK**

(chuckling)

Yeah, Jessica, what's with the attack on Jayna? She's just trying to be helpful.

**PREACH NORTH**

Jessica, give me the can of spray.

(MORE)

Preach takes the air-freshener from Jessica.

**PREACH NORTH**

I think that's enough of that.  
Now, Fred, do me a favor and go  
on downstairs. Go --- now!

**FRED JOHNSON**

Damn, why you do that shit? I  
thought we, you know, were  
cool.

**PREACH NORTH**

Fred, this is John and my house  
too, and you know that shit is  
not allowed up here. Hear me?

**FRED JOHNSON**

This John's house not yours.  
You just a poor-ass nigga  
living off your brother and you  
ain't got shit less your  
brother buy it. You and that  
band ain't got shit ---

**PREACH NORTH**

Now, wait a minute, Fred. You  
don't want to go there, and I  
DON'T want to have to go there  
with you.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The doorbell rings and Jessica answers it.

More guests have arrived --- and one is:

TANYA BEACHMAN, Jessica's old Highschool friend.

Tanya throws her arms high and wide as soon as Jessica opens  
the door.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

JESSICA SIMONE! Hi, l-o-o-n-g-  
time-no-see!

(gives Jessica a lift  
and a smooch and big  
hug)

How have you been?

She puts Jessica down.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Wow, Tanya, you're bigger and  
stronger than I remember. I'm  
good in the neighborhood.

(MORE)

Tanya is body-beautiful like Jessica and a little taller at six feet but looks more like a traditional African-American than Jessica does.

All the rest of the guest pile in.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

And where is May-Long --- there she is!

(grabs May-Long ---  
big lift and smooch)  
How have you been?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Just fine, Tanya --- O-O-Oh you are a BIG GIRL, aren't you ---  
You work out? ---- Yep.

Tanya puts her down.

Fred Johnson is headed for the basement, and Tanya spots him.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Well, you know, it's the business --- Got to stay in shape if you want to stay on top. It's not easy. Hey, Fred, you still the pain in the ass' you were in Highschool?

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Fred Johnson fires it back at her.

**FRED JOHNSON**

You still a bitch, BITCH!

He makes his way through to the kitchen on his way to the basement.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jessica introduces her around --- Finally ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- And this is Preach North, John's brother.

Preach North takes her hand and kisses it ---

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

(OOOH BABY, BABY)  
Jessica, where have you been hiding this one?

(MORE)

Rudy Manchester walks up to Tanya.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

Hey, Tanya---You like rap.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Yep.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

You look like somebody I saw in a rap video. You ever do any rap music videos?

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

I will, if the PRICE IS RIGHT.

Jessica walks over to where Jayna is trying to get Preach to dance, and watches for a moment. Jayna works her round hips against Preach, but he seems more interest in his beer.

Jessica pulls her away to talk to Preach. Jayna doesn't protest but continues to watch Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

So, how did you get Fred to go downstairs?

**PREACH NORTH**

Oh, Fred's not as tough as he pretends he is.

Jayna Mays, done watching Jessica, walks up to her getting a sandwich and a soda in the dining room.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

**JAYNA MAYS**

There's something going on between you two isn't there? You can pretend all you want, but you are not what you appear to be. You can't fool me.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Miss Thang, will you do me a favor and back off.

**JAYNA MAYS**

I'll have you know that I have a degree in Sociology, and I'm working on my masters. I took a home study course, so I could work undisturbed. And while I do use men for what I can get, I have a reason. I grew up with a mother who was no good, and a

(MORE)

father I barely get to see. I spent most of my childhood with my Grandmother. I graduated from Grade School when I was 10 and Highschool when I was thirteen. I had myself declared an adult after that with the help of a lawyer and I've been on my own since then. Right now, my mother is in prison for murder. So, don't come to me with that "Miss Thang" crap. I may look this way, I can't help that, but everything I do has a purpose. And you're no better than me.

Jayna smart? --- She's not supposed to do that. The best is yet to come ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

How come you never said anything before?

**JAYNA MAYS**

You never ask --- you always attack.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Point well taken ---

Jessica looks for Tanya.

**EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Jessica finds Tanya in the backyard talking to Malaka Johnson and May-Long and other women.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, Tanya, what do you think of the party?

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Not bad. I told May-Long I was coming and swore her to secrecy. I wanted to surprise you. I only know about your boyfriend John because of the club "The Tribe" and that's how I found out about the party. I'm part owner.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, there's an ear-full.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

So, what's going on between you

(MORE)

and Jayna?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nothing, it's all done.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Did you know Jayna was a child prodigy? She was featured on a TV show about disadvantaged kids exceeding beyond all expectations.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No, I didn't. I had no idea.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Sort of puts a different spin on things, don't it?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Little bit --- May-Long did you know?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(giggling)

Yep. I tried to tell you many times.

Hell-of-a party, huh Jessica?

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Jessica, did you know that both your *foster parents* were dead?

Drop the bomb --- BOOM!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I had no idea. I hated them and had no reason to check. How do you know?

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

The only reason I found out was because May-Long's mother, Lily, told my mother, and my mother told me. Apparently, the state stopped letting them foster children. They found out HE was abusing the children and were going to prosecute him, so he committed MURDER-SUICIDE. That happened last year --- I think around October.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

John's back from the store where he went to get more beer and soda and snacks. He and some other men haul it all in and the women help pack it all in ice and put it all out on the tables in the dining room.

John grabs Jessica by the waist and gives her a kiss.

**JOHN NORTH**

How are things holding together, babe? Tanya's my big surprise for you. Hey Tanya, I see you made it OK. Everything alright ---...?

They hug ---

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

I made it OK, wasn't hard. How are you doing?

**JOHN NORTH**

I'm dealing. Help yourself to whatever you like.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Another one of those would be good.

John tosses her a BUD ICE and she opens it and he turns to face Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

John, you don't have to tell me where you're going next. All the potheads have gone downstairs.

**JOHN NORTH**

Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

It's alright, you haven't done anything wrong. I just know that's what you like to do.

**JOHN NORTH**

OK, Jess.

One last peck --- John heads downstairs.

**MALAKA JOHNSON**

Well, now you know that's the worth of any relationship. What you put in it is what you get out of it.

(MORE)



JESSICA SIMONE

Oh yeah, really?

Jayna enters the kitchen.

JAYNA MAYS

Is that you talking, Malaka?

Malaka smiles slightly and says nothing.

Teena White enters the kitchen.

TEENA WHITE

Anymore BUDS left?

JESSICA SIMONE

Plenty ---

TEENA WHITE

Good.

She gets one from the Frig.

MALAKA JOHNSON

Well, you take my husband --- maybe I should say ex-husband. He was no good, no good to his kids, and the reason I joined the AIR FORCE and stayed. He went to jail and met some people he had done wrong in the past, and they did him in. My kids are now grown and gone, and I am a free woman with an honorable discharge.

JAYNA MAYS

That's not what I heard. Your two-timing ex is the reason my mother is in prison.

MALAKA JOHNSON

That's never been proven.

JAYNA MAYS

Oh, yes it has, and that's the reason he got a shank in his back.

MALAKA JOHNSON

Who told you that? --- Your mother? Your mother was the biggest LIAR AND the biggest WHORE IN TOWN!

JAYNA MAYS

(MORE)

Well, now, look who's talking about WHORE. Everybody knows you were the biggest whore in the military. The only way you got any promotion was because you SUCKED ALL THE DICKS AND ATE ALL THE PUSSY! YOU are just one GAY-ASS stanky BITCH!

TANYA BEACHMAN, hearing the conversation, enters the kitchen from the backyard.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

What is going on now?

**JAYNA MAYS**

Nothing I can't handle.

**MALAKA JOHNSON**

Listen to the little whore. Her mother's a whore and like mother like daughter!

**JAYNA MAYS**

Well, at least I'm not a DYKE like you! You like them anyway they come --- male, female, front, back, suck, eat, drink -- you are one nasty whore-BITCH! That's why you got kicked out of the Air Force!

**MALAKA JOHNSON**

I got an honorable discharge.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Less than honorable ---

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Now, wait a minute, everybody, this is a party. Why don't we just have a good time? We don't need this kind of business to be playing out in the open for everybody.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Oh no, let them go. I want to hear this.

**TEENA WHITE**

What's this all about, anyway?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

It's just a misunderstanding.

(MORE)

Don't worry yourself...

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Misunderstanding my ass,  
Jessica --- this is all out  
war. The lady asked a question.  
This the way it breaks down.  
Malaka Johnson's husband was  
shacking up with Jayna May's  
mom, and they were selling  
drugs. They both got caught  
after they were accused of  
committing murder --- allegedly  
it was Malaka Johnson's  
husband, who pulled the  
trigger, but they plea-  
bargained for a lesser charge  
and that was a mistake. The  
judge gave them both 30 years.  
They had a bad lawyer who  
tricked them. Malaka Johnson's  
ex was knifed in the back soon  
after he arrived at the prison,  
like within 48 hours. That's  
the story.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You always have been blunt,  
Tanya.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

(shrugs)  
It's the way I live, Jessica.  
Oh well.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

How about Batman Forever ---  
has anybody seen that?

**CHRISTY CROSS**

Val Kilmer? I don't like Val  
Kilmer as Batman. I like  
Christian Bale. I think he did  
a better job. Has anybody seen  
THE DARK KNIGHT RISING?

CHRISTY CROSS, a Nurse's Aide, is the last to arrive at the party. She's mixed Asian and Black and god knows what else, and she's a baby face.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

You kidding me, Christy?! ---  
Val Kilmer looks more like  
Bruce Wayne/Batman should look.

(MORE)

**CHRISTY CROSS**

Hey, wait a minute, now, Val Kilmer only played him once, so they change to George Clooney. You can forget about his Batman. And then Val Kilmer played Simon Templar/The Saint. What is he doing now? I think Christian Bale is one of the best actors ever and he's played Batman three times.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Did anybody like MICHAEL KEATON as Batman?

A unanimous NO went around the room.

**TANYA BEACHMAN (CONT'D)**

Good, I'm not alone.

**FRED JOHNSON**

Christian Bale can't hold a candle to my boy Samuel L. Nobody --- absolutely NO-BO-DY beats Samuel L. Jackson. Did anybody see THE AVENGERS? You got that one John?

**JOHN NORTH**

I got all the latest. I buy them off the internet. Rudy, I think it's at the bottom.

Rudy puts the BD in and THE AVENGERS boot up.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

In the movies they call it a TESSERACT. In the comics they always call it THE COSMIC CUBE.

**CHRISTY CROSS**

Well it's nothing but some special effect. Wasn't that thing in the THOR movie or CAPTAIN AMERICA first?

Nobody seemed to know.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

Wasn't Chris Evans THE HUMAN TORCH?

**JOHN NORTH**

Yep---The Human Torch twice and Captain America twice or FOUR times.

(MORE)

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

That's not easy to get to play  
two iconic Marvel characters  
twice.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

(to Tanya)  
You ever met him?

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

No.

**FRED JOHNSON**

There goes my boy Samuel L.

On the screen Director Nick Fury enters the S.H.I.E.L.D  
Joint Dark Energy Research Facility with Agent Maria Hill  
while it's being evacuated. The TESSARACT is BRINGING DOWN  
THE HOUSE!

**BARRY HAHN**

You know, I could do Agent Hill  
--- Look at that ass!

**CHRISTY CROSS**

I'll bet she wouldn't touch you  
if you had a 100-inch-thick  
pole-dick --- fuckin' gay-ass  
motherfucker.

Barry reaches for her and she dances away from him and sits  
by DORIS LESSING.

**BARRY HAHN**

Bitch, what's wrong with you?  
You know you want The Barry in  
a hurry. No need to worry.

He poses his hand like a rapper and does another sit-down  
dance.

**CHRISTY CROSS**

(angry and annoyed)  
Bitch? I got your bitch --- any  
time you want more knots upside  
your head ---

(boxes the air)  
--- Just let me know and I'm  
ready to throw!

**DORIS LESSING**

(cradling Christy)  
Why don't you just leave her  
alone, Barry?

(MORE)

**BARRY HAHN**

(snakes his tongue)  
All of you bitches --- nothin'  
but a bunch of nasty-ass freaks  
--- ain't that right Fred?

**FRED JOHNSON**

Freaks in the city, partner ---

(slap hands with Barry  
and points his finger  
like a revolver)  
--- Freaks in the city --- city  
without pity --- know that's  
right! Just hold on tight.

Joins Barry in a sit-down dance.

**JOHN NORTH**

Why don't you two just keep it  
down?

**TOM COOK**

I'm an old comic book reader,  
and in the comics, Nick Fury  
was originally a white guy,  
Sgt. Fury and his Howling  
Commandos. Then they made him  
the head of S.H.I.E.L.D.

**JOHN NORTH**

Then MARVEL COMICS reinvented  
him as Samuel L. So, he asked  
them if he could play him in  
movies. But I think that was  
their intention.

**FRED JOHNSON**

Well, I don't know about that,  
but, he's getting a lot of  
money doing all those movies --  
- Iron Man, Thor, and The  
Incredible Hulk --- And that's  
alright with me because that's  
my boy Samuel L. Jackson, a  
real genius.

