

"T O T A L I T Y"

written by

Adam J. Nadworniak

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN:

INT. NATIONAL MORNING SHOW STUDIO — MORNING

Bright smiles. Coffee mugs steaming. A giant LED wall glows:
"PATH OF TOTALITY."

A dark ribbon cuts across the U.S. from Oregon to the Carolinas.

ANCHOR (50s)

Today's the day! From coast to coast, millions will gather for a once-in-a-lifetime spectacle: a total solar eclipse. Our crews are live across the path.

CONTROL ROOM MONITORS — INTERCUT

— OREGON CAMPGROUND: tents, families frying pancakes, telescopes perched.
— MIDWEST HIGHWAY: vendors hawk eclipse glasses.
— SMALL-TOWN MAIN STREET: chalk crescents on sidewalks, kids with balloons.

A carnival of anticipation.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD — AFTERNOON

Warm sunlight. A sprinkler ticks. A dog barks.

MARK HALE (35), pragmatic, steady, tightens a solar filter on a telescope.

SARAH (34), warm and grounded, arranges a cooler.

LEO (7), excitable, charges around with a toy rocket helmet askew.

LEO

Captain Leo, ready for launch!

MARK

Perfect timing, Commander. Today the moon steals the sun. Cosmic burglary.

SARAH
 (rolling her eyes)
 He's been rehearsing that one all
 week.

MARK
 Science is just magic with
 footnotes.

Grandparents JOAN (60s) and DAVE (60s) arrive with cookies.

JOAN
 Fuel for stargazers.

DAVE
 Whole neighborhood's out for a
 shadow.

MARK
 A shadow choreographed on a
 galactic scale, Dave. Stick around.

INT. PATROL CAR — AFTERNOON

SGT. BEN "BIG BEN" JONES (40s) drives. A mountain of a man,
 scarred by years.
 Beside him, BARBARA "BAR" O'DEA (20s), blonde rookie,
 jittery, notebook in lap.

BEN
 Rule one of patrol, Boot?

BAR
 Keep your eyes open.

BEN
 Not today. Today you keep your head
 down, too.

Bar forces a smile. Dispatch crackles: crowd control at
 Riverside Park.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Babysitting the oohs and ahhs. Just
 breathe.

INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM — AFTERNOON

MS. KLINE (30s), kind but fragile, weaves between desks.
Fourth-graders tape cardboard into pinhole viewers.

MS. KLINE
Buddy system. Eyes on me, not the
sun, until I say.

The kids chant, sing-song:

KIDS
To-ta-li-ty! To-ta-li-ty!

She forces a smile, hands trembling.

EXT. CITY PARK — AFTERNOON

On a picnic blanket, EVAN (20s) palms a ring box behind his
back.
MIA (20s), carefree, stretches in the grass.

MIA
You picked dramatic lighting.

EVAN
Had a good feeling.

He clutches the box, waiting for the perfect moment.

EXT. LOCAL NEWS STATION ROOFTOP — AFTERNOON

ETHAN KELLER (30s), polished, rehearses to camera.
TAYAH WILLIAMS (23), sharp-eyed, adjusts exposure.

ETHAN
From safe viewing to the best watch
parties—

TAYAH
Save it for live. Try breathing.

He grins. She doesn't smile.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET — SAME

Across from Mark's house, MRS. KEATING (70s) tapes paper over windows, muttering.

MRS. KEATING
Don't look. Don't look.

Neighbors chuckle, unsettled.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM — SAME

The TV: cheerful anchors pointing at the eclipse path.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
First contact hits the Pacific
Northwest at 1:17—

Suddenly: a digital squeal.
A half-word bursts through:

EBS VOICE (V.O.)
Do not—

Then gone. The anchor keeps smiling.
Mark frowns. Doesn't call Sarah.

EXT. INTERSECTION BY PARK — LATER

Families gather. Chairs, strollers, ice cream.
Ben shoulders a stalled car aside. Bar helps a mother with a stroller.

BEN
Keep the lanes breathing, folks,
we'll all see the show.

To Bar:

BEN (CONT'D)
You're doing fine.

He hands her eclipse glasses.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD — LATER

Ms. Kline leads her class outside, checking pinhole viewers.

MS. KLINE
Glasses on. Partner check. Nobody
cheats.

Her voice trembles.

EXT. CITY PARK — LATER

Evan breathes into his fist, rehearsing words.
Mia smirks.

MIA
Whatever it is, yes.

He laughs, terrified.

INT. NEWSROOM CONTROL — LATER

Producers juggle feeds. A tech frowns.

