

**SIGNS**

by

M. Night Shyamalan

**FADE IN:**

**INT. WINDOW - MORNING**

We are looking out a second story window of a house. The backyard is large and green with a wooden jungle gym, worn from use. A single tree throws shade onto a barbecue and a picnic table.

The backyard is lined by crops. Corn. Golden and brown. Six feet high.

Everything is perfect. Like a postcard. And then we HEAR A

**CHILD SCREAM. IT'S FAR AWAY. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S COMING FROM.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Graham Hess wakes up from his sleep. He thought he heard something. He listens. **HE HEARS THE HEATER. THE REFRIGERATOR DOWNSTAIRS HUMMING. THE OCCASIONAL BIRDS OUTSIDE CHIRPING.**

Graham climbs out of bed. He moves in his pajama pants and white Barron's minor league baseball T-shirt towards the bedroom door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALL LANDING - MORNING**

Graham stands in the hall landing where three bedroom doors meet. He moves to the door that has children's drawings taped to it. He puts his ear close. Listens. Beat.

He relaxes. Graham leans down and picks up two balled up sweat socks and a child's sweater from the hallway floor. He puts it in the hallway hamper before heading back into his bedroom.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

A bathroom door is open. **WE HEAR THE SINK RUNNING. WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF TEETH BEING BRUSHED.**

Outside the bathroom on the bedroom wall is the sun faded outline of where a large CATHOLIC CROSS used to hang. It's ghostly stained forever on the blank wall.

**A CHILD SCREAMS FROM FAR AWAY.**

The water from the sink stops. Graham steps into the doorway. Toothbrush and foam in his mouth. He becomes very still.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

The bedroom door bursts open. Graham steps into his children's room. There are children's books everywhere.

Overflowing off shelves. Piled in corners.

Graham's eyes move to the small messy beds. They're both empty.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GARAGE BEDROOM - MORNING**

**WE HEAR THE VOICES OF TWO CHILDREN NOW. THEIR SCREAMS FLOAT INTO A DARKENED BEDROOM OVER THE GARAGE.**

MERRILL HESS throws the bed sheets off himself as he swings onto his feet in one quick motion. He is hyper-awake. Merrill is in his late twenties. He is well build. His muscles are tense as he stands in his red bikini briefs and looks around bewildered.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING**

Graham bangs open the back screen door and runs into the backyard. He spins as he looks around.

Merrill, now with a T-shirt and jeans, rumbles down the side stairs adjacent to the garage building.

Merrill and Graham make eye contact as they approach each other across the yard.

**MERRILL**

Where are they?

Graham looks around -- panic growing in his eyes.

**CHILDREN**

(yelling in the distance)

Daaaad!

Graham and Merrill in unison turn in the direction of the YELLING. They look away from the house, across the yard and into THE THICK WALL OF CROPS.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CROPS - MORNING**

The tall stalks of corn smack Graham and Merrill's faces as they run through the crops.

A LITTLE GIRL appears in the crops thirty feet ahead of them

like an apparition. She is in her nightgown. She is four.

They reach her fast. She stands unaware of them in a daze. Her hair is messed from sleep.

**GRAHAM**

Bo where's Morgan?

BO stands peacefully lost in her thoughts. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Bo?

Bo finally looks at her father. Beat. She smiles softly.

**BO**

Are you in my dreams too?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

This isn't a --

**BOY (O.S.)**

Dad!

Graham looks in the direction of THE BOY'S VOICE. He's close. Graham picks up Bo and rushes through the crops.

He finds MORGAN standing with his hands in the pockets of his pajama bottoms. DOGS ARE BARKING NEARBY.

**GRAHAM**

Morgan what's happening?

Graham puts Bo on the ground and moves right in front of Morgan. The ten-year old boy looks deep in thought.

Graham takes hold of Morgan's chin and turns his face so he's looking straight at him.

**GRAHAM**

Are... you... hurt?

Beat. Morgan's eyes reveal he's come to some answer.

**MORGAN**

I think God did it.

Beat. THE DOGS KEEP BARKING.

**GRAHAM**

Did what Morgan?

Morgan takes hold of his father's unshaven chin and turns his face. Graham is forced to look to his right. Beat. Graham sees something.

Graham Hess slowly rises to his feet. He starts moving forward towards something.

He walks through a thin layer of crops and emerges in a clearing. Two German Shepherds are running back and forth. They are clearly agitated.

Graham looks around at the THOUSANDS OF CORN STALKS LYING **FLAT ON THE GROUND. THEY LAY IN A GIGANTIC CIRCLE, A HUNDRED FEET WIDE.**

Graham Hess looks around in a daze as he walks out into the center. Merrill, Bo and Morgan follow him.

The dogs keep running and barking as **WE PULL BACK AND REVEAL THE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE HESS FAMILY STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS PERFECT, GIGANTIC CIRCLE.**

**WE KEEP PULLING BACK TO EXPOSE THIS EERIE DESIGN -- FIVE HUNDRED FEET WIDE -- SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ENDLESS, UNTOUCHED CORN FIELD.**

**LEGEND:**

**"BUCKS COUNTY PENNSYLVANIA...  
THIRTY MILES OUTSIDE PHILADELPHIA"**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - LUNCHTIME**

Graham holds his hand over the barbecue to see if it's at the right temperature. The other hand holds a cordless phone to his ear.

**GRAHAM**

(into phone)

... Lee actually the reason I'm calling is about Lionel.

Graham stokes the coals with a LONG BARBECUE FORK.

**GRAHAM**

(into phone)

Was he at home last night with you or was he out and about with the

Wolfington brothers?

Graham moves around from behind the barbecue and heads towards the house.

**GRAHAM**

(into phone)

Well, there was a little mischief done to our crops last night.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(into phone)

I know he's a fine boy... No one's saying otherwise.

Graham steps through the back screen door into his

**KITCHEN.**

Graham holds the phone a little closer and talks in a **HUSHED VOICE.**

**GRAHAM**

(into phone)

Listen Lee, I don't even mind if it was him. You could just talk to him and that would be enough for me... See it was kind of strange finding the crops like that. The kids were... confused by it. It would take the strangeness away if we knew it was Lionel and the Wolfington brothers just messing around...

(beat, listens)

The movies...

(beat)

Are you sure?

(beat)

Okay, then... Thank you for your patience Lee.

Graham turns off the phone. He turns to put it on the counter and realizes his children are seated on the kitchen floor with one of their two German Shepherds. There is a **LARGE PUDDLE** on the kitchen tiles.

**MORGAN**

Houdini peed. I think he's sick.

Graham looks at the majestic dog. It's shivering.

**GRAHAM**

Take him outside. I'll call Dr.  
Reynolds.

Morgan and Bo lead their dog out with worried expressions on their faces.

Graham grabs a handful of paper towels and places it on the puddle of urine. The DOORBELL rings with Graham still on his knees on the kitchen floor. He leans back so he can see down the hall.

A balding police officer stands on the other side of the screen door.

**GRAHAM**

That was quick Edgar. I only  
called you boys about two hours  
ago.

OFFICER EDGAR PASKI nods that he knows.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Mrs. Kindleman twisted her ankle as she put it, "diving for her life" when a bunch of school kids rode down the sidewalk on skateboards. She went down to Thorton's store this morning and started spitting on the new skateboards. Spitting! By the time I got there, Mrs. Kindleman had sprayed the whole damn place... She must have had a cold or something. It was enough to turn a grown man's stomach.

Beat. Graham stares at Officer Paski.

**OFFICER PASKI**

So what happened to your crops?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD JUNGLE GYM - LUNCHTIME**

Bo walks from the house with a large glass of water. She moves to Houdini, who sits in the shade by the picnic table.

Morgan pokes the barbecue fork into two meat patties on the grill. He places two pieces of cheese on the hamburgers,

before walking over to Houdini.

The two children sit down in the grass with the dog.

Bo is about to pour the glass of water into the dog bowl.  
She stops. Takes a tiny sip of the water first.

She holds the glass out to Morgan.

**BO**

I think it's contaminated.

**MORGAN**

You don't even know what that word  
means.

He drinks.

**MORGAN**

It's not contaminated. It's just  
tap water. Pour it in his bowl.

**BO**

It tastes funny.

**MORGAN**

He licks his butt everyday. He's  
not going to mind.

Bo shrugs and pours it into the bowl. Beat.

Houdini just sits staring at them. He is not shivering. He  
doesn't drink. He is unnaturally still.

Bo pushes the bowl closer.

**HOUDINI MOVES...**

**BO'S HAND PULLS BACK...**

**HOUDINI'S JAWS SNAP SHUT IN THE AIR WHERE HER HAND USED TO  
BE. HE WAS JUST A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER...**

BEAT. The children turn white.

**MORGAN**

Houdini?

HOUDINI BEGINS TO GROWL. Bo stands up.

**MORGAN**

Bo don't run.



Houdini crouches down.

**MORGAN**

What's wrong boy?

**THE DOG'S GROWL BECOMES DEEP, MENACING.**

**MORGAN**

Stop it Houdini!

The German Shepherd trembles. His body tightens. He's about to leap. Beat.

**MORGAN**

(soft)

Bo, run.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CROPS - LUNCHTIME**

Officer Edgar Paski stands facing Graham fifty feet away. They are on opposite ends of the crop circle. Beat.

The crops all around them sway as the wind blows. Beat. Officer Paski yells over the wind.

**OFFICER PASKI**

(yelling)

It's the strangest thing Father.

**GRAHAM**

(yelling)

Don't call me Father.

**OFFICER PASKI**

(yelling)

What's that?

**GRAHAM**

(yelling)

Don't call me Father. It's just Graham now.

**OFFICER PASKI**

(yelling)

Sorry.

They stands in awkward silence fifty feet away from each other. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(yelling)

You said something was strange.  
What's strange?

**OFFICER PASKI**

(yelling)

The footprints.

**GRAHAM**

(yelling)

What about them?

**OFFICER PASKI**

(yelling)

There are none.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CORN CROPS - LUNCHTIME**

Officer Paski's knee touches the ground. He points to a single stalk of corn laying flat on it's side.

**OFFICER PASKI**

(soft)

Look at where it's bent over.

Graham stands next to him and leans in. The joint where the stalk bends from the ground is a perfect "L".

**GRAHAM**

It's not broken.

**OFFICER PASKI**

What kind of machine can bend a stalk of corn over without cracking it?

Graham looks around at the hundreds of thousands of corn stalks bent over each other in a perfect wave.

**GRAHAM**

(softy)

Can't be by hand... It's too perfect.

Beat.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Doesn't sound much like Lionel Prichard and the Wolfington

brothers. They can't take a piss without wetting the front of their pants.

Graham, nods in agreement. Officer Paski stands up.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Second thing this week I can't explain.

**GRAHAM**

What was the first thing?

**OFFICER PASKI**

Some animals around the county exhibiting uncharacteristic behavior. Sometimes violent behavior. Theo Henry had two of his fingers bit off by his cow.

**GRAHAM**

Sounds like a virus.

**OFFICER PASKI**

No Father, they're edgy. On alert. Like they act when they smell a predator around... Peeing on themselves and everything.

We see a thought catch in Graham's eyes. He turns back and stares in the direction of the house. You can barely see the roof over the crops. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(preoccupied)

Edgar, please don't call me Father.

The two men stand as the wind blows lightly around them. Officer Paski notices the still expression on Graham's face.

**OFFICER PASKI**

What's wrong?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

I don't hear my children.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - LUNCHTIME**

Morgan watches the thin line of smoke rising from the charred patties on the grill next to the overturned picnic table.

Morgan's attention moves as the crops part and his father and Officer Paski enter the backyard. They stop cold when they look in his direction. They begin a slow walk towards him.

Morgan Hess is seated under the jungle gym with Houdini on his lap. Morgan is petting Houdini's fur gently. Bo is on top of the jungle gym curled up in a ball.

As Graham and Officer Paski get closer, they see Morgan is crying.

Then they see the dog is laying on it side and has a **BARBECUE FORK DEEP IN ITS NECK.**

Beat.

They stare at Morgan as he slowly pulls an inhaler from his pocket and brings it to his mouth. He inhales the asthma spray. Beat. He lowers the inhaler so he can speak.

**MORGAN**

(soft)

He wanted to kill Bo.

Beat. Graham stares at his ten-year old son.

**GRAHAM**

Did he hurt you?

Beat. Morgan nods, "No." His tough exterior breaks as his face starts to tremble. He starts crying. Graham picks him up in his arms.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers in his ear)

I'm so sorry Morgan.

Graham reaches up for Bo. She has dirt and tears on her face. Beat. She slowly climbs down. Graham carries both his children as they cry in his arms.

He starts towards the house. Merrill walks out from the back holding a bowl of food.

**MERRILL**

I used a little Tabasco in the potato salad.

Merrill sees Houdini lying under the jungle gym.

**BO**

Houdini's sick.

**GRAHAM**

Please tie up Isabelle to the back of the shed. Make sure the knot's tight.

Merrill stands still with potato salad in his hands. He nods.

The children watch over their father's shoulder as Merrill runs to their other German Shepherd sitting quietly near the house and leads her by her collar across the yard to the shed.

Graham reaches the porch of his house and opens the screen door.

The last thing the children see as they enter the house, is the image of Officer Paski pulling the barbecue fork out of their dead dog's neck.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - LATE EVENING**

Graham lies in bed. He rests his cheek against the pillow as he lies by himself.

**GRAHAM**

They're tough cookies, those two. They think Houdini's playing with you up there.

(beat)

At least it got them to sleep.

Graham stares off. Beat. He smiles a little.

**GRAHAM**

Okay Miss Puzzle Master. I got one for you... What can make geometric shapes the size of a football field... and what would scare every animal in this county?

(beat)

Have you figured it out yet?

(smiles)

You probably have...

(beat)

Give me a hint Colleen... Is it

bigger than a bread box?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

The large Hess farm house sits in the moonlight.

**A MILLION CRICKETS AND BUGS FILL THE NIGHT AIR WITH SOUND.**

**THEY SUDDENLY STOP.**

**AN UNNATURAL SILENCE FILLS THE YARD.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Graham opens his eyes slowly as he stirs from his sleep. His daughter Bo stares at him from the edge of the bed. She is five inches away from his face.

Graham gets startled.

**GRAHAM**

What's the matter?

**BO**

I saw a monster. Can I have a glass of water?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

What's wrong with the water next to your bed?

**BO**

It tastes old.

Graham slowly gets up from the bed. He takes his daughter's hand and starts out of the room.

**GRAHAM**

What's the rule about getting up in the middle of the night?

**BO**

Only for pee or poop.

**GRAHAM**

Right.

Graham leads his four-year old daughter down the darkened hall.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Morgan's body is half off his bed. Graham gently lifts him back onto the pillow and covers him up.

There are two glasses of water on Bo's bedside table. Graham moves to Bo's bed. He sits on the edge of it. She stares back at him as she holds her panda.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

What are you thinking about?

**BO**

(soft)

Why do you talk to mom when you're by yourself?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

It makes me feel better.

**BO**

(soft)

Does she ever answer back?

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

No.

**BO**

(soft)

She doesn't answer me either.

Beat. They both sit quietly for a moment.

Graham's eyes drift to the bedroom window. A **LARGE SILHOUETTED FIGURE STANDS ON THE ROOF IN THE DARKNESS AND STARES AT HIM.**

**THE FIGURE MOVES. HIS SHADOW PASSES OVER THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM AS HE JUMPS FROM THE ROOF.**

Graham stands. He looks to his daughter with startled eyes.

**BO**

(soft)

Get under a blanket. They can't  
get you under the blankets.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

GREY SNOW FILLS THE SCREEN. Merrill sleeps in front of the family room television.

A hand gently shakes him. Merrill wakes and looks up at his brother zipping up his overcoat.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Merrill quickly puts on his boots at the front door.

**MERRILL**

Okay, this guy is trying to scare us. He's messed with our property, he's coming around the house. It's time for an ass whoopin'!

**GRAHAM**

This is not an intelligent way to approach this.

Merrill opens the front door. It's pitch black outside. Merrill turn to Graham and gestures with his fingers.

**MERRILL**

(whispering)

We both go outside and move around the house in opposite directions. We act crazy, insane with anger. Make him crap in his pants and force him around till we meet up on the other side.

Merrill brings his fingers together at the end of a circle.

**GRAHAM**

(whispering)

Explain, act crazy?

**MERRILL**

(whispering)



Curse and stuff.

**GRAHAM**

(whispering)

I'm not going to curse.

**MERRILL**

(whispering)

You don't mean it. It's just for show.

**GRAHAM**

(whispering)

It doesn't sound natural when I curse.

**MERRILL**

(whispering)

Just make noises then.

**GRAHAM**

(whispering)

Explain noises.