(MORE)

Jessica's sitting next to John ---

You blinked, Jessica!

The TESERACT brought down the house and LOKI brought down DIRECTOR FURY'S helicopter and ---

That's all folks!

Jessica looks at the big screen and thought she saw FUCKING, but there's no FUCKING in THE AVENGERS.

Jessica wanted to ask John about it, but was afraid he would be indifferent, and she wanted to be sure he saw the FUCKING.

**JOHN NORTH**

Yes, Jessica, there's FUCKING.

Did John just read her mind? Can he do that?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

John, did you just read my mind?

**JOHN NORTH**

Yes, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You never told me you could read minds.

**JOHN NORTH**

Damn, Jessica, all I want to do is surprise you! I thought you liked surprises, damn!

(puts his head down,  
shakes it, then, to  
Jessica)  
Oh well, anyway, do you want to see some of my other tricks?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No, mind-reading's enough.

**JOHN NORTH**

But, Jessica, I have a dick that has superpowers.

Jessica is shocked.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I never knew your dick had superpowers!

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

(MORE)

Show her that trick you showed me, John. You know the one.

Jessica is shocked again.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You mean to tell me that Tanya knows your dick has superpowers?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jesus Christ, Jessica, that's old news! Everybody knows John's tricky dick has superpowers. Get with the program! Show her John!

John's dick snakes open his pants and rips Jessica's clothes off!

John grins BIG!

Jessica is embarrassed and covers herself with her hands.

Jayna Mays walks over and sits by Jessica, and she is very sociable and logical.

**JAYNA MAYS**

You see, Jessica, John's dick comes from another Planet. That Planet no longer exists, and that's why John's dick came here --- To FUCK US ALL. Here, John's dick has superpowers!

**CHRISTY CROSS**

So, don't be *embarrassed*, Jessica, we're all **BARE-ASSED!**

Jessica looks around and it's true. John's dick ripped the clothes off everybody.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

So that's John's superpower! WOW!

**JOHN NORTH**

He-he-he --- Hallelujah, Jessica!! Big John's home!!

Jessica's cellphone rings.

Jessica pick's it from the floor from under the small pile of shreds where it fell when her clothes were ripped off.

The caller I.D. says "JESSICA SIMONE, 444\*785\*7855".

**JESSICA SIMONE**

It's me --- It looks like I'm

(MORE)



calling myself! I've never done that before!

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

That's good, Jessica. Answer it!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You bet. Hello, Jessica speaking.

John's dick darts under her crotch, and Jessica giggles.

**JESSICA SIMONE ON THE PHONE**

Hello, Jessica. Don't be alarmed. This is *not* **CONTROL**.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Hey, everybody, it sounds like me. *I REALLY AM calling myself.*

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

That's good, Jessica. OOOOH, Johnny Boy!

John's dick smacks Tanya Beachman's ass and tickles her round nipples.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

So, what's up?

**JESSICA SIMONE ON THE PHONE**

LISTEN, Jessica, I want you to do me a favor and *STOP IT---* *JUST STOP IT!* Do you hear me?!  
Never again!! *Now wake up,* Jessica Simone---*WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKE UP---****NOW!!***

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jessica awakes with an unbelievable headache. She gets out of bed and runs to the bathroom to take some aspirin --- maybe the whole bottle. She's feels like she needs to---***REAL BAD.***

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

However, she only takes two with lots of water --- works better that way.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

(MORE)

Back in the bedroom, Jessica observes John sleeping and realizes she's GOT to leave for the last time. She'll never be back this way again the same way.

She snatches up the few belongings that she knows she owns and leaves.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO

**EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAY**

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I've got to find out what happen to us, May. I owe him that much. Something's happened to John. I don't know what, but I've got to find out. I also know that he was behind the subliminal messages that kept me crazy all this time. I don't know to what extent he is involved but I intend to find out. I owe him, May, and I *am* going to *find out* what happened *no matter what it takes. I swear it. I can't just leave him alone and walk away.*

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

You're right, Jessica---It's only fair. But, well, Jessica, you know me and boys --- love them and leave them.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long, have you ever been with John?

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, John and I have always been friends.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long ---

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Only once, but that was a long time ago, before I introduced you to him, and we were both drunk and on the rebound.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Thanks, May.

**EXT. STREET - NEAR JOHN NORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
(MORE)

After making a few necessary preparations, Jessica drove over to park up the street in the shadows near John's House. She turned off her cellphone. No unnecessary or undue calls for now.

Jessica is wearing her sneak around clothes --- all black tights and tee-shirt with black tennis shoes with thin white trim and all black jewelry. Well, after all, she is a woman. With hair tied in a ponytail, she can run faster that way. In Highschool she was a sprinter and dancer. For what's coming up she'll need those skills.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I'm going to need all the help  
I can get. Good thing I stayed  
in shape. Legs---do your thing.

Jessica watches John's house for a long time, and, seeing nothing happening, she creeps up to it, sticking to the shadows as much as possible. There are no other vehicles on that street which is very odd. She's been coming here a long time and there've always been a lot of cars parked on this street and traffic has, at least, been minimal. And, then there's that faint odor of ammonia. *Everybody's gone!*

She can sense that something strange has happened here, no doubt, the same thing that's been happening all over.

Once she reaches the house, she looks all over the front of it, upstairs and down, and there's no light visible from the outside.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

That's crazy --- John always  
has lights on at night, no  
matter what. *He's a creature of  
habit.*

**EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Peeking in the window, Jessica sees nothing and no one.

SO ---

She uses her key to get inside.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Once inside, Jessica carefully closes the door. John might be asleep since it is late. She can see that ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT --- and THAT'S strange.

It's a good thing she remembered where to find a small flashlight --- *too dangerous to be wandering around in the dark.*

She holds the flashlight down to keep from reflecting it too much and STOP ---!

**There's noise coming from upstairs!**

Jessica crouches behind the couch.

Someone is coming down the steps, she can't tell which one it is --- Preach or John --- they both move almost the same way. After all, THEY ARE TWINS --- she REMEMERS that now that her HEAD is clear.

Whichever it is --- is heading for the back door.

This is her chance to look upstairs.

Up the stairs she goes --- fast as she can!

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Upstairs, Jessica has all the light she could want. All the lights are on in the back of the house --- excluding the closets. She looks over at John's bedroom and sees the door open. Sticking out of that door are the feet of someone. Is it John or Preach?

Before she reaches him she already knows --- it's Preach!

Jessica falls on her knees beside him and cries.

Jessica watches as a pin-light flies out of Preaches' mouth and penetrates the outside wall by the window. There's also that faint odor of ammonia, the same she smelled earlier before she came in.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(covering her mouth)

Oh my god!

(MORE)

STOP AND LISTEN!

*Someone is downstairs, coming through the kitchen!*

Jessica runs to the railing to see who it could be and sees the kitchen light on and the shadow of someone big-shouldered. *SOMEONE is on their way up!*

Jessica runs to the closet, opens and closes the door behind her. Whoever it is has a heavy foot --- it doesn't sound like John's.

After she no longer hears the heavy feet, she feels brave enough to open the closet door a little to peek.

*She does and stops!*

Standing in front of the door is DOCTOR KINDER WITH HIS BACK TO HER!

Jessica, careful and quiet, shuts the door again!

It's the Doctor from The Hospital where she was brainwashed --- he's *STILL* creepy!

Now *ANGER* --- *the STARK RAGING FIRE OF ALL ANGERS* --- *TAKES OVER* and makes her brave enough to peek again, so she does.

Doctor Kinder is still there --- he hasn't moved. Then JOHN appears, suddenly, beside him and the doctor whispers something inaudible to him and he walks off.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(thinking to herself,  
shaking like a leaf)  
Whatever you do, *don't take  
your eyes off him Jessica!*

The doctor, suddenly, turns his head to the side and Jessica could swear she heard him SNIFFING LIKE A DOG. She closes the door and backs into the closet. Thank god the closet is big enough for Jessica to lose herself in, and she backs up as far as she can among the clothes, all the way to the back corner. She felt a chill she had never felt before, so she grabs a short black-leather jacket. *Then she realizes.*

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

(self-realization)  
*Lord, I haven't seen this in an  
age. This is real old! You have  
got to be kidding.*

(MORE)

She's surprised that she *remembers*, but *it is hers!* She completely forgot about it because it had been a long time since she had worn it. What else in this closet is hers, she wonders, because over time she's worn a lot of shit over to John's house that she's lost to *passion?*

*No time for that now!*

*Someone is opening the closet door!*

She can't see who it is, but she hears sniffing, like a dog, so she assumes it's Doctor Kinder! Right by her is the closet bulb, and she carefully unscrews it, so no one can turn on the light, but she heard no switch being thrown. She hears the closet door close, but then it opens again, and she could swear this time it's John --- that nasty cologne he likes to wear is NAUSEATING --- she'd always meant to buy him a better one --- FORGET IT. Then John closes the door. After that she hears nothing else.

She waits a long time to chance another peek.

When she does, there's no one in the hallway, so she carefully opens the door, *heart pumping like a trip hammer*.

*Everyone is gone --- INCLUDING PREACH'S BODY!*

Jessica cries again. How could John let this happen to his brother? But, there'll be time for grief later.

She looks over the railing --- from what she can see, no one is in the kitchen, and the light is out again.

Check again, Jessica.

*Jessica peeks further out over the railing --- there's a shadow! Somebody's in the kitchen!*

Jessica ducks down and prepares for anything.

She can hear the heavy feet --- **it's that creep!**

Jessica can hear John's voice. He utters something incoherent, but she caught "I'm going out back to get the van".

She then hears a door close, and another set of footfalls, and she assumes it's Doctor Kinder going towards the front door.

She's right.

She hears the front door open and close --- distinctly different from the backdoor.

Brave enough to venture downstairs again --- Jessica sneaks down the steps to the first floor.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

At the bottom of the steps Jessica crouches in the shadows and stays low. The light in the kitchen is turned off but the back-porch light is on.

She runs to the back door and looks out the window just in time to see the door of a dark van close and take off up the alley beyond the hedges.

Immediately she races to the front door, remembering to step lively and not bump into anything. She uses the flashlight again and keeps it low and on the floor. No need to do anything crazy and get caught.

At the front door she peeks out the window, pushing the curtain aside just a teeny little bit and ---

IT'S DOCTOR KINDER! HE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT HER!

*Jessica ducks low quick and out of sight! Her heart races in anticipation of what's going to happen next.*

Nothing does --- he DIDN'T see her.

After a minute she's brave enough to peek again, so she does.

Doctor Kinder is standing on the porch with his back to her now, and he appears to be puffing on a cigarette, although there's no smoke indicative of that fact.

What could he be doing, then?

When he turns his head to look up the street, she can see that he has his hand up to his face holding something and inhaling. An inhaler ---

He's Asthmatic?

Can't be sure --- but, whatever it is, he tosses it in the bushes.

The van pulls up and Doctor Kinder gets in and it takes off down the street, John driving.

Jessica prepares to follow.

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

Outside, Jessica quickly looks for what Doctor Kinder tossed in the bushes --- but there's no time for that!

She runs to her car and takes off after the van.

**INT./EXT. STREET - TOYOTA PRIUS - NIGHT**

(MORE)

At the end of the street Jessica pulls over and stops. Parked on the next street: A full procession of dark-colored passenger vans, with more arriving by the minute. They're waiting there for something or someone, so Jessica waits. For half an hour they do nothing.

At last one final van arrives and they all take off.

After a short wait, Jessica takes off after them. They hit the ramp to the highway and Jessica follows, keeping pace while keeping her distance.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ahead, more vans join them from the next ramp, so Jessica slows down to keep her distance.

Suddenly, the procession of vans increases their speed, and so does Jessica.

What now?!

**INT. HIGHWAY - TOYOTA PRIUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica looks around and there's no one else on that highway but those vans --- VERY STRANGE! She looks ahead for the passenger vans she's following AND --- DAMN! SONOFABITCH! --  
-THEY'RE GONE!

She should never have taken her eyes off them --- *what bad luck!*

Jessica increases her speed, but she can't spot them anywhere, so she heads for the nearest exit ramp ---

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

--- She exits the ramp to the side streets and doubles back.

After an hour of searching, Jessica is about to give up when she suddenly spots the vans entering the parking lot of an old mall that had been brought down by a sagging economy.

**EXT. OLD MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

They parked there almost like an army of soldiers standing at attention --- row after row parked almost even --- Then, the vans empty --- all of them. They head toward mall building Number One.

**INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - NIGHT**

Jessica waits and watches, parked on the street, until they had all entered the building on the left side --- her P.O.V.

**EXT./INT. STREET - TOYOTA PRIUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)



Then Jessica drives around, looking for someplace to park. She finds a short side street on the other side and parks facing the main street she just left. Again, there's no random traffic anywhere. Where is everybody?

Delay that ---

The sudden nearby sound of a truck startles her and she turns off her headlights and exits the car.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

On the street she just quit she sees a long flatbed pass, heading toward the opposite side of the mall. That's where all those people went.

And that's where she's headed. She has GOT to see this through.

**EXT. OLD MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Since she's an old sprinter, making her way across the parking lot is easy. She made sure over the years to keep in shape.

