

4TH KIND

Autobiography of Dr. Abigail Tyler

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Dead Crow Pictures LLC  
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NOTE TO READER:

All ARCHIVED AUDIO material provided by Dr. Tyler is underlined.

**All ARCHIVED VIDEO material provided by Dr. Tyler is bolded.**

*The interview with Dr. Tyler was done by this writer/director in one continuous session on February 18<sup>th</sup>, 2006.*

*All interview material is ITALICIZED.*

The ARCHIVED AUDIO, **VIDEO** and *INTERVIEW* materials, have all been described in this text as accurately as possible, and to the best ability of this writer/director.

Any discrepancies between the text and the actual material is purely accidental and unintentional.

FADE FROM WHITE:

ON A WINDING ROAD

lined with a wooden guide rail, FOG rolls by as a FIGURE approaches, obscuring *who* or what IT is.

As IT gets closer, its gait can be discerned --

HUMANOID.

ITS build is oversized yet solid -- and ITS face has two LARGE BLACK EYES, that cut clearly through the white snow and fog like miniature black holes.

IT continues to walk closer, and a hand reaches up and PULLS OFF THE EYES -- which are actually GOGGLES -- revealing ITS identity:

FIGURE

My name is Olatunde Osunsanmi, the  
director of 4TH KIND.

Olatunde continues walking towards us, his heavy winter clothing bulking up his frame.

OLATUNDE

This film will be a dramatization of events that occurred October 1st through the 9th of 2000 in the northern Alaskan town of Nome. To better explain the events of this story, I have included actual archived footage throughout the film. This footage was obtained from Nome psychiatrist Dr. Abbey Tyler, who has personally documented over 65 hours of video and audio materials during the time of the incidents. In an effort to protect their privacy, we have altered the names and professions of many of the people involved.

(pause)

Every dramatized scene in this film, will be supported by either archived audio, video, or as it was related to me by Dr. Tyler herself during extensive interview sessions. In the end what you believe, will be yours to decide.

Olatunde comes to a stop as breath rises from his mouth.

OLATUNDE

Please be advised that some of what you are about to see is extremely disturbing.

CUT TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

IN AN INTERVIEW ROOM.

Several 50 inch WIDESCREEN MONITORS are mounted on the walls, creating a collage of ABSTRACT MOTION on their screens.

THE REAL ABBEY TYLER sits in a chair, the camera frames her from the waist up.

She is a thirty-eight year old female with a good deal of pain evident in her eyes. She's rail thin, edges of bones pushing out her skin like needles under tissue paper.

The left corner of her mouth twitches occasionally as she looks to the right of camera, where the interviewer sits.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Please state your name for the camera.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Doctor Abigail Elizabeth Tyler.

OLATUNDE

Have you provided us with the master tapes from your archive?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes I have.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Is everything you are about to tell me as close to factual as possible?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

(nods)

Yes, yes it is.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Are you willing to submit to a lie detector test to confirm these answers?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes I am.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)

Thank you...So, where would you like to begin?

Dr. Tyler frowns.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 I guess uh...after what happened  
 with Will--my husband. I uh...went  
 to my friend...who's also a  
 psychiatrist--Dr. [ NAME WITHHELD,  
 ALIAS--ABEL CAMPOS] because I was  
 having trouble dealing with how he...  
 (starts to get  
 emotional)  
 How it happened...and who did it...

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO  
RECORDED: 10-1-00  
LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE

Over black, a poor AUDIO RECORDING is heard, as SUBTITLES follow the dialogue.

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
It might be a little too soon.

ABBEY (O.S.)  
I'll be fine.

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
The pain's still fresh. You don't  
 think you might need more time--

ABBEY (O.S.)  
--No, this is something--No. I have  
 to do this. I--I have to remember  
 his face.

FADE IN:

IN DR. ABEL CAMPOS' OFFICE.

Daylight floods the room, warming dark wooden furniture. Seated to the left is ABBEY TYLER, 36, a widow whose suffering has permeated her every being.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as ABBEY TYLER

Across from her is DR. ABEL CAMPOS, 50, a psychiatrist whose disposition is relaxed, composed, and comforting.

On a table between them a portable TAPE RECORDER records.

[THEIR DIALOGUE IS REPLACED BY ARCHIVED AUDIO IN AREAS]

ABBEY

It's what I need to heal. I have to try. And-and I have to know--for the children

(sniffles)

--that I've done everything I can to remember. You know since that night Ashley still can't see? I don't think she'll get her sight back until she accepts what happened--

CAMPOS

--I think you both have the same problem, different symptoms--

ABBEY

--and it would help if I could...just remember the face of that guy...so we could have some chance of tracking him down--set the record straight, and have closure.

CAMPOS

(sighs)

Alright, alright...

ABBEY

Thank you.

CAMPOS

Do you want it on video?

ABBEY

(softly)

Yeah.

Campos gets up, aims a VHS CAMERA at Abbey, and hits RECORD.

TITLE -- ARCHIVAL VIDEO  
RECORDED: 10-1-00 9:36am  
LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE  
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:00:04

CAMERA ANGLE: FROM THE WAIST UP OF ABBEY

SPLIT SCREENS BETWEEN ARCHIVED/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

DR. CAMPOS' FACE IS BLURRED OUT IN ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

CAMPOS

(light hearted)

Counseling another psychiatrist is like talking to myself.

The REAL DR. TYLER lies further back in her chair and takes a calming breath.

TITLE: Dr. Abbey Tyler

Campos stands over her and extends a finger.

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
Watch my finger as I count back...20,  
19, 18, 17...

Abbey's eyes roll up as she follows his finger over her head.  
Then slowly, her eyes close.

Campos sits down out of frame.

CAMPOS  
(gently)  
Abbey, lets go back to the night of  
September 9th of this year.

ABBEY  
Mm-hmm.

CAMPOS  
What was the weather like?

ABBEY  
Warm...warmer than normal...even  
though it was snowing outside.

CAMPOS  
Now...let's go to when you were with  
Will -- just before the intruder  
entered your room.

ABBEY  
OK.

CAMPOS  
Describe what you see.

Abbey's eyes are working hard beneath her eye lids, flickering  
back and forth. Then her face relaxes and a smile parts her  
lips.

ABBEY  
We're making love...it was wonderful  
kind, gentle...

FADE IN LEFT FRAME OF SPLIT/SCREEN:

ABBEY'S P.O.V. as she leans down and kisses WILL, 35, a man  
in love with the woman above him. He gently caresses her  
cheek as they make love.

ABBEY (O.S.)  
...then we fell asleep....

IN RIGHT FRAME: ABBEY'S NECK goes limp, and her head falls to the side.

TIMECODE: 00:01:45

She's quiet a moment.

CAMPOS

What do you remember next?

ABBHEY

We're awake...both of us...wide awake.  
..And we're...lying here...

CAMPOS

What woke you up?

ABBHEY

I don't...Nothing...we were  
just...lying here...

TIMECODE: 00:02:02

IN LEFT FRAME: ABBEY IS LYING

next to Will. His eyes are open, darting back and forth as they study her...

A shadow falls over Will's face, and then

METAL SLAMS DOWN

into his

CHEST,

BLASTING into his SKIN as

BLOOD EXPLODES UPWARDS.

Abbey breaths in sharply and pulls back in SHOCK. She looks up at the INTRUDER -- and FLINCHES back and

SCREAMS --

-- FADE OUT LEFT FRAME --

RIGHT FRAME NOW FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN

Abbey SHRIEKS

at the top of her lungs and covers her face with her arms.

TIMECODE: 00:02:43



ABBEY

Oh my God! Someone stabbed him! In  
the chest! Oh my G--!

CAMPOS

Abbey! Stay with me! Stay with me!  
What do you see?

ABBEY

I don't know! I--it's too much!  
It's moving so fast, but it feels  
like we're frozen-- I can't see it!

CAMPOS

Shhhh. Abbey relax! Calm down, Try  
and see the face!

ABBEY

Oh my God not again. I can't--I  
can't see it! PLEASE STOP! PLEASE  
STOP! OHMYGOD! STOP-STOP-STOP-SIOP-  
STOP-!! IT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S TOO  
MUCH!

Dr. Campos tries to regain control, counts her back out of  
hypnosis as she wails uncontrollably.

CAMPOS

--Focus on my voice--

ABBEY

-HE'S BLEEDING EVERYWHERE! THERE'S  
BLOOD ALL OVER ME-

CAMPOS

-Focus on my voice, you will be fully  
awakened and conscious in 5,4,3,2,1...

*Abbey breaks hypnosis, sits up, doesn't remember crying,  
wipes tears, sits a moment silently, awkwardly, before burying  
her face in her hands and crying.*

Campos puts an arm around her shoulders.

CAMPOS

Abbey...

She cries for a little bit longer and then wipes her eyes.

ABBEY

If I could just see his face we  
could...I--feel so...He was killed  
and I was right there--and I--I--  
can't described who did it...!

CAMPOS  
It's natural to feel guilt...it's  
just as unnatural to feel it was  
your fault.

She wipes her face again.

ABBEY  
(whispers)  
I can't help it.

CAMPOS  
You said something there...you said  
'It's too much.' What did you mean  
by that?

Abbey thinks a moment...and then slowly shakes her head.

ABBEY  
...I don't know....

CAMPOS  
It feels like maybe it's...something  
we should keep an eye on.

Campos holds her hands in a very paternal way, trying to  
comfort her.

TIMECODE: 00:04:57

CAMPOS  
You should consider taking some time  
off -- real time. That two weeks  
didn't count. It may help you find  
clarity with what happened--

ABBEY  
I want to finish the study.

CAMPOS  
Which is exactly what I knew you'd  
say. Which is what you always say  
when confronted with the notion of  
spending time away from work. Uncle  
Sam isn't exactly beating down your  
door for a return on his investment.

Abbey shakes her head.

ABBEY  
It meant a lot to Will. He would of  
wanted me to finish it as soon as I  
could.

Off Campos' look --

ABBEY

I'll be OK.

She stands up abruptly lifting her face out of frame, wiping stray tears, attempting to pull it together

ABBEY

I know you wouldn't, but please don't tell anyone about our sessions.

(small smile)

Wouldn't be good for my practice.

CAMPOS

Of course.

TIMECODE: 00:05:29

He reaches towards the camera, pulls the tape out and hands it to her.

ABBEY

Thanks.

CUT TO:

A RED CESNA

SOARS HIGH above the SNOW COVERED world of Alaska, cutting hard to the left as it ROARS across the afternoon sky.

IN THE COCKPIT

Abbey flies the plane, her face is a little more composed. Flying is the best therapy of all.

A family picture of Will and her two children Ronnie and Ashley decorates the dashboard.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

When I flew, I felt at peace. It was just me, the wind and the clouds.

THE CESNA

straightens out and FLIES over

SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS -- their rolling hills of white are blindingly beautiful.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

I think Alaskans are lucky in that way--that flying is one of the only ways to get around the state.

The plane SOARS UP and over another MOUNTAIN RANGE, revealing a town nestled next to the sparkling waters of the ARCTIC, and the MONSTROUS blue-white ice of a GLACIER behind it.

This is a town on the edge of the wild.

TITLE: NOME, ALASKA

IN THE COCKPIT.

Abbey is smiling.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)  
Welcome Ten-twenty-three, you've got some clear air turbulence ahead, some cross winds, descend to one-fifty, hold at altitude.

ABBEY  
(to mic)  
Thanks--descending to one-fifty and holding, ten-twenty-three.

Abbey throttles down and the plane begins its descent.

ABOVE NOME

the AIRPORT RUNWAY comes into view as 1023 glides towards it, passing over the warehouse style buildings and two lane roadways of Nome.

IN THE COCKPIT.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)  
Ten-twenty-three you're clear to land.

ABBEY  
Ten-twenty-three's landing -- have a good day Ori.

ORI (radio)  
You too Abbey, thank you.

She pulls hard to the left,

BANKING THE PLANE

almost sideways in a fighter jet like maneuver. The wing flaps straighten out, straightening out the plane as

IN THE COCKPIT

the RUNWAY lines up directly with the front of the windshield. Abbey throttles down further and tilts the nose up as the

GROUND RUSHES

up to meet her.

MATCH CUT TO:

ABBEY'S VOLVO ROARS

down Ahkovak Street. Snow covered barrack type buildings dominate both sides of the road. She turns left

ONTO APAYAUK STREET,

heading south as snow falls.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE,

Abbey's car pulls into the driveway of a Victorian styled building, passing a SIGN: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE.

IN THE LOBBY

Abbey strides in fully composed and collected. She passes by her secretary's desk, where THERESA[ALIAS], 50's, a dark haired woman with beauty rarely seen at her age, types on a computer.

ABBEY

Any messages?

THERESA

No, but Scott's waiting in your office, and you have a four and a five o'clock.

ABBEY

(nods)

Thanks.

THERESA

How was it coming in?

ABBEY

Bumpy. You'd think as beautiful as that sky was, the air could never be that rough.

THERESA

The stuff that really shakes us, we seldom ever see coming.

Abbey kind of smiles at that, what it means, how matter-of-factly it was uttered. She walks down a hallway and into

HER OFFICE

to find SCOTT STRACINSKY[ALIAS], 41 -- Troubled. Tense.  
Sleepless circles are carved beneath his eyes.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as SCOTT STRACINSKY

Abbey beams, greets him warmly.

ABBEY  
How you doing Scott?

SCOTT  
Alright.

She closes the door and sets her stuff down on her desk. Wooden panelled bookshelves line three of the walls, and the fourth a wall of windows featuring a vast snowscape outside.

A deep leather couch flanked by two plush chairs are at the center of the room, her desk is off to the side. This is an office of comfort, of trust. One feels at ease within these walls.

ABBEY  
Make yourself comfortable.

They sit on the chairs directly across from each other. On the coffee table she pushes eject on her tape recorder and inserts a tape labeled: SCOTT STRACINSKY

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO  
RECORDED: 10-1-00  
LOCATION: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE

ABBEY  
(gently)  
How've you been sleeping?

He shakes his head.

SCOTT  
It's worse. I wake up in the middle of the night, almost every night now...and just lie there.

ABBEY  
What time does this usually occur?

SCOTT  
Around two-thirty, three in the morning.

ABBEY  
And nothing's waking you up?

SCOTT  
Nope, nothin'.

ABBEY  
 (writing, nodding)  
Mm-hmm.

SCOTT  
Just...there's one thing, there's--

Abbey looks up from her notepad.

SCOTT  
...I do remember somethin'...I...

Scott's eyes dart back and forth, searching for something in his subconscious.

SCOTT  
....It's an owl. At my window.

ABBEY  
An owl?

JESSICA POEMAN[ALIAS],

36, an eskimo like beauty now sits where Scott was.

JESSICA  
A white owl. It was just looking at me.

ABBEY  
How long was it there?

TOMMY FISHER,

36, white, tall, and has the bearing of solid rock, now sits where Jessica was sitting.

-- WE JUMP BETWEEN SESSIONS --

TOMMY  
Hours. No matter what I did it  
wouldn't fly away. It wasn't scared  
of me.

ABBEY  
What was it doing?

SCOTT  
It was just staring at me.

