

The Teachers Edition

written by

Adam Nadworniak

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

## SCENE 1

### INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

Clothes are strewn everywhere. EMPTY RAMEN CUPS litter a desk. **ISAAC CLARK (18)**, unshaven, scrolls through his phone, a half-eaten bag of chips in his lap.

A digital textbook notification pops up: "AP WORLD HISTORY - BUY NOW!"

Isaac groans. He taps it. The price, in bold red, makes his eyes bug out.

ISAAC  
Are you kidding me?! \$300?! For one  
book?!

He rapidly types on his keyboard, searching: "cheap AP World History textbook," "used AP World History," "AP World History PDF." Every result is either still expensive, out of stock, or suspicious.

### INT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Isaac stands in line, his gaze fixed with a mix of longing and defeat on a pristine, shrink-wrapped AP World History textbook. He sighs, defeated. He pulls out his student ID, then shoves it back in his wallet. No financial aid, no chance.

### EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Isaac walks, phone in hand, searching for "used bookstores near me," "public library history books." He passes a **HOMELESS MAN (60s)**, pushing a groaning shopping cart overflowing with old books and tattered journals.

The Homeless Man is a walking disaster - long, matted beard, filthy clothes, and an old, faded blue NASA HAT perched precariously on his head. He mumbles to himself. Isaac instinctively gives him a wide berth.

### INT. CITY LIBRARY - DAY

Dust motes dance in the sunlight. Isaac approaches the **REFERENCE DESK**, where a kind-looking **LIBRARIAN (50s)** sits.

ISAAC (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, I'm looking for an AP  
World History textbook? Like, the  
college edition?

The Librarian types, frowning.

LIBRARIAN

Hmm, that particular edition has been discontinued for years. We had one, a teacher's edition, but it was... well, it was stolen earlier today.

ISAAC (CONFUSED)

Stolen? Who'd steal a history textbook?

LIBRARIAN

According to the security footage, it was a rather dishevelled gentleman. Old, big beard, wearing a faded blue NASA hat.

Isaac's blood runs cold. His eyes dart to the window, then back to the Librarian.

ISAAC

Did you say a NASA hat?

## SCENE 2

### EXT. CITY STREETS / TUNNEL ENTRANCE - LATE DAY

Isaac sprints, scanning the streets. He sees the tell-tale shopping cart being pushed towards a dark, graffiti-covered **TUNNEL ENTRANCE** beneath a train overpass.

He follows cautiously. As he gets closer, he hears it - a desperate yelling, a guttural cry, then a sickening, dull THUD.

Isaac slows, heart pounding. He peers into the shadows of the tunnel.

### INT. CITY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The tunnel is dank and echoing. Isaac creeps forward, pressing himself against the damp concrete wall. The sounds grow louder: **SCREAMS** of pain, punctuated by an odd, clicking, **CHIRPING LANGUAGE**.

He peeks around a support pillar.

The Homeless Man is on his knees, hands bound. Three extraordinarily **TALL, THIN MEN** (ageless, unsettling) surround him.

They wear matching, too-short grey **TRENCH COATS**, black **LEATHER GLOVES** revealing impossibly **LONG FINGERS**, grey **FEDORAS** pulled low, and black **SCARVES** covering their lower faces. Their eyes, if they have them, are hidden behind dark, eye-surgery-like **SUNGLASSES**.

The **LEAD TALL MAN** presses a long, gloved finger against the Homeless Man's forehead. The Homeless Man **SCREAMS**, a high-pitched, agonizing sound.

HOMELESS MAN

I don't have it! I swear! It's gone!

The Lead Tall Man speaks in a series of sharp, metallic **CLICKS** and **CHIRPS**. A low, mechanical **VOICE**, seemingly emanating from the Tall Man's scarf, translates.

<TRANSLATOR (V.O.)

We need that book. It is the last.  
We need that book. It is the only  
one that exists anymore.

Another Tall Man, without a word, reaches out. His impossibly long finger touches the Homeless Man's left temple. The Homeless Man **LETS OUT AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM**, louder than before. His body arches violently, muscles spasming against his bonds.

HOMELESS MAN

(Screaming )  
(with tears streaming down  
his face )

You killed them! My family! My  
friends at NASA! The President!  
Just kill me! I won't tell you  
anything!

The Lead Tall Man raises a hand. The glove shifts, peeling back just enough to reveal a patch of **SCALY, GREY, REPTILIAN SKIN** beneath. The other two Tall Men step back slightly, their dark forms still menacing.

The Lead Tall Man's hand glows with a faint, unearthly energy. He **CLENCHES** his fist. A sickening, wet **RIPPLING SOUND** fills the tunnel as the Homeless Man's head contorts.

Isaac watches, paralyzed, a choked **WHIMPER** escaping him.

With a final, horrifying **SQUELCH**, the Lead Tall Man **RIPS** the Homeless Man's brain clean through his skull and head. It's a grotesque, bloody mass, still pulsing slightly, in the Lead Tall Man's lizard-like hand.

The Lead Tall Man squeezes. The brain **POPS**. The Homeless Man's body collapses, lifeless.