**MERRILL**

(whispering)

Are you going to do this or what?

**GRAHAM**

(whispering)

No I'm not.

**MERRILL**

(whispering)

You want him coming in the house next time?

Beat.

They HEAR MOVEMENT OUTSIDE. Merrill and Graham look out into the darkness.

**MERRILL**

(hushed tone)

On the count of three.

(beat)

One... two... three.

Merrill and Graham go out the front door in opposite directions.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MERRILL'S SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT**

Merrill is in a full sprint. He hugs the side of the building as he runs.

**MERRILL**

We're gonna beat your ass bitch!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GRAHAM'S SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT**

Graham runs through the darkness around the first corner of the house. He waves his arms.

**GRAHAM**

Ahhhh... I'm insane with anger.

Graham spots a LARGE FIGURE darting around the corner ahead of him.

**GRAHAM**

I've lost my mind! It's time for an ass whoopin'!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MERRILL'S SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT**

Merrill turns a corner full speed. **THE LARGE FIGURE HAS COME TO A STOP IN THE SHADOWS AHEAD OF HIM. HE SEEMS TO BLEND INTO THE DARKNESS WHEN HE'S STILL.**

**MERRILL**

I'm gonna tear your head off!

Merrill charges. **WE JUST MAKE OUT MOVEMENT IN THE DARKNESS AS THE FIGURE DISAPPEARS AROUND THE CORNER.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT**

Graham and Merrill come screaming around two corners and come to a stop facing each other. Beat.

They look around, panting heavily.

**GRAHAM**

I cursed.

**MERRILL**

I heard.

Graham's eyes drift above them.

**GRAHAM**

He's on the roof.

They follow the roof around the corner. They find themselves in the backyard.

Their eyes catch movement away from the house. They just catch A GLIMPSE OF THE LARGE FIGURE as he disappears into the crops. The swing on the swing set is still moving from being hit.

They stare across the yard silently. ALL WE HEAR IS THEIR **HEAVY BREATHING.**

**MERRILL (V.O.)**

It was very dark.

**GRAHAM (V.O.)**

Yes it was.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

Officer Edgar Paski stands on the porch with his note pad open. He faces Graham and Merrill.

**OFFICER PASKI**

You can't describe him at all?  
Don't you think that's find of odd?

**GRAHAM**

It does seem kind of odd doesn't  
it?

**OFFICER PASKI**

I don't know whether to look for a  
midget or a --

**GRAHAM**

He definitely wasn't a midget.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Okay.  
(beat)  
So he was tall?

**GRAHAM**

(to Merrill)

I would say so.

**MERRILL**

Probably.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Over six feet?

Beat.

**MERRILL**

It was very dark.

**GRAHAM**

Yes, it was.

**OFFICER PASKI**

We've established that.

(beat)

Just tell me about his clothing then.

Graham and Merrill stare at Edgar Paski.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Was he wearing a Scottish kilt or jeans?

They keep staring. Edgar closes his pad.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Let me ask you two something. Don't be embarrassed by the answer. It is possible... Just possible now, you might have been chasing each other around? You said you went in opposite directions.

**GRAHAM**

Edgar, it sounds as strange to me saying it, as it is to you hearing it. But we couldn't see him. He stayed mostly in the shadows. All we could make out was movement.

(beat)

But I'll tell you something with absolute certainty. There was someone watching our house last night. He was looking in my children's windows and I want you

to find him Edgar.

(beat)

I need you to take this seriously,  
just incase, it is something  
serious.

The three men stand in the doorway. Edgar opens his pad.

**OFFICER PASKI**

I apologize.

Morgan walks up to the front door. He holds up a baby monitor.

**MORGAN**

Can I use Bo's old baby monitor as  
a walkie-talkie?

**GRAHAM**

Yes.

**MORGAN**

It needs batteries.

**GRAHAM**

Edgar, come inside.

The three men follow Morgan into the house. They pass through the family room where Bo stands at the television.

She is staring at the screen. **ON THE SCREEN IS AERIAL FOOTAGE FROM A HELICOPTER. THE FOOTAGE IS OF A LARGE FIELD WITH ENORMOUS CIRCLES AND DIAMONDS CARVED INTO ITS CROPS.**

Bo changes the channel. She finds a cartoon. She sits down on the sofa.

Morgan and the men, can't see the screen, and move into the

**KITCHEN.**

**OFFICER PASKI**

How certain are you, that this was  
a male?

**MERRILL**

I don't know any girls can run like  
that.

Graham opens one of the cabinets and pulls down some batteries. He hands them to Morgan.

**MORGAN**

These are D's; I need double A's.

**GRAHAM**

I have some upstairs.

Graham starts out of the kitchen.

**OFFICER PASKI**

I don't know Merrill. I've seen some of those women on the Olympics. They could out run me easy.

They all move into the

**FAMILY ROOM.**

Bo watches cartoons. THE CARTOON MUSIC AND CARTOON PRAT FALLS FILLS THE ROOM.

**MERRILL**

This guy got on the roof in like a second.

**GRAHAM**

Bo, can you turn down the volume until Officer Paski leaves?

Bo nods and moves to the television. The pack of men follow Graham up the

**STAIRS.**

**MERRILL**

That roof is over ten feet high.

**GRAHAM**

He's telling you the truth, Edgar. Whoever it was, is very strong and can jump pretty high.

They arrive on the landing and follow Graham into his bedroom. He moves into his

**BATHROOM.**

They all move in with him.

**OFFICER PASKI**

They got women's high jumping in the Olympics. They got these

Scandinavian women who could jump  
clean over me.

Graham takes the clock radio from the sink. Tries to open  
the back.

**GRAHAM**

Shoot, it needs a screw driver. I  
have double A's in here.

Graham waves the radio. The men and Morgan move out of the  
bathroom.

**GRAHAM**

I know you're making a point Edgar.  
I just don't know what it is.

They moves down the STAIRS.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Yesterday afternoon, an out of town  
woman stopped by the diner and  
started yelling and cussing cause  
they didn't have her favorite  
cigarettes at the vending machine.  
Scared a couple of customers. No  
one's seen her since... My point  
is, we don't know anything about  
the person you saw. We should just  
keep all possibilities available.

They move through the FAMILY ROOM.

Bo's cartoon is replaced by a special report news icon.

**BO**

Dad, where's the remote?

Bo starts looking around the couch.

Graham stops before entering the kitchen. The group stops  
with him. He looks at Bo searching the couch. He walks over  
to the television.

There are three glasses of water on the TV set. He stands  
next to the set. Doesn't see what's on the screen.

**GRAHAM**

Bo, you're too old to still be  
doing this. The rule is, you take  
a glass of water, you finish it.  
(beat)

Now what's wrong with this one?

Bo stops looking through the sofa cushions and looks to her father. Looks at the glass.

**BO**

There's dust in it.

**GRAHAM**

This one?

**BO**

A hair.

**GRAHAM**

This one?

**BO**

Morgan took a sip. It has his amoebas in it.

Beat. Bo turns back to her search. Graham tucks the clock radio under his arm and collects the three glasses. He heads towards the kitchen.

**MERRILL**

Excluding the possibility that a female Scandinavian Olympian was running around outside our house last night, what else is a possibility?

**OFFICER PASKI**

I'm not done asking questions and I don't appreciate the sarcasm.

They follow Graham and Morgan through the swinging door into the KITCHEN.

Graham puts the glasses in the sink with a group of other half-filled water glasses and opens the drawer to pull out a screwdriver. He starts opening the clock radio.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Do you have anyone who might have a grudge or something against you? Maybe a church member, who might not have liked the fact, that you left the church?

Graham looks at Edgar.



**GRAHAM**

I don't think so.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Do you owe anybody money? You can tell me off the record if you need too.

**GRAHAM**

No.

**MERRILL**

No.

Morgan hands Graham the baby monitor and Graham starts replacing the batteries.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Is anything missing?

**GRAHAM**

No.

Graham hands Morgan the monitor. He turns it ON. **THERE IS A STATIC CRACKLE WITH SPIKES OF SOUND.**

**MORGAN**

It's still making the noises. It's broken.

**GRAHAM**

It's old Morgan.

Morgan heads out of the kitchen.

**MERRILL**

Listen, I was out of line with that whole female Scandinavian Olympian thing.

Edgar nods.

**MERRILL**

It's just that, I'm pretty strong and pretty fast. And I was running as fast as I could. And this guy...

(embarrassed smile)

He was just toying with us.

Beat. Merrill walks out of the kitchen. Graham watches Edgar think it over.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Graham moves to a windowsill where more glasses of water sit. He picks them up. Sees two more on the coffee table. He gives up and puts the two glasses back on the windowsill.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Could everyone just take a seat on the couch. I have some preliminary thoughts.

Morgan sits with his monitor next to Bo, who quietly watches the TV. Merrill and Graham squeeze in next to Morgan.

**OFFICER PASKI**

There are three possibilities here. We'll call them one, two and three. The level one scenario is that there is a sane individual, who for real reasons wants to do you harm. I really don't believe that's what we're looking at here. In my opinion, whoever this is, they don't want to do harm to you all. That's kind of clear.

(beat)

The level two scenario is, this is a mentally unstable person who's fixated on you and your family. This is a possibility, but a very slim one.

(beat)

I assure you I will treat all three possibilities carefully, but in all likely hood we are looking at what we'll call a level three scenario. He's a watcher. Someone who this is a game for. He's laying low. Doesn't want to be seen. But he wants to watch you. Study you folks.

Officer Paski walks towards the windows. Graham, Merrill and Morgan follow him with their eyes. Officer Paski walks next to the television.

**ON THE SCREEN WITH THE SOUND ALMOST MUTED, IS AN AERIAL SHOT FROM A HELICOPTER. A DIFFERENT ONE THAN BEFORE. THE FOOTAGE IS OF A VAST FIELD OF CROPS. THERE ARE TWO DIAMONDS FLANKING**

**TWO SIDE OF A TRIANGLE IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD.**

Officer Paski turns to them.

Graham, Merrill and Morgan stare at the screen.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Now I don't want you all to worry about this no more. You're making more of this than it is.

(beat)

You guys have had a tough couple of days with the vandalism to the crops and the death of your shepherd.

(beat)

Maybe you guys should do something fun? Let me worry about this person. Let me find out who it is and then -- What the hell are you people looking at?

Edgar comes around to see the screen.

**WE ARE ON A TV SCREEN. THE CROPS SWAY IN THE BREEZE.**

**A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE ARE WAVING FROM THE DIAMONDS ON THE FIELD.**

**OFFICER PASKI**

I'll be damned.

**GRAHAM**

Turn up the volume Bo.

Bo gets up.

**BO**

I can't find the remote.

She presses the up arrows on the TV controls.

**TV ANCHOR**

-- images were shot yesterday afternoon by a thirty-four year old local camera man in Kerala, a southern city of India. It is the eighteenth reported crop circle found in that country in the last seventy-two hours.

The television report cuts to Columbia University PROFESSOR.

**PROFESSOR (TV)**

Crop circles first emerged in the late seventies with the renewed interest in extraterrestrial life. They died out by the early eighties; dismissed as hoaxes. This new resurgence is wholly different. Elements of it are unexplainable. The speed and the quantity in which it has appeared implies the coordination of hundreds of individuals over many countries...

(beat)

There is only a limited amount of explanations. Either this is one of the most elaborate hoaxes ever created, or basically...

(beat)

It's for real.

Morgan takes the asthma inhaler from his pocket and breathes in deeply.

**MORGAN**

(wonder)

Extraterrestrials.

**OFFICER PASKI**

What in God's name is going on?

Beat.

THE ROOM GOES SILENT as everyone watches the images on the television screen.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HESS DRIVEWAY - DAY**

The two men walk down the driveway to Edgar's patrol car.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Don't ask me what I think. Cause I can't think straight right now. I'm going back to the station. Have a cup of Marcia's coffee and try to think clear. After that I might make some calls.

(beat)

Hoaxes... People got way too much

time on their hands.

Edgar turns back to Graham.

**OFFICER PASKI**

But I'll tell you something, what I said in their, still goes. You and your family have been through a lot in the last two days... Not to mention what happened to you all seven months ago.

**GRAHAM**

Six months.

Edgar stares at Graham.

**GRAHAM**

And three weeks.

**OFFICER PASKI**

It's left its mark still. The last thing these children need to do, is worry about some crazy things happening in the world. Take them into town. Get their minds -- your mind, on everyday things. It's good medicine.

**GRAHAM**

It's good advice...  
(beat)  
Say hi to Marcia for me.

**OFFICER PASKI**

You take care of yourself...  
(beat)  
Graham.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STATION WAGON - AFTERNOON**

**WE MOVE THROUGH BACK ROADS OF BUCKS COUNTY. RURAL PENNSYLVANIA IN ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL. TREE LINED STREETS. WHITE PICKET FENCES. APPLE ORCHARDS.**

The Hess family rides in their station wagon. Graham drives. Merrill is shotgun. The children are in the back.

Morgan leans forward and **URNS ON THE RADIO.**

**RADIO VOICE**

... signs intended to be seen from  
the sky --

CLICK. Graham TURNS IT OFF.

**GRAHAM**

No radio either... Just for a  
while.

Morgan nods and then plops back into the backseat.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON**

Downtown Bucks County. A group of small stores along a quiet  
street.

The Hess station wagon pulls in front of a free parking  
meter.

Graham steps out the driver's side and looks around. Merrill  
puts change in the meter.

Morgan walks up to Graham with Bo.

**MORGAN**

Book money.

Morgan holds out his hand. Graham gives his son a look as he  
reaches into his back pocket.

**GRAHAM**

Only one.

Morgan takes the money Graham gives him, then takes Bo's hand  
and walks down the sidewalk.

Graham watches them turn into a store.

Merrill steps onto the sidewalk. Hands in his pockets as he  
walks away.

Graham turns and calls after him.

**GRAHAM**

(calls out)

Meet back in fifteen minutes.

Merrill waves over his shoulder. He keeps walking.

Graham starts across the street to the pharmacy.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATHAN'S BOOKSTORE - AFTERNOON**

A mom and pop bookstore. Three isles wide. MR. AND MRS. NATHAN, a couple in their early seventies, sit behind their counter and watch a black and white TV. The PICTURE ON THE TELEVISION IS OF A WHEAT FIELD. THREE ENORMOUS TRIANGLES SURROUND A CIRCLE.

Morgan steps up to the counter.

**MORGAN**

Extraterrestrials?

**MR. NATHAN**

That's what they keep alluding to. It's just a bunch of crock. They're trying to sell sodas, plain and simple. I've been watching these reports since morning. I've seen twelve soda commercials so far. Twelve!

**MORGAN**

Do you have book on extraterrestrials?

**MR. NATHAN**

Don't tell me you believe this horse manure?

Morgan shrugs. Mrs. Nathan pushes her husband aside.

**MRS. NATHAN**

As a matter of fact, I think we have one. Came by mistake in a shipment. Decided to keep it for city people.

Mrs. Nathan points over to the far corner.

**MRS. NATHAN**

Last row. Third book from the left honey.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PHARMACY - AFTERNOON**

Graham waits at a white counter. A gum chewing PHARMACIST in her early twenties, who looks like she's in her teens, glances through back shelves of medicines as she listens to the radio.

**RADIO HOST (V.O.)**

Why is no one saying the obvious?  
This is just a rash case of  
copycats. Someone, somewhere, does  
the first one. It's on TV, it's on  
the internet. In less than an hour  
a couple hundred people get the  
same brilliant idea and here we  
are... on the verge of mass  
hysteria.

**PHARMACIST**

It was asthma medicine right  
Father?

**GRAHAM**

For Morgan Hess. And it's not  
Father anymore.

The Pharmacist looks back at Graham and then reaches up and  
TURNS OFF THE RADIO. She quietly finds the prescription on  
the shelf and moves to the counter across from Graham.

She doesn't ring it up. She just stands there fiddling with  
the bag holding Morgan's medicine. Beat.

**PHARMACIST**

Can I ask you a favor Father?

Graham stares at the girl. Beat. He nods "yes."

**PHARMACIST**

Can I take confession with you?

Beat. Graham leans forward on the counter and takes the  
girl's hands in his. He talks very slowly.

**GRAHAM**

Tracey, I -- am -- not -- a --  
reverend -- anymore. I haven't  
been for six months. You know  
this.

Beat. When Tracey speaks her VOICE IS A BIT SHAKY.

**TRACEY**

All this stuff on TV...



(beat)

Joe Gills was in here talking about the end of the world... I'm just a little scared.

(beat)

Please. I need to take confession with you.

Graham looks at the young girl's teary eyes. He exhales slowly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Merrill stares up at a poster with a muscular guy in an Army uniform standing at attention on a beach.