FLASH TO:

A SNOW OWL

fixes its eyes onto us -- into us, regarding us curiously,  
knowingly...

CUT TO:

ABBEY CONTINUES.

ABBEY

Have you seen it before?

JESSICA

Yeah I think so. Once...when I was  
a kid.

ABBEY

Before then?

TOMMY

Uh-huh...I guess I've seen it a lot.  
You think that's what's keeping me  
up?

ABBEY

How much is a lot?

SCOTT

Every night this week.

ABBEY

Every night? You mean, every time  
you go to bed?

Tommy nods, rubs his face.

TOMMY

...I think it came inside.

ABBEY

Was the window open?

SCOTT

No.

ABBEY

Then how did it come inside?

JESSICA

I don't know. I remember it looking  
down at me.

ABBEY

Over your bed?



TOMMY

I think so...it's really hard to remember. It's almost like it didn't-- didn't happen. You know, like a dream. Like I just dreamt it.

Abbey sits back and regards Tommy carefully.

ABBEY

Would you mind coming in tomorrow?

TOMMY

Sure. I mean, if you want me to, or think it's important.

ABBEY

I do and it's...nothing to be alarmed about at all, it's just...there's some interesting coincidences here and I want to try something different.

TOMMY

What do you mean?

ABBEY

You're not the first patient I've had who has experienced something like this.

TOMMY

Whatever you wanna do Doc, you know I've always really trusted you and Will.

He bites his tongue.

TOMMY

I'm sorry...I-- wasn't...thinking.

ABBEY

I'm fine, it's OK.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

is almost below the snowed horizon as Abbey's VOLVO pulls up in front of a series of COZY BUNGALOWS known as

NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CHILDREN meander about, walking home or waiting for their rides.

IN NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- LOBBY.

ASHLEY TYLER, 6, the cutest, saddest, little girl you've ever seen, sits on a bench looking straight ahead, not seeing the children as they pass by her.

Next to her rests a long white walking stick. This child is blind.

RALPH[ALIAS] (6) runs up to Ashley and makes all kinds of faces at her. She whips up her stick and just misses his face.

RALPH

Hey!

ASHLEY

Knock it *off*.

He sticks out his tongue one more time and runs off.

FADE IN TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

I felt so sorry for my baby...and I feel...responsible...it's not a phenomenon that a lot of people understand and we've had to make quite an adjustment.

FADE OUT TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

Abbey enters the LOBBY and walks over to her. She looks at her daughter with sad eyes, but she keeps it from her voice.

ABBEY

Hi sweetheart.

ASHLEY

Hi mommy.

ABBEY

What's wrong?

ASHLEY

Nothing.

Abbey takes her hand and she stands up. They walk out

ONTO THE STREET

and towards her car, Abbey leading the way.

ABBEY

How was school?

ASHLEY

OK.

ABBEY  
Yeah? OK? Did something happen?

A beat.

ASHLEY  
Ralph called me a 'faker'.

ABBEY  
A what? A "faker?"

ASHLEY  
He said I could see before and now I was just pretending. He said I just wanted everybody to feel sorry for me because of Daddy.

Abbey blanches, hates hearing this kind of stuff.

ABBEY  
Wasn't Ralph the kid your friends caught eating his own boogers?

This makes Ashley smile.

ASHLEY  
Yeah.

ABBEY  
Then why are we worried about what Ralph's saying. Ralph's got his own problems.

ASHLEY  
Yeah mommy.

ABBEY  
(bends to tickle her)  
Yeah?

ASHLEY  
(squirming)  
YEAH!

Abbey picks her tiny body up in to her arms and spins her around. The two girls laugh as they get in and Abbey starts the car up.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

It's a two story house situated up on a hill that looks like it's right out of a storybook.

Snow falls lightly as the Volvo pulls up into the driveway, all of Nome can be seen behind it.

## IN ABBEY'S KITCHEN

Ashley sits at the kitchen table listening to the Discovery Channel on TV. She passes her hand back and forth in front of her eyes, trying to see it.

Abbey cooks soup and meat loaf behind her.

ASHLEY

Mom?

ABBEY

Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY

When's dinner gonna be ready?

ABBEY

Soon.

ASHLEY

How soon?

ABBEY

Real soon.

The kitchen door opens and RONNIE[ALIAS], 15, walks inside, his boots caked in snow. He's tall for his age, has an athletic build and a huge chip on his shoulder.

ABBEY

Hi darling.

ASHLEY

Hi!

RONNIE

(mutters)

Hey.

Abbey glances over at him.

ABBEY

Your boots.

He sighs, takes them off, throws them next to the door, and walks off into the living room. Abbey watches him go.

## IN ABBEY'S DINNING ROOM

the three of them sit at the dinning room table in prayer. Abbey and Ashley's heads are bowed, Ronnie's is not, and his eyes are open.

ABBEY

Lord, thank you for everything we have. Please continue to bless our family. Please help Ashley overcome her loss of sight, help her see again like she did. Thank you, in Jesus' name we pray, Amen.

ASHLEY

Amen.

They begin eating in awkward silence.

ABBEY

(to Ronnie)  
How was school?

RONNIE

(shrugs)  
It was alright.

ABBEY

Learn anything new?

RONNIE

No.

The silence continues for awhile. Ashley cocks her ear back and forth between the two of them.

ABBEY

(to Ronnie)  
What time's your game tomorrow?

RONNIE

Seven.

ABBEY

Who you playing?

RONNIE

I told you already, Browerville.

ABBEY

I'm sorry, I forgot.

RONNIE

Dad never forgot.

That comment stings Abbey.

ABBEY

Well...your dad's not here.

RONNIE

No...he's not.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(looking up, glowering)  
Can you accept it yet?

ABBEY  
Accept what?

RONNIE  
(like stone)  
...what happened to dad.

Abbey absently grabs a platter of food.

ABBEY  
Not in front of your sister.

ASHLEY  
What do you mean?

ABBEY  
Nothing honey.

RONNIE  
You're never gonna face it are you?

ABBEY  
Stop it.

ASHLEY  
Face what?

Ronnie turns to Ashley, seems to forget she's only six.

RONNIE  
How dad died.

Ashley gasps.

ABBEY  
*Damn it Ronnie!* What's wrong with  
you?

Ronnie pushes himself back from the table.

RONNIE  
You go around helping other people  
with their problems--

ABBEY  
--stop it! *Stop it!--*

RONNIE  
--and you can't even help yourself.

ABBEY  
--What the hell is that supposed to  
mean--?

Ronnie walks out.

RONNIE  
--Or your kids...

Somewhere in the house, a door slams.

ASHLEY  
Mommy...? What did--what does he  
mean...?

No answer...

ASHLEY  
Mommy...?

Unable to answer Abbey looks at her angelic face...at  
innocence only a child can demonstrate.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

the night is complete. An OWL perched on a branch watches  
through the windows as lights are turned off. All is still.

*FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'*

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
You know...he was right. Not only  
could I not help myself, I couldn't  
help him either.

IN ABBEY'S LIVING ROOM

she turns off the lights and walks down the

HALLWAY

to

ASHLEY'S BEDROOM DOOR.

She peeks in and sees Ashley lying in bed. The love is  
obvious on her face. She continues

DOWN THE HALLWAY

to Ronnie's room. The door is cracked and she peeks

INSIDE.

He's lying in bed as well, the lights are off. She stares,  
unsure what to do about him, then walks away.

*FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'*

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
 I realized that...for the first time  
 as a mother, I became the enemy. I  
 represented to him everything that  
 was bad in life, and I also  
 represented failure.

Ronnie opens his eyes as his mother walks away, then slowly  
 closes them again.

ABBEY WALKS BY

another door, hesitates, then goes back and opens it.

IN THE STUDY.

Abbey turns the lights on revealing a rather large room with  
 two desks and books everywhere.

She walks over to Will's desk which is covered by papers,  
 folders and books in an orderly fashion -- it's as if it  
 were still in use.

A book catches her eye...it has a bookmark sticking out of  
 one of it's pages...marking a chapter titled: SUMERIAN.  
 Written on the bookmark is a name: AWOLOWA ODUSAMI, and  
 beneath it a PHONE NUMBER.

Beside the book sits a tape recorder. She considers it for  
 a moment, and then presses play.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO  
RECORDED: 9-8-2000  
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

WILL (tape recorder)  
More and more of my patient population  
are complaining of loss of sleep and  
insomnia. A small number continue  
to experience debilitating sleep  
disorders. This seems to be the  
trend throughout Nome. The number  
has jumped from five to twenty-three  
people in less than two months. The  
cause remains unknown.

Her eyes begin to well up.

IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM

she sits down on her bed, listening to the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO  
RECORDED: 9-8-2000  
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

Will's voice is heard...



WILL (tape recorder)  
...Even during the night months they  
 can't sleep. We've seen over three  
 hundred people throughout Nome who  
 are all exhibiting the same symptoms.

She pulls the sheets around her, lies down and continues to listen.

WILL (tape recorder)  
Around three in the morning they are  
 awakened for no apparent reason and  
 they wake up scared...as if  
 something's about to happen....  
 ...whether or not this is related to  
 the missing people...or disappearances  
 that have been going on...there's  
 not enough evidence to corroborate  
 that. But something is happening in  
 this town, in the middle of the  
 night....

ASHLEY  
 Daddy?

Abbey looks over at Ashley at the door.

ABBEY  
 No sweetie, it's a recording of  
 daddy's voice.

Hands outstretched, Ashley makes her way to the bed and cuddles next to her mom.

ASHLEY  
 If he came back would I be able to  
 see again?

ABBEY  
 Honey he can't come back. OK? He  
 can't. You'll be able to see  
 again...but you have to accept that  
 he's gone.

ASHLEY  
 I miss him.

Abbey sighs and her eyes well up.

ABBEY  
 I do too sweetheart.

The tape continues to play.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:



ABBEY

Tommy?

TOMMY

I...don't remember.

ABBEY

You don't remember what the owl looks like?

TOMMY

No...I don't see the owl now. It's not there any more.

ABBEY

Did it fly away?

TOMMY

No...I think it's...I don't really remember it...ever being there.

TIMECODE: 00:03:46

Tommy's eyes snap open but he's still under hypnosis. His eyes are glazed over, darting, wild with fear.

TOMMY

*There's someone outside my door.  
They're gonna open it!*

His breathing increases, sweat starting to form.

TOMMY

*The door's opening...*

He 'sees' what it is and his face bends and contorts as his mouth slowly opens wide and finally sound comes out.

TOMMY

JESUSSSSSSSS! OH MY GOD!!!! NO-NO-NONONONO!

ABBEY

*What's wrong?*

TOMMY

NONONONO!!! AAAAAHHHHHHH! AAAHHHHHH!

ABBEY

Tommy--

Abbey reaches towards him when he rears up suddenly, knocking her back. *SHRIEKING* at the top of his lungs.

He starts

KICKING OUT

with his legs repeatedly, FRANTICALLY, still SCREAMING.

ABBEY

*On the count of three you will return  
to conscious thought!*

TOMMY

NONONONONO!

ABBEY

*One...Two...Three!*

Tommy

CLIMBS BACK

HALFWAY OUT OF FRAME and

over the couch -- trying to get away from whatever it is  
that he's seeing --

and HITS

a coffee table HARD,

SHATTERING it

into a million pieces.

CAMERA ANGLE: He can still be seen on video, just behind the  
couch.

TIMECODE: 00:04:59

He sobs like a little kid, curls up into a fetal position,  
hiding his face, his hands bloodied, smearing it everywhere,  
still emitting the most shrill, ear-piercing screams, as if  
his soul were being gouged out with a spoon.

Abbey rushes over and kneels next to him, snapping her  
fingers.

ABBEY

*Tommy, it's not happening! It's a  
memory! Come out of it!*

Theresa hurries into the room, concerned, barely recognizing  
Tommy who's been transformed by the hysterics.

THERESA

T-Tommy?

ABBEY

*It's alright Tommy...it's alright.  
It's not real.*

Tommy, adamant.

TOMMY

It *is* real.

ABBEY

What did you see?

He looks around the room at the couch -- which has been shoved a few feet back -- he sees the shattered coffee table...his eyes hold no recollection of how it got that way. Finally:

TOMMY

Did I do all that?

ABBEY

Yeah you did, but it's OK.

(beat)

What did you see?

Tommy looks at her hard, intent...then slowly shakes his head.

TOMMY

It was.....Nothing.

ABBEY

But you said you saw something.

TOMMY

No...I didn't see anything.

TIMECODE: 00:06:02

He starts to get up, **STANDING OUT OF FRAME.**

THERESA

I'll call Sarah to pick you up--

TOMMY

No--I can--I'll drive myself.

ABBEY

Please, Tommy. We're trying to help.

TOMMY

Then help me get out of this room --  
I just need to get home.

Abbey holds a moment, looking at Tommy. There's still this great sense of fear, circling him, clouding over....

TOMMY

I'm ok...I'm ok.

ABBEY

Who are you trying to convince? Me  
or you?

(MORE)

ABBEY (CONT'D)

(pauses)  
Tommy, did you see what's been keeping  
you up? Was it the owl?

Tommy moves as though his skin were crawling.

TOMMY

I need to...  
(pauses, can't bring  
himself to)  
Can we talk about it next time?

ABBEY

(sighs, nods)  
Sure...if you're ready by then.

TOMMY

(nods)  
I am. I will be.

He points to the shattered coffee table.

TOMMY

Do you need me to pay for--

Abbey waves that suggestion off.

ABBEY

No--don't worry--its fine.

And with that, Tommy hastily grabs his jacket and walks out  
of the office. Abbey closes the door behind him, then leans  
back on it and lets out a breath. She holds a moment,  
thinking, before crossing to her desk.

ABBEY

Theresa could you get Tommy's wife  
on the phone please.

CUT TO:

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

That night at the game...the -  
quarterback wasn't able to throw the  
ball to Ronnie...

FOOTBALL FOOTAGE FADES IN LEFT OF FRAME creating a  
SPLIT/SCREEN with the INTERVIEW ROOM.

IN LEFT FRAME: A FOOTBALL FIELD

is LIT UP by gigantic FLOOD LIGHTS as snow falls over the  
crowd and players.

It's a full house -- everyone in Nome is here.

SCOREBOARD: Nome 0, BROWERVILLE 28.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The QUARTERBACK repeatedly misses his target, throwing balls into the grass, out of bounds, and over RONNIE'S HEAD, who then gets

A HELMET SLAMMED

into his chest. Abbey winces, Ashley is oblivious to what happened.

ABBEY  
(to Ashley)  
Ronnie just got hit.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
Then I found out it was because their  
normal quarterback, Timmy, wasn't  
there.

She falls silent...reliving a moment, her face growing darker  
by the second.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)  
Why was that relevant?

The corner of her mouth begins to twitch again.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
He was...uh...Tommy's son.

IN LEFT FRAME: The lights go out on the football field, and  
the image FADES TO BLACK.

IN RIGHT FRAME: The video lingers a moment on Abbey, then  
FADES OUT.

IN THE BLACK

a phone call is heard.

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO  
RECORDED: 10-3-2000, 2:34 AM  
LOCATION: NOME 911 EMERGENCY

TEXT OF THE DIALOGUE SCROLLS UP THE SCREEN

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)  
911, what's your emergency?

