FADE IN:

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A family - FATHER, MOTHER, SON, DAUGHTER, and UNCLE - at a picnic in idyllic surroundings under a luminous sky.

A metropolis is visible way in the distance.

MOTHER, 38, a gorgeous brunette in a low-cut dress that shows off her generous bosom, unpacks a picnic basket.

    MOTHER
    Isn’t this wonderful? Our whole family enjoying a lovely day together.

SON, 15, with a sharp air about him, studies the sky.

    SON
    Something’s wrong.

His FATHER, 40s, follows Son’s gaze.

    FATHER
    I can’t see anything.

    SON
    Exactly. Where’s the sun?

    FATHER
    Hmmm.
    (beat)
    Do we need one?

Without warning, a nuclear explosion destroys the city in the background. A radioactive tsunami races towards the family.

A tornado swirls in, captures all of the explosion’s toxic fallout, sweeps it away at a great speed. The tornado disappears - drops off - over the horizon. All is calm again. Birds chirp in the trees.

    SON
    What’s going on?

    MOTHER
    Look, your favorite - home made pickles.
SON
We need to figure this out.

FATHER
Figure what out?

DAUGHTER, 12, slightly chubby, pulls a face.

DAUGHTER
When do we eat?

SON
Doesn’t something strike you as being odd?

FATHER
Ask your Uncle, son. He’ll tell you.

The Son looks at his UNCLE, 40s, with a few days’ growth and a slightly vacant stare.

UNCLE
I’m not interested in politics. The problems of the world are not in my department. I’m a saloon keeper.

Son shrugs, walks away.

Mother places five neat lunch settings on the red and white picnic cloth.

MOTHER
Don’t wander off, dear. Lunch will be ready soon.

Son keeps walking.

TEEN GIRL, 15, in red high heel boots and a red hooded parka over a micro skirt, strides past Son. She has killer good looks.

Son’s testosterone percolates.

SON
You might want to be careful. Something weird’s going on.

TEEN GIRL
I know exactly where I’m going.
SON
Okay... All I’m saying is that you might want to stick around until we figure out what’s happening.

TEEN GIRL
If you try to follow me, I will need to kill you.

SON
WHAT?! Why would you say something like that?

TEEN GIRL
Because it’s true.

She keeps going and soon disappears - a little too quickly - over the horizon.

Son stares in her direction until he is disturbed by the sound of someone approaching. Son turns around, sees HAIRY MAN, 40s, a wiry creature whose volume and shape of head and facial hair makes him look a bit like a wolf.

HAIRY MAN
Have you seen my niece? She’s wearing a red coat with a hood. I need to find her.

Son senses danger.

SON
(pointing to the opposite direction)
She went along that path.

Hairy Man studies Son, moves in a bit closer, sniffs, cracks a fangy malevolent smile.

HAIRY MAN
Of course she did.

Hairy Man sets off in Teen Girl’s direction.

Son scratches his head, walks a ways. All he sees is grass. No trees, no plants, no path. Just a flat carpet of green.

Son goes back to his family.

SON
Once you move away from this spot, the landscape disappears. All I can see is grass.
UNCLE
Is it green?

SON
Huh?

UNCLE
When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less.

SON
Whatever. Green.

Mother looks admiringly at the beautifully laid out picnic spread.

MOTHER
There!

UNCLE
Green is the prime color of the world, and that from which its loveliness arises.

DAUGHTER
Can we eat now?

UNCLE
(to no one in particular)
Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail.

Father pulls out a gun, aims it at Uncle.

FATHER
One more platitude, and I swear, I’m gonna blow your brains out!

DAUGHTER
I’m hungry!

MOTHER
Don’t interrupt your father, sweetie.

SON
I’m going to have a look around.

Son walks away.
UNCLE
Peace begins with a smile.

Father COCKS the gun.

FATHER
Have it your way!

BANG! A bullet slams into Uncle’s skull, blood and bone splatters, knocks him flat to the ground.

DAUGHTER
Can I have his portion?

Father, Mother, and Daughter start eating.

Son walks off a path, cuts across, passes the last tree. He keeps walking until the grass abruptly stops.

Directly ahead is blank white space. No grass, no landscape, no sky. Nothing.

Son stands at the edge, tentatively extends his arm into the white space. His arm disappears. He pulls his arm back. He repeats the action. Same result.

He looks around, thinks. A look of resignation sweeps across his face. He SIGHS.

Son wanders back to his family.

Daughter gorges on the food. Father and Mother make out on the picnic rug, Mother’s skirt hitched high around her waist.

SON
I think I’ve figured it out.

Father and Mother don’t miss a beat.

MOTHER
Oh! Oh! Ahhh!
(beat)
That’s nice, dear.

FATHER
Figured what out?

DAUGHTER
(mouth full of food)
Duh wer haf karshap?
SON
Know what the big secret is? Ever wondered where you fit in the scheme of things?

FATHER
Your mother and I are kinda busy right now.

Father keeps thrusting.

FATHER (cont’d)
Can this wait, son?

SON
Did I go to junior school?

MOTHER
Of course, dear.

SON
What was the name of the school?

MOTHER
Um, let’s see... Ah! Ah! Keep going! It was... You know, silly me, I’ve forgotten.

SON
(points to Daughter)
Is this your daughter, my sister?

MOTHER
Now you’re being silly. Of course. Don’t stop!

DAUGHTER
(starting to retch)
I think I’m gonna be sick.

SON
At what hospital did you give birth to her?

MOTHER
Let’s see... it was... Goodness me! It’s must be the fresh air and the excitement. I’ve forgotten that as well!

Daughter throws up.
SON
Mom... well, actually, you’re not my mom. We don’t exist. That’s the big secret. We’re not real, that’s why you can’t remember the past, because we don’t have one. We’re made up.

MOTHER
You are a silly sausage!

Father and Mother disentangle. They both arrange their clothes.

FATHER
(looking at Mother)
Looks and feels pretty real to me.

SON
Don’t you get it? It’s all imaginary.

DAUGHTER
What’s for dessert?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Apartment is geek heaven - computers and equipment everywhere.

Two GEEKS study a computer monitor. The screen displays the scene of the family as we last saw them. The difference is that they are now characters in a computer game.

GEEK #1
It’s a start.

Geek #2 heads towards the kitchen.

GEEK #2
Know what we need?

GEEK #1
A storyline?

GEEK #2
(opening the fridge)
Another beer.

Geek #2 grabs a couple of beers.
REVERSE ANGLE - APARTMENT

Geek #2 makes his way back to Geek #1.

GEEK #1
We gotta give ’em more depth and develop some sort of story narrative.

TRACKING SHOT - APARTMENT

Move away from Geeks, towards window.

AERIAL SHOT - HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Out the window, look down at apartment.

The Geeks’ apartment is the only one in the high tower that has lights on and any sign of life. The rest of the building is in darkness.

Fly higher.

There are no other buildings. No landscape, no sun, no moon, no stars, no sky – just an inky gray darkness.

FADE OUT.

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