We are in a narrow ARMY RECRUITING CENTER. Inside the small storefront space is a desk. A gentleman sporting a CREWCUT sits behind it.

A young man, Merrill's age, sits at a side card table filling out some forms.

**CREWCUT GUY**

I got it figured.

Merrill realizes the crewcut guy is talking to him.

**MERRILL**

You do?

**CREWCUT GUY**

I've had two separate folks tell me they think there are strangers around these parts the last couple of nights. Can't tell what they look like, cause they're staying in the shadows -- covert like. No one's got hurt mind you... And that's the give away.

**MERRILL**

(doesn't see)

I see.

**CREWCUT GUY**

It's called probing. It's a military procedure. You send a reconnaissance group, very small, to check out things. Not to

engage, but to evaluate the situation. Evaluate the level of danger. Make sure things are all clear...

**MERRILL**

Clear for what?

The crewcut guy savors the beat of silence.

**CREWCUT GUY**

... For the rest of them.

It takes a second, but Merrill smiles. The crewcut guy smiles back. Merrill points at a poster.

**MERRILL**

You have a pamphlet or something I can read?

The crewcut guy reaches to a stack of brochures. Picks the top brochure and hands it to Merrill.

The crewcut guy begins to stare at Merrill closely.

**CREWCUT GUY**

Hey you didn't used to play baseball did you?

Merrill looks up from the brochure. Beat.

**CREWCUT GUY**

Shit. I know you. You're Merrill Hess. I was there that day you hit that five hundred and eighty seven footer over the left field wall and set the record. That thing had a motor on it... It's still the record right?

Merrill not, "yes."

**MERRILL**

(soft)

I got the bat at home... On the wall.

**CREWCUT GUY**

You got two minor league home run records don't you?

Beat.

**MERRILL**

Five. The five longest.

**CREWCUT GUY**

Boy, why aren't you in the pros making stacks of cash and getting handfuls of T and A?

**YOUNG MAN (O.S.)**

Cause he also has the minor league strike out record.

Merrill turns to the young man, about his age, who sits at the folding table.

**MERRILL**

Hello Lionel.

LIONEL smirks.

**LIONEL**

He'd just swing as hard as he could every time. It didn't matter what the coach said, didn't matter who was on base, he'd whip that bat through the air as hard as he could... Looked like a lumber jack chopping down a tree.

(beat)

Merrill here, struck out more times than any two players.

Beat.

**CREWCUT GUY**

You really hold the strike out record?

Beat. Merrill tucks the pamphlet in his jacket. Looks like he's not going to say anything. When he does, the words are soft and worn; they've been said a hundred times.

**MERRILL**

Felt wrong not to swing.

Beat. The crewcut guy shakes his head. Merrill turns and starts walking.

As he passes Lionel, Merrill makes a small, quick move in Lionel's direction, like he might hit him. Lionel flinches and covers his face.

Merrill walks out the door of the army recruiting office.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PHARMACY - AFTERNOON**

**PHARMACIST**

I cursed thirty-seven times last week... I said the f-word a couple times, but mostly "shits" and "bastards."

(beat)

Is "Douche bag" a curse?

Graham glances at the girl as she sits sideways to him at the counter.

**GRAHAM**

I suppose it's in its usage.

**PHARMACIST**

How about "John you're a douche bag for kissing Barbara?"

**GRAHAM**

That's a curse.

**PHARMACIST**

Then it's not thirty-seven. It's seventy-one.

Graham's eyes widen.

**PHARMACIST**

I stole a bottle of Ruby red lip stick from K-mart... I punched my brother in the back three times...

Graham looks around the empty store for help.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATHAN'S BOOKSTORE - AFTERNOON**

Bo sits at a tiny reading table and drinks a glass of water. There is another glass, half-full, on her table. Mrs. Nathan watches as the little girl takes careful sips.

Beat. Bo looks up with a grimace.

**BO**

It's contaminated.

**MRS. NATHAN YELLS TO MR. NATHAN AT THE FRONT OF THE STORE.**

**MRS. NATHAN**

Carl, there's something wrong with our water!

Morgan doesn't look up from the extraterrestrial book.

**MORGAN**

Your water is fine. Bo has a thing about her drinking water. She's had it her whole life. Like a tick people have. Except it's not a tick.

**MRS. NATHAN**

(fascinated)

Is that right?

Bo shrugs. She places the glass she sipped on the table with the other glass.

Mrs. Nathan stares at the four-year old.

**MR. NATHAN (O.S.)**

Thirteen!

Everyone turns to the front of the store where Mr. Nathan points to the TV screen. A Coke Cola commercial is on.

Beat. Mrs. Nathan turns back to find Morgan holding out the extraterrestrial book to her.

**MORGAN**

I'll take it.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STATION WAGON - AFTERNOON**

Merrill, Morgan and Bo are waiting in the parked car. Beat.

The driver's side opens and Graham sits in.

**MERRILL**

Pharmacy crowded?

**GRAHAM**

I don't want any one of you spending time with Tracey Abernathy

alone. Is that understood?

Beat. Everyone nods, "yes."

Graham puts the key in the ignition and turns the car on. Merrill watches as Graham's hand goes to put the car in reverse -- and then stops.

Graham is staring out the windshield. Merrill follows his stare to a thin, thirty-year old man in a LEATHER JACKET coming out of a store. Merrill's face changes expression too. They both stare as the man passes in front of the car.

**MORGAN**

(soft)

Is that him?

**MERRILL**

(soft)

Yeah.

Everyone in the car watches the man in the leather jacket as he steps off the sidewalk towards the truck. It's here that he notices the stares. He glances up to see the faces watching him from the station wagon.

The leather jacketed man keeps moving to his truck. He gets in, turns it on, and without looking over to the station wagon, backs out of the parking lot.

Beat. The Hess family sits quietly.

**BO**

Who is he?

Nobody says anything for the longest time.

**MORGAN**

He's the man who killed mom.

Graham puts the station wagon in reverse and backs out into the street.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HESS HOME - AFTERNOON**

THE SKY IS GOLDEN RED. The crops sway hypnotically in a gentle breeze.

The Hess station wagon pulls into their driveway. It comes to a stop in front of the house. The engine goes off. No

one gets out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STATION WAGON - AFTERNOON**

All four sit quietly not getting out.

**A MUFFLED SPIKE OF NOISE IS HEARD FROM THE BACK SEAT.**

Graham and Merrill turn and see Morgan pull the baby monitor out of his jacket. He holds it in his lap.

Beat.

**MORGAN**

What if Bo's baby monitor is picking up signals from the extraterrestrials?

Beat.

**MERRILL**

All this crop stuff. They did it twenty-five years ago. It was a joke.

**THE MONITOR SPIKES WITH A SUDDEN CRACKLE. MORGAN PULLS IT AWAY FROM HIS EAR.**

**GRAHAM**

It's just static Morgan. Turn it up and see.

Morgan turns a knob on the side.

**THE VOLUME SUDDENLY JUMPS UP ON THE MONITOR. WE HEAR BEEPS IN THE STATIC. THE RED LIGHTS ON THE FRONT OF THE BABY MONITOR LIGHT UP WITH EACH BEEP.**

**MORGAN**

It's a code.

**GRAHAM**

Let me see that please.

Morgan hands Graham the monitor in the front seat. **THE BEEPS COME AND GO AS THEY GET COVERED BY THE STATIC.**

**MERRILL**

It's noise.

**GRAHAM**

It's broken Morgan. It'll just keep doing this.

(beat)

Let's get out of the car okay?

**MORGAN**

We might lose the signal.

**GRAHAM**

We can't just sit in the car in our own driveway like this.

**MERRILL**

We'll look like mental patients.

Beat. Nobody gets out of the station wagon.

**GRAHAM**

I'm getting out now.

**MORGAN**

Don't do it.

Graham pulls the handle. His door opens. He waits before getting out. The other three station wagon doors open right after.

**OUTSIDE CAR**

Graham stands and closes his driver side door.

**THE MONITOR CHANGES SOUNDS. THE BEEPING DISAPPEARS. THE STATIC BECOMES LOUDER, BECOMING A MOVING, SWIRLING SOUND TEXTURE.**

**MORGAN**

Nobody move!

Everyone becomes frozen, standing next to the station wagon. Three of the doors are open.

**IN THE TEXTURE OF SOUND, JUST FOR A MOMENT, WE HEAR SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE...**

**MORGAN**

Voices. Did you hear that?

Everyone stares at the baby monitor in Graham's hand.

**MORGAN**

Not English though. You heard the



voices right Uncle Merrill?

**BO**

I heard them Morgan.

Graham doesn't move his arm. He keeps it out in the air where he had it as he closed his door. Graham looks to Merrill over the roof of the station wagon.

**GRAHAM**

It's probably picking up another baby monitor.

**MERRILL**

That's right.

**THE SWIRLING TEXTURE SOUND FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR ABOVE THE STATION WAGON.**

**MERRILL**

Let me see it.

Beat. Graham moves. He hands the monitor over the hood. Merrill reaches for it.

**THE SWIRLING, MOVING TEXTURE BECOMES LOUD AND FILLED WITH UNINTELLIGIBLE NOISES.**

**MORGAN**

Stop!

Graham and Merrill freeze -- both touching the monitor over the roof of the station wagon.

**WE HEAR SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE A VOICE EMERGE AND THEN QUICKLY FADE AWAY.**

**MORGAN**

It doesn't sound like words.

Merrill concentrates on **THE SWIRLING MOVING TEXTURE COMING FROM THE BABY MONITOR.**

Graham looks around at his rapt family.

**GRAHAM**

See this is why we're not watching those news reports. People get obsessed.

(beat)

I'm letting go now.

**BO**

No dad!

**MORGAN**

Don't do it!

**MERRILL**

You'll lose the signal!

Graham looks at Merrill, who's now one of them. Beat.

Morgan is the first one to move.

**MORGAN**

Don't let go.

He moves from the back passenger door to the back bumper where he begins to climb onto the station wagon.

**GRAHAM**

Morgan?

**MORGAN**

It gets clearer, the higher you hold it.

Morgan crawls on the roof and takes the monitor ever-so gently out of Graham and Merrill's outstretched hands.

**GRAHAM**

Morgan, be careful.

**MERRILL**

I got him.

Merrill climbs up over the side and joins Morgan on the roof. Merrill keeps a hand on his nephew. Morgan raises the monitor above his head.

**THE RED LIGHTS ON THE BABY MONITOR ALL TURN ON.**

**THE SWIRLING TEXTURE COMING FROM THE MONITOR BECOMES SOMETHING MORE MECHANICAL, LIKE THE HUM OF LARGE EQUIPMENT IN THE DISTANCE.**

**THE VOICE LIKE SOUNDS ARE UNDER A CRACKLE BUT ARE CLEARER AND LOUDER.**

Bo runs to the front bumper and climbs onto the hood.

**GRAHAM**

Hold on.

Graham cuts her off by taking a seat on the hood. He takes hold of Bo. All four are on the car now.

Morgan stands up on the roof of the station wagon. Merrill holds him by the waist.

Bo tries to get up onto the roof by climbing over Graham and the windshield. Graham boosts her up over his head with both hands.

**GRAHAM**

Merrill you got her.

Merrill reaches out his free hand. Bo reaches out to him.  
**THE SOUND FROM THE MONITOR SUDDENLY CHANGES.**

**MORGAN**

Stop!

Everyone STOPS exactly where they are. Graham holds Bo over his head. Bo reaches out to Merrill. Merrill sits on the roof with one arm out. Morgan stands with the baby monitor raised high in the air. The Hess family remains very still on the hood of their station wagon as they listen.

**THE CRACKLING IS GONE. THE VOICE-LIKE SOUNDS ARE CLEAR AND UPFRONT. THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT TONES IN THE MIX.**

**MORGAN**

(soft)

There's two of them talking.

**THE VOICE-LIKE SOUNDS ARE NOT WORDS BUT MORE LIKE GRUNTS AND GURLING LIKE SOMEONE DROWNING. THE SOUNDS ARE BEING CREATED BY INHALES, NOT EXHALES. A SEQUENCE OF THESE SOUNDS IN ONE TONE IS FOLLOWED BY SILENCE AND THEN THE SECOND TONE BEGINS ANOTHER SEQUENCE LIKE A CONVERSATION.**

Graham struggles to hold Bo up. Bo struggles to keep her arms out. Merrill struggles not to turn his face to the incredible SOUNDS ABOVE HIS HEAD.

**THE TONES ESCALATE IN VOLUME.**

Morgan's eyes widen as THE SEQUENCE OF SOUNDS BECOMES SHORTER AND FASTER. THE TONES BECOME HARDER, ANGRIER. THE SILENCES ALMOST GONE.

**THE VOICE-LIKE TONES REACH A LOUD FEVERISH PACE, ALMOST VIOLENT AND THEN WE HEAR A CLICK AND THEY'RE GONE.**

Beat. Everyone looks up at the baby monitor. The red lights are off. ONLY THE BLAND HUM OF NORMAL STATIC COMES FROM IT'S **SPEAKER.**

Beat.

**MORGAN**

(soft)

They hung up.

Graham brings Bo down into his lap. Morgan takes a seat next to Merrill on the roof. The Hess family sits like mental patients on the top of their station wagon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING**

**WE ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE CROPS LOOKING BACK AT THE HOUSE.**

The LIGHTS are on in the kitchen. We see Graham, Merrill and the children doing dishes after dinner.

The DOG IS BARKING FURIOUSLY.

**OUR VIEW TURNS TO LOOK AT THE BARN THROUGH THE CROPS.**

Isabelle, the remaining German Shepherd is tied to a post outside the barn. The dog whips back and forth frantically. She keeps looking in our direction.

**WE HEAR A SCREEN DOOR OPEN. WE TURN TO LOOK BACK AT THE HOUSE.** Graham steps out the back screen door with a bowl of dog food and a bowl of water.

We watch him as he walks towards the frantic dog. When he gets close, Graham slows. He approaches the dog carefully. He places the two bowls close but not too close. The dog has no interest in them. She keeps barking and glaring in our direction.

Graham watches her for a few moments, and THEN TURNS AND **LOOKS DIRECTLY AT US FROM ACROSS THE YARD.**

**WE PULL BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE CROPS.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BARN - EVENING**

Graham stands frozen looking across his yard. Isabelle, the dog turns in desperate circles behind him. Graham's eyes stay focused on the same point in the darkness. He talks to no one.

**GRAHAM**

You know something? Even entertaining the possibility of this for a minute has been exciting.

Beat. Graham starts to move.

**GRAHAM**

I can see how people can get carried away with this type of thing.

Graham reaches the barbecue area. There's a flashlight on the picnic table. Graham **URNS THE FLASHLIGHT ON. A NARROW BEAM FALLS ON THE GRASS FIVE FEET AHEAD OF HIM.**

Graham starts toward the crops.

**GRAHAM**

It's a kind of faith. It's an intoxicating thing to believe in something you can't see.

**THE BEAM OF LIGHT FALLS ON THE WALL OF CORN CROPS LINING THE BACKYARD.** Graham steps right up to them. He hesitates and then steps into the field of

**CORN CROPS.**

We can't see two feet in any direction. Six foot stalks of corn line Graham on all sides. **THE FLASHLIGHT THROWS A WAVERING BEAM ON THE CROPS AHEAD OF HIM.**

**GRAHAM**

You were always good at that...

**THE BEAM OF HIS FLASHLIGHT FINDS A NARROW PATH.** Graham starts following it. His shoulders brush crops on either side.

**GRAHAM**

Believing in things you couldn't see.

(beat)

You would have been the first person on that station wagon wouldn't you? You and Morgan would have been wrestling for that baby monitor.

**SOMETHING MOVES UP AHEAD.**

Graham stops. HE SHINES HIS LIGHT DOWN THE PATH. Nothing but crops disappearing into darkness.

**GRAHAM**

It'll be secretly kind of sad for everybody, when this turns out to be -- all just make believe.

THERE'S MOVEMENT RIGHT NEXT TO HIM. Graham spins and aims the FLASHLIGHT AT THE CROPS TO HIS RIGHT. THE LIGHT ONLY **PENETRATES A FEW FEET INTO THE CROPS.**

**GRAHAM**

(yelling)

You're wasting your time here! I'm not going to report this or anything you do to me crops, to the news or TV or anybody! You're not going to get famous!

Beat. There is no response. **GRAHAM CAN HEAR HIS OWN BREATHING... IT SOUNDS HEAVY, ECHOISH... LIKE THERE'S TWO OF HIM.**

Beat. Graham holds his breath. **THE SOUND OF SOMEONE ELSE BREATHING CONTINUES BEHIND HIM.**

Graham turns and drops the FLASHLIGHT at the same time. **THE BEAM OF LIGHT TURNS OFF WHEN THE FLASHLIGHT HITS THE GROUND.**

**GRAHAM IS IN DARKNESS NOW. HE LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BREATHING. BUT CAN'T SEE ANYTHING. HIS OWN BREATHING IS FAST AND LOUD NOW.**

Graham kneels down and gropes in the darkness. His hands search over the ground in all directions. They finally touch the flashlight. Graham quickly fumbles with it to find the "on" button. He does.