A WOMAN is crying, sobbing.

WOMAN (phone)  
(desperate whisper)  
Please help me!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)  
Ma'am what's the problem?

The WOMAN breathes hard then holds her breath.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)  
Ma'am?

WOMAN (phone)  
I think he's gonna kill us.

A GUNSHOT GOES OFF.

distorting the audio!

WOMAN  
Aaaaaahh--!  
(begs)  
Please stop!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR  
All available units respond  
to shots fired 2323 Aivik  
Street. Suspect on  
premises, armed and  
dangerous! Ma'am are you  
with me?

MAN  
GET OVER HERE!

WOMAN (phone)  
Why're you doing this?

MAN (phone)  
(CRYING)  
I DON'T WANT TO! BUT I DON'T HAVE A  
CHOICE!

The WOMAN'S SCREAMING and KICKING as she's dragged away from  
the phone.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR  
Ma'am? Ma'am? They're on their  
way, hold on!

CUT TO:

A POLICE TRUCK CAMERA

bounces chaotically as it shows the HOUSE at  
 2323 AIVIK STREET.

The image is dark, pixelated and black and white.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO  
 RECORDED: 10-3-00 COP TRUCK



CAMERA ANGLE: WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE, PIXELATED BLACK AND WHITE  
 LOCATION: HOUSE ADDRESS: 2323 AIVIK STREET.  
 RUNNING TIMECODE: 02:25:15

*SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED*

MUZZLE FLASHES can be seen popping off through the windows.

IN SHERIFF AUGUST'S POLICE TRUCK,

SHERIFF AUGUST [ALIAS], 45, a man with a beard and chin length hair, he looks like he's fought animals in the wild and won.

He drives intensely as his emergency sirens flash. He's yelling into his cell phone.

AUGUST

*Cut in now and transfer me into that house!*

The COP CAMERA continues bouncing roughly as the cop truck comes to a stop, aimed at the HOUSE.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00, 2:31 AM

LOCATION: NOME PHONE ARCHIVES

The phone rings in August's ear. Someone answers.

MAN (phone)

Yeah.

AUGUST (phone)

Tommy!

(softens his tone)

What's going on in there?

TOMMY (phone)

August?

AUGUST

Yeah it's me.

TOMMY

I need to talk to Abbey Tyler.

AUGUST

Abbey's not here, but I can help you.

TOMMY

I have to talk to her!

Gunshots BLOW OUT

two front windows.

SCREAMS of his WIFE and CHILDREN can be heard over the phone.

TIMECODE: 02:26:07

AUGUST

OK! OK! Give me some time to get  
her up here.

Tommy hangs up on him.

AUGUST

Damn it!

August speed dials.

DISPATCH (phone)

Yes, sir.

AUGUST

Transfer me to Abbey Tyler.

CUT TO:

ABBEY'S PHONE RINGS

in her bedroom, waking her up. She answers it.

ABBEY

Hello?

AUGUST (phone)

*I need you down here now!*

ABBEY

August?

AUGUST

Tommy's gone crazy! He's asking for  
you--he's got his family hostage!

Abbey snaps wide awake--

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF TOMMY'S HOUSE

Abbey pulls up next to the cop trucks and gets out. August  
meets her at her door, his hands covering a cell phone.

AUGUST

He's got Sarah, Timothy, and Joe  
lined up in the kitchen with a gun  
to their heads.

August points to the kitchen, and Abbey can see all

**THREE OF THEM,**

SARAH(36), TIMOTHY(15), and little JOE(5).

TIMECODE: 04:01:07

Tommy has a gun pointed at them with one hand, and the other on the house phone. He yells through the window.

AUDIO, VIDEO ARCHIVES, INTERVIEW and NARRATIVE MATERIAL ARE USED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH MULTIPLE SPLIT/SCREENS.

COP CAM FOOTAGE fades in to the TOP LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from behind, and Tommy's house in front of her in the background.

ANOTHER COP CAMERA fades in to the BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from the side, and all the cop trucks.

The BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: contains the narrative footage.

All these frames constantly FADE IN AND OUT and GROW IN SIZE -- LARGER OR SMALLER contingent on emphasis.

TOMMY (phone)

Abbey!

In the TOP RIGHT FRAME: IN INTERVIEW ROOM

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*It was completely...surreal. To be there in the middle of the night...with all those police trucks...*

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Shocked by what she sees, ABBEY takes the phone from August.

ABBEY

Tommy...what's happening here?

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

TOMMY

I'm so sorry, but I've gotta do it!

ABBEY

Do what?

TOMMY

I-I--I don't have a choice.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME:

ABBEY

There's always a choice Tommy...We always have a choice.

TOMMY

Not this time.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

He grips the gun TIGHTER finger firmly around the trigger.

SARAH  
PLEASE! TOMMY! TOMMY!

JOE  
Daddy please stop!

ABBEY

Yes you do Tommy, you have a choice  
right now. You can choose to put  
the gun down--it's within your power.  
Someone is going to get hurt Tommy.  
Look at your wife, look at your boys.  
You would never let any harm come to  
them. You love them...

He shakes his head and makes direct eye contact with her  
through the broken glass.

TOMMY

I know what keeps us up at night.  
And if you saw what I saw...you would  
understand.

ABBEY

What did you see?

Tommy shakes his head.

TIMECODE: 04:02:02

TOMMY

It doesn't matter 'cause we're never  
gonna see it again.

ABBEY

(voice shakes)

Tommy...Tommy...okay, we're gonna  
talk for as long as we need to...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME:

August jumps on his radio --

AUGUST

If anyone's got a clear shot take it  
now!

OFFICER RYAN[ALIAS] (on radio)

That's a negative sir.

OFFICER GREGORY [ALIAS] (on radio)  
I've got nothing!

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

Abbey is crying, her voice is cracking.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 ...He wasn't listening to me...and  
 they were gonna kill him...and...

IN TOP LEFT FRAME & BOTTOM RIGHT:

TOMMY  
Do you know what  
 (he can barely  
 pronounce it)  
ZIMABU ETER, means?

ABBEY  
I didn't und-- can you  
repeat it?

AUGUST  
Anyone got a shot! Anyone!

TOMMY  
ZIMABU ETER! ZIMABU ETER! What the  
hell does it mean?

ABBEY  
I can find out for  
you.

AUGUST  
Anyone goddamn it!

TOMMY  
I need to know now! Right now!

ABBEY  
I need a little time! Just a--

TOMMY  
Then you can't help me.

ABBEY  
Tommy--I can help--I just need a  
little bit of time to--

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK!!!

Through the pixilated image we see

BULLETS

TEAR THROUGH Sarah's head and BLOOD ERUPTS from her SKULL  
as she COLLAPSES --

CRACK!

A BULLET RIPS TIMOTHY'S CHEST

WIDE OPEN

staggering him backwards --

JOE

DADDY!

CRACK!

Joe is

FLUNG

back against the kitchen wall,

HITTING IT HARD.

And then Tommy turns the gun on his own head

and FIRES,

BLOWING a HOLE

into the left side of his face, PROJECTING a SPRAY of

BONE and BLOOD

everywhere as his BODY falls forward and HITS the sink HARD.

Abbey's LEGS GIVE OUT and she collapses to the ground as the POLICE rush the house, swarming through the FRONT DOOR and into the KITCHEN.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

*Dr. Tyler is crying harder.*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*It was--I couldn't believe--I didn't understand how he could--I'd never--*

*She can't finish.*

IN THE OTHER FRAMES:

AUGUST

Move, move!

Abbey climbs back up to her feet and runs towards the door, but then an OFFICER

GRABS HER

from behind, lifting her off her feet and pulling her back. She lets out a

SCREAM

as her arms and legs FLAIL WILDLY through the air.

AUGUST (on radio)  
GODDAMN IT! They're all dead.  
They're all gone...  
 (voice cracks)  
All of them...

TIMECODE: 04:04:37

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

NOME POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER.

Abbey sits at a plain table across from Sheriff August.

She's pale and her hair is stringy and unkempt -- August has large circles under red eyes -- they've been through the worst night of their lives.

A RECORDER rests on the table, recording.

TEXT -- AUDIO RECORDING

RECORDED: 10.3.00, 4:45 AM

LOCATION: NOME POLICE STATION

AUGUST  
You don't know what he saw?

ABBEY  
He wouldn't tell me.

AUGUST  
What did he tell you?

ABBEY  
That whatever he thought he saw wasn't  
an owl. It was something else.

AUGUST  
And that's what's been keeping him  
up at night?

She grinds her teeth, rubs her forehead.

TRANSITION FROM ARCHIVE AUDIO TO NARRATIVE AUDIO

ABBEY  
 Yeah.

AUGUST  
 So he was under hypnosis and that's  
 when he saw what he saw?

## Father comits murder-suicide

By Kate Ripple  
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska - Tommy Fisher murdered his wife and two children before committing suicide yesterday night at approximately 3:30 AM, following several hours of hostage negotiations. Authorities have yet to determine motivation and no note was left behind.

Neighbors have commented that Tommy frequently complained of insomnia and had paid regular visits to a psychiatrist. Homicide in Nome is higher than the state average due to multiple unsolved murder and missing person cases dating back to the 1960's.



ABBEY

Yeah.

AUGUST

How do you know what he saw was real?

She's quiet a moment.

ABBEY

I don't know that it was.

AUGUST

So what you're telling me is that Tommy might have done all of this based on something that may not exist at all.

ABBEY

All I know, is that he believed what he saw. And I saw more fear in his eyes than I've ever seen in my life.

AUGUST

Had you not hypnotized him, would he have done these things?

ABBEY

What do you mean?

AUGUST

If you hadn't hypnotized him, would he have murdered his family?

ABBEY

That's a ridiculous and offensive questi--

AUGUST

--*What's ridiculous and offensive* is that an entire family is lying in the morgue from a murder suicide and the last meaningful contact the murderer had, was with you.

ABBEY

What happened last night would have manifested itself eventually. Whatever it was it was something he'd been suppressing. In eleven years of practice I've never--

AUGUST

--Why didn't you notify us? If you suspected that he was unstable, after an admittedly violent episode, in your presence, in your office--

ABBEY

--When he left he was perfectly coherent. I called his wife and asked her to keep an eye on him.

AUGUST

And now she's dead.

Abbey rises to her feet, her eyes blazing.

ABBEY

I'm not gonna sit here--

AUGUST

Sit down.

ABBEY

--and listen to your theories on how hypnosis induced murder--

AUGUST

Sit! Down!

ABBEY

--caused this--

AUGUST

I'm trying to figure out what caused one of the worst homicides in the history of Nome--

ABBEY

--There's something going on in this town that we don't understand. There's something happening to people when they sleep--

AUGUST

--I deal in what I see, not hallucinations. Not visions in the ether, but real flesh and blood things, four of which are lying on slabs next door--

Abbey SLAMS her fist onto the table.

ABBEY

How dare you-- my husband was lying on those same goddamn slabs, and you still haven't found his killer--

AUGUST

--WHAT? You know goddamn well what happened to Will--the case is closed for Christ's sakes--

ABBEY

No--No--you can't just file these things away without getting to what really happened. There are more unsolved murders and missing people in Nome than any other city in Alaska-- three years of which have been under your watch! Whatever is happening in this town is real, is dangerous, and must be dealt with!

August glares at her hard, then pushes stop on the recorder and stands up, towering over her.

AUGUST

As Sheriff of this town I'm warning you professionally. As a citizen and someone who grew up here, I'm warning you personally. Stop. Whatever governmental study you're conducting, whatever you and your husband were after, is bringing nothing but bad things to a town that's had enough. Now if I decided to press, I could make you an accessory to a multiple homicide. I don't want that...just like I don't want whatever you're doing to continue. So, in fairness, let this be understood...you've been warned.

CUT TO:

ABBEY'S HANDS SHAKE.

She balls them up in a fist and holds them tight. She's sitting on her BEDROOM BED, and tears are rolling silently down her face.

Fully clothed she lies down and curls into a little ball. She stays in that position, her eyes darting back and forth...thinking, thinking.

FADE IN RIGHT FRAME: THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE CAMERA is closer now, FRAMING Dr. Tyler in a CLOSE UP. Her eyes are red from crying, but her cheeks are now dry.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

You know...at the time...this was the worst day of my life...No matter what I told myself, no matter what excuses I came up with...there was so much guilt--guilt on top of guilt I already had...I felt responsible for Tommy's death--and his family's.

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)  
 And at the time, after all that  
 happened, I still didn't know why he  
 did it.

RIGHT FRAME -- INTERVIEW ROOM: DISSOLVES AWAY

FULL SCREEN:

Abbey reaches over to her nightstand and grabs her portable recorder which sits next to a PICTURE of WILL.

She checks the tape in it then hits record.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO  
 RECORDED: 10-3-00  
 SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER  
 LOCATION: ABBEY'S BEDROOM

ABBHEY

All of the patients have reported  
 seeing the same 'white owl'. Tommy  
 mentioned his memory of the owl was  
 wrong, that he didn't see it  
 anymore...it seemed to be some sort  
 of false recollection.

(doses off)

...The question is, if under hypnosis,  
 will the others feel the same way?  
 And will they see what he saw?

She doses off again, and then her eyes flash open.

ABBHEY

...we'll have to proceed with extreme  
 care...What's happened here is tragic,  
 but remains unexplained...and worse,  
 unsolved...Like Will...and...

Her eyes close and her hand goes limp. She starts snoring  
 softly.

CUT TO:

THE MORNING SUN RISES

above Nome, blazing rays off the snow and ice, and revealing a SNOW OWL sitting on a tree branch -- it's eyes boring right into us.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S OFFICE, DRIVEWAY.

Light snow falls as Abbey drives up to find Theresa talking quietly to someone unexpected -- Dr. Abel Campos. She kills the engine and gets out.

ABBEY

Abel?

CAMPOS

...I heard what happened. I wanted to make sure you were OK.

ABBEY

You came all the way up here?

He opens his arms wide and gives her a warm hug. At first she resists and then relents while fighting back tears.

ABBEY

(sighs)

You didn't have to, I'm fine.

CAMPOS

You want to talk?

She pulls away and digs in her purse.

ABBEY

I can't--not now. Theresa could you transcribe this for me?

She hands her the PORTABLE RECORDER, and starts to head inside.

THERESA

(watches, inspects her)

Do you want me to cancel your schedule--

ABBEY

No-no-

THERESA

--I'm sure they'll understand...

CAMPOS

...Abbey...

She finally turns back around.

CAMPOS

How you feeling?

ABBEY

(lies)

Ready to get the day started.

CAMPOS

A lot's happened. None of it good. You think maybe it's time to take a step back, maybe consider a sabbatical.

ABBEY

I love that word, it doesn't sound anything like what it actually means, which is "time off."

CAMPOS

Then call it a "break."

ABBEY

I did a lot of, thinking, a lot of soul searching about...what I'm doing here, about myself, Will.

She shakes her head slowly.

ABBEY

I would have never, ever thought, in a million years, that Tommy, would do what he did and wipe out his entire existence.