Isaac gags, clamping a hand over his mouth. He stumbles backward, trying to be silent, but his foot connects with a **PILE OF BROKEN BEER BOTTLES** next to an old, rusted **GARBAGE DUMPSTER**.

The **CLINKING SHATTER** of glass echoes in the tunnel.

The three Tall Men **SNAP** their heads towards the sound, their dark glasses seemingly piercing the shadows.

CUT TO: THE DUMPSTER. The broken bottles lay scattered. Isaac is **GONE**.

The three Tall Men move with unnatural speed, almost floating, towards the dumpster. They reach the spot, look around, then seemingly **FADE AWAY** into the darkness of the tunnel, disappearing as if they were never there.

A few moments of silence. Then, a trash bag **SHIFTS** behind the dumpster.

Isaac, covered in grime and reeking of garbage, slowly, cautiously, drags himself up. One hand props him against the dumpster. In his other hand, clutched tightly, is a **gross, dirty, stained AP WORLD HISTORY TEACHER'S EDITION**.

He quickly rubs some of the filth off the cover, his eyes wide with horror and disbelief. He clutches the book to his chest, trembling.

### SCENE 3

#### INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Isaac bursts into his dorm room, slamming the door shut and immediately, feverishly, locking it with a frantic series of clicks. He leans against it, panting, eyes wide and darting around the room as if expecting something to appear.

He peels off his trash-covered shirt, grimacing at the stench, and kicks off his shoes. He grabs clean clothes from his dresser, almost ripping them in his haste, and throws on a fresh shirt and sweatpants.

His eyes fall on the **AP WORLD HISTORY TEACHER'S EDITION** still clutched in his hand. It's still grimy and stained. He stumbles to his desk and drops the book with a thud.

A small **DESK FAN** whirs quietly, its breeze catching the edges of the book. Pages begin to flutter.

We see the book's pages:

A headline: "SEPTEMBER 11TH: CAPITAL STRUCK, ONE TOWER HIT." Another page, a smaller article: "AFGHANISTAN HANDS OVER BIN LADEN; WARS AVERTED." A bold headline, a triumph: "PRESIDENT CLINTON WINS LANDSLIDE AGAINST TRUMP."

The pages continue to flutter, but the fan's breeze seems to momentarily die down. The pages stop on what appears to be the last section.

[SOUND of shower running]

Isaac is in the **SMALL DORM SHOWER**, hot water steaming. He stands under the spray, scrubbing himself raw, trying to wash away the grime, the stench, and the memory of what he saw.

He steps out, wrapped in a towel, still agitated. His eyes are drawn back to the desk. The **AP WORLD HISTORY TEACHER'S EDITION** sits open.

He approaches cautiously. His eyes fix on the page facing up. It's a striking **PHOTO of colossal, alien ships hovering over major cities** around the globe.

His breath catches. He reaches out, trembling, and turns the page.

Headlines scream: "**WE ARE NOT ALONE!**" and "**FIRST CONTACT MADE!**" A close-up photo: President Hillary Clinton, smiling, shaking hands with a **tall, creepy, humanoid creature** that looks unsettlingly similar to the figures Isaac just saw, though less obscured.

He turns another page. A new section: "**THE FOLD.**" Text explains: "**NOT FROM SPACE, BUT A DIFFERENT DIMENSION. WE NAMED THEM 'THE FOLD'.**" More pages. The tone shifts subtly at first. Headlines about diplomacy, new technologies... Then a darker tone. A chilling headline: "**WE WERE SO WRONG ABOUT...**"

The pages that follow are increasingly **torn and burned**. Isaac frantically flips through them, his eyes widening in horror.

A shocking image: **A major city, unrecognizable, vaporized by a devastating weapon.** The text beside it reads: "**NEW CITY DEVASTATED BY FOLD ARMY.**" More burned, ragged pages: The **Hollywood sign engulfed in flames. Big Ben, in London, a charred ruin. Moscow and Tokyo** landmarks reduced to rubble.

Isaac's hands are shaking violently as he reaches the very last page.

The final legible image: **Planet Earth, mostly destroyed, surrounded by giant, menacing ships.** The remaining pages are either torn out completely or too burned to read.

Isaac stares, his face contorted in disbelief and terror. He clutches the towel tighter.

ISAAC

(Whispering, then escalating) This is a joke. This is fake. This never happened...

Suddenly, a **BLACK GLOVED HAND with impossibly long fingers** grabs his shoulder from behind. Isaac freezes, a terrified gasp caught in his throat. The grip is cold, firm.

A low, mechanical VOICE, directly behind him, whispers into his ear, resonating with a familiar, unsettling CHIRPING LANGUAGE beneath it.

TALL MAN (V.O.)

We destroyed that Earth before we built this one. And nobody must know.

Isaac **SCREAMS**, a high-pitched, raw sound of pure terror.

Instantly, the **GREY, REPTILIAN-LOOKING HAND** (the same one that ripped out the Homeless Man's brain) covers his mouth, clamping down hard. Isaac struggles, muffled whimpers escaping.

TALL MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shhhhh...

FADE TO BLACK.