AUDIO TECH
EBS carrier's spiking. No origin.

PRODUCER
Ignore it. Stay live.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD — LATER

Mark shows Leo crescents dancing under trees.

LEO
Moons on the ground!

MARK
Every leaf's a telescope.

Sarah watches, uneasy.

MONTAGE — TOWN PREP

- Blankets fill the park.
- Teens chalk crescents.
- A bar hangs a TOTALITY PARTY banner.
- A church sets out lemonade.
- Kids climb rooftops with glasses.

INT. PATROL CAR - LATER

Ben creeps through traffic.

BEN
Crowds get clumsy. Keep them calm.
Keep them moving.

Bar nods. He taps her notebook.

BEN (CONT'D)
Less writing. More breathing.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

Light cools. Skyline bruises.
Tayah flips her phone facedown.

TAYAH
No sky until I say.

ETHAN
Bet I can make the weatherman cry
on-air.

She almost smiles.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

The TV glitches. A harsh TONE.

DO NOT LOOK UP.
DO NOT LOOK AT THE ECLIPSE.
THIS IS NOT A TEST.

Synthetic voice:

EBS VOICE (V.O.)
Do not look up. Do not look at-

Mark kills the sound. Sarah calls from outside.

SARAH (O.S.)
You coming, or are you eloping with
the remote?

EXT. INTERSECTION BY PARK — GOLDEN HOUR

Bar sets cones. Ben waves cars through. Families laugh.

BEN
Keep the crosswalk clear, and we'll
all get a turn to ooh and ahh.

He catches Bar's eye: You've got this.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD — GOLDEN HOUR

The class files out.
Ms. Kline clamps her gaze down.

MS. KLINE
Eyes on your partner. Viewers
ready.

EXT. CITY PARK — GOLDEN HOUR

Evan palms the ring. Mia smirks.

MIA
If this is a prank, I'm keeping
your hoodie.

EVAN
No pranks.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD — GOLDEN HOUR

Mark adjusts Leo's glasses. Sarah squeezes his hand.

SARAH
We could watch from inside.

MARK
We've got the gear. It's safe.

Leo whispers:

LEO
Totality.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — GOLDEN HOUR

Meters spike.

PRODUCER
Rooftop in five. Four—

EXT. ROOFTOP — CONTINUOUS

Tayah cues. Ethan beams.

ETHAN
We're minutes away. Certified
glasses only. Remember—

The hum beneath his words is wrong.

EXT. TOWN — VARIOUS — CONTINUOUS

Families in yards. Churches. Parks.
Faces tilt skyward.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
America, enjoy the show.

The town stills.

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. CITY PARK — CONTINUOUS

Mia lifts her chin skyward—
Her breath halts.

She freezes upright, eyes locked to heaven, smile soft.
Evan shakes her. Nothing.

Around him: the crowd. All frozen mid-gesture, gazes fixed skyward.
An entire park turned to statues.

EVAN
Mia! No—!

EXT. INTERSECTION BY PARK — CONTINUOUS

Ben waves traffic. He glances up.

He stops mid-motion—
Forever directing, forever skyward.

Bar screams, grabs him, but he's stone.

All around: families, strollers, frozen in awe.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD — CONTINUOUS

Kids giggle, lift their heads—
And freeze. Mid-laugh, mid-step, mid-point.

Ms. Kline curls over one child, eyes down, whispering:

MS. KLINE
Stay with me. Stay with me.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS

Sarah looks up, smiling.
She freezes. Cookies fall from her tray.

Leo wails. Mark shields his head, pulls him back, whispering:

MARK
Don't look. Don't you dare look.

EXT. ROOFTOP — CONTINUOUS

Ethan beams to camera. Arms wide.

He freezes—grin plastered to the sky.
A grotesque statue.

Tayah lowers the lens, horrified.

MONTAGE — MONUMENT DEATH

- A priest mid-blessing, chalice raised.
- Lovers hand in hand, gazes eternal.
- Teens on rooftops, silhouettes forever open-armed.
- Stadiums of people, frozen mid-cheer.

The world is still. Silent.
A gallery of humanity.

EXT. CITY PARK — TWILIGHT

Evan stumbles through rows of statues.
Mia stands forever smiling, eyes lifted to the heavens.

He touches her cheek. Cold.
He shakes her desperately.

EVAN
Breathe. Please—breathe!

She does not move.

Around him: hundreds locked mid-laugh, mid-shout, mid-cheer.
A forest of stone.

He collapses at her feet, sobbing.