CAMPOS

--Abbey--

ABBEY

--Nor would I have thought, that I'd be sitting here as a widow when less than a month ago I was happily married and raising two healthy children, one of which has now lost their sight as a result of all this...

CAMPOS

--you need to step away...for perspective--clarity on what happened. You can't continue--

ABBEY

--No Abel. I can. And have to. That's the only thing that's still possible, within my power... Continuing. Finding out what's caused this. I don't believe that what happened to Will and what happened to Tommy and his family are unrelated. I don't think that five people slain in a little over three weeks can be chalked up to simple coincidence-- especially in a town that has a history of death and disappearance.

Campos says nothing, staring at the snow.

CAMPOS

Then would you mind if I stayed on for a bit?

(MORE)

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

Kept an eye on you, since you don't  
seem too keen on doing so yourself.

Abbey can't help the tears, she embraces Campos. He holds  
her fast.

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER

Abbey walks in to find Scott Stracinsky and his wife  
CINDY[ALIAS] (31) seated on the couch. Scott is clearly  
agitated, having trouble sitting still.

ABBEY

Good morning.

SCOTT

Hey.

CINDY

'Morning doctor.

Abbey sets her things down and then sits in the chair next  
to them. They are clearly tense. Abbey does her best to  
ease into things.

ABBEY

So...lots to talk about.

Scott, anxious, chomping at the bit.

SCOTT

(almost blurting out)  
What happened to Tommy?

ABBEY

I can't really discuss another  
patient's--

SCOTT

--He's dead. You should be able to  
discuss everything!

Abbey relents a bit.

ABBEY

It was something--I believe--to do  
with his sleeping habits.

Cindy caresses Scott's shoulders. He is inconsolable.

CINDY

We're really worried, obviously.  
It's the second suicide in a month...

ABBEY

I understand.

SCOTT

We want you to hypnotize me too. We need to know if there's anything I'm not remembering. I feel like--we feel like--that the best thing to do is to face it.

ABBEY

If you want to undergo that, it has to be done very delicately.

(beat, then)

Is it alright if I have Dr. Campos come in to observe? He's a visiting doctor that I trust, and I think we should have another pair of eyes and ears in here.

The couple look at each other and nod in agreement.

SCOTT

Sure.

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER.

Scott is

HYPNOTIZED

on the couch,

and Abbey is sitting in a chair right next to him.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-3-00, 10:26 AM

CAMERA ANGLE: OVER ABBEY'S SHOULDER, LOOKING FROM THE WAIST UP AT SCOTT

SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO CAMERA

LOCATION: TYLER PSYCHIATRIC CARE

RUNNING TIMECODE:00:01:35

*SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED*

Campos and Cindy sit behind a little distance away. The video camera is ROLLING.

ABBEY

When was the last time you had trouble sleeping?

SCOTT

Last night.

ABBEY

Do you remember seeing anything unusual last night?



He's quiet for a moment.

SCOTT

Yes.

ABBEY

What did you see?

SCOTT

An owl.

Abbey looks over at Campos.

ABBEY

Tell me about the owl.

SCOTT

Its a white owl...its eyes are big,  
like...I don't know, it doesn't look  
like a normal owl....

He trails off and stops, confusion crosses his face.

ABBEY

Scott?

His head turns to the left, then to the right, as if on  
strings.

SCOTT

There is no owl.

He grows alarmed.

SCOTT

Honey, wake-up. Did you hear that?

Scott pushes the couch on his left side, as if trying to  
wake up his wife.

SCOTT

Wake-up! She's not waking up.  
Someone's outside the door.

*Then he freezes and sucks in his breath hard and sharp, and  
his face contorts in complete and absolute terror.*

*He WHIMPERS and starts to hide behind his hands.*

TIMECODE:00:02:46

ABBEY

(softly)

Remember Scott, none of this is  
happening right now, OK? Tell me  
what you see.

SCOTT  
 (whispers)  
 Something's out there.

ABBEY  
 Can you see who it is?

SCOTT  
 Not who, WHAT. I know what they  
 are. They come all the time, since  
 I was little.

ABBEY  
 'What' are they?

SCOTT  
 They're gonna open the door...How'd  
 they get in without setting off the  
 alarm? I armed it! I know I did!  
 (he shivers)  
 I thought they only come when I think  
 about them. I wasn't thinking about  
 them tonight!

He puts his hands together in prayer.

SCOTT  
 Our father which though in heaven,  
 hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom  
 come, thy will be done--give us this  
 day our daily bread, forgive-- They're  
 not going away!

Then he jerks back VIOLENTLY and  
 SHRIEKS!

SCOTT  
 AAHHHHHHH! NOOOO! AAHHHHHHHHH!

ABBEY  
 On the count of three you're waking  
 up! ONE, TWO, THREE!

Scott gives a final yell and then jumps to his feet. He  
 looks around at them in complete SHOCK.

TIMECODE:00:04:01

SCOTT  
 God...

He sinks back to the couch, holding his stomach, then GAGS  
 and THROWS UP

all over the floor. Abbey rubs his back, trying to relax him.

ABBEY

It's OK...it's OK...

SCOTT

(crying)

It's unbelievable. It doesn't make any sense!

ABBEY

You don't have to rush. Whenever you're ready you can tell us what you saw.

Campos hands him a tissue and he wipes his mouth then starts making strong gestures.

SCOTT

(harsh whisper)

Abbey...these...I saw them.

ABBEY

Who are them?

SCOTT

They're not from here.

ABBEY

What do you mean?

SCOTT

(crying)

*They're not from here, they don't look like you! They don't look like us. They're tall, like six and a half feet, and really skinny,*

*(gestures to her)*

*like half as wide as you. And their skin is this-this-this beige color, like the color of an egg and they've got these gigantic heads, that make a point in the back...*

*(pauses)*

*And their eyes. They're black, and so huge--*

He cups his hands together making a GIANT OVAL. Abbey can't disguise her disbelief, as she slowly pulls away from him.

SCOTT

*And they're slanted so they fit their head--and I remember the smell--like a-a-a putrid, cinnamon--do you UNDERSTAND what I'm saying?*

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

And the worse part was the voice in my head--cause they talk so you can hear them, but they also talk *INSIDE* of your mind. Like-like-like you're connected or something...and then they take me away, to somewhere--b-b-but I can't remember where, I-I-can't remember what they *DO* to me....I--

He can't go on, convulsing hard as he cries. And no one can even move to comfort him. His own wife Cindy, immobilized with fear and disbelief

Abbey and Campos exchange looks -- what the hell is going on here?

ABBEY

That will be enough for today.

Cindy goes over to her husband and hugs him.

CINDY

I'm sorry...

ABBEY

Now, because of the circumstances I'm going to have to inform Sheriff August that we met. That we had this session.

CINDY

Yes, yes, please do.

Scott takes a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm himself down.

TIMECODE:00:06:57

SCOTT

(to Abbey)

Now I know why Tommy did what he did.

ABBEY

Why?

SCOTT

You have to have seen it.  
(pauses, wipes tears)  
What it is.

ABBEY

And what is it?

SCOTT  
...the worst...

ABBEY  
Of what?

SCOTT  
(looking up at her)  
...anything you've ever seen.

An awkward moment. Abbey trying to process the larger meaning when:

CINDY  
Come on, let's go home.

Scott stands, steps around the vomit.

SCOTT  
I'm sorry--

ABBEY  
It's OK--

SCOTT  
--if you need me to--

ABBEY  
--don't worry about it, we'll get it  
cleaned up--OK?

SCOTT  
(takes a breath)  
...OK thanks.

Scott walks out of her office, with Cindy's help. Abbey glances over at Campos who is still glued to his seat, his eyes pinned to her.

CAMPOS  
What the hell was that?

TIMECODE:00:07:39

She walks over to the camera and switches it OFF. She sits on the couch and takes a deep breath.

ABBEY  
Have you heard of abduction theories?

CAMPOS  
Abductions? Like kidnappings?

ABBEY  
Yeah, but...no. Abductions as in...

Abbey, leading him along. Campos' face suddenly falls.

CAMPOS  
Wait, like "alien"? Alien abductions?

ABBEY  
I'm pretty sure that's what we just heard.

Campos, shaking his head in disbelief, disdain.

ABBEY  
If you look at the statistics  
...they're impressive. Will was  
into that a little bit...

She trails off, recalling...processing...

ABBEY  
He did a little research and found  
that there are ninety million people  
worldwide who have reported seeing  
or know of someone who saw a UFO  
since 1930.

CAMPOS  
(dismissive)  
The idea that any of that is real...

ABBEY  
Come on Abel, you're not going to  
take the classic scientific stance  
against something that boasts ninety-  
million witnesses? That many people  
wins any court case in the world.

CAMPOS  
There are just as many logical  
explanations and reasons. Weather  
balloons, atmospheric effects, optical  
illusions...We have to deal in hard,  
empirical evidence, not--

POUND-POUND-POUND--someone's knocking on the door. Theresa  
barges into the room breathing hard, her eyes wild, her manner  
unhinged.

THERESA  
You're tape have you heard your tape!?

ABBEY  
Slow down, what's wrong?

THERESA  
You're tape-- the one you gave me to-  
transcribe, have you listened to it?

ABBEY  
What is it?

IN THE OFFICE LOBBY, MOMENTS LATER.

Theresa grabs the PORTABLE recorder off her desk and hits REWIND. Abbey and Campos stand next to her. Abbey looks deeply concerned...and a little scared.

THERESA

I don't know what it is, what's going on. I'm just going to hit play okay?  
(pauses, looking back  
at Abbey)

I don't want to hear it again.

Theresa hits

PLAY

and then hurries out of the room.

Abbey's voice can be heard on the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00

SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER

LOCATION: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER

ABBEY (tape recorder)

...The question is, if under hypnosis,  
will the others feel the same way?  
And will they see what he saw.

...Abbey, listening to herself from the previous night, leans in closer...

ABBEY

...we'll have to proceed with extreme  
care...What's happened here is tragic,  
but remains unexplained...and worse,  
unsolved...Like Will...and...

Static...white noise...we hear the rustling of sheets, then  
more tape noise. Then we begin to hear her breathing slow,  
and develop into a SOFT SNORE.

Abbey looks at the recorder intensely, unblinking.

NOTE TO READER: AT THIS POINT THE RECORDING BECOMES  
INEXPLICABLY WORSE. WE CAN STILL HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT  
A LOW PITCHED STATIC SLOWLY GROWS LOUDER.

...more snoring, snoring...

Then, in the background, a

CREAKING DOOR

is heard OPENING.

Campos, engrossed--

CAMPOS  
What-the-hell...

SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS

patter on her wooden floor.

Abbey's heard taking in a

DEEP BREATH

almost choking on it and then she

SCREAMS!!!!

AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS!

TOTAL, COMPLETE, and ABSOLUTE FEAR

SHREDDING her THROAT--

ABBEY (tape recorder)  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BED SHEETS RUSTLE

violently as she

THRASHES BACK and FORTH.

ABBEY (tape recorder)  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

She continues

SHRIEKING.

barely stopping to take a breath, her voice

DISTORTING

the SPEAKER.

ABBEY (tape recorder)  
GOOOOODDD HELP MEEEEEEEEEE!!!! MAMA!  
MAMA! MAAAMAAAA!!!!  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Abbey starts BACKING AWAY

from the tape recorder,

HORRIFIED --



she doesn't understand, can't comprehend her voice doing these things.

ABBEY (tape recorder)  
AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHIIIIII!

Then a

LOW METALIC

almost

ELECTRONIC but ORGANIC

VOICE

cuts through it all, in a

COMMANDING, AUTHORITATIVE tone--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)  
E.NE.NE...ME.NA.AM...ME-EN-DE  
...KI.ULUTIM

A low BREATH INTAKE is heard, then--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)  
IGI KAR...A E...SA.

And FINALLY--

ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)  
ZIG...KAE...SUG.SAG GU.

Then a

HEAVY RUSTLING

is heard as ABBEY's SCREAMING

becomes more

DISTANT -- she's being taken away!

And then, we can't

HEAR HER AT ALL.

Silence plays on the recorder, and then it reaches the end of the tape and CLICKS to a stop.

They continue to stare at it for SEVERAL MOMENTS.

No one moves.

Campos's eyes rotate up and lock on Abbey.

But Abbey's eyes remain glued to the recorder.  
 She lets out a  
*whimper*  
 and then GRABS the  
 TAPE RECORDER  
 with both hands and physically tries to  
 CRUSH IT,  
*shaking UNCONTROLLABLY*  
 with the  
 EFFORT.

                                  ABBEY  
 AAAHHHGGGGG!

                                  -- FREEZE FRAME --

                                  -- ZOOM IN TO HER FACE --

                                  OLATUNDE (V.O.)  
*What are you thinking?*

MATCH CUT HER FACE TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

The real Dr. Tyler cries as the corner of her mouth twitches uncontrollably. The TAPE RECORDER is in Olatunde's hand...and her screaming can be heard.

He hits stop and rewind.

                                  THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 That's my voice on there. That's me--  
 and when you hear yourself doing  
 something you had no previous  
 recollection of doing--it's scary--  
 it's terrifying.  
 (she's forceful)  
 I've never screamed like that before--  
 my voice doesn't--I've never--ever,  
 even...

                                  OLATUNDE  
 After you heard it...did you...  
 remember it happening?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Oh God yes. Emotionally I was...  
After the initial shock, I was in  
denial--it couldn't be me--my voice--  
the scientist in me wanted--needed--  
another explanation. I went through  
what I could hold onto, which were  
the facts.

FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE LEFT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey is sitting uncomfortably at the edge of her bed, listening to the portable recorder.

Behind her the comforter is intertwined with the bed sheets -- it's a complete mess.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Olatunde hits play, and we hear Dr. Tyler snoring softly...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

(takes a breath)

So...I went home...to try and recount  
what happened during the recording  
...I was sleeping in my bed...when  
my door opened.

...we hear the door creak open on the recorder...

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks up at the door, and the blackness beyond.

IN RIGHT FRAME: We hear the sound of feet against wood.  
Fear contorts Dr. Tyler's face.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And...

(emotional)

...someone--or something came in my  
room...that wasn't supposed to be  
there.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey GRABS the bed sheets in her fists as she looks down at the wooden floorboard.

IN RIGHT FRAME: On the recording we hear Abbey take in a sharp breath, and then she screams at the top of her lungs.

We hear the METALLIC ORGANIC VOICE over her screams.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Something was there--something--there,  
inside the room with me--right next  
to me.

(whimpers)

And I didn't know what it was. Why  
it came--

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

--what it was going to do to me.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey grabs the sheets and slowly pulls them closer to her as she looks back at her open door.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And then...

(chokes up)

...whatever it was--it grabbed me--  
and I fought it, but it was too  
strong.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey SLAMS the BED SHEETS DOWN over and over, letting out all of her frustration.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And it took me away...

Her screaming grows increasingly distant as we hear her being taken away...and dragging scratching sounds can be heard...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

You know...the moment it became...too  
real..was when I looked down at the  
floorboards...

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey gets on her hands and knees between the bed and the door, and sees SLIGHT SCRATCHES in the wooden floor.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...and I saw scratches in the  
floor...leading all the way to the  
door.