**A BEAM OF LIGHT SHOOTS ACROSS THE GROUND. SOMETHING POWDERY WHITE STANDS FIVE FEET AWAY.**

It instantly moves into the darkness. Graham tries to get up. He stumbles backwards into the crops. He's tangled in crops as he struggles to rise. He gets up and starts running.

Leaves and stalks slap him from all directions. He panics. He doesn't know where he is. **THERE IS SOMETHING COMING BEHIND HIM.**

Graham makes a sudden right turn. He puts his hands in front of him to protect his face and eyes. He's running as fast as he can. HE HEARS STALKS OF CORN BREAKING BEHIND HIM.

Another sudden turn, this time left. Graham emerges into his **BACKYARD.**

Graham keeps running across the yard. ISABELLE BARKS **FRANTICALLY.**

When Graham reaches the porch stairs, he stops and turns.

There is no one behind him. The wall of crops fifty feet away sway in the gentle night breeze.

Graham gains control of his breathing. He turns and walks to the screen door, slowing his breathing down with each step.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Graham steps into the kitchen. His hair is messed. His shirt has a few leaves from corn stalks stuck to it. He locks the back door.

The children don't notice his presence. They're splashing each other at the sink as they clean the dinner dishes.

Graham looks through the kitchen doorway to the family room. He sees Merrill there.

Merrill's hands are in his pockets as he stares at the WOODEN BASEBALL BAT mounted above the fireplace. Merrill doesn't notice him either.

Graham takes two steps to the kitchen table and slowly takes a seat. His breathing is a slow controlled pant. He runs one shaky hand through his hair as he gathers himself and thinks. His kind eyes stare down at the ground as he slows his mind. Beat.

Merrill is the first to notice him. He moves from where the baseball bat is hung, into the kitchen. As he passes the children at the sink, he turns off the faucet.

The children stop playing and look up to Merrill. They follow his stare to the kitchen table.

Beat. Graham looks up at them.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

Okay.

(beat)

Let's turn on the TV.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - EVENING**

**THE TV GOES ON WITH A CLICK. THE SCREEN BLOWS WHITE AND THEN IMMEDIATELY DARKNESS. OUTLINES AND SHAPES EMERGE.**

**THE SOUND POPS ON.**

**TV REPORTER**

-- first appeared fifty two minutes ago.

**THE SCREEN FILLS WITH CRISP BLACKS. WE ARE WATCHING VIDEO OF A NIGHT SKY OVER A DENSE CITY. THE THOUSAND LIGHTS OF THE CITY FILL THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAKING IMAGE.**

**ANOTHER SET OF LIGHTS DOT THE SKY ABOVE THE CITY. THEY ARE ARRANGED IN TWO "V'S" SIDE BY SIDE.**

Bo puts her finger to the screen and counts the hovering lights.

**BO**

Fourteen.

Morgan, Merrill and Graham stand silently before the television set.

**TV ANCHOR**

Mexico City officials as well as U.S. officials have confirmed that these are not air crafts from either government's airforce. The first sighting was made by an Air Mexico 747 en route from Mazatlan to New York as the unidentified crafts entered Mexico City air space. They were not detected by radar by either country.

Beat.

**MERRILL**

The crazies were right.



Beat. Everyone just watches the fourteen lights hovering on the screen.

**MORGAN**

We have to tape this...

Morgan reaches into the pile of video tapes under the television stand. He grabs one.

Bo snatches the video as Morgan tries to put it into the VCR.

**BO**

My ballet recital.

Morgan stares at his sister.

**MORGAN**

(gravely serious)

Listen Bo. This is very important. Everything people have written about in science books is going to change. The history of the world's future is on the TV right now. We need to record this so you can show your children this tape and say you were there...

(beat)

For your children Bo.

**BO**

My ballet recital.

**MORGAN**

Dad!

Graham doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

**GRAHAM**

(preoccupied)

Find another tape.

Graham and Merrill sit down at the same time on the sofa. They both have the same dazed, slow movements.

Morgan rummages through the pile of videos frantically. He finds one and reaches for the VCR.

**MORGAN**

Uncle Merrill, I'm using your tape.

Morgan slams the tape marked "Bay Watch" into the VCR and

presses record. He's breathing heavy now. Wheezing actually.

Morgan moves to the sofa and takes a seat in between his father and his uncle. Bo walks over and squeezes in also. The four of them stare at the television.

**TV ANCHOR**

... You're seeing a live feed from our NBC affiliate down in Mexico City. The time there is 7:17pm. This image has not been adjusted or enhanced in any way. What you're seeing is real.

(beat)

Everything they wrote in science books is about to change.

Beat.

**MORGAN**

(soft)

Told you.

Morgan brings his asthma spray to his mouth and inhales.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - MIDNIGHT**

The family room lights are off now. The TV is still on. The SOUND IS MUTED. There are a couple glasses of Bo's water on the television now.

The fourteen lights are still hovering on the screen. Morgan is asleep on Graham's lap. Bo is asleep on Merrill's shoulder.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

Some people are probably thinking this is the end of the world.

Graham turns his sleepy eyes away from the screen to Merrill.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

That's true.

Merrill looks his brother in the eyes. Beat.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)  
Do you think it's a possibility?

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)  
Yes.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)  
How can you say that?

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)  
That wasn't the answer you wanted?

**MERRILL**

(whispers)  
Can you at least pretend to be like  
you used to be? Give me some  
comfort?

Beat. Graham thinks it over.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)  
... There are all different ways  
you can tell that there's someone  
really there watching out for us.  
You see signs. Sometimes they're  
little ones. You think of someone.  
The phone rings. They're on the  
phone... Sometimes they're big,  
like fourteen lights hovering over  
Mexico City.

(beat)

Sure, there are a lot of people  
watching this who think this could  
be a bad thing. But there are a  
lot of people watching this, who  
think it's a miracle. A sign of  
God's existence. It's all in how  
you look at things Merrill.

(beat)

What you have to decide is what  
kind of person you are? Are you  
the type who believes in miracles  
and looks for signs or are you the  
kind who believes, things just  
happen by chance?

Beat. Merrill is deep in thought.

**MERRILL**

I was at this party once. I'm on a couch with Sara Mckinney. She was just sitting there, looking beautiful and staring at me. I go to lean in and kiss her and I realize I have gum in my mouth. I turn and take out the gum. Stuff it in my paper cup next to the sofa and turn around. Sara Mckinney throws up all over herself.

(beat)

I knew the second it happened. It was a miracle. I could have been kissing her when she threw up. That would have scarred me for life. I may never have recovered.

Merrill looks at the TV screen. Beat.

**MERRILL**

I'm a miracle man. Those lights are a miracle.

Graham smiles.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

There you go.

Beat.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

So which type are you?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

Do you feel comforted?

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

Yes.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

What does it matter then?

The two of them turn back to the silent screen of the television. It's a long beat before Graham speaks.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

Do you know what Colleen's last words were before they killed her?

Beat. Merrill turns and stares quietly at his brother.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

She said, "See", and then her eyes glazed a bit and she said... "Tell Merrill to swing away."

Merrill's mouth opens a bit. Graham turns and chuckles at his expression.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

Do you know why she said that?

Merrill nods, "No."

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

Because the nerve endings in her brain were firing as she died, and some random memory of us at one of your baseball games popped into her head.

(beat)

There is no one watching out for us Merrill. We're all on our own.

Graham turns back to the television. Beat.

**THE LIGHT OF THE TELEVISION FLICKERS ON THE FACES OF THE TWO BROTHERS AS THEY SIT WATCHING IN SILENCE.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Graham's eyes open. DAYLIGHT FILLS the family room. He is alone on the couch. Alone in the room.

He looks to the television. It's not there.

Graham moves to his feet and look around the room. His eyes stop on an EXTENSION CORD that runs from a wall outlet in the family room, across the front hall, and under a closet door.

Graham moves to the door. WE HEAR MUFFLED TELEVISION VOICES.  
Graham opens the

**CLOSET.**

Merrill looks up. He's seated on a kitchen chair with the television on a roll-away stand crammed in with him.

**MERRILL**

For the kids protection. All they were doing was watching TV from five a.m. I felt like they were getting obsessed like you said. They should be playing furry, furry rabbit or tea party or something right?

**GRAHAM**

What's furry, furry rabbit?

**MERRILL**

(points)  
That's a game isn't it?  
(beat)  
Anyway...  
(points at the TV)  
There's been some interesting developments.

**GRAHAM**

What time is it?

**MERRILL**

Eleven a.m. They're gone.

Beat. Graham looks at the TV screen. There's a daylight shot of Mexico City. The skies are empty above it.

**MERRILL**

But they're not really gone. We just can't see them. Early this morning a bird flew right at the area where the lights were hovering last night.

Merrill puts a finger in the sky on the screen.

**MERRILL**

It stopped dead in the air and fell straight down.

Merrill's finger trails to the bottom of the screen.

**MERRILL**

They caught it on tape and they've been playing it all morning. They found the bird. His head crushed in. When you see the footage it looks like the bird flew into a wall in the sky.

(beat)

They think they have some invisible shield thing going, like an optical illusion.

**GRAHAM**

The bird could have had a heart attack and crushed his head when he fell.

**MERRILL**

Already thought of. Two other birds did the same thing an hour later. Not as dramatic. They lived. But you could see they hit something.

Graham looks at the empty sky on the screen with different eyes.

**MERRILL**

They're still there hovering. In fact, some people think there's more of them now. All over the place. Over us even.

(beat)

And there's a theory about the crop circles now. They think it could be some kind of landmark, visual mapping system -- so they can navigate. Coordinate. Makes sense doesn't it?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

We are inside Graham's bedroom facing his bathroom door, which is closed. The same sun-faded outline of where a large cross used to hang, is stained on the wall next to the door.

Graham opens the bathroom door and steps out with wet hair. He towels it dry as he moves to his bedroom window.

**WE LOOK OUT THE SAME WINDOW WE LOOKED OUT AT THE VERY BEGINNING.**

The backyard is large and green with a wooden jungle gym. A single tree throws shade onto a picnic table. The back of the yard is lined by corn crops. Golden and brown. Six feet high.

The crops go on well beyond our view. Graham stares at them quietly. Watching.

Beat. THE SOUND OF WHISPERING DRAWS HIS ATTENTION FROM THE WINDOW.

He listens closely. HIS CHILDREN ARE WHISPERING IN THE NEXT ROOM.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Graham walks into the hall and looks in their room.

Morgan and Bo are seated on the edge of their bed. They have TIN FOIL wrapped around their heads like a helmet. Graham stares at his children.

**MORGAN**

So the aliens can't read our minds.

**GRAHAM**

Oh.

**MORGAN**

They tell you everything in this book.

Morgan holds up the book he bought from Nathan's bookstore.

Graham enters the room. The children make space for him on the bed. He takes a seat between them. Morgan puts the book on his father's lap.

**MORGAN**

It says they're probably very small -- like my height -- because, as their brains developed, there was no use for physical development. It says they're probably vegetarians, because they would have realized the benefits of such a diet.



**GRAHAM**

Who wrote this book?

Graham looks on the back cover for a picture. There's none there.

**MORGAN**

Scientists who have been persecuted  
for their beliefs.

**GRAHAM**

That means they're unemployed.

Morgan closes the book.

**MORGAN**

Dad, are you going to be serious?

Bo points at the book.

**BO**

Yeah, serious.

Graham looks at his two children with foil on their heads.

**GRAHAM**

I don't know what got into me.

Beat. Morgan puts the book on his father's lap.

**MORGAN**

There are pictures.

Beat. Morgan opens the tome.

**MORGAN**

Dr. Bimboo, one of the authors of  
the book --

**GRAHAM**

Bimboo?

**MORGAN**

Dad.

**GRAHAM**

I just asked his name.

**MERRILL**

You had a tone.

Beat. Graham acknowledges with a nod that he did have a tone.

**MORGAN**

He says there are two reasons why Extraterrestrials would visit us.

Morgan turns the page.

**MORGAN**

To make contact in the spirit of exploration and furthering the knowledge of the universe.

Graham looks at an illustration of a small, bulbous headed figure shaking hands with a bearded human.

**MORGAN**

Or the other reason... They're hostile. They've used up the resources on their planet and are looking to harvest our planet next.

Morgan turns the page. There is a picture of a house. A space ship is hovering over the home shooting laser beams at it. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Looks a little like our house doesn't it?

Morgan and Bo lean in closer to look at the picture. Beat.

**BO**

The same windows.

**MORGAN**

(soft)  
That's weird.

The three of them study the picture of the house. It's on fire. Their eyes move to the front yard. There are three bodies lying dead on the front lawn. Two are children.

**THE PHONE RINGS.**

The children SCREAM and cling to their father. THEIR SCREAMS DIE DOWN. The PHONE RINGS again. Graham gets up. He closes the book.

**GRAHAM**

That's enough from Dr. Bimboo for

now. Everybody in this house needs to calm down and eat some fruit or something.

Graham steps out into the hallway. He tucks the book under his arm and picks up the phone.

**PHONE VOICE**

Father.

**THROUGH THE PHONE WE HEAR SUDDEN SCUFFLING, A CHAIR SQUEAL AGAINST THE FLOOR** and then the phone disconnects.

**GRAHAM**

Hello?

NOTHING BUT DEAD AIR. Graham looks at the receiver and then slowly hangs it up.

Graham walks down the hall to a small window.

The window looks down the driveway and out onto the road. Graham stares into the distance. About a half-mile away we see the TIP OF A HOUSE. Graham gazes at it for a beat.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT HALL - DAY**

Graham comes down the stairs with his overcoat on. He moves to the closet door and knocks on it before opening it.

Merrill looks up from the television.

**GRAHAM**

I'm going out for a few minutes.  
No one leaves this house. No one.

Merrill nods.

**MERRILL**

Where are you going?

**GRAHAM**

Ray Reddy's house.

Graham starts down the hall. Merrill steps out of the closet for the first time. He looks down the hall shocked.

**MERRILL**

Why?

Graham unlocks the front door.

**GRAHAM**

I think he just called here.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**BLUE SKY -- OUR VIEW MOVES OVER CLOUDS. WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH SOME KIND OF LENS.**

**BO (O.S.)**

You don't think something bad will  
happen do you Morgan?

Morgan pulls his eye away from the telescope that is set up  
on the window seat in his room.

**MORGAN**

Why, you got one of your feeling  
again?

Bo nods, "Yes."

**MORGAN**

Is it bad?

Bo nods, "Yes" slowly.

**MORGAN**

If it does, I won't let anything  
bad happen to you.

Bo hugs Morgan tight.

**BO**

(soft)

I don't want you to die.

**MORGAN**

Who said I was going to die?

Bo keeps hugging Morgan.

**MORGAN**

Who said I was going to die?

Beat. Morgan peels Bo's arms off of him.

**MORGAN**

Come on Bo. I need to keep a look

out.

Bo lets go. Morgan puts his eye to the eyepiece of the telescope.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REDDY HOUSE - DAY**

A mailbox reads "R. Reddy."

There is a gray and white house at the end of the quarter mile driveway. We saw the roof of this house from the Hess hallway window.

Graham stands at the front door and RINGS THE DOORBELL AGAIN.

Beat. Graham tries to look inside. Curtains block his view.

Graham walks around the porch. Turns the corner of the house. He looks in a side window.

**THE VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW IS OF A KITCHEN. THE KITCHEN CHAIRS ARE ON THEIR SIDE. THE KITCHEN TABLE ITSELF, IS UPSIDE DOWN, LEANING AGAINST A CLOSED DOOR. THE ROOM IS TOTALLY WRECKED.**

Graham stands straight up. He looks around nervously. He takes two steps back towards the front of the house and the safety of his station wagon before he notices the GREEN TRUCK parked to the side of the house.

There is someone sitting in it.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REDDY DRIVEWAY - DAY**

The passenger side window of the truck is open. Graham steps up to it and looks inside. The thin man with the leather jacket, we saw in town, sits behind the wheel. He stares out the windshield. He is covered in sweat.

**GRAHAM**

Hello Ray.

RAY REDDY doesn't look over. Doesn't react. Keeps staring.

Ray clutches the steering wheel tightly, turning his knuckles a yellow white.

Graham glances to the backseat of the truck. There are two

large bags over flowing with clothes.

Graham's eyes gently move back to Ray and drift down to the  
TWO BLOOD STAINED AREA ON HIS SHIRT. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

What happened Ray?