EXT. INTERSECTION BY PARK — TWILIGHT

Bar weaves among the frozen.
She stops at Ben — towering, arm outstretched, palm up,
forever directing traffic.

Her breath shudders. She reaches out, takes his badge.
She pins it to her own chest.

BAR
(quiet, trembling)
You told me keep my head down.
Guess I'm all that's left.

She kisses her fingers, taps his badge, then forces herself to move on.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - TWILIGHT

Ms. Kline kneels, counting quickly.

Only a handful of kids survived - the ones who bent to tie shoes, who trembled too hard to peek, who hid faces.

She pulls them close.

MS. KLINE
Stay with me. Eyes down.
Eyes down.

Her voice cracks. Tears slip - but she doesn't lift her eyes.

Behind her, an entire class stands frozen mid-giggle, a choir of statues in sunlight.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - TWILIGHT

Sarah stands skyward, smiling forever.
Mark drags Leo inside, curtains drawn.

Leo clings to him, sobbing.

LEO
We can bring her in, right? Right,
Dad?

Mark swallows, trembling.

MARK
That's not her anymore.
(beat)
We don't look. Ever.

EXT. ROOFTOP — TWILIGHT

Ethan's arms spread wide to the heavens.
His frozen grin beams, grotesque.

Tayah films, whispering.

TAYAH

Not the sun. Something in the
light.

She zooms in until his grin distorts. Her breath trembles.

EXT. TOWN MAIN STREET — NIGHT

A wax museum.

Cars idling, drivers frozen at the wheel.
Pedestrians stuck mid-step.
Shoppers locked in place, forever facing the sky.

Bar edges through the figures.
Mark shields Leo's eyes.
Ms. Kline ushers her clutch of kids.
Evan mutters, trailing.
Tayah films reflections in store glass.

Every sound — footsteps, breath — is thunder in the silence.

INT. EVACUATION CENTER — DAY

A gymnasium converted to quarantine.
Floodlights. Soldiers at every door.

A loudspeaker hums, repeating:

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Remain calm. Do not speculate.
The event was natural.
No danger remains.

Bar scoffs.
Mark pulls Leo closer.
Ms. Kline clutches her children.
Evan stares blankly.
Tayah records.

INT. QUARANTINE CAFETERIA — LATER

Survivors hunch over trays.

A gaunt PREACHER (50s) stands on a bench, eyes wild.

PREACHER

The shadow was judgment!
The monuments are angels!
Repent before the next eclipse!

Half the room nods, trembling.
The other half groans.

Bar slams her tray down.

BAR

He's feeding you fear.

The preacher points at her.

PREACHER

Badge or no badge, you'll face Him
too.

Bar rips Ben's badge from her chest, shoves it in his face.

BAR

This kept order. That's all. Not
God.

The cafeteria erupts — shouting, prayers, curses.

INT. QUARANTINE DORM — NIGHT

Rows of cots.

Ms. Kline soothes her cluster of kids, humming gently.
Evan sits apart, whispering Mia's name.
Mark strokes Leo's hair.
Bar sharpens a knife.
Tayah replays her footage, whispering.

TAYAH

It's not light. It's a signal.

Bar overhears.

BAR

Signal from what?

TAYAH
Not what. Who.

INT. COMMAND OFFICE — SAME

A GENERAL pores over reports.

A soldier steps forward.

SOLDIER
Sir... the statues. They're not
decomposing.

The general stiffens.

GENERAL
Burn them. Quietly.

EXT. QUARANTINE PERIMETER — NIGHT

Floodlights blaze. Soldiers soak rows of statues with
accelerant.

One lights a torch.

The flame flickers.
Dies.

Generators sputter out.
The floodlights fail.

The statues remain untouched, eyes fixed skyward.

The soldiers retreat, terrified.

INT. QUARANTINE CENTER — LATE NIGHT

Darkness. Panic.

Whispers, sobs, prayers.

WOMAN (O.S.)
They're watching us.

Screams.

Mark grips Leo tight.
Ms. Kline huddles with children.
Bar paces, eyes sharp.
Evan punches the wall, knuckles bleeding.
Tayah films shadows.

TAYAH
They don't want worship.
They want witnesses.

INT. QUARANTINE CENTER — PREDAWN

Bar gathers Mark, Ms. Kline, Evan, Tayah in a corner.

BAR
We can't stay. They're lying to us.

MARK
Where do we go?

Bar looks at soldiers. The preacher. The trembling crowd.

BAR
Anywhere but here.

They exchange silent agreement.

