

T H E N I G H T N A U G H T I E S

written by

Adam Nadworniak

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN:

ARCHIVAL PROLOGUE — VARIOUS (YEARS 1-2)

INT. LOCAL NEWS STUDIO — NIGHT (YEAR 1)

A young ANCHOR (30s) tries to keep composure, hand shaking over papers.

ANCHOR (ARCHIVE)
Reports now coming in from at least
fifty cities... the onset time is
identical... eight-fifteen P.M. local
—

The feed cuts to snow.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL —NIGHT

(PHONE VIDEO, YEAR 1)

Shaky vertical footage. Screams. A woman gasps off-screen:

WOMAN (O.S.)
It's happening! It's—oh my—

The camera whips and falls.

INT. CDC BRIEFING ROOM — DAY (YEAR 1)

A stern CDC OFFICIAL at a podium, flashes popping.

CDC OFFICIAL (ARCHIVE)
We have found no evidence of
traditional contagion. Please do
not attack or imprison those
affected. Restraint is the safest
option.

EXT. CITY STREET — NIGHT (HELMET CAM, YEAR 1)

A SWAT officer turns—something feral barrels toward lens—the feed dies.

INT. GOVERNMENT PSA STUDIO — DAY (YEAR 2)

Cheery music. A smiling family buckles into restraint chairs.

PSA NARRATOR (ARCHIVE)
 Eight-fifteen means safety first!
 Strap in, ride it out, and we'll
 see you tomorrow!

INT. LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW — NIGHT (YEAR 2)

A weary SCIENTIST forces humor.

SCIENTIST (ARCHIVE)
 Think of it like—uh—a werewolf with
 a wristwatch?

Scattered, uneasy laughter.

SATELLITE TIME-LAPSE — NIGHT (YEAR 2)

City lights across continents blink out at 8:15. Return at
 9:15.

SMASH TO BLACK.

A single BEEP becomes a steady, calm bed of documentary
 music.

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM — NIGHT (YEAR 3)

A wall-sized COUNTDOWN CLOCK pulses red.

ON-SCREEN:

NIGHT NAUGHTIES LOCK DOWN PROTOCOL — T-MINUS 00:14:52

An EMERGENCY BANNER loops beneath:

NIGHT NAUGHTIES LOCK DOWN PROTOCOL IN T-MINUS...

The ANCHOR (40s) is composed but pale, the edge of a bruise
 at her hairline. Behind her: a grid of live feeds — TOKYO,
 PARIS, CAIRO, RIO, NEW YORK — each with the same clock.

ANCHOR
 (steady, measured)
 For those just joining us, tonight
 marks Year Three living with
 R.A.S., Regressive Aggressive
 Syndrome.

(MORE)

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
 You have fourteen minutes to secure
 yourselves in your designated
 restraint zones. This is routine
 nightly protocol.

She listens to her IFB, nods once.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
 At exactly 8:15 PM local time,
 expect: craniofacial distortion,
 rapid dentition proliferation, claw
 keratinization, full ocular
 injection to crimson, and acute
 predatory compulsion. The duration
 remains one hour. Most retain
 little memory afterward. The
 consequences, however... remain.

She breathes, a practiced micro-pause.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
 Competing theories persist—
 environmental resonance,
 geomagnetic fluctuation, dormant
 neuromechanisms. Some propose...
 human-made origins. Officially: the
 cause is unknown.

The banner scrolls on, relentless:

NIGHT NAUGHTIES LOCK DOWN PROTOCOL IN T-MINUS...

ON-SCREEN CLOCK: T-00:13:58.

MONTAGE — GLOBAL PREP (YEAR 3 NORMALCY)

EXT. TOKYO — SUBWAY PLATFORM — NIGHT

Commuters clip into wall harnesses like seatbelts. A vending
 machine dings. A man buys tea and fastens his chest bar in
 one motion.

PA (O.S., JAPANESE; SUBTITLED)
 "Lock your restraints. Remain
 seated. One hour."

DIGITAL BOARD: T-00:13:22.

INT. PARIS — CAFÉ — NIGHT

Cream hisses. A BARISTA buckles wrist-cuffs behind the counter, nods to a PATRON strapping into a bolted chair.

PATRON (FRENCH; SUBTITLED)
 "Third year and I still can't drink
 my coffee hot."

BARISTA (FRENCH; SUBTITLED)
 "Drink it tomorrow."

CLOCK: T-00:12:58.

EXT. RIO — BOARDWALK — NIGHT

Families climb into reinforced lifeguard chairs with restraint bars. A boy in a football jersey hugs a stuffed dolphin.

MOM (PORTUGUESE; SUBTITLED)
 "Arms in. Chin down."