Beat. Ray doesn't look over when he speaks.

**RAY**

I wrote your number down to call  
you. It's been sitting next to the  
phone for six months. When I knew  
it was inside the house, I couldn't  
think of any other number to call.  
I panicked.

(beat)

Thank you for coming Father.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

You're welcome Ray.

Tears start falling down Ray's face.

**RAY**

I worked so long that night. I  
ain't never fallen asleep driving  
before. And never since. Most of  
the ride home, there wasn't a car  
insight in either direction. If  
I'd fallen asleep then, I'd a ended  
up in a ditch with a head ache. It  
had to happen at that right moment.  
That certain ten-fifteen seconds  
when I passed her walking. It was  
like it was meant to be.

Ray finally turns. His red face quivers as he talks.

**RAY**

I guess if this is the end of the  
world, I'm screwed right? People  
who kill Reverends' wives aren't  
exactly ushered to the front of the  
line in heaven.

Ray starts the car.

**GRAHAM**

Where you going Ray?

**RAY**

To the lake. The way I see it, all the places marked in the crops and such -- none of them are really near water. I figure they don't like water.

(beat)

Can't be any worse than here.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Ray, did you see one of them?

Ray looks at Graham.

**RAY**

I'm truly sorry for what I've done to you and yours.

The two men stare at each other for a beat. Ray looks away. He puts the car in drive.

**RAY**

And don't open my pantry Father. I locked one of them in there.

Graham steps away as the truck moves forward and pulls down the driveway.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLOSET - DAY**

Merrill's head is leaned against a bunch of winter coats. His eyes are closed.

**TV ANCHOR**

... The startling footage we're about to show you was photographed by a forty-two year old Romero Valadares.

Merrill's eyes open.

**TV ANCHOR**

This video was taken yesterday afternoon at his son's seventh birthday, in the city of Passo Fundo, Brazil. It was sent to the local news bureau there and

satellited to us a few minutes ago.  
All initial opinions are; this is  
genuine.

**THE TELEVISION ANCHOR APPEARS FLUSTERED.**

**TV ANCHOR**

What you are about to see, may  
disturb you.

Merrill sits up in his chair.

**THE PICTURE OF THE ANCHORMAN IS REPLACED BY A HANDHELD VIDEO  
IMAGE ON THE TV SCREEN. THE IMAGE IS OF A FAMILY ROOM WHERE  
A BUNCH OF CHILDREN IN DRESS CLOTHES CROWD AROUND A SLIDING  
GLASS WINDOW.**

**THE CHILDREN ARE SPEAKING PORTUGUESE EXCITEDLY. THEY LOOK AT  
THE CAMERA AND POINT TO THE OUTSIDE THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS.**

**THE HANDHELD IMAGE MOVES OVER THEIR SHOULDERS TO LOOK OUT  
THROUGH THE GLASS INTO A CRAMPED BACKYARD. THERE IS A  
RECTANGULAR TABLE WITH PARTY DECORATIONS AND AN UNTOUCHED  
BIRTHDAY CAKE ON IT. COLORFUL BALLOONS FLOAT AROUND THE  
BACKYARD. THERE IS NO ONE OUTSIDE.**

**THE IMAGES PANS AROUND THE DENSE FOLIAGE THAT FORMS A WALL  
AROUND THE YARD. THE IMAGE ZOOMS AND SEARCHES IN THE  
DARKNESS OF THE BRANCHES.**

The chair in the closet CREAKS as Merrill leans forward a  
little towards the television screen.

**WE HEAR A BURST OF PORTUGUESE. THE IMAGE PANS AWAY FROM THE  
GLASS DOORS BACK INTO THE HOME. WE LOOK DOWN A NARROW HALL  
TO THE KITCHEN. A BOY WITH A BIRTHDAY HAT IS SEATED ON THE  
KITCHEN COUNTER, POINTING FRANTICALLY OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW.  
HE YELLS IN PORTUGUESE.**

**THE CROWD OF CHILDREN AROUND THE GLASS DOORS START RUSHING  
INTO THE KITCHEN. THEY ARE JOINED BY A FEW ADULTS. THE  
IMAGE FOLLOWS THEM IN.**

**THE KITCHEN WINDOW IS BLOCKED BY HEADS WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVE.**

**MERRILL**

Move children! Vamonos!

**THE IMAGE FINDS AN OPENING OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE BOY WITH  
THE BIRTHDAY HAT AND ANOTHER CHILD.**

**WE ARE NOW LOOKING OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW. WE SEE A NARROW**



ALLEY ONLY A FEW FEET WIDE CREATED BY A STONE WALL AND A SMALL GARAGE BUILDING. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL IS DENSE FOLIAGE. THE WALL ENDS A FEW FEET AFTER THE GARAGE BUILDING.

WE HEAR THE CHILD'S VOICE VERY CLOSE TO US SPEAKING IN PORTUGUESE. THE CAMERA PANS JUST A LITTLE AS THE FACE OF THE LITTLE BIRTHDAY BOY FILLS THE SCREEN. HE TALKS EXCITEDLY DIRECTLY AT US AND AT SOMEONE BEHIND THE IMAGE.

**BOY WITH HAT**

Esta atras da garagem! Esta atras  
de ai! Is behind!

THE BOY GESTURES TO THE GARAGE BUILDING. THE IMAGE SETTLES BACK ON THE WINDOW. WE STARE AT THE NARROW ALLEY. THE IMAGE ZOOMS A BIT. SEARCHES THE EDGE OF THE GARAGE BUILDING. THE IMAGE STARTS WIDENING OUT.

AND THEN WE SEE IT.

THE KITCHEN ERUPTS WITH CHILDREN'S SCREAMS AS A LARGE NON-HUMAN FIGURE MOVES FROM THE GARAGE BUILDING TO BEHIND THE WALL. IT'S OUT OF SIGHT IN LESS THAN A SECOND.

Merrill is frozen like a statue. His mouth is open a little. The closet FILLS WITH THE PANDEMONIA OF THE KITCHEN ON THE VIDEO.

THE VIDEO IMAGE ON THE NEWS, PAUSES. BEAT. WE SEE IT REWIND. WE SEE THE FIGURE ZIP BACK BEHIND THE GARAGE IN A FLICKER. THE VIDEO STOPS. PLAYS AGAIN.

THE IMAGE ZOOMS A BIT. SEARCHES THE EDGE OF THE GARAGE BUILDING. STARTS TO WIDEN OUT. THE KITCHEN STARTS TO FILL WITH SCREAMS AS THE FIGURE APPEARS... THE IMAGE FREEZES.

THE NEWS HAS PAUSED THE VIDEOTAPE ON THE EXACT MOMENT THE NON-HUMAN FIGURE IS VISIBLE. IT'S HALFWAY ACROSS THE ALLEY. IT'S MOTION HAS BLURRED IT, BUT YOU CAN TELL ITS SHAPE NOW.

Merrill Hess stares stunned at the IMAGE OF AN UPRIGHT ANIMAL LIKE CREATURE. THE STRIATIONS ALL OVER ITS BODY LOOK LIKE BRANCHES. EXACTLY LIKE BRANCHES. THEY MATCH THE BUSHES WHERE IT WAS HIDING, PERFECTLY.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The door swings open slowly. Graham steps into Ray Reddy's kitchen.

Cabinets are open. Dishes are broken. Chairs are turned over. The faucet is running full blast.

Graham's eyes move across the room. The kitchen table is upside down and leaned up against the pantry door.

**THE SOUND OF A GLASS JAR BREAKING ON THE GROUND CAN BE HEARD INSIDE THE PANTRY.**

Graham takes a few conservative steps to the middle of the kitchen.

He leans a little bit and listens. From behind the pantry door WE HEAR THE SOUND OF BREATHING. THERE ARE QUIET **MOVEMENT SOUNDS. THE SOFT SOUND OF GLASS BEING CRUSHED AS IT'S BEING WALKED ON.**

Graham can almost see the bottom of the door around the leaning table. Graham stands up straight and thinks it over. Beat.

Graham takes two small steps closer.

When he leans, he can now see the entire bottom of the pantry door. THERE IS LIGHT LEAKING OUT FROM BENEATH IT. THERE IS **SHADOW BEING THROWN FROM INSIDE THE PANTRY. THE SHADOW MOVES BACK AND FORTH UNDER THE DOOR.**

**GRAHAM**

Hello.

**THE SHADOW STOPS MOVING.**

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(loud)

The police are here... I am with them... I am a police officer.

(beat)

I just want to talk to you.

SILENCE. There is no movement from the pantry. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(loud)

We know all about the hoax. We already took some of your friends downtown in the paddy wagon.

(mouths to himself)

Paddy wagon?

**THE ONLY SOUND IN THE KITCHEN IS THE SOUND OF THE FAUCET**  
RUNNING. Graham waits for a reply, but none comes.

**GRAHAM**

If you tell us your name and why  
you did it, we'll give you the same  
deal we gave the others. Don't  
throw away your life son.

Beat.

Graham bends down where he stands. He puts his head near the wood floor. He tries to look under the door. All he can see are the bottoms of a couple shelves in the corner of the pantry. He's at too severe an angle.

Graham sits up. He's only four feet away from the pantry door. He looks around not knowing what to do. His eyes fall on a bunch of kitchen knives that have spilled from a drawer onto the floor.

He takes a butcher knife from the group and moves closer to the door. Beat. He reaches with the butcher knife underneath the slanted kitchen table. He uses the knife like a mirror to see under the door. Graham watches the **SOFT REFLECTION IN THE FLAT STAINLESS STEEL SURFACE OF THE BLADE. WE CAN MAKE OUT BROKEN GLASS AND RIPPED OPEN PACKETS OF RICE AND CEREAL ON THE GROUND. THERE ARE POCKETS OF SHADOWS WE CAN'T SEE INTO.**

Graham pulls the knife out. He sits there kneeling two feet from the door. Beat.

He takes a deep breath and starts to lower his head under the slanted table.

He stops halfway down. He loses his nerve and sits up. He rises to his feet as he places the butcher knife on the counter. Graham starts walking across the kitchen. He gets to the door. Puts his hand on the doorknob.

He stays like that for a long time. Beat.

Graham lets go of the doorknob -- He turns and walks quickly across the kitchen -- He picks up the butcher knife -- He kneels down next to the pantry -- He ducks his head under the slanted kitchen table -- He places his cheek to the floor, only inches from the bottom of the door, and looks into the pantry.

There is broken glass and rice throughout the wooden floor of

the pantry. Nothing else.

Graham stares at his VIEW OF THE FLOOR. Something's wrong. Parts of it feel like a painting. THE PAINTING MOVES.

**TWO BLACK EYES OPEN -- SEEMINGLY SUSPENDED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. THEY ARE SIDEWAYS. THEY LOOK AT GRAHAM.**

**GRAHAM YELLS. HE JOLTS UP. HIS HEAD HITS THE SLANTED TABLE HARD.**

**FOUR LONG FINGERS AND CLAWS, THE EXACT COLOR OF THE WOODEN FLOOR REACH OUT AND MISS HIS FACE BY A FRACTION OF AN INCH.**

**GRAHAM REACTS. THE BUTCHER KNIFE COMES DOWN FAST AND HARD ON THE PROTRUDING WOOD COLORED FINGERS. SLAM!**

**WE HEAR AN UNBEARABLY HIGH-PITCHED INHALE SOUND FROM INSIDE THE PANTRY.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY**

The station wagon knocks over the "Ray Reddy" mailbox as it turns sharply onto the road.

Graham picks up speed as he passes the wall of crops on his right.

**THE STATION WAGON SUDDENLY BRAKES.**

Two black skid marks form on the road as the station wagon comes to a fast stop.

Beat. Graham gets out of the car. He walks a few feet ahead of the station wagon. He bends down in the middle of the road.

A BIRD lays limp on the asphalt. Its head is crushed.

Graham gazes at the still pile of feathers. Beat.

Graham turns and looks straight up at the BLUE, CLOUDLESS SKY above him.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

Douche bag.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HESS FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Graham enters his front hall. He closes the door and locks it behind him. He turns and looks into the family room.

Morgan and Bo and Merrill are seated together on the sofa. All three are wearing foil helmets. Beat.

**MERRILL**

They're skin changes color. That's why we couldn't see him that night.

Graham stares at his family huddled on the couch. Beat. Graham takes in the news as he moves to the stairs. He takes a seat on the second to last step.

He sits obscured by the balusters. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Tell me something Morgan. In that book of your, did they happen to detail what would happen if they were hostile?

**MORGAN**

Yes. They would invade us using only ground tactics. Hand to hand combat. They wouldn't use their technology or fight an airborne battle, because they would know we would eventually use nuclear weapons and the planet would be useless to them.

**MERRILL**

I'm sorry, what book is this?

**GRAHAM**

Did they say what our chances would be if they did invade?

**MORGAN**

They said one of two things could happen. One, they fight and are defeated and leave to return again with full forces hundreds or even thousands of years later.

**GRAHAM**

What's two?

**MORGAN**

They win.

The words hang in the air. Graham sits quietly on the second step of the stairs.

**GRAHAM**

What do you think about the idea that they don't like places near water, and we might be safe from them near a lake or something?

**MORGAN**

Sounds made up.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

We can choose to believe it and pack up and leave.

(beat)

Or we can stay here. Board up this house. Hide inside our home and wait it out. Either way, at least we'll be together.

(beat)

All those in favor of the lake, raise your hand.

No one raises their hand.

**GRAHAM**

All those in favor of home, raise your hand.

All four put their hands in the air. Beat. They lower them and sit in silence.

**MERRILL**

How do we know boards will do anything?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

Because, they seem to have trouble with pantry doors.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HESS HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

WE ARE WATCHING THE HOUSE FROM THE CROPS. We see Graham inside the house, closing the window shutters in one room after another.

WE SEE a stack of wooden boards on the porch.

OUR VIEW MOVES to the barn where Isabelle is tied. She is not pacing. She is not barking. She sits staring right at us. She is shivering.

OUR VIEW MOVES to the garage building where we see Merrill carry a huge pile of his clothes and things down the stairs. He's moving into the main house.

Merrill walks across the yard. His eyes look around carefully as he moves.

Part of the pile in his arms falls to the grass as he crosses the lawn. He stops walking and starts to gather up the fallen things. He picks up a couple shirts and two baseballs encased in glass cases.

The glass encasing one of the souvenir baseballs, has cracked. He takes the ball out. Stares at it.

We watch from the crops as Merrill puts down his pile of clothes and things on the grass. He looks around and finds what he's looking for. A rake.

Merrill unscrews the fork on the rake from the wooden handle. With the wooden stick in one hand and the souvenir baseball in the other, he turns to face the crops.

**WE PULL BACK A LITTLE INTO THE CROPS. PART OF OUR VIEW IS OBSCURED BY STALKS, BUT WE STILL SEE MERRILL CLEARLY.**

Merrill looks around cautiously again, before getting into a batter's stance. His left leg digs into the grass in front of him. His weight is mostly on his back leg. He looks out into the distance high over the crops. He throws the baseball up in the air...

Merrill grabs the wooden handle. Merrill's shoulders move with blinding speed. The wooden rake handle slices the air. And misses the ball.

The ball drops at Merrill's feet.

WE WATCH as Merrill picks up the ball and tries again. This time his shoulders move even faster. The wooden stick actually makes A RESONANT SOUND as it cuts the air.

The ball drops at Merrill's feet.

WE WATCH THROUGH THE CROPS as Merrill snatches the ball up and tries a third time. This time he YELLS as he swings. He rips the air with the wooden stick so fast it blurs to the eye.

The baseball drops at his feet. Strike three.

Merrill stands still in the yard. He's breathing a little heavy as he stares down at the ball.

He gently picks it up. He walks back to his pile of things and then suddenly turns. He throws the ball in the air as he does. His left leg goes out. His weight goes to his right leg as he turns his shoulders with astonishing speed and power...

**THE SOUND OF THE BASEBALL HITTING THE WOODEN HANDLE CRACKS ACROSS THE WHOLE YARD.**

The ball rockets into the air. We watch it fly overhead... sail high over the crops... it becomes a tiny dot in the sky.

After a long beat of silence it comes back to earth. It lands in the street and bounces twenty feet into the air. It cleared at least four or five hundred feet of crops. Maybe more.

WE LOOK BACK to Merrill standing in the backyard. He drops the wooden stick to the grass and moves for his things. He piles them in his arms. When his arms are full, he starts for the porch. WE WATCH FROM THE CROPS AS MERRILL GOES **INSIDE THE HOUSE.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLOSET - LATE AFTERNOON**

Morgan and Bo are seated on the kitchen chair in the closet.

**MORGAN**

Come quick!