She shakes her head and her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Were those there before? Or did I  
do that--when they were dragging me?  
Was I trying to claw my way back?

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks at her nails.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

## THE REAL DR. TYLER

But I uh--you know--I put myself  
back together. I was determined to  
know, to figure out what it was--

Her eyes harden.

## THE REAL DR. TYLER

--what came in my room--what it was  
saying--where it took me--and what  
it did to me. I listened to that  
tape over and over.

(cracks)

It was hard...but I did it. To find  
anything, something to explain...what  
it was.

## 4 SPLIT/SCREENS DISSOLVE IN

EACH SCREEN GROWS LARGER OR SMALLER and ROTATES POSITIONS in  
A COLLAGE OF MOVEMENT

depending on which one needs the most EMPHASIS.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Abbey hits PLAY on the tape recorder and listens to the tape.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: The TAPE RECORDER fills the entire  
frame as it plays.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey can barely listen to her screams,  
biting her lip harder and harder...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: We see her entire room, as she listens.

The 4 FRAMES ROTATE

positions, moving

COUNTER CLOCK WISE

as Abbey rewinds and plays the tape again, while writing  
notes down, trying to decipher what it is she's hearing --

as she REWINDS BACK,

ALL THE IMAGES OF ABBEY SIMULTANEOUSLY REWIND

as well, and then

PLAY

as she listens to her SCREAMING and the VOICE again.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Abbey's pen writes down phonetic syllables of what's being said. The 3 other

FRAMES REWIND AGAIN then PLAY

while the

BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Plays normally, and her pen continues to write down SYLLABLES.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey shakes her head -- they don't make sense.

They REWIND AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN,  
then PAUSE.

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: CUT TO -- THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

It wasn't Latin--wasn't Greek--it  
wasn't any language I had heard  
before. But I felt it was...the key  
to everything that was happening...to  
me to Will and everyone else in Nome--  
if I could decipher what--it was  
saying.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN: IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

OLATUNDE

Why didn't you take it to a linguistic  
or a phonetics specialist?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I wanted to--to take it to the college  
but...that was my voice on the tape--  
I mean...

(searches for words)

Something like that would of destroyed  
my reputation in a heartbeat. Doctors--  
scientists work to maintain a safe  
detachment from this type of thing  
because of those reputations. Since  
I've come out I can't possibly explain  
to you the ridicule I've endured--

Her voice cracks--she can't finish.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

So at the time, I needed someone  
outside of the community who wouldn't  
know me...

FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE IN LEFT FRAME.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey sits at Will's desk in their study.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
Then I found exactly what I was  
looking for.

IN LEFT FRAME: She picks up the book[TITLE BLURRED AT WRITERS REQUEST. THIS BOOK FOCUSES ON DEAD LANGUAGES]

The author can be seen -- [NAME OMITTED at writers request. His Alias is AWOLOWA ODUSAMI.] His photo is on the cover flap--a sharp looking Nigerian man in his mid thirties [PHOTO BLURRED.]

She turns to the book marked page with the SUMERIAN heading. Her fingers travel down the bookmark, passing his name and stopping on the scribbled writing of his phone number.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
Someone Will must have contacted. A  
linguist who is one of the best in  
the world. He's a professor on  
sabbatical out of [UNIVERSITY OMITTED]  
in Canada.

FADE OUT RIGHT FRAME. LEFT FRAME FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN.

Abbey picks up the phone--hesitates.....then dials--it rings...

MAN'S VOICE (phone)  
Hello?

ABBEY  
(swallows)  
Hello is...  
(can barely pronounce)  
...Doctor A-w-olowa there?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
This is he.

ABBEY  
...are you familiar with a man by  
the name of Dr. William Tyler?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
I am not.

ABBEY  
Oh...OK--well...thank you--

AWOLOWA (phone)  
May I ask who's speaking?

ABBEY  
I'm uh...uh...

AWOLOWA (phone)  
...work for the CIA?

ABBEY  
...no...do you?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
Yes.

ABBEY  
Excuse me?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
(chuckles)  
I was kidding. What is your--

SHE HANGS--stares at the phone as if it were a snake.

The PHONE RINGS--and she knows who it is, who it has to be.

ABBEY  
Hello...?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
But there was a man who called from  
this number...He called himself John.

ABBEY  
There's no John here.

AWOLOWA (phone)  
Exactly...

ABBEY  
What did he...why did he call you?

AWOLOWA (phone)  
He wanted a history lesson...on  
ancient languages.

Abbey absorbs this, takes it in--makes a decision--

ABBEY  
...look I uh--that man you talked  
to...?...he was...murdered and uh...I  
need you to hear me out...

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
*Doctor [NAME OMITTED] listened to  
me...he didn't judge me--or try and  
(MORE)*



THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*analyze me...he just listened...and  
 then he flew up to Nome...*

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

a COLD BLUE SUN

rises over Nome, *igniting* the snow white horizon with the light of dawn.

IN THE MIDDLE FRAME: The sun rises again, turning the frame from black to bright blue as the sun caresses the horizon.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME: A third time it rises, and then all the frames

JOIN AS ONE,

creating ONE SUN that *shines* incredibly BRIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

FALLING SNOW SLOWLY DISSOLVES IN,

hiding something...then an

EYE OPENS,

the GIGANTIC YELLOW EYE of an OWL, and then slowly, it CLOSES, disappearing from sight.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

OVER WHITE,

we hear Awolowa's voice --

AWOLOWA (O.S.)

I thought it was Akkadian but it's  
 not, it's Sumerian...I'm sure of it--  
 it's widely considered by my peers  
 to be the "Holy Grail" of dead  
 languages--but we still haven't  
 deciphered the entire lexicon--

We hear the

CLICK of a tape recorder starting...

and the MAN'S voice is heard...doubling the VOICE on Abbey's recording. His PRONUNCIATION is close -- but not perfect.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO  
 RECORDED: 10-3-00  
 SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER.  
 LOCATION: ABBEY'S OFFICE

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
<u>E.NE.NE... Me.NA.AM...</u>	E.ne.ne...Me.na.am...
<u>ME.EN.DE.EN KI.ULUTIM.</u>	Me.en.de.en KI.ULUTIM.

As they speak their WORDS move towards us out of the WHITE,  
 as if they were specters drifting out of FOG.

TEXT FADES IN -- E.NE.NE UD.ME.DA ME.EN.DE.EN KI.ULUTIM.

AWOLOWA (O.S.)  
 "Our creation"-- are the last two  
 words, don't know the first two--

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
IGI KAR...A E...SA...	Igi kar...a e...sa...

TEXT DISSOLVES IN: IGI KAR A E SA

AWOLOWA (O.S.)  
 "Examine" --is the first word.

VOICE (O.S.)	AWOLOWA (O.S.)
ZIG...KAE...SUG.ZAG GU.	Ie...kae...sug.zag gu.

TEXT DISSOLVES TO: ZIG A E SUG.ZAG GU

AWOLOWA (O.S.)  
 The last word is, "ruin" or...  
 "destroy."

TEXT FADES OUT

DISSOLVE TO:

A MOUTH

moves as we PULL BACK from it revealing AWOLOWA ODUSAMI a  
 Nigerian man in his early 40's, with a full head of hair,  
 and a neatly-trimmed beard. He's sitting in ABBEY'S OFFICE  
 with Abbey and Campos.

Abbey is absolutely floored, Campos slowly shakes his head.

AWOLOWA  
 "Our creation." "Examine." "Ruin"  
 or "destroy."

ABBEY  
 Ruin? Destroy? Who?

AWOLOWA

It's an incomplete translation--we don't know for sure what's being said.

ABBEY

Whatever it said...sounds aggressive.

CAMPOS

(can't process)  
This isn't making sense.

AWOLOWA

If this is authentic, then it's the first ever verbalized recording of the Sumerian language. We're talking about the oldest language in human history--

--he holds up the tape recorder--

AWOLOWA

--with a key on how to speak it.

ABBEY

But what was happening in my room?  
What was being done to me?

AWOLOWA

What's unsettling...is that whatever it is...it's vocals...it doesn't sound.....ordinary...

ABBEY

You mean human?

CAMPOS

Stop. Stop. Stop. Let's not fuel any more of these fires.

(to Awolowa)

There's any number of reasons for the distortion in that voice.

AWOLOWA

I'm not jumping to conclusions, but *her* voice sounds fine.

CAMPOS

The tape could have been recorded over and part of the old recording is still heard--

ABBEY

I don't recycle tapes.

CAMPOS

Well maybe you did this time!

AWOLOWA

That still doesn't explain why that voice is speaking a language that pre-dates Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Campos can't respond.

AWOLOWA

I've researched the Sumerian civilization for the last fifteen years of my life...and the things I've found in--in relation to this issue--are intriguing.

As Awolowa talks ARCHIVAL IMAGES flash across the screen --

AWOLOWA

You can go into any Sumerian exhibit and see what I'm about to tell you. Drawings of rockets--like Apollo--launching into the sky.

*IMAGE 1: A DRAWING OF SUMERIANS IN CEREMONY AS BEHIND THEM A ROCKET LAUNCHES INTO THE SKY.*

*IMAGE 2: A DRAWING OF MOUNTAINS AND TWO ROCKETS TOWERING OVER THEM.*

AWOLOWA

Etchings and sculptures of men in spacesuits, and what look like oxygen masks.

*IMAGE 3: A DRAWING OF A MAN WEARING A SPACESUIT AND AN OXYGEN MASK.*

*IMAGE 4: A SCULPTURE OF A MAN IN A SPACESUIT AND MASK*

AWOLOWA

All of this art was created in four-thousand B.C.

(emphasis)

Four-thousand years before Christ walked the earth.

*IMAGE 5: PAGES OF CUNIFORM WRITINGS NEXT TO BIBLICAL TEXT OF GENESIS AND NOAH'S ARK.*

AWOLOWA

Genesis, Noah's Ark--to name a few. Both of these stories existed in Sumer six thousand years before the Bible was written. Genesis came from the the Sumerian Epic of Creation. Noah's Ark came from the Sumerian's Deluge.

(MORE)

AWOLOWA (CONT'D)

The Alien-God legend has it's basis,  
it's origins, in Sumerian history.

Astounded they look at Awolowa, trying to process the flood  
of information. The phone is ringing but no one hears it.

AWOLOWA

You can find everything I've described  
in a museum right now.

CAMPOS

Bullshit.

AWOLOWA

And you're entitled to that reaction.  
I stated from the beginning that I  
would draw no conclusions, I am giving  
facts. Proof, from thousand of years  
of data collection and research.

Campos turns to Abbey.

CAMPOS

It's one thing to entertain a wild  
theory, it's quite another to invest  
in it. You honestly believe you  
were forcibly taken from your bedroom  
by members of an alien race?

Abbey, flummoxed, frustrated. The phone continues to ring  
incessantly. Abbey reaches over wearily, picking up the  
receiver.

ABBEY

(she listens)

Cindy? Sweetie, take a breath and  
try and calm down. Do you think  
he's a threat to you, or to himself?

Abbey eyes lock on Campos.

ABBEY

Good, where is he? OK, OK. Just  
stay there. Don't call the police.  
Not yet.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE A TWO STORY BROWN HOUSE.

Snow falls as the Volvo pulls into the driveway, and the  
three of them hurriedly get out of the car and walk up to  
the door.

Abbey knocks, and Cindy answers. Her eyes fall questioningly  
on Awolowa.

ABBEY  
This is Dr. Odusami. He's here to  
help.

AWOLOWA  
Good morning.

She nods -- too impatient to argue.

CINDY  
Come in.

They walk

IN SCOTT'S HOUSE,  
and follow Cindy down

A HALLWAY

and into the

MASTER BEDROOM

where Scott is lying in bed.

His skin is pale and clammy -- this man is not well.

ABBEY  
Scott?

SCOTT  
What took you so long?

ABBEY  
I'm sorry I got here as fast as I  
could.

SCOTT  
Last night was--was--

He's on the verge of tears, she puts a hand on his shoulder.

ABBEY  
Calm down...it's ok.

SCOTT  
Calm down?

ABBEY  
Scott?

SCOTT  
How can I--Y-y-you d-don't--

ABBEY  
Scott!

His teeth clench, air pushes through them like he's hyper-ventilating.

ABBEY

I'm here now...alright? Take your time...breathe for me, just try to keep yourself calm, I won't be able to help you if you're worked up.

He swallows, bites back a flow of tears that seem to have sprung from nowhere.

SCOTT

...I don't want to talk about it, but I have to. I have to, Ihaveto-Ihaveto...

ABBEY

I'm gonna set up the camera, alright?

SCOTT

No, I don't need anyon-- I don't want this getting out or--

ABBEY

--Scott, I need to make a record of this, I need to record your session for study, so we can find out what's going on with you.

A reluctant Scott nods and Campos sets-up the camera on the tripod.

SCOTT

I don't want to go under.

ABBEY

Then let's not do that. You relay as much as you can remember.

SCOTT

There's things...that I-I-I h-have to remember...But I can't, without...

ABBEY

Scott, I can put you under a very light hypnosis, if you're worried about...

SCOTT

I have to-- I have to remember, I have to get this out of my head, it feels like it's just dug in there. I can't think straight anymore.

(long pause, sighs)

I--I--fine...Do it.

Abbey studies him carefully -- then looks at Campos who looks right back.

CUT TO:

TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO  
 RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM  
 SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER  
 CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM  
 LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE  
 RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:03

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.

ABBEY

(soothingly)

Eight, seven, six, relax...there's a lot of people in the room with you now...you're not alone...relax...  
 ...relax...by the time I reach one, you will be asleep... Five  
 ...Four...Three...Two...One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at each other -- what next?

TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, piercing their ears.

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical bars of chaos. It is impossible to decipher anything.

[NOTE TO READER: ELECTROMAGNETIC INTERFERENCE (EMI) SCRAMBLED THE IMAGE BEYOND ANY RECOGNIZABILITY. THE SOUND IS ROUGH AND FULL OF STATIC, BUT CAN STILL BE UNDERSTOOD]

[NOTE: "-----" means the audio is too distorted or is untranslatable by the Sumerian experts.]

TIMECODE: 00:08:41



ROLLING BARS OF DISTORTION ARE ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN.

The rustling of bed sheets can be heard...

...and then a heavily accented METALIC VOICE speaks forth with:

ALIEN VOICE  
 ABBEYE TYLEREY.

A woman SHRIEKS and is heard running out of the room.

ALIEN VOICE  
 ABBEYEA ELIIZABETHHAY TYLEREYH. DI!

Abbey is quiet for another moment, and then words tremble out of her mouth.

ABBEY  
Deliver us from evil, for thine is  
the kingdom, and the power--

ALIEN VOICE  
 "-----" A AG SU MU, "-----" GU.E.

Someone is heard stumbling backwards--and then bed sheets rustle again. The ROLLING DISTORTION is moving faster than ever.

TIMECODE: 00:09:17

Abbey's sniffing and whimpering uncontrollably.

ALIEN VOICE  
GE.SHUR NAM NU HUR BUR. -----  
TEN ZAE AL.TAR A.DA.----- BI!!!

THE ROLLING BARS STOP -- CLARITY IS RESTORED.