**EXT. BUILDING NUMBER 1 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica reaches the side of the building where all those people went, including John. Around the back she hears the flatbed she saw earlier pull up and stop.

As she gets closer she can hear a lot of clattery ambient noise coming from inside. The sounds are familiar, like assembly lines.

She heads to the back and ---

THERE'S JOHN ---

Standing on the loading dock and he is talking to that creepy DOCTOR KINDER about something. She can't hear much because of all the noise people make unloading the big trailers, but she did catch him mentioning his brother's name before he walked off.

The sound of conveyers and clanging and commotion can be heard coming from inside a lot louder now.

Looking around for a way in, Jessica spots a door that is slightly ajar --- is it in use?

It might just be neglected. She'll chance it.

**INT. BUILDING NUMBER 1 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Inside it's musty from disuse. There's little light coming from the outside to help her see. She remembers she still has the small flashlight she brought with her. She takes it out.

That's better.

She uses the small flashlight to look around. It's dusty. There are steps leading upstairs that are dusty from disuse.

**INT. BUILDING NUMBER 1 - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Up these steps she goes to a second floor. There's a second flight of stairs, but she stops on the second floor. She opens the door and peeks in.

The noise level is a lot higher than outside.

On the left side of the door, facing toward the mezzanine, is a rack of yellow coverall uniforms. Down on the floor below forklifts and people and security are busy with assembling something on conveyer belts --- they look like machine parts. There are others unloading pallets. Whatever they are constructing, she figures, might wind up on that flatbed --- but there's no time to worry about that now.

She's GOT to get in there somehow.

WAIT! SOMEONE IS COMING!

Jessica closes the door carefully when she hears the footfall of someone light on their feet.

The footfalls stop.

Jessica waits to see if somebody is going to open the door. No one does.

After a minute, Jessica ventures to take a peak. The door creaks slightly and she hesitates. Fortunately, there's so much noise, the rusting hinges can't be heard.

Standing now in front of the door is someone short and blond and wearing one of the coveralls. It looks like a man from the back but when he turns his head she can see she is wrong --- it's a woman with her hair cut like that of a boy. SOME WOMEN, Jessica thinks.

The woman doesn't stay long. Some other woman down on the floor calls something not quite coherent and she takes off.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Jesus! A dyke --- yuck!

(MORE)

Doesn't matter ---

Jessica sees her chance to get in and takes it. She puts on one of the coveralls and goes out onto the mezzanine --- keeping her head low and the hood up. She pretends she just works there.

She's got to move --- and move quick.

She looks out over the floor. It's a converted department store, of all things. Conveyer belts are set up for assembling the same thing she saw when she left the Power Plant after picking up John that day. That day seemed more like a daydream, but this is harsh reality.

There's a rush-rush atmosphere about the whole place --- everyone is in a hurry to do what? What are those machines for anyway?

The woman that she saw earlier is now sitting on a forklift seat waiting under the mezzanine. Suddenly, she starts up the forklift and takes off. What happens to her after that, Jessica will never know.

Jessica scans around for John, and when she does see him HE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT HER!

Quickly turning her head, Jessica walks on around the mezzanine, past some offices keeping her head low.

When she looks for John again she can't find him --- he's gone!

She looks around in desperation but he's NOT ANYWHERE!

What happened to him?

She heads towards the mezzanine steps and heads down to the first floor. Still pretending she works there, Jessica keeps her head low attempting to get a good look at everything, although to what end she has no idea. Jessica, unfortunately, didn't plan that far ahead. She's sure that when she does have some idea she'll know.

**INT. BUILDING NUMBER 1 - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Jessica looks up at the mezzanine and sees *John* scanning the room! She turns her head quickly and mingles with the others shuffling boxes. She grabs a box and blends in, but ---

SHE HAS TO GET OUT OF THERE!

When she looks up again there's DOCTOR KINDER up on the mezzanine scanning the room with John!

*Something is seriously wrong, and Jessica had better beat a hasty retreat NOW!*

She ducks out of sight into one of the nearby rooms! It's an old office or whatever, currently being used for storage.

But there's NO TIME TO WASTE!

She loses the coveralls and opens a nearby window and climbs out. It's cooler outside than it was before.

**EXT. BUILDING NUMBER 1 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica jumps to the ground at a run.

There are no clouds in the skies, and the moon and the stars are all over.

**EXT. OLD MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica sprints toward her car, past the other buildings, keeping to the shadows as much as she can!

But hold!

Jessica stops dead in her tracks --- up ahead she sees security with flashing color lights and flash lights surrounding her car! She's cut off!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

*God, where's a miracle when you  
need one?*

(MORE)

Jessica crouches down in the shadows and heads for the opposite side of the parking lot away from her car where a group of abandoned cars have been parked.

Flashlights appear to be moving her way. Keeping low as possible, she heads for the edge of the parking lot where the main street is, but security is there too and closing in. She knows how fast they can move once they're compromised.

Security vehicles are moving now, driving around searching for her.

SHE'S TRAPPED!

What to do? There's no place to go except back to the buildings.

She needs her sprinter skills more than ever now.

She makes a beeline for the empty buildings on the right side of building number one, but then she sees flashlights in the windows and she stops.

*She's been cut off everywhere!*

Now, there are flashlights and headlights all around, and they are closing in fast!

JESSICA SIMONE

(cursing herself)

*Shit! Times up for the Simone Girl!*

One of those set of HEADLIGHTS suddenly aims for her and she freezes! The cause is lost!

NOT YET!

The headlights suddenly swerve to the side right in front of her with the passenger door suddenly opening and a voice within calls to her!

VOICE FROM THE TRUCK

Get in, hurry!

Whoever it is in the truck is in shadow, she can't see who it is! The voice sounded very young like the voice of a kid!

VOICE FROM THE TRUCK

I'm not one of them! Hurry!

Jessica jumps in and the truck takes off toward the main road!

**EXT./INT. STREET - MAIN ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

(MORE)

Whoever it is, in the driver's seat with the dark hoodie on, switches off the overhead headlights and guns the truck down the road like a drag-racer.

**YOUNG VOICE**

*Better fasten your seatbelt,  
I'm flooring this baby!*

And he does!

The truck turns up into a residential area.

**YOUNG VOICE**

(excited)  
They'll be searching the main  
roads. By using side roads, we  
can confuse them better.

**EXT./INT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

After a series of left and right turns the driver turns down a long road with few houses and big yards. Jessica has never been in this part of the city --- she never had any reason to. They got to be headed south, she guessed.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

We're headed south?

**YOUNG VOICE**

Yes. Do you see anybody  
following us?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(after checking the  
rearview mirror and  
rear window)  
No. All clear from here to  
there.

**YOUNG VOICE**

Good, but let's make sure.  
They're not human, you know.  
Once they're compromised, they  
become something else.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I know.

**YOUNG VOICE**

I'm headed for the back roads.

After the better part of an hour, the driver slows down and checks the mirrors. No one is following.

**YOUNG VOICE**

(MORE)

By the way, it's about time I  
introduce myself --- I'm TIM --  
- TIM LEE.

(offers right hand)  
And you are?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(excepts handshake)  
I'm Jessica Simone, please to  
meet you, and thanks for the  
rescue.

**TIM LEE**

You're welcome.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why were you there in the first  
place? Were you following me or  
someone?

**TIM LEE**

My mom --- I was following my  
mom. I saw you go in and  
waited. I was planning to go in  
myself but decided to wait when  
I saw you pull up in the Prius.  
You followed the vans?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Yes. My boyfriend was one of  
the drivers. I don't know how  
long he's been one of them, but  
I intend to find out.

**TIM LEE**

That's hard to do. It takes a  
while for them to start acting  
strange --- so there's no  
telling how long it took. For  
some it's immediate, but for  
others it could take a while --  
- months, maybe.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- Or, maybe a year ---?

**TIM LEE**

--- Maybe.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I remember I was held in the  
hospital mental ward because I  
kept seeing people lit up like  
torches --- human torches, and

(MORE)

tiny pin-light beings flying around. I did escape once because they thought I was docile, but I was playing possum. I stabbed one of them with a knife I managed to steal and keep hidden and got away for a minute. Then they sent me to Central South Hospital, maximum security nut house. There they brainwashed me, then let me go.

**TIM LEE**

When you escaped, where did you go?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

To the police --- but I know, now, that was a dumb idea because I think by then they had been compromised. All they did was return me to the hospital.

**TIM LEE**

It might be that they just didn't believe you.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No. I think they had already been taken over because right after my accident I saw my first human torches when the Paramedics were examining me. Just that quick --- It didn't take them long. Like you said, for some it's immediate.

**TIM LEE**

Well, you're probably right. Hey --- look at my fuel-gage. I'm down to a quart. I'm going to need to stop somewhere and get some Petrol.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- Some what?

**TIM LEE**

--- Gas.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh.

**TIM LEE**

(MORE)



There's a town where I usually go near here.

Tim makes a right turn and heads down another road. There's no traffic on that road, like all the others.

Through the trees that line the road can be seen the lights of a town.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Is that the one you're talking about?

**TIM LEE**

No, it's further down the highway. I've never been down this road before or to that town.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, Tim, this's not the time to be picky. You need to get gas --- so let's get you some gas for your truck. OK, Tim?

**TIM LEE**

Alright, let's go.

At the next turn, Tim heads for the town.

**EXT./INT. SIDE ROAD - TOWN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The road led past a river, over a bridge and down into a valley and into a town well-lit with night lights but no traffic. Tim made a left turn into a road that was cut out of a mountain. There on the corner is a gas station with a Convenience Store. Tim guns the truck into the gas station and parks by a pump.

Jessica immediately jumps out of the truck and walks around to get a good look at her rescuer.

Jessica chuckles.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh, my god! You ARE just a kid. I thought you just SOUNDED like a kid. Ho-o-o-o boy, this is good.

(looks up at the sky)

This is MY MIRACLE? Oh boy! Oh joy!

(MORE)

TIM LEE is slim and just a little shorter than Jessica, dark blond, wearing jeans, and an opened dark blue hoodie reveals a red shirt with black stripes and dirty, dusty white tennis shoes.

**TIM LEE**

It just so happens I'm  
nineteen.

Jessica giggles.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nineteen what? Nineteen months?  
You're kidding. I never  
would've thought --- Hey, no  
offense, but aren't you up a  
little late?

Jessica throws up her arms to GOD ---

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

GOD! Does this have to happen  
to me?

**TIM LEE**

I'm nineteen YEARS old!

Jessica rolls up her eyes and giggles.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

And on top of all things,  
you're a nerd --- a NERD! Man-  
oh-man!

Tim frowns and Jessica continues to giggle.

**TIM LEE**

What do you mean nerd --- Who's  
a nerd?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Do you have a HIGH IQ? Do you  
read a lot and got all A's in  
School?

**TIM LEE**

Yep.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

*Ta-dah!*

**TIM LEE**

What've you got against nerds?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nothing --- In Highschool I was

(MORE)

considered a nerd. I had braces, glasses, and I was short and stocky and carried a lot of books. Now I'm what you see before you.

(Jessica poses prettily)  
Amazed, I'm sure.

**TIM LEE**

(rolling his eyes)  
Oh, great, there's a picture.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, actually, Tim, there are a lot of pictures, *believe or not*.

**TIM LEE**

Still, I'm man enough to pull your fat-ass out of the fire!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(looking around at her fat ass and smacking it)  
Well, you know what, Tim, you're right. I apologize. I'm just surprised, that's all. Say, I tell you what, you pump, I shop, OK, Tim?

**TIM LEE**

Alright, Jessica ---

Jessica giggles and heads for the STORE.

Tim rolls his eyes again, shakes his head and pumps.

**INT. TOWN - GAS STATION STORE - NIGHT**

Inside the store, Jessica moves from aisle to aisle grabbing this, that and the other, everything from sodas to sandwiches and hamburgers. She heats a hotdog to eat right away and down a bottle of water. That was good. The store is well stocked. She even grabs few personal items and stuffs everything in a few plastic bags. They're kind of heavy by now. When she's done she has four double bags.

**EXT. TOWN - GAS STATION PUMP - NIGHT**

(MORE)

Tim finishes fueling the truck and turns towards the Convenience Store when he sees Jessica running towards him out of breath and in a hurry.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, get in the truck and let's  
get the **FUCK OUT OF HERE!** **NOW!**

**TIM LEE**

Woe, now, hold on there,  
sister, what's wrong?

Jessica puts the bags in the truck.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Look, Tim, you don't want to go  
in there, and we ain't got time  
to **FUCK AROUND!** Now, **GET IN THE**  
**FUCKING TRUCK AND LET'S THE**  
**FUCK OUT OF HERE! NOW, TIM!**

Both Jessica and Tim get in the truck and take off down the road out of sight of the town.

Once they are out of view of the town, Tim turns the truck down a dusty, leafy back road that leads through a wooded area.

Behind them a cloud suddenly forms over the town they just left --- just as suddenly there's a loud THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING, and THE TOWN DISAPPEARS!

But, by then, Jessica and Tim are long gone.

**EXT./INT. BACK ROADS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

FOCUS ON THE TRUCK STOPPING.

The truck comes to a stop in a remote area surrounded by heavy wooded growth. Jessica is looking around at the dark trees imagining all kinds of things and none of them good.