**THE FLICKER OF THE TELEVISION FALLS ON THE CHILDREN'S FACES.**

**WE HEAR MERRILL AND GRAHAM COMING DOWN THE HALLWAY BEFORE WE SEE THEM.**

They appear almost at the same time in the doorway to the closet. Graham and Merrill are holding hammers.



All four stare at the television.

**ON THE SCREEN IS A STREET FILLED WITH PEOPLE RUNNING WITH SUITCASES AND BAGS. SOME PEOPLE ARE GETTING TRAMPLED. OTHERS ARE STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER AND YELLING. THERE IS PANIC IN THE AIR.**

**TV ANCHOR**

Tel Aviv joins Nairobi, Lagos and Jerusalem as the latest to confirm the appearance of lights. There are lights in the skies over an estimated two hundred and seventy four cities. That total could be as high as four hundred within the hour.

**THE IMAGE ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN CHANGES TO A NIGHT TIME VIEW OF THE TEL AVIV CITY LINE. THERE ARE FOURTEEN LIGHTS IN TWO "V" FORMATIONS OVER THE CITY.**

**GRAHAM**

They decided to show themselves.

Beat.

**MORGAN**

They think these look like stages immediately proceeding an attack maneuver.

**MERRILL**

It's like War of the Worlds.

**MORGAN**

They think it might happen all at once.

The words silence everyone. Beat.

The image goes back to a quiet TV anchor. He takes a second before starting up again.

**TV ANCHOR**

Hundreds of thousands have flocked to synagogues, churches and temples.

The television shows hundreds of Israelis in a temple and in the streets praying.

Graham watches quietly as the masses pray side by side.

**TV ANCHOR**

Ground forces are being assembled  
in countries throughout the  
globe...

**GRAHAM**

I'm going to get back to the  
windows.

Bo watches as Graham leaves the doorway of the closet. She  
turns back to the television.

Beat. Merrill leans down between his niece and nephew.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

You guys okay?

They don't answer. They watch the soldiers loading up onto  
trucks on the television.

**MORGAN**

Some guy had a sign that said it  
was the end of the world.

(beat)

Nothing really bad is going to  
happen, is it Uncle Merrill?

**MERRILL**

Don't worry.

Morgan glances at Bo and then back to his uncle.

**MORGAN**

You sure right?

Beat. Merrill gazes at the two questioning faces. He looks  
back at the empty closet doorway where Graham stood. He  
turns back to the children.

**MERRILL**

You know about signs Morgan? Not  
like the ones people write on.  
It's like if you poured a glass of  
milk and you dropped the glass by  
mistake and broke it before you  
could drink it. Then you looked at  
the milk carton and saw that the  
milk was spoiled. They're things  
that happen by chance or luck, but  
make you feel that someone's

watching out for you.

The children think it over. Beat.

**MORGAN**

I once had a bad dream and I couldn't wake up. I kicked at the table next to my bed and something fell on me and I woke up. It was a picture of mom. She was smiling. It made me feel safe... You mean like that?

Beat.

**MERRILL**

Yeah, like that.

(beat)

I believe in signs Morgan. I think there's someone watching out for us. I got to believe he's going to make sure we're all right in the end.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON**

Merrill smiles as he steps out of the closet and closes the door half-way.

He stands in the hall by himself. He takes a couple deep breaths as everything hits him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLOSET - LATE AFTERNOON**

Morgan turns off the television.

He and Bo sit quietly in the closet under the stairs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Graham sits in a chair by the windows. He has a board on his lap. He has a hammer in his hands. Graham drowns in his thoughts as the skies darken behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - EVENING**

Graham, Bo and Morgan are seated in the upstairs hallway. There's a couple boards left leaning against the walls.

Merrill comes out of the children's room with his tools.

**MERRILL**

Too many windows in the bedrooms.  
We don't have enough boards.

Merrill stands and leans against the wall.

**GRAHAM**

We'll have to board up the bedroom doors.

**MORGAN**

Where are we going to sleep?

**GRAHAM**

The family room.

Everyone sits quietly for a moment.

**MORGAN**

What about Isabelle?

**GRAHAM**

We'll keep her in the garage, after dinner.

Beat.

**MERRILL**

I'll make sandwiches.

**BO**

I want spaghetti?

**MERRILL**

We should eat fast Bo.

**GRAHAM**

Spaghetti sounds great.

Merrill glances at Graham.

**GRAHAM**

What do you want, Morgan?

Beat.

**MORGAN**

Anything?

Graham nods "yes."

**MORGAN**

French toast... and mashed  
potatoes.

**GRAHAM**

Now we're talking.  
(beat)  
How about you Merrill?

Graham turns and looks at Merrill. They stare at each other quietly. They have a conversation without words. Beat.

**MERRILL**

(soft)  
Chicken Teriyaki.

**GRAHAM**

Good choice... I'm going to have a  
cheeseburger with bacon.  
(smiles)  
Extra bacon.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

The windows in the kitchen are boarded up, as is the back door.

The sink is piled with pots and pans. It seems like every utensil and dish in the kitchen was used.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DINNING ROOM - EVENING**

One side of the dinning room is lined with windows that have been boarded up.

The table is set. Mash potatoes, spaghetti, French toast, chicken teriyaki and bacon cheeseburgers are all displayed elegantly on serving dishes.

The Hess family sits around the table. Beat. The scene is somber. No one is moving.

**GRAHAM**

What's the matter with everyone?  
Eat.

No one says anything. No one eats.

Beat.

**MORGAN**

I'm scared.

**BO**

Me too.

**GRAHAM**

I don't want to hear anymore talk  
like that. And I don't want to see  
anymore faces like the ones I'm  
looking at.

(beat)

We are going to enjoy this meal.  
Nothing can stop us from enjoying  
this meal! Enjoy!

Bo sits next to her three glasses of water and begins to cry.

**GRAHAM**

Stop crying!

**MORGAN**

Don't yell at her!

Morgan's face is hard, but tears start to fall anyway.  
Graham watches as both his children cry at the table.

**GRAHAM**

Fine, if you all don't want to eat,  
then I'm going to have some of  
everything.

Graham takes big scoops of every dish and piles it on his  
plate. He digs his fork into the pile and starts to shove it  
in his mouth. He swallows.

**GRAHAM**

This tastes so great.

Bo, Morgan and Merrill watch in stunned silence as Graham  
stuffs more in his mouth. He chews and chews and swallows  
hard. He digs his fork into the pile again.

Graham starts crying as he eats. He keeps taking more bites.

More tears fall.

Morgan gets up from his seat. He goes to Graham's chair. He leans against his dad's arm and cries with him. Graham's fork stops moving. He watches as Bo moves from her seat to his other side. She holds her dad's arm and cries.

Beat. Graham pulls them both up onto the chair with him and hugs them tight. Merrill leans forward and comes to the pile on Graham's chair. Merrill buries his head in Graham's shoulder. The Hess family huddles together at one end of the table. Beat.

**THE BABY MONITOR EXPLODES WITH STATIC AND NOISE.**

Everyone slowly turns and looks over to Morgan's place setting where the baby monitor sits on the table. **THE RED LIGHTS ON THE FRONT ARE ALL LIT UP.**

Merrill sits up. Graham puts down the children from his lap. He gets up from his seat and moves around the table and out of the dining room. He moves through the family room and into the hall.

Graham opens the closet door and looks in at the television. He turns it ON.

Beat. **THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYMBOL IS ON THE SCREEN. A LOW TONE EMITS FROM THE TV.** Beat. Graham changes stations. **THE SYMBOL AND TONE APPEAR ON EVERY CHANNEL. THE MONOTONE SOUND FILLS THE CLOSET.** Beat.

Graham steps out into the hall. Merrill and the two children are standing there waiting. Graham looks at them.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

It's happening.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING**

Merrill pounds furiously with his hammer as he nails boards to the children's bedroom door. The master bedroom door is open with a board leaning next to it. Graham is inside his bedroom

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

Graham walks to the window next to his bed. It's the same one we've looked out twice before.

Graham looks out onto his backyard. The FLOOD LIGHT FROM THE HOUSE THROWS LONG SHADOWS OVER THE YARD. There is a light breeze. Nothing seems wrong.

Graham's eyes stay locked on the crops which go on and on into darkness. He moves closer to the glass. Watches the top of the corn stalks swaying slightly with the wind.

**SOMETHING MOVES IN THE DARKNESS.**

Graham's eyes moves to where the corn crops fade into black forty feet away. Graham goes very still.

**LINES EMERGE IN THE CROPS; THE KIND OF LINES MADE BY SOMEONE TRAMPLING THROUGH A FIELD. WE CAN'T SEE WHO'S MAKING THEM. ALL WE SEE ARE THE COUNTLESS LINES BEING FORMED. THE LINES MOVE FROM THE DARKNESS TOWARDS THE HOUSE. GRAHAM WATCHES THEM CLOSE IN ON HIS BACKYARD. THIRTY FEET... TWENTY FEET... TEN...**

Graham backs away from the window towards the middle of his bedroom.

**MERRILL**

Graham hurry.

Graham turns to see Merrill standing with the last board in the hall. Graham moves out into the hall and shuts the bedroom door behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING**

Merrill immediately puts the wooden board up and starts hammering nails into the frame. Graham picks up his hammer and quietly begins to hammer nails into the wood.

Graham glances to his right as he works. Bo and Morgan are standing together at the top of the stairs. Bo holds Morgan's hand.

Graham keeps hammering as he speaks.

**GRAHAM**

Did I ever tell you what everyone said when you were born, Bo?

Bo nods "no" lightly.



**GRAHAM**

You came out of your momma and you didn't even cry. You just opened your eyes and looked around at everybody. Your eyes were so big and gorgeous, the ladies in the room gasped.

Graham stops hammering. Merrill keeps going.

**GRAHAM**

They literally gasped.  
(Graham gasps like them)  
Then they go, "She's like an angel." They said, "We've never seen a baby so beautiful."

Graham smiles to himself as he remembers the moment. Merrill finishes hammering.

Graham goes over and picks up Bo.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)  
And you know what else happened?

Bo nods, "no."

**GRAHAM**

(soft)  
When they put you on the table to clean you up, you looked at me and smiled. They say babies that young can't smile... You smiled.

Graham looks at his daughter quietly. He brushes the hair out of her face as Merrill moves to Morgan and picks him up.

All four turn and look at the three boarded up bedroom doors.  
Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)  
Let's go down now.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT HALL - EVENING**

Graham puts Bo down in the hallway. She stands close to him. Merrill puts down Morgan. The four of them stand quietly in

a tight group.

**THEY HEAR FRANTIC BARKING IN THE DISTANCE.**

**MORGAN**

We forgot about Isabelle.

**ISABELLE'S BARKING BECOMES DESPERATE AND ANGRY. THEY LISTEN AS SHE BARKS NONSTOP FOR TEN SECONDS... AND THEN SUDDENLY STOPS.**

**THE LOW EMERGENCY TONE FROM THE CLOSET TV FILLS THE SILENCE.**

Beat.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

Should we turn off the lights?

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

They already know we're here.

**THE FIRST SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT ARE HEARD OUTSIDE. CREAKS OF WOOD FROM THE FRONT PORCH CAN BE HEARD.**

**THERE IS SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT FROM BEHIND THE LOCKED BACK DOOR.**

**SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE. SOUNDS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.**

**THERE IS SCRATCHING NOISES AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR. METAL NOISES AS THE HANDLE IS TRIED.**

**MORGAN**

(almost inaudible)

Dad --

**THE DOOR CREAKS AS PRESSURE IS PLACED AGAINST IT.**

**GRAHAM**

Do you know what happened when you were born Morgan?

Morgan looks at his father, unable to speak.

**GRAHAM**

You came out and your momma kept bleeding. The doctors rushed you out of the room before I could even see you.

**THERE ARE THUDS ABOVE THEM.**

All four look up.

**MERRILL**

They're on the roof.

**GRAHAM**

While they were trying to fix her up, all she kept asking about was you.

**THEY LISTEN AS THE THUDS INCREASE IN NUMBER.**

**THE FIRST SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS IS HEARD FROM UPSTAIRS.**

Merrill looks up the stairs at the boarded bedroom doors.

**MERRILL**

They're in the house.

Graham takes Morgan's hand.

**GRAHAM**

I wanted your momma to see you first. She had dreamed about you her whole life.

(beat)

They waited till she felt better, then they brought you in. They placed you right in her arms. And she looked at you. And you looked at her. You just stared at each other for the longest time and then she said real soft, "Hello Morgan, I'm you momma, you look just like I dreamed."

Graham smiles down at his son who smiles gently back.

**SCRATCHING NOISES BEGIN TO COME FROM UPSTAIRS.**

The group of four turns and watches the top of the stairs. The BEDROOM DOOR HANDLES ARE BEING RATTLED.

Merrill's eyes moves quietly above the bedroom doors, to the ceiling of the upstairs hallway. He stares at a rectangle in the ceiling. A tiny rope hangs from the rectangle. Beat.

**MERRILL**

The attic door.

Merrill sprints up the stairs.

Morgan and Bo watch as Graham follows after Merrill.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING**

Graham and Merrill stare up at the ceiling. There is movement right above them. Dust falls from a ceiling light right next to them.

The rope hanging from the attic trapdoor hangs between them. They watch as it begins to twitch and sway.

The springs in the trap door begins to GROAN. The door starts to fall open.

Merrill and Graham raise their arms above their head and reach up. The door opens a few inches. Merrill is taller. The door presses against his fingers first. It gives a few more inches before Merrill stops it.

Graham's finger are barely touching it. Merrill's face turns red with strain as something pushes down on the door.

**MERRILL**

This is a very temporary solution.

Graham brings his arms down. He sees his children watching from the bottom of the stairs. Graham looks around where he is. There is a very small table with photos against a wall. A laundry closet and three boarded up bedroom doors... nothing else. Graham turns to Merrill.

**GRAHAM**

How temporary?

Merrill's face is a deep crimson.

**MERRILL**

Twenty-two seconds.

Graham looks around again... the same things... the same table... the same closet... Graham stops and stares at the closet. It has a wooden folding door that opens and closed on a guide rail. The wooden folding door is very tall. Its top is one foot from the ceiling.

Graham goes to the closet and grabs the door. He starts rocking it hard. Pulling it out... It starts to come out of its guide rail... Graham leans back with all his weight...

The thin wooden door rips out of place. One end is still attached at the hinge. Graham pulls it straight. It reaches into the middle of the landing. It stands right next to Merrill. Right under the attic trapdoor. Its top is only a few inches lower than Merrill's reach.

**GRAHAM**

Let go.

Merrill hesitates and then lowers the attic trapdoor. It connects with the top of the closet door and stops. The trapdoor is now open almost a foot... We can now see part of the bottom step of the wooden pull out stairs that lead to the attic.

Merrill and Graham step away as the closet folding door holds the weight of the attic door.

After a moment, the spring on the attic trapdoor recoils as the pressure is let up. The trapdoor closes. Beat.

It opens with force, slamming the top of the standing closet door with a THUD.

The attic trapdoor closes again. Opens again with force.  
**THUD.**

The closet folding door begins to pull away from the hinges keeping it upright.

Graham moves down the stairs. Merrill follows him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FRONT HALL - EVENING**

**THE SCRATCHING NOISES FILL THE HOUSE.**

Morgan and Bo are frozen watching a set of long fingers reach under the front door. **THE COLOR OF THE FINGERS CHANGES -- TO THE EXACT COLOR AND TEXTURE OF THE YELLOW CRACKED PAINT ON THE DOOR.**

**THUD. THE TRAPDOOR SLAMS THE TOP OF THE FOLDING DOOR UPSTAIRS.**

Graham and Merrill arrive in the front hall. Graham takes Morgan and Bo by the hand and leads them quickly down the hall. Merrill backs away as he watches the top of the stairs.

**ANOTHER THUD ECHOES THROUGH THE HOUSE.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

The swinging door swings open and closed behind Merrill as he enters the kitchen.

Graham has moved the chairs away from the kitchen table and waits by it. Merrill goes over and the two of them push the table against the swinging door.

They take the kitchen chairs and pile a couple on top, and jam the rest underneath the table.

Graham leans against the kitchen counter. Merrill stares at the pile of furniture.

**MERRILL**

This is going to do nothing.

**GRAHAM**

We have to go in the basement.

Graham points to a set of narrow stairs that lead to a darkened door at the bottom.

**MERRILL**

There's no way out of there.

Beat. Graham looks at the faces of his frightened children.

**GRAHAM**

Did I ever tell you, I dislocated  
Uncle Merrill's arm?

**THUD.**

**MERRILL**

Should we make a run for it out the  
back?

**GRAHAM**

They're right behind the door.

Merrill looks at the boarded up back door. Graham turns to Bo and Morgan who stand against the wall.