BOY
 "Will I bite?"
 MOM
 "Not me."

They share a look: they both know.

CLOCK: T-00:12:11.

INT. JOHANNESBURG — AIRPORT TERMINAL — NIGHT

Travelers click into steel rows facing each other. An attendant checks latches briskly.

ATTENDANT
 If your latch is loose, raise your
 hand now. We have ninety seconds.

A teenager puts on headphones, eyes the crimson board: T-00:11:40.

INT. NEW YORK — POLICE CRUISER — NIGHT

OFFICER RAYMOND (40s) tightens his impact harness. DAVIS (30s) mirrors him. Each slides a pistol into a dash lock holster. Click. Click.

DAVIS
Crossword before or after?

RAYMOND
After. Words are easier at 9:16.

They share a thin smile.

EXT. LONDON — HIGH STREET — NIGHT

A SHOPKEEPER bolts her shutter, then locks herself into a doorframe restraint and sips from a thermos.

SHOPKEEPER
(to herself)
Here we go again.

CLOCK: T-00:10:40.

EXT. MEXICO CITY — STREET MARKET — NIGHT (NEW)

Vendors chain shutters. A mom clips her wrist to a stall bar; her toddler is clipped to her in a fabric carrier.

MOM (SPANISH; SUBTITLED)
"Close your eyes. Count to sixty,
sixty times."

A portable radio blinks T-00:12:14.

INT. BERLIN — NIGHT BUS — NIGHT (NEW)

Passengers snug seatbelts. The driver flicks a steering-wheel lock, straps his wrists to armrests, pulls a soft muzzle over his mouth.

DRIVER (GERMAN; SUBTITLED)
"See you in sixty."

EXT. SYDNEY — OUTDOOR CINEMA — NIGHT (NEW)

Families buckle into fold-out seats bolted to concrete. A volunteer hands out bite guards like popcorn.

VOLUNTEER
Bite, don't swallow. No, really.

INT. MUMBAI — HOSPITAL WARD — NIGHT (NEW)

Nurses check straps across patients' chests. A doctor wheels into a rolling restraint stool at the nurses' station.

NURSE (HINDI; SUBTITLED)
 "Deep breaths. Eyes closed."

CLOCK: T-00:09:03.

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM — NIGHT

Split-screens pop: calm anchors in multiple languages. Subtitles in clean white.

FRENCH ANCHOR (SUBTITLED)
 "Recent data suggests the transformation completes faster now —twelve seconds or less."

JAPANESE ANCHOR (SUBTITLED)
 "Government projects the 8:15 change will continue into next year."

ARABIC ANCHOR (SUBTITLED)
 "No cure yet. Prepare as usual. Tie down hair, cover nails, eyes forward."

RUSSIAN ANCHOR (SUBTITLED)
 "If you're outside, locate a restraint post. Do not play the hero."

ANCHOR (V.O.)
 We've adapted. We haven't solved it. Stay secured.

ON-SCREEN CLOCK: T-00:10:00.

INT. CABLE WEBCAM STUDIO — NIGHT (THE LOUDMOUTH)

A bunker vibe: flags, prepper posters, tubs of supplements. DAX HOLLISTER (50s), red-faced, jabs a finger at the lens. Lower-third: "PATRIOT VOICE — LIVE".

DAX

Three years. Three years of the "we don't know" lullaby. Folks—this ain't natural! R.A.S. is an engineered mutation flipped by that Cronen-Twenty jab! You remember the lines? The mandates? And now— like clockwork—eight-fifteen you get teeth and claws. Evolution doesn't keep a schedule—government does!

He slaps a stack of blurry printouts.

DAX (CONT'D)

"Patent filings." "Restraint suppliers." Same money! Same pockets! Same plan!

Chat flies up his screen. A thermometer graphic shows "VIEWERS: 218K."

DAX (CONT'D)

I don't strap in. I ride it.
Because I'm not livestock.

CORNER CLOCK ON HIS FEED: T-00:02:44.

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM — NIGHT

The official feed replaces him mid-rant—music calm, graphics precise.

ANCHOR

For verified guidance, use official channels only. Ignore unverified claims.

She shifts to the next camera.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Field updates—

EXT. CAIRO — ROOFTOP — NIGHT

Wind flutters a reporter's scarf. The Nile glows below.

CAIRO REPORTER (ARABIC; SUBTITLED)
 "Some call it a 'biological tide'—
 predictable, unstoppable. Tie your
 straps. One hour."

EXT. TOKYO — SHIBUYA ROOFTOP — NIGHT

Neon blurs. The reporter presses fingers against a twitching temple.