Jessica never liked the woods. For someone who is strictly a city girl, this is a new experience. The current predicament isn't helping.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, where are we going? You  
wouldn't be trying something  
like "We're out of gas", would  
you?

**TIM LEE**

I already did that.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Good point, Tim. OK.

(MORE)

TIM LEE

Jessica, this is my resolve:  
Whatever we have to do, we do,  
and whatever we have to face,  
we face, alright? And, no, I  
don't have any tricks to try.

JESSICA SIMONE

Right, Tim. But, well, you  
know, I'm a girl. What can I  
say? So, where are we going?

TIM LEE

To my cabin ---

JESSICA SIMONE

You have a cabin?

TIM LEE

--- Yeah, a cabin in the woods.

JESSICA SIMONE

Alright, Tim --- And you're not  
planning on trying anything,  
are you?

TIM LEE

Jessica ---

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim --- Tim, relax, I'm just  
kidding.

TIM LEE

Jessica, what *happened* back  
there? Why were you so  
*frightened*?

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, you see, Tim, I was  
grabbing this and that like  
crazy, you know, and then when  
I looked behind the glass-  
enclosed counter, I *saw* them.

TIM LEE

What did you see?

JESSICA SIMONE

People ---

(Jessica shudders)  
People lying on the floor on  
their backs with their mouths

(MORE)

open, and above *them, billions and billions* --- I mean, it looked to me like billions --- of *pin-lights* flying above them like a cloud. I took one look -- that's all it took --- I flew out that door --- and, baby, that's what I was doing when you saw me ---!

**TIM LEE**

Damn. No wonder you were frightened. That must be happening all over that town.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- Or, already happened.

Tim starts driving again.

**INT./EXT. BACK ROADS - TIM'S CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tim turns to Jessica.

**TIM LEE**

My cabin's just ahead.

They pull up near the cabin and exit the truck.

The wolves are howling making Jessica nervous, even though they sound far away.

Tim disappears around the side for a moment, then returns.

**TIM LEE**

Had to turn on the lights --- I don't like them to be on when I leave.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I don't see them on.

**TIM LEE**

You will.

The lights outside come on, which made Jessica feel a lot better.

**TIM LEE**

(smiling)  
Come on Jessica, brave up.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(rolling her eyes)  
Fuck you Tim.

**TIM LEE**

(MORE)

Yes, I know.

**EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT**

Both Jessica and Tim:

Enter the cabin and, as soon as the sensors detect them, the rest of the lights, automatically, turn on.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

This is not your usual setup for a cabin, is it? You're not exactly a woodsman, are you?

**TIM LEE**

Hell no. Daniel Fucking Boone I'm not. I don't hunt bear or trap possum or any of that shit. All those hunting and camping motherfuckers can kiss my ass. I don't eat deer or rabbit or any of that nasty-ass shit. I wouldn't eat that nasty shit if somebody PAID me just to see me SHIT IT OUT MY ASS. I'd rather go to Fucking 7-Eleven to get something to eat. Jessica, this really JUST A HOUSE connected to the SOUTH COUNTY. It only looks like a cabin.

Jessica cracks up.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

OK, Davey Fucking Crockett, *don't be insulted.*

**TIM LEE**

Oh no, Hiawatha, I'm not. Now what's in those bags?

**INT. TIM'S CABIN - NIGHT - LATER**

After finishing their meal ---

Tim is in the kitchen cleaning up. When he turns around, Jessica is at the computer.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

When I was in school I spent a lot of time in the computer labs.

Tim pills up a chair.

**TIM LEE**

You said you were held in that

(MORE)

hospital for a year?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Yes, at least a year.

**TIM LEE**

What happened --- you said something about Paramedics --- you had an accident? What kind of accident?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I was crossing an intersection and got hit by a tanker. It crushed the front of my car --- flattened it like a pancake.

**TIM LEE**

Flattened? How did you survive that?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I was thrown into the back seat.

**TIM LEE**

That doesn't make any sense. An accident like that wouldn't cause you to be thrown into the back seat.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, that's where the police said they pulled me out of --- the back seat.

Tim thinks about it for a moment.

**TIM LEE**

That makes no sense. Oh well, what are you searching for?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

News about the accident I had last year.

**TIM LEE**

Have you found anything?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No, not a thing --- The police said that tanker driver had an unbelievable alcohol level and he should never have been driving, period. Shit, this is

(MORE)



a waste of time. I'm getting a lot of nonsensical advertisement. The web is all screwed up. Tim, how are you getting the internet anyway?

**TIM LEE**

Underground cable, like everything else, electricity, water, all of it comes from the nearby county.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, I give up. I'm going to get me something to eat, again. How about you?

**TIM LEE**

Any more hamburgers, I'll take one.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Coming up ---

**TIM LEE**

We'd better crash after that --  
- In the morning I've got something to show you.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(turning off the  
computer)  
How do you know about them? You had an accident?

Tim cleans up again.

**TIM LEE**

(putting the dishes  
away)  
Yep. A bad one.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, tell me about your accident. How did you wind up in the hospital?

**TIM LEE**

I got hit on the head with a flying golf-ball. I was in the Hospital for most of a month. I do mean I was completely knocked out. I didn't know a thing until I came to and saw everything in flames. Crazy.

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

Did you get to meet Doctor Kinder?

TIM LEE

Doctor who?

JESSICA SIMONE

Never mind.

TIM LEE

My doctor was a woman ---  
Doctor Rosa Sandy --- that was  
her name, I think.

JESSICA SIMONE

(looking confused)  
What did she look like?

TIM LEE

(thinking)  
I can't recall. Everything was  
so distorted all I saw were  
blotches of color and crazy  
shapes. I couldn't see clearly  
for a long time. When I could,  
that's when I started seeing  
the human torches.

Jessica yawns.

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim, where do you sleep?

TIM LEE

Bed, chair or couch --- pick  
one.

After one last meal of potato chips and soda, they both  
crash, Jessica on the bed in the corner.

**INT. TIM'S CABIN - MORNING**

When Jessica awakes, Tim is already on the computer.

JESSICA SIMONE

Morning, Tim, did you get any  
sleep?

TIM LEE

Plenty enough, Jessica ---  
morning --- I'm an early bird,  
always have been.

JESSICA SIMONE

(MORE)

Are you the kind that shuts out  
the rest of the world and  
browse the internet and play  
video games?

**TIM LEE**

Hell no.

Jessica gets up and heads for the door.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, I'm going outside to get  
some fresh air.

**TIM LEE**

That's not legal, you know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Doesn't apply to me, Tim ---  
Filling my lungs with all I can  
get.

Tim turns around to see Jessica in her panties and no bra.  
She has a tee-shirt in her hand and throws it on. It's long  
enough to cover half her thighs.

**TIM LEE**

Dressed like that? You sure ---  
not shy?

Jessica wraps herself in the blanket she slept under.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nope. After all who's around?

Jessica opens and closes the door.

**TIM LEE**

I guess I don't count.

**EXT. TIM'S CABIN - MORNING - LATER**

(MORE)

Jessica inhales the fresh air and it is such a strange experience.

The world is nothing but open space as far as the eye can see. A deer wanders into the clearing nearby. A rabbit in the brush chomps on something non-discernible. But the world is fucked up. How do you fight something that you've never seen before?

But all Jessica has ever done is live to breathe another day. Why, of all people, does this have to happen to her? Can't they get somebody else to do this shit?

Jessica has had enough.

**INT. TIM'S CABIN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica steps back inside the cabin --- heads for the bathroom to take a shower. On the way she grabs her clothing.

**INT. TIM'S CABIN - BATHROOM - MORNING**

A quick shower feels good. After the shower, Jessica exits the bathroom.

**INT. TIM'S CABIN - MORNING**

Jessica looks over at Tim on the computer.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You're still browsing? I thought you said you had something to show me.

**TIM LEE**

Come here and look at this website, Jessica. This is something I found days ago.

Jessica pulls up a chair next to Tim and looks at the website on the monitor/TV.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I've seen that before at my boyfriend's house.  
[WWW.THEKIND.COM](http://WWW.THEKIND.COM) --- He had that on his computer screen in his basement.

Tim turns up the audio and a familiar modified group voice can be heard.

**COMPUTER AUDIO (V.O)**

We are the kind! We cannot be stopped! We come from an ALTERNATE REALITY where we exist as BODILESS ENTITIES. A CATAclysm DESTROYED OUR WORLD

(MORE)

AND OPENED A WORMHOLE TO THIS ONE. We felt the warmth. We liked the warmth and CAME THROUGH IT. This is our new home. We are here to stay. YOU will be CONJOINED with us. You WILL become ONE OF US. You cannot resist us. We are the kind. We cannot be stopped!

Tim cuts off the audio.

**TIM LEE**

You don't want to listen to that too long.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You don't WANT to listen to that at all. That's brainwashing. At the hospital they played that day and night, had me climbing the walls. By the time they let me go my mind was all screwed up and my memory practically gone.

**TIM LEE**

What finally broke it for you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

During one of my weird dreams I called myself.

**TIM LEE**

Was it porn?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

As a matter of fact, it was.

**TIM LEE**

What did it for me was the old man with the TATTOOS.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

The Tattooed man --- did he have a tattoo of you on his arm that kept changing? I saw him too.

**TIM LEE**

Yes, he had the tattoo that kept changing. He told me that someone named Jessica created this hell. No last name.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(MORE)

Well, my name is Jessica  
Simone, but I don't know what  
this could have to do with me.  
I'm just your average working  
girl with lots of debt and no  
money. The tattooed man told me  
the same thing, but I don't  
believe it.

TIM LEE

Why not?

JESSICA SIMONE

Because he told me I didn't  
realize who and what I am. What  
the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

TIM LEE

Sounds cryptic --- like a  
mystery ---

JESSICA SIMONE

Keep a mystery --- I just want  
everything to be normal so I  
can go home and figure out how  
to pay all my bills with no  
money.

TIM LEE

Well, good luck with that.

JESSICA SIMONE

Why did you ask me if my dream  
was porn?

TIM LEE

Because, MY dream about the old  
man was porn --- Everyone in it  
was butt naked, including my  
mom, and she had these big  
super-titties and kept telling  
me to drink her milk because I  
need strong bones and white  
teeth.

Jessica cracks up.

JESSICA SIMONE

Wow, that was truly crazy. So,  
intense emotions are what does  
it, and what's more intense  
than porn?

TIM LEE

Exactly ---

(MORE)

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, why do you think they call themselves THE KIND?

**TIM LEE**

I don't know, but I've been thinking about that. I think that if they never originally had a spoken language, their interpretation of a language they never spoke would, at best, be fragile. I think it's that they don't have a frame reference from which to work. So, calling themselves The Kind and using terms usually attached to Science Fiction, like ALTERNATE REALITIES and WORMHOLES, would be the only way they can communicate right now.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, Tim, there isn't much left to eat --- we're just a couple of hogs ready for slaughter. All we got left are potato chips. If we do anything today, we're going to have to do some shopping.

**TIM LEE**

OK. Grab the potato chips and let's go.

**EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY**

Jessica and Tim jump in the truck and hit the road. The road winds around hills and through valleys, and they avoid a few towns with no through traffic. Finally, at the bottom of one hill, Tim stops the truck.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY****TIM LEE**

We're here. What I want to show you is just up that hill. Let's go.

**EXT. HILL - DAY**

Tim drives part way up the hill and stops again.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY****TIM LEE**

(MORE)

I don't want to get too close.

**JESSICA**

(curious)  
Why is that, Tim? What's up  
that hill?

**TIM LEE**

(slight smile)  
You will see, my dear.

**EXT. HILL - DAY**

Jessica and Tim exit the truck and walk the rest of the way up the hill. At the top of the hill there's a sudden sharp drop into a valley. Sprawled across that valley is what looks like buildings and towers and people busy with construction, all machines. Security patrols the area. They look like they are in a hurry.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I've seen this before, Tim,  
after I picked John up at CITY  
POWER. I thought my mind was  
gone at the time, but as we're  
driving away I saw one of those  
in a fenced area next to the  
Power Plant. When I asked John  
about it, he acted strange.

**TIM LEE**

When I was here yesterday, they  
hadn't built this much. And  
there weren't this many people.

For the best part of an hour, Jessica and Tim sit and watch them work. They eat the bags of chips and down bottles of water like a picnic.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

It looks sort of like they're  
building a town. Look, there's  
that flatbed and trailer no  
doubt making deliveries. I  
wonder what it's going to look  
like when it's finished.

**TIM LEE**

I don't think it's ever going  
to be finished.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why do you say that?

**TIM LEE**

(MORE)



Those machines, the way they interconnect, it resembles--- some kind of HIVE.

JESSICA SIMONE

Like a beehive?

TIM LEE

Umm---no, not like that. But--- something in that vain. For instance, you have technological file-trees, and biological trees. They are both trees, technically---

JESSICA SIMONE

You mean, all they're going to do is keep building this thing on and on out into space and beyond forever and ever?

TIM LEE

Yes.

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim, I don't know if it's possible, but we have got to do something. We can't just sit here like we're witnessing a strange phenomenon and take pictures we can show and tell all our friends.