**GRAHAM**

He was only a year and half old.

**MERRILL**

(to Graham)  
What are you doing?

**GRAHAM**

He was trying to eat a second  
chocolate bar. Your grandma said,  
"No." He tried to take a bite, so  
I grabbed it.

THUD WITH A CRACK OF WOOD FROM UPSTAIRS. Merrill turns and  
stares at the barricaded entrance to the kitchen.

**GRAHAM**

I must have pulled his arm at an  
awkward angle. His elbow popped  
right out of the socket.

**THE LAST THUD COMES WITH A SOUND OF WOOD SPLINTERING. THE  
CLOSET FOLDING DOOR CRASHES TO THE GROUND IN THE UPSTAIRS  
HALL.**

**WE HEAR CREAKS AS THE ATTIC TRAPDOOR OPENS.**

**GRAHAM**

He didn't scream or anything. His  
arm just flopped to his side and he  
got real still.

**MERRILL**

They're coming.

Graham moves towards the basement stairs.

**GRAHAM**

I held him in my lap in the back  
seat as we drove to the hospital.  
I couldn't stop crying... We need  
to go into the basement now.

Graham gestures for the kids to come to the stairs. Morgan  
and Bo move to their father slowly.

**GRAHAM**

You know what your Uncle Merrill  
did right after the doctor put his  
arm back in place? He jumped off  
the table and gave me a hug. He  
had already forgotten that I was  
the one who hurt him.

Graham ushers the two children down the stairs. He waits for  
Merrill. Merrill turns from the kitchen door and walks

toward him. Merrill stops and looks down the stairs.

**MERRILL**

We won't be able to get out of there.

**GRAHAM**

I'm sorry I hurt your arm.

Beat. Merrill's eyes fill with water. He doesn't look up at his older brother.

**MERRILL**

I know.

Merrill walks down the stairs. Graham waits at the top. He watches the kitchen door with the table and chairs against it. Beat.

**THERE IS MOVEMENT OUTSIDE IN THE HALL.**

The door starts to force its way open. **THE TABLE AND CHAIRS BEGIN TO SCRAPE ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR LIKE NAILS AGAINST A CHALK BOARD.**

**WE HEAR VOICE-LIKE SOUNDS ENTER THE KITCHEN. SOUNDS MADE FROM INHALES, NOT EXHALES.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - EVENING**

Graham comes down the last few steps and enters the basement.

**MORGAN**

We forgot our foil helmets!

Graham closes the door behind him. It has no lock.

**GRAHAM**

We need something to wedge against the doorknob.

The basement is lined with metal shelves. The shelves are cluttered with all sorts of canned goods, extension cords, cleaning supplies, decorations, outdoor tools. Merrill rummages through the shelves frantically.

**MORGAN**

They'll read our minds!

**GRAHAM**



You're scaring your sister.

**BO**

I'm already scared.

Graham puts his ear to the door and listens.

**GRAHAM**

Merrill --

**MERRILL**

I'm looking!

Merrill moves to another set of shelves. He starts knocking things to the ground.

**MORGAN**

(to himself)

They'll know our secret thoughts.

There is SCRATCHING AGAINST THE DOOR. The doorknob turns. Graham grabs it with both hands. The door begins to push open.

**GRAHAM**

Merrill!

**MERRILL**

Got it!

Merrill reaches between two stacks of shelves and pulls out a pick for digging in the ground. He holds it up in the air. It has a three-foot wooden handle.

Merrill turns and rushes in Graham's direction.

A single light bulb hangs from a wire in the ceiling. It is the only light in the room. Merrill CLIPS THE LIGHT BULB with the end of the wooden handle as he crosses the room.

**THE BULB SHATTERS.**

**THE BASEMENT IS INSTANTLY BLACK.**

**BO**

Dad!

**WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF SUDDEN COMMOTION, VOICES. STRUGGLING AT THE DOOR. STEPS ON BROKEN GLASS.**

**CLICK. A BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT COMES ON.**

IT ILLUMINATES MORGAN STANDING NEXT TO A RACK OF METAL SHELVES. HE TURNS THE FLASHLIGHT IN HIS TINY HANDS.

THE NARROW BEAM MOVES ACROSS THE DARKNESS. IT FINDS MERRILL AND GRAHAM LEANING UP AGAINST THE BASEMENT DOOR.

MORGAN MOVES THE BEAM DOWN TO THE PICK, WHICH IS WEDGED BETWEEN THE DOORKNOB AND THE GROUND. THE PICK WAVERS A LITTLE WITH EACH PUSH FROM THE OTHER SIDE, BUT HOLDS.

THE SCRATCHING AND MOVEMENT OUTSIDE THE DOOR BEGINS TO LESSEN.

Beat. Morgan slowly moves THE BEAM BACK UP TO HIS FATHER'S FACE.

**GRAHAM**

Where's Bo?

THE BEAM SEARCHES IN THE DARKNESS. THROUGH THE BOXES, BETWEEN THE SHELVES... IT SETTLES ON A SMALL FOOT HIDING BEHIND A COUPLE TWENTY-FIVE POUND BAGS OF DOG FOOD. BO'S HEAD SLOWLY APPEARS. SHE SQUINTS AS SHE LOOKS IN THE LIGHT.

**BO**

I'm okay.

ANOTHER BEAM COMES ON. IT REVEALS MERRILL AT THE SHELVES WITH A SECOND FLASHLIGHT. HE LOOKS OVER THE CONTENTS OF THE SHELVES NEAR HIM. BEAT.

HIS BEAM OF LIGHT FALLS ON A RADIO.

He turns the knob to "on." The radio lights up, but no sound emerges for it's speakers. Merrill turns the channel knob and checks all the stations. No sound. No signal. He listens to the LIGHT HUM FROM THE SPEAKERS.

Beat.

**MERRILL**

What's happening out there?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(in the dark)

I can't even imagine.

THEY ALL LISTEN TO THE DEAD AIR HUM FROM THE RADIO SPEAKERS.

**MORGAN**

I hope they're doing better than we are. We don't even have helmets.

**THERE IS A LOUD BANG.**

**BOTH FLASHLIGHT BEAMS CRISSCROSS OVER THE BASEMENT AND COME TO A STOP ON THE DOOR.**

**ANOTHER BANG. THE DOOR VIBRATES. THE PICK WITH THE WOODEN HANDLE HOLDS IN PLACE.**

**BANG.**

GRAHAM STEPS INTO THE BEAM OF LIGHTS. He looks at the door and then turns and faces the lights.

**GRAHAM**

They're just making noises.  
They're not trying to get in.  
(beat)  
Why are they doing that?

Graham looks at Merrill's corner of the darkness. Morgan moves his BEAM ONTO MERRILL.

**MERRILL**

They want our attention on the door?

**BANG.** A beat of silence.

**GRAHAM**

They're distracting us?

**MERRILL**

From what?

**MORGAN**

The book says they're probably very good problem solvers.

**MERRILL**

What book!

**MORGAN**

They'll find a way in.

**BANG.**

**GRAHAM**

Morgan, give me your flashlight.

Morgan puts the FLASHLIGHT ON THE GROUND AND ROLLS IT ACROSS THE FLOOR. THE BEAM SPINS IN TINY CIRCLES SHOWING THE BROKEN GLASS OF THE BULB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR.

THE FLASHLIGHT COMES TO A STOP IN GRAHAM'S PALM. He picks it up.

**GRAHAM**

Is there an air vent in here?

Merrill moves next to Graham. ANOTHER BANG FROM THE DOOR.

They aim their FLASHLIGHTS IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM. The brothers move in opposite directions.

**GRAHAM MOVES HIS BEAM UP AND DOWN CHECKING THE WALLS AND THE CEILING AS HE MOVES.**

**MERRILL MOVES BETWEEN SHELVES, ONE AT A TIME. HIS FLASHLIGHT PEERS BEHIND THE STACKS OF CANNED GOODS.**

**A BANG ECHOES THROUGH THE BASEMENT DOOR.**

Merrill and Graham are at opposite ends of the room now.

**GRAHAM**

I can feel air.

**MERRILL**

Me too.

**THE TWO BEAMS OF LIGHT START MOVING TOWARDS EACH OTHER.**

**GRAHAM**

It's getting stronger.

**MERRILL**

I'm close.

**BANG.**

**THE BEAMS MOVE UP AND DOWN OVER THE FINAL WALL. GRAHAM AND MERRILL MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER... THE TWO BEAMS FINALLY COME TO A STOP IN THE SAME PLACE... THEY SHINE DOWN ON MORGAN.**

**HE SITS ON THE GROUND AGAINST THE WALL. HE STARES UP AT THE TWO LIGHTS.**

**MORGAN**

What?

**IN THE BEAM OF LIGHTS YOU CAN SEE HIS HAIR MOVING GENTLY FROM**

A BREEZE.

GRAHAM AND MERRILL TURN THEIR LIGHTS STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR VENT HE'S LEANING AGAINST.

EYES ARE REVEALED IN THE DARKNESS OF THE VENT. A NARROW SET OF METALLIC COLORED FINGERS SHOOT OUT BETWEEN THE HOLES IN THE VENT GRILL AND GRAB MORGAN.

MORGAN SCREAMS. THE FLASHLIGHTS DROP TO THE GROUND. THERE'S A DESPERATE SCRAMBLE. FEET MOVE THROUGH THE BEAMS OF LIGHT.

WE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

MERRILL (O.S.)

Hold the vent!

SOMEONE PICKS UP A FLASHLIGHT. WE SEE GLIMPSES OF STRAINING FACES. MORGAN SCREAMING.

GRAHAM

Pull him!

THE FLASHLIGHT IS DROPPED AND PICKED UP AGAIN. WE SEE IT IS BO WHO IS HOLDING THE LIGHT.

BO TURNS THE LIGHT AT THE VENT. MERRILL IS THE ONLY ONE THERE. HE PRESSES ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE POUND BAGS OF DOG FOOD AGAINST THE METAL GRILL. HE DRAGS THE SECOND BAG OVER WITH HIS FOOT AND SLAMS IT AGAINST THE FIRST BAG. HE QUICKLY MOVES OUT OF THE LIGHT.

BO FOLLOWS HIM WITH THE BEAM. SHE FINDS HIM DRAGGING AN ENORMOUS BAG OF FLOUR OVER TO THE VENT. HE HEAVES IT ON TOP OF THE PILE. HE LEAVES THE LIGHT AGAIN. RETURNS WITH ANOTHER GIANT BAG OF FLOUR. GRUNTS AS HE THROWS IT ON TOP OF THE REST.

MERRILL FALLS TO THE GROUND EXHAUSTED. THE PILE OF DOG FOOD AND FLOUR COMPLETELY OBSCURE THE VENT. A CAN OF SOUP ROLLS ON THE GROUND NEAR MERRILL. HE SLOWLY PICKS IT UP AND PUTS AN ADDITIONAL EIGHT OUNCES ON THE PILE.

Merrill slowly catches his breath. He reaches over to his side and grabs the remaining flashlight. HE TRAINS THE BEAM AROUND THE ROOM TILL HE FINDS MORGAN.

HE FINDS THE BOY IN GRAHAM'S LAP. MORGAN IS SEATED WITH HIS BACK AGAINST GRAHAM'S CHEST. USING HIM AS A CHAIR. MORGAN'S FACE IS PALE. HE IS TAKING VERY LONG SLOW HEAVES. IT SOUNDS LIKE THE AIR IS GOING THROUGH A STRAW. HE'S SUFFOCATING.

**GRAHAM LOOKS UP INTO THE LIGHT.**

**GRAHAM**

We don't have his medicine.

Merrill looks at his nephew turning gray.

Graham pulls Morgan closer to his body and talks into the child's ear.

**GRAHAM**

Don't be scared Morgan. We'll slow  
it down together. Feel my chest.  
Feel it going in and out. Breathe  
like me. Breathe like me.

Morgan's throat is closing -- his face is filled with strain  
and panic.

**BO**

He can't breathe.

Bo moves to Merrill and curls up with him as they watch.

Graham closes his eyes. Beat. He opens his eyes and talks  
into Morgan's ear.

**GRAHAM**

Stay with me. Stay with me. I  
know it hurts. Be strong baby...  
It'll pass.

Graham closes his eyes -- talks to the darkness.

**GRAHAM**

Don't do this to me again. Not  
again.

Merrill stares at his brother's desperate face.

Graham's eyes open as Morgan's tiny fingers press down on  
Graham's hand. The fingers squeeze with all the strength  
they have.

Graham looks to Merrill helplessly. Merrill's eyes fill up  
with water.

Graham's eyes close.

**GRAHAM**

I hate you. I hate you...

Graham's eyes open as he leans in close to Morgan's ear.

**GRAHAM**

The fear is feeding it... Don't be  
afraid of what's happening...  
Believe it's going to pass...  
Believe it... Just wait... Don't be  
afraid... The air is coming...  
Believe... We don't have to be  
afraid... It's about to pass...  
Here it comes... Don't be afraid...  
Here comes the air...

**A THIN STREAM OF SOUND EMITS FROM MORGAN'S THROAT. LIKE THE  
SOUND OF AIR LEAKING FROM A BALLOON.**

**GRAHAM**

There we go... We don't have to be  
scared at all... We know it'll  
pass. We believe it... Don't be  
afraid Morgan.

Morgan's fingers relax a little on Graham's hand.

**THE LEAKING BALLOON SOUND TURNS BACK INTO THE SOUND OF AIR  
THROUGH A STRAW.**

Merrill watches as Graham's face stays pressed up against his  
son.

**GRAHAM**

Feel my chest... Breathe with me.  
Together... The air is going in our  
lungs... Together... We're the  
same. We're the same.

Merrill watches as Morgan's chest starts to move in sync with  
Graham's.

**THE SOUND OF THE STRAW FADES AS MORGAN'S BREATHING TURNS INTO  
LABORED BREATHS.**

Graham's eyes close. He starts crying. He speaks to no one.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)  
I hate you.

Morgan's fingers relax on Graham's hand. Merrill watches as  
father and son breathe together. Merrill and Bo hold each  
other tight.

**THE FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS ON GRAHAM AND MORGAN'S EXHAUSTED FACES. THEY BOTH STARE OUT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BASEMENT. TEARS DRYING ON THEIR CHEEKS. THEY'RE BOTH LOST IN THEIR THOUGHTS.**

Beat.

**MERRILL**

I should save the flashlights.

Beat. Graham nods without looking over.

**MERRILL PRESSES THE BUTTON ON HIS FLASHLIGHT. THE BEAM OF LIGHT ILLUMINATING GRAHAM AND MORGAN GOES OUT. THEY DISAPPEAR INTO SHADOWS.**

Merrill looks down to Bo, who has the second flashlight in her hand. **THE BEAM POINTS UP AT THE BASEMENT CEILING ABOVE HER AND MERRILL.**

Merrill nods to her. She reaches down and presses the button.

**THE BASEMENT IS ENGULFED BY BLACK.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - MORNING**

**WE ARE STILL IN BLACK. A VOICE IS HEARD IN THE DARKNESS. IT'S MURKY AT FIRST, THEN BECOMES CLEARER.**

**VOICE**

... Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Bahrain have also confirmed.

Graham opens his eyes from sleep. **HE SQUINTS FROM THE LIGHT OF THE HANGING BULB IN THE BASEMENT.**

Merrill steps into his vision.

**MERRILL**

I found a pack of light bulbs.

Merrill walks back to the radio on the metal shelf. **THE VOICE WE HEARD IN THE DARKNESS COMES FROM THE TINY SPEAKER OF THE RADIO.**

**RADIO VOICE**

... Parts of China and Northern Korea are among the few remaining to verify withdrawals.



**GRAHAM**

They're broadcasting...

**MERRILL**

It came on about two hours ago.

Woke me up.

(beat)

We won Graham.

Merrill waits for his brother to say something. Beat.

**MERRILL**

It went on all night. Everywhere.  
It was completely a ground battle.  
Mostly hand to hand. You can't see  
them unless you're up close. A lot  
of people died. Some from combat.  
But most from poison gas  
inhalation. They secrete it.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

How many died?

**MERRILL**

They think over a hundred thousand.  
They're just estimates.

(beat)

But we held strong.

**GRAHAM**

How do they know it's over?

**MERRILL**

A mass evacuation by them started  
about eight o'clock this morning.  
It's eleven now.

(beat)

They're leaving.

Beat.

**MERRILL**

You didn't think we'd make it.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

No.

**MERRILL**

(low voice)

Listen, there's things I can take  
and a couple things I can't and one  
of them I can't take, is when my  
older brother --

(voice cracks)

-- who is everything I want to be,  
starts losing faith in things. I  
saw your eyes last night.

(beat)

I don't want to ever see your eyes  
like that again, okay? I'm  
serious.