SCOTT lies crumpled in the bed, completely limp and unconscious.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING their eyes out -- and crying hard.

TIMECODE: 00:09:55

-- FREEZE FRAME --

-- ZOOM IN UNTIL IMAGE PIXILATES --

...as we hear a CHORUS OF SOUND...

SLOWLY ZOOM OUT OF PIXILATION...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

They sit in the stillness, in the quietness of the room.  
Dr. Tyler's eyes are red, and her cheeks puffy.

ABBEY

...God.

OLATUNDE

I have something you've never seen  
before. And I'd like to show it to  
you.

ABBEY

(hesitant)  
...is it..?

OLATUNDE

Something that might upset you, yes.

A moment. Dr Tyler considers this.

OLATUNDE

Footage that you gave me-- restored  
footage--of what happened in [NAME  
WITHHELD] room.

Dr. Tyler's brow furrows.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Restored?

OLATUNDE

We translated it, and our engineers  
were able to minimize the effects of  
the electromagnetic interference.  
And if you look carefully, you can  
actually see a little bit of what  
happened.

She's quiet a moment, then slowly starts to shake her head.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I--I can't watch it.

OLATUNDE

I just want to play--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

There's no reason for me to--I can't  
relive it.

OLATUNDE

I thought if you could walk us through  
like you did with the audio recor--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I said no.

An intelligible male voice is heard off camera. Olatunde looks towards the voice.

OLATUNDE

I want the audience to be able to experience it with her--so they know what it was like--so they can feel what she went through at the time. Is that--

The voice interrupts, utters something unintelligible.

OLATUNDE

(to voice)  
That's all. We only do it once.  
(to Abbey)  
Is that OK with you?

The male voice speaks again and Dr. Tyler turns her head awkwardly to look at him, and then back to Olatunde and nods.

ABBEY

(sighs)  
OK.

OLATUNDE

Thank you.  
(to Abbey)  
Thank you for agreeing to this.

Olatunde indicates a monitor to the right of where he sits.

OLATUNDE

Alright...here's the restored footage.

Dr. Tyler sighs and nods.

SPLIT SCREEN: INTERVIEW ON RIGHT/RESTORED FOOTAGE ON LEFT

**IN LEFT FRAME:**

**TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO**  
**RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM**  
**SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER**  
**CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED, AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM**  
**LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE**  
**RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:14**

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.

ABBEY

(soothingly)

Eight, seven, six, relax...there's a  
lot of people in the room with you  
now...you're not alone...relax...  
...relax...by the time I reach one,  
you will be asleep... Five  
...Four...Three...Two...One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at  
each other -- what next?

TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, hurting their ears.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler is breathing harder and harder,  
approaching hyperventilation.

IN LEFT FRAME:

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical  
bars of chaos.

However this time due to the manipulation of our engineers,  
a WARPED, TWISTED IMAGE can be seen, and BARELY DECIPHERED  
in the middle portion of the chaos:

TIMECODE: 00:08:41

Through the GRAIN and DISTORTION,

Scott SITS UP TOO FAST, EERILY FAST,

and his head starts to rotate UNNATURALLY to the right, away  
from the camera, while his torso remains pointed straight  
ahead.

The head is TURNING FARTHER

than a human head should, until he seems to be looking right  
at Abbey.

THIS IS NO LONGER SCOTT.

[NOTE: "-----" means the audio is too distorted to be deciphered, or unable to be translated by the Sumerian experts.]

HIS mouth opens again...

...and a heavily accented METALIC VOICE speaks forth with:

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles)	ALIEN VOICE
"-----" ABBEY TYLER.	"-----" ABBEYE TYLEREY.

Paralyzed with fear where she sits, Abbey can say nothing.

Cindy SHRIEKS and can be heard running out of the room.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler breaks down and cries.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
Oh my God...oh God!

IN LEFT FRAME:

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles)	ALIEN VOICE
ABBEEY ELIZABETH TYLER. RESPOND!	ABBEEYEA ELIIZABETHHAY TYLEREYH. DI!

Abbey cannot move, total and unbridled terror controls her.

ABBEEY  
(mumbles)  
Deliver us from evil, for thine is  
the kingdom, and the power--

ALIEN VOICE (subtitles)	ALIEN VOICE
"-----" NO NEED TO PRAY, I "-----" AM HERE.	"-----" SU MU, "-----" GU.E.

PANICKED, Abbey pushes the chair backwards into the wall behind her--and through the distortion, we can barely make out

SCOTT'S body

JITTERING, SPASIMING, UNNATURALLY, VIOLENTLY

as if being jerked around by puppeteer strings from above, moving like a demonized flesh toy.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

Dr. Tyler SCREAMS and screams. She closes her eyes and looks away from the monitor.

*She's trying to talk, trying to say something, but everything comes out as a whimper.*

IN LEFT FRAME:

Abbey staggers out of her chair, away from the bed, practically off screen.

TIMECODE: 00:09:17

The LIGHTS

FLICKER MADDENINGLY,

STROBE like, BURNING their eyes.

                  ALIEN VOICE  
END THE "-----" STUDY  
"-----"!!!

                  ALIEN VOICE  
A."-----" AL.LA."-----"!!!

SCOTT'S BODY goes limp

and CRUMPLES

back into the bed.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING -- and crying hard.

TIMECODE: 00:09:55

IN RIGHT FRAME: *Dr. Tyler shakes her head and cries, sucking in huge intakes of air before each sob.*

*She tries to say something but can't, falling apart and continuing to cry violently.*

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM

her suitcase is out and she's frantically stuffing clothes into it as Ronnie and Ashley watch in disbelief. The house phone rings incessantly.

                  RONNIE  
But where are we going?

                  ABBEY  
North Carolina.

                  ASHLEY  
North Carolina?

RONNIE  
What's in North Carolina?

ABBEY  
Us by tomorrow.

Ronnie looks at her incredulously -- she's serious.

RONNIE  
But I have a game tomorrow!

Abbey points at him.

ABBEY  
Pack, your bags.

He can't believe this. The phone stops ringing, then starts again--he picks it up.

RONNIE  
(to phone)  
Hello?

ASHLEY  
Mommy?

ABBEY  
Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY  
What's wrong?

ABBEY  
Nothing baby, we're just gonna take a little break. I'll help you pack in a second.

RONNIE  
(to Abbey)  
It's Abel.

ABBEY  
I'll call him back.

RONNIE  
(to phone)  
She'll call you back.  
(listens, to Abbey)  
He says he has to talk to you.

ABBEY  
(snaps)  
I'll call him back!

RONNIE  
(to phone)  
You heard that.

He hangs up.

RONNIE  
He's coming over.

Abbey sighs, and slams a wad of clothes into another suitcase.

ASHLEY  
Are we going to see grandma and grandpa?

ABBEY  
No honey. They're not here anymore, remember?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, they're with daddy. I mean grandpa and grandma Lilly.

Abbey sighs deeply. The phone rings again.

ABBEY  
We're not seeing them either.

ASHLEY  
Why not?

ABBEY  
'Cause they don't talk to me anymore.

ASHLEY  
Why?

ABBEY  
(snaps)  
Go to your room and pack.

ASHLEY  
OK...

Ashley turns and fumbles out of the room, Abbey watches her go, wishing she hadn't snapped at her.

RONNIE  
It's 'cause of Dad, huh?

Abbey doesn't respond as RED and BLUE lights flash through her window. Ronnie looks outside.

RONNIE  
Mom...what did you do?

ABBEY RUSHES INTO

her living room -- SOMEONE IS POUNDING on the front door.



ABBEY

Hold on!

She opens the door, and August *charges* right in, followed by THREE DEPUTIES including DEPUTY RYAN[ALIAS], 32, bearded.

August approaches her and *launches an assault* --

AUGUST

*What happened to Scott Stracinsky?*

ABBEY

I didn't do anyth--

AUGUST

He's paralyzed from the neck down!  
Three of the vertebrae in his neck  
are completely severed!

ABBEY

*He's para--?*

AUGUST

YES goddamn it!

ABBEY

I don't know--I don't know--

AUGUST

*You were there-- tell me what  
happened!*

ABBEY

But it wasn't--he was saying things.  
He was saying--he was--

AUGUST

*How'd he brake his back?*

ABBEY

I can't explain it--it's--

AUGUST

*You'll explain it NOW!*

ABBEY

S--Something was inside of him, and--  
and it twisted his body--an-and that's  
probably what did it. It was--it  
was--

She's at a loss for words...

August is very still, very rational -- but his eyes are firing into her like the bullets of an Ak-47.

AUGUST  
(quietly)  
Something was inside of him. It  
twisted his body.

It takes her a moment to answer--

ABBEY  
(pained)  
Yes.

AUGUST  
And you have proof of this.

ABBEY  
It didn't record, it's all distorted--  
The rage drains from August...

AUGUST  
Abbey...how the hell do you expect  
me...

...and is replaced by sorrow...

AUGUST  
...how in God's name am I supposed  
to believe this?

ABBEY  
I know what I saw...

AUGUST  
I know you just lost Will, and I'm  
sorry about Ashley--my heart goes  
out to you-- it does. But you have  
to understand that what you're doing  
is hurting people, *horribly*. It's  
time you face the reality at hand.  
Know I don't want to do this, but  
you've forced us to this situation.

August moves, putting his hands on her.

ABBEY  
What?

As he turns her around and begins to handcuff her.

AUGUST  
You have the right to remain silent.

ABBEY  
What are you doing?

AUGUST

Anything you say or do can and will  
be used against you in a court of  
law.

The deputies move towards her.

ABBEY

Sheriff... August...

AUGUST

You have the right to an attorney.

ABBEY

Please.

AUGUST

If you can't afford an attorney, one -  
will be appointed for you.

ABBEY

You can't take me away from my  
children.

(begs)

August...

CAMPOS (O.S.)

August!

Campos hurries into the room, panting, out of breath. He  
steps up to the Sheriff.

CAMPOS

I know what it looks like--but I was  
there, saw it with my own eyes.

AUGUST

Saw what?

CAMPOS

He--he--Scott--

Campos can't find words that make sense, he looks at Abbey  
then back at August.

AUGUST

(to deputies--no  
patience)

Get him out of my sight.

The deputies grab Campos and pull him back.

CAMPOS

I watched you grow up with her--both  
of you, in this town--together. You  
knew her father--you know her family!

(MORE)

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

She committed no physical harm to  
that man--never touched him! She's  
not capable of it!

AUGUST

I don't know what--

CAMPOS

You know her! You know she couldn't!  
What's happening in Nome is terrifying--  
I know it is--But whatever you do,  
you can't--you can not arrest her  
because of something you don't  
understand--because your terrified!

AUGUST

Goddamn it man--!

CAMPOS

You're taking her from her children!  
For their sake, leave her be!

August looks from Ronnie to Ashley -- seeing them for the  
first time. He runs a hand through his hair -- it shakes,  
betraying nerves, indecision.

ABBEY

Please...

CAMPOS

Don't do it.

AUGUST

(sighs)  
I'm putting you under house arrest.  
(a breath, not meeting  
her eyes)  
You'll be under twenty-four hour  
supervision and aren't allowed to  
leave these premises. Campos, you're  
coming with me.

August grabs Campos by the arm and strides out of the house  
with his deputies, leaving Abbey and her children alone.

Ronnie looks at her as if she were mad, he's at a complete  
loss for words.

ASHLEY

Mommy? Are you OK?

FADE IN TEXT -- THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

(shaky)

Sometimes...when I care for a patient...I realize they're different from all the others...

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE

the cop trucks crush snow as they drive away from the house.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

It's a...it's a shock every time--as if I'm seeing it for the first time...

A ways down the road, DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK makes a U-Turn away from the other trucks, and pulls off to the side of the road, facing Abbey's house.

IN DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK.

Deputy Ryan turns off his truck, from here he can see her entire house with ease. He grabs his radio mic.

RYAN

This is Ryan sir, I'm stationed in front of the Tyler home.

AUGUST (on radio)

Roger that, you're out there all night Ryan.

Ryan sighs.

AUGUST (on radio)

She so much as opens that front door, you arrest her. And don't request anything from her. Order it. Clear?

RYAN

Copy that, sir.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Abbey's eyes are bloodshot, tears rimming the bottom of each eye. Her cheeks are puffy and red.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...You see it in their eyes, in their mannerisms. You can tell by what they're saying, that something isn't right.

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(pauses)

And then all of a sudden you realize that the person sitting across from you is insane.

(breath)

I became that person...to everyone else--they thought--they think I'm insane. And the thing is...how can I blame them? What I'm saying is--is...I wish I had made it all up. Because at least that way, I could walk away--with all the things that I lost--

(she grows more emotional)

--and I could continue to live my life...but I can't.

(quietly)

'Cause... 'cause, I didn't make up any of it.

Olatunde nods, understanding.

FADE IN LEFT SPLIT/SCREEN, UPPER & LOWER FRAME

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And...then uh...Campos and Awolowa were both questioned...by August...

LEFT LOWER FRAME: August questions Awolowa, who glares at the Sheriff.

LEFT UPPER FRAME: August interrogates Campos, towering over him as he verbally attacks him.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Campos reminded him about the disappearances, and--

OLATUNDE

What about them?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Homicides, missing people, dozens of them. It's been going on here since the 1960's and the FBI has been dropping in from time to time.

OLATUNDE

What did they find?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Nothing...it's inconclusive. To this day nothing's been solved.

OLATUNDE

You mentioned the situation dated back some time, 1960's, that's forty years.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...there's a lot of government activity up here...I mean, they had a couple of Blue Book cases back then too...

Olatunde is writing all of this down.

OLATUNDE

What do you think all this means?  
How do you put it in perspective?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

They have categories for these types of things--different levels--

OLATUNDE

--Explain...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

An encounter of the First Kind...that's when you see a UFO. The Second Kind? It's when you see evidence of it, crop circles--radiation...Third Kind is when you see an alien. But the Fourth Kind...there's nothing more frightening than the Fourth...you see, that one's when they abduct you.

She looks at Olatunde hard.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I think it's all part of the same thing, it's all connected...to Will--the missing people--to everything in Nome.

(her mouth twitches)

You see...this kind of thing...what's happening to Nome--to me?... I think it's happening to other people...not just there...but all over the world...in towns, cities--most of them don't even know it.

OLATUNDE

Know they're abducted?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

How could they know?

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

How could they remember what they're  
being forced to forget? Unless  
they had help.

(forceful)

And I tried to give that help to as  
many people as I could--no matter  
what they say about me--I tried and  
maybe failed, but I did try.

This floats in the air a couple seconds.

OLATUNDE

So what happened with the Sheriff's  
interview of Campos and Awolowa?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

August told them to stay away from  
me--and I told them to go back home--  
so I wouldn't...drag them into this  
any further but...they--uh--they  
told me they weren't leaving until  
they were sure I was alright. But  
that night just got worse...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

3:33 AM

is the time on Deputy Ryan's dashboard as he snores.

And then he wakes up.

For a moment he stares straight ahead, and then he starts  
looking around frantically as if he missed something, but  
there's nothing.

He rubs his head and sets his head back against the headrest --  
at that moment he see's it, just under his rear view mirror,  
out the window, and above Abbey's home.