EXT. QUARANTINE PERIMETER — PREDAWN

Floodlights flicker.
Rows of monuments stand outside the fence, untouched,
eternal.

The horizon bruises with dawn.

Bar grips Ben's badge.
Mark hugs Leo.
Ms. Kline steadies the kids.
Tayah keeps the camera rolling.
Evan wipes blood from his knuckles.

They steel themselves.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. QUARANTINE CENTER — DAWN

The preacher's voice booms, rising over restless survivors.

PREACHER

The monuments are His angels! Turn
your faces skyward!

A soldier pushes through to silence him.
The crowd surges — shouting, fists, screams.

Mark shields Leo.
Ms. Kline corrals her kids.
Bar's eyes snap to the exit.

BAR

(to the group)
Now. While they're busy.

INT. QUARANTINE HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS

The group slips through shadows.
Boots thunder past — soldiers rushing toward the riot.

Bar leads, blade in hand.
Evan lags, muttering.

EVAN

What's the point? It's over anyway.

Bar slams him to the wall.

BAR

Then die outside, not in a cage.

She yanks him forward.

EXT. QUARANTINE PERIMETER — CONTINUOUS

Floodlights buzz. Rows of frozen monuments loom beyond the wire.

Bar clips the fence with stolen cutters.
Mark hoists Leo through.
Ms. Kline ushers her kids.
Tayah crawls under, clutching her camera.

Behind them — shouts, gunfire.

Ahead — silence.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD — DAWN

They trudge cracked pavement.

A farmer stands mid-step with a bucket.

A child frozen on a tire swing.

A man forever laughing on a porch.

Leo grips Mark's belt loop.

LEO

If I trip, don't let me look.

MARK

I've got you, buddy.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS — MORNING

They crest the rise.

Below: a traffic jam stretching for miles.

Drivers stand beside cars, gazes locked upward.

Buses, semis, motorcycles — all stilled.

A graveyard in motion.

Leo buries his face in Mark's chest.

LEO

I don't wanna see.

MARK

Then don't.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET — DAY

Shops stand open.

Inside:

A barber mid-snip.

A waitress pouring coffee.

Shoppers frozen at registers.

The group creeps through, heads bowed.

Tayah films reflections in windows, never the sky.

TAYAH
They're... everywhere.

Evan slams a trash can.

EVAN
They're everyone!

His voice echoes through empty streets.

EXT. GAS STATION — DAY

Bar scouts the aisles.
Mark fills jugs from a tap.
Ms. Kline gathers snacks for the kids.
Evan smashes open a vending machine.

Tayah films the pumps.

TAYAH
No rot. No smell. Just silence.
Like they're waiting.

Bar snaps.

BAR
Put the camera down.

TAYAH
If no one remembers, it happens
again.

EXT. HILL OUTSIDE TOWN — SUNSET

They climb the rise.

Below: a football stadium packed with frozen fans.
An entire crowd, arms raised, forever skyward.

Wind howls through the bleachers.

Leo whispers:

LEO
Daddy... what if they move?

Mark can't answer.

EXT. CAMPFIRE — NIGHT

A small flame hidden in rocks.

Bar sharpens a stick.
Mark cradles Leo.
Ms. Kline soothes children.
Evan drinks.
Tayah replays footage, hands trembling.

BAR
Tomorrow we keep moving. Away from
highways.

MARK
To where?

Bar stares into the fire.

BAR
Anywhere the sky can't see us.

EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS — MORNING

They rest in shadow.

Bar unfolds a tattered atlas.
Points at a mark.

BAR
Freight tunnel. Mile 42.
Rock overhead. Sky can't reach.

The group nods. They shoulder packs.

EXT. COUNTY SEAT — AFTERNOON

A courthouse square.
Statues among statues — bronze soldiers beside frozen
townsfolk.

They slip into Town Hall.

INT. TOWN HALL — AFTERNOON

Bar rips down a wall map.
Mark fills bottles at a sink.
Ms. Kline pockets first-aid supplies.
Evan hefts a fire axe.

From upstairs: chanting.

VOICES (O.S.)
Face the heavens. Face the heavens.

The PREACHER descends with zealots.
A shard of mirror hangs from his neck.

PREACHER
You wander blind. Witness the
light.

Bar steps up, knife drawn.

BAR
We're leaving.

Zealots angle polished mirrors, catching glints.

BAR (CONT'D)
Eyes down!

A flash sears the wall. Chaos.
Bar slams the preacher into the railing.
His mirror cracks.