TIM LEE

Well, I'm with you on that, but we're going to need help --- a lot of help.

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim, you wouldn't, by any chance, have anything like C-4, would you?

TIM LEE

C-4 -- Plastic explosives --- Hell no.

JESSICA SIMONE

Just asking, Tim ---

TIM LEE

Watching too many movies, are we?

JESSICA SIMONE

(MORE)

Entirely too many --- The hero carries it around like change -- Oh, here it is --- and he pulls it out of his pocket or backpack and blows up the entire screen. Then the hero, or heroes, walks or runs away in slow motion. You'd think by now they would've learned to leave C-4 out of the plot. I think they should start a new trend and have everybody sit down at the table and eat dinner.

Tim chuckles.

**TIM LEE**

I'm almost sure that's not going to work---Oh my god --- big time!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What is it, Tim? What did you see?

Tim just stares.

Jessica nudges him and he jumps a little and looks at her.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, do you remember what you were doing just before the accident?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why? Do you think I did something to cause the accident?

**TIM LEE**

No. I just want to know what you were doing prior.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why would you want to know that? What does that have to do with anything? The guy in the tanker hit me. He caused it. I'm just the victim of a dead-drunk driver.

**TIM LEE**

But, Jessica, all I want to know is what you were doing prior? No accusations intended.

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

OK. Before I crossed that intersection, I plugged my cellphone into the cigarette lighter.

TIM LEE

That's all?

JESSICA SIMONE

Yes.

TIM LEE

Well, I don't see where that would create all this. On their website, The Kind says that a cataclysm destroyed their world and opened a wormhole to this one. Alternate Reality---they come from an Alternate Reality. If you believe in such things, there are no rules or laws that govern how or where they exist. Alternate Realities have always been a major plotline for science fiction.

JESSICA SIMONE

(looking at Tim)

Where are you going with this, Tim?

TIM LEE

I don't know. Not yet.

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, can you imagine Harlan Ellison or Stephen King or somebody jumping out of the shadows somewhere just to say: "Boo!? Aw, come on now, guys, don't take this personally---we're just kidding! See you at the movies, and oh, by the way, we added C4 to the plot".

TIM LEE

(chuckling)

I hope not.

JESSICA SIMONE

If I ever see a movie where they put C-4 in hairspray, I don't I'll ever finish it. That will officially signal the end.

(MORE)

And I mean THE END.

**TIM LEE**

Well, Jessica, no matter what happens, this is, definitely, going to go down for me as the greatest adventure I ever had, hands down.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, tell me what you saw down there that made you stare so hard?

**TIM LEE**

I thought I saw my father, but that's not possible.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why?

**TIM LEE**

My father died last year of natural causes.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Natural causes --- How old was he?

**TIM LEE**

Mid-forties --- but he was in poor health for years.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You say he died last year?

**TIM LEE**

Yes, last January.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Damn, I thought we were going to connect something. Oh well.

**TIM LEE**

Look, Jessica, over there to the right.

(MORE)

Jessica looks over to the right where a group of 200 or more people are gathered and are standing at attention with their mouths opening, and, out of their mouths, billions and billions of pin-sized lights are pouring, forming a lightening cloud. Among them is JOHN NORTH.

Jessica is sickened.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Poor John ---

**TIM LEE**

We'd better get out of here,  
Jessica. JESSICA SIMONE, WE  
HAVE TO GO!

Jessica is just sick --- first Preach, now John.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You're right! Let's go ---  
hurry!

Jessica and Tim race back down the hill to the truck. Jessica jumps in the driver's seat and floors the gas pedal once they reach the road.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Back on the road, JESSICA SIMONE GUNS IT!

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, why did you jump in  
the driver's side?!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You think I want to be driven  
around all day by some kid?!  
Relax, Tim, relax! I need to do  
something physical!

Jessica floors it!

Once she feels she's a safe enough distance away from that hill, she slows down.

Jessica checks all the mirrors. There's nothing but country road as far as she can see.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Tim, you see anything?

**TIM LEE**

Nada ---

**EXT./INT. ROAD - DAY**

(MORE)

After an hour of silence and checking the windows ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Look, there's a farm with cows.  
Who do you think lives there,  
Old McDonald? Do you think THE  
KIND would use animals as  
hosts?

**TIM LEE**

I don't know. I've never seen  
or heard anything about it.  
Have you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No. Maybe animals are just not  
on their menu. Or it could be  
something else. Do you think  
anybody's there? Want to go  
see?

They pass a group of trees they think is hiding where a  
house should be, and, as they come around a curve in the  
road ---

**TIM LEE**

Scratch that, Jessica. Look,  
the house is gone. There's a  
big hole where it used to be.  
Let's just keep on up the road.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Good idea.

After passing some more farmland ---

**TIM LEE**

There's a main road up ahead.  
That's going to take us back to  
the cabin.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Sure?

**TIM LEE**

Yep.

At the main road, Jessica makes a left.

**EXT./INT. MAIN ROAD - DAY**

The main road passes through mountain and valley and up a  
sharp rise, and after a few more miles ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

This kind of looks familiar. I  
think we've been this way

(MORE)

before.

**TIM LEE**

We have.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, you know what---I think I can get used to this country life. City girl in the country---I'm used to city blocks and urban decay, and drug dealers on every other corner, but this is kind of fresh---Oh my God!!

After driving up a sharp rise, Jessica jams the breaks like her life depended on it --- because it does.

**INT. P.O.V. - TRUCK - FRONT WINDSHIELD - DAY**

Jessica and Tim are looking at a big hole.

Jessica backs the truck up --- to a safe distance, then stop.

**EXT. ROAD - BIG HOLE - DAY**

FOCUS ON THE VIEW FROM THE WHOLE.

Jessica and Tim exit the truck and walk to the edge of the BIG HOLE.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I think this is where the town was we visited last night ---

**TIM LEE**

It is.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Another inch and we'd be in that --- HOLE.

**TIM LEE**

That's one deep hole. It looks like the sides have been cauterized. Even the infrastructure is gone. It's a clean crater.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

We'd better not stay here, Tim. Do you smell that strong odor of ammonia?

**TIM LEE**

Yep. Have you ever smelled it before?

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

Oh Yeah. Have you?

TIM LEE

Not this strong. In a world gone mad what do you do about it?

JESSICA SIMONE

Don't know. Let's go.

Jessica and Tim jump back in the truck and take off back down the road, Jessica driving again. Tim stares. She drives as if, for her, it's therapeutic, is what he's thinking.

TIM LEE

(looking at Jessica)  
Feel good? It must be what they call a comfort cushion the way you're gripping that wheel.

**EXT./INT. ROAD - DAY**

Jessica makes a left to another road that leads through a thick forest. When they come to a covered bridge that crosses a wide stream, they stop.

JESSICA SIMONE

Want to chance it?

TIM LEE

Sure, why not. It looks safe. I never heard of them going around targeting bridges, have you?

JESSICA SIMONE

When they blow up something they blow it ALL up.

TIM LEE

I don't think they blow up anything at all. It's more like sucking or vacuuming or scooping, maybe a combo of all of them.

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, do you see anything?

Jessica and Tim look all around, then exit the truck and check the trees. After checking everything and everywhere, they get back in the truck and ---

JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)

(MORE)



Tim, do you smell that?

**TIM LEE**

O-oh-h-h! And it's so strong.  
Do you hear that! Gun it,  
Jessica!

Jessica does, straight across that bridge, chipping a few boards, some of them falling into the stream, as the truck zooms across the bridge to the other side ---

The bridge VANISHES!

Almost no splinters are left.

Jessica floors it.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

*They're on us!*

**TIM LEE**

*What gave you the clue?!!*

**INT. ROAD - FOREST - DAY**

After another mile ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, do you have an *IPAD* or *tablet* or *smart phone*? I think I lost mine when I was at the Old Abandoned Mall.

**TIM LEE**

No self-respecting hacker would be without one.

Tim reaches under his seat and pulls out his IPAD.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What we need is to find others like us. Is there a way you can hack into the World Wide Web and set up a public blog so that others can find it and blog messages? We need allies -- we're never going to be able to do this alone.

**TIM LEE**

I'll see what I can do.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Do you think THE KIND can use the information superhighway to travel?

(MORE)

TIM LEE

I don't know. They appear to be made of photonic energy--- formless entities. Whether they can use fiber-optics or the electric grid or even satellite systems as method of travel --- don't know. SONOFABITCH!

JESSICA SIMONE

*What's wrong?*

TIM LEE

It crashed!

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, can't you reboot it?

TIM LEE

No!

JESSICA SIMONE

Why not?

TIM LEE

Because everything **crashed**--- systems everywhere---The Web, my IPAD, everything! *The whole shebang* --- everything everywhere CRASHED!

JESSICA SIMONE

DAMN!

TIM LEE

O-OW-W!

JESSICA SIMONE

What's wrong, now?!

TIM LEE

The IPAD's starting to get **hot**---EEOWWW!

JESSICA SIMONE

*Get rid of it, Tim --- out the window!*

Tim tosses it out the window.

When they look back at it --- *it starts to glow RED HOT!*

TIM LEE

Damn! *The KIND must've fed my signal back to me!*

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

Did you hurt your hand?

TIM LEE

(holding his hand and  
inspecting it)  
Little bit.

JESSICA SIMONE

(looking out of the  
windows)  
Do you see anything?

TIM LEE

(looking out the  
window and checking  
the rearview mirror)  
*No! Oh wait, I just saw a  
flash! My IPAD just exploded!*

JESSICA SIMONE

Damn! That answers a bunch of  
questions. We can't use the  
World Wide Web. We are what  
they call ON OUR OWN. *That  
sucks like **Bullet Shit!***

TIM LEE

Well, no matter. It isn't as if  
we can do anything about it. My  
cabin is just up ahead.

JESSICA SIMONE

Maybe it would be better to  
take this one step at a time,  
Tim.

TIM LEE

Absolutely ---

Jessica stops the truck.

JESSICA SIMONE

I think it would be a good idea  
to stop here.

TIM LEE

Good idea.

Both Jessica and Tim exit the truck and walk toward the  
cabin as if they expect the boogeyman to jump out at them at  
any point along the way from among the trees at any time.

**EXT. TIM'S CABIN - DAY**

(MORE)

Jessica strolls up to the cabin window. She's the first to peek in the window of Tim's cabin. *She grabs Tim's arm ---*

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim, run!

Tim catches a glimpse of his cabin within --- he saw billions of pin-lights flying around in it. Some of them started to penetrate the roof and walls.

*Jessica and Tim make a mad dash for the truck, but Jessica stumbles as the sudden, overwhelming odor of ammonia is too much for her to take. Her eyes and sinuses are burning with pain, tears running down her face, and with her nose running and head congested she looks a mess.*

Tim grabs Jessica --- throwing her arm around his neck, he shoves her into the truck on the passenger side. She collapses on the seat.

Tim runs around to the driver's side and jumps in, guns the truck in reverse into a spin, and takes off.

Behind them the cabin suddenly **implodes** upward like a volcano amid a huge **THUMP** and **vanishes**.

**EXT./INT. ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Back down the road they fly.

Behind them more thumping gauges craters out of earth, trees and all --- the **THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING** continues unrelenting as the earth itself is turned into the ultimate weapon raining splintered chunks of trees and earth all around the truck.

Tim drives like a madman, but the **THUMPING** is catching up fast!

Then Tim makes a desperate move, spinning the truck off the road and down a hill to a nearby stream of rushing water. The truck makes a huge splash, **crashing** into the waves of the stream, half-driving and half-swimming.

**EXT./INT. STREAM - DAY**

The **thumping** continues *nonstop* behind them coming down the hill, uprooting trees, bushes and earth --- then suddenly stops.

Tim drives the truck back upon the bank and stops.

Jessica stirs and sits up in the seat. She opens and leans out the window to clear her sinuses and Tim does the same.

JESSICA SIMONE

How did we get in this stream?

TIM LEE

(MORE)

I drove the truck in. I played a hunch.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- A hunch?

**TIM LEE**

Yeah. They don't like water --- They never do anything when it rains. When I was at the hospital after my accident, I used to see them fly around, and I got sick of them. So, one day I threw a glass of water at them and they went away.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I think I've had enough of the country life. Tim, I think we need to go somewhere else.

**TIM LEE**

Like where?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

How about Canada or Mexico?

**TIM LEE**

What about Canada or Mexico?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, it's someplace other than here.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, I just don't think it going to make much of a difference where you are --- This situation isn't likely to be much different anywhere else. The whole world has been changed. This is not a localized incident. We are bottlenecked --- trapped --- All forms of communication are blocked, and we can't go to the airport or train station and buy a ticket. We're being forced to deal with it right here.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

It was just a suggestion, Tim -- don't go to pieces on me. My head's just starting to clear. You got any aspirin? Oh, never

(MORE)

mind, I just remembered I got some I stuffed in the glove compartment this morning, just in case --- Thinking ahead, Tim. Let's head back to the city.

Jessica takes the aspirin.

Tim starts up the truck and heads back to the road.

**INT./EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Tim speeds up back down the road, heading back to the city.

**TIM LEE**

This road will take us back to the city.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(relieved)

Good, Tim. Good.