TOKYO REPORTER (JAPANESE; SUBTITLED)
 "Researchers liken it to a reverse
 sleep cycle. The brain plunges into
 predation."

EXT. MOSCOW — RED SQUARE — NIGHT

Snow flecks drift. Soldiers lock into frames behind the reporter.

MOSCOW REPORTER (RUSSIAN; SUBTITLED)
 "Tighten your straps. Let them do
 the holding when you cannot."

ON-SCREEN CLOCK: T-00:03:00.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD — NIGHT

Hazards blink on a stalled sedan. Steam curls.

JASON (19) paces, calm-irritated. KELLY (18) in the passenger seat tightens her emergency harness.

KELLY
 We're fine. Houses are sealed. We
 ride it out here.

A faint WHIR. An OLD MAN (70s) approaches on a rattling mobility scooter; his legs are atrophied under a tarp. A cracked leather belt hangs from his neck.

JASON
 Evening. You set?

The Old Man nods once—eyes flick to the sedan's dash clock:
T-00:08:53. He parks alongside, breath shallow; his hands
tremble on the grips.

Kelly glances at her phone—global feed, anchors in multiple
languages repeating the script.

JASON (CONT'D)
Remember when it felt... new?

KELLY
Now it's... laundry day.

A shared half-smile that dies quickly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Still hurts.

The HUM comes—subsonic, inside the bones.

T-00:07:59.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

GRANDMA (70s) tightens LUCY's (6) straps in a padded chair
bolted to the floor. GRANDPA (72) locks his own cuffs.

Family photos: a young woman with baby Lucy. A candle
guttered out beside the frame.

LUCY
Will it hurt?

GRANDMA
Only for a little while.

GRANDPA
Eyes on me, kiddo. On three. One...
two...

Lucy nods, trying to be brave.

TV: the world feed, EMERGENCY BANNER looping. T-00:07:58.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Cramped, warm clutter. MOM, DAD, and TWO KIDS face a stereo.

DAD
Okay, tradition time.

He taps his phone—R.E.M.'s "Shiny Happy People" bounces from tinny speakers. The kids groan.

KID #1
We always do this one.

MOM
It's silly. Silly helps.

They strap each other in—quick pecks to foreheads, a practiced ritual.

LED CLOCK: T-00:07:00.

NEW VIGNETTES — WORLD AT T-5 TO T-2

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP — NIGHT

Security herds tipsy tourists into RESTRAINT BAYS converted from valet stations.

SECURITY
Wrists in. Heads back. Keep your
teeth to yourself.

NEON SIGN: LOCKDOWN IN PROGRESS — T-00:06:45.

INT. RURAL GAS STATION — NIGHT

Two teen CLERKS clip into opposite corners. A chained shotgun lies unused.

CLERK #1
You think it ever stops?

CLERK #2
We stop. That's enough.

EXT. NAIROBI — ROOFTOP BAR — NIGHT

Patrons buckle to tables. Someone tries a toast.

PATRON
To... tomorrow—

The HUM rises; the toast withers.

INT. PRISON BLOCK — NIGHT (UNKNOWN COUNTRY)

Rows of INMATES strapped to wall mounts. GUARDS withdraw behind glass, faces set.

INT. SATELLITE GRID — NEWSROOM — NIGHT

Boxes flicker: calm anchors, world clocks. One box glitches—the DAX HOLLISTER stream bleeds in, oversaturated.

DAX
(shouting)
...and when that clock hits zero,
they can't hide the truth!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Kill his audio. Cairo live, now.

His voice leaks another second, then it's gone.

ON-SCREEN CLOCK: T-00:00:48.

The HUM deepens.

MONTAGE — FINAL COUNTDOWN

LONDON — BIG BEN
BBC REPORTER
(ON AIR)
Thirty seconds. Stay secured. Do
not fight it.

TOKYO — SHIBUYA
ANCHOR
(SUBTITLED)
Final thirty. Prepare—

CAIRO — THE NILE
REPORTER
(SUBTITLED)
God be gentle. Fasten your hearts
before your belts.

MOSCOW — RED SQUARE
REPORTER
(SUBTITLED)
Let the straps hold.

NEW YORK — TIMES SQUARE
Screens count 8... 7... 6...

EVERY FEED — CLOCK HITS: T-00:00:00.

SILENCE.

Then—a planet-wide SCREAM.

INT. CABLE WEBCAM STUDIO — NIGHT (THE LOUDMOUTH BUTTON)

Dax grins into camera.

DAX
Year three and—

His breath hitches. Eyes flood crimson. His jaw lurches wide mid-word; claws shear his mic in two as his chair topples.

The stream glitches to static.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD — CONTINUOUS (8:15 PM)

Jason, Kelly, and the Old Man transform at once—eyes blood-red, jaws distend, black talons burst. Drool strings tremble.