Evan swings the axe, keeping zealots back.

EVAN
You don't get to pose us!

They bolt through a side door.

EXT. ALLEY — CONTINUOUS

Zealots chase with mirrors flashing.

Evan slams a gate shut, chains it.
Hands claw the other side.

A sharpened rebar stabs through, piercing his ribs.
He gasps, stays upright.

EVAN

Go!

Bar locks eyes with him.
He nods.

The group flees. Evan slumps against the fence, bleeding but unbowed.
The chanting rises around him.

EXT. RAIL CUT — DUSK

The survivors descend a blasted trench.
Statues line the rim above like sentinels.

Leo whispers:

LEO

They're guarding it.

MS. KLINE

Then we'll be quiet.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE — DUSK

A rusted sign: CUTLER RAIL TUNNEL — 1.6 MI.
Graffiti: KEEP LOW. NO SKY.

Bar tests the air. Damp.

BAR

Single file. Hands on the wall.

They step into black.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL — NIGHT

Their world shrinks to touch and sound.
Mark guides Leo's hand along the stone.
Ms. Kline counts steps for children.
Bar scrapes her knife along the rail.
Tayah keeps her lens down.

From deeper inside: FOOTFALLS.

Lanterns glow.

A procession emerges — families, strangers, survivors.
Heads lowered. Eyes averted.

The two groups merge wordlessly.

MS. KLINE
We're not the last.

Bar nods. They fall in line.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL — LATER

The march flows like a river in dark.

Chalked signs: LOOK DOWN. HUM IF LOST.

People hum, low and steady.
Leo hums back, trembling, then steadier.

Mark squeezes his hand.

Tayah raises her camera — records only their feet.

TAYAH (V.O.)
If the sky is a mouth, we'll feed
it nothing.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL — NIGHT

The procession moves, endless.
Lanterns glow dim. Chalk scrawls on walls: STAY LOW. NO SKY.

Children hum. Adults echo.
A subterranean choir.

Leo hums softly against Mark's side.
Mark squeezes his hand, whispering:

MARK
That's how you know you're home.

INT. TUNNEL RECESS — LATER

The survivors rest in a rocky alcove.

Bar sharpens her knife.

Ms. Kline wraps blankets around her children.

Mark shares crackers with Leo.

Tayah scrolls her footage, hands trembling.

A TEENAGER in a hoodie, passing with the procession, pauses.

TEENAGER

There's more of us. All through the
tunnels.

Some say trains used to run coast
to coast.

BAR

Then we're not alone.

The teenager nods, moves on with the line.

INT. RAIL TUNNEL — DEEPER — NIGHT

A cave-in blocks the path. Survivors crawl under jagged
stone.

Hands reach back, pulling children one by one.

Bar goes first, then pulls Leo through.

Ms. Kline murmurs prayers as she guides her kids.

Tayah films downward — feet, rails, hands passing stones.

The line presses forward, no words spoken.

EXT. TUNNEL SOUTH PORTAL — PREDAWN

A faint rim of light. Trees frame the opening.

The first survivors halt under the arch.

None dare step into open sky.

They settle inside the shadow.

Blankets spread. Quiet fires banked low.

An underground camp blooms beneath the arch.

Bar posts herself at the threshold, knife ready.

Mark rocks Leo.

Ms. Kline comforts children.

Tayah sets her camera down, lens facing earth.

INT. TUNNEL MOUTH — SAME

The air trembles.
Phones twitch in pockets. A dead radio crackles alive.

The EBS TONE bleeds faint, fractured.

EBS VOICE (V.O., distant, broken)
...do... not... look... up...

The procession stills.
Heads lower. Deeper, like a prayer.

EXT. RIDGELINE ABOVE — DAWN

Rows of monuments stretch across the ridge.
Frozen figures, eyes fixed skyward.
A stone choir facing the heavens.

The first light of day crowns them gold.

INT. TUNNEL MOUTH — DAWN

Bar pulls Ben's badge from her pocket.
Kisses it once. Pockets it again.

BAR
(whisper)
Not today.

The hum begins — low, steady.
A hundred voices filling stone.

Mark whispers into Leo's hair:

MARK
When it's beautiful... we look down.

Leo nods. Grips his father's hand.
He hums, joining the others.

EXT. TUNNEL & RIDGE — CONTINUOUS

The sun rises.

Outside: monuments blaze in golden light, eternal in awe.
 Inside: the living refuse to look, humming in shadow.

A new monument — not of stone, but of will.

The hum swells. Steady. Defiant.

FADE OUT.

THE END