**EXT. THE CITY STREETS - DAY**

Back in the city, the streets are empty of people and abandoned vehicles are everywhere, and the further they go the more they see.

**INT. THE CITY STREETS - DAY - CONTINUED**

Looking out of the windows, Jessica is amazed at the number of parked and non-parked and abandoned cars she sees.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, this is fun. You would think that the aliens would at least clean up their own mess. Maybe they never heard of a broom.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, I don't think that's the point. They're focused on building that hive --- Hold! Look!

Around them --- the thickest mass of vehicles so far and there's no way for them to turn back.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

This way, Tim, this way --- turn right here!

**EXT./INT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

After an hour of navigating through the mass of parked and abandoned cars, Jessica points to a side street.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(excited and  
relieved!)

I see an opening, Tim! Turn  
left here!

Tim turns left and drives up on the side walk past abandoned shops and coffee bistros and outdoor restaurants and done!

At last they are free to roam the streets of an abandoned world again!

Tim turns onto a main street that's divided by a planted concrete island sectioned to accommodate shopping centers parking lots, office buildings, and intersections and cross streets, and residential areas, apartment buildings and malls. There nothing else on that street except another big truck!

That trailer truck is speeding towards them on the other side, bellowing its horn, and from inside they can hear loud yelling and swearing, but they can't see who's yelling.

The truck races past them and disappears over the short rise and down the hill they just came up.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Who the hell could that be?

**TIM LEE**

Whoever it is, I just hope they  
are all right.

Suddenly, the big trailer truck can be heard coming up behind them having made a U-TURN BACK DOWN THE ROAD.

They can hear its bellowing horn behind them as it bears down on them running at a breakneck speed.

It's close enough, now, for them to see who it is driving.

Sitting high in the cab is a woman, a big white woman with a red-striped shirt and coveralls. Her hair is pulled back from her fat face with a big smile. The truck itself is custom-fitted with chrome trimming and painted bright pink with violet stripes and the letters "1 SXY BTCH" on the license plate.

They watch as she blows her horns again ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Right on, sister!

(MORE)

Jessica and Tim prepare to stop.

Tim slows down and pulls over into one of the nearby parking lots and the big trailer zooms past them and turns into the same parking lot filled with a lot of abandoned cars.

Bad move!

A loud sonic **THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING** splits the trailer almost in half, like a geyser, and a second one gouges a large crater out of blacktop and gravel --- the huge trailer vanishes amid a cloud that just formed overhead!

Tim guns his truck across the parking lot and races to the side street behind the buildings and up the road!

**TIM LEE**

Do you see anything? Are any of those things following us?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

No, I don't see anything.

**TIM LEE**

Just as I thought ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

What do you mean?

**TIM LEE**

I could be wrong, but, I get the feeling we're being led.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

--- Being led?

**TIM LEE**

Yes, being led. I have no idea to where or why, but I think we're being led. I hope I'm wrong and all we've got to do is kick some alien butt. But, I think we are being led.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, to be truthful, I was kind of thinking the same thing, but if we are, then we can use it to our advantage. Take advantage of it. After all you're as much a part of this as I am.

**TIM LEE**

Why do you say that?

(MORE)



**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, if they wanted to get you, I think they could've done that a long time ago --- The same as me. I mean, they had me in a hospital for a year and all they did was brainwash me and discredit me in the public eye. For whatever it's worth, it might be that they need you and me for some reason. If we are being led, what we got to do is take it back to them somehow. This is our Home World --- therefore, it becomes our responsibility. We don't have to take this lying down. I'm not. I say we give them hell.

**TIM LEE**

Well, we can't do anything here. Let's get out of here.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You know it. High five.

And that's what they do.

**EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - DAY**

After leaving the streets again they navigate a series of back roads till they come to an old dirt road. The road leads through the mountains and down into a valley where they pass a series of huge craters. The devastation is all over --- everywhere they look.

**EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - SMALL TOWN - DAY**

At the end of that old dirt road is another small town.

They stop.

**INT. OLD DIRT ROAD - SMALL TOWN - DAY**

Jessica and Tim stare. Ahead of them: a one-horse town. They stare at it as if it could disappear any time.

FOCUS ON A CAMERA SWEEP OF THE TOWN LEFT TO RIGHT TO LEFT, ETC.

They look around them. *Nothing happens.*

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Do you hear or see anything?

**TIM LEE**

No, not a thing --- Do you?

(MORE)

Jessica hesitates a moment.

JESSICA SIMONE

No. Well, you hungry? There's no guarantee. And it seems they've already practically blown up the entire countryside almost.

TIM LEE

Not blown up, Jessica, more like scooped. It's more like they shovel or vacuum or both.

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, I stand corrected, Dr. Tim.

TIM LEE

OK, I'm willing if you are. Maybe they aren't going to touch this one.

JESSICA SIMONE

More like they haven't gotten to it yet.

TIM LEE

Fuck it, I'm hungry.

JESSICA SIMONE

You know, if they scoop up all the 7-Elevens, we're not going to be able to get anymore cupcakes or Cheetos. And then we're in real trouble. We've got to do something and real soon.

TIM LEE

*Alright*, let's take this one step at a time. This town looks abandoned, which, as you well know, is not a *good sign*.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY**

(MORE)

FOCUS ON THE TRUCK DRIVING INTO THE SMALL TOWN.

They enter the small town prepared for anything. They exit the truck and look around, cautiously, at all the buildings around them, but there isn't much. There's a gas station and what looks like a general store, some small bank, a restaurant and what appears to be a hotel and a few residences. The gas station is the first place they go.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

My turn, Tim, I fill. You get vittles.

**TIM LEE**

What?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Food --- haven't you ever seen The Beverly Hillbillies?

**TIM LEE**

Oh yeah, right. I'll get vittles.

Tim chuckles.

Jessica pumps. It seemed to take forever. The now beat-up truck is drinking deep, so she checks the tires and looks for leaks. After an initial inspection, she finishes filling and heads for the convenience store.

**INT. SMALL TOWN - CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

In the convenience store she spots Tim pulling hamburgers out of the microwave, so she grabs a couple of sodas and a magazine. They sit down at a table to eat.

**JESSICA**

Look at this magazine cover. I know her.

**TIM LEE**

You know her? You know Tanya Beachman? Wow!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I never would imagine you were into black women.

**TIM LEE**

Why --- Because I'm a white boy, Jessica?

**JESSICA**

No.

(MORE)

**TIM LEE**

Yes, Jessica. You think I'm white trash --- right?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim don't put words in my mouth and absolutely no accusations. I just thought you were more into girls your own age. She's not a baby. I know her from Highschool.

**TIM LEE**

Well, like you, she looks a lot younger than her age and she looks more African American than you do --- more traditional.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

That's because BOTH of her parents are black. Mine were mixed --- my father mixed African and my mother mixed European. But, personally I think I came out OK.

**TIM LEE**

You said "were"?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Yes, both my parents died in a car accident when I was a child.

**TIM LEE**

So, what happened to you after that?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I became property of the state, they put me in a Foster Home, but I ran away --- I hated them, especially him, that fuckin' pervert --- JIM STAYNZ and his fuckin' wife JILL STAYNZ. I ran away and stayed with a friend of mine --- May-Long Chaing and her mother, Lily.

**TIM LEE**

Oh, HE was one of THOSE --- Didn't they look for you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(MORE)

They did, but May-Long's mother negotiated an arrangement with them, so I wouldn't have to go back.

TIM LEE

Didn't you have other people you could've stayed with?

JESSICA SIMONE

No. As far as I know I'm the last of my family. If I go, that's it.

TIM LEE

You never had any children?

JESSICA SIMONE

Hell no. Look around you at what's happening. Hell no.

TIM LEE

A lot of women your age are Grandmothers.

JESSICA SIMONE

Good for them. That is not me, thank you. Tim, you said that you followed your mom to that old abandoned mall? What did she look like?

TIM LEE

She's short with short-cut blond hair. She didn't always have it that way. When my father died, that's when she cut it.

JESSICA SIMONE

I saw her. The woman I saw was driving a forklift.

TIM LEE

*Get out of here --- Mom never drove a forklift. She barely drives a car.*

JESSICA SIMONE

Well, the woman I saw was driving it like a pro.

(MORE)

Tim flips through the magazine.

He stops at the layout of Tanya Beachman and whistles.

**TIM LEE**

You think she's been  
compromised by now?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Now way to tell --- are you  
drooling? Tim, give me the mag.  
Tim?

Tim runs away then brings it back, grinning.

**TIM LEE**

Just kidding --- with thighs  
like that, she's a star. Is she  
married?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(taking the mag)  
Read it, there's her profile.

**TIM LEE**

No, she's not --- I know I got  
a shot. You know, you are  
right, Jessica, I am into girls  
my own age, but, believe or  
not, I like fun girls, not the  
intellectual type.

Jessica and Tim eat their meals and then Jessica fixes the  
next round and this time she makes cheese fries.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, I was thinking. The Kind  
is in such a hurry to build  
that hive and by next week they  
could have half the country  
covered with the beginnings of  
this hive. If they get that  
far, we won't be able to stop  
them. The sooner we move the  
better. We're running out of  
time.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, I hate to tell you  
this, but we've already run out  
of time. We haven't seen  
anything like an army or the  
F.B.I or the C.I.A., or any  
kind of law enforcement agency  
doing anything. You've got to  
assume that all the  
authoritative agencies have  
been taken over. You said it

(MORE)

yourself that you went to the police after the first time you escaped, and they brought you back.

JESSICA SIMONE

Yeah, and once when I was with May-Long one day last week, we saw people crossing the street with that weird look in their eyes. They seemed to vanish, until May-Long figured out where they went. We found them in the stadium. That's when the F.B.I showed up.

TIM LEE

Did you go shopping?

JESSICA SIMONE

What?

TIM LEE

Never mind. I can tell by what you said --- the way they showed up suddenly --- they had already been taken over. These aliens do move fast and learn fast. They take over all the law enforcement agencies and military and leave the rest of the world bottlenecked.

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim, you figured out they are afraid of water. What we've got to figure out is what we can do with that.

TIM LEE

I don't know. I would imagine any effort to flood them out in some way is being blocked. You got to remember they are destroying towns and the infrastructure. Imagine what the cities are going to start looking like. It's not going to take them a long time to build that hive or at least the beginnings of it. I imagine once they get it to a certain point, the process will become automated and they'll spread a lot quicker. Imagine that, the entire universe nothing but a hive.

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

Then maybe there's a way to stop them from constructing it.

TIM LEE

Your idea about the C-4 is probably not such a bad idea after all. I don't have any, but there may be a way to get some or make something similar. We'll need something explosive, but it will have to be powerful enough. And there's a chance they might be able to regenerate.

JESSICA SIMONE

Tim let's take it one step at a time. I'm ready to do some damage!

TIM LEE

Well, we can't do anything if we're too tired to keep our eyes open, can we?

JESSICA SIMONE

Let's get at least one good wink.

TIM LEE

Hotel it is.

JESSICA SIMONE

Lead the way, Tim.

**INT. SMALL TOWN - HOTEL - LATE DAY**

It's late and the hotel looks like an open invite.

JESSICA SIMONE

You pick the room, Tim.

On the second floor Tim picks a room.

**INT. SMALL TOWN - HOTEL - NIGHT**

In the middle of the night, Jessica and Tim wake up and realize that they may have been wrong about the town being abandoned.

TIM LEE

Jessica let's get the FUCK out of here. Deal?

JESSICA SIMONE

(MORE)



Not a problem. Done deal.

**INT./EXT. SMALL TOWN - HOTEL - NIGHT**

They head for the front door and jump in the truck just as they hear the distance sound of motorcycles. *Someone is coming their way! --- And that's not all!*

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Tim, do you smell that? *Oh no, not again!*

**TIM LEE**

I'm afraid so, we'd better hurry!

They do just that.

The smell of ammonia is getting stronger by the second. Tim jams the gas pedal!

**EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

They look behind them. The lights and sound of motorcycles are a lot louder.

They know what's coming next. There's nothing they can do about it.

The small town vanishes amid a thunderous series of **THUMPS, LEAVING A BIG HOLE!**

Jessica is sickened.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, what are we going to do?

**TIM LEE**

Whatever we do we can't do it here. We need some breathing room!

The **THUMPING** is getting *closer!*

*Tim floors the gas pedal!*

They're in a race for their lives! The **THUMPING** throws **tons** of earth around them --- *there's no way to avoid it!*

This time: There's --- *Madness in the pursuit, a purpose in the insanity, and nothing's going to stop its utter reign of destruction except ---*

**RAIN!** IT STARTS RAINING AND THE THUMPING STOPS!

**INT. TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, it rains! Holy day! Is

(MORE)

that luck?!

**TIM LEE**

Got to be --- I can't think of anything else!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Let's head back to the city.  
Got enough gas?

**TIM LEE**

Half a tank ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Good.

The rain turns into an absolute deluge, so they hold up on the side of the road among the trees.

**TIM LEE**

(sounding like a hillbilly)  
It's a good thing I grabbed some vittles and put them in the truck before we went to the hotel. We're going to be here for a while.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, you're the greatest. OK, let's make ourselves comfortable. This looks to last a minute. They can't do anything, and neither can we out here in the open.