The Old Man's legs stay useless. He folds off the scooter into the wet. Claws rake air; he can't stand.

Jason—younger, faster—launches. He hits the Old Man, flipping the scooter. The wheel spins uselessly as Jason tears in—shoulder, neck, chest—unyielding, automatic.

Kelly thrashes in the harness—feral snarls fogging the glass. She is forced to watch as Jason does not stop.

There is no fight. Only Jason and an hour of ripping and rending.

INTERCUT — THE HOUR OWNS THE EARTH

INT. FARMHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Grandma, Grandpa, Lucy thrash against leather; bit guards click.

- Grandpa's hand spasms, talons shredding glove leather.
- Grandma's eyes roll crimson; straps hold.
- Lucy arches and howls, small body taut as a bow.

TV: the same relaxation music under snarls.

INT. APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

- "Shiny Happy People" bops beneath guttural roars.
- Dad's claws furrow the couch arms.
 - Mom's jaw unlocks too far.
 - The kids' restraints creak in rhythm, a family in enforced unison.

INT. POLICE CRUISER – CONTINUOUS

Raymond and Davis slam against chest bars; drool ropes spatter safety glass. Their pistols sit sealed in dash locks.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL – CONTINUOUS

A hundred restraint chairs explode into snarls. Hands scrape plex; teeth hammer bite guards. An attendant locks the last seat—eyes shut, breathing counts of four.

EXT. TOKYO SUBWAY / PARIS CAFÉ / LONDON STREET / MUMBAI PLATFORM / LAGOS HOSPITAL

Everywhere—eyes red, teeth long, talons black, mouths foaming. The hour claims the world.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD – THE HOUR PASSES (INTERCUT)

Rain runs red in gutters.

Jason works in circles—drag, pin, tear—again and again. The scooter's back wheel whines.

Kelly's head hammers the headrest, crimson gaze locked on him.

INT. FARMHOUSE – LUCY'S STRAPS STRETCH; GRANDPA'S CHAIR BUCKLES; GRANDMA'S TEETH CLICK-CLICK THE GUARD.

INT. APARTMENT — THE CASSETTE WARBLER; DAD'S SHOULDERS THUD THE COUCH BACK ON THE BEAT; MOM'S CLAWS SAW GROOVES INTO THE COFFEE TABLE.

INT. DISPATCH CENTER — OPERATORS BUCK IN HIGH-BACKED CHAIRS; A WALL OF STREET CAMS SHAKES ON THEIR MOUNTS.

INT. MONASTERY — STONE HALL — MONKS IN SIMPLE STRAPS SWAY AND SNARL BENEATH A TOLLING BELL.

WIDE — EARTH FROM SPACE — City grids flicker, darkness pulsing with the world's collective convulsion.

SNAP — 9:15 PM

The HUM dies. No fade. Stillness.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD — SAME

Jason blinks human, kneeling in mud, arms to the elbows black-red. The Old Man is ruin.

In the sedan, Kelly sags forward—human, eyes wet. She doesn't wipe them.

They look at each other through rain and glass. Neither speaks.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM — SAME

Grandpa lies breathing hard. Grandma frees a cuff, crawls to Lucy. The girl sobs without sound.

GRANDMA
(hoarse)
It's over, baby. It's over.

Lucy reaches. Grandma flinches—then takes her hand.

On TV: anchors reassemble—bruised, composed—strapping themselves out of their own chairs.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM — SAME

Dad hits STOP. The cheerful song dies mid-chorus. Sudden quiet.

The kids stare at their parents. Mom wipes a brown-red streak from her lip, tries to shape a smile. It doesn't land.

KID #2
Are we... okay?

MOM
We're here.

DAD
We're here.

No one moves.

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM — NIGHT

The ANCHOR returns to camera; the banner scrolls slower now; the music is gone.

Around her, crew unbuckle, a producer tapes a cut, gives a thumbs-up.

ANCHOR
(soft, solemn)
At 9:15 PM, all R.A.S. activity
ceases. Please verify your safety,
then assist neighbors as needed.
The next lockdown begins tomorrow
night at 8:15 PM local time.

A beat. She looks straight down the lens.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
May God have mercy on your soul.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD — NIGHT

Jason at last stands, swaying. The scooter lies twisted. Rain ticks on metal.

In the sedan, Kelly unbuckles but stays put. They hold each other's gaze across the ruined space—routine and unbearable at once.

EXT. EARTH FROM SPACE — NIGHT

Night-side city lights climb back to full glow, block by block, continent by continent.

SUPER:

T-11:59:00 UNTIL NEXT EVENT

FADE OUT.

END