Merrill's face is hard. He looks shaken. Graham stares at  
the conviction in his younger brother's expression.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

Okay.

Beat.

THERE'S A WHEEZING SOUND FROM THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. Graham  
and Merrill turn to look at Morgan -- laying down on  
Merrill's folded sweater. Morgan's breathing is strained.  
He still looks grey.

**MERRILL**

He's been like that for awhile. We  
need to get him some medicine.

**GRAHAM**

Have they said anything about our  
area?

**MERRILL**

Philadelphia and its outlying  
counties are cleared, but who knows  
for sure?

Graham looks at Morgan lying limp on the ground. Graham  
turns to Merrill.

**GRAHAM**

(whispers)

He's not strong enough to fight off  
another attack.

**MERRILL**

(whispers)

I know.  
(beat)  
We need to be sure, before we open  
that door Graham.

The two men stand under the single dangling light bulb.  
Graham quietly turns and looks at Morgan. He moves across  
the room towards him.

Merrill watches as Graham kneels down and reaches to Morgan's  
side. Graham unclips the baby monitor from his son's belt.

Graham walks back to Merrill. He holds it out between them.  
Beat.

He turns it ON.

**A SLIGHT STATIC IS HEARD. GRAHAM TURNS THE VOLUME ALL THE  
WAY UP. THE STATIC GETS A LITTLE LOUDER, BUT DOESN'T CHANGE.  
THERE ARE NO NOISES, NO SPIKES, NO VOICES... JUST EMPTY  
ELECTRICAL STATIC. Beat.**

Graham makes eye contact with Merrill. Beat.

**MERRILL**

That's good enough for me.

**GRAHAM**

Me too.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - MORNING**

**DAYLIGHT FILTERS DOWN FROM THE KITCHEN AND PIERCES THE  
STAIRWELL TO THE BASEMENT.**

The basement door cracks open a few inches. Beat. Merrill  
opens it all the way.

**DUST FLOATS UP IN THE DAYLIGHT THAT SPILLS DOWN THE STAIRS.**

Merrill moves up the stairs by himself. He reaches the top  
and looks around. Turns back down to the faces at the  
bottom. Gives them the thumbs up.

Graham leads Bo up the stairs. He carries a limp Morgan in  
his arms.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

THE KITCHEN IS KIND OF BEAUTIFUL IN ITS DESTRUCTION. BEAMS OF DAYLIGHT CRISSCROSS THE ROOM FROM THE PUNCHED OUT HOLES IN THE WINDOWS AND BOARDS.

THE BACK DOOR IS WIDE OPEN.

WE HEAR SOUNDS FROM THE TV FILTERING IN FROM THE HALL.

Graham and Bo and Morgan watch as Merrill walks over the toppled chairs to get to the cabinets.

**GRAHAM**

Get the syringe as well. We might need to give him an epinephrine shot.

Merrill nods as he begins to search the piles of things that have fallen from the cabinets.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORNING

SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT STREAM IN FROM ONE SIDE OF THE FAMILY ROOM WHERE THE WINDOWS HAVE BEEN BROKEN IN.

Graham gently lays Morgan on the sofa.

WE HEAR CHEERING COME FROM THE TELEVISION, FILTER THROUGH THE FRONT HALL AND INTO THE FAMILY ROOM.

Bo steps out of the closet and looks into the family room.

**BO**

People are dancing.

She points at the closet.

Morgan strains to look in her direction. Graham looks at him.

**GRAHAM**

You want to see it?

Morgan nods, "yes" as he struggles to breathe.

**GRAHAM**

I'll bring the TV in here.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLOSET - MORNING**

**THE TELEVISION SHOWS A SHOT OF A STREET CORNER. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE STAND IN THE STREETS. A REPORTER STANDS AMONGST THEM AND TALKS INTO A MICROPHONE.**

**TV REPORTER**

Today there are no countries, and  
no races, and no differences -- we  
are all apart of the same --

Graham unplugs the television. The screen goes black.

Bo moves the coats aside as Graham wheels the television and the television cart out into the hall.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORNING**

Graham pulls the television into the family room. Careful not to trip it on the carpet.

**THE GLASS OF THE TELEVISION IS LIKE A MIRROR.**

Graham moves the television into position. **THE BLACK SCREEN REFLECTS THE FAMILY ROOM BEHIND GRAHAM AS IT TURNS.**

**THE REFLECTION OF A CREATURE SILHOUETTED PANS ACROSS THE TELEVISION SCREEN.**

The TV stops moving. Graham stays frozen with his hands on either side of the television cart. He's slightly bent over. His back is to the family room.

Graham straightens and turns around slowly.

Morgan is held by his waist three feet in the air. Morgan's face turns to the color of ash as his throat closes up.

For a moment it appears he's suspended in the air. Then we see the outlines... and we see the eyes. The black eyes.

There is a creature close to seven feet tall standing in the middle of the family room. It's powdery skin has taken on the shades, lines and colors of the family room so perfectly, it almost disappears.

It blinks.

Graham and Bo have turned to stone. Bo stands frozen in the front hall.

Merrill comes out of the doorway from the kitchen to the family room. He takes two steps into the room and comes to a stop next to the fireplace. The inhaler and syringe in his hand fall to the ground. The creature is between Graham and Merrill in the middle of the family room.

Morgan is dying. THE LAST SOUNDS OF AIR STOP IN HIS THROAT.

The lines of the chairs and windowsill mimicked on the creature's skin move as the creature moves its free hand.

Graham's eyes shift to the hand. **THREE OF THE CREATURES FINGERS ARE MISSING -- SLICED OFF BY A BUTCHER KNIFE.**

The creature's hand moves to Morgan's face. It tilts its fingers and palm back. **THE COLORS ON THE HAND ARE ALREADY CHANGING TO MATCH IT'S NEW POSITION IN THE ROOM.**

A small pore opens up on its wrist. **A YELLOWISH GAS STARTS TO LEAK OUT OF THE OPENING.**

Graham looks up from the leaking poison gas to the face of the creature. It's large empty black eyes lock on Graham's.

**GRAHAM STARTS TO HEAR A HIGH PITCH RINGING SOUND -- IT BEGINS TO ENGULF ALL SOUND IN THE ROOM.**

**GRAHAM STARES HELPLESSLY INTO THE LARGE BLACK EYES.**

**WE MOVE INTO GRAHAM'S EYES... THEY WIDEN. WE SEE THE EMOTION IN THEM. HIS MOUTH BARELY GETS THE WORDS OUT.**

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

He's reading my --

**THE HIGH PITCHED RINGING SOUND OVERWHELMS EVERYTHING. THE ROOM GOES BRIGHT WHITE.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

**WE ARE BLINDED BY A BRIGHT LIGHT. THE LIGHT IS MOVING. WE REALIZE IT IS THE HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR THAT PULLS TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.**

The car door opens. Graham Hess steps out. His coat is open. He is wearing a black shirt and black pants. A priest's white collar sits under the lapel of the black shirt. Graham looks around in a daze.

We are on a country road. THERE ARE STROBING RED AND WHITE LIGHTS FILLING THE NIGHT AIR. Four police cars are scattered amongst the tow trucks and the ambulances.

A large group of officers and workers hover around a green truck that has swerved off the road into a grouping of trees.

Officer Edgar Paski walks up to Graham. He whispers something into a walkie clipped to his shirt as he approaches. Edgar looks badly shaken. Beat. The two men look at each other.

**OFFICER PASKI**

What do you know?

Graham stands motionless with his hands at his sides. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

There was an accident. Drunk driving. They weren't sure.

**OFFICER PASKI**

He wasn't drinking. Ray fell asleep at the wheel.

Officer Paski gestures in the direction of one of the ambulances. Ray Reddy sits to the side on the grass. His arms rest on his bent knees.

**GRAHAM**

Is he okay?

**OFFICER PASKI**

Yes... That's the first thing Colleen asked too.

Graham smiles a little smile.

**GRAHAM**

She's talking... Which ambulance is she in?

Beat.

**OFFICER PASKI**

She's not in an ambulance Father.

**GRAHAM**

Why not?

**OFFICER PASKI**

See Father, Ray's truck swerved off the road and ah... Hit Colleen and then a tree. She was pinned between the two.

**GRAHAM**

Pinned? What does that mean?

Beat.

**OFFICER PASKI**

The truck... the truck has severed most of her lower half.

**GRAHAM**

What did you say?

Beat.

**OFFICER PASKI**

She won't be saved. At this point she's alive, because the truck is holding her together. She doesn't feel much, and she's talking almost like normal. We didn't pull the truck out, cause we wanted you to come down here to be with her, as long as she's awake. That won't be very long.

(beat)

Father, you understand what I've told you?

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Edgar.

(he starts crying)

Is this the last time I'm going to talk to my wife?

Beat.

**OFFICER PASKI**

Yes it is.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The other officers turn and look as Graham walks by them. He walks on, unaware of the stares.



He slows as he reaches the back bumper of the truck. It sticks out onto the road a few feet. He comes around the side of the vehicle.

COLLEEN HESS is beautiful in a delicate way. Her straight brown hair falls down over her small face. She leans over the front bumper of the truck onto the hood. Her head rests on her arms like a child resting on a school desk. Her back is against a tree. The lower half of her is obscured by the truck.

She's able to raise her head and shoulders as Graham walks up to her. She is shivering slightly.

**COLLEEN**

(soft)

Hi sweetie.

**GRAHAM**

Hi baby.

Graham glances down. There are bundles of blood soaked blankets in the area below her. They peek out under the twisted front of the truck. Graham looks up quickly.

**COLLEEN**

I was just taking a walk before dinner.

**GRAHAM**

You love walks.

Beat.

**COLLEEN**

I guess it was meant to be.

Beat.

**GRAHAM**

Does it hurt?

**COLLEEN**

I don't feel much.

**GRAHAM**

Good.

Graham touches her cheek. She starts crying. Graham starts crying with her.

**COLLEEN**

(crying)  
... Tell Morgan to play games --  
it's okay to be silly.

**GRAHAM**

(crying)  
... I will.

**COLLEEN**

(crying)  
... Tell Bo to listen to her  
brother. He'll always take care of  
her.

**GRAHAM**

(crying)  
... I will.

**COLLEEN**

(crying)  
... Tell Graham --

**GRAHAM**

(crying)  
I'm here.

**COLLEEN**

(crying)  
Tell him... See. Tell him to see.

Colleen presses her cheek on top of Graham's hand. She rests  
on it. Her eyes are distant.

**COLLEEN**

(soft)  
And tell Merrill to swing away.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)  
What?  
(beat)  
Colleen?... Colleen?

**WE ARE OVERCOME BY A BRIGHT WHITE.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORNING**

**WE ARE IN THE FAMILY ROOM. THE HIGH PITCHED RINGING SOUNDS  
FADE AND ARE REPLACED BY THE BREATHING IN THE ROOM.**

THE BREATHING IS JOINED BY THE HISSING OF GAS AS IT'S BEING RELEASED.

THE CREATURE FORCES POISON GAS OUT INTO MORGAN'S UNCONSCIOUS FACE.

THE ROOM IS ENGULFED WITH STREAMS OF SUNLIGHT FROM THE BROKEN WINDOWS. THE LIGHT SEEMS TO CATCH CERTAIN THINGS IN THE ROOM AND MAKE THEM STAND OUT. THINGS ON SHELVES, THINGS ON TABLES, THINGS ON THE WALL.

Graham stares at the baseball bat on the wall. Beat.

**GRAHAM**

(soft)

Swing away, Merrill.

Morgan's face is obscured by gas.

**GRAHAM**

(loud)

Merrill.

Merrill turns and looks to Graham.

**GRAHAM**

Swing away.

Graham's eyes are not on Merrill. Merrill follows his eye line to the baseball bat mounted above him.

Beat. Merrill reaches up and takes the bat off its resting place.

The creature starts to move.

Merrill's hands tighten around the handle as he walks forward. He stops. His weight shifts to his right leg.

The creature begins to turn and becomes more visible as its lines and colors don't match in position in the room.

Merrill's left leg goes out. His torso and shoulders turn with staggering speed and strength. The bat slices through the air of the family room... Contact.

The creature gets HAMMERED across the back with the baseball bat.

Morgan is dropped. He falls to the carpet of the family room in an unnatural crumpled pile. His arms and legs flop

lifelessly to the carpet.

The creature turns to face Merrill. All the creature sees is the BLUR OF WOOD as Merrill swings like a lumberjack. SLAM. The creature falls to the ground.

Graham takes Bo by the hand and moves to Morgan. Graham picks up his son's limp body in his arms.

The creature moves to its feet.

Merrill's hands choke up on the bat. Merrill's eyes are on fire.

Graham leans down and picks up the full syringe of medicine on the ground.

Merrill SCREAMS as he swings again. His powerful muscles pull his shoulders whipping around. The bat connects with the creature across its chest. The creature is thrown back into the wall. Two glass of water fall off a shelf and CRASH ONTO THE CREATURE'S SHOULDER. The water connects with it's skin. The creature makes a HIGH PITCHED INHALE SOUND.

Bo and Graham look up.

**THE CREATURE'S SHOULDER STOPS CHANGING COLORS AND WITHERS INTO A POWDERY WHITE.**

Merrill looks back across the room at Bo and Graham. They stare at each other with sudden realization.

Merrill looks around at Bo's half-filled water glasses places all over the family room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Graham carries Morgan through the kitchen and out the back door. Morgan's arms and legs swing limp as Graham walks.

Morgan's head bobs back from its own weight as Graham steps outside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORNING**

Merrill steps in. THE WOODEN BAT MAKES A SOUND AS IT CUTS THROUGH THE AIR. SLAM! It connects with the creature. The creature falls back into the coffee table. Bo's glasses of

water crack and SPLASH OVER the creature's TORSO. ANOTHER HIGH PITCHED INHALE SCREAM. His torso turns a powdery white. Parts of its body are still changing and matching its environment. Parts are white.

The creature stands again.

Merrill looks for the next target in the room. Bo points to the dining table where the old chicken teriyaki, bacon cheeseburger and spaghetti with meatballs sit untouched.

Merrill sees the three glasses of water at Bo's seat. He nods.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - MORNING**

MERRILL YELLS WITH EVERYTHING IN HIS LUNGS. His wrists turn. His shoulders torque. THE WOODEN LOUISVILLE SLUGGER SLICES THE AIR AND SHATTERS WHEN IT CONNECTS WITH THE UPPER CHEST OF THE CREATURE. PIECES OF WOOD SPLINTER OVER THE FAMILY ROOM.

THE CREATURE WAVERS AND THEN ALL SEVEN FEET OF IT TIPS OVER. IT FALLS BACK. IT CLIPS THE TV STAND AS IT FALLS. IT LANDS ON THE GROUND WITH A THUD.

THE CREATURE'S BLACK, EMPTY EYES LOOK UP IN TIME TO SEE BO'S GLASSES OF WATER RESTING ON THE TELEVISION, FALL... AND SPILL OVER THE EDGE -- RIGHT ONTO ITS FACE.

THE CREATURE'S SCREAMS FILL THE FAMILY ROOM -- AND THEN SUDDENLY STOP.

IT BECOMES VERY STILL. EVERY INCH OF ITS BODY TURNS A WITHERED, POWDERY WHITE. BEAT.

Bo watches quietly from the door. Merrill drops the handle of the bat in his hands.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING**

Merrill and Bo find Graham kneeling in the grass. Morgan lays limp in his arms. They kneel down in the grass with him.

Merrill sees the empty syringe in Graham's hand. He looks to Morgan. The boy's head is tilted back. His tiny mouth hangs open unnaturally.

**GRAHAM**

His lungs were closed.

(beat)

His lungs were closed. No poison  
got in... No poison got in.

Merrill stares at Morgan. His body is utterly still.

**GRAHAM**

His lungs were closed.

Merrill reaches for Morgan's still hand.

**GRAHAM**

Don't touch him.

**MERRILL**

(soft)

Graham.

Beat. Morgan lies lifeless.

**BO**

Daddy.

**GRAHAM**

Don't touch him.

Bo is crying.

**MERRILL**

Graham.

**GRAHAM**

Don't.

Beat.

**MORGAN'S VOICE**

Dad.

HIS SON'S VOICE MAKES HIM STOP. Graham starts crying. Every  
bit of sadness trapped in his body is released. He looks  
down through tears and tears at Morgan.

**MORGAN**

Did someone save me?

**GRAHAM**

Yeah baby. I think someone did.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WINDOW - MORNING**

We look out through the broken glass of the second story bedroom window. We see the worn jungle gym. We see the single tree throwing shade on the picnic table. We see the golden brown corn lining the back of the yard.

And we see the Hess family. Sitting together on the grass. Huddled together in the sunlight.

**FADE TO BLACK.**