RYAN

What the hell?

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO

RECORDED: 10-5-00, 3:01 AM

CAMERA ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD AT ABBEY'S HOUSE WHICH  
IS IN THE DISTANCE

QUALITY: BLACK & WHITE, PIXILATED

SOURCE: DEPUTY RYAN'S PATROL TRUCK CAMERA

LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

RUNNING TIMECODE: 05:57:53

The image TWISTS and BENDS as what appears to be



## Disappearances or suspicious deaths in Nome

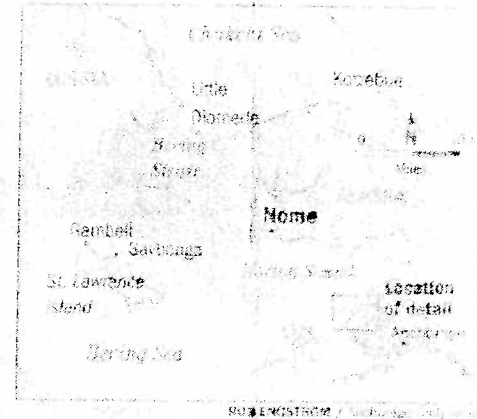
Unofficial list from Kawerak, Inc.

NAME	AGE*	HOMETOWN	DETAILS	DATE
Eric Apatiki	21	Gambell	Missing	Oct. 2004
Sonya Ivanoff**	19	Unalakleet and Nome	Found dead	Aug. 2003
Ivaddell Razingnak	unknown	Diomedes	Found dead	March 2002
William Tyler	35	Nome	Found dead	Sept. 2000
Male***	59		Found dead	June 1998
Archie Henry Jr.	49	Gambell and Koyuk	Missing	Oct. 1998
Jeffrey Kamonaseak	in his 20s	Wales	Found dead	Aug. 1998
Olin Apatiki	40	Gambell	Found dead	Aug. 1996
Male***	unknown		Unknown	Dec. 1996
Justina Kunayak	unknown	Diomedes	Missing	Nov. 1990
Ermer Campbelle Jr.	unknown	Gambell	Found dead	Nov. 1990
Mathew Towarak	unknown	Unalakleet	Found dead	Nov. 1989
Male***	unknown		Found dead	May 1988 after being reported missing seven months earlier
Ernest Saocheus	unknown	Ilim	Missing	Sept. 1987
Ward Olanna	unknown	Bravig Mission	Missing	Aug. 1984
Nathan Anungazuk	unknown	Wales	Found dead	1982
Donald Adams	unknown	Koyuk	Missing	Oct. 1976
Raleigh Iyapana	unknown	Diomedes and Nome	Missing	1970s
James Mosos	unknown	Ello and Nome	Found dead	late 1960s
Aurora Escholt	unknown	Nome	Missing	Aug. Sept. 1966
Severity Imatingai	unknown	Nome	Found dead	1960s

\*Ages are approximate. \*\*Female. \*\*\*Male.

\*\*Female. \*\*\*Male.

\*\*\*Female. \*\*\*\*Male.



*We want people to feel someone took a good hard look into their family member's case — whether they were drinking or not, whether they were from a village or a city, whether they were from a wealthy family or a poor family. Justice should be served.*

— Melanie Edwards, Kawerak executive vice president

*We're trying to separate this urban legend from fact.*

— Nome Police Chief Craig Hoates

SOMETHING LARGE

moves over Abbey's house, and then the

VIDEO COMPLETELY DISTORTS

and becomes absolutely unwatchable. Only sound is heard.

TIMECODE: 05:58:01

The VIDEO SLIDES to the left side of the screen, as SUBTITLES OF RYAN'S CONVERSATION scroll on the right side.

Archive Video and Audio play simultaneously.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO

RECORDED: 10-3-00

SOURCE: NOME POLICE COMMUNICATIONS RECORDER

LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

RYAN (on radio)

(urgent)

Dispatch, this is Deputy [NAME WITHELD].

DISPATCH (on radio)

Go ahead.

No response from Ryan.

DISPATCH

I said go ahead.

RYAN (on radio)

Uh...I--I--

(pauses)

God almighty...

(frantic)

I need back up now! We have a situation at the Tyler residence on Hunting Road.

DISPATCH (on radio)

Clarify the situation, sir.

RYAN (on radio)

There's some kind of machine--a ship flying over her house and--and--and--pulling someone out, oh Christ it's insanity--its not making any sense. It's pulling them out of Abbey's house. Into the-the-the thing! I don't know what it is! I--I--just get them over here--

The VIDEO DISTORTION clears up. In the pixilated black and white image, nothing can be seen in the sky over Abbey's house.

Whatever was there is gone.

Officer Ryan stands on the left side of the screen talking into his mic.

TIMECODE: 06:00:18

RYAN (on radio)  
Mother of God! It's gone, it just--  
it's gone, I didn't see it, it--  
something flashed and it's fucki--  
oh-my-God, my God, they took 'em,  
they--you gotta--I can't believe--  
they're gone I--I-- don't know where  
it went!

He stumbles down to a knee, leaving only his head in frame.

RYAN (on radio)  
I can't believe what I just saw! I  
can't believe it...

-- FREEZE FRAME --

The PAUSED VIDEO FADES OUT as...

INTERVIEW ROOM

FADES IN:

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 Did you--were you able to...

OLATUNDE  
 --we weren't able to pull anything  
 out of this one--

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 --but this is when they took her--

OLATUNDE  
 --I'm sorry-- we tried, but there  
 was no more information to pull out,  
 only the beginning--

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 I just want to see her-- I want to  
 see what happened--

OLATUNDE  
 We don't have anything else--

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
--where it took her--

OLATUNDE  
--there's nothing except for what  
you saw...

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
Just, maybe--

OLATUNDE  
Dr. Tyler. There's nothing else  
there...We tried everything we could.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
(shaking, eyes watering)  
I was hoping...

OLATUNDE  
...I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE, LATER.

Four patrol trucks with their sirens BLAZING arrive,  
surrounding a deeply shaken Deputy Ryan. Sheriff August  
steps from one of the trucks.

AUGUST  
Where are they?

RYAN  
I-I-I don't know--I tried t-to tell  
you--

August doesn't break stride, hurrying towards the house.

AUGUST  
I want that video played back.

RYAN  
Sir, it didn't record, it--it did  
but nothing came out--

AUGUST  
Ah--bullshit! C'MON!

RYAN  
I-I-It's--

AUGUST  
RYAN! Pull it together man!

August rushes

INSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE,

with his OFFICERS in tow, and RUSHES past the rooms till he see's Abbey in

ASHLEY'S ROOM

and enters.

Ronnie and Abbey are the only ones in here. Abbey is on the floor crying and Ronnie's trying to calm her down. Chaos pours from her mouth.

AUGUST

What the hell happened?

ABBEY

*They took my baby.*

RONNIE

*Mom shhhhh! Mom!*

AUGUST

*Where's Ashley?*

Abbey points upwards.

ABBEY

*They took her.*

RONNIE

*Stop it!*

AUGUST

*(to Ronnie)*

What's she talking about?

RONNIE

*Someone kidnapped Ashley.*

AUGUST

*(to radio)*

I want this entire house searched, I want everybody outside, inside, going through this residence top to bottom.

*(to Ronnie)*

What the hell did you see?

RONNIE

Nothing, I came in here and she was gone.

ABBEY

*She's not here! They took her!-- they took her into the sky--up there! I saw it!*

AUGUST

Through the ceiling?

ABBEY  
*Yeess! A beam of light  
 came down and--and--  
 pulled her up--oh my  
 God!*

RONNIE  
 (desperate)  
*Mom! Why are you saying  
 this?*

AUGUST  
*What the hell are you saying?*

ABBEY  
*I saw it! It reached  
 down and grabbed her!  
 It took my baby! I  
 couldn't stop it I  
 couldn't move I was  
 frozen! They took  
 her!*

RONNIE  
 (desperate)  
*Stop it! Please stop!*

AUGUST  
*Alright clear the room! Everyone  
 out!*  
 (to Ronnie)  
*You too.*

RONNIE  
*Why--?*

AUGUST  
*Out!*

ABBEY  
*He doesn't leave my sight!*

AUGUST  
*I need you alone!*

ABBEY  
*I'm his mother--he's not leaving my  
 sight!*

The deputies leave the room leaving the three of them alone.  
 August slams the door.

Sniffling, Abbey sits on Ashley's bed. August spins a chair  
 backwards and sits on it, his face less than two feet from  
 hers. Ronnie looks between the two of them.

AUGUST  
*Less than five hours after I arrest  
 you, your daughter goes missing.*

ABBEY  
*You gonna arrest me again?*

AUGUST  
 (quietly)  
*Where is she?*

ABBEY  
I just told you what happened--

AUGUST  
That horse shit--

ABBEY  
You had an officer outside my--

AUGUST  
He couldn't show me shit on video--

ABBEY  
It's true! I saw--

He stands and SLAMS the chair down.

AUGUST  
Where is she goddamn it!

ABBEY  
I don't know--!

AUGUST  
What did you do with her?  
(to Ronnie)  
Where's your sister?

ABBEY  
Don't yell at him!

AUGUST  
(to Abbey)  
Where is she--WHERE IS SHE!

He hurls the chair behind him -- it splinters into the wall  
and bounces back out of shape--

AUGUST  
GOD DAMN IT! WHERE THE HELL IS SHE???

ABBEY  
I--I told you!

RONNIE  
(to Abbey)  
Why are you saying this?

ABBEY  
Honey--I'm not-- I'm not--

RONNIE  
What's wrong with you? What happened  
to you!

ABBEY  
Baby...

That hit her harder than ever.

ABBEY

Baby--I...

Breathing hard, seething air between his teeth.

AUGUST

You haven't been right in the head since Will.

ABBEY

You haven't found the killer--

AUGUST

No Abbey...we did--

ABBEY

--he's still out there--!

AUGUST

--and you know I speak the truth. There's a thin line between reality and fiction, and you've crossed over to the wrong side.

August nods at Ronnie.

AUGUST

I'm removing him from your custody.

ABBEY

You are not taking my son.

AUGUST

I am. And come tomorrow morning, for your sake Abbey, have a lawyer present. That's how we're doing it from here on in.

Abbey rushes over to Ronnie and grabs onto his arm.

AUGUST (to radio)

Guys get in here, we're removing Ronnie from Abbey's custody.

The door bursts open and the DEPUTIES rush in, swarming around Abbey and Ronnie.

ABBEY

NO!

They try and separate her from her son but she is not letting go!



RONNIE  
 (to Abbey)  
 Let me go! Let go!

ABBEY  
 No!

RONNIE  
 Mom! Let go--let go of me!

The sound fades out as her mouth moves...she continues to struggle to know avail.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
 (crying)  
 That was the worst day of my life.  
 I lost my baby...

DISSOLVE TO:

THEY PULL

Ronnie away from her and towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

ABBEY'S CRYING

alone in the room.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
 ...lost my son...

FADE IN ABBEY'S INTERVIEW RIGHT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

*IN THE RIGHT FRAME: THE REAL DR. TYLER'S face glistens with tears and her mouth twitches.*

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)  
 I was alone...completely alone. I  
 can't describe how that felt. What  
 that experience is like. To have  
 your kids ripped away from you.  
 Ashley without any explanation...and  
 then Ronnie just not wanting anything  
 to do with me. Going with the police  
 of his own free will. The kind of  
 pain that creates, it just--it stays  
 there and just gets stronger.

She cries for a moment in silence.

OLATUNDE  
 So...What did you do next?

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Narrative Abbey rises to her feet.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I realized...that they weren't going  
to be able to find her...that I would  
have to do it on my own.

OLATUNDE

But you couldn't leave.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

That's not what I mean, I had to...to  
find a way to go directly to the  
them...directly to the source.

OLATUNDE

Who's them?

She pauses for a moment, carefully looking at him.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Whoever took my daughter.

OLATUNDE

How...?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces around Ashley's room.

CUT TO:

RONNIE'S ROOM.

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces back and forth next to his bed.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...figure out-- I had to try and--  
and determine where they might have  
taken her...by figuring out where  
they took me.

OLATUNDE

You mean hypnotize yourself, and go  
back to the night they took her?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

(shakes her head)

No-- the night they abducted me,  
when it got recorded on my tape  
recorder--

OLATUNDE

--Right.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

If I could figure out where they  
took me...then maybe--

OLATUNDE

--you could figure out where they  
took her.

The corner of her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...and find a way to communicate  
with them, talk to them.

CUT TO:

THE STUDY -- IN THE LEFT FRAME:

She stands at the doorway, looking in.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

OLATUNDE

Talk to...whoever took Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Yes.

OLATUNDE

...and how?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: Abbey walks into her study and sits down  
at her desk.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I had already seen it done--with  
Scott. They can communicate with  
you when you go under hypnosis.

OLATUNDE

You were going to try and initiate  
this on purpose?

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Exactly.

OLATUNDE

And you knew at the time that Scott  
was paralyzed?

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 I knew I'd do anything for my  
 daughter. For one of the two things  
 I really love in this world.

Olatunde nods.

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Abbey picks up the phone, dials and starts talking.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 I called the two I knew I could trust--  
 even though August warned them to  
 stay away--they came over, like true  
 friends.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK.

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
 Abbey...are you sure you want to do  
 this?

ABBEY (O.S.)  
 I don't have a choice.

FADE IN:

IN ABBEY'S STUDY,

she sits in a leather chair. Campos sits across from her,  
 and Awolowa is behind him, hand holding the camcorder, and  
**RECORDING.**

**TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO**  
**RECORDED: 10-6-00, 7:01 PM**  
**CAMERA ANGLE: HAND HELD, LOOKING AT ABBEY FROM THE WAIST UP**  
**QUALITY: FAIR, COLOR**  
**SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER LOCATION: ABBEY'S STUDY**  
**RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:09:20**

**SPLIT SCREEN NARRATIVE/ARCHIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED**

She's slumped in her seat, and her head is hanging to the  
 side.

The CAMERA BARELY KEEPS HER FRAMED, allowing too much  
 headroom.

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
 Abbey.

ABBEY

Yes...

CAMPOS

Let's go back three days...to  
Tuesday...when you were giving  
dictation in your bedroom....

ABBEY

Yes...

CAMPOS

What happened after you finished  
your dictation?

ABBEY

'...remains unexplained...and worse,  
unsolved...Like Will...and...'

She trails off into nothing...

CAMPOS

Are you sleeping?

ABBEY

...yes...

TIMECODE: 00:9:20

CAMPOS

What happened next?

Her head slowly, quietly, rolls groggily to the right...

ABBEY

...The owl...it's looking down at  
me...

CAMPOS

Is this the same owl your patients  
see?

ABBEY

...yes...but it's.....smiling...  
(rising panic)  
...I don't like when it smiles...

CAMPOS

What do you mean, 'smiling'?

ABBEY

I don't know what I mean...I don't  
want to know...

CAMPOS

It's too late to forget what you  
already know. Tell me what you see.

Her lips tighten, a part of her unwilling to part with her next words--

ABBEY  
(whispers)  
It's not an owl...