The rain does last a while. It seemed like the whole world was flooding. Tim pulls out a couple of blankets for them. Cold sandwiches are all they had to eat with water or soda to wash it down. Tim tries the radio.

There nothing on the radio except static, so he turns it off.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

The rain has stopped, and they are both awake.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica, I have an idea. We need to get back to the city right now.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Yeah, we do. But what is your idea?

(MORE)

**TIM LEE**

I'll tell you when we get there.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why can't you tell me now?

**TIM LEE**

Once I see the city then I'll know if my hunch is right. You remember I told you it looked like they're building a hive?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Yeah.

**TIM LEE**

I want to see what it looks like now. Then I'll know what to do. The rain gave me a good idea.

**EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY**

The road that leads back to the city is littered with abandoned vehicles, some of them crashed. The flash-flood caused some of them to move and crash into each other, or crash together into buildings, or roll down hills into ditches along the roads.

They decide to take a chance on the highway, at least until they find some clear open road.

There's nobody left. Or if there is, where are they?

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

On the highway they expect the worst. The **THUMPING** could start anytime, but nothing happens.

The highway is littered with abandoned vehicles, same as the streets, but not as bad. There are downed bridges as if there had been some recent demolition and they're forced to navigate around those areas carefully, and then they see it, towering over the city like some beast. It looks like the beginnings of THE HIVE extending into the sky like a giant hood covering most of the city all the way to the horizon.

**INT./EXT. P.O.V. - FRONT WINDSHEILD - DAY**

Tim breaks. They both stare at the towering structure. There's a tower that extends into the sky like a spear.

**INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCK - P.O.V. - STRUCTURE - DAY**

(MORE)

Jessica and Tim are struck dead silent with awe. The structure is massive. They look at each other, then, at the structure ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You're right, Tim---that's the HIVE. Look at that tower extending into the sky, oh my God, Tim! They ARE taking over! We're HUMAN BEINGS WITHOUT EVEN A WEAPON! HOW do we fight something like that?

**TIM LEE**

We do have one weapon --- our will to survive. I'm not sure what to do yet, but let's get CLOSER.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Closer is not what I'm thinking.

**TIM LEE**

Come on, Jessica! I'm going to need some help. You can't quit on me now.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh no, I'm not quitting on you, Tim. I have an anger building up in me that's been building since all this started. I just wish I had the power to change it all back the way it was. The old tattooed man said it was all up to me to save us all. I didn't ask for this, Tim, but whatever it is I got to do, I'm going to do it. Copy?

**TIM LEE**

In black and white.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Black and white.

**TIM LEE**

Well, can't stay here waiting for them to come to us. If that IS where we got to go, then that is where we go.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Let's go, Tim. If there IS a God, he'll take care of us.

(MORE)

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The highway leads straight toward the structure. The closer they come to it the larger it looms. It's massive, and they're like tiny amoeba by comparison. It's like they're being swallowed by a supersized whale.

THEN THE TRUCK VANISHES!

**INT. THE DARK**

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim --- are you there? Where are we? Tim?

**TIM LEE**

I'm here, Jessica. You sound like you're to the left of me. Reach out with your right hand.

Jessica does, and ---

NOTHING!

**TIM LEE (CONT'D)**

Jessica!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, step this way! I'm reaching out my arm and, I don't know how close we are. The acoustics in here are screwy. And I can't see a thing.

**TIM LEE**

Me neither.

The darkness is all consuming. Jessica can't even see her hand in front of her face.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, keep talking. Maybe if we keep talking to each other we can find each other.

**TIM LEE**

I'm with you. So how about those RAMS?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(bewildered)

I wouldn't know. I think I saw them once at the zoo. Little fuckers. You ever seen them fuck, Tim? (ugh! Yuck!) It's nasty.

(MORE)

**TIM LEE**

(chuckles)

Jessica, you are a treasure. I was talking about the football team.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh, Tim, I wouldn't know, I'm not a guy, and I don't watch football.

**TIM LEE**

There are plenty of women who do. Sports are not just for guys. When I go to a ballgame I see lots of women.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Tim, oh Tee-ii-mm, I'm not ONE of them. But good, keep it up. --- Gotcha'!

Jessica grabs Tim's arm from the back.

**TIM LEE**

Jessica! Good going!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, that worked like a charm!

They both hug.

**TIM LEE**

Now, where are me? The belly of the beast, maybe ---...?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Who knows? Let's see if there's a way out of here. You hear that?

**TIM LEE**

It's faint, but I hear it too.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I think we're moving --- or being moved. Can you feel it?

**TIM LEE**

Yes, I can.

A point of light appears ahead of them and they walk towards it. Then they feel the floor under them moving faster.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(MORE)

We're being moved towards that light, and whatever is doing it is doing it faster. I'm going to tell you something very important, Tim: I'm not good at being moved towards points of light on a moving platform. Consciously, I try to avoid them like the plague, every time. Trust me, this is a rare occasion.

**TIM LEE**

You're not the *only one*. It's been a long time since I've been moved somewhere on a motorized platform, Jessica. Let's see where it takes us. Of course, joking aside, statistic will show that sometimes *moving platforms* are the *safest* way to travel, *IF* you can afford the *fare*.

The point of light grows larger and longer by the second. Then the dome opens, revealing --- a GLASS dome --- high over their heads ---- overlooking a city covered here and there with the beginnings of the hive. The cityscape is changing. The room they are in is furnished with a desk and chair. The floor is clear glass. They can see all the way to a bottom that vanishes into a machine-clustered bottomless abyss. The structure appears to extend into the very heart of the earth itself.

Another smaller door opens in the floor, and a glass elevator rises out of it. Inside is DOCTOR KINDER!

He walks towards them with the confidence of someone who has no one else to answer to.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Welcome to eternity.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Doctor Kinder ---

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Yes Jessica, Tim.

**TIM LEE**

Why?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(reiterating)  
Yes, why?

(MORE)

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Because, it's our nature --- this is the way we exist. You are the one who opened the door for us. You are our GOD so to speak. You should be thanking us for pulling you into the back seat of that primitive piece of technology. What do you call it? A CAR? However, we are severely limited by the available technology and had to adapt. You see before you what you call an AVATAR. Yes, I know the question you want to ask, Tim. You want to know why I look like your father. When we came here via the wormhole, your father was the first one we --- what do you call it? --- compromised. So, we use him as our AVATAR.

**TIM LEE**

But how could you do that? My father died.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

No, he didn't, Tim. He arranged, with The Mid-City Hospital, to FAKE his death. He wanted to give you freedom from the burden you and your mother were carrying and die in peace. He was at the hospital living out his last few days when we took over. We learn fast. Anyone we compromise we learn from. For instance, we learned something about you, Jessica. When you were at John's house you saw a picture of a little girl and you saw no updated ones. We learned from the Federal Bureau that there was an investigation into the death of that little girl. Her name was Tamika. The *accident* that killed your *parents* also killed that *little girl*.

Doctor Kinder looks at them both with a slight self-assured smile and sits in the only chair in the place.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

So, you know that because you were in my head brainwashing me with that subliminal message.

(MORE)



How much truth is in that?

Doctor Kinder stares curiously at Jessica.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

All of it, actually --- you want to ask how that's possible?

**JESSICA SIMONE AND TIM LEE**

Yes.

Doctor Kinder just stares at them.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well?

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Jessica, do you know anything about ALTERNATE REALITIES?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

As a matter of fact, I do. Alternate Realities are always attributed to science fiction.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Wrong, JESSICA SIMONE. SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS use it as a PLOTLINE for the STORIES they write for a non-believing public. There's no scientific proof that they exist or don't exist. Your human race is limited by the LEVEL of INTELLIGENCE you OCCUPY on the EVOLUTIONARY SCALE. In a few hundred ---I don't know --- maybe a few thousand years you probably would have discovered differently. But you no longer have that option.

**TIM LEE**

Why do you say that?

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Look out there.

Doctor Kinder points to THE CITY that is changed ---

**DOCTOR KINDER (CONT'D)**

Even the machines have machines. Isn't that what you saw, Jessica? And as a matter of fact --- they do --- Makes

(MORE)

the process a lot less labor-  
some. You see, humans,  
especially when they're  
compromised, burn out too  
quickly and are just too  
troublesome. Once we reach this  
level of development, well, I  
don't think I have to tell you.  
Suffice to say --- It's over,  
and in fact it has been over  
for the past fifty centuries.

**TIM LEE**

Not yet. It will never be over.  
You underestimate the power of  
human endeavor, the strength of  
human spirit.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

You're missing the point, Tim.  
You both are. You, Jessica,  
think that old man with the  
tattooed body is a prophet ---  
spooling some crap about you  
being the only one who can save  
the human race --- telling you  
that you are the only one who  
has the power and the rest of  
that dumb crap. You humans have  
a penchant for the dumbest  
beliefs, like the BIBLE, for  
instance. The truth is there's  
no saving humanity. Maybe at  
some point, a long time ago,  
that would've been possible,  
but not now.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Why do you say that?

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Because, Jessica, we didn't  
just, recently, take over the  
world. We accomplished that  
centuries ago. You see,  
Jessica, you and others are  
just fragments of memory that  
we have yet to purge. We play  
with them for sport, but too  
much of anything can and does  
become a problem. We just had  
to find where those memory  
fragments were, so we could  
send them into oblivion.  
JESSICA SIMONE! JESSICA SIMONE!  
---

FOCUS ON TIM LEE TOUCHING JESSICA SIMONE'S SHOULDER, SHAKING IT TO WAKE HER UP.

**TIM LEE (O.S.)**

(hands touching,  
needing Jessica's  
shoulder)

JESSICA SIMONE! WAKE UP!! ----

CUT TO:

**INT. OPEN ROAD - TRUCK - DAY**

Tim Lee shakes Jessica's shoulder.

**TIM LEE (CONT'D)**

Jessica, wake up, the rain  
stopped!

Jessica awakes.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(rubbing her eyes and  
brushing back her  
hair)

Not too loud, Tim, CHRIST! That was INTENSE! WOW! That's got to be the wildest dream I ever had! GODDAMN! But, at least it was just a dream. Man, that was wild, and so vivid! I saw that HIVE extending down deep to the core and covering the sky like a dome---. And Doctor Kinder spooling something about us being memory-fragments that need to be deleted---wow! He also said they conquered the world Fifty Centuries ago. Tim, I just want you to know that I don't want to be a memory fragment. I've never seen one get their hair done, or nails, or feet, and I, seriously, need mine done. *Look* at them now. *They are a mess.* You know, that's just happened to be the one thing in the entire universe I hate: Being a memory fragment. I really do ---

Tim just stares.

**TIM LEE**

(OK)  
Well, the rain stopped.

(MORE)

JESSICA SIMONE

(checking her face)  
Good.

TIM LEE

Time for us to get moving ---

JESSICA SIMONE

To the hospital --- that's  
where it all started.

TIM LEE

No, not quite. Really, it  
started with you plugging that  
cellphone into your cigarette  
lighter. That's what created  
the cataclysm that destroyed  
their world and opened that  
wormhole. That's what brought  
them here. I've had time to  
think about your accident. They  
saved your life by pulling you  
into that back seat.

JESSICA SIMONE

But, how could something that  
small have that much strength?

TIM LEE

Well, you must understand  
something about physical laws.  
In other words, it doesn't  
matter how or where THE KIND  
exists, it only matters THAT  
they exist. The PHYSICAL LAWS  
apply no matter where they go.  
In fact, by moving here, that  
process, alone, could have  
given them extra-normal  
abilities.

JESSICA SIMONE

*That's why they can move so  
fast. Damn! Now I wish I had  
charged my phone the night  
before. Do you think that  
would've caused all this  
anyway? I mean I had just  
BOUGHT the phone, the day of  
the Independence Day party at  
May-Long's house, from Wal-  
Mart. I had never recharged it  
at all before. Come to think of  
it, it probably wouldn't have  
mattered anyway. Would it?*

(MORE)

**TIM LEE**

If a micro-verse existed within that battery at the time it was manufactured, it wouldn't have mattered where you plugged it in. But, then, there's no way to tell.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Would N.A.S.A know?

(shakes her head)

No.

**TIM LEE**

I don't think they do that kind of research, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

To the hospital, then! That's the only way we are going to find out. Doctor Kinder is going to tell us everything he knows --- that I guarantee --- whether he wants to or not.

CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. THE CITY - STREET - LATE DAY**

By the time they reach the outer skirts of the city the sun is starting to go down.

After navigating the streets for a while ---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

The MID-CITY HOSPITAL is just down this road.

**TIM LEE**

I know where it is, Jessica.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I know you know, Tim, but I'm a woman, and you know women like control.

**TIM LEE**

(rolling his eyes)  
I've had plenty of girl-friends --- I know, Jessica. I know.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Am I BOTHERING you, Tim? Huh, Tim?

(MORE)

TIM LEE

No.

JESSICA SIMONE

Was this your plan?

TIM LEE

Part of it ---

**EXT. THE CITY - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

They reach the hospital and park. The parking lot and entrances are brightly lit. There's no visible security present as far as they can see. There are, however, other vehicles on the lot. Jessica looks around in the cars to see if she can see anybody in them. She can't see anybody, and neither can Tim.