Abbey's eyes gradually open...looking hard at something we can't see above her and she starts to whimper, starts to cry-- as fear melts her features.

ABBEY  
Oh God...God--

CAMPOS  
Relax, we're here, it's OK. None of this is happening right now.

ABBEY	CAMPOS
GOOOOODDD HELP	(tries to talk over
MEEEEEEEEEE!!!! MAMA!	her)
MAMA! MAAAMAAAA!!!!	Abbey! Detach the emotion!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA	It's not happening right
AAAAAAAAAAAA!	now--
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA	
AAAAAAAAAAAA--	

ABBEY  
--aaaaaAAAAAHHHH!!!

Abbey SLAMS HER BODY

back into the chair and goes rigid, her face screwing up as if something were pushing on her, SMOTHERING her body with an immeasurable amount of pressure.

She exerts quick rapid breaths, trying to breath. Campos watches her helplessly.

CAMPOS  
What are they doing to you?

ABBEY  
(clenched teeth)  
--Taking me out-- up-- up--  
(desperation)  
God I'm so high, I'm so-- it's not  
stopping-- it's not safe--AHHHHHH!

She lifts her back out of the chair, then COLLAPSES back into it as if whatever vehicle she thinks she's in stopped.

Eyes closed, her head is making jerky movements to the left and right as if it took great effort to move it.

CAMPOS

Keep talking to me-- keep talking--  
what do you see?

Her arms raise into the air, and with the motor skills of someone who appears drugged, she seems to be swatting something away. Her face is contorted into a flesh mask of fear.

ABBEY

(silent tears)

What are you...? What are you doing  
to me...?

CAMPOS

Who are you talking to?

ABBEY

The things...the--the--people,  
operating on me--I'm on a table.

CAMPOS

People? Like you and I?

ABBEY

No--they don't look like you...they  
don't look-- they're not from  
here...not human--NO!

She keeps swatting at thin air, trying to get something away from her.

ABBEY

They're all around me-- too many of  
them--their minds--it hurts--ahhhh.

Suddenly her body goes STIFF, her head snaps back into the headrest--her arms slam down, and her

LEGS spread OPEN.

ABBEY

Oh God! Nonononono stop it  
pleeeeeease! Don't let it-- don't  
let it--

She squirms as if restrained, trying to twist back further up the chair, her eyes are focused down at her crotch.

ABBEY

--Ahhhhgg! They're putting it in me--  
(high pitched)  
It hurts--oh God!

CAMPOS

What is it?





BARS CONVULSE, BEND, STILL NOTHING CAN BE MADE OUT.

ABBEY

What does that--what do you mean--?

VOICE  
"-----" ISH SAR.  
[DISTORTED] ZU.

VOICE  
(subtitles)  
"-----" NOT FOR MY WORLD  
TO [DISTORTED] KNOW.

ABBEY

Give me my baby! Why can't you give  
her back to me?

VOICE  
"-----" NU "-----"

VOICE  
(subtitles)  
"-----" CHILD "-----"

ABBEY

She's my child! Give her to me!  
Give her--

VOICE  
A' ZAE A'E "-----"  
"-----" MEN.ZEN.

VOICE  
(subtitles)  
CHILD "-----" NEVER "----"  
RETURNED.

ABBEY

No! You can't do that, you can't do  
that to us.

VOICE  
A'E "-----" A'AS  
TIL.

VOICE  
(subtitles)  
MY "-----" WILL DONE.

ABBEY

Please! Please! Don't do this!  
DON'T DO THIS!

No answer.

ABBEY

What are you? Why are you doing  
this?

TIMECODE: 00:13:16

We hear flesh colliding with wood -- Abbey falling onto the  
floor.

VOICE  
ME.EN.NE.EN ILU  
"-----."

VOICE  
(subtitles)  
I AM YOUR GOD "-----."

ABBEY

You're not! I reject you! You're--  
you're--y--ahhhhhhhh!



distorting the audio, all of them, yelling at the top of their lungs--

AWOLOWA (O.S.)  
 OTI-OTI-OTIOTI!  
 RUNMILOWO GAAAWDOTIIII!  
 KO NI SHELE Mo-LAI -  
 LAI! FI MI SI LE!

CAMPOS (O.S.)  
 NOOOOOO! GAAAAAAWWWD---!  
 I'M PARALY--

ABBEY (O.S.)  
 NOT AGAIN! NOTAGAIN!  
 GETAWAYFROMME! GETAWAY FROM ME!  
 AHHHHHHH--!

THE SCREAMS GROW EVEN LOUDER AND MORE DESPERATE, OVERLOADING THE SPEAKERS IN A WALL OF NOISE!

ALIEN VOICE (O.S.)  
 ...ZIMABU--FRANEVEYRY...

THEN A

WHOOSHING SOUND

IS HEARD THEN

DEAD SILENCE RULES.

Our IMAGE CLEARS UP, the DISTORTION IS GONE...giving us a perfect view of a room that looks like

A TORNADO

walked through it.

COUCHES at odd angles, CHAIRS against the walls, BOOKS on the floor, but NOTHING is near the window--almost as if something CLEARED that area away.

NO ONE is in THERE now--

not Awolowa, not Campos, not Abbey.

The tape rolls for some time...and then...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Dr. Tyler is speechless, not breathing as her mouth twitches uncontrollably. Behind her the monitors are black.

CLATUNDE  
 What the hell happened in that room?

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 ...they came...and we were-- we  
 were...

Now her whole face is twitching, her left eye blinking with every movement.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 ...They abducted us, all of us-- but  
 eventually brought us back, but we  
 don't remember where they took us--  
 even with hypnosis it's black--

The twitch has become a tremble, making it difficult for her to form her words.

OLATUNDE  
 Are you OK? Do you need a break?

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 No, I'm fine.

Dr. Tyler takes a couple of breaths, steadying herself.

OLATUNDE  
 Why would...another entity not from  
 this world do these things? Help us  
 understand the reasoning behind it.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 God I don't know--how can we know?  
 If humans can mystify other humans...  
 on a daily basis...then--I--I think  
 we can conclude that something from  
 another world...can mystify us as  
 well.

The import of her statement hovers in the air.

OLATUNDE  
 You're voice--it's voice...it said  
 it was...God...

Dr. Tyler's face twitches--doesn't respond.

OLATUNDE  
 What do you believe...? Are  
 they...was it...God...?

She can't meet his eyes...eyes that have something terrible  
 welling within them--something worth hiding.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 ...I believe...I don't know what I  
 believe...the things I've seen...the  
 presence...I felt inside of me...is  
 (MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)  
 beyond anything we can imagine...and  
 God...if that were God--what God  
 is...then he is.....  
 hopelessness...it cannot be God...it  
 can't be....

OLATUNDE  
 And what about Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 (shakes her head)  
 She...I had to recover from that  
 night...took me a couple days to  
 wake up--and as you know I-I was  
 changed forever. August couldn't  
 bring me into the station so he...he  
 came to me.

She looks down at the table...not wanting to say these next  
 few words.

THE REAL DR. TYLER  
 ...he talked to me about Ashley...and  
 about Will.

CUT TO:

IN A NOME HOSPITAL ROOM.

Abbey sits in bed...her back against the headboard...her  
 hair stringy, moist, unkempt. She's lost too much  
 weight...bone is pressing against her skin...an empty shell  
 of a once strong, healthy woman.

Her body is very still, unmoving.

August sits in a chair next to her, a MANILA FOLDER in hand.

AUGUST  
 I hate to ask you these questions--  
 now, while you're in this condition  
 your in--but this is one of those  
 things in life that can't wait.

Abbey nods weakly, quietly.

AUGUST  
 Abbey. What happened to your  
 daughter?

ABBEY  
 (quietly, weakly)  
 I told you...

AUGUST

What you told me and what actually happened are two different things.

ABBEY

No--they're the same.

AUGUST

OK...you want to play this game?

ABBEY

It's not a game--

AUGUST

How did Will die?

She hesitates, pulls back--stunned by the question.

AUGUST

C'mon....Answer it.

ABBEY

He was murdered.

AUGUST

No Abbey. What you're telling me and what happened are two different things. Now one more time: How did Will die?

Her eyes are darting around...she's breathing harder...her skin is losing it's color...panic is welling in her throat.

ABBEY

Why are you asking me this?

AUGUST

(yells)

Campos! Get in here!

A deputy opens the door and Campos walks in, circles to the other side of the bed and kneels next to Abbey.

ABBEY

What is this?

CAMPOS

It's OK...It's OK...

AUGUST

No it's not OK. We're getting to the bottom of everything now. Again: How did your husband die?

ABBEY

I *told* you, an intruder entered our house and killed him.

August and Campos exchange looks.

CAMPOS

He's going to show you something  
that will upset you. But it has to  
be done, understand?

She doesn't understand. With what strength she has left,  
she looks at Campos hard.

August opens his file...and holds up

a PHOTO

for her to see...

She gasps--half SCREAMS, doesn't have the strength to scream  
again--her face is a perfect mask of revulsion, of  
tears...anguish.

ABBEY

...why...?

THE PHOTO is of WILL TYLER--with a BLOODY HOLE in the side  
of his head the size of a GRAPEFRUIT.

AUGUST

This is the head of a man--

He holds up a SECOND PHOTO, this one of a 9mm PISTOL.

AUGUST

--who used this gun, to blow his own  
brains out.

Abbey can't stop sobbing--her eyes are closed, her head turned  
away--whimpering. Campos is caressing her face, almost  
protecting it from the photos.

CAMPOS

I'm sorry...

August *shakes* the photos for emphasis.

AUGUST

This is how you do it--and he did it  
right. Suicide Abbey. That's how  
your husband died.

ABBEY

...stop.

AUGUST

He took a pistol and shot himself in  
the head--there was no knife, no  
intruder--just him and his own gun  
at the edge of your bed.

ABBEY

--he's not that man--he wouldn't do that to us, to his family--

AUGUST

--I've seen it before, I'll see it again--

ABBEY

(to Campos)

Tell him...tell him he's wrong. I would have known he was gonna--I'm a psychiatrist---Christ----I would have known--!

Campos holds her close, trying to comfort her.

CAMPOS

You can't blame yourself for what was going on in his head. Who knows what he learned, what he didn't share...what finally broke him--

ABBEY

No...no...

CAMPOS

Sometimes the closest signs, the ones closest to us, are the hardest to read.

AUGUST

(to Abbey)

Now you know the reality.

August puts the photos down...and leans in.

AUGUST

And for the last time. Tell me what happened to Ashley.

She can't answer.

AUGUST

Tell me.

CAMPOS

You have to tell him...for Ashley.

Tears wetting her cheeks, she pulls away from Campos and looks at him...softly.

ABBEY

You know what happened. You experienced it. Except we came back...she didn't.



Campos' eyes lock on hers...and then they give in, looking down to the bed. He can't refute her words...not after what he's seen. Not after what they've been through.

ABBEY

(to August)

I swear to you--I swear it. She was taken, by-by something...something not from here.....I swear it....

August looks between the two of them, his face like a bull ready to charge--but unsure which bulls eye to hit first.

AUGUST

(then quietly)

It's difficult to go back.

He arranges the pictures and closes the files just so.

CAMPOS

Go back?

August takes his time, doesn't rush it.

AUGUST

Back over the line, from fiction to reality. You can't just stop being insane whenever you want to. It's the kind of thing that stays with you forever.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

*Abbey is quiet...lost in the memory.*

OLATUNDE

*So Will committed suicide?*

*...the kind of thing one would not want to admit...would not want to say out loud...but she does--*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*...yes.*

OLATUNDE

*Your credibility....How do you expect me-- the audience-- to believe anything you have to say, after you were hallucinating the murder of your husband?*

THE REAL DR. TYLER

*They weren't hallucinations--I just couldn't--it can be difficult to*

(MORE)

THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)  
 face the truth, and with Will, that's how I dealt with it. And...no matter what you believe, the recordings do not lie. You can doubt my words-- you would doubt me even if I were a saint, I mean we're talking about things that--that aren't normal--but what you cannot doubt are the recordings--t-the other people--their stories. [name removed] is dead, [name removed] back is broken-- a- and Ashley...she's still gone. These are hard facts.

OLATUNDE

They appear to be--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

(twitches)

No goddamn it. THEY ARE. You can sit there and speculate but I have to keep hope alive...I have to believe in what were doing--this film--my story--that it will help. I have to believe she's still alive somewhere, that she's safe...that there's a chance I'm going to see her again-- hold her again--

(starts to cry)

--hear her voice...I--I just want my little girl back! She's all I have. I can't bring back Will, Ronnie he--he--blames me for everything--he shut me out of his life! Mothers shouldn't be alone. We shouldn't be without our children...

(desperate)

I just want my baby back...I just want her back...

Tears glisten off her cheeks as her face continues to twitch, but she's somehow holding it together, somehow preventing the complete emotional collapse you'd expect.

OLATUNDE

I think we can stop here.

The camera's slowly zoom out in farewell...and for the first time we see that Dr. Tyler is in a WHEELCHAIR with ARMS and LEGS so WITHERED away, they don't look like they've moved in years...

CUT TO:

**STILL IMAGES**

*of the TYLER FAMILY dance across the screen.*

OLATUNDE (V.O.)

With no credible evidence, kidnapping charges against Dr. Tyler were dropped. Her daughter Ashley has not been found.

**An image of ASHLEY SMILING zooms towards us, it morphs into an OLDER VERSION of her -- approximately 7 years older.**

OLATUNDE (V.O.)

If you have any information about Ashley Tyler that may assist local authorities please call toll-free 1-800-MISSING.

*TITLE: 1-800-MISSING*

DISSOLVE TO:

ON A HILL OVERLOOKING NOME,

Olatunde stands, looking directly at us.

OLATUNDE

Someone else is interested in Nome as well. Since the 1960's, there have been over 2,000 visits to Nome by the Federal Bureau of Investigation -- the highest in Alaska. Second is Anchorage, with a population 76 times larger than Nome. The FBI has paid them only 353 visits.

The camera begins craning back, bidding us adieu.

OLATUNDE

In the end...what you believe, is yours to decide.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**THE END**

## Psychiatrist released from custody, child not found.

By Kate Ripple  
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska - The only suspect in the disappearance of 5 year old Ashley Tyler was released from custody yesterday, with all charges dropped after spending 2 months under house arrest for her daughters disappearance on the morning of October 10<sup>th</sup>.

"We've got nothing on her, and we haven't found the girl," chief Moates said. Asked if he believed Dr. Tyler was guilty, he stopped short of saying she was innocent. "There's no motive, no evidence, and no girl. On paper there's no reason she should have kidnaped her own daughter. But she's not here, and we have no idea where the hell she is."

Reports speculate that Ashley's disappearance could be related to the hundreds of people who have disappeared in the city, which has cases going back to 1960 and occurring as recently as last month. Most of Nome's missing person cases have gone unsolved, as have most missing person cases throughout Alaska due to the severity of the land.

Residents questioned psychiatrist Dr. Tyler's mental state after reports surfaced she believed Ashley had been taken by a light in the sky, and that her scientific study on sleep disorders in Nome were yielding 'alien abduction' stories from her patients. Chief Moates refused to comment on these reports, and calls to Dr. Tyler's office were not immediately returned by print.