JESSICA SIMONE

Damn! My hope was that if there was anybody left they would've come here.

TIM LEE

Well, that plan fell through the cracks.

JESSICA SIMONE

There's nobody here but us.

They exit the truck.

They look around as if expecting something to happen, but nothing does.

They enter the hospital cautiously, looking around every corner.

There's no staff, the place appears to be completely empty. That doesn't seem right, but it does confirm their worst fears: *This is not going to end in a good way.*

They get on the elevator and search floor by floor. NOTHING. Strange. The whole place looks as though it was never staffed, never had patients or Doctors. The feeling of a foreboding wilderness shakes them down to the core. What could possibly be going on? They get back on the elevator and get off on the MAIN LOBBY floor.

**INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT**

JESSICA SIMONE

I don't know about you Tim, but I don't feel good. Maybe it's because I chose not to be a mother. Or it could be because

(MORE)

I don't like hardcore rap. I just don't understand that stuff.....

**TIM LEE**

I don't either --- you're not alone. I get the feeling this whole adventure is a wrap, the final curtain call where the announcer says: That's all folks. And that it really IS all.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

If BUGS BUNNY or PORKY PIG comes around either of those corners---YOU ARE A DEADMAN. Do you have any backup plans or any ideas for one?

**TIM LEE**

Nothing comes to mind. Do you?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Nada. Well, this isn't right.

**TIM LEE**

Hasn't been so far, Jessica ---

At the central part of the hallway where it splits four ways, they stop. Beyond that is the main entrance where the lobby is.

They enter the MAIN LOBBY and look around.

They're the only ones there ---

LOOK AGAIN, JESSICA SIMONE!

As they go around the corner of a pillar they see other people coming through other doors and from other directions. After all, there's more than one entrance to the hospital.

Jessica and Tim are shocked!

The first one they see is JAYNA MAYS!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Jayna! What are you doing here!

**JAYNA MAYS**

I think I'm the one who should be asking that question!

Jessica grabs her and gives her a big hug.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I want you to meet someone (she

(MORE)

takes Tim's hand). This is Tim Lee, he came to my rescue. We've been running all over the place.

**JAYNA MAYS**

Hi, Tim! Please to meet you.

He shakes her hand.

**TIM LEE**

(bowing)  
Same to ya'.

Next is TANYA BEACHMAN. She comes from the far end of the Main Lobby.

**TANYA BEACHMAN**

Jessica! Jayna! Oh my God, what are you two doing here?  
(referring to TIM) And you are who?

She grabs Jayna and Jessica by the shoulders. And after introducing Tim ---

RUDY MANCHESTER enters from another door!

CRISTY CROSS follows him.

Then in quick succession ---

FRED JOHNSON, TOM COOK, TEENA WHITE ---

And after a round of introductions ---

MAY-LONG CHAING enters from around the corner coming from another door.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Jessica, you made it! I knew you would!

**JESSICA SIMONE**

May-Long! Get over here!

She runs over to Jessica and they embrace, and they all embrace each other and sit down, some in the middle by the water fountain, others on the surrounding available benches.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

I just want to say that if it wasn't for Tim here I wouldn't be here.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Well, thank you Tim, very much, for saving my sister and best

(MORE)



friend in the whole world.

**TIM LEE**

You're welcome. You may not recall this, but I remember you from long time ago when my mom used to come to your shop when I was just a little kid. I think your mom ran it then.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Well, so many have come through there, so that's a little vague.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

So, what is it that brought us together to the same place? Was it the tattooed man? Does anybody know who he is? I first saw him at the mall in a dream. I can't be the only one.

EVERYBODY indicated they knew him.

**JESSICA SIMONE (CONT'D)**

Good. That means I am not crazy, I hope?

MAY-LONG CHAING GRINS.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

(smiling)

Are you serious? Jessica, girl, you could spin LOONS the size of Washington.

(she puts her arm  
around Jessica)

Well, at least you made it here without tripping over your own feet.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(smiling)

Well, back to the tattooed man--  
--

As if on cue, the TATTOOED MAN enters from the far side of the room, from the one and only outside entrance to the main lobby ---

He just walks over and stares at Jessica like a man confused.

**TATTOO**

(MORE)

Greetings everyone---So, you ARE real. I've reached out to you with my CONSCIOUS without MEANING TO, but I never assumed you were real. My name isn't that important. But, you may call me Tattoo if you wish.

Jessica looks at his arm and tattoo that looks a lot like her among the many that he has all over his body.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

That tattoo ---

**TATTOO**

That tattoo? I got that tattoo long ago when I was in the marines. It's just a tattoo of no one in particular, as far as I know, unless the artist who did it had it as homage to someone he knew. I liked it at the time. I got some of the tattoos when I served in the Gulf War, and the rest after my wife died. She's served as sort of a companion to me since then.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You look confused. Maybe you should sit down, right here.

Jessica moves over, and he sits down next to her.

**TATTOO**

Do you have any idea why we are here?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

I don't know any more than anybody else. I was sort of hoping you could tell us.

**TATTOO**

I really don't have anything to tell you, except that I was somehow drawn here by hope.

**RUDY MANCHESTER**

You're the tattooed man. I saw you in a dream.

The tattooed man looks around at all of them.

**TATTOO**

It would appear I know all of

(MORE)

you. I had no control over my conscious revealing itself to you. It was completely involuntary. Then today I got the overwhelming urge to come here. I have never been here before.

May-Long is sitting next to Jessica.

Tanya is sitting on the other side of her.

**MAY-LONG CHAING**

Well, we are all here for some special or alternative reason. But those reasons are not altogether clear. Is there someone who can explain it all? I know that The Kind is building a HIVE of some kind, but to what end?

**TIM LEE**

That we don't know. Only they can tell us.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

And why is that TIM? Because we are the only ones who would know, isn't that right Jessica?

Doctor Kinder enters the room. No one is sure how he did it.

**EVERYONE**

Doctor Kinder!!

Doctor Kinder walks over and stands before them.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

It's like I told you before, Jessica --- All of this happened a long time ago. Fragments of memory emerged recently that had yet to be purged. You are all fragments of memories that pop up and linger occasionally. We had no way of ferreting you out, so we had to play a game. To be completely and sincerely honest, none of you ever met before. You really don't know each other at all. You, Jessica, never met May-Long or her mother, Lily. You never met John, or his brother Preach. They were fragments of memories that had to be purged. All the other fragments HAVE BEEN

(MORE)

*PURGED*, all but the remaining few that are here.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

YOU ARE WRONG. WE ARE ALIVE. We live and breathe, we love and lie. Doctor Kinder, you are just a monster ---

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Jessica, none of this is real. To us you are just tiny fragments, bits and pieces of sand that blow in the wind. Let me show you what the world really looks like.

Doctor Kinder raises his right hand, extending his arm towards where a fresco, a large one, is set in the wall. It becomes a view-screen that shows the HIVE. Then the wall seems to break away, and then the ceiling and all the walls and flooring break away until they appear to be in the middle of the HIVE extending as far as the eye can see in all directions.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

How is this possible? Is this another one of your freakish dreams you keep injecting into our minds?

The walls, floor and ceiling of the Hospital return.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

No, Jessica, it's all real. The HIVE is real, and all of you are just memory fragments that had to be identified. We'd no other choice. Fragments tend to cause problems effecting processes in the CORE MEMORY -- - part of a BIO-MACHINE that exist in a MACROVERSE. That's is where we are originally from. I know all this is far beyond your level of understanding. Where I come from MACHINES evolve naturally much the same as HUMANS once did.

**JESSICA**

So, all of you came here from another dimension, took over the world and we are what's left of what happened a long time ago? That's what you're

(MORE)

saying?

DOCTOR KINDER

Essentially, yes.

TANYA BEACHMAN

That's a lot of bullshit!

DOCTOR KINDER

Is it? What were you doing before you came here?

TANYA BEACHMAN

I-I ---

DOCTOR KINDER

Exactly ---

TATTOO

If we are just fragments --- pieces of memories from long ago --- why am I here? I have nothing to do with them.

DOCTOR KINDER

None of you really have *ANYTHING* to do with *EACH OTHER*. And you only recently become a problem, but one that will soon be taken care of now that we've identified you all. We didn't have time to figure out how to put you all together in any certain order, that's why all your memories are so screwy. All we had time to do was figure out how to bring all of you here. And, now that we've done that ---

TIM LEE

Wait, Doctor Kinder, just wait a minute! Now, you say that we are fragments of memories, but I distinctly remember growing up, what I did as a child, when I lost my first teeth. I have a clear picture of all of that. How can you say we are just memories when we have complete knowledge of the past and present?

A round of "Yeah, so do I" and "How about that?"

DOCTOR KINDER

(MORE)

Like I said we didn't have time to put you all together in any certain order, and even though you all seem reasonably complete, still your memories of your supposed pasts are, at best, fragmented.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

We are more than just some fragments of memories. In some strange way, you got us all trapped in this weird LIMBO, and all we got to do is find our way out. *And all you beings can go to hell!*

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Not beings, Jessica. We are **entities, billions and billions of bodiless entities, BUT ONLY ONE BEING.** We are particles that when composed together form a complex **BIOMACHINE** that exist in a **BIOMECHANICAL-MACROVERSE.** That's the way we exist. That's the way we have always existed---At the subatomic level of a macrocosm forming a massive processor core. We are **self-sustaining Naturally evolving billions and billions of Biomechanical entities.**

**TIM LEE**

Oh my God, that explains a lot. Imagine a whole universe, or whole universes group together to form one being. That would mean they exist at the heart of a **MACROVERSE!** Just **ONE** all-encompassing **MACROVERSE!**

**DOCTOR KINDER**

How can I explain this to you in a way that you could understand? The process to get you to my level would take too much time. We just don't have that kind of time and I don't have that kind of patience---sorry---

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You are saying that all of this that we are seeing, and

(MORE)

experiencing is just an illusion and that we don't really exist? Just fragmented particles of memories of a world that no longer exists?

**DOCTOR KINDER**

How many ways do I have to say it before you get a clear picture? Fifty centuries ago your world, your way of life, the very fabric of your existence *ended*. The bits of memory that are left---that is, all of you here---are all that's left of a time long gone. The **PASSING OF TIME** for you is not the same as how we experience time. You experience time as a reference to the relative difference between this Earth and your sun---divisions of seconds, minutes, hours, days, years, etc.---we don't. We, **THE KIND**, experience **TIME** as it should be: As a SINGLE INSTANCE!

A gasp from Tim Lee.

**TIM LEE**

(hand over mouth in reverence)

That explains everything in a nutshell. You don't have to obey the laws of physics the way the rest of us do. They have either a mild or no effect.

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Actually, none.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

You said it before, Tanya, that's a lot of bullshit!

**DOCTOR KINDER**

Is it, Jessica? Is it really, Jessica? Did you not see what I just did? I showed you the entire **HIVE**. What more do you want ---?! What more could you possibly want? It's over!

(MORE)

And it is over.

Suddenly,

WE DIVE

Into Jessica Simone's right eye and down and down into the very depths of the space in between the individual particles that make up her eye until we enter ---

THE HIVE

Yes, The Hive where even the machines have machines --- moving, interconnecting evolving bio-mechanisms of monstrous proportions.

A complex system of interconnecting bio-mechanisms --- a machine-based form of life --- where life evolved in a different way from a different form of bio-matter. Who knows why? What is the basic premise, and what series of events initiated it? These questions can't be answered by simple conjecture, or books by renowned scientist. What would Stephen Hawking have to say, or even Albert Einstein? Or anyone of such caliber?

Even the machines have machines. They flash their displays, billions of colors and billions of images of worlds beyond worlds long since forgotten.

THEN ---

WE PULL BACK AND BACK UNTIL.....

It all converges and reforms, atoms into molecules becomes groups of molecules and groups of molecules become clusters and clusters become groups of clusters and so forth and so on. THEN ---

The space between the particles compress to form the pupil and we see --- JESSICA'S EYE ---

What could possibly happen --- didn't.

**INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - STREET - DAY**

JESSICA SIMONE about to plug her cellphone into the cigarette lighter --- Suddenly has an epiphany and decides to pull over to the side of the road and stop.

Jessica Simone having a sudden funny feeling of uncertainty --- wonders about the ALTERNATIVES.

She carefully puts the phone back in her bag.

Just as she looks up, a truck pulls up beside her and stops.

The young driver looks familiar.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Say, young man, is your name --  
- *Tim Lee?*

(MORE)



**TIM LEE**

How could you possibly know that?

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Wild guess ---

**TIM LEE**

That doesn't sound like a wild guess to me. I just stopped to ask you if you knew where the nearest gas station is.

Jessica shrugs.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Well, believe it or not that name just popped into my head. I know, that sounds weird.

**TIM LEE**

Sure, it does.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

(pointing ahead)  
I remember there's a gas station about a half a mile *that way*---

Just then, a tanker truck with the driver slumped over the wheel crashes into the guard rail just beyond the intersection.

**JESSICA SIMONE**

Oh my God, Tim, did you see that?

**TIM LEE**

How could I miss?

The cameras at the intersection caught the accident and soon they hear sirens.

**THE END**

FADE OUT:

**END CREDITS.**